

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

The last day. A novel.

Mann, Klaus

? April, Mai ?

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11 For ^(so) whoever shall save
 his life shall lose it;
 but whosoever shall
 lose his life, the
 same shall find it.

St. Luce
 g. Hap. 11
 24. 25.

PS MN

THE LAST DAY

A NOVEL

PS MN



KLAUS MANN

[Prinishment for sin?
 Yet may be an mistake
 I protest - both in law
 The word of sinners full
 About a time of righteousness
 a cloud of darkness
 sunned with despair]

[illegible]

[Novel]

("Stream of Consciousness")

Once enough to write a book
dramatic for literary effect
possible to idealize in art
find a novel adaptation
Smile as the only decent and
logical solution ... for "wells"
of our time. Just as Gorkh's
romantic story ~~was a masterpiece~~
in canvas a man smiling
in a foreign land the continent ...
No - you don't know what
just a moment; No - you don't
for time ...

A more direct approach: A
speech from a speaker, a person
in the ... too near ...
A little to the point ... a ...
my reason ... a ...
a point ... [He starts to write
the letter ... it ... you
fixed ... I ...

THE LAST DAY

NOVEL

"For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall find it."

~~This is my last day,
The telephone rang at 8:15
"Rise and shine," the operator said -
it was the right one, Miss Karamark.
"You're my best," Peter said
slightly.~~

~~"It's eight o'clock, Mr. Werner,"
the telephone operator said - it was
the telephone rang. Peter answered
"The telephone rang." The operator said
"Rise and shine!" Miss Karamark, the
- it was the right one, Miss Karamark, the
with a dash - she had a weakness
for Peter. "Don't sound so sleepy."
she said. "You're right for me -
I'm for you to get up."~~

un 29

I suppose it is "P.W. over -
 thinking - my last day...
 I have plenty of things to do
 today. My last day.
 My life very busy.

It was ~~13~~ his
 36th birthday - 13 August 1947.
 Peter

Peter was already awake
 when the telephone rang. He
 had asked to be called at

8:11 AM. I told him it was 16
 minutes past 10.
 "Rise and shine!"
 "My birthday!"

Said, "Happy birthday."

"Thank you."
 "How old are you?"
 "36." "You don't look it."
 un 29

May 1 -	May 14 -	Chapters I, II, <u>III</u>
May 15 -	May 28 -	<u>IV</u> , <u>V</u> , <u>VI</u>
May 21 -	June 11 -	<u>VII</u> , <u>VIII</u> , <u>IX</u>
		one week interruption
June 19 -	July 2 -	<u>X</u> , <u>XI</u> , <u>XII</u>
July 3 -	July 16 -	<u>XIII</u> , <u>XIV</u> , <u>XV</u>
July 17 -	July 30 -	<u>XVI</u> , <u>XVII</u> , <u>XVIII</u>
August 1 -	August 13 -	<u>XIX</u> , <u>XX</u>

~~Miss Haden~~
Peter L. Lamer had decided
to kill himself on 13 April,
1947 - his 36th birthday.

Telephone operators
Breakfast - Schick - busy
day ...
Return books in [Library] van Klee
Talks with Boston - Lady i Mr. Gooding
(anti-humid air line) i Mr. Popp
(manager); Lamer (colosse
man).

Doris - English journalist & drink
station in the ship ... On how
with him ... Sends his yo
first Island promise to follow ...

Bill - his collaborators in Bull ...
Protestant ... " They can it do that
to me ... " - But back from
Washington ... Talk him yo
lunch with his wife me your stuff ...

P. Tracy - goes him Pandemon 4 ...
suspension ...

[illegible]

~~Novel~~ A

LAST DAY

TH

NOVEL

" And you trying to say that
~~the same~~ You tho-said, of your
 Am as sure I am did in vain?
 " That's right," I continue
 always - the same do in making
 of - that manner " A bad

Pratt has covered us
in the the disaster. He
was a father to man, to
be sure - our great President
Roosevelt is but an rest
man he was 100. A very
rest man ...

*

" My there is nothing
more the whole dying for the
is nothing more the whole
living for ...

*

Encom - your wish:

The original part (absolute
profit);

The reactionary office;

The anti-communist Q. B. unit;

(You N.Y.)

God

What about God?

The Larger Love?

The Larger Knowledge?

The Revelation of Christianity?

I need: "It is only by deliberately
concentrating on eternal things that
we can prevent time from making
diabolical foolishness of all we
do."

I can't ... too deeply involved,
gone too far ...
God is busy just as an ocean
to postpone or prevent order
social reforms; those intricate
in maintaining the social status
you try to hide behind His
name ... It's too easy to
conceal truth on eternal things
when one would go to prove
or need it's too different
where ... I can't
do it ...

God

(The Problem)

Maybe it was our mistake
to underestimate the significance
of religion ... Marxism ...
God ... God is ...
I seek His presence ... at times ...
Mystical nonsense ... a Maybe ...

We need God ...
He has to be rediscovered ...
And then, why should Faith
and Progress, Religion and
Socialism be incompatible?
They have to be reconciled ...

The various aspects, or manifestations
of Despair:

- 1) Temporary (changeable, movable) reasons;
- 2) absolute (metaphysical, unchangeable) reasons.

But are they not identical,
in the past analysis?
(" Alles Vergänglich ist
nur in Gleichnis ... ")

↓
On the " temporary " plane:
Freedom and Discipline:
Freedom has become hollow,
obsolete, unchangeable (anarchy,
" laissez-faire ", glorification
of selfishness ...);
the new forms of Discipline
(Fascism, authoritarian Socialism)
— anti-humanitarian, incompatible
with basic demands and
principles ...)

No way out of this

and it

*

I made - another
mistake, perhaps another
illusion ... You can't

escape ...

I risk it - I take
a chance ...
can't pay for it -
tant pis.

" It is Nam's privilege, in
contrast to all other mortals
existence, that he is free to
take his own life whenever he
feels fit. To die whenever he
wishes is the animal
instinct! That can commit
Self-murder - the most heinous
human transgression!

..... What does speak against
Suicide? They call it a mortal sin.
But I am confident.
If God exists, He will
understand and forgive.
And if God does not exist -
what's the difference?

And if there were a
Sanctum no connection
be U.S. and S.V.
would by where to
go on living ?

— V by Sanctum by
I " I
would ...

But, how many be
such an a woman
and woman ... Would
be kind of a woman

— Not liked to begin
with the best of
only too pleased by
flatter my self
you can find to
by my health ...

Working Schedule

* May 1 - May 14 --: Chapters I, II, III (both versions)
(2 days interruption for correcting, letter-writing)

May 17 - May 30 : IV, V, VI
(2 Days....)

June 1 - June 13 : VII, VIII, IX
(one week interruption: trip to Austria...)

June 21 - July 4 : X, XI, XII
(2 days....)

July 5 - July 18: XIII, XIV, XV
(2 days....)

July 19 - August 1: XVI, XVII, XVIII
(2 days....)

August 2 - August 15: XIX, XX -- plus correcting, revisions.

August 16 - September 1 --: "Dernier Cri" (German version)
and an article (German or English or both)

September

October

November --:

the novel, German version...

December: who knows...?

* each chapter about 18 pages:
3 chapters = 54 : =
9 days, 6 pages daily, for
first versions;
5 days, a little over 10 ps. daily for
second versions.

total of book: 360 pages

I.

New York/Berlin....: Julian writes, Albert thinks... Text of J.'s Memorandum, interrupted by A.'s thoughts and description of party at the Goethe House; fragments of conversation etc. -- Midnight in New York when J. finishes writing and goes over to Doris's room.

II.

Berlin: About 2 AM, the official party breaks up; Albert takes some intimates to his house. The conspiratory gathering. A. tells his friends about his conflict with Natter over the Kleist book. Suggests coordinated action: a protest of the Party intellectuals to save their independence, freedom of thought etc. Cool reaction. -- A., disappointed, remains alone, as visitors leave and his wife, Luise, retires. Melancholy reflections at the bedside of his sleeping boy. Shall he leave Russian sector and move over the Americans? Would Luise agree...? (It's getting light. Time: about 5 AM.)

III.

New York....: shortly after midnight, Julian on his way to Doris' apartment. Meeting with Gaston, the elevator man. -- Doris asleep, he begins reading to her. She awakes; dialogue. Quarrel. Her ultimatum. She leaves in the early morning.

IV.

Berlin....: late morning. Albert, having breakfast with Luise. She asks him whether he has ever considered escape from the Russians, going over to the U.S. Zone. He admits his contact with U.S. officer. She encourages him. They decide he will have decisive talk with Natter. If that doesn't work out...

V.

New York....: early morning. Julian, alone, after Doris' departure. FEAR. Loneliness. He rationalizes his apprehension: fear of war... "Something has to be done..." The gesture of protest has become insufficient. The illusion of hope has become impossible. Something more drastic... ("To accept despair, to admit defeat...") The idea of suicide comes up, but is rejected or at least put off... Morning in the Panama Hotel. The comfort of human voices. Robbie, through with night duty, is having his coffee with telephone operators (the crippled epileptic, the ashen giantess); Lucy, the colored maid, comes from the street -- J. doesn't recognize her at first; the hat...; the "Boston lady" settled efficiently at her usual place. General conversation about War (which everybody seems to deem unavoidable), interrupted by news of Babe Ruth's death: which is, of course, infinitely more important. -- Unpleasant encounter with Mr. Bretzel, the thievish manager, who reminds J. of unpaid bill.

VI.

Berlin....: Albert working at his office in the Goethe Society. He receives visitors: Paula Bertram (Seghers), who assures him, discreetly, of her sympathy; Pavel Cholpick, the young Czech author, who hints at unpleasant situation in his country; Dr. Kuno Sorge, the nihilistic poet (old personal friend of A.'s), still in disgrace. He humiliates

See XIV

Young man looking for jobs in the Zone; the old friend, the nihilistic poet, still in disgrace, with much to say again...

Sorge's 445 - Balg
Slightly

XIV
humiliates himself by asking A. to interfere in ~~his~~ his favour. Others, more dangerous than he, have been denazified; the Allies are openly collaborating with ex-Nazis; but he, Sorge, is still in disgrace -- ~~practically~~ practically starving, etc. But there is nothing A. can do: orders from Natter...

VII.

New York...: Julian calling on his mother (who represents one of the major Hollywood companies). He wants money for the publication of his manifesto; she refuses.

VIII.

Berlin...: Albrecht's interview with Prof. Natter -- who remains adamant. A. decides to leave Russian sector.

IX.

New York...: Julian's interview with Dr. Gertrude Kluge (president of The League for Intellectual Freedom).

X.

Berlin...: Albert's interview with U.S. officer, Col. McKinzey -- the same who once wrote the fatal letter to Julian... They agree upon A.'s coming over -- "without any obligations." A is to report the same evening at a certain place, from where he is to be taken by aircraft to Frankfurt. Wife and son are to come along.

XI.

New York...: Julian calls on the editors of Communist weekly, to discuss publication of his manifesto -- which he withdraws at the last moment...

B e f o r e : lunch with Fritz Berger, the (naturalized) German-Jewish refugee who went with him, at the time, to see the Russians, and got with him into trouble. A pleasant enough chap -- gentle and intelligent, with narrow dark eyes (must have been quite attractive), almost bald. His resigned attitude: "Let's drop it. It's just one of those things... You remind me of that awful Kleist character, Michael Kohlhaas, who can't bear injustice..." -- As for himself, he hopes to get a job in Wallstreet: "as it behooves a good Communist..." (His melancholy jocularity.)

Apolonius; stayed for a while
year. yet returned.

XII.

Berlin...: Albert's walk through the destroyed city. Feeling of relief. Action! Clear situation!... He listens to bits of conversation. Enters church. Watches black-marketeers, etc.

XIII.

New York...: Julian's conversation with Kenneth, the English poet. -- Then, walk through the city. Listening to people talking (two boys mourning Babe Ruth etc). -- The rich, prosperous life: forebodings of coming destruction. Has a whiskey. Decides to commit suicide.

Hillbarn

XIV.

Berlin...: Albert at his office, winding up his affairs. ~~looking~~ Talks with his secretaries; telephone conversation with Luise. Ride home; talk with driver. Then with Luise. (Sex?)

Visit of Knud
Sorge

XV.

New York...: Julian's changing plans of how to stage his suicide. First he wants to make a speech from the window before jumping. Drops the idea on account of technical difficulties. In his hotel room, he sits down to compose elaborate statement for the press, letters to Doris, his old teacher Franziskus, his mother etc.

XVI.

Berlin...: Albert alone; packing, rummaging through his papers...; the Kleist manuscript...(Reading). ... Finds a letter suggesting that Luise may have affair with Karl, the driver. Becomes suspicious: Where is she at this very moment? Is she betraying him? ... He discards the idea; sits down to compose a statement for the press, explaining the step he is about to make.

XVII.

New York...: Julian, too tired, too disgusted to finish his letters... ('Too late! No time left!') Sits, petrified by grief. Is he to go like that? In complete bitterness? Without any comfort?... Suddenly Nancy, the colored maid, is there: She is in love with him, wants to sleep with him, wouldn't mind a baby. He does it, then asks her to go. -- Was it a trick of life to hold him back? Too late...

XVIII.

Berlin...: Albert, waiting for Luise...: in panic again. Decides to leave without her, taking the boy along. ... As he is about to leave the house, Russian officers show up, "invite" him to follow them. Clearly, Luise has denounced his plan... Albert goes with the men, then tries to jump out of the car. They shoot, at the same time he is run over by a car coming from the other side... He lies with his face on the ground. Dirt and blood. A messy agony...

XIX.

New York...: Julian's "mort difficile". (First tries to slash his wrist in the bath tub; fails; jumps naked from the window.)

XX.

Berlin/New York...: Doris comes back. Talk with Nancy -- who hopes to get a child.
Albert's son turning against his mother.

I

Julian was writing, in New York:

"... The Colonel, then, does not want reconciliation, understanding, collaboration between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Colonel does not want peace. The Colonel wants war. That's why I am frightened. For the Colonel is not an exception. On the contrary, the Colonel ^{typifies} ~~represents~~ ~~speaks~~ for a very active, very influential segment of American society; he echos wide-spread ideas and moods; he represents a danger..."

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'... Dear me, another speaker! Words, words, words... Is there no end to it?'

Julian was writing, in New York:

"They talk about Freedom and Democracy -- employing those lofty terms as baits to ^{attract} ~~attract~~, to confuse, to fool the masses. Democracy, as understood by the Colonel and his friends, has only one purpose, one raison d'être: to perpetuate and increase the privileges, the wealth and power of the ruling class. What they call Freedom..."

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'They talk about Socialist Humanism, the constructive approach of Marxist thought, Stalin's beautiful style, the inspiring task of the intellectuals within the framework of Communist society. All right, all right: I got it the first time -- why are they so repetitious? They talk about the dignity of Man, about the era of new cultural vistas and exploits, the second Renaissance, to emerge from the Russian revolution. How vapid it all sounds! how fustian and hollow!... They keep telling each other that everything is wonderful in the Soviet Union. Those among

my colleagues who participated in the recent junket to Moscow ~~turn positively rhapsodic in describing their experiences.~~ outdo each other in enthusiasm and gratitude. According to their rhapsodic reports, life ~~must~~ in the Soviet Union is just wonderful, particularly for writers... As if I didn't know what it actually feels like -- to be a poor, harassed poet living and working under the watchful eye of the omnipresent, omnipotent Politburo. I've had my experiences...'

Julian was writing, in New York:

"My own experiences have made me realize what kind of Freedom it is we are enjoying, in these United States of 1948. ~~Whoever dares to voice any views and convictions different from~~ Any critical and independent mind, any nonconformist had better be prepared for ^{a good fight.} ~~the most serious trouble.~~ Under present conditions, you cannot voice any views or convictions different from the official line, without getting yourself in the most serious trouble. Whoever happens to disagree with the State Department, the Wall Street Journal and the gentlemen of the FBI, is practically an outlaw... A free country? ~~But we are ruled~~ A police state -- that's what it is. Big business and military brass are robbing us of our liberties..."

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'Look at that! More vodka! And another load of sandwiches -- nice stuff, too: caviar, smoked salmon, paté de foie gras... Not bad, I must say! Not bad at all -- considering the present emergency. Isn't there a blockade on? Well, this table doesn't look like starvation... Of course, the visitors from abroad have to be honored: the best is just good enough for our distinguished guests... Funny, to think of good old Lövy as a "distinguished guest"! When did I see him last? It ~~seems a long time ago -- ten years, or fifteen...~~ must have been about ten years ago, but it seems longer. ^{both} We were ~~a couple of poor fugitives,~~ ^{just a couple of} at the time -- ~~two uprooted~~ vagabonds: homeless and penniless, but full of hope and confidence and

fighting spirit... And now? Now he's a bigshot in his beloved Czechoslovakia, and I am quite a number here in Berlin (Russian Sector!)... I should be happy. Lövy should be happy. ~~He doesn't look it, though.~~ Well, maybe he is. In any case, he seems to be enjoying himself, right now. In fact, it looks as if everybody was having a good time. General Trabotkin is telling his oldest jokes in his ~~most~~ booming voice... ~~Quite~~ ^{(his formidable moustache, his gaudy display of} a character, the General! and quite a sight, with ~~all~~ his medals ^{and} ribbons! Colonel Schulchow is pleasantly drunk; the old lecher can't take his hands from the luscious shoulders of the Rumanian woman correspondent. It's nice to see the conquerors in such a debonair mood... No doubt, ~~the~~ ^{to be} party is a success: even Professor Natter appears ~~pleased and~~ satisfied. Professor Natter -- the soft-spoken mystery man, the smiling sphinx, the ~~unruly~~ urbane ~~monster~~ monster... How I dislike his face -- this ^{cold} pallid, impenetrable mask with ^{its} ~~the~~ high cheek bones, ^{and} the mongolian eyes. There is something uncannily inhuman about ~~this countenance -- especially the eyes:~~ ^{this countenance -- especially the eyes:} those narrow... slits: My boss, Prof. Nathanael Natter, has the ~~green, iridescent eyes of an evil cat, the~~ ^{glance look} ~~gelid gaze of an Asiatc~~ ^{an Asiatic} sinister idol... has the furtive, iridescent glance of an evil cat, the gelid gaze of an Asiatic idol... How I loathe the man! I must not look at him, lest I betray my feelings. Ilse says I am not diplomatic enough... ~~He dislikes me anyhow.~~ ^{(especially since the incident with that young Am., last year.} Why antagonize him even more? Ilse is right: it would be foolish. I'd better look the other way...

End of chapter

The book covers a little to the same side as history...

I

the Colon. is a
fiction

Julian was writing, in New York:

".... Nor do I think the Colonel is an exception. On the contrary, there are only too many Americans who feel the same way -- men and women, ~~mind you~~, in high positions, of great influence. They talk about Freedom. But Freedom, to them, is just a word, a convenient cliché, ~~and~~ ^{simply a mechanism} attractive façade to cover up their ~~real~~ interests. They do not believe in Freedom. They do not believe in Peace. The only thing they actually believe in is their own privileges, their wealth and power."

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'.... How vapid it all sounds! how fustian and hollow! Words, words, words... They talk about the Dignity of Man, ~~and~~ ^{new cultural vistas with} about Socialistic Humanism, ~~and~~ ^{on the Soviet Union} about the era of intellectual freedom and economic security, the second Renaissance, to emerge from the Communist revolution. ~~And what a wonderful time they all had in the Soviet Union!~~ ^{Even now} Life must be heaven there, particularly for ~~literati~~ ^{writers}. As if I didn't know what it actually is like -- the life of a poor, harassed poet under the ~~auspices~~ ^(watchful eye) of an omnipresent, omnipotent ~~Party machine!~~ ^{Politburo} ~~As if I didn't know...~~ Revolutionary discipline... truly popular art... all right, all right! The constructive approach of Marxist thought... the cause of the proletariat... Enough! ^{The whole story has a familiar ring.} ~~I heard it the first time. In fact, I'm~~ ^{I must have heard it before.} afraid I heard it just once too often. ~~How tired I am of their high-~~ falutin rhetorics, their eternal catchwords and ~~old~~ slogans! ~~How tired I am of their lies...~~

Julian was writing, in New York:

"If we allow greed and hypocrisy, shortsighted selfishness and

greed for what we are buying
how terrible. Especially

ruthless ambition to control our national affairs, we are heading toward disaster. Men like the Colonel some of whose shocking statements I quoted, have nothing in ~~his~~ mind but war. Another world war, the crusade against the Soviet Union, seems to them the only way out of the present crisis, the only feasible, only desirable solution of all our problems -- domestic as well as international. There can be no doubt that a very powerful, very active clique in the United States today has pinned all its hopes on war; that it wants war, prepares war, and is determined to provoke war at the first opportune moment. Yes, they will have it! They will actually bring it about -- their universal calamity, their ~~apocalyptic~~ atomic apocalypse: unless we interfere with their diabolical scheme! We -- that means the peace-loving masses, the vast majority of the American people..."

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'.... Look at that! More vodka! And another load of sandwiches -- nice stuff, too: caviar, smoked salmon, paté de foie gras... Not bad, I must say! Not bad at all -- considering the ~~blockade~~ present emergency. Isn't there a blockade on? Aren't we in a besieged city? Well, this table doesn't look like starvation... Of course, the visitors from abroad have to be honored: the best is just good enough for our distinguished guests.... Funny, to think of good old Lövy as a distinguished guest! Nice, to see him again, after all these years. He seems somehow changed, though -- tired. But then, we aren't getting any younger... When the official part is over, I'll have a long, cordial chat with him -- like in the good I'll take him to our place, if Ilse isn't too tired. He has to see the boy... Here, I'll never a chance to talk to him. It's quite a job, after all, to be president of a big organization like the Goethe Society. It's quite an affair. Everybody seems in high spirits. General Torlovki turned out with all his medals... Everybody seems in high spirits -- even Professor Natter. Yes, the Professor looks positively

Handwritten signature: Albert Einstein

How the sh. been from the
men have sent? for you at
last...

At present a day from yet?

He has
it must have been about the
year ago

We were a couple of ~~four~~ miles

And we
are from your a name
but in River side of

Are we better better off?

My long letter?

Can the best
man fast?

perhaps
to
the
public

It's quite an affair. General Trapotkin wears all his medals and ribbons; Colonel Schulchow is pleasantly drunk; even Professor Natter seems in high spirit. The party is a success, no doubt; a great evening for the Goethe Society.... I ought to be pleased and proud. But I am not. I am tired. They are getting on my nerves with all their talk. Words, words, words... Is there no end to it? ~~What time is it, anyhow? Already midnight!~~ The only comforting little thought: that I don't have ^{to} act as chairman and toastmaster tonight. That would have been too much! Besides, Gustav Brettlhuber is doing an excellent job. His Bavarian sense of humor comes in very handy on such occasions. The Russians like him because he can take a lot of schnaps, and the French find him "amusant comme tout" and "typiquement allemand" -- probably they use another expression when no German is around to hear them... Is our friend Gustl a "boche" -- for I'm afraid that's the term the French are likely to employ in reference to him... Well, maybe he is. But he has brains, too, and courage, and he knows how to write. A brilliant ~~writer~~ story-teller and a fine poet -- Comrade Brettlhuber, the former baker from the Lake of Starnberg, near Munich, Bavaria... He's getting up again. Whom is he to announce this time? Wolfdietrich Posse? Now really! ~~How does he dare~~ *A hack without any talent or personality.* What a nerve! ~~A vulgar mediocrity, and he used to work for Goebbels,~~ *(his political record stinks.)* ~~yes, for the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment in person!~~ *we got him up on that jaunt* It's bad enough that Posse ~~was allowed to come along to Moscow.~~ But to have him here, as a speaker! ~~It does go rather far!~~ *part* Natter must have ~~endorsed~~ his name on the ~~speakers' list~~ -- ~~without behind my back, of course,~~ without even telling me! Another thing I'll have to complain about -- ~~what a bore!~~ *It may be quite a bore, but I must defend my position.* But I can't let them get away with such effronteries. After all, I am the president of this organization -- or am I not?... Posse, of all people! ~~It's a disgrace -- that's what it is...~~ *The ex-Nazi! The abject opportunist!* ~~How I hate his guts!~~

1111 Now he is

Everything about him is cheap, vulgar, phony -- his good looks, his athletic figure, his cordial grin, his slick manners. He wants to be taken for a good sport, a jolly good fellow and reliable pal -- as if that nasty ~~little~~ little glitter in his ^{grin - h - blue} ~~cold blue~~ eyes didn't give away his calculating, ruthless character. He poses as the man of the world, the ^{sophisticated} ~~suave~~ cosmopolitan

Pictures in his room: New York
 P. P. R. 1921
 American reproduction of father's picture.

"I am a citizen of the United States of America, and I try to be a good American. I have always been devoted to my country, and I am still devoted to it. But I am frightened. For certain personal experiences have made me realize that this country no longer is what its most loyal sons want it to be -- a country of freedom, a peaceful and cooperative member of the universal family of nations."

"I am a German, and a Communist, and a faithful friend of the Soviet Union. I have always tried to be a good German, and a good Communist, and I have been doing my best to be useful to the Soviet Union, ~~whom~~ which I admire as the champion of Peace, Progress, Culture, and Liberty. But now I begin to feel frightened. Is my Party, is the Soviet Union really interested in the lofty principles it professes? Is it really Peace and Freedom we are standing for?"

Sand mchotasy bang.

"This country is no longer free... We are ruled by Big Business in whose service the Government is establishing a veritable dictatorship. This is not a democracy but a vicious police state. Whoever harbours opinions different from the opinions of the State Department and the FBI is practically an outlaw. He is not free to travel anymore: his passport is taken away from him. His employer may fire him, simply if his views diverge from the official orthodoxy. Words have lost their meaning. A reckless, irresponsible press, controlled by the capitalists, juggles and forges the basic notions...."

"The very concept of Truth has lost all relevance and validity... These people here -- writers, most of them -- ~~are~~ have just come back from the Soviet Union. They say that the intellectuals there enjoy

What the intellectuals there enjoy
A police state! And they
Call it democracy!

perfect freedom. That is not so. It's a lie. The hypocrisy...

And Julian wrote:

"We have no freedom, nor do we ~~want~~ really want peace. We want war. I am convinced ~~now~~ that the Government of the United States -- that my Government wants and prepares war against the Soviet Union. That's why I am frightened. War may start any moment now. It will be an evil war. It will be a war without any purpose or honor; it will be a disaster leading to the collapse of our civilization. I am writing these lines, I am divulging my personal experiences, so as to warn the millions of truly peace-loving Americans. ... Something has to be done... Not yet too late..."

And Albert thought:

"Something should be done... Not yet too late... But what?... Now Professor Natter is going to make a speech..."

There was a hush as Professor Natter got up... Shortly after midnight...

- ~~I. Kulturbund party.
Afterwards, the intimates
move on to Albert's house.
When the meeting is over,
it will be five AM.~~
- ~~II. 5 AM in Berlin = midnight
in NY. - Julian finishes his
memorandum, takes it to Doris.
Reads it.~~
- ~~III. The meeting at A's house.~~
- ~~IV. Doris' awakening. Dialogue.
etc.~~

A 11th

When is the 3rd anniversary of the
66 year by you - down there, to be
Lta Odchenski and you - being
Laclod, and celebrating the
great power. ~~Of course~~ Naturally,
you would ~~not~~ have two men
of influence - follow the more
be satisfied. ~~That's good~~ What a
small great the 11! What a ~~small~~
clear little note by the way!
This is to you - Comrade Glee!
We don't know - slatter to
read the 11th - What is the
signifying - of the 11th shot
Union - of the 11th day of your
Right the 11th, as a result of the
but ~~you~~ But the 11th
is a man to stand out on
a scale of history - What
a little comfort - What
but - on the 11th

My dear
The you never, my fellow Americans,
what is happy to us, to our
community. ~~The~~ And country is
religion, one way of life
has lost it. If we are more
on the - forward, or sum - forward,
~~conclusion~~ for each step with
the outside of us. With
fascism - no more beyond S. V.
Without war, as at last the people
of war - ~~no~~ ~~fascism~~ fascism
remains the rest of the world
will be fast and the world
will be another one. But
It's not yet too late. We have
no time for loss. We have
the peace - long masses - far to
social protest.

Albion

And yet another Oration! Well,
it is a ... With dignity

My complete, perfect, and it
is only for the moment. I
know with that is your to be
in a noble man, and I should
be a noble man and I should
don't see him, the American
with me. ~~Expend~~ ~~Always~~
~~the story of~~ ~~Feelings~~ ~~at the moment~~
~~at the moment of~~ ~~the moment~~

My line is of a lovely, kind to
be a good American. But all
a good American to find money
of the mind and ^{my} ~~evil~~ ~~at the moment~~ ~~to be a~~
A good brown and a good com-
mon. But when I see a colored
man, this ~~first~~ ~~best~~ ~~phase~~ ~~of~~
in the eyes, this stream-lined
superiority of ~~my~~ ~~nationality~~
a stream of my nationality
this mixture of ~~superiority~~
and ~~inferiority~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~nationality~~

any more than when the women
from the south only too typical
had the black the Russian
the they saw that it was
to be a very proper matter
satisfied with the progress
please.

you are a case of the party
too. Always - a very
famous at the 71st of the

rights of the Russian
idea - one of ideas. One year
for the 30 years but not

more than that as the
want to take it up with
Loving may be some other friends

7 with the party now
Wish you to say how?

But was a very interesting
and with the party

a few minutes past 7 PM.

I / 

New York - Brazil.

Julian wrote ... " ... "

Abel thought ... " ... "

Julian was sitting at a table in a hotel room ... [Pintado:]
himself in a hotel room ... [Pintado:]
Parker, F.D.P., Dicks ... [Gestures of]
con-fulled nervousness ... [Wrote]
and spoke in a low voice ... [out]
discharged on slab ... [had been]
since ... [F.D.P.]

Midnight Boston ... [The Google Society]
Lamp ... [Party] ... [at]
Moscow ... [The new Museum] ... [at]
situation ... [The new Museum] ... [at]
my head ... [The new Museum] ... [at]
so far ... [The new Museum] ... [at]
" ... [The new Museum] ... [at]

Continued ...

The ballet
School in the
city on the other
side of the street

Abel said it was
[Mon conversation in "Bury"
pic copy, "the" Mon journal
in-factored ~~+~~ (include Carson
Mr. U.)

My finished ... Read:
" ... " [Seven left]

Date: 17. April (midnight)
You Berlin: Abel with
intimates at his place.
You N.Y.: to please
Special delivery letter for
Moms, Kemp, Wystrach, Goodman,
Communist party.

+



~~My dear Sir,~~
~~I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst.~~
~~in relation to the matter of the~~
~~W. J. H. Co. and the~~
~~pl. of the~~

Col. McKim - Sir
 I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the W. J. H. Co. and the pl. of the

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the W. J. H. Co. and the pl. of the

Yours very truly,
 W. J. H. Co.

I.

Goth - Society

Soiree at the "Halters."

D = Natter (Kat): the grey. dominant. ...
the slanting cat eyes. His ominous silence.

Spirit-like smile ...
Paula ~~Bertson~~ (Seymour) ... how absent minded,
near-sighted eyes ... dreamy, airy, not for
quite there ... She likes Russia! Not for
political reasons (Which annoy her)
the children etc. ... since she is a "thing"
Germans, especially ... guest from USSR;
Cholera (Mandala) ... Smack, even -
Marcha) ...

Thomas ...
form with ... R.A. ...
lipid ... with ... secretly ...
on ...

Otto Ottowald ...
the ... 40 years ago ... Goth - material ...
best ... Wolf-dietrich Schalk ...
you to ... the ex-Marxist ...

any Peter ...
Fogel ... anti-Catholic obsession ...
[Weissman] ... slick young ...
Rank ... handsome ...

The Hungarian ...
play ... with wife ...
Very smart (Kat):

TURN

the peasant leader (B. n. 50)

the luscious blonde from
Pratisslava - a desperate
fighting with Albert whom she
thinks important, a young woman
D. Natter, of whose power
she is a woman.

(Brian)

Who says that we "have
to live" there is no such
cat-gorized implication. Who
says that life as such is
some thing to be cherished,
to be loved?

There are only two possible
reasons against saying:

You might hurt others...

(Not in my case. Mother
doesn't care. And Patsy...)

You might make a mistake.

metaphysically speaking: maybe
you'll have to do it all over
again, on another plane...

(A chance you have to
take...)

(I)

~~Unseen~~

The air saturated with smoke in
"What a handsome man in the
The Frith Hildesheim people ... the
was a tall, thin, pale ...
with a ... greenish ...
fanned hair ... He joined ...
... Forgive ... Felix (Weyman) ...
Party ... quite alone in his own ...
any professor ...
... Boston ...
as cheap as ...
manner ...

*

~~FOURTH~~
~~boy ...~~

What's your

~~The sleeping ...~~
~~to ...~~
~~The woman ...~~
~~self-nights ...~~
~~her ...~~
~~silence~~

Concert of ~~debates~~ Lovers, on the

way back from the room:
The great Danish model - a model
of one of the way for party
pop- (or) proletarian model;
An impressive figure - the domed
forehead under the white mane,
pale eyes, prominent features;
the front part, mobile, prominent -
(former Swedish) ; grey-haired, but
still youthful; aggressive; built like;
the same head, very recent ...
the moderate elegance ...

L. P. Löwy (Kisch) - a reference to
your upon invitation of your
mult. Celestial, great position.
But: the language, then His hands
fumble: the head ... (travelled
with Cholera for whom he has
a weakness ...)

(Party...)

Löng, talking to Aluk across
the table: "What happened to
Soup?"

Soup was our mutual friend of
the old days... After World War I,
they had belonged to the same

"republican" side. But while
Aluk and Löng found life easy,
Soup survived "a poor life", "but

Soup found life for a short time.

He didn't agree with the

"I don't see him," Aluk said, "He was living,

but for a while. He was living,

"Don't you know?" (Blushes)
Aluk: "Of course not." (Blushes)
Löng: "Why? Still in disagreement?"

Aluk: "Of course. Describe it." I know

Na: "But you like the

Na: "Aluk: Don't be coy

I want a book it!

LASTING 1 LASTY

for the last time
The Postal Service has been on my mind and
now after the war on my list
under table of "Nashville" by
to have some with your interest. (Harold
see the book on you). From
my family, your beautiful things
and others who never get on
my news. So many to now
really! His stuff is not quick up to
you level is no more. All the
it is material you want for an
minutes monthly. (to stay water
about the political and moral
reliability.)

Was touched by a family member
I want to write to you - and
something for you. That was
something that always seemed to be
something to in the world with my
landable intention... Every life
traveler... (California is rich by
sun Po us...)

"Moult à Bolin"

Es gibt nicht viel mehr Blau an der
Himmelskante - sieht in
Faded nicht.

Letter 2

Amsterdam ashade, and. Besides.
I understand my friend Langue (or
gloria) of my a poem for a "W."
as a success - is to do Am.
time for you.
You ask about European intellectual
(the "Order") I mentioned, I as
been written, sold to "Tome." But
definitely for American audience
Besides, politically controversial.
But finally I mention to do
for little things - especially to
you, (the English version of
the "Coastal" it is applicable
is a new ~~English~~ American
publication in Paris, "Zur" -
not a bad little magazine, by
the way.)

However, I should be pleased if
you would to me some payment
from your own version of "Tome"
for it - ~~possibly~~ possibly at
last, it will be worth more.

3)

Noted office yet to any magazine
 so you have the first edition. When
 you write some more from the
 really good E. 2 types of "Cold War"
 will mainly in Germany. On the
 same but especially — for instance,
 U.S. war, 1940-41. (Time)
 was editing "Dear Sir" as a
 new diary in 1944. ✓

Sister Dr - Walter!

III (II)

~~Second~~ THIRD
First

end
of
I

[It was a few minutes past midnight when Brian finished his memorandum. He signed it and wrote the date -- New York, 17 August, 1948. Then he picked up the type-written sheets and left the room. He wanted to read his story to Doris.]

He rang for the elevator, but it didn't come. The elevator usually did not come at the Panama Hotel after midnight, especially when Robbie was on duty.

Doris' apartment was on the eleventh floor, only three flights over Brian's. He decided to walk. ...

The staircase -- half-dark, smelling... Dust... The Panama was one of the dirtiest places in the city of New York.

When Brian had reached the eleventh floor, the elevator caught up with him. Robbie -- drunk: or was it something else? A nervous little man with dishevelled gray hair and a haggard, sallow face. Had a nervous tick -- sniffing... Yet there was something rather distinguished about his looks... Might have been a run-down actor who had once been famous... Delicate hands...

Swaying to and fro, with a heavy tongue, asked him if he had anything to drink. As Brian declared regretfully that he didn't, he wanted a cigarette. -- "I seem to run out of everything," Robbie said, suddenly shaking with a somewhat hysterical, senseless laughter. "Even of cigarettes! Too silly, isn't it?"

Brian gave him the cigarette. Knocked at Doris' door. No answer. Probably she was in the bedroom. The door was open, as it was her habit. Brian entered. *- Robbie follows. "Doris may have some whiskey..." (Doris may have some)*

Doris asleep. Was she really? Maybe just a game... Her face, transfigured, beaming with childlike, ~~and~~ angelic innocence...

"Can you hear me?" -- And she, in that high, singing voice -- her sleep voice --: "Of course I can, dear..."

He sat down at her bedside and began to read his memorandum.

[~~Hand~~]

a dysomania

"To begin with, Doris said,
"no body would touch it, except
maybe the community."
"Do you think the community
would take it?" he asked abruptly.
"I said maybe! And that
would be the kiss of death."

"They have a fairly good new
magazine," he said. "I wouldn't
it come across a city paper
to some address a copy of it
day in the Public Library."
"might go and see the editor."

"Dear me!" she cried. "Then
we go again!"

"But it has to be published!"
"Why?"

"He glanced at it again. "Maybe
you're right, all right. Too much about
hopeless families. Too much about
families. This is the time for
families."

III (Doris)

III

(DORIS)

Her hair, ash, as if powdered - and then, some-
times - 7/11 golden glints in it...

She had a pale, almost
white complexion, but her
eyes were a deep, dark
brown, and her hair was
a soft, wavy, golden-brown.

She was one of the most
beautiful girls I have ever
known, and her face was
a perfect oval, with a
forehead that was just
right.

On a large, round, white
table, in the center of the
room, stood a large, ornate
candlestick, and on it
burned a single candle.

How strange! I had
never before seen a girl
so beautiful, and yet so
different from the others.

She said, "I am a
poor, little, orphan girl,
and I have no one to
love me."

indiscreetly tenderly.

III

(Dover...)

Kafka quotation
about evilness

"To go to bed with you -
a strange, rare thing.
Such fuss! The good old
Joseph - Adam Pöhlner -
situation, our own
agony. It would be pulling
him down. - How ungrateful
quite independent to him, we
thought he should have known by
now. - Let him
helpless, nonplussed.
How hoarse laughter: "But
it was fun, too. That
it was exciting - to
overcome your inhibition,
to defeat your ascetic
complex."

Albert in his office. Receiving visitors....

Thomas Cholpick... : A. found him again very pleasant to look at. The voice, too, was pleasant -- soft, yet not without a certain metallic quality....: like a discreetly subdued fanfare...

"Of course, I have to be a little -- diplomatic," he said, with a disarming smile. "I don't belong to the Party, you see; and... well, I served in the ^{U.S.} ~~British~~ army during the war, and my wife is ~~English~~ American..."

Albert: "There were only intimate friends..."

"Tom" ("I'm named after our Liberator-President... Over there... ((with a vague gesture across the Atlantic)) they used to call me Tom...") --: "I hadn't met Paula Bertram before -- a wonderful writer, incidentally: I admire her tremendously... And your wife... And then, the situation with Lövy is a little -- delicate..."

Albert: ...?

Tom: Naturally, we are! He is wonderful -- isn't he? The vitality! The warmth! And what brilliant wit!... But then, he's an old Party member... They may have asked him to keep an eye on me... So I didn't want to embarrass him by making any rash or ambiguous statements..."

L. P. Lövy...: "I'd better be careful. I'm not a Czech, you see. They never quite trust a German-speaking person... So I wouldn't be surprised if they had asked Tommie to keep an eye on me... Don't misunderstand me know!" he added quickly. "I don't think he's to spy on me -- in fact, I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing. Much too decent! But one of his friends at the Ministry of Information might have suggested that he ..." etc.

.... Now, in the merciless light of the morning, he looked even older... His face -- sagging, wasted, infinitely tired. And how his hands trembled! -- "I'm not supposed to smoke. What the hell..."

"It's good to be in a German-speaking country again!"

The Mother -

low Madison Ave. office ("Vogue" 4)
 paneled, like wood; Tom to use -
 Lanthier postcard, auto graph
 photos of U.S. & France, English
 notes, mission, (on Negro
 notes!) - Miss X (calls her
 self "Miss" in the office) looks
 a kind of younglingly friend
 behind her desk. Dressed in black;
 4-12 late hat on. Very smart.
 Smokes incessantly; new reals.

- B. wonders, "What would she
 look like if she did eat..." -
 Examines him with narrowed
 eyes: "Fanny, you don't
 look like your father. Yet when
 you eat..."

blame... "My hair... for lunch. I suppose
 you are... furnished by...
 to join us?" - "No, I'm not."
 "That's what I thought. Well, then
 let's get down to business..."

(Moffet - Rowland)

VII

(Prother: continued)

The awful Holly wood stars in
low office - the girl with the
pin-up bust and the doll's
face; the make countermeasures,
equally bad for wish and! How
could she stand it - an
intelligent woman?

"Aren't you disgusted, Prother?"

"Que voulez-vous?" She spoke

French, so as to save her soul;
to prove ~~her~~ ~~superiority~~ how

refined she was - Holly wood
trash or not. "Les affaires sont
les affaires." She shrugged her

shoulder.

"Yes, but do they have to be
that cheap?" He wondered
at that nonsense he had seen

on the streets since
"It's a disgrace," he said. "Well, it's
taken about twenty years to get
to this point. Right you are, she answered."

VIII

Albert - Natter

Prof. Nathaniel Natter - a man
of considerable, if somewhat undependable,
power. Considered the Grey Eminence
of the Party. On the Politbureau,
reference for internal affairs, but
influential far beyond that sphere
for the main adviser to the top
men. Leader theoretician. Liaison
with Russians; on intimate terms
with Col. Tadjanov, the Span. ^{Span.}
Russian - probably of Cyril
origin, but national background
mystical like every other Russian.

His success with women:
the cold grey eyes, oblique
laughing demand - usually
black on grey. Today grey.
Smile slows in Natter's dancing
- the soft voice.

Nature continued

Albini's various contacts with
him in Spain, Moscow (the
German Committee etc.) No
sympathy, but signed a statement
to respect one another's
tension since A's "pan x pas"
with the Americans. Various attacks
on the Communist press directed
against A. - obviously inspired
by N.

"I offered my resignation, at
the time," A. said. "Why
didn't you let me go?"

"Because we needed you,"
"And now?" "Do you still need
me?"

There was a very short pause,
just the fragment of a second.
Then N. said: "Of course
we don't know ~~still~~ then."

(Notes, continued)

"The book is impossible," No
said sharply. "We can't glorify
fascism and self-satisfaction. Suicide
is unforgivable. The Church is
right: a mortal sin."

"You don't disagree Kluck at a minute.
A great poet, after all... Legacy,
... cultural heritage... Why do
we have a Book Society?"

"For practical purposes - do I
have to tell you? If we really
it. Real Book Society, we wouldn't
get the right people... Besides
Book is healthy... [was against
Kluck!]

"But Aristotle?" As she
"That's beside the point."
No. made an impatient gesture.

"You now praise Nietzsche." "Hm."

"His style!"

"There is nothing to be praised about
him. He is poison!"

IX

(~~or VIII a~~)

Julian - Gotsche
Kling

The reception in Amsterdam butler, in
green, silver-bell vest; with a red velvet
type - soft-spoken, with cold, impatient
eyes. Homosexual, probably - and
likely of him might be, too. The
with frequently. A very young
The woman secretary, with very small,
dark hair, parted in the middle.
Dark hair, white collar; man-like.
- Apartment. Very light; small, pink;
photo of ~~the Holy Alliance~~ ^{with a general secretary}
decoration. ~~The Holy Alliance~~ ^{with a general secretary}
Ninth floor - Sixth floor, with - ^{with a general secretary}
very tall, brown hair; statuesque.
regal appearance. Dyed hair,
too yellow; beautifully curled.
Wear for velvet gown, dark blue.
Must have been very beautiful;
still impressive, and magnificent.
- Butler - "Polder" (he speaks
German with him) brown hair
with small eyes; (time in
La racia, Benito
time in
The

✓ W.

The NY flak - just a
fixed-a-term. Her home in
Washington: large mansion,
social center. How did she
get the money? The money
from the turnly didn't make
that much! That but
found her by all means. Rumors
a bomb her intimate relation-
ship with a wealthy Wash-
ington man and politician.
- Graham looked at her.
Did she have an affair with
him - a woman in his
sixties? A weird idea.
But then, this was a weird
million. Besides, Miss Kline
still had her charms, no
doubt.

(Keep, continued)

"I had no breakfast ...
prints heavily. Always said stuff.
(Think of Doris's answer)

Quite dead.

Ask about weight. He's quite
fat ... too bad."

"I am a very happy man!"
(See had a distinctly New-Artist
great, but not much pleasure.)

A rich, melodious voice - ~~made small~~
as if were by only a small
liquids. "I am happy, because
I found ... Harbor. Work off,

to be happy too. That's why?
former. The E.M. magazine ...
see further a copy at ...
it. "I want to help you,

my man! Some time one has
to ask people so as to
help them."

Henry, continue.

"I am glad you came. The night
instantly greeted you. ... Don't
you know what Albert has done?
He has demanded proof for the
G.P.U.; he is responsible for
the death of hundreds. ... You
don't know, but I do! I know
Albert, and I know the Commander
I want to be one of them."

"I am not a Communist."
"If you were, I wouldn't
take to you. But you are
on the point of falling in-
the spirit. ... I will get
you right into trouble." Then
Sounded threatening. How eyes
narrowed, while the light in
face kept the grimace of
the Sambo.

(on XL, ~~some~~)

Julian and the Common Editions.

The tough-looking, grey-haired man, monkey-head type: square, bony face, heavy jaw, the callous hands of a worker.

The nervous aristocrat-looking young man - "Spanish type"; roughly too long - p. hands.

The man: noble distortion: heavy eyelids; heavy eye lids.

The girl (Nina G.): pretty in an unpleasant way. Flirtatious.

"Well, we read your story, the grey-haired son slowly."

"Nina!" No Marxist tendency.

"G's kind of cute, the girl said. "I got a kick out of it. Such blithe innocence!"

no more! Canteen! →

" It could be edited, "
the balance man said. " Has
to be sent, any how."

[Negro people in. They
always had a Negro to
stand.]

" It just came to say for
I changed my mind. By
withdrawing the piece."

" Now, wait a minute!
Wait a minute! " said
the guy - bowed over. " We
didn't mean to hurt
your feelings. You must
take this amendment."

[Julian - Communique, continued]

It was curious to watch how the
gent was gradually talking over.
Wasn't she just a secretary?
And yet, now it was she,
who was actually ~~in charge of the~~
in charge of the whole affair.
This country is run by
women. Julian thought while
listening to Miss Kotylo's
clear, important talk. With the
way Davis assumed a pedantic
position in every press rant;
on the Boston lady of colors
on the Fulton was about to
or how much passing a book to
lovers and assistants; or
Dr. P. K. H. And now this
with him. A materialist;
bright for lady. Clearly,
a state of affairs...
The Green fair too mean and
disturbing to talk in yet -
happily about - not very articulate.
So, naturally, it was just a
Kotylo who had to do it.
He had seen this.

doctor moncoms (the
first servant! memories!
they laugh...); but on
the whole...

Spirit of community...
Comradship... those things
existed...

[The general glow, the
sense of achievement, when
the Bomb was dropped
on... Simple bits sense
change... Would they still
want the same way? More
callous now as the worst
is taken for granted...]

But you still was in the Army,
at the time of the Fuchs affair,
as a 1st Lieutenant. Could
you not participate in
my's protest actions? Transferred
to a Quartermaster's place in
Frankfurt - mainly food & big
discharge is what I get
only more.

XII.

Albion, N.Y.

A man has to make decisions.
At length, ever since I
joined the Party, others don't
decide for me.
Now I make the decision.
It's a dangerous one, for
the more dangerous one I
am to make. I am
aware of the danger.
A man has to act.
Of course, any action involves
the risk of reversal.

Wystan

at once capricious and
didactic, playful and dominating

The Greenwich Villan flat. The class:
the floor littered with books, papers etc.
- W. biting his finger nails.

the school boyish alarm - at once
teachers and pupils - the
rambles at moments - talks
rapidly, darts words. ... this

gestures, at once pedantic
and misquoting. Yes, something odd -
- a sign - a friend, familiar

peaceful ... (??) ... His soft
absent-minded smile ... the
beautiful curve of the back of
his head ... [He dislikes Mary

disapproves of Betty, but agrees with
both: "Don't get mixed up with
politics! Stop it!"

Every hour he did
not devote to writing
His poetry, seemed a loss.
His stamping ability to
write words, lay by
with elegance, rhythm.

Big feet
slippers
also in a
skirt.

Besides, may eat man & even
dinner with his own sphere of life!
Just that! Just no longer
farging with politeness. Only cause
confusion.

Y. As the various spheres could
be separated so neatly!
And if they interwove in
the medium of enlightenment with
an individual entity in the
thing you may find on
the material plane - low level
they be straightened out on
the intellectual or spiritual
level. - A Higher victory
would have marked the end
of your World Fellowship.

Henriette: There is such a thing as
passion resistance. Sometimes the
vanquished lose stronger than
the conquerors.

[XIII] [Wyman]

"I think now, by thinking of the
any important thing that is going
any of the things said by the
there are different people in the
position of the world, and I think
it is important to have a
all alike, and I think it is
all in the world, and I think
this is a complete thing, and I think
W. has been an important
advice, and I think it is
Now, we can see that the
Capital is the most important
in the world, and I think it is
in the world, and I think it is

means ...
"Well, I just meant to say
goodbye, "Julian"

I was born

1912

1912

and my mother

was born

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

in 1912

XIII

Wystan H. W. (continued)

" This is one of the things a
militant agree about. Since it
is both foolish and objectionable.
Objectionable, as an attempt to
interfere with the design of
Providence, to shorten one's individual
trial, an attempt Reign -
and, as such, a cowardly,
base action. Foolish - because
it doesn't work. There is
no escape. On the contrary,
one's situation
only makes
worse. All religious ideas
survive permitted. (Spencer's
kind tales - about the Normans,
the rule, the new isolation) -
How a person's spirit is even
vindictive, for a consideration
change of modern life."

The Bandicoot quotation:
"Thought for the Day" in
the Samuel's School.

"Credo quia absurdum est."

The absurdity of faith ...
I don't have the strength.
I don't have the courage ...

*

The humorous aspect
of corruption. People know
(pretend to know) what's
vicious and ethical, but
don't do it. The result
of hypocrisy is how
infinitely gainfully funny
are these bombastic words,
these beautiful gestures ...

Y/ [Ethical irony.]
all funny. The bitter laughter ...
But ... X My zany, blank, any more ...
The smiles are fewer ...

XV

XV

(My little thinking:)

1. The ~~reasons~~ "political" motives
may all be anticipated, ~~and~~
made-up, a pretext, or
rationalization. But it is
the justification ~~of~~ ~~the~~
in itself a moral act.

XIII || Kenneth: "The great mistake of
the artists is that they tried to
be a direct influence - by
actively participating in, or
at least commenting on,
social and political affairs.
In reality, of course, the
artist can be an influence
only as long as he sticks to
his own medium, the thing
he actually knows about.
The French Symbolists - the
poets around Mallarmé - were
right: the artist has to concern

limiting with the Absolute only -
Ethics and Aesthetics. But Symbolism
and emphasis the aesthetic angle.
Morality at least as important as
with, my love... " (bringing all
these into completion) " the
spheres - Ethics and Aesthetics -
closely interrelated - the Beautiful
being only the visible manifestation
the symbol of the Good. Beauty
belongs to the sphere of the Absolute.
By creating Beauty, the artist
shows the Good in a quasi-
concrete manner - an ideal example -

perhaps: " Well, maybe that's why I don't
be an artist, at the present juncture.
But if I were, I wonder if I would
follow your analysis. The situation has
reached a point where the Absolute
no longer can be regarded independent
from the temporal. Maybe the
moment has come for the artist to
renounce all his desires in the more
directly he speaks, the more
the more effective.
The only!

XV
(End of XIII:

And suddenly he knew that he had to die. He knew that he wanted to die. How simple it was! 'I want to die,' he said, walking along Madison Avenue. 'I have to die. I want to. I have to. That's it! Naturally! Of course! I want to... I have to...')

This sudden certainty -- that he wanted to die -- filled him... moved him... like a wave of joy, a triumph. He felt strong...

Absolute despair -- he realized -- had tremendous power, a dynamic impact. It could be organized, exploited, could be made an argument of irresistible persuasiveness. The decision to reject hope, to renounce illusions -- it gave a moral strength not to be refuted or corrupted. A man who has given up hope becomes invincible...

'There must be many feeling the way I do,' Julian thought, walking toward 57th Street. There was a red light, he had to wait at the corner. As he was standing there, he went on thinking:

'The moral strength ensuing from absolute despair should be organized. A movement should be launched -- the League of the Desperate Ones, The Hopelessness Society, the Suicide Club. The intellectual elite all over the world would join the organization -- I don't know how they feel on the other side of the Iron Curtain, but in the western world there would be considerable attendance... Individual acts of despair made an impression but not enough. There was that German revolutionary poet who hung himself in a hotel room, not far from here, somewhere near Central Park... And the Austrian humanist who took his life in Brazil... The English novelist and femme de lettres who drowned herself -- Ophelia-like... The Czech statesman jumping out of a window... Other examples... But those demonstrations ought to be coordinated... ' (Light changes, he doesn't notice it.) Then: 'I'd like to establish that club. But it would take too long... No time left... So how do I make the most of my personal tragedy...?'

I want to die because ^{we} ~~they~~ dropped that accursed Bomb on a small town in Japan. I say "we," even though I personally had nothing to do with it. But it's my people who did it, my country is responsible for the outrage, yes, we are guilty -- all of us! I am ashamed, I can't bear it... [Collective guilt: not, negligence for the Germans!]

I want to die because we killed those Jews -- how many of them? Five million, or six? -- in the gass chambers... It is true, I left Germany long before the Germans ~~did~~ committed those ghastly crimes... But I used to be one of them. It's my fault. I can't bear it.

I want to die because we are worse than ever, don't learn anything, don't even try to improve --: we, the human species, cette race maudite, oh, I can't bear it to be one of them...

Be courageous! Face the situation in its whole hopelessness! At a certain point, there is only one thing left to do for a man of pride and sincerity: to acknowledge defeat, to accept despair, to give up, to surrender...

My final gesture -- the gesture of protest and sacrifice --: who will notice it? Another waste, another illusion...

The English woman poet, the Czech statesman -- they are the examples...

To establish an organization, a suicide club... Things like that have been described in whimsical English novels... What's the use? I don't care...

Brian's Manifesto:

"Words ... words ... words ...
Words have lost their meaning,
Words are hollow, stale,
in that lacking in persuasion
and validity ... An inflation
of words ... grandiloquent, pompous,
wordy, slick, show words,
with a touch of point ..."

(See Passed in
"The Vulkan.")

Action ...
purpose ...
Only the sacrifice — silent,
without aim or effort. The
abdication, the absolute
negation ...

XVII

(Hannay, the colored maid)

"Yum, yum," she said. "Yum woman."

She's gone."

"I'm kind of sorry, too. This
gang I used to go out with -
he's not good. He drinks."

"I kind of like you. But of
course I wouldn't have told
you as I was as soon as
I didn't love much of her. A
of old for you, isn't she?"

She moved smiling. How far with
the flat nose, the beautiful
arched forehead... Egyptian,
Nubian... Her lovely hands.

"I couldn't help thinking
it would be so. It isn't true
at all. She is beautiful..."

"What do you want me to do? I do
everything. Don't ask me of your
nonsense. I don't care what happens."
— A brief life is by rising to
hold me tight any more."

$\sqrt{18} = \sqrt{9 \cdot 2} = 3\sqrt{2}$

$$\overline{XIX}$$

XX

(Ending)

In N.Y. — : Doris to Nancy: "Well

are you saying a hell?"
Nancy, her head proudly held: "Why
should I say? Am I not allowed
to say? May be, you, I am lost
somewhere May be, you, I am lost
And Doris understood "Tom did
Nancy's land."

In Berlin — Louise found the boys
land. He will draw — hostile,

my of course.

Finally Doris could say. It was
told to Jack the Sally years.

The two women ~~standing~~ standing
together — in tears. Doris thought
if she gets a child, girl felt

to be a boy woman away. From
the scanned little child — the
clock striking four.

*

The will to death :

primary, voluntary ...
all nations align themselves

at ~~dist~~ the ~~dist~~ the ~~dist~~
point, the ~~dist~~ the ~~dist~~
issue ... But, the ~~dist~~

why should I ...
from one's decision
in to some thing complete

but for ...
the death instinct,
can be

like sex!
sublimated into another
Not just another ...

die in an empty
manner ...
is a challenge, an appeal ...

Nov. 1.

"There is nothing to die for:
there for, it is not worth while
losing any more. We have
to do so as to demonstrate
the absence of ideals, the
deadly emptiness of our
time."

Was there an ideal at stake
in the last war?

Peaceist said: No.
He insisted there was.
Had he been mistaken?

The "non-political" part.
What an illusion! As
if it were possible to separate
the various spheres of an
individual life.

I am for suicide, I recommend
suicide! Suicide - the only
solution, the logical way out!

I preach self-destruction,
pure voluntary death!

May many follow my example!

May suicide be the fashion
of the intellectual elite!

May the best, the sum of
intelligence and good will prevail
by their own hands!

Words have lost their meaning,
their validity. Action?

For whom? For whose service?

For what cause?

DEATH is my answer!
SUICIDE is my program!

*

Let's face the problem squarely -
the problem in the whole nation,
in our life, in our progress ...
There are two groups - and between two
no longer power - and where
wins, we are linked. We
are linked in advance - we
idealists, we fools, we smokers ...
We are the losers!

.....

O America, my dream gone ...
my lost dream ...
We are the losers ...

.....

The bad decade: 1939-48

Ready just TWO BOOKS:

"The turning point"

"André Gide"

Also, two semi-new books:

"Der Wunderbaum"

"André Gide" (German)

Also, one (old) book with E

"The Other Germany"

Also, one discarded (only partially
used) book:

"Distinguished Visitors"

An never-published, unpublished play:

"The Jewish Angel"

(English & German)

A new opening chapter,
additions and revisions to

"Pathetic Symphony"

Edited and introduction:
"Heart of Europe"

Opening chapter and outline of
an (unpublished) book on
"Rome"

Work on movie script (most
of it discarded):
"Paris"

Editorial work: "Decision"

Articles: 12 editorials, about 10
short and 5 long articles for
"Decision"

about 20 articles for
"Camp Council Message"

about 30 articles for
"Stars & Stripes"
About 30 major contributions to
magazines (including one slash
story in "Democrat") and about
30 book reviews. All in all
about 140 articles.

Lectures: Various German subjects;
U.S. Literature etc.

Translations: Anita Loos, "Happy
Birthday"

The beginning of the decade, 1949-50
(if it has to be!)

"The Last Day" (English version)

A homosexual movie
A historical movie (Greek?)
(Greece?)
(Greece d'Art?)

3 successful plays!

(One, solid, modern, sexy,
bold and funny)

One, in a light vein -
maybe a historical comedy

One, fantastic, "fantasy",
maybe utopian or with
ghosts)

A booklet on Picasso (Picasso
Nov 1966)
(Banksia?)

A quasi-philosophical monograph (Jacob Böhm?)

A travel book (Far East? China
and India...)

Articles (but not too many!)

Collected Works - in German and English
"Guide" - brought up to date
after his death)

KLEIST

Der furchtbare Kohlhaas... (Absurdität der radikalen Rechtlichkeit)

(Pentheäilea:)

Zwei Rast- als Symbol...

Die Trunkenheit.

Wenig vom Trunka. K. wird für Modell genommen...

(wirft die Pfeile von sich; dann:)

Denn jetzt steig' ich in meinen Busen nieder,
Gleich einem Schacht, und grabe, kalt wie Erz,
Mir ein vernichtendes Gefühl hervor.
Dies Erz, dies läutr' ich in der Glut des Jammers
Hart mir zu Stahl, tränk' es in Gift sodann,
Heissätzendem, der Reue, durch und durch;
Trag es der Hoffnung ew'gen Amblyoss zu,
Und schärf' und spitz' es mir zu einem Dolch;
Und diesem Dolch jetzt reich' ich meine Brust:
So! So! So! So! Und wieder! -- Nun ist's gut.
(Sie fällt und stirbt.)

(Aber: das Entsetzen des Prinzen von Homburg beim Anblick des eigenen Grabes...)

Die letzten Briefe --: an Marie v. Kleist (Berlin, 10. Nov. 1811):
"Aber ich schwöre Dir, es ist mir ganz unmöglich länger zu leben;
meine Seele ist so wund, dass mir, ich möchte fast sagen, wenn ich
die Nase aus dem Fenster stecke, das Tageslicht wehe thut, das mir
darauf schimmert." ... Die Familie! Der Gedanke von ihnen "als ein
ganz nichtsnutziges Glied der menschlichen Gesellschaft" angesehen zu
werden, ist ihm "überaus schmerzhaft." Er hat eine Freundin gefunden,
"die meine Traurigkeit als eine höhere, festgewurzelte und unheilbare
begreift." ... "Ein Strudel von nie empfundener Seligkeit hat mich er=
griffen, und ich kann Dir nicht leugnen, dass mir ihr Grab lieber ist
als die Betten aller Kaiserinnen der Welt."
Letzte Aufträge: pedantisch. Der Barbier ist für den laufenden Monat
zu zahlen; etwas Geld im Kasten der Madame Vogel...
An Ulrike: "Ich kann nicht sterben, ohne mich, zufrieden und heiter,
wie ich bin, mit der ganzen Welt, und somit auch, vor allen Anderen,
~~mit Dir~~, meine theuerste U., mit Dir versöhnt zu haben, ... Die Wahr=
heit ist, dass mir auf Erden nicht zu helfen war. Und nun lebe wohl;
möge Dir der Himmel einen Tod schenken, nur halb an Freude und unaus=
sprechlicher Heiterkeit, dem meinigen gleich; das ist der herzlichste
und innigste Wunsch, den ich für Dich aufzubringen weiss.

Stimmings bei Potsdam
am Morgen meines Todes

(Der Dramatiker! Die enormen Spannungen. Alles wird ihm zur Tragödie.)

Der Einfluss Kants. WAHRHEIT und BILDUN^g als höchste Begriffe.

Die kämpferische Gedrängtheit des Anknüpfens...

JUNG OR FREUD (Edward Glover, "Horizon")

the aggressive and destructive impulses giving rise to various forms of sadism; these are named after the sexual component with they are associated, e.g. oral and anal sadism...

Freud's study of melancholia, which is essentially a malignant disease of the unconscious conscience, proved conclusively that when libidinal relations with the world of objects are fundamentally disturbed and when libido is withdrawn from these objects, not only does the narcissistic libido of the individual become pathologically overcharged but quantities of aggressive energy freed in this way are turned on the self and for the most part canalized through the critical activities of unconscious conscience, their aggressive aim being however held in check by the existence of a healthy narcissism. The diseased narcissism of the melancholic is unable to provide this defence and the result is a diminution of vital psychic activity varying in degree from apathy to that state of narcissistic disorder where intumed aggression triumphs in the act of SUICIDE. *

(The concept of narcissistic or ego-libido)

The DEATH INSTINCT...

(The fundamental psychic antithesis was no longer between the libido and ego-instincts but between all forms of libidinal energy (the Erotic instincts, in the sense given by Plato to "Eros" in his "Symposium") and the instincts of aggression and destruction.

* All right then, you marked
that state of narcissistic
disorder... that's one way
of putting it. The medical
approach may be so bad and
realistic but my son is hardly
inspiring... profound
to give a more
meaning to my despair...

Others may be more
misguided;
no comfort.

Writ died mess — no
absolute: a relative,
subjective thing.

Prohibition

"Use your Bible to
Battle the Bottle"

Women's Christian Temperance
Union — is "organized mother
love" battling against the
rentrenched liquor evils...

↓ "Fascist-tinged nationalism
running through Latin America"

"Colonel's clique," in Argentina

[Died] — Galeazzo GIANO, 41,
before a firing squad in
Verona, Italy

Pavardutists = "poets of
daring"

AMERIKANISCHE LIEFERUNGEN AN RUSSLAND

Aus Washington wird gemeldet, dass die amerikanischen Lieferungen an Russland bis zum Jahresbeginn sich auf 7800 Flugzeuge, 4700 Panzer und Panzer-Kampfwagen, und 228000 militärische Kraftfahrzeuge beliefen.

Anweisung

~~Hierzu kommen auch Lieferungen der
an den Winter, der
Monat Januar 1942
Schiffen, die Kriegsmarine (wird von
den U.S. nach R. gebracht sein.
gewollt von den U.S. U-Booten,
Schiffen oder Kampf Flugzeug~~

~~Monat Januar 1943 wurde nach dem
1. k:~~

Franz
Borkman
"Die Neue Komintern"

1943: Auflösung der
Komintern.

1947: Gründung der
Komintern (Pakt
Franz, Stalin).

"The Struggle for the World"

Russische Freiheits-
ansprüche.

Freiheit der Komintern:
bis 1946: Gwion: Simojew;
1946-49: Bruchstein;
dann Molotov.

Taktik über alles:

das sollte Auswärtiges
hätten vom Westen eine
Erklärung.

"Sohn seit 1924 hat
Moskau die Hottier mit
W. H. revolutionen aufgeben."

1936: "Volksfront" in
Frankreich.

GPU...

"Kommunismus ...
das Machtwort der
Moskauer Herrschaft."

Dimitroff...

Togliatti...

Thore...

Gerhard Eisler (v.)

Ein Agent der MWD
(russische Geheimf.)

als zynische Herr
gibt K. P.

SED (russische Komm.)

Tito ... China ... : Widerstand
der russ. Zentralisierung.

A short walking (continued)

XII

Thinking ...

Hopeless ^{is} No. There
may be little hope left,
but hopeless goes too
far ... ^{it's} always
worth while fighting ...
Of course, one will have
to make concessions,
compromises. You can't
fight, and remain firm ...
To join the Nationalist,
the Red-baiters - rather
a depressing point ...
But it has to be ...
The youth has to stand,
even if it gets the enemy ...
~~gets~~ and
and comfort to

Dr. GERTRUD KLUGE --: Albert's divorced wife, former Communist Reichstag deputy...Quit party about 1930...: first "left-wing" opposition (Trotsky=ite"), turns gradually reactionary: professional informer, witch-hunter etc.

Big woman with reddish face; looks as if she were drinking too much, but doesn't really; bloated face, glassy eyes are result of constant state of agitation, anger...

Her hate of her former comrades in general, Albert in particular -- fierce, inexorable...

Denounces Brian in little magazine she publishes in Washington.

(Albert, almost determined to abandon Party, hesitates, thinking of Gertrude as a warning example. "I don't want to become like her! Is it inevitable...?" etc.)

(Brian's meeting with her. She tries to persuade him --: "You are young, inexperienced -- they take advantage of your idealism, your naiveté..." Then, though, threatening: "Don't say you haven't been warned, young man!")

"SCHOOL OF THE NEW MAN"

The headmaster, Francis (Franziskus) Gottschalk...: First impression -- his beard, long, of fine, silky texture, consisting of grey and silver-white streaks... The face, short, curiously animal-like, but one couldn't have said what animal it resembled; some strange, extinct species -- a unicorn, a ~~lion~~ ^{like lion} lion... living in the mountains... The eyes -- in very deep, dark sockets -- wide, iridescent, dreamy, absent-minded; tend to stare into space -- unseeing... The face, very short and pale (sallow, as though made of wax), yet not without a certain energy and toughness, with an obstinate forehead and a strong... nose... His costume: the loose coat with belt, open collar; breeches, covering his knees; the lower parts of his legs, bare -- with well-shaped, hairy calves... Sandals... His gait, somewhat stooping -- : his arms, a little too long... Speaks slowly, deliberately; his soft, resonant voice...

At once savage and gentle...

Half faun, half priest...: You could imagine him with the ears, horn, and tail of a goat; but also in the sacerdotal splendor of Oriental cult... His vitality; his dogged faith; his endurance, tenacity...

His wife, "Aunt Julia," (German-Jewish: of wealthy family) -- practical, efficient; without higher aspirations; faithfully devoted to her wild and saintly husband... She used to finance his school in Germany, which they gave up, a few years before Hitler... moving to Switzerland (Engadin).... (The pure, tonic air. Francis in the habit of taking long walks. A mountain-climber.)

Pupils of many nationalities. Pupils (both sexes) and teachers forming something like a family... (The lovely Greek girl, Laetitia, Brian is in love with.) The teachers, under Francis' spell. Work for nothing, if necessary. Refer to him as "the Master" -- a title he rejects...

His friendships with great contemporaries -- Romain Rolland, Tagore, Gandhi...

First influenced by Goethe, Humboldt, then Tolstoi, then the Far East... Stresses religious unity. (In contact with World Fellowships of Faiths and Union of East and West.)

His regular cycle of lectures on "Essential Unity of All Religions."

His "Thought for the Day" (before breakfast) -- like a short prayer --: "A bee gathers honey from flowers of all colors." (Hinduism.) (Followed by a minute of silence and meditation.)

"Millions of stars in the sky; do they not live in harmony!" (Rabindranath Tagore.) -- "Nothing upon the earth is interesting except religions." (Baudelaire.) -- "Theory of true civilization. It is not to be found in gas or steam or table-turning. It consists in the diminution of original sin." (B.) -- "There is a graciousness of the heart; it is related to love. It is the source of the most natural graciousness of outward conduct." (Goethe) -- "The East belongs to God, the West -- Gladly obeys His high behest; -- Tropic heat, and Arctic cold, -- His hand in peaceful bond doth hold." (G.) --- "Noble be man, Charitable and good. Since that alone distinguishes him/From other existences/Which we know well."

"Eternity is in love with the productions of time." (Blake)

Paramhansa Yognanda: "Autobiography of a Yogi"

..."an authentic Hindu yogi..."

Clear recollection of a previous incarnation...

Man is essentially of incorporeal nature... (If man be solely a body, its loss indeed places the final period to identity.)

GIRI BALA: This great oman yogi has not taken food or drink since 1880. I am pictured with her, in 1936, at her home in the isolated Bengal village of Biur. Her non-eating state has been rigorously investigated by the Maharaja of Burdwan. She employs a certain yoga technique to recharge her body with cosmic energy from the ether, sun, and air. "The Blissful Mother... Her sanctity is intense..." "Joy-Permeated Mother" The disciples chanted gently: "Victory to Mother Divine!" Tiny facem tiny hands, tiny feet -- a contrast to her spiritual magnitude! (But she was strictly commanded by her "guru" (teacher) not to divulge the secret: "It is not his wish to tamper with God's drama of creation. The farmers would not thank me if I taught many people to live without eating..." Which seems only fair.)

Bande laire who, on January
23, 1862, received a singular
warning: "I have felt
the wind of the wing of
madness pass over me"
*

WILLIAM BLAKE: ("The Marriage of Heaven and Hell")

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Expect poison from the standing water.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

One thought fills immensity.

What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear
to man as it is, infinite.

Opposition is true Friendship.

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves
as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting
from systematic reasoning.

One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression.

("A Song of Liberty"

Albion's coast is sick, silent; the American meadows faint!
Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers, and
mutter across the ocean...
The fire, the fire is falling!
Look up! Look up!....)

Room full of people : modern but
elitist : popular agents ...

R & A ... the force of
dynasty ...

" modern ...
Gib ... and ...
(...)

New York, August 17, 1948...

Hot, with constant sky. ("It's not
the heat, it's the stupidity...")
... but the humanity ... (to.)

The heavy air: like mud or sea ...
Sensation of friction by drivers:
the air becomes quasi solid - for
they are near death, or not ...

Night life: N.Y. assumes a
something aspect ... like Naples or
Seville ... the sun set atmosphere

Summer lamp ... more per
the darkness ... the in short -

Shadows ... the lot of great ...
The man in the hot seat ...

The trash cans ... with hat
and a ... fat; walk
respectable ... I

The mess of the day ... (and
about 9 o'clock ... already the
18th ... I am already
dead ...)

Walk through Berlin... (continued)

"C'est comme une fièvre qui me prend. Ou sont-ce les ruines de B. qui me fascinent? Ruines énormes et presque fabuleuses, plus durables que l'Empire dont elles sont issues.... Falaises trouées où nichent les oiseaux, terrasses croulantes, caves et souterrains peuplés des cloportes..... une géologie, en un mot, dont le développement transportait mon esprit au delà des frontières que l'expérience nous assigne.

BERLIN EST LA SOMME DE TOUTES LES DESTRUCTIONS, a la fois autel et abattoir; le centre auquel se relie tous les charniers de l'Europe. Qui n'a pas éprouvé l'horreur grandiose de ces ruines, ni mesuré leur étendue, ignore l'orgueil et la folie de l'homme.

(On a coupé les arbres au bout de Tiergarten. C'est maintenant un champ ... , hérissé de souches noires, où des femmes, des enfants, des hommes vont courbés, ... à la recherche d'un peu de bois.)

Tout grand dessein dévie dans la politique, toute morale s'y corrompt. ... Le seul problème qui compte est de savoir comment l'on peut refaire l'homme, ménager à la liberté... Ou sinon, tout refuser.

The other world; same ...
 moon landscape ...
 with by inhuman ...
 at man's ...
 a ...
 then ...
 to ...
 global history - ...
 horrors ...
 by ...
 world ...
 dismal ...

The other world; same ...
 moon landscape ...
 with by inhuman ...
 at man's ...
 a ...
 then ...
 to ...
 global history - ...
 horrors ...
 by ...
 world ...
 dismal ...

The English woman poet, the Czech statesman -- they are the examples...

To establish an organization, a suicide club... Things like that have been described in whimsical English novels... What's the use? I don't care...

/ink/

Afterwards....

No reason to be afraid. Either it's the end - which would be all right with me; or there's something new, something different - which would be extremely interesting. I may not be perfect, but it could hardly be worse than what /we/ are living through here below. I don't think it's anything weird or fantastic. Too many have experienced it, after all.... My personal guess: temporary end of individual consciousness, one loses one's identity - for some time, maybe for hundreds of years. Soul passes through various phases - re-materialized or not. Later, at some very advanced point, one remembers all the previous incarnations. Not too bad.... Ofcourse, I may have to pay for this act of insubordination, this desertion before the enemy.... A chance I have to take... And then, who knows if it's actually an act of insubordination? Maybe I was meant to go this way? It was in my stars, perhaps, all along? ... Either one accepts the notion of Fate, or one doesn't. If one does, there is nothing you can do except what you are supposed - are predestined to do..... This, of course, would be an excuse for all crimes, all weaknesses.... I don't know. It's all rather on the messy side.

/pencil/

(Julian thinking:)

'The "political" motives may all be artificial, made-up, a pretext, a rationalization. But is not the rationalization in itself a moral act?

The will to death: primary, elementary....: all rationalizations miss the essential point, distort the real issue... But then, why shouldn't one turn one's delusions into something constructive, helpful...? Sublimation....: the death instinct, like sex, can be sublimated.... Not just another neurotic.... I die in an exemplary manner....: my death is a signal, a challenge, an appeal...

Brian: 'Who says that we "have to live"? There is no such categorical imperative. Whoxixx says that life as such is something to be cherished, to be loved?... There are only two possible reasons against suicide: You might hurt others.... (Not in my case. Mother doesn't care. And Betsy...?) You might make a mistake, metaphysically spoken: maybe you'll have to do it all over again, on another plane... ('A chance I have to take...') < 156

Brian's Manifesto:

"Words... words... words...."

Words have lost their meaning. Words are hollow, stale, utterly lacking in persuasion and validity An inflation of words... graniloquent, pompous words, slick clever words, witty and poignant" (See Marcel in "Der Vulkan")

Action? - But for what purpose? Only: the sacrifice - silent, without aim or effect. The abdication, the absolute negation...." < 159

And if there were a sudden reconciliation between U. S. and S.U. - wpiöd O want to go on living? - Yes, I suppose I would... But there might be such an agreement any moment... Would be kind of awkward.... - Not likely, to begin with. Besides, I'd be only too pleased. I'd flatter myself that I contributed to it by my death..."

XVII (Nancy, the colored maid)

"Your girl," she said. "Your woman. She's gone."

"I'm kind of lonely, too. This guy I used to out with - he's no good. He drinks."

"I kind of like you. But of course, I wouldn't have told you as long as she was around."

Didn't lose much, I guess. Kind of old for you, isn't she?"

She never smiled. Her face, with the flat nose, the beautifully arched forehead...: Egyptian, Nubian... Her lovely hands. J. couldn't help thinking: 'They're supposed to smell. It isn't true at all. She is beautiful...'

"What do you want me to do? I do everything. Don't use one of them rubbers; I don't care what happens..." - A bait life is using to hold me. I can't be held any more...

XIX

(DEATH)

Friedrich Engels, "Anti-Dühring":

"Mit der Besitzergreifung der Produktionsmittel durch die Gesellschaft ist die Warenproduktion beseitigt und damit die Herrschaft des Produkts über die Produzenten. Die Anarchie innerhalb der gesellschaftlichen Produktion wird ersetzt durch planmässig bewusste Organisation. Der Kampf ums Einzeldasein hört auf. Damit erst scheidet der Mensch, in gewissem Sinn, endgültig aus dem Tierreich, tritt aus tierischen Daseinsbedingungen in wirklich menschliche... Die Gesetze ihres eignen gesellschaftlichen Tuns, die ihnen bisher als fremde, sie beherrschende Naturgesetze gegenüberstanden, werden dann von den Menschen mit voller Sachkenntnis angewandt und damit beherrscht... Erst von da ab werden die Menschen ihre Geschichte mit vollem Bewusstsein selbst machen, erst von da ab werden die von ihnen in Bewegung gesetzten gesellschaftlichen Ursachen vorwiegend und in stets steigendem Masse auch die von ihnen gewollten Wirkungen haben. (??) Es ist der Sprung der Menschheit aus dem Reiche der Notwendigkeit in das Reich der Freiheit."

"Was ist Kommunismus?"

Der Kom. ist die Lehre von den Bedingungen zur Befreiung des Proletariats.

"Was ist das Proletariat?"

Das Pr. ist diejenige Klasse der Gesellschaft, welche ihren Lebensunterhalt einzig und allein aus dem Verkauf ihrer Arbeit zieht -- nicht aus dem Profit irgendeines Kapitals; deren Wohl und Wehe, deren ganze Existenz also von dem Wechsel der guten und schlechten Geschäftszeiten, von den Schwankungen einer zügellosen Konkurrenz abhängt...

Die neue Gesellschaftsordnung wird die Konkurrenz aufheben und die Assoziation an ihre Stelle setzen.

WALK THROUGH BERLIN

(Pierre Fr  d  rix, "Mort   Berlin)

In the Russian Sector: "des femmes soldats en jupes courts, tenant un drapeau dans chaque main, pivotent comme les figures d'une horloge, vous arretent, vous rendent le passage, reprennent leur deux drapeaux de la main gauche and saluent d'un geste m  canique. Elles sont tr  s jeunes, de forte carrure; elles ont des visages hauts de couleur..." Grave-faced; but once in a great while they smile...

Au bout de trois mois, des bancs de cadavres continuent de flotter sous la Friedrichstrasse...

Certains quartiers de B. ont croul   sous le souffle des bombes. D'autres sont morts debout; ainsi le Leipziger Strasse o  les fa ades colossales des banques et des soci  t  s germaniques, les carcasses seules subsistent. ... Autour de Lustgarten, les monuments de la puissance prussienne, leurs aigles et leur troph  es abattus, les d  mes ouverts, les colonnes tronqu  es.... d  j   comme des Ruines de Rome.... Leur chute dans l'  ternit   leur pr  te une sorte de grandeur, un caract  re de pompe tragique, impr  visible de leur vivant...

Un petit drapeau fran  ais est juch   de travers au sommet de la colonne qui c  l  bre la derni  re victoire bismarckienne...

Je me suis avanc   jusqu'au bord de la Spree, ou r  gne une jungle de fils de fer...

...La monotone et plate chauss  e d'Oranienburg, les usines, la brique pil  e, les r  servoirs   gaz de la banlieu, les sables et les pins fun  bres...

Une femme regarde la rue, de son balcon. La vie est tenace dans les ruines.

The ghost town...

"Berlin n'est plus de ce monde..."

Ruins - the architecture of the 19th century; English writer said: "Am fascinated by ruins, I now go to Europe by motor car - An essay about 'Ruins, the style' - 'Ruins' would disappear. Rather something for a nihilist, like Song..."

The Panama Hotel

Manager: Mr. Bernhard (steals...)

Desk Clerk: Mrs. Maxton (the Boston lady: friendly and distinguished, affable, well-read, understanding; hates Mr. Bernhard.)

Telephone operators: the epileptic dwarf (who gets the baby -- half boy, half girl); the limping one. Epileptic dresses gaudily; clubfoot, always dark, dusty...

Assistant desk clerk, elevator man, factotum: ^{Robbie} Charlie, the dope fiend... (grey-haired, haggard-faced; sniffing nose, thin lips, expressive features -- somewhat actor like. B. suspected he had somehow been connected with stage...)

Elevator man: the huge Negro who writes; casual liar; sold stories to Saturday Evening Post etc.

The Negro maid, Lucy, usually reserved, almost hostile. After Betsy's departure she suddenly turns out to be in love with ^{Don's} B. He has sex with her.

The guests: very old ladies or very young chorus girls, prostitutes etc. Third-rate Broadway operators, broken-down Wall-Street men...

The filth... the smell (stench)... the rats... [He reeked of old tobacco...]
The ballet school on the other side of the street. The silent pantomime behind the windows... ; B. gets never tired of watching it...

(The bar -- not patronized by hotel guests...) (The delicatessen on Sixth Avenue)

... the fetid air...

The Earlhorst Villa

Frau Elsa Bertram, the housekeeper -- secretly loathes Communists... But a good cook. (Has seen better days etc).

The driver, Max Polke -- Berlin character, old-time Communist, was in camp; despises A. who spent the bad years in Moscow. Has maybe an affair with Mrs. A.

* Woman servants at night.
Happens in all cheap American
hotels. Seems i men beating
up women; nobody intervenes.
Undercurrent of
violence...

Both, A. and B.

Thank:

I have no illusions
about the other side.

I know perfectly well
that the Russians (esp.
the Americans) aren't
so good. But ...

Job: "Let the day perish
wherein I was born"

"Have pity upon me! Have
pity upon me! O ye my
friends for the land of
God hath touched me."

"Hell is made before him
and destruction has no
covering."

"Gebroden aber wird
man, wer über Eingenomen
verzweifelt; und er
wird deshalb gebroden,
weil er nicht total
verzweifelt."

Kierkegaard

The family lunch (XI ?)

(Brian, too proud to admit that he is broke. Stepfather offers money, he refuses....)

(Bill, the stepbrother: sixteen years old; good-natured; completely ignorant. He is really sorry about Babe Ruth's death -- which strikes B. as human, touching... Conversation about the late baseball hero: Bill amazed at Brian's ignorance... Yet, a certain affinity....)

Stepfather, unexpected home for lunch. Political conversation -- ending with a rather unpleasant row...

"The hypocrisy!" Brian repeated. "That's what I do resent! The lies! All that talk about Democracy and Freedom... And Franco? And Chan-Kai-Chek..." -- "Now, come on, come on, young man..."

"The war against Hitler was
a mistake then?"

"It was, in a way.
Unfortunately, he was
not a reasonable man..."
Brian laughs bitterly...

Theodor Plievier:

Individuen und Völker, und zuerst die Völker des europäischen Kulturkreises, stehen dem Entweder-Oder gegenüber. Entweder Handeln oder Untergehen! Und Handeln heisst in unserem Falle: Seelische Neugeburt des Individuums! Gesellschaftliche Neugeburt von Völkern!

Das neue Zeitalter kann nur ein Zeitalter der Toleranz und Humanität und sozialer Gerechtigkeit sein... Alles andere wäre Abweg und Sturz und Zurückfallen in unvorstellbare Finsternis.

Kann man sich denn nicht vorstellen, dass einer aus dem Osten weggeht, ohne sich deshalb dem Westen zu verschreiben!

... So ist es besser und selbstständiger und auch zukünftiger gerichtet, zwischen allen Stühlen zu sitzen, als einen bequemen Platz einzunehmen, der nur unter Preisgabe selbstständigen und unabhängigen Denkens und Schaffens zu erhalten wäre.

(Die Gefahr: Es handelt sich um nichts weniger als um den massenhaften Schwund politischer, gesellschaftlicher und persönlicher Freiheiten und auch politischen, persönlichen und gesellschaftlichen Verantwortungsgefühls.)

(Auf der einen Seite Vermassung -- auf der anderen Seite Schematisierung und Bürokratisierung aller Lebensfunktionen, Lähmung der schöpferischen Kräfte und Leerlauf.)

(Die Entwertung des Menschen...)

RIGA, capital of Latvia; seaport... Not quite 400,000 inhabitants... situated above the mouth of the western Dwina, which is connected by means of inland channels with the basins of the Dnieper and Volga... Gulf is frozen for an average of 126 days in the year... Growing transit trade with Soviet Russia... Occupied by German troops from 1917 to 1919... Old town preserves Hanseatic features -- high storehouses with spacious granaries and cellars flanking the narrow, winding streets. Only open spaces are market place and two other square. The suburbs, with their broad and quiet boulevards, are steadily growing... The Dom, founded in 1215... "House of the Black Heads" -- a club of foreign merchants... The "Livlandische Ritterhaus," the former meeting place of Livonian nobility, still stands... Near the city, extensive bathing beaches...

Founded in 1158, as a storehouse at the mouth of the river, by a few Bremen merchants... Connexion with the Teutonic Knights... Joined the Hanseatic League, and from 1253 refused to recognize the rights of the bishop and the knights... Sigismund II, king of Poland, takes R. in 1547; 1558, the Russians burn its suburbs and many ships in its river. 1561, R., together with southern Livonia, becomes Polish possession. Polish king recognizes religious freedom of Protestant population.... Throughout 17th cent., R. was a bone of contention between Sweden, Poland, and Russia. 1621, Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, took it from the Poles, and held it against the Russians, who besieged it in 1656... During the Northern War between Sweden and Russia, it was courageously defended (1700), but after the battle of Poltova it succumbed, and was finally taken in July 1710 by the Russians...

(Independent from 1918/45)



(Albert and guests, a few of
"Kulturkampf" meeting)

"As some of you may know,
Albert said, 'I am working
on a Kleist biography - not a
poor biography, really, but a
attempt to make it.'"

"Kleist" for your Carl said,
with a disarming smile, "I
ought to know more about him."
"You certainly ought to!" confirmed
A. with mock severity. "Now
heard of K. f. A.?"

"Why, yes, of course, in a kind
of mechanical way." Now Clodius
was blushing a little - must be
coming. He was a great German
poet. And besides, "with an apology
smile, 'a distant ancestor of mine -
consist of my great-grandfather'."

— My memory reminds of a German
namely the A. reference to his aristocratic
background.

Regard (Ymportantly) by
nasty Major.

4th Hamlet complex

Remember Penhysilla (just not
his name!) into marks to
do by show will 10 min
(Quotation)

This fear of sex: in relation to
(anxiety) aspiration to
subject, noisy DONIS fears him:
(I can't hear his laughter. How obscurely
of him) - But the Negro
girl!

A's normal and never able to

A. wants action: is wanted...
B. wants peace, communication: ^{for you}
has to act (as action)

"Prologue (in Heaven ~)":

No witness ~ JS He
watching ~ Seen on mol, these
two full of this destiny, day
this drama. Behold!

*

The first death: immediate sympathy
between the two men. The difference
in age: A. much older than B.
could have been his father, teaching
[Memories of yesterday's friendships]
the country school: comradeship

At the same time: misère ~
After the second death [B. not
used to it]: confidence (on
conversation becomes more personal.
Walk through "Karl's bars":
the encounter with Katy -
chilling.

*

B.'s Superior officer, sympathetic.
(Probably) His first of death. ~~Recalled~~
to Discharge (as limit) the
day before B.'s
admission.

Theatrical Ads:

"Superbly funny ..."

"She's the best flat-stick comedian of her generation"

"Inspired and sophisticated"

*

8th Ave.

"Bardha Inn - Chap Sney"

"We buy every thing of value"

Horn and Hardadt ...

Madison Square Garden: The Spadix Ring ...

Pizza ... Spadix M.

Maia Under: Lesson in Page

Underdark Horn ... Chapel ...

"Supreme Laundry"

X "Avoid accidents: Sit
back and relax!" X
(Sign in a taxi cab)

Howe & Hardie's Automatic
Central Hosiery Shop
Walgreen Drugstore

Times Square:

The Crossroads Cafe
Ads: Bandwain, Rattler Beer
Capitol Theater... Astor Hotel...
"Singapore" (Chinatown style)

Used Cars

Coca-Cola

"Thirst Knows No Season!"

N.Y.

"Why kill time?
Kill yourself!"

"Liggett's Drugs [The Rexall Store]"
"the Shack" — "Nedick's" — "Longamps"
"Stanley's" — "Schwartz's"
"Child's" — "Ritter's: No Food at any price"
"Fruits and Flowers"

"The President Tavern"

"Garport" (Cherry)
(empty window)

Woolworth ...
Wibb & Hildebrand
"Antiques" (Second Ave.)

Mary's ...
Sat. Fifth Ave. ...

Shuttle (Times Square / Grand Central)

Bans with Television ...
Air conditioned ...

Ensemble:
BLOOD AND FIRE

"Life Savers" ! Perforant.

5th Ave. : Samaritan
etc drugs

Farmers Home ... Pastor ...

" Loew's " (movie theaters) " Five and Ten Store "

" Gotham Delicacies "

- Restaurants: Cuts and Steaks -

Sea Food ...
(how many)

Dyeing - Cleaning - Pressing

Brandy Pastor:

Permanent Waves ...

Grand Central

Hotel Commodore ...

- Thompson's Cafeteria ...

Airline Terminal ...

PENN Station ...

Terminal :

Loew's 4th St.

(the Sweet shop market floor)

columns ...

Liquor shop ...

" Make Time Translation " ...

Western Union

No Parking

Webb and Hillbrow (clothes)
Nita de Paris, Lingon

Rembr's Larue
Twenty-bar The Stoke club ...

The Pavilion
The Plaza The St. Prohib
Bardigan Plaza (Café de la Paix ...
Rampelmayer)

(in fact) Place: The horse - puller
coats; showman with gift hats:
quaint style: inordinately expensive ...
" (bar)

Happy Landers
Diamonds ... Hats ... Sports Wear ...
" We Buy Old Gold "

Optimo Cigars

Greenwich Village ... Washington Square ...

Avenue of the Americas:

Radio City Plaza Hotel

Amusement Center

Lafayette

F. W. Woolworth Co.

Sign: Coca-Cola

Times Square Baths

"Chock full o' Nerts"

"Economy Sandwich Shop"

Laundry ...

Hotel: The Lincoln ... Ambassador ...

Gladstone ... Pinner's ... City ...

Sh. Atom ... Carlyle ... Wine Bar ...

Barbizon Plaza ... George Washington ...

Brunswick Book Shop

Cafeterias

Rockefeller Center: the main shaft for
in front of the tower building ...
the grand perspective of Park Ave.

The messlands:

Times, Life, News, Post, Saturday
Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal,
Sun, Times, Herald Tribune, PM,
Garden American, News, Times
→ (There will be no epistaphs...)
News Week, Vanity, Look, Sport,
Town Stories, Esquire, Town & Country,
Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Hill Country,
The Atlantic

Public Library, Folio Art.
Carnegie Hall, (the garden)
Metropolitan Museum
Frick Collection, Port of New York

Times Square, the Canal -
Smoking man
The Art of... Ruff... (But:
Brush Square shows gone...)

Harlem ...

Brooklyn ...

Brooklyn - the Bronx: Tennis
120 yards ...

Radio:
WEXR ... NBE ...

Hotel Bedford

118 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK 16. N.Y.

SCHOPENHAUER: "UEBER DEN SELBSTMORD"

Monotheistische Religionen lehnen ihn (grundlos) ab...:
"Sünde", "Wahnsinn" etc.

Antike billigt Selbstmord: "nun gar von den Stoikern finden wir ihn als eine edele und heldenmüthige Handlung gepriesen; was sich durch hunderte von Stellen, die stärksten aus dem Seneca, belegen liesse..." ("Wurde doch, in Massilia und auf der Insel Keos, der Schierlingstrank sogar öffentlich, vom Magistrat, Demjenigen überreicht, der triftige Gründe, das Leben zu verlassen, angeben konnte.")

((HUME "ON SUICIDE"))

HAMLET's Monolog besagt bloss, dass, wenn wir gewiss wären, durch den Tod absolut vernichtet zu werden, er, angesehen der Beschaffenheit der Welt, unbedingt zu wählen sein würde. But there lies the rub...

(Physischer Schmerz -- kein Einwand...: starke geistige Leiden machen uns gegen körperliche unempfindlich: wir verachten sie.)

"Wenn in schweren, grausenhaften Träumen die Beängstigung den höchsten Grad erreicht, so bringt eben sie selbst uns zum Erwachen, durch welches alle jene Ungeheuer der Nacht verschwinden. Das Selbe geschieht im Traume des Lebens, wann der höchste Grad der Beängstigung uns nöthigt, ihn abzubrechen."

("Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung", Par. 69:

"Weit entfernt, Vereinigung des Willens zu seyn, ist dieser ((der Selbstmord)) ein Phänomen starker Bejahung des Willens.... Der Selbstmörder will das Leben und ist bloss mit den Bedingungen unzufrieden, unter denen es ihm geworden. Der Selbstmörder verneint bloss das Individuum, nicht die Spezies. Der Selbstmord daher ""eine ganz vergebliche und törichte Handlung""

((Ausnahme: langsamer Hungertod...))

ERKENNTNIS als einziges Mittel, den Willen zum Leben zu überwinden.)

1)
KIERKEGAARD, "DIE KRANKHEIT ZUM TODE"

Der Tod ist dem Christen nicht der Tod...

Die Krankheit zum Tode ist Verzweiflung.

Die zwei Formen (im Grunde miteinander identisch):
verzweifelt nicht man selbst sein wollen;
verzweifelt man selbst sein wollen.

Ist Verzweiflung ein Vorzug oder ein Mangel? -- Die Möglichkeit dieser Krankheit ist des Menschen Vorzug vor dem Tiere: verzweifeln kann der Mensch nur weil er mehr ist als Tier, nämlich ein Selbst, Geist.

... Von dieser Krankheit geheilt zu sein ist des Christen Seligkeit.

Nichtverzweifeltsein muss die vernichtete
Möglichkeit sein, verzweifelt sein zu können.

.... und wäre die Synthese (der menschlichen Natur) nicht ursprünglich von Gottes Hand her im rechten Verhältnis, so könnte man auch nicht verzweifeln.

.... Die Verzweiflung ist eine Krankheit, die man sich in jedem Augenblick neu zuzieht. "Jeden Augenblick also, wo er verzweifelt ist, zieht er sich das Verzweifeln zu."

Diese Krankheit endet nicht mit dem leiblichen Tode.

Wenn die Gefahr so gross ist, dass der Tod zum Gegenstand der Hoffnung geworden ist, dann ist die Verzweiflung, dass man nicht einmal sterben zu können hofft.

.... Aber des Todes sterben bedeutet, dass man das Sterben erlebt; und lässt sich dieses einen einzigen Augenblick erleben, so erlebt man es damit für ewig.

"So wenig wie der Dolch Gedanken töten kann", so wenig kann die Verzweiflung das Ewige, das Selbst verzehren, das der Verzweiflung zugrunde liegt, "deren Wurm nicht stirbt, und deren Feuer nicht erlischt".

Ueber ETWAS verzweifeln, ist also noch keine eigentliche Verzweiflung.... In Wahrheit verzweifelt sie über sich selbst...

Ueber sich selbst verzweifeln, verzweifelt sich selbst los sein wollen, ist die Formel für jede Verzweiflung.

2)

Sokrates bewies die Unsterblichkeit der Seele daraus, dass wohl der Leib von der Krankheit des Leibes, nicht aber die Seele von der Krankheit der Seele verzehrt wird. So kann man auch das Ewige im Menschen daraus beweisen, dass die Verzweiflung sein Selbst nicht verzehren kann. Könnte aber die Verzweiflung sein Selbst verzehren, so brauchte er nicht zu verzweifeln.

Und der Tod ist ja gerade, dass man nicht sterben kann.

"... dass es eben eine Form von Verzweiflung ist, nicht verzweifelt zu sein: nämlich sich dessen nicht bewusst zu sein, dass man verzweifelt ist."

DIE ANGST, d.h. DIE VERZWEIFLUNG...

(die Wirklichkeit ist die Einheit von Möglichkeit und Notwendigkeit.)

(Glauben bedeutet eben: den Verstand verlieren, um Gott zu gewinnen.)

JE MEHR BEWUSSTSEIN, DESTO INTENSIVER DIE VERZWEIFLUNG....

Die Verzweiflung des Teufels ist die intensivste Verzweiflung, denn der Teufel ist nur Geist und insofern absolutes Bewusstsein, ohne eine Dunkelheit, die ~~als~~ mildernder Umstand Entschuldigung dienen könnte; daher ist seine Verzweiflung der absolute Trotz. Dies ist das Maximum der Verzweiflung.

Der unbewusst Verzweifelte: "und mag er sich noch so wohl in seinem Zustand befinden, in Wahrheit ist er von der rettenden Wahrheit nur noch einen Schritt weiter entfernt als der bewusst Verzweifelte."

Die unbewusste Verzweiflung des Heiden...: "daher kommt es auch, dass der Heide so merkwürdig leichtsinnig über den SELBSTMORD urteilte, ja, ihn anpries, während es doch die entschiedenste Sünde ist (Aufbruch gegen Gott), so aus dem Dasein auszubrechen." ("Die ~~Ein~~ Pointe beim Selbstmord, dass er ein Verbrechen gegen Gott ist, entgeht dem Heiden ganz und gar.")

"Wer mit Bewusstsein davon, dass Selbstmord Verzweiflung ist, und insofern mit der wahren Vorstellung von Verzweiflung, Selbstmord begeht, dessen Verzweiflung ist intensiver, als wenn einer Selbstmord begeht, ohne die wahre Vorstellung davon zu haben, dass Selbstmord Verzweiflung ist."

Ganz ohne Trotz ist keine Verzweiflung.

Er verzweifelt über das Zeitliche, weil er das Ewige verloren hat:
insofern ist er verzweifelt.

S ü n d e ist nicht die Wildheit des Fleisches und Blutes,
sondern die Zustimmung des Geistes dazu.

DER GEGENSATZ ZUR SUENDE IST DER G L A U B E .
(Röm, 14, Vers 23: "Alles was nicht aus Glauben kommt, ist
Sünde.")

Die Sünde wird dadurch unendlich potenziert, dass sie gegen
Gott geschieht.

Sünde ist also die potenzierte Schwachheit oder der potenzierte
Trotz: ist die Potenzierung der Verzweiflung.

(Die Sünde des Dichters: "dass man dichtet statt zu sein;
dass man sich nur in der Phantasie mit dem Schönen und Wahren
beschäftigt, statt existentiell danach zu streben es zu sein.")

Albert
Kleist
much older than his wife; retired officer; in possession of historical studies
Bruno Fuchs-- real name, Baron Bruno von Fuchsenberg.
Born, 1897... Childhood in father's mansion at Baden-Baden... Mother, of Austrian-Bohemian stock (higher nobility: large estates in Bohemia); Slavic blood... Cosmopolitan, "femme du monde"... Father, conventional... B. volunteers 1914 -- a boy of eighteen: father in favour; mother, against... Verdun: disillusionment: conversion... Turns pacifist (under influence of Barbusse, Romain Rolland, German vanguard...)
Anti-war poems: "Fratzen" (1917); plays: "Der zornige Gott;" sensational novel: "Die Herde."
From pacifism to Socialism, Communism...: the radical breaking away from his own class. (Father dies; fight with brothers; mother wavers...)

1923, joins Communist party...
Work in Berlin...: "Proletarian Culture." / Edits magazine etc.
Travels: trips to Soviet Union, the Far East, the U.S. etc. International contacts -- French comrades etc.

Hitler...: Party Line, first tolerant. ("He will destroy bourgeoisie") Quarrel, but he yields...
Exile: Moscow, Paris, Moscow again (he becomes editor of German-language publication); Spain...: the Thälmann Battalion; he makes Colonel...
... Back to Moscow. The Pact: dark days... (Nostalgia: Heimweh) → poems
Many of the old comrades have left Party: he remains faithful.

War -- new hope...: the east-western alliance...

B. working for the Russians: interrogating prisoners etc.
Participates in "Free German Committee" (intellectuals and generals).

His novel, "Moscow." (Eulogy -- but with western influence...: Dos Passos...: Critics are not quite satisfied. "Lack of simplicity... No real understanding...") -- International success.

Marries: Ilse Born, Jewish girl from Riga...

Yet, 1945, he is given important cultural position in Berlin.

He and his wife occupy spacious villa in the exclusive district of Charlshorst -- surrounded by Party bigshots...

B. is appointed president of leading cultural organization (in which capacity he meets Brian).

Colonel Tolpin (in charge of Soviet Public Relations and Propaganda) treats him with great courtesy, even respect, but not without a certain reserve indicating slight distrust...)

(The Charlshorst household: Chauffeur Karl Kurzke has affair with Ilse: both are spying on Bruno...)

Working on Kleist biography: critical but not without sympathy, understanding... His wife disapproves. Tolpin wants to prevent publication. (Suicide is tabu. "The tragic sense" doesn't fit the Party line.) -- Bruno, for the first time, rebels: insists on publication.

Son (a) Karl-Friedrich (christened after grandfather): precocious child of 50; well-read, intelligent. Father takes him about: boy witnesses his death...: understands himself.

Yurlian

Brian Butler -- born 1921, in Paris, by American parents... The father, a painter -- violent, explosive, not without a ~~nerotic~~ erotic touch; belongs to Paris group of expatriates; drinks heavily; fiercely, ambiguously in love with America -- goes on painting American faces and sceneries, ~~not~~ allowing himself to be influenced by French school... Marries wealthy, delicate Boston girl, Esther Norton... A sick man, he has to ~~return~~ live in Switzerland; dies there (in Davos?) of tuberculosis, in 1929. -- Mother -- not exactly ruined but financially reduced by Depression returns to U.S., ~~settles down in California~~. Leaves Brian in inexpensive, idealistic "School of the New Man" in the Swiss mountains. (Headmaster: Paulus -- bearded, dreamy, under influence of Oriental philosophy, Gandhi etc; author of book, "One World -- One Religion.") -- Brian, mentally molded by Paulus, returns to U.S. in 1940. Even though brought up on pacifist principles, he is eager to join the Army. (In Switzerland, he met victims of Nazi persecution; recognizes Fascism as essentially evil.) Goes through Basic Training -- happy to be just one of the GIs, whom he finds good-natured, generous, simple... Is, against his will, transferred to P.W.B. (as a linguist, and at the prodding of his influential mother). ... Serves with P.W.B. Combat Team in Italy (as an enlisted man), then Austria -- where he gets himself demobilized... As a civilian, transferred to Information Control Division to Frankfurt (1946), then Berlin... There he meets Doris O'Palty -- U.S. correspondent (of Irish descent): older than he (~~has a half-grown daughter~~) but doesn't show it; tough, cynical, hard-drinking), but changes when asleep. Calls him Sir Galahad; teases him about his naive faith in U.S. He wants to work for United Nations, UNESCO, State Department... His fight with Major Brandt. Doris expects a baby. Hope...?

* marries wealthy business man; results low fast; doesn't like boy...

again: working for movie company.

Father did a series of etchings illustrating anti-war poems by Albert Tynes. The two men never met, though.

x
ass: annotated
Frank of
1st Lt.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF ALL RELIGIONS

Indian mysticism...: "Infinite, like Him-Self, must be, are, the masques which the Eternal Masquerader is ever, everywhere, everyway, putting on and off, fatiguelessly..."

("The Beautiful and the Awful")

"Freed from the sense of separateness, the soul
Engageth in the service of the Whole...
Being perfected, freed, the Master braves
The noble task of slaving for the slaves..."

"You not perfection,
You not form..."

The Way of Devotion... The Triple Path...

Védic prayers: "..... This MIND Divine of mine, which wanders far -
When I am waking, and comes back in sleep...
This MIND of mine, which in eternal grasp
Holds past and present and the future, all,
In which all other minds are interwoven
As warp and woof -- may it will ever right!
Aum!

("For the higher progress of the Soul, abstinence from blood-meats of all kinds is regarded as indispensable by Yoga and Suluk.")

TWO SOULS IN EACH PERSON...

"Two souls, alas!, within my bosom dwell..."

Heraclit: "God is Day-Night, Winter-Summer, Love-Hate, War-Peace, Repletion-Want, Heat-Cold, Death-Life, Youth-Age, Waking-Sleep, Creation-Destruction..."

Persian maxim: "Each thing is proven by its opposite."

Laotze: "Tao is divided into a principal Pair of Opposites..."

The many names of the All-Pervading God, the One Self of All...

the earnest seeker ...

LIVE AND DIE IN AND FOR THE UNIVERSAL LIFE...

... the final renunciation of egoism...

Devotion... Illumination...

Laotse, the great Teacher of China... Zarathustro

Laotsism -- the same in essence as Vedanta-Yoga...; its practical side is Confucianism...

HEINRICH VON KLESIT -- 1777 bis 1811...

("Das Leben nennt der Derwisch eine Reise, und eine kurze..." Prinz v. Homb.

Preussischer Offizierssohn und märkischer Junker... Erzogen, in Berlin, von Prediger Cartel, für die Armee, im Geiste des nachfritztischen Berlin... Kadett im Potsdamer Garderegiment zu Fuss...: verträumter, sehnsüchtiger Knabe... Musik als Trost... Er wird Leutnant, nimmt an zwei Feldzügen teil ... Verlobung mit Wilhelmine von Zenge (Frankfurt a.O.)... Unruhige Wanderschaft: Pommern, Würzburg... Will nach Südfrankreich: Braut weiger sich... Das Kant-Erlebnis stört inneres Gleichgewicht: "Wahrheit, dies Unerlässliche seiner Ziele, ist ihm zerstört." Leere, Zerschlagenheit... Mit Ulrike (die sehr treue Schwester, die keinen Gatten finden wird) über Dresden nach Paris...: dort Entwurf zum "Guiskard" und zur "Familie Schroffenstein". ... Der Wunsch, "ein Feld zu bebauen, einen Baum zu pflanzen, ein Kind zu zeugen..." Wieder Störrischkeit der Braut: er flieht an den Thunersee, tief verletzt... Beginn des "Zerbrochenen Krug"... Weitere Unruhe: Leipzig, Dresden, Genf, Paris... (Teugenichts, Vagabund). Ulrike hilft. Wielands vierzehnjährige Tochter verliebt sich. ... Er verbrennt des "guiskard"... Krankheit, Verzweiflung... Beamter in Königsberg: Beendigung der "Fam. Schr." ... Novellen: "Die Marquise von O."; dann "Amphytrion", "Der Zerbrochene Krug"... Bekommt, durch Vermittlung, Jahresrente von der Königin (60 Louisdr im Jahr); beginnt "Penthesilea" (1806). ... Preussens Zusammenbruch... Dresden: Freundschaft mit Tieck, Erfolg, angenehme Existenz... Beendet "Penthesilea"; dann "Käthen von Heilbronn" und "Hermannsschlacht", dazwischen Erzählungen: "Erdbeben in Chile", "Verlobung auf St. Domingo", "Michael Kohlhaas". ... Misserfolg des "Krug" in Weimar, des "Käthen" in Dresden, der "Hermannsschlacht" in Wien... Goethe lehnt ab... Selbstmordversuch mit Opium... Prag, Berlin: Patriotisch-Journalistisches (gegen Napoleon)... 1810: "Der Prinz von Homburg" -- sei grösstes Werk, und wieder missverstanden..... Ein erfolgloser Literat, vom Kampf mit Zensur, Theatern, Verlegern gelähmt.... Politik verdrängt Dichtung: K. träumt von romantisch-konservativer Erneuerung Preussens... Gründet "Berliner Abendblätter" (Fichte, Clausewitz, Adam Müller, Brentano, Fouqué, Arnim)... Aufsatz über das Marionettentheater; zweibändigen Roman -- verlorengegangen. ... Der Tod mit Henriette Vogel: "Es ist, als ob aus einem Zimmer in das andere gehn."

FREUD: "DAS UNBEHAGEN IN DER KULTUR"

(Zitiert Grabbe, der seinen Hannibal vom Selbstmord sagen lässt:
"Ja, aus der Welt werden wir nicht fallen. Wir sind einmal darin.")

Die "erstaunliche Behauptung", einen grossen Teil der Schuld an unserem Elend trage unsere sogenannte Kultur: wir wären viel glücklicher, wenn wir sie aufgeben und in primitive Verhältnisse zurückfinden würden...

Woher diese befremdliche Kulturfeindlichkeit?

Die letzte Veranlassung ist uns besonders vertraut; sie trat auf, als man den Mechanismus der Neurosen kennenlernte, die das bisschen Glück des Kulturmenschen zu untergraben drohen. Man fand, dass der Mensch neurotisch wird, weil er das Mass von Versagung nicht ertragen kann, das die Gesellschaft ihm im Dienste ihrer kulturellen Ideale auferlegt, und man schloss daraus, dass es eine Rückkehr zu Glücksmöglichkeiten bedeutete, wenn diese Anforderungen aufgehoben oder sehr herabgesetzt würden.

Technischer Fortschritt hat nicht glücklicher gemacht.

Es ist Zeit, dass wir uns um das Wesen dieser Kultur kümmern, deren Glückswert in Zweifel gezogen wird...

Kultur ist auf Triebverzicht aufgebaut: sie hat die Nichtbefriedigung (Unterdrückung, Verdrängung) mächtiger Triebe zur Voraussetzung.

"Ein gut Teil des Ringens der Menschheit staut sich um die die eine Aufgabe, einen zweckmässigen, d.h. beglückenden Ausgleich zwischen diesen individuellen und den kulturellen Massenansprüchen zu finden; es ist eines ihrer schwierigsten Probleme (Schicksalsprobleme), ob dieser Ausgleich durch eine bestimmte Gestaltung der ~~Kultur~~ Kultur erreichbar oder ob der Konflikt unversöhnlich ist."

(DER KONFLIKT IST UNVERSOEHNLICH...)

Todestrieb gegen Eros...

"Schuldbewusstsein" ... "Strafbedürfnis" ...:

"Die Aggression wird introjiziert, verinnerlicht, dorthin zurückgeschickt, woher sie kommt -- also gegen das eigene Ich gewendet. Dort wird sie von einem Anteil des Ichs übernommen, das sich als Ueber-Ich dem übrigen entgegenstellt, und nun als Gewissen gegen das Ich dieselbe strenge Aggressionsbereitschaft ausübt, die das Ich gerne an anderen, fremden Individuen befriedigt hätte."

"Aber dieser Kampf zwischen Individuum und Gesellschaft ist nicht Abkömmling des wahrscheinlich unversöhnlichen Gegensatzes der Urtriebe, Eros und Tod, er bedeutet einen Zwist im Haushalt der Libido, zwischen dem Ich und den Objekten, und er lässt einen endlichen Ausgleich zu beim Individuum, wie hoffentlich auch ~~bei~~ in der Zukunft der Kultur, mag er gegenwärtig das Leben des Einzelnen noch so sehr beschweren."

'Am 5. malad just ... ?'

"Wenn die Kulturentwicklung so weitgehende Aehnlichkeit mit der des Einzelnen hat und mit denselben Mitteln arbeitet, soll man nicht zur Diagnose berechtigt sein, dass manche Kulturen, -- oder Kulturepochen, -- möglicherweise die ganze Menschheit -- unter dem Einfluss der Kulturstrebungen 'neurotisch' geworden ist?"

"Die Menschen haben es jetzt in der Beherrschung der Naturkräfte so weit gebracht, dass sie es mit deren Hilfe leicht haben, einander bis auf den letzten Mann auszurotten. Sie wissen das, daher ein gut Stück ihrer gegenwärtigen Unruhe, ihres Unglücks, ihrer Angststimmung. Und nun ist zu erwarten, dass die andere der beiden 'himmlischen Mächte', der ewige Eros, eine Anstrengung machen wird, um sich im Kampf mit seinem ebenso unsterblichen Gegner zu behaupten. Aber wer kann den Erfolg und Ausgang voraussehen?"

('Maybe Eros will win ... by now
He'll see, but who knows?
As for me, I'm more or less
done - for the Dark Age ...)
(Our civilization - for
neurosis - speak ...)

Masius

Selbstmord

("Existenzphilosophie")

«Das "Selbst" (im "Selbstmord") drückt die Freiheit aus, die das Dasein dieser Freiheit vernichtet.»

«Selbstmord ist die einzige Handlung, die von allem weiteren Handeln befreit.»

Selbstmord als philosophisches Problem ...

Statistik: am häufigsten bei der germanischen Rasse ... (Handl.)
das selbstmordwütige Land (Handl.)
... Zwischen 60 ... 70: häufigstes
Alter ... Thailand, Japan: häufigste
Todesursache ...

Geisteskrankheit?

«Der einzelne Selbstmord als unbedingte Handlung ist nicht nach einem allgemeinen

2.)

Kausalgesetz oder einem verstehbaren
Typus gegenüber zu begreifen,
sondern wäre die absolut
Einmaligkeit einer sich in
ihm erfüllenden Existenz. »

« Ist etwa in der Leidenschaft
zur Nacht der Tod längst
verwandelt und selbst positiv
geworden, so wird der Übergang
zum Leben geradezu verhindert
durch die Hingabe an einen
in Kommunikation. Transzendenz. »

Warum bleiben wir am Leben?
"Vitalität ... (im Gegensatz zu
Existenz - Bewusstsein)
Nicht ein gewisser Sinn in der Welt,
als Erdgeist hält uns am Leben,
sondern in der Lebensgewalt,
die uns erfüllen, die Gegenwart
der Transzendenz."

3) [der "Symbolcharakter des Daseins" ...]

« Die Entschlossenheit, die grösser ist als jedes Affekt, ist als solche das Dasein schon mit sich selbst hat, ist vom vollkommenen Schweben ... »

Die absolute Einsamkeit ist ohne Hilfe; die Unbedingtheit der Negation als Ursprung des Selbstmordes bedeutet Isolierung; dann ist Rettung, wenn Kommunikation gelingt. »

Die Hilfe der LIEBE — : "menschlichen" halber, nicht markierungen, auch keine Formel zu bringen. V**

|| "Sagt man, er verliert Gott, so ist zu antworten: das geht den Einzelnen an, nicht den Gott an, wie sind wir Richter." ||

3a)

(*) A. thinking: "I will not write yet
manifesto, after all. I can't.
If I could, I would be saved.
But I can't. My secret is
incommunicable."

It's not worth while ... For whom?
What for ... I go in silence.
I'm ... I go in silence.
[He burns his notes. But, on the
other hand, he keeps his notes: what are
done by his Party - loyal
wife - thus causing his death ...
ironical situation.]

(**) "She (Betsy) might have helped
me. But this kind of help -
LOVE - is a miracle:
unreadable, incommunicable,
unpardonable ... If I failed ...
There are so many reasons ...
[the danger of ridiculous
nationalizations.]

Katzen

"Das Absolute ist da, — aber es
ist dem menschlichen Leben im
Kommensurabel."

"Das ewige Mischwesen
durch und Gott ..."
[Die "Gottfeme" ...]

HIOB ...

BAUDELAIRE ("INTIMATE JOURNAL")

X Nothing upon the earth is interesting except religions.
There is a universal religion devised for the alchemists of thought,
a religion which has nothing to do with Men, considered as a divine
memento.

Theory of true civilization. It is not to be found in gas or steam
or table-turning. It consists in the diminution of the traces of
original sin.

The man of letters is the enemy of the world.

What is love?

The need to emerge from oneself.

Man is an animal which adores.

To adore is to sacrifice and to prostitute oneself.

Thus all love is prostitution.

Absolute frankness, the means of originality.

One must work, if not from inclination at least from despair, since, as
I have fully proved, to work is less wearisome than to amuse oneself.

The immense nausea of advertisements.

Do I know my motives?
Maybe I deceive myself...
My deadly impulse comes,
ambitions, from very different
sources... Politics? One doesn't
commit suicide for politics,
unless one is a politician...
Fear of war... I am not a
liar for the morbid pride
toward... the dark?...
What even the reasons may
be, the impulse seems
irresistible... there for
you are, beyond any doubt
or question...

4) « Bei verwirklichter Kommunikation
ist Selbstmord von vornherein
(Was ist das?)

Sind die Liebesmissetaten?
" Lieben sie aber, so bleiben
sie blind in der Abgrenzung
einer Transzendenz, in der
Unkommunikabilität alles Untert
aufhört. »

*
Respektabel
kann als Anklage und Angriff
auf ein überlegen Markt
oder als Anschlag aus der
macht der Situation der Ausdruck
der menschlichen Eigenständigkeit
sein. — "Aber es bleibt ein
existenzielles Standes."

+

NOTES FOR THE LAST DAY 15d

/a smaller, separate sheet/ The various aspects, or manifestations, of Despair:

- 1) temporary (changeable, curable) reason;
- 2) absolute (metaphysical, unchangeable) reasons.

But are they not identical, in the last analysis? ("Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis...")

On the "temporary" plane: Freedom and Discipline: Freedom has become hollow, obsolete, untenable (anarchy, "laissez-faire", glorified selfishness...);

the new forms of Discipline (Fascism, authoritarian Socialism) - anti-humanitarian, incompatible with basic demands and principles...

No way out of this crisis

*

'Suicide - : another mistake, perhaps; another illusion... You can't escape...

I risk it - I take a chance.... If I have to pay for it - tant pis.' 152

NOVEL

"The last war was a mistake," the colonel said somewhat wearily, as though repeating a truism - something too obvious to point out again. "Our enemy is not Fascism. Fascism is all right - it respects the sacred basis of western civilization: ~~priva~~ personal property. Our enemy is Communism."

"Are you trying to say that ten thousands of young Americans have died in vain?"

"That's right," he confirmed, always in the same dry, matter-of-fact manner. "A bad leader has coaxed us into this disaster. He was a talented man, to be sure - our late President Roosevelt; but an evil man he was, too. A very evil man..."

(Encounters with: The religious poet (absolute pacifist); the reactionary officer; the anti-Communist liberal;)

15c
"There is nothing to die for: therefore, it is not worth while living any more. We have to die so as to demonstrate the absence of ideals, the deadly emptiness of our epoch."

Was there an ideal at stake in the last war? Pacifist said: No. He insisted there was. Had he been mistaken?

(The "unpolitical" poet. What an illusion! As if (it were possible to) separate the various spheres of an indivisible life! 13a

("Stream of Consciousness")

15c
'One ought to write a book dramatizing the tragedy of the intellectual, the idealist in our time, a novel advocating suicide as the only decent and logical solution...: the "Werther" of our time. Just as Goethe's romantic story caused a suicide wave throughout the Continent....No - books don't have such power any more; besides I am too tired...

A more direct approach: A speech from a skyscraper, before jumping... Too /illegible/ A letter to the papers... explaining my reasons....: a warning, a protest... (He starts to write the letter, tears it up: too tired...) 157

(Life after death? Difficult to imagine. Do we lose consciousness of our identity?...But eventually we may remember all our different incarnations.. (Punishment for Suicide? It may be a mistake..) (Spiritualists told him about the sort of suicides /illegible/ a kind of purgatory... a cloud of loneliness: sounded rather depressing...) 13c

*

Betsy follows him - after /illeg./ She ~~vi~~ resents his going back to the States; very angry with him - and always drunk - she says things about him, to officers etc...~~xxxxxxxx~~ which bring about his ruin. (She stays in U. S. - suddenly /illeg./ Parallel to Georg's (?) Russian wife: but she sacrifices her husband deliberately, "heroically." 32

'Let's face the problem squarely - the problem in its whole naked, merciless ugliness...

There we are, between two colossal powers - and whoever wins, we are licked. We are licked in advance - we idealists, we fools, we suckers... We are the losers!....

O America, my dreamland... my lost dream We are the losers.....

15f

"It is Man's privilege, in contrast to all other mortal creatures, that he is free to take his own life whenever he pleases, to die whenever he sees fit. Man is the animal that can commit suicide! Self-murder - the most precious human prerogative!

.....What does speak against Suicide? They call it a mortal sin...But I am confident; if God exists, He will understand and forgive. And if God does not exist - what's the difference?"

(In N.Y.)

What about God? The Larger Love? The Larger Knowledge? The Revelation of Christianity? I read: "It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

I can't... Too deeply involved, gone too far....

God is being used as an excuse to postpone or prevent overdue social reforms; those interested in maintaining the social status quo try to hide behind His name... It's too easy to concentrate on eternal things when our world is going to pieces - or it's too difficult, perhaps... I can't do it...

(In Berlin)

'Maybe it was our mistake to underestimate the significance of religion... Marxism vs. God... God is stronger... I sense His presence, at times... Mystical nonsense...? Maybe... We need God.... He has to be rediscovered... And then, why should Faith and Progress, Religion and Socialism be incompatible? They have to /be/ reconciled..."

I

New York - Berlin

(Julian wrote...

Albert thought....

Julian was sitting all by himself in a hotel room.... (Pictures: Paulus, F.D.R., Paris) Gestures of controlled nervousness. Wrote and wrote, corrected, cut out, destroyed one sheet... Had been writing since noon. 7 PM...

Midnight Berlin - Albert at banquet table. Party of the Goethe Society to celebrate Moscow travelers. Bits of conversation (the new Moscow Skyscrapers.) (Natter's gelid eyes.)

J. read what he had written so far...: (First half!) Continued....

/ink/ The ballet school in the building on the other side of the street. 30

(Albert said: (More conversation: B/iilleg/, biology," etc. More persons introduced)

J. finished.... Read: (Second half)

Date: 17. August (Midnight.)

In Berlin: Albert with intimates at his place. In N.Y.: J. prepares special delivery letters for Mother, Kluge, Wystan, Gershman, Communist paper.)

1a My boss, Fritz Berger, and I received a letter from a man named Albert Fuchs, who wanted to found a magazine, East and West, president of the Kulturbund.. Rather a high-up functionary; at the same time a writer of a certain importance. I was fairly well familiar with his work; now I did some investigating. An interesting case... Noble family... Father had to quit Army for health reasons; wrote several books on Prussian history, strategy.... I was satisfied, a man of position; a man of integrity. Accepted the invitation. Most pleasant meal. - Mixed German - Russian. Some officers. Talked about new publication. Technical problems etc. Col. McKinzey accused in his letter both Berger and J. of illloyalty... In contrast to Julian, Berger apologizes; keeps job - only to lose it /gestr. six/ ten months later...

Soirée at the ~~an~~ /gestr. "Kulturhaus"/ Goethe Society.

Dr. Natter (Katz): the grey eminence... The slanting cat eyes... His ominous silence... Sphinx-like smile...

Paula Bertram (Seghers): her absentminded, nearsighted eyes... Dreamy, airy, not quite there... She likes Russia: not for political reasons but because it's Russia: the children, etc. (Which annoys the Germans, especially since she is a former refugee...)

(Thomas Chelpick (Masha - named after Masaryk; used to call him "Tom": guest from CSL; formerly with M.F. Smoot, civilized, gifted /?/. Secretly scared. (Calls on A. the next morning. /gestr. Kellermann/ Otto Ottwald: Grey-haired old hack. His best-seller, 40 years ago... Good - natured, tries to please...

/gestr. Fred Hildebrandt/ Molfdielrich Schalk: the ex-Nazi; tall and smart...

Peter Pistonias: The tight-lipped fanatic... former Jesuit: anti-Catholic obsession.

Weihrach: The slick young climber... intelligent... handsome... Rank and file...

The Hungarian playwright... with wife. Very smart (Hay).

The peasant leader: The luscious blond from Bratislava -: desperately flirting with Albert, whom she thinks is important; turning down Dr. Natter, of whose power she is unaware.

The air saturated with smoke... "What I admire most in the Russians," Dr. Fritz Hildenfing began.... He was a tall, elegant fellow..., originally with a Jewish newspaper; turned Nazi, Goebbels sent him to Paris.... Forgiven, forgotten... He joined the Party... Young Felix

(Heyrauch): Angel face; quite clever in his own way... Professor... actors.... "Opportunists" ,
I was thinking. 'xxx Am I as cheap as they are? the meanness... it's painful...'
gestrichen: FOLTERN The sleeping boy... What's going to happen with him? The woman: her
silent self-righteousness...

(Guests of honor, on their way back from Moscow:

The great Danish novelist. - author of one of the very few truly popular proletarian novels.
An impressive figure - the domed forehead under the white mane, pale eyes, furrowed features..
The French poet, novelist, pamphleteer (former Surrealist); grey-haired, but still youth-
ful; aggressive; bullfighter; the small head, very erect... the murderous elegance...
L. P. Lövy (Kisch) -: returned to Prague upon invitation of government. Celebrated, great
position. But: the language, etc. His hands tremble. The hearer?/t... (travelling with Chol-
piak, for whom he has a weakness...)

Lövy, talking to Albert across the table: "What happened to Serge?" 1-6

Serge was a mutual friend of the old days.... After World War I, they had belonged to
the same "expressionistic" set. But while Albert and Lövy turned left-wing, Serge remained
"apocalyptic," later turned Nazi for a short time. Nazis didn't accept him, though. "I don't
see him," Albert said, a little too quickly. Natter was listening. "Don't you?" Natter said.
Albert: "Of course not." (Flushing.) Lövy: "Why? Still in disgrace?" Albert: "Of course.
Deserves it." Natter: "But you like the 'tragic sense,' Albert: Don't be coy about it!"

LASKY

Dear Mensche!

For the past few weeks, "Der Monat" has been on my mind and, more often than not, on my littl
e reading table or "Nachtisch." I followed.... with great interest. (Haven't seen the last
one yet). Found very interesting, even brilliant things - and other which rather got on my
nerves. Schumacher! Now, really! His stuff is not quite up to your level; no Niveau! No the
kind of material you want for an exacting monthly, (to say nothing about his political and
moral reliability.)

Was touched by "Gide" review - "Family member." Meant to write to you - and something for
you. But there always seems to be something to interfere with my laudable intention...
Crazy life... travelling... (California: where I saw ^{den} /illeg/)...

"Mort à Berlin" Es gibt nicht viel neuen Glanz an literarischen Himmeln - selbst in
Frankreich nicht.

Amsterdam article, out. I understand my friend Lazare (or should I say "former friend":
We are cross...) is to do /illeg/ for you.

The article on European intellectuals ("...Oredeal") I mentioned, has been written, sold to
"Tom." But definitely for "American audience. Besides, politically controversial. But finally
I managed to do two little things -- especially for you! (the English version of the "Coc-
teau" is to appear /illeg/ in a new American publication in Paris, "Zero" - not a bad little
magazine, by the way...)

Moreover, I should be pleased if you wanted to use some fragments from German version of
"Turning Point" - finished at last, it's with the printer now.

Nothing offered yet to any magazine so you have the first choice. Could you rather want see-
thing from the early part ("Myths of Childhood" reads nicely in German.) Or rather some
later episode - for instance, U.S. Army, 1940-41 (Time I was editing "Decision") or a war
diary; Italy, 1945... Schulte - Wilde!

May 1 - May 14 - : Chapter I, II, III

May 15 - May 20 - : IV, V, VI

May 21 - June 11 - : VII, VIII, IX

one week interruption

June 19 - July 2 - : X, XI, XII

July 3 - July 16 - : XIII, XIV, XV

July 17 - July 30 - : XVI, XVII, XVIII

August 1 - August 15 - : XIX, XX

The bad decade: 1939 - 48

Really just TWO BOOKS: "The Turning Point" "André Gide". Also, two semi-new books: "Der
Wendepunkt" "André Gide" German). Also, one (bad) book with E "The Other Germany"

Also, one discarded (only partially used) book: "Distinguished Visitors"

A never-produced, unpublished play: "The Seventh Angel" (English & German)

A new opening chapter, additions and revisions to "Pathetic Symphony"

Edited and introduction: "Heart of Europe"

Opening chapter and outline of an (unfinished) book on "Dance"

Work on a movie script (most of it discarded): "Paris"

Editorial work: "DECISION" Articles: 12 editorials, about 10 short and 5 long articles for "Decision"; about 20 articles for "Camp Crowder Message"; about 30 articles for "Stars and Stripes". About 30 major contributions to magazines (including one short story "Lernier Cri") and about 30 book reviews. All in all about 140 articles.

Lectures: Various German subjects; U.S. literature etc. Translation: Anita Lees, "Happy Birthday"

The beginning decade, 1949 - 58 (if it has to be!)

"The Last Day" (English and German) A homosexual novel; A historical novel. (Greek? Jeanne d'Arc?) 3 successful plays! (One, sordid, morbid, sexy, bold and tragic; one, in a lighter vein - maybe a historical comedy; one, fantastic, "Trauerspiel," maybe utopian or with ghosts.) A booklet on Picasso (Picasso No. 1866) Illustrated
A quasi-philosophical monograph (Jacob "Wine?") A travel book (Far East? China and India...) Articles (but not too many!) Collected Works - in German and English. "Gide" brought up-to-date after his death)

III Doris a dissonance

"To begin with, Doris said, "nobody would touch it, except maybe the Communists."

"Do you think the Communists would take it?" he asked eagerly.

"I said maybe! And that would be the kiss of death."

"They have a fairly good new magazine, he said." A monthly, if I am not mistaken. I happened to come across a copy the other day, in the Public Library. I might go and see the editors..."

"Dear me! she cried. "There we go again!"

"But it has to be published."

"Why....?"

He glanced through it again. "Maybe you're right, after all. Too much about hope... For tactical purposes... But then, is this the time for tactics...?"

(DORIS) /ink:/ Her hair, ashen, as if powdered - and then, surprisingly, golden glints in it.

She talked and talked, gushing words, underlining her speech with curiously inappropriate, yet expressive and somehow convincing gestures. She was one of the most notorious talkers: all the correspondents were fascinated and horrified by her untiring eloquence. - Usually from midnight until 6 or 7 AM - Drinking a lot while talking... It was she who had incited Julian, had opened his eyes to basic realities. How she got frightened, feeling guilty, responsible... "This is something I'm struggling against," she said, raising a forefinger. "Positively ungood, sweetheart." She was in the habit of calling everybody "sweetheart," darling," etc.-indiscriminate tenderness. Some waiters, taxi drivers were mildly surprised. "I'll tell you what's the trouble with you. You are not an American." "But I am!" Julian sounded hurt.

"No, sweetie," she insisted with a raucous, guttural chuckle, waving her forefinger senselessly. "You don't understand America. No idea!" She laughed heartily.... Drinking a lot of cold water, gargling, as if the inside of her throat were burned... and had to be cooled....

They watched the ballet school³² together. It had been fun...

Kafka quotation about coitus

"To go to bed with you - a struggle, each time. Such fuss! the good old Joseph-Madame Potiphar situation, over and over again. It could be rather tiresome." - Her vulgarity and quite unexpected to him, even though he should have known her by now - left him helpless, nonplussed. Her hoarse laughter: "But it was fun, too. Made it more exciting - to overcome your inhibitions, to defeat your ascetic complex..."

VI typed Albert in his office. Receiving visitors....

Thomas Chulpick...: A. found him again very pleasant to look at. The voice, too, was pleasant -- soft, yet not without a certain metallic quality...: like a discreetly subdued fanfare...

"Of course, I have to be a little -- diplomatic," he said, with a disarming smile. "I don't belong to the Party, you see; and... well, I served in the U.S. army during the war, and my wife is American..."

Albert: "There were only intimate friends..."

"Tom" ("I'm named after our Liberator-President... Over there... ((with a vague gesture across the Atlantic)) they used to call me Tom...") --: "I hadn't met Paula Bertram before-- a wonderful writer, incidentally: I admire her tremendously... And your wife... And then, the situation with Lövy is a little -- delicate..."

Albert: ...?

Tom: Naturally, we are! He is wonderful - isn't he? The vitality! The warmth! "And what brilliant wit!... But then, he's an old Party member... They may have asked him to keep an eye on me... So I didn't want to embarrass him by making any rash or ambiguous statements..."

L. B. Lixy...: "I'd better be careful. I'm not a Czech, you see. They never quite trust a German-speaking person... So I wouldn't be surprised if they had asked to keep an eye on me... Don't misunderstand me now!" he added quickly. "I don't think he's to spy on me - in fact, I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing. Much too decent! But one of his friends at the Ministry of Information might have suggested that he..." etc. "It's good to be in a German-speaking country again!"

...Now, in the merciless light of the morning, he looked even older... His face - sagging, wasted, infinitely tired. And how his hands trembled! - "I'm not supposed to smoke. What the hell..."

VII The Mother - /pencil again/

her Madison Ave. office ("Vogue"?): panelled, light wood, Toulouse-Lautrec posters, auto-graphed photos of U.C., French, English writers, musicians, etc. (One Negro boxer!) - Miss N (calls herself "Miss" in the office) looks almost touchingly frail... behind big desk. Lixy Dressed in black; puts later hat on. Very smart. Smokes incessantly; never eats. "wonders, "What would she look like if she did eat...?" - Examines him with narrowed eyes: "Hum, you don't look like your father. Not resemblance..."

"I have... for lunch. I suppose you're not particularly eager to join us?" - "No, I'm not." - "That's what I thought. Well then, let's get down to business..."

(Mother - continued.) Proud of her French: talks to maid in her apartment: cocktail to be ~~prepared~~ prepared etc. - The lines around her dark eyes getting deeper and sharper, he noticed. Sympathy, almost tenderness... Then, with an air of finality: "This has to stop - I don't want your name in the papers. My job! Miss Kluge's threat! You are not a boy and were You are a man, Brian!" "I don't want to talk politics, Brian. No argument, please!" She yawned nervously. Her habit: to yawn from excitement, and boredom.) "Think it over!" Her smile, almost moving.

/arrow placing this after "man":/ It's my fault I had you brought up in that crazy school. You should have been right here...

1929, she had lost her money. Returned to U.S. Worked: built up a new existence... Now well off again; thanks to her intelligence, her energy. Respected, almost admirable...

The awful Hollywood stars in her office - the girl with the pin-up bust and the doll's face; the male counternumber, equally half-wittish.... How could she stand it - an intelligent woman? "Aren't you disgusted, Mother?" "Que voulez-vous?" She spoke French, so as to save her soul: to prove how refined she was - Hollywood trash or not." Les affaires sont les affaires." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, but do they have to be that cheap?" He remembered all that nonsense he had seen on the screens... "It's a disgrace," he said. "Well, let's talk about something else..." "Right you are," she agreed cheerfully....

VIII: Albert - Natter

Prof. Nathanael Natter - a man of considerable, if somewhat undefined power... Considered the Grey Eminence of the Party. In the Politbureau, reference for cultural affairs, but influential far beyond that particular field. Main advisor to the top men; leading theoretician; liaison for the Russians: on intimate terms with Col. Talpanov etc. Speaks Russian - probably of Czech origin, but national background mysterious like everything else... His success with women: the cold, grey eyes, oblige... Carefully dressed - usually black or grey. (Today, grey. Suède shoes... rather daring:) - the soft voice...

Albert's various contacts with him; in Spain, Moscow (Free German Committee etc.) No sympathy, but silent agreement to respect one another... Tension since A.'s "faux pas" with the American. Various attacks in the Communist press directed against A. - obviously inspired by N.

"I offered my resignation, at the time," A. said. "Why didn't you let me go?"

"Because we needed you."

"And now? Do you still need me?"

There was a very short pause, just the fragment of a second, before N. said: "Of course we do. You know that."

"The book is impossible," N. said sharply. "We can't glorify hysteria and self-destruction. Suicide is unpardonable. The Church is right: a mortal Sin."

"I don't discuss Kleist as a suicide. A great poet, after all... Legacy, cultural heritage... Why do we have a Goethe Society?"

"For tactical purposes - do I have to tell you? If we called it Karl Marx Society, we ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't get the right people... Besides, Goethe is healthy... Was against Kleist!"

"But aristocratic," A. said...

"That's besides the point." N. made an impatient gesture...

"You even praise Nietzsche."

"His style!"

"There is nothing to be praised about him. He is poison!"

IX Julian - Gertrude Kluge

The reception: Austrian butler, in green sleeveless vest; rather a criminal type. Soft spoken, with cold, imp/ill/ eyes. Homosexuell, probably - and thought Julian might be, too. This happened rather frequently. Annoying.

The woman secretary, with very smooth, dark hair, parted in the middle. Dark dress, white r collar; nun-like. - Apartment, twilight; crucifix; photo of cardinal with Italian description. Next to him a general; Senator; the Holy Alliance...

Miss Kluge - : sixtyish, well-preserved, very tall, - luscious forms; statuesque, regal appearance. Dyed hair, too yellow; beautifully curled. Wears long velvet gown, dark blue. Must have been very beautiful; still impressive, not unattractive. - Butler - "Poldie" (she speaks German with him) brings tray with sweet liquors: Crème de Cacao, Benedictine etc.

The NY flat - just a pied-à-terre. Her house in Washington: large mansion, social center.. How did she get the money? The magazine certainly didn't make that much! Must have powerful backers. Rumors about her intimate relations: sleeps with a wealthy Wall Street man and politician - Julian looked at her. Did she have an affair with him - a woman in her sixties? A weird idea. But then, this was a weird milieu. Besides, Miss Kluge still had her charms, no doubt.

"I had no breakfast..." Drinks heavily. Always sweet stuff? (Thinks of Doris's aversion.) Quite deaf.

Asks about Albert: "I understand he gained weight. He's quite fat... too bad."

"I am a very happy woman." (She had a distinctly Austrian accent, but not unpleasant. A rich, melodious, unctuous voice - made smooth, as it were, by oily, sweet liquids.) "I am happy, because I found.... harbor. Want after /all/, to be happy too... That's why I founded this little magazine..." She picked a copy up, caressing it. "I want to help you, young man! Sometimes one has to hurt people so as to help them."

"I am glad you came. The right instinct guided you.... Don't you know what Albert has done? He has denounced people to the GPU; he is responsible for the death of hundreds.... You don't know, but I do! I know Albert, and I know the Communists. I used to be one of them..."

"I'm not a Communist."

"If you were, I wouldn't talk to you. But you are on the point of falling under their spell. You'll get yourself into trouble." This sounded threatening. Her eyes narrowed, while her face kept the smiling grimace.

XI. Julian and the Communist editors.

The tough-looking, grey-haired man, union-leader type: square, bony face, heavy jaw, the callous/ed/ hands of a worker; the nervous, aristocratic - looking young Jew - : "Spanish type"; everything too long - the hands, the nose: noble distortion: Greco. heavy eyelids; the girl (Mina G.): pretty in an unpleasant way. Flippant...

"Well, we read your story," the grey-haired said slowly. "Naive... No Marxist training?/"

"It's kind of cute," the girl said. "I got a kick out of it. Such blithe innocence! Cute..."

"It could be edited," the Greco man said. "Has to be cut, anyhow." (Negro peeking in. They always have a Negro to show...)

"I just came to say that I changed my mind. I withdraw the piece." "Now, wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said the grey-haired one. "We didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You needn't take this amiss..."

It was curious to watch how the girl was gradually taking over. Wasn't she just a secretary? And yet, now it was she who was actually in charge of the whole affair. 'This country is run by women,' Julian thought while listening to Miss Kotzler's clever, impudent talk. Just the way Doris assumed a predominant position in every press conference; or the Boston lady of whom even Mr. Schuller was afraid; or his mother bossing about her lovers and assistants; or Dr. Kluge in charge of witchhunting. And now this bright young lady! A matriarchy, a state of amazons... Clearly, the Greco face too weary and distinguished to talk; the grey-haired chap - not very articulate. So, naturally, it was Miss Kotzler who had to do the talking. She said....

Julian, in his conversation with Fritz Berger, once his comrade-in-arms in Italy, remembering The Army...: 'Curious, isn't it? I hold no grudge against the Army, I remember my Army life without bitterness. - Still a pacifist? - Naturally! Always will be! But having accepted the war against Hitler as something inevitable..., it was the right thing to be in it... And it wasn't a bad army, at that!... The anti-Fascist cause, necessity to collaborate with left-

wig "resistance groups etc., Roosevelt's influence - : liberal at asphere....Of course, the lingo ("Would you pass me the fucking butter, please?")....May I have some of this fornicating coffee...?); idiotic concerns (the fist sergeant! memories! they laugh...); but on the whole.. Spirit of community... Comradeship....: those things existed... (the general shock, the sense of apprehension, when the Bomb was dropped on... Simple GIs sensed danger... Would they still react the same way? More callous now... the worst is taken for granted...)

Berger still was in the Army, at the time of the Puchs affair, as a 1st Lieutenant. Could therefore not participate in J.'s protest action. Transferred to a Quartermaster Platoon(?) in Frankfurt - waiting for his discharge: which he got only now.)

XII. Albert, walking.

'One has to make decisions,' A. thought. 'Ever since I joined the Party, others did the deciding for me. Now I make the decision. It's a dangerous one, too - the most dangerous one I've ever had to make. I'm aware of the dangers.... A man has to act. Of course, any action involves the risk of error...' 12

XIII

Wystan

at once capricious and didactic, playful and domineering. the Greenwich Village flat. the chaos: the floor littered with books, paper etc. W. biting his fingernails. the schoolboyish charm -: at once teacher and pupil... (the campus atmosphere.) - Talks rapidly, dropping words... His gestures, at once pedantic and winged. Yes, something bird-like - avian - a proud, fantastic peacock ...(?). His snot, absentminded smile...the beautiful curve of the back of his head... (He dislikes Mother, disapproves of Betsy, but agrees with both: "Don't get mixed up with politics! Stop it!")

Every hour he did not devote to writing poetry seemed a loss. His stupendous ability to jiggle words, play ball with images, rhythms. big felt slippers - also in the street...

Julian: "To reject the political sphere as such seems to me somewhat illogical and even unfair. For, clearly, there has to be a political system, social organization of some sort, unless we accept anarchy... I think we should protest against bad politicians - not turn away from politics as such. But maybe our protest, at this juncture, will have to manifest itself as complete negation and assume the form of despair." "You are for World Religion - aren't you? Well then, the concept of World Religion has obviously to do with the One World idea, the United Nations - and now we already are on political ground..."

Kenneth: "It's a question of sequence, of priority. I happen to believe that the Inner Man - the ethical metaphysical aspect has to come first. No political or economic scheme will last, unless preceded by moral reawakening. Besides, may each man be contented with his own sphere of life! Intellectuals have no business tampering with politics. Only cause confusion..."

J. As if various spheres could be separated so neatly. Aren't they interrelated? Is modern civilization not an indivisible entity? If things go wrong on the material plane - how could they be straightened out on the intellectual or spiritual level? - A Hitler victory would have marked the end of your World Fellowship...

Kenneth: There is such a thing as passive resistance. Sometimes the vanquished prove stronger than the conquerors... Now, I think Paulus overemphasizes that unity angle," he said. "Of course, there are differences between the various religions. It's silly to pretend that they are not alike when they are not alike.. Naturally not!"

This was a completely new line. W. had been an ardent advocate of religious unity. Now he came out for the Catholic church. "We must go! not get things mixed up," he insisted. His apodictic manner...

"Well, I just meant to say goodbye," Julian said - suddenly feeling sad and tired.

W. gave him a short, penetrating glance. There was a silence...before he remarked, with a kind of ominous casualness: "Of course, my deare, there are mortal sins. Certain sins can never be forgiven. Never!"

....
X Night is evil. Politics are evil. IDP as bad as Hitler. [Fu 184-5]

Wystan Kenneth (combined) "This is one of the things all religions agree about: suicide is both foolish and objectionable. Objectionable, as an attempt to interfere with the designs of Providence, to shorten one's individual trial, an attempted flight - and, as such, a cowardly, base action. Foolish - because it doesn't work. There is no excuse. On the contrary, one makes one's situation worse. All religions have suicide punished." (Spiritualist's lurid tales - about the vacuum, the cold, the utter isolation) - After a pause: "Isn't it a little ridiculous, too? Consider the danger of modern life...." 13c

*
the Baudelaire quotation: "Thought for the Day" in Francogens School.)

"Credo quia absurdum est."

The absurdity of faith.... 'I don't have the strength. I don't have the courage...'

The humorous aspect of corruption. People know (pretend to know) what's virtuous and ethical, but don't do it. The naiveté of hypocrisy; how infinitely, painfully funny are their bombastic words, their beautiful gestures... Ethical irony. The bitter laughter... It's funny, all right. But... I can't laugh any more. My smiles are frozen...

Kenneth: "The great mistake of the artists: that they tried to be a direct influence - by actively participating in, or at least commenting on, social and political affairs. In reality, of course, the artist can be an influence only as long as he sticks to his own métier, the things he really knows about. The French Symbolists - the poets around Mallarmé - were right: the artist has to concern himself with the Absolute only - Ethics and Aesthetics. But symbolists overemphasized the aesthetic angle. Morality at least as important... Well, anyhow..." (brushing off this new complication) "two spheres - Ethics and Aesthetics - closely interrelated - the Beautiful being only the visible manifestation, the symbol... of the Good. Beauty belongs to the sphere of the Absolute. By creating Beauty, the artist serves the Good....: gives an example....: an indirect example, mind you!"

Julian: "Well, maybe that's why I couldn't be an artist, at the present juncture. But if I were, I wonder if I would follow your rules. The situation has reached a point where the Absolute no longer can be regarded independently from the Temporal. Maybe the moment has come for the artist to renounce all his devices... the more directly he speaks, the truer, -- the more effective. The outcry!"

(End of XIII; ^{typed} and suddenly he knew that he had to die. He knew that he wanted to die. How simple it was! 'I want to die,' he said, walking along Madison Avenue. 'I have to die. I want to. I have to. That's it! Naturally! Of course! I want to... I have to...')

XV

This sudden certainty -- that he wanted to die -- filled him... moved him... like a wave of joy, a triumph. He felt strong...

Absolute despair -- he realized -- had tremendous power, a dynamic impact. It could be organized, exploited, could be made an argument of irresistible persuasiveness. This decision - to reject hope, to renounce illusions -- it gave a moral strength not to be refuted or corrupted. A man who has given up hope becomes invincible...

'There must be many feeling the way I do,' Julian thought, walking toward 57th Street. There was a red light, he had to wait at the corner. As he was standing there, he went on thinking:

'The moral strength ensuing from absolute despair should be organized. A movement should be launched -- the League of the Desperate Ones, The Hopelessness Society, the Suicide Club. The intellectual elite all over the world would join the organization -- I don't know how they feel on the other side of the Iron Curtain, but in the western world there would be considerable attendance... Individual acts of despair made an impression but not enough. There was that German revolutionary poet who hung himself in a hotel room, not far from here, somewhere near Central Park... And the Austrian humanist who took his life in Brazil... The English novelist and femme de lettres who drowned herself -- Ophelia-like... The Czech statesman jumping out of a window... Other examples... But these demonstrations ought to be coordinated...' (Light changes, he doesn't notice it.)... Then: 'I'd like to establish that club. But it would take too long... No time left... So how do I make the most of my personal tragedy...?'

I want to die because we dropped that accursed Bomb on a small town in Japan. I say "we," even though I personally had nothing to do with it. But it's my people who did it, my country is responsible for the outrage, yes, we are guilty -- all of us! I am ashamed, I can't bear it... Collective guilt: not reserved for the Germans!

I want to die because we killed those Jews -- how many of them? Five million, or six? -- in the gas chambers... It is true, I left Germany long before the Germans committed those heinous crimes... But I used to be one of them. It's my fault. I can't bear it.

I want to die because we are worse than ever, don't learn anything, don't even try to improve --: we, the human species, cette race maudite, oh, I can't bear to be one of them...

Be courageous! Face the situation in its whole hopelessness! At a certain point, there is only one thing left to do for a man of pride and sincerity: to acknowledge defeat, to accept despair, to give up, to surrender...

My final gesture -- the gesture of protest and sacrifice --: who will notice it? Another waste, another illusion...

XIX

(DEATH)

Charly came back: Nothing going! Couldn't get any stuff... Maybe a drink instead? - He got a bottle of whiskey from the bar (the bar boycotted by the hotel guests). - Drank half a watery glass full, then withdrew. "Sunny," he repeated, heavy-tongued. "Maybe tomorrow." "That's right," Julian said. "Maybe tomorrow."

J. drinking more whiskey. The baths. Looking at his body. Not a bad body. Hadn't used it ~~much~~ enough... Patting his chest, his stomach, genitals - but without excitement or narcissism... then, the razor blade. The taste of death is bitter... my purple bath; my blood bath... - wallowing in blood... First trying the right wrist, using his left hand. The water, getting gradually red. Not enough. Trying the other wrist. Another blade. Getting angry. Butchering.. Couldn't he find that artery? Or had he found it, after all? Now more blood... He relaxed... Memories...

It stopped again! The vein must have contracted.... Getting up out of the bathtub; rushing/?/ through the room - dripping with blood and water. Traces on the floor to window - difficult to open. - No ballet school!

XX

(Ending)

In N.Y. - : Doris to Nancy: "Why should I cry? Am I not allowed to cry? Maybe I, too, have lost something; maybe more than you..." And Doris understood... Touched Nancy's hand.

In Berlin - Luise touched the boy's hand. He withdraws - hostile, mysterious.

Finally Doris could cry. It was could /?/ to taste the salty tears... The two women standing together - in tears. Doris thought: "If she gets a child, I'll help her..."

The little boy running away. From the scarred little church - the clock striking twelve.

*

/a smaller, separate sheet/ The various aspects, or manifestations, of Despair:

- 1) temporary (changeable, curable) reason;
- 2) absolute (metaphysical, unchangeable) reasons.

But are they not identical, in the last analysis? ("Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis...")

On the "temporary" plane: Freedom and Discipline: Freedom has become hollow, obsolete, untenable (anarchy, "laissez-faire", glorified selfishness...);

the new forms of Discipline (Fascism, authoritarian Socialism) - anti-humanitarian, incompatible with basic demands and principles...

No way out of this crisis

*

'Suicide - : another mistake, perhaps; another illusion... You can't escape...

I risk it - I take a chance.... If I have to pay for it - tant pis.' 152

NOVEL

"The last war was a mistake," the colonel said somewhat wearily, as though repeating a truism - something too obvious to point out again. "Our enemy is not Fascism. Fascism is all right - it respects the sacred basis of western civilization: ~~private~~ personal property. Our enemy is Communism."

"Are you trying to say that ten thousands of young Americans have died in vain?"

"That's right," he confirmed, always in the same dry, matter-of-fact manner. "A bad leader has coaxed us into this disaster. He was a talented man, to be sure - our late President Roosevelt; but an evil man he was, too. A very evil man."

(Encounters with: The religious poet (absolute pacifist); the reactionary officer; the anti-Communist liberal;)

15c
"There is nothing to die for: therefore, it is not worth while living any more. We have to die so as to demonstrate the absence of ideals, the deadly emptiness of our epoch."

Was there an ideal at stake in the last war? Pacifist said: No. He insisted there was. Had he been mistaken?

12b
(The "unpolitical" poet. What an illusion! As if it were possible to separate the various spheres of an indivisible life! 13a

("Stream of Consciousness")

15c
'One ought to write a book dramatizing the tragedy of the intellectual, the idealist in our time, a novel advocating suicide as the only decent and logical solution...: the "Werther" of our time. Just as Goethe's romantic story caused a suicide wave throughout the Continent.... No - books don't have such power any more; besides I am too tired...

A more direct approach: A speech from a skyscraper, before jumping... Too /illegible/ A letter to the papers... explaining my reasons...: a warning, a protest... (He starts to write the letter, tears it up: too tired...) 159

(Life after death? Difficult to imagine. Do we lose consciousness of our identity?... But eventually we may remember all our different incarnations.. (Punishment for Suicide? It may be a mistake..) (Spiritualists told him about the sort of suicides /illegible/ a kind of purgatory...) a cloud of loneliness: sounded rather depressing...) 30

*

Betsy follows him - after /illeg./ She ~~is~~ resents his going back to the States; very angry with him - and always drunk - she says things about him, to officers etc... ~~about his ruin~~ which bring about his ruin. (She stays in U. S. - suddenly /illeg./) Parallel to Georg's (?) Russian wife: but she sacrifices her husband deliberately, "heroically." 32

15f
'Let's face the problem squarely - the problem in its whole naked, merciless ugliness...

There we are, between two colossal powers - and whoever wins, we are licked. We are licked in advance - we idealists, we fools, we suckers... We are the losers!....

O America, my dreamland... my lost dream We are the losers.....

21

"It is Man's privilege, in contrast to all other mortal creatures, that he is free to take his own life whenever he pleases, to die whenever he sees fit. Man is the animal that can commit suicide! Self-murder - the most precious human prerogative!

.....What does speak against Suicide? They call it a mortal sin... But I am confident; if God exists, He will understand and forgive. And if God does not exist - what's the difference?" 15b

13 (In N.Y.)

What about God? The Larger Love? The Larger Knowledge? The Revelation of Christianity?

I read: "It is only by deliberately concentrating on eternal things that we can prevent time from making diabolical foolishness of all we do."

I can't... Too deeply involved, gone too far....

God is being used as an excuse to postpone or prevent overdue social reforms; those interested in maintaining the social status quo try to hide behind His name... It's too easy to concentrate on eternal things when our world is going to pieces - or it's too difficult, perhaps...

I can't do it...

(In Berlin) X 12

'Maybe it was our mistake to underestimate the significance of religion... Marxism vs. God...

God is stronger... I sense His presence, at times... Mystical nonsense...? Maybe... We need God.... He has to be rediscovered... And then, why should Faith and Progress, Religion and Socialism be incompatible? They have to /be/ reconciled..."

I

New York - Berlin

(Julian wrote...

Albert thought....

Julian was sitting all by himself in a hotel room.... (Pictures: Paulus, F.D.R., Paris)

Gestures of controlled nervousness. Wrote and wrote, corrected, cut out, destroyed one sheet... Had been writing since noon. 7 PM...

Midnight Berlin - Albert at banquet table. Party of the Goethe Society to celebrate Moscow travelers. Bits of conversation (the new Moscow Skyscrapers.) (Natter's gelid eyes.)

J. read what he had written so far...: (First half!) Continued....

/ink/ The ballet school in the building on the other side of the street. 36

(Albert said: (More conversation: B/iilleg/, biology," etc. More persons introduced)

J. finished.... Read: (Second half)

Date: 17. August (Midnight.)

In Berlin: Albert with intimates at his place. In N.Y.: J. prepares special delivery letters for Mother, Kluge, Wystan, Gershman, Communist paper.)

1a My boss, Fritz Berger, and I received a letter from a man named Albert Fuchs, who wanted to found a magazine, East and West, president of the Kulturbund.. Rather a high-up functionary; at the same time a writer of a certain importance. I was fairly well familiar with his work; now I did some investigating. An interesting case... Noble family... Father had to quit Army for health reasons; wrote several books on Prussian history, strategy.... I was satisfied, a man of position; a man of integrity. Accepted the invitation. Most pleasant meal. - Mixed German - Russian. Some officers. Talked about new publication. Technical problems etc. Col. McKinzey accused in his letter both Berger and J. of illoyalty... In contrast to Julian, Berger apologizes; keeps job - only to lose it /gestr. six/ ten months later...

(Soirée at the ~~am~~ /gestr. "Kulturhaus"/ Goethe Society.

Dr. Natter (Katz): the grey eminence... The slanting cat eyes... His ominous silence... Sphinx-like smile...

6 Paula Bertram (Seghers): her absentminded, nearsighted eyes... Dreamy, airy, not quite there... She likes Russia: not for political reasons but because it's Russia: the children, etc. (Which annoys the Germans, especially since she is a former refugee...)

(Thomas Chelpick (Masha - named after Masaryk; used to call him "Tom": guest from CSR; formerly with R.F. Smooth, civilized, gifted /?/. Secretly scared. (Calls on A. the next morning. /gestr. Kellermann/ Otto Ottwald: grey-haired old hack. His best-seller, 40 years ago... Good - named, tries to please...

/gestr. Fred Hildebrandt/ Wolfdietrich Schalk: the ex-Nazi; tall and smart...

Peter Pistonius: The tight-lipped fanatic... former Jesuit: anti-Catholic obsession.

Weihrauch: The slick young climber... intelligent... handsome... Tank and file...

The Hungarian playwright... with wife. Very smart (May).

The peasant leader: The luscious blond from Bratislava -: desperately flirting with Albert, whom she thinks is important; turning down Dr. Natter, of whose power she is unaware.

The air saturated with smoke... "What I admire most in the Russians," Dr. Fritz Hildenfing began.... He was a tall, elegant fellow..., originally with a Jewish newspaper; turned Nazi, Goebbels sent him to Paris.... Forgiven, forgotten... He joined the Party... Young Felix

(Weyrauch): Angel face; quite clever in his own way... Professor... actors.... "Opportunists" A. was thinking. 'Am I as cheap as they are? the meanness... it's painful...')
/gestrichen: FOURTH The sleeping boy... What's going to happen with him? The woman: her silent self-righteousness...

(Guests of honor, on their way back from Moscow:

The great Danish novelist. - author of one of the very few truly popular proletarian novels. An impressive figure - the domed forehead under the white mane, pale eyes, furrowed features. The French poet, novelist, pamphleteer (former Surrealist); grey-haired, but still youthful; aggressive; bullfighter; the small head, very erect... the murderous elegance...
L. P. Löwy (Nisch) -: returned to Prague upon invitation of government. Celebrated, great position. But: the language, etc. His hands tremble. The hearer?/t... (travelling with Choliak, for whom he has a weakness...)

Löwy, talking to Albert across the table: "What happened to Sorge?" 1-b

Sorge was a mutual friend of the old days.... After World War I, they had belonged to the same "expressionistic" set. But while Albert and Löwy turned left-wing, Sorge remained "apocalyptic," later turned Nazi for a short time. Nazis didn't accept him, though. "I don't see him," Albert said, a little too quickly. Natter was listening. "Don't you?" Natter said. Albert: "Of course not." (Blushing.) Löwy: "Why? Still in disgrace?" Albert: "Of course. Deserves it." Natter: "But you like the 'tragic sense,' Albert: Don't be coy about it!"

LASKY

Dear Menschen!

For the past few weeks, "Der Monat" has been on my mind and, more often than not, on my little reading table or "Nachtisch." I followed... with great interest. (Haven't seen the last one yet). Found very interesting, even brilliant things - and other which rather got on my nerves. Schumacher! Now, really! His stuff is not quite up to your level; no Niveau! No the kind of material you want for an exacting monthly, (to say nothing about his political and moral reliability.)

Was touched by "Gide" review - "Family member." Meant to write to you - and something for you. But there always seems to be something to interfere with my laudable intention...

Crazy life... travelling... (California: where I saw /illeg/)...
den

"Mort à Berlin" Es gibt nicht viel neuen Glanz an literarischen Himmeln - selbst in Frankreich nicht.

Amsterdam article, out. I understand my friend Lazare (or should I say "former friend": We are cross...) is to do /illeg/ for you.

The article on European intellectuals ("...Oredeal") I mentioned, has been written, sold to "Tom." But definitely for "American audience." Besides, politically controversial. But finally I managed to do two little things - especially for you! (the English version of the "Coc-teau" is to appear /illeg/ in a new American publication in Paris, "Zero" - not a bad little magazine, by the way...)

Moreover, I should be pleased if you wanted to use some fragments from German version of "Turning Point" - finished at last, it's with the printer now.

Nothing offered yet to any magazine so you have the first choice. Could you rather want something from the early part ("Myths of Childhood" reads nicely in German.) Or rather some later episode - for instance, U.S. Army, 1940-41 (Time I was editing "Decision") or a war diary; Italy, 1945... Schulte - Wilde!

May 1 - May 14 - : Chapter I, II, III

May 15 - May 20 - : IV, V, VI

May 21 - June 11 - : VII, VIII, IX

one week interruption

June 12 - July 2 - : X, XI, XII

July 3 - July 16 - : XIII, XIV, XV

July 17 - July 30 - : XVI, XVII, XVIII

August 1 - August 15 - : XIX, XX

The bad decade: 1939 - 48

Really just TWO BOOKS: "The Turning Point" "André Gide". Also, two semi-new books: "Der Wendepunkt" "André Gide" (German). Also, one (bad) book with E "The Other Germany"

Also, one discarded (only partially used) book: "Distinguished Visitors"

A never-produced, unpublished play: "The Seventh Angel" (English & German)

A new opening chapter, additions and revisions to "Pathetic Symphony"

Edited and introduction: "Heart of Europe"

Opening chapter and outline of an (unfinished) book on "Rome"

Work on a movie script (most of it discarded): "Paris X"

Editorial work: "DECISION" Articles: 12 editorials, about 10 short and 5 long articles for "Decision"; about 20 articles for "Camp Crowder Message"; about 30 articles for "Stars and Stripes." About 30 major contributions to magazines (including one short story "Dernier Cri") and about 30 book reviews. All in all about 140 articles.

Lectures: Various German subjects; U.S. Literature etc. Translation: Anita Loos, "Happy Birthday"

The beginning decade, 1949 - 58 (if it has to be!)

"The Last Day" (English and German) A homosexual novel; A historical novel. (Greek?

Jeanne d'Arc?) 3 successful plays! (One, sordid, morbid, sexy, bold and tragic; one, in a lighter vein - maybe a historical comedy; one, fantastic, "Traumspiel," maybe utopian or with ghosts.) A booklet on Picasso (Picasso No. 1066) Illustrated

A quasi-philosophical monograph (Jacob Böhme?) A travel book (Far East? China and India...)

Articles (but not too many!) Collected Works - in German and English. "Gide" brought up-to-date after his death)

III Doris a dissonance

"To begin with, Doris said, "nobody would touch it, except maybe the Communists."

"Do you think the Communists would take it?" he asked eagerly.

"I said maybe! And that would be the kiss of death."

"They have a fairly good new magazine, he said." A month later, if I am not mistaken. I happened to come across a copy the other day, in the Public Library. I might go and see the editors..."

"Dear me! she cried. "There we go again!"

"But it has to be published."

"Why....?"

He glanced through it again. "Maybe you're right, after all. Too much about hope...

For tactical purposes... But then, is this the time for tactics...?"

32 (DORIS) /ink:/ Her hair, ashen, as if powdered - and then, surprisingly, golden glints in it.

She talked and talked, gushing words, underlining her speech with curiously inappropriate, yet expressive and somehow convincing gestures. She was one of the most notorious talkers: all the correspondents were fascinated and horrified by her untiring eloquence. - Usually from midnight until 6 or 7 AM - Drinking a lot while talking... It was she who had invited Julian, had opened his eyes to basic realities. How she got frightened, feeling guilty, responsible... "This is something I'm struggling against," she said, raising a forefinger. "Positively ungood, sweetheart." She was in the habit of calling everybody "sweetheart," "darling," etc. - indiscriminate tenderness. Some waiters, taxi drivers were mildly surprised. "I'll tell you what's the trouble with you. You are not an American." "But I am!" Julian sounded hurt.

"No, sweetie," she insisted with a raucous, guttural chuckle, waving her forefinger senselessly. "You don't understand America. No idea!" She laughed heartily....

Drinking a lot of cold water, gargling, as if the inside of her throat were burned... and had to be cooled....

They watched the ballet school *33* together. It had been fun...

Kafka quotation about coitus

"To go to bed with you - a struggle, each time. Such fuss! the good old Joseph-Madame Potiphar situation, over and over again. It could be rather tiresome." - Her vulgarity ~~and~~ quite unexpected to him, even though he should have known her by now - left him helpless, nonplussed. Her hoarse laughter: "But it was fun, too. Made it more exciting - to overcome your inhibitions, to defeat your ascetic complex..."

VI typed Albert in his office. Receiving visitors... *36*

Thomas Chulpick...: A. found him again very pleasant to look at. The voice, too, was pleasant -- soft, yet not without a certain metallic quality...: like a discreetly subdued fanfare...

"Of course, I have to be a little -- diplomatic," he said, with a disarming smile. "I don't belong to the Party, you see; and... well, I served in the U.S. army during the war, and my wife is American..."

Albert: "There were only intimate friends..."

"Tom" ("I'm named after our Liberator-President... Over there... ((with a vague gesture across the Atlantic)) they used to call me Tom...") --: "I hadn't met Paula Bertram before-- a wonderful writer, incidentally: I admire her tremendously... And your wife... And then, the situation with Lövy is a little -- delicate..."

Albert: ...?

Tom: Naturally, we are! He is wonderful - isn't he? The vitality! The warmth! And what brilliant wit!... But then, he's an old Party member... They may have asked him to keep an eye on me... So I didn't want to embarrass him by making any rash or ambiguous statements..."

L. P. Lövy...: "I'd better be careful. I'm not a Czech, you see. They never quite trust a German-speaking person... So I wouldn't be surprised if they had asked tommie to keep an eye on me... Don't misunderstand me now!" he added quickly. "I don't think he's to spy on me -- in fact, I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing. Much too decent! But one of his friends at the Ministry of Information might have suggested that he..." etc. "It's good to be in a German-speaking country again!"

....Now, in the merciless light of the morning, he looked even older... His face -- sagging, wasted, infinitely tired. And how his hands trembled! -- "I'm not supposed to smoke. What the hell..."

VII The Mother - /pencil again/

her Madison Ave. office ("Vogue"?): panelled, light wood, Toulouse-Lautrec posters, autographed photos of U.S., French, English writers, musicians, etc. (One Negro boxer!) + Miss X (calls herself "Miss" in the office) looks almost touchingly frail... behind big desk. ~~She~~ Dressed in black; puts later hat on. Very smart. Smokes incessantly; never eats. P. wonders, "What would she look like if she did eat...?" - Examines him with narrowed eyes: "Funny, you don't look like your father. Yet resemblance..."

"I have... for lunch. I suppose you're not particularly eager to join us?" - "No, I'm not." - "That's what I thought. Well then, let's get down to business..."

(Mother - continued.) Proud of her French: talks to maid in her apartment: cocktail to be ~~filled~~ prepared etc. - The lines around her dark eyes getting deeper and sharper, he noticed. Sympathy, almost tenderness... Then, with an air of finality: "This has to stop - I don't want your name in the papers. My job! Miss Kluge's threat! You are not a boy and more You are a man, Brian!" "I don't want to talk politics, Brian. No argument, please!" She yawned nervously. Her habit: to yawn from excitement, and boredom.) "Think it over!" Her smile, almost moving.

/arrow placing this after "man":/ It's my fault I had you brought up in that crazy school. You should have been right here...

1929, she had lost her money. Returned to U.S. Worried: built up a new existence... Now well off again; thanks to her intelligence, her energy. Respected, almost admirable...

The awful Hollywood stars in her office - the girl with the pin-up bust and the doll's face; the male counternumber, equally half-wittish...: How could she stand it - an intelligent woman? "Aren't you disgusted, Mother?" "Que voulez-vous?" She spoke French, so as to save her soul: to prove how refined she was - Hollywood trash or not." Les affaires sont les affaires." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, but do they have to be that cheap?" He remembered all that nonsense he had seen on the screens... "It's a disgrace," he said. "Well, let's talk about something else..." "Right you are," she agreed cheerfully....

VIII: Albert - Natter

Prof. Nathanael Natter - a man of considerable, if somewhat undefined power... Considered the Grey Eminence of the Party. In the Politbureau, reference for cultural affairs, but influential far beyond that particular field. Main advisor to the top men; leading theoretician; liaison for the Russians: on intimate terms with Col. Tulpanov etc. Speaks Russian - probably of Czech origin, but national background mysterious like everything else... His success with women: the cold, grey eyes, oblige... Carefully dressed - usually black or grey. (Today, grey. Suède shoes... rather daring:) - the soft voice...

Albert's various contacts with him; in Spain, Moscow (Free German Committee etc.) No sympathy, but silent agreement to respect one another... Tension since A.'s "faux pas" with the American. Various attacks in the Communist press directed against A. - obviously inspired by N.

"I offered my resignation, at the time," A. said. "Why didn't you let me go?"

"Because we needed you."

"And now? Do you still need me?"

There was a very short pause, just the fragment of a second, before N. said: "Of course we do. You know that."

"The book is impossible," N. said sharply. "We can't glorify hysteria and self-destruction. Suicide is unpardonable. The Church is right: a mortal Sin."

"I don't discuss Kleist as a suicide. A great poet, after all... Legacy, cultural heritage... Why do we have a Goethe Society?"

"For tactical purposes - do I have to tell you? If we called it Karl Marx Society, we wouldn't get the right people... Besides, Goethe is healthy... Was against Kleist!"

"But aristocratic," A. said...

"That's besides the point," N. made an impatient gesture...

"You even praise Nietzsche."

"His style!"

"There is nothing to be praised about him. He is poison!"

IX Julian - Gertrude Kluge

The reception: Austrian butler, in green sleeveless vest; rather a criminal type. Soft spoken, with cold, imp/ileg/ eyes. Homosexuell, probably - and thought Julian might be, too. This happened rather frequently. Annoying.

The woman secretary, with very smooth, dark hair, parted in the middle. Dark dress, white collar; nun-like. - Apartment. twilight; crucifix; photo of cardinal with Italian description. Next to him a general; Senator; the Holy Alliance...

Miss Kluge - : sixtyish, well-preserved, very tall, - luscious forms; statuesque, regal appearance. Dyed hair, too yellow; beautifully curled. Wears long velvet gown, dark blue. Must have been very beautiful; still impressive, not unattractive. - Butler - "Poldie" (she speaks German with him) brings tray with sweet liquors: Crème de Cacao, Benedictine etc. The NY flat - just a pied-à-terre. Her house in Washington: large mansion, social center.. How did she get the money? The magazine certainly didn't make that much! Must have powerful backers. Rumors about her intimate relations: sleeps with a wealthy Wall Street man and politician - Julian looked at her. Did she have an affair with him - a woman in her sixties? A weird idea. But then, this was a weird milieu. Besides, Miss Kluge still had her charms, no doubt.

"I had no breakfast..." Drinks heavily. Always sweet stuff? (Thinks of Doris's aversion.) Quite deaf.

Asks about Albert: "I understand he gained weight. He's quite fat... too bad."

"I am a very happy woman." (She had a distinctly Austrian accent, but not unpleasant. A rich, melodious, unctuous voice - made smooth, as it were, by oily, sweet liquids.) "I am happy, because I found... harbor. Want after /all/, to be happy too... That's why I founded this little magazine..." She picked a copy up, caressing it. "I want to help you, young man! Sometimes one has to hurt people so as to help them."

"I am glad you came. The right instinct guided you.... Don't you know what Albert has done? He has denounced people to the GPU; he is responsible for the death of hundreds.... You don't know, but I do! I know Albert, and I know the Communists. I used to be one of them..."

"I'm not a Communist."

"If you were, I wouldn't talk to you. But you are on the point of falling under their spell. You'll get yourself into trouble." This sounded threatening. Her eyes narrowed, while her face kept the smiling grimace.

XI. Julian and the Communist editors.

The tough-looking, grey-haired man, union-leader type: square, bony face, heavy jaw, the callous/bd/ hands of a worker; the nervous, aristocratic - looking young Jew - : "Spanish type"; everything too long - the hands, the nose: noble distortion: Greco. heavy eyelids; the girl (Nina G.): pretty in an unpleasant way. Flippant...

"Well, we read your story," the grey haired said slowly. "Naive... No Marxist training/?/"

"It's kind of cute," the girl said. "I got a kick out of it. Such blithe innocence! Cute..."

"It could be edited," the Greco mansaid. "Has to be cut, anyhow." (Negro peeking in. They always have a Negro to show...)

"I just came to say that I changed my mind. I withdraw the piece." "Now, wait a minute! Wait a minute!" said the grey-haired one. "We didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You needn't take this amiss..."

It was curious to watch how the girl was gradually taking over. Wasn't she just a secretary? And yet, now it was she who was actually in charge of the whole affair. "This country is run by women," Julian thought while listening to Miss Kotzler's clever, impudent talk. Just the way Doris assumed a predominant position in every press conference; or the Boston lady of whom even Mr. Schuller was afraid; or his mother bossing about her lovers and assistants; or Dr. Kluge in charge of witchhunting. And now this bright young lady! A matriarchy, a state of amazons... Clearly, the Greco face too weary and distinguished to talk; the grey-haired chap - not very articulate. So, naturally, it was Miss Kotzler who had to do the talking. She said....

Julian, in his conversation with Fritz Berger, once his comrade-in-arms in Italy, remembering The Army.... "Curious, isn't it? I hold no grudge against the Army, I remember my Army life without bitterness. - Still a pacifist? - Naturally! Always will be! But having accepted the war against Hitler as something inevitable..., it was the right thing to be in it... And it wasn't a bad army, at that!... The anti-Fascist cause, necessity to collaborate with left-

wing "resistance groups etc., Roosevelt's influence - : liberal atmosphere....Of course, the lingo ("Would you pass me the fucking butter, please?"....May I have some of this fornicating coffee...?); idiotic noncoms (the first sergeant! memories! they laugh...); but on the whole... Spirit of community... Comradeship...: those things existed... (the general shock, the sense of apprehension, when the Bomb was dropped on... Simple GIs sensed danger... Would they still react the same way? More callous now... the worst is taken for granted...)

(Berger still was in the Army, at the time of the Fuchs affair, as a 1st Lieutenant. Could therefore not participate in J.'s protest action. Transferred to a Quartermaster Btus/?/ in Frankfurt - waiting for his discharge: which he got only now.)

XII. Albert, walking.

'One has to make decisions,' A. thought. 'Ever since I joined the Party, others did the deciding for me. Now I make the decision. It's a dangerous one, too - the most dangerous one I've ever had to make. I'm aware of the dangers.... A man has to act. Of course, any action involves the risk of error...' 12

XIII

Wystan

at once capricious and didactic, playful and domineering. the Greenwich Village flat. the chaos: the floor littered with books, paper etc. W. biting his fingernails. the schoolboyish charm -: at once teacher and pupil... (the campus atmosphere.) - Talks rapidly, dropping words... His gestures, at once pedantic and winged. Yes, something bird-like - avian - a proud, fantastic peacock ... (?).... His splot, absentminded smile...the beautiful curve of the back of his head... (He dislikes Mother, disapproves of Betsy, but agrees with both: "Don't get mixed up with politics! Stop it!")

Every hour he did not devote to writing poetry seemed a loss. His stupendous ability to jiggle words, play ball with images, rhythms, big felt slippers - also in the street...

Julian: "To reject the political sphere as such seems to me somewhat illogical and even unfair. For, clearly, there has to be a political system, social organization of some sort, unless we accept anarchy... I think we should protest against bad politicians - not turn away from politics as such. But maybe our protest, at this juncture, will have to manifest itself as complete negation and assume the form of despair." You are for World Religion - aren't you? Well then, the concept of World Religion has obviously to do with the One World idea, the United Nations - and now we already are on political ground..."

Kenneth: "It's a question of sequence, of priority. I happen to believe that the Inner Man - the ethical metaphysical aspect has to come first. No political or economic scheme will last, unless preceded by moral reawakening. Besides, may each man be contented with his own sphere of life! Intellectuals have no business tampering with politics. Only cause confusion..."

J. As if various spheres could be separated so neatly! Aren't they interrelated? Is modern civilization not an indivisible entity? If things go wrong on the material plane - how could they be straightened out on the intellectual or spiritual level? - A Hitler victory would have marked the end of your World Fellowship...

Kenneth: There is such a thing as passive resistance. Sometimes the vanquished prove stronger than the conquerors... Now, I think Paulus overemphasizes that unity angle," he said. "Of course, there are differences between the various religions. It's silly to pretend that they are not alike when they are not alike... Naturally not!"

This was a completely new line. W. had been an ardent advocate of religious unity. Now he came out for the Catholic church. "We must go! not get things mixed up," he insisted. His apodictic manner...

"Well, I just meant to say goodbye," Julian said - suddenly feeling sad and tired.

W. gave him a short, penetrating glance. There was a silence... before he remarked, with a kind of ominous casualness: "Of course, my deare, there are mortal sins. Certain sins can never be forgiven. Never!"

X Might is evil. Politics are evil. IPR as bad as Hitler.

Wystan Kenneth (combined) "This is one of the things all religions agree about: suicide is both foolish and objectionable. Objectionable, as an attempt to interfere with the designs of Providence, to shorten one's individual trial, an attempted flight - and, as such, a cowardly, base action. Foolish - because it doesn't work. There is no escape. On the contrary, one makes one's situation worse. All religions have suicide punished." (Spiritualist's lurid tales - about the vacuum, the cold, the utter isolation.) - After a pause: "Isn't it a little ridiculous, too? Consider the danger of modern life...." 13e

the Baudelaire quotation: "Thought for the Day" in Francogens School.)

"Credo quia absurdum est."

The absurdity of faith.... 'I don't have the strength. I don't have the courage...'

The humorous aspect of corruption. People know (pretend to know) what's virtuous and ethical, but don't do it. The naiveté of hypocrisy; how infinitely, painfully funny are their bombastic words, their beautiful gestures... Ethical irony. The bitter laughter... It's funny, all right. But... I can't laugh any more. My smiles are frozen...

Kenneth: "The great mistake of the artists: that they tried to be a direct influence - by actively participating in, or at least commenting on, social and political affairs. In reality, of course, the artist can be an influence only as long as he sticks to his own métier, the things he really knows about. The French Symbolists - the poets around Mallarmé - were right: the artist has to concern himself with the Absolute only - Ethics and Aesthetics. But symbolists overemphasized the aesthetic angle. Morality at least as important... Well, anyhow..." (brushing off this new complication) "two spheres - Ethics and Aesthetics - closely interrelated - the Beautiful being only the visible manifestation, the symbol... of the Good. Beauty belongs to the sphere of the Absolute. By creating Beauty, the artist serves the Good....: gives an example....: an indirect example, mind you!"

Julian: "Well, maybe that's why I couldn't be an artist, at the present juncture. But if I were, I wonder if I would follow your rules. The situation has reached a point where the Absolute no longer can be regarded independently from the Temporal. Maybe the moment has come for the artist to renounce all his devices... the more directly he speaks, the truer, - the more effective. The outcry!"

(End of XIII: ^{typed} And suddenly he knew that he had to die. He knew that he wanted to die. How simple it was! 'I want to die,' he said, walking along Madison Avenue. 'I have to die. I want to. I have to. That's it! Naturally! Of course! I want to... I have to...')

XV

This sudden certainty - that he wanted to die - filled him... moved him... like a wave of joy, a triumph. He felt strong...

Absolute despair - he realized - had tremendous power, a dynamic impact. It could be organized, exploited, could be made an argument of irresistible persuasiveness. This decision - to reject hope, to renounce illusions - it gave a moral strength not to be refuted or corrupted. A man who has given up hope becomes invincible...

'There must be many feeling the way I do,' Julian thought, walking toward 57th Street. There was a red light, he had to wait at the corner. As he was standing there, he went on thinking:

'The moral strength ensuing from absolute despair should be organized. A movement should be launched - the League of the Desperate Ones, The Hopelessness Society, the Suicide Club. The intellectual elite all over the world would join the organization - I don't know how they feel on the other side of the Iron Curtain, but in the western world there would be considerable attendance... Individual acts of despair made an impression but not enough. There was that German revolutionary poet who hung himself in a hotel room, not far from here, somewhere near Central Park... And the Austrian humanist who took his life in Brazil... The English novelist and femme de lettres who drowned herself - Ophelia-like... The Czech statesman jumping out of a window... Other examples... But these demonstrations ought to be coordinated...' (Light changes, he doesn't notice it.)... Then: 'I'd like to establish that club. But it would take too long... No time left... So how do I make the most of my personal tragedy...?'

I want to die because we dropped that accursed Bomb on a small town in Japan. I say "we," even though I personally had nothing to do with it. But it's my people who did it, my country is responsible for the outrage, yes, we are guilty - all of us! I am ashamed, I can't bear it... Collective guilt: not reserved for the Germans!

I want to die because we killed those Jews - how many of them? Five million, or six? - in the gas chambers... It is true, I left Germany long before the Germans committed those ghastly crimes... But I used to be one of them. It's my fault. I can't bear it.

I want to die because we are worse than ever, don't learn anything, don't even try to improve --: we, the human species, cette race maudite, oh, I can't bear to be one of them...

Be courageous! Face the situation in its whole hopelessness! At a certain point, there is only one thing left to do for a man of pride and sincerity: to acknowledge defeat, to accept despair, to give up, to surrender...

My final gesture - the gesture of protest and sacrifice --: who will notice it? Another waste, another illusion...

The English woman poet, the Czech statesman -- they are the examples...

To establish an organization, a suicide club... Things like that have been described in whimsical English novels... What's the use? I don't care...

/ink/

Afterwards....

No reason to be afraid. Either it's the end - which would be all right with me; or there's something new, something different - which would be extremely interesting. I may not be perfect, but it could hardly be worse than what /we/ are living through here below. I don't think it's anything weird or fantastic. Too many have experienced it, after all.... My personal guess: temporary end of individual consciousness, one loses one's identity - for some time, maybe for hundreds of years. Soul passes through various phases - re-materialized or not. Later, at some very advanced point, one remembers all the previous incarnations. Not too bad.... Ofcourse, I may have to pay for this act of insubordination, this desertion before the enemy.... A chance I have to take... ^{5/15/2} And then, who knows if it's actually an act of insubordination? Maybe I was meant to go this way? It was in my stars, perhaps, all along? ... Either one accepts the notion of Fate, or one doesn't. If one does, there is nothing you can do except what you are supposed - are predestined to do.... This, of course, would be an excuse for all crimes, all weaknesses.... I don't know. It's all rather on the messy side.

/pencil/

(Julian thinking:)

"The "political" motives may all be artificial, made-up, a pretext, a rationalization. But is not the rationalization in itself a moral act?

The will to death: primary, elementary....: all rationalizations miss the essential point, distort the real issue... But then, why shouldn't one turn one's delusions into something constructive, helpful...? Sublimation....: the death instinct, like s e x, can be sublimated.... Not just another neurotic....: I die in an exemplary manner....: my death is a signal, a challenge, an appeal...

Brian: 'Who says that we "have to live"? There is no such categorical imperative. Who ~~says~~ says that life as such is something to be cherished, to be loved?... There are only two possible reasons against suicide: You might hurt others.... (Not in my case. Mother doesn't care. And Betsy...?) You might make a mistake, metaphysically spoken: maybe you'll have to do it all over again, on another plane. ('A chance I have to take...') ¹⁵⁶

Brian's Manifesto:

¹⁵⁶ Words... words....

Words have lost their meaning. Words are hollow, stale, utterly lacking in persuasion and validity.... An inflation of words... graniloquent, pompous words, slick clever words, witty and poignant...." (See Marcel in "Der Vulkan")

Action? - But for what purpose? Only: the sacrifice - silent, without aim or effect. The abdication, the absolute negation...." ¹⁵⁹

And if there were a sudden reconciliation between U. S. and S.U. - would I want to go on living? - Yes, I suppose I would... But there might be such an agreement any moment... Would be kind of awkward.... - Not likely, to begin with. Besides, I'd be only too pleased. I'd flatter myself that I contributed to it by my death..."

XVII (Nancy, the colored maid)

"Your girl," she said. "Your woman. She's gone."

"I'm kind of lonely, too. This guy I used to out with - he's no good. He drinks."

"I kind of like you. But of course, I wouldn't have told you as long as she was around."

Didn't lose much, I guess. Kind of old for you, isn't she?"

She never smiled. Her face, with the flat nose, the beautifully arched forehead....: Egyptian, Nubian... Her lovely hands. J. couldn't help thinking: 'They're supposed to smell. It isn't true at all. She is beautiful...'

"What do you want me to do? I do everything. Don't use one of them rubbers; I don't care what happens..." - A bait life is using to hold me. I can't be held any more...

XIX

(DEATH)

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(DEATH)

Charly came back: Nothing going! Couldn't get any stuff... Maybe a drink instead? - He got a bottle of whiskey from the bar (the bar boycotted by the hotel guests). - Drank half a water glass full, then withdrew. "Sunny," he repeated, heavy-tongued. "Maybe tomorrow." "That's right," Julian said. "Maybe tomorrow."

J. drinking more whiskey. The baths. Looking at his body. Not a bad body. Hadn't used it ~~much~~ enough... Patting his chest, his stomach, genitals - but without excitement or narcissism... then, the razor blade. The taste of death is bitter... my purple bath; my blood bath... - wallowing in blood... First trying the right wrist, using his left hand. The water, getting gradually red. Not enough. Trying the other wrist. Another blade. Getting angry. Butchering.. Couldn't he find that artery? Or had he found it, after all? Now more blood... He relaxed... Memories...

It stopped again! The vein must have contracted.... Getting up out of the bathtub; rushing/?/ through the room - dripping with blood and water. Traces on the floor to window - difficult to open. - No ballet school!

XX

(Ending)

In N.Y. - : Doris to Nancy: "Why should I cry? Am I not allowed to cry? Maybe I, too, have lost something; maybe more than you..." And Doris understood... Touched Nancy's hand.

In Berlin - Luise touched the boys hand. He withdraws - hostile, mysterious.

Finally Doris could cry. It was could /?/ to taste the salty tears... The two women standing together - in tears. Doris thought: "If she gets a child, I'll help her..."

The little boy running away. From the scarred little church - the clock striking twelve.

*

THE LAST DAY
A NOVEL BY KLAUS MANN

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Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'Look at that! More vodka! And another load of sandwiches -- nice stuff, too: caviar, smoked salmon, paté de foie gras... Not bad, I must say! Not bad at all -- considering the present emergency. Isn't there a blockade on? Well, this table doesn't look like starvation... Of course, the visitors from abroad have to be honored: the best is just good enough for our distinguished guests... Funny, to think of good old Lövy as a "distinguished guest"! When did I see him last? It must have been about ten years ago, but it seems longer. We both were refugees, at the time -- just a couple of vagabonds: homeless and penniless, but full of hope and confidence and fighting spirit... And now? Now he's a bigshot in his beloved Czechoslovakia, and I a quite a number here in Berlin (Russian Sector!)... I should be happy. Lövy should be happy. /gestrichen: He doesn't look it, though./ Well, maybe he is. In any case, he seems to be enjoying himself, tonight. In fact, it looks as if everybody was having a good time. General Trabotkin is telling his oldest jokes in his most booming voice... quite a character, the general! and quite a sight, with his formidable moustache and his gaudy display of his medals. Colonel Schulchow is pleasantly drunk; the old lecher can't take his hands from the luscious shoulders of the Rumanian woman correspondent. It's nice to see the conquerors in such a debonair mood... /Here I transfer to page 3 of the first typed version/ The only comforting little thought: that I don't have to act as chairman and toastmaster tonight. That would have been too much! Besides, Gustav Brettlhuber is doing an excellent job. His Bavarian sense of humor comes in very handy on such occasions. The Russians like him because he can take a lot of schnaps, and the French find him "amusant comme tout" and "typiquement allemand" -- probably they use another expression when no German is around to hear them... Is our friend Gustl a boche? -- for I'm afraid that's the term the French are likely to employ in reference to him... Well, maybe he is. But he has brains, too, and courage, and he knows how to write. A brilliant story-teller and a fine poet -- Comrade Brettlhuber, the former baker from the Lake of Starnberg, near Munich, Bavaria. He's getting up again. Whom is he to announce this time? Wolfdietrich Posse? Now really! /gestr. How does he dare?/ What a nerve! /gestr. A vulgar mediocrity, and he used to work for Goebbels, yes, for the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment in person! statt dessen:/ a hack without any talent or personality; his political record stinks. It's bad enough that Posse ever got himself on that junket to Moscow. But to have him here, as a speaker! Natter must have put his name on the list -- without even telling me. Another thing I'll have to complain about. It may be quite a bore, but I ~~xxx~~ /gestr. can't let them get away with such effronteries/ must defend my position. After all, I am the president of this organization -- or am I not?... Posse, of all people! /gestr. It's a disgrace -- that's what it is... how I hate his guts! statt dessen:/ The ex-Nazi! The /illegible/ opportunist! Everything about him is cheap, vulgar, phony -- his good looks, his athletic figure, his cordial grin, his slick manners. He wants to be taken for a jolly good fellow and reliable pal -- as if that nasty little glitter in his greyish-blue eyes didn't give away his calculating, ruthless character. He poses as the man of the world, the sophisticated cosmopolitan /end of typescript, everything that follows in pencil:/ I know what Natter is going to tell me: A capable man, an experienced journalist and editor. If we don't use him, the Americans will...

Julian:

"Do you realize, my fellow Americans, what is happening to us, to our country? Our country is changing, our way of life has lost it /?/. If we are now in a pre-fascist, or semi-fascist, phase, the next stage will be outright fascism. Without fascism -- no war against S. U.! Without war, or at least the prospect of war -- Fascism cannot be established. There will be Fascism and there will be war: unless we interfere... It's not yet too late, but no time to lose... Zero hour... the peace-loving masses have to voice protest..." /in the pencilled sketch the Posse passage intervenes here./ I've always tried to be a good American. But as a good American I feel morally obliged to warn my countrymen -- The rich are evil...

A. : I've always tried to be a good German and a good Communist. But when I see a character like this blue-eyed intriguer, this stream-lined Siegfried...! I can't help being ashamed of my nationality. This mixture of servility and arrogance, this cynicism behind the /illegible/ front...isn't only too typical? How he flatters the Russians! And they swallow it. The General beams; Professor Natter is pleased with his protégé.../typescript 2, page 3, marked "End of chapter/ Professor Natter -- the soft-spoken mystery man, the smiling sphinx, the urband monster... How I dislike his face -- this cold, impenetrable mask with its high cheek bones and mongolian eyes, the head cocked a little to one side, as though absorbed in listening. There is something uncannily inhuman about this countenance -- especially the eyes: My boss, Prof. Nathanaël Natter, has the furtive, iridescent glance of an evil cat, the gelid gaze of an Asiatic idol... How I loathe the man! I must not look at him, lest I betray my feelings. Ilse says I am not diplomatic enough... He dislikes me anyhow, especially since the incident with that young American, last year. Ilse is right: it would be foolish. I'd better look the other way... /pencil, again:/ Where is Ilse, incidentally? Oh yes, I see -- down there at the end of the table, between Lt. Olchewski -- a personal aide to Gen. -- and Jean-Louis Lacloche, our celebrated guest from Paris. Naturally, she would pick two men of influence -- fellowsthat might be useful. What a smart girl she is! What a clever little wife I have got! This is to you, Comrade Ilse! What does she mean -- shaking her head like that? What is she signalling? -- I should stop drinking. Right she is, as usual: I've had quite enough... But then, how is a man to stand such an avalanche of oratory without a little comfort? -- What the hell -- another schnaps. Just one!'/the Ilse page is the first ~~xxxxxx~~page of the pencil sketches. I return to the last after the word protégé/

Yes, I'm ashamed of the Party too. Always -- expediency, tactics at the expense of principles, Machiavellism, the sell-out of ideas... One can take so much, but not more. There are limits... Want to talk it over with Lövy; maybe some other friends... I wished the banquet were over... What time is it, anyhow?"

It was a few minutes past midnight in Berlin; in N.Y., a few minutes past 7 PM.

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"My own experiences have made me realize what kind of Freedom it is we are enjoying, in these United States of 1948. Any critical and independent mind, any nonconformist had better be prepared for a good fight. Under present conditions, you cannot voice any views or convictions different from the official line, without getting yourself in the most serious trouble. Whoever happens to disagree with the State Department, the Wall Street Journal and the gentlemen of the FBI, is practically an outlaw... A free country? A police state -- that's what it is. Big business and military brass are robbing us of our liberties...

Albert was thinking, in Berlin:

'Look at that! More vodka! And another load of sandwiches -- nice stuff, too: caviar, smoked salmon, paté de foie gras... Not bad, I must say! Not bad at all -- considering the present emergency. Isn't there a blockade on? Well, this table doesn't look like starvation... Of course, the visitors from abroad have to be honored: the best is just good enough for our distinguished guests... Funny, to think of good old Lövy as a "distinguished guest"! When did I see him last? It must have been about ten years ago, but it seems longer. We both were refugees, at the time -- just a couple of vagabonds: homeless and penniless, but full of hope and confidence and fighting spirit... And now? Now he's a bigshot in his beloved Czechoslovakia, and I a quite a number here in Berlin (Russian Sector!)... I should be happy. Lövy should be happy. /gestrichen: He doesn't look it, though./ Well, maybe he is. In any case, he seems to be enjoying himself, tonight. In fact, it looks as if everybody was having a good time. General Trabotkin is telling his oldest jokes in his most booming voice... quite a character, the general! and quite a sight, with his formidable moustache and his gaudy display of his medals. Colonel Schulchow is pleasantly drunk; the old lecher can't take his hands from the luscious shoulders of the Rumanian woman correspondent. It's nice to see the conquerors in such a debonair mood... /Here I transfer to page 3 of the first typed version/ The only comforting little thought: that I don't have to act as chairman and toastmaster tonight. That would have been too much! Besides, Gustav Brettlhuber is doing an excellent job. His Bavarian sense of humor comes in very handy on such occasions. The Russians like him because he can take a lot of schnaps, and the French find him "amusant comme tout" and "typiquement allemand" -- probably they use another expression when no German is around to hear them... Is our friend Gustl a boche? -- for I'm afraid that's the term the French are likely to employ in reference to him... Well, maybe he is. But he has brains, too, and courage, and he knows how to write. A brilliant story-teller and a fine poet -- Comrade Brettlhuber, the former baker from the Lake of Starnberg, near Munich, Bavaria. He's getting up again. Whom is he to announce this time? Wolddietrich Posse? Now really! /gestr. How does he dare?/ What a nerve! /gestr. A vulgar mediocrity, and he used to work for Goebbels, yes, for the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment in person! statt dessen:/ a hack without any talent or personality; his political record stinks. It's bad enough that Posse ever got himself on that junket to Moscow. But to have him here, as a speaker! Natter must have put his name on the list -- without even telling me. Another thing I'll have to complain about. It may be quite a bore, but I ~~xxx~~ /gestr. can't let them get away with such effronteries/ must defend my position. After all, I am the president of this organization -- or am I not?... Posse, of all people! /gestr. It's a disgrace -- that's what it is... how I hate his guts! statt dessen:/ The ex-Nazi! The /illegible/ opportunist! Everything about him is cheap, vulgar, phony -- his good looks, his athletic figure, his cordial grin, his slick manners. He wants to be taken for a jolly good fellow and reliable pal -- as if that nasty little glitter in his greyish-blue eyes didn't give away his calculating, ruthless character. He poses as the man of the world, the sophisticated cosmopolitan /end of typescript, everything that follows in pencil:/ I know what Natter is going to tell me: A capable man, an experienced journalist and editor. If we don't use him, the Americans will...

Julian:

"Do you realize, my fellow Americans, what is happening to us, to our country? Our country is changing, our way of life has lost it /?/. If we are now in a pre-fascist, or semi-fascist, phase, the next stage will be outright fascism. Without fascism -- no war against S. U.! Without war, or at least the prospect of war -- Fascism cannot be established. There will be Fascism and there will be war: unless we interfere... It's not yet too late, but no time to lose... Zero hour... the peace-loving masses have to voice protest..." /in the pencilled sketch the Posse passage intervenes here./ I've always tried to be a good American. But as a good American I feel morally obliged to warn my countrymen -- The rich are evil...

A. : I've always tried to be a good German and a good Communist. But when I see a character like this blue-eyed intriguer, this stream-lined Siegfried...! I can't help being ashamed of my nationality. This mixture of servility and arrogance, this cynicism behind the /illegible/ front...isn't only too typical? How he flatters the Russians! And they swallow it. The General beams; Professor Natter is pleased with his protégé.../typescript 2, page 3, marked "End of chapter/ Professor Natter — the soft-spoken mystery man, the smiling sphinx, the urband monster... How I dislike his face — this cold, impenetrable mask with its high cheek bones and mongolian eyes, the head cocked a little to one side, as though absorbed in listening. There is something uncannily inhuman about this countenance — especially the eyes: My boss, Prof. Nathanaël Natter, has the furtive, iridescent glance of an evil cat, the gelid gaze of an Asiatic idol... How I loathe the man! I must not look at him, lest I betray my feelings. Ilse says I am not diplomatic enough... He dislikes me anyhow, especially since the incident with that young American, last year. Ilse is right: it would be foolish. I'd better look the other way... /pencil, again:/ Where is Ilse, incidentally? Oh yes, I see — down there at the end of the table, between Lt. Olchewski — a personal aide to Gen. — and Jean-Louis Lacloche, our celebrated guest from Paris. Naturally, she would pick two men of influence — fellows that might be useful. What a smart girl she is! What a clever little wife I have got! This is to you, Comrade Ilse! What does she mean — shaking her head like that? What is she signalling? — I should stop drinking. Right she is, as usual: I've had quite enough... But then, how is a man to stand such an avalanche of oratory without a little comfort? — What the hell — another schnaps. Just one!'/the Ilse page is the first ~~of the~~ page of the pencil sketches. I return to the last after the word protégé/

Yes, I'm ashamed of the Party too. Always — expediency, tactics at the expense of principles, Machiavellism, the sell-out of ideas... One can take so much, but not more. There are limits... Want to talk it over with Lövy; maybe some other friends... I wished the banquet were over... What time is it, anyhow?"

It was a few minutes past midnight in Berlin; in N.Y., a few minutes past 7 PM.