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Tagebuch

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And so you said it - you a stranger with a deep voice - that
recall your words. I don't care much what friends
say to me - they have high voices and they don't mean
what they say. What really counts is a stranger with a
deep voice. You said it and that was all. You don't hear
what's all about and that's why I am talking to you.
You don't hear me and that's why I am honest. You
see it isn't exactly loafing what I am doing; but
still you were right in saying so. You felt in my whole
attitude some sort of Not-found-the-right-thing that's
probably what you felt. I can tell you it's exactly what
it is. It isn't just laziness; and it isn't just lack of
discipline what's in me. I have more discipline and
more sense of activity than most people have - I force
myself to a regular life or rather regular life is the
only thing I can stand - I find satisfaction only in
cleanliness, order, activity and I have some sense of duty.
I also see in every day a present of God. I don't believe
in my sickness or in my weakness which might hinder
in finding-the-right-thing. No, I don't. It's simply
that I didn't get through yet for some reason or other.
It's probable that He wants me to do things at the moment.

moment - or not at all. I give up for any price
of money nor would I do something wrong for it. I
can't force upon me the Right-thing - it has to come
by itself, that's to say I have to catch it in the
right moment - it's above all to keep alert to
believe in things. And I love to tell you how it
works from now on; from time to time or may be
every day. For the truth is since I can recall your
words, in the stranger's deep voice - I became thought-
ful somehow - it is thanks to you that there is some
life in the thing and some clear ambition.

I am downright good in organizing, that's a fact
(even though I have been told it by my friend). What
do I organize - household! Though I do not at all hate
it, yet what would I really like to organize? Some sort
of society, some sort of business - no! What else can
be organized, art also needs organizing... They say
I have great ability for being an artist - foremost a
musician, well and what of it? They also say if
I don't succeed it is because of my dreaming, lazy,
disorderly attitude; but that is not so: for I am
none of these things. I am prosaic, orderly and
liligent - then don't believe. So it is

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for some other reason my not succeeding, isn't it? Lack
of talent, bent to dilettantism - no! Plenty of talent, no
dilettantic traits. Halfwit, no character - no! Then
WHAT? I didn't get through yet - I am sort of late -
though there isn't really such a thing as late in life -
mostly everything is usually done too early. There is
talent, diligence and personality - but the road of
performance is still blocked because my relationship to
art is not yet so as to make performance possible, is not
yet so as to give proof of the fruit. May be it suits my
nature and temperament to bring fruit indirectly, may
be He wants me to know things but not to know how
to do them. I don't think that this is what He wants
though. Because I cannot maintain to be satisfied
as it is, for I am longing for.... you see my longing
isn't an ordinary one! If you would have known how
I spent hours and hours at the piano, so as to get
absorbed bordering to madness. I have in mind for
instance that period of life I lead in my attic in
Florence. When I positively drowned myself in a
perfect frenzy of musical work. I wouldn't stop for
terrific heat or cold - I wouldn't stop for anything
in the world for years on end - my hands, my ears,
my senses bathed in some sort of exploding enthu-
siasm. Every morning scarcely waiting for day

to come. I would rush at the piano passionately...
There wasn't any loafing - there was passion. But
passion gets tired. I got frightened and tired. I re-
signed. Passing resignation, I hope. For I feel mostel-
lic. Whether there is too much ambition - as it was
then - or too little - as it is now - it doesn't matter.
every extreme is bad; but what is wanted for
holding out and succeeding is the clear, sensible, mod-
erate ambition. - So you see that passing resignation
which is the result of undue passion and which should
be the forerunner of reasoning gives you the impression
of loafing. But you have to live, you have to gain time
to considerate the dull or requiring days you went through.
you have to come to yourself - you have to conquer.
reason, moderation... it takes time, it simply takes
time. - I don't regret time. I trust in time - I
know that my sort of loafing carries some sort of fruit
in it - no fear. I am up to something. - They say I
have a gift for formulating things in words. But I
am not so very fond of this. I rather like to HEAR
things - I still rather think here lies my alertness.
Expression in words might be more exact but some-
how rough in comparison with ex-pression in sound.

which is more abstract and more compromising
a positiv sound. The latter is more to my nature though
also I might fail.

I am sorry if I appear at times sort of untidy or disquieting
I then feel rotten myself; fragile moods, certain unsteadiness,
dependence of minor occurrences originate from not
enough inward settlement. But I can never become seriously
corrupted; for I dispose of a particular sure sense
of ethics, of a undisturbable conception of our laws.
As I have already said I don't regret time, I trust in
time and I also don't regret the time lived through -
I try to embrace things without repenting. That is to say
I don't wish to undo a single moment of the past (not
because of its having been perfect but because its
every moment inevitably and by right of the unfathom-
able has been). In a hundred years you might miss
the thing - in a single instant you can do everything -
the chance of succeeding" remains the same. I don't
"sit and just wait for it" but I despise the panic of get-
ting enough, the greed of life - for this cannot be
based on belief and it necessarily must lack of happi-
ness. The fear of not being ready, the fear of not having
known the thing is terrible and condemnable. Don't
you think that the greed in place of love comes of the

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his conception of death: to single out death in-
dependantly of life instead of seeing it as One? Most
unhappiness comes of singling out death sex, need
of means which should be based on included in
and rounded up to General Love. Man kind destroy
themselves in splitting the whole in details which
makes more pain than sense and which causes in-
finite harm. They even pride themselves of their dull
life instead of revolting; they think if they work 10 hours
a day and go to church Sundays their mission is ful-
filled - crime, jealousy, war, unhappiness are results
of greed and indifference, of desirelessness. - I am
not longing for death - I love life - but I see in death
an organic part of life and not something detached
which terrorizes life. - I don't know the position
of being without means but I believe in gaining
them one has to be careful in one's choice. - I am
not exclusively woman but I try to be human.

Humanity is isolated enough - so why still more
isolate in splitting it in itself and make a senseless
mess? Humanity contains everything (it's so to speak
classical dilettantisme) - we cannot exclude anything
from anything - we must always have in mind the
entirety. (So it isn't at all strange that I could talk

philosophy to you - everybody has to be a philosopher too - of art, politics or whatsoever -) Humanity is a body how can we treat it without knowing its whole constitution - how can we save a leg without considering the reaction of the heart (I am telling you ... you know your business because you know something besides)?
 Yes, our nature is dilettantish in a positive sense - specialising is alright, though in the positive dilettantish way. Don't we do all sorts of things - detached from the total (Love) - without realising the consequences and then we are surprised at them and shocked? What's the use of doing things without having in mind the total? Without the heart, without love? I would rather do nothing than do the wrong thing! yes, but then we say either "I have to do it because of need of means" or we say, "I don't know what I would love to do, may be it doesn't exist." But I think there would be for everybody something right to do - it's only that damned indifference that not to want it, that not being alert, that not accepting humanity. They want to be gods or devils but they refuse to be human. The human being is and always will be a problem-child but why make the worst of it? Since we are beings little but spoken. Between god and beast - so much so we need our own protection and some definite path to move on.

Since we have proven that we can do lots of things -
good things - why not crown them with the stamp of
guidance and make sure through it the direction
we should go once and for all?

People start some work because it brings money - a man
falls in love with a woman because of her beautiful legs
--- Now please don't be angry if I don't want that sort
of thing - I don't want to do something *CONTRE COEUR*.
As I told you I have started to study shorthand writing
and even though I held out for nearly a week I fell
back into musing. I almost became sick of it and was
warned by something stronger than the outward shame
(which forced me into it) - I was stopped by some in-
dispensable feeling of protest. Please don't you think
that I would pride myself imagining my mission to be
a higher one than that - no, I don't! But the right-
ness of mission shows itself in satisfaction - I wouldn't
have got it. I don't reach after something which would
be too high for me but I do stretch out my hand for
something which would satisfy me. It surely does
exist. What else should I live for? Why should I
stuff my life as I would stuff a hat-box (they say
the whole evil lies in my being supported by my
parents - if I could be penniless and would have to
set to work I more or less would have to be content).

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I do not think that external conditions can be decisive on our conduct of existence.) ? But haven't I once been satisfied? Is it possible because of the loss of him I should be lost too? There isn't such a thing as being lost as long as one lives! And beware, I haven't lost him for the past isn't lost! Would you like to come to know of him?

54
I met him at the place of places - Florence - flighty romance with a pious spark dissolving like a cherished dream - In Switzerland we drew nearer - In Vienna we were united. He was a man of the world but tended to ~~convent~~ ^{high} privacy and the impulse for reflecting retirement. He was artistic in his vision, but was too noble to raise any above humanity. His first demand was decency human disappointments overwhelmed him; he was almost deadly wounded by intrigues or dishonesty. His aim was to be like Christ - there he was not arrogant nor was he sentimental or pretending but he simply and seriously meant it. He was enthusiastic in the highest sense towards men and his work (history of art - Donatello was a sort of God to him.) but he also was an Oriental in love with idle life enobled by piety, much cherishing

58
warm peace and undisturbed reflection. He didn't
care for material gains - before business he simply
lay down his arms - he didn't care for efficiency
being an aim in itself; he despised dilettantism
concerning human as well as artistic things; as to my
musical studies his rage knew no bounds when
pursued dilettantishly - his judgement always was
sure and severe and even more so when I or
my work were the cause - he showed as much
radiant happiness when there was reason for
satisfaction; it wasn't out of ambition though if
he cared so much for what I was doing - his end
wasn't to make some star out of me but he simply
didn't like to joke with serious things. In a way he
was my master - yet he didn't take away my liberty -
he was sure glad when I could do without him.
In every way we were a team completely tuned in
without deprivation of each others independence (it
makes me think of some Bach music where the
voices fit together and each single voice is by it-
self a whole - a rather high reared bombastic
parallel but still). I think it's hard to des-
cribe the picture of a man, and I even don't

6A
want to try. It was said that he looked extremely
like Herwith - the late and excellent Hungarian
poet - who died an unnatural death (crushed by a
tree in the Champs-Élysées) - but this wouldn't mean
much to you. His entire bearing has been childlike
with a shadowed tinge. My brother Klaus once talked
to me - I don't know whether he had him in mind at
all, I had - he talked of people in whose faces one
could read near death - he said it's printed clearly
somewhere on the forehead. Not that he ever dared to
assert something of the sort - but somehow we knew
I believe. Predestined to an early and unnatural death
he had moments of almost unnatural intensiveness which
where it not for the great touchiness - could make one
shudder. I remember once when we walked through
City of London arriving at one of the main big beauti-
ful places he would stop of a sudden and be
caught in reflection in such an unparalleled ab-
sorbed manner that he wouldn't see nor hear me
for ten minutes or so - he would look, and as it
were inhale it, at the sight of the old mighty buildings
and monuments and at the sky above as though
looking beyond them - in a perfect ecstasy of

admiration and sadness. I was then at the time when
war and destruction was in full swing - and he would
stand softly and besides himself that what he saw
were the remnants last tradition which Europe could
exhibit and his face took some unsurmountable ex-
pression of farewell and death. - At another time
there occurred a moment of prophetic and un-
worldly character: We had spent together a series
of unboundedly happy weeks in the country (at Ascona,
Tessin) from where he departed together but half way
at a certain railway station we had to separate for his
destination was Italy (where his work forced him to go)
while mine was Zürich; so when the moment of part-
ing ^{had} come and each of us had to take to his own
direction we felt some unknown sign, some oppressed
longing to cry out for it seemed so definite a parting...
Sometimes he could look at me with lovefilled and
pityful eyes which would say, 'Have I then really to
forsake you?' - Those were our secret sensations
which flow like shadows through our sunny lands-
cape.

When there came the night of destruction, when men,
women and children were drowned in the sea, it was
he whom I had to loose for ever. We started our

7A
borage in the midst of hell. - the Germans raging over
our very heads - yet we thought we were sailing towards
peace and happiness. The inevitable came. I never
had the thought of murder - though the Germans murder
ed him. Since they sunk the ship - but in the indefinitely
painful and inexplicable I sought for answer - wasn't
his parting arbitrary, self-willed resignation? He didn't
forsake me for Higher Authorities whose wills are ours
were forcing him to go - that he should be dead
while I be alive - why, wasn't it the "Tree" which
took away Harvath, his Brother? Predestined - The
print on the forehead - could I read it then clearly?
That is no answer nor consolation. There is only
one answer - once own life and the immortal part.

(It seems odd to talk to you of all people of Death
in this mystic way - you who would look at it in an
active, responsible, scientific way - though even you
who save men from death with your own hands,
you who close their eyes... even you must crown
the victorious or disagreeable result with mystic
for in spite of all science death or life is a predest-
ined thing.)

So when I was doomed to be left alone what was I to

70
You see I love life. And at first in spite of my grief I felt the grateful and pure pride of being able to breathe. Things looked different - sound and colour changed their aspects - nights were long, the days were burdened - there was the unmistakable sensation of being saved and hit - splitting and cruel test. The extraordinary of my grief combined with the extraordinary of my preservation brought with it inexplicable demands which I hadn't the strength to fulfill. all I could do was to acknowledge their existence. Being rescued - and having lost made loud praise and lament mixing to something bitter sweet. But though I was pale and radiant, full of sob and happiness - helpless toward the touch stone laid out to me - it was still I, it was still the old life - demanding its old rights and laws - which never really is perplexed. I would have been disturbed had I been thinking that everything was changed in its roots. for one may be befallen by whatever heavy blows the root of existence remains the same. There was no new nor special mission set before me - all that was demanded of me was to remain

faithful to the old life. I felt as though wearing a mask and black fancy dress - I felt as though people were staring at me, whispering, she must have come from some sinister world! - Or else I felt like new-born just fallen from the skies, looking out for shelter. But in reality there was nothing of the sort. The Old life, moving step by step -- and it seems I didn't want to recognise this as I would cut an old friend and seek for one where there is none.

Now that I have told you part of my life it's easier for you to see my present position - being an uncertain and lonely one. - I have enough social contacts - my lodgings are agreeable - my day is filled up with useful work and reading. I have sound respect and sympathy toward this big imposing city; in spite of its colossalness and bustling hugeness it leaves room for concentrated and tranquil thoughts. I always become fond of the place where I live - no matter what country: I fortunately don't feel particularly bound to my native land - and I think my feeling toward New York - though somewhat reserved - is one of warm admiration. Its life and artistic presentation seems unequalled in its huge abundance - its international atmosphere makes it a complete

world by itself and gives it a magnificent character. (Some of its conspicuous traits are to me - the sound of all languages in the air - the fire-brigade with its perfectly desperate noise and its restless and magic efficiency - its innumerable playhouses and eating places - the genuine simplicity and unpretentiousness in its whole construction - it bears no claim for anything else except for what it is; it seems to me the most settled and desireless place, self-satisfied in a natural way; though this might appear to European eyes somewhat cold and naked, may be even cruel and heartless it has a romantic soul - for is it not wild and extravagant in its temperations and is it not phantastic and measureless in its atmospheric colourfulness - also if the surface seems of a uniformed kind - and then its vigorous spring; I nowhere witnessed such an ^{intensive} powerful nature giving birth to blossom so that you could actually watch and feel and smell the process of creation; and the colours are so sparkling as I never saw before - and last not least - music in New York is something almost exaggerated

9A
in its immeasurable abundance -) of course you need
more than anywhere else some friendship, human being
you care for, you need comradeship and protection.
Apart from this it is a wonderful thing to have guard
in one's soul a sort of authorative fairy personage -
I mean it is a relationship to some actually living
person of whom you not necessarily see a lot but
whose being and nearness you work out so to speak
in your own imagination. There is always a sort of
secret yearning to make oneself heard and felt with-
out his actual presence, a comforting personal
contact which helps making things more alive and
less lonely - which is consolatory and inspiring -
this combination of fancy and reality - which by the
way may ^{to a certain degree} be experience - is some pro-
blessedness based on more or less spiritual affect-
ion - this living specter must have authorative
character however it also must have traits of soft
qualities to make it possible to become formed in
one's so animated mind. - (I leave it to you whether
or not you want to take this as an attack - sorry!
but I am pretty sure that clear mystic comforters
in question are you!) - Are you angry at 50

much idle thoughts (for such you might call it) -
do you scold me for fruitless musing (maybe it is)
and do you want me to be ashamed of myself? Or
are you listening to me with a favourable smile? -
Did you ever recall that Shakespeares' Fools are
like - I guess they had a holy mission - ? clothed
in laughing ridicule they were wise and comforting -
they had a god like fooling; it's good to be funny,
not in a mocking way though but in a wise and
graceful manner - blessed with a serious playful-
ness so as to solve the most heaviest questions
with sparkling melancholy wit - they have ready
especially in times of grief ^{need} spirit and music,
warm hearted pious humor - poor Fools - one more
often should recall them! I do confess it's not
everybodys lot to play the holy Fool - it is a gift
from heaven - I confess to have it not! Though
it may be the thing I want! To live beside a king,
sitting with my tinkling bells and lute, singing and
solving for him - not looking at him but
beyond where they all bear me into the infinite. -

9B

I want to have real fun! I want to live like Shakes-
peare's Fools and Mozart's music. For those are the essence
of life! They don't rebel nor do they yield. They don't
protest but solve - they find complete solution because
they know no selfishness - they are not tyrannized by
earthly grief but carry it to the heights of univers-
al spirit - acting without incitement - true Tears
and smiles coming from the depths of joy and suff-
ering - ... Protest, incitement, hatred - mostly fruits
of the surface - are foreign to them - they live deep-
ly, beyond - ... We cannot express ourselves as they
did but can we not adopt their conception - can
we not call their way of solving ours? - Incitement,
revolution must lead to something - Beethoven is
example - but senseless incitement, empty protest,
suicide leads to nothing, it is madness! We
have the ^{ample} choice of metamorphosis 1) Beethoven's
Positive Revolt. 2, Mozart's supernatural resigning
swing - both of which we can we must adopt!
(If we cannot apply it to art we must apply it to
life - which are by the way not to separate: for life
is art - and art is life.) - If some body comes along

and says he doesn't know a thing of all this twaddle
he doesn't know what I am talking about and further
says he cannot bear the whole thing because it's an
immoral business to live like that"... I say he is
talking madly because he doesn't try to bring his
complaints into action. if you complain - I would say
take some weapons and attack but beware! for
a positiv idea - without that it's madness! Complaints
aren't solved in emptiness nor in destruction - we
can only complain in seeking the positiv! To fight
in negationism, is the Non existing is pure madness!
If he tries to beat me in confessing madness I can
still say - Since you find life immoral because
of its ending in death, what way I ask you - do you
expect from it if you want to annihilate evil
by evil - isn't it my dear - immoral to require
immortality solely in attacking mortality without
the slightest attempt to bring forth some positiv
means to convince the enemy - you only can be
hostile if you have something better in store -
if you want to be immortal, if you want to be

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God isn't it the first and only thing to do if you ^{are} ^{with} to acquire it to behave like him? If God meets ^{with} misfortune He verily tries to find a way out - not to escape through it but to maintain his place undisturbed. So if you think immorality drives you into madness don't fight it with immorality - but do try hard to be moral yourself!

11A I trust you will forgive me to write you of all this a rather outrageous side-leap though, seemingly of no concern of either you or me - however some queer conceptions of certain individuals in my nearest surroundings lead me to such reflections and explanations. Yet one hardly ever does address one self towards somebody - as I have done just now - without addressing one self towards one's own person - so I hope my side-leap is doing justice to the system of this "autobiographical" epistle. - Whatever the degree of lawlessness and despair we have our world brought to might be, by whatever sad and cruel lot the individual might have to suffer - half crushed & broken that many of us may be unfounded, immoral conception of life is not excused by it. If there has ever been good will and sound conception

if doesn't change while utmost chaos reigns. And if they say they are like this and that by inheritance or nature, well, what of it? First - all men are born with good will and reason - they only loose track of it - they always can help everything unless they are real mad - and that one is ^{scarcely} so easily - and may be even that is self caused, ~~scarcely~~ self destruction. A hunchback or hydrocephalus you can't get straight or right - though even those monsters find means to get over it - but mental disease deriving from immoderation, from willfully skipping all sense of proportion and decency, you can and ought to hinder its advance and bring it to a stop by moral restoration. - So, as you can see I am more of an optimist than you might have assumed. To give up hope it needs bad facts - that you can cure. -

There is a danger to see things too optimistically (of course nothing can stand on pessimistic grounds either) - I think one should see things rather pessimistically but based on optimism! One shouldn't ignore the perils of life nor overlook its shadowy parts but should be prepared for the worst - though without expecting it.

so that one could take it composedly. Rather love God
in a black mantle, with wild hair and all terrible
eyes. but still love God than - love the devil dressed
in gold and diamonds with wonderfully perfumed
moustaches and captivating smile - it is still the devil.
Better wear a pair of solid shoes even the sun is
shining for it might become muddy - never be sure
walking on the surface of things for you might find
something entirely different feeling underneath...
What I mean is there seem to be two kinds of Optim-
ism - the tired or dead one which says to everything
yes - and Amen - and the alert, lively one which is
more lingering; the first one overtaken by a
heavy storm would take refuge in a hut stuffed
with gangsters and would be highly surprised find-
ing himself robbed and dead - the second one
rather gets wet and not surprised...

The moment has come when I would like to state what
induced me to write this epistle at all. First, it is not
enough for me to fill up my day with either physical or
mechanical work, or with receptive occupation but it
is an absolute necessity to free myself in this or
that way through some spiritually productive
means. I have neither artistic nor any other

ambition in writing as such; it is only to do away
with superfluous strength. Some spiritual digestion
so to speak - further I may state to have a odd
liking while musing or reflecting to address myself
to some particular person - and the reason why it is
you - you know already. I gave evidence in the
beginning and in chapter "Half fictioned, authoritative
and subtle comforter" ... Not to write in my mother-
tongue seems on the one hand rather unnatural and
~~second~~ hindering - yet on the other hand it gives
ample opportunity to display simply my plain little
thoughts without stylistic ornaments, (and my mistake
will make you smile). -

Since it is a rainy day and my soul is wander-
ing through that strong episode I experienced long ago
I would like you to listen to the following disclosure:
Horror and light - For even when wildest despair
surrounds you - when darkness, agony, dead men,
stormy sea touch you so cold and terrible -- as
long as your heart beats there is light -- when the
ship came I closed my eyes - it was too much!
High waves took away the sight of it - we had no

voice to cry - infinite glorious torment! They dragged
me up the ladder. The sea was high - rescuing sailors
were almost drowned. They held a cup up to my mouth -
I swallowed some liquid like water in the desert - it was
whisky! They tore away my drunken rags and rubbed
me. I stood there - painless, weightless - I stood there
with closed eyes - half drunk, half dead, infinitely
happy - moving my lips for babbling praise - they
lifted me up to bed - a very high bed - cutting through
water rapidly - I was clothed in a sailor's white
uniform - They fed me with ham and scrambled
eggs and hot coffee - never before nor after I ate
like this - I laughed - I fell asleep - - I asked for
him - I cried for hours - ship lying to one side -
through darkness and storm - chasing the enemy -
cold waves clapping wildly - little boy lying on
the floor beside me - - man's voice through chaos
ear-splitting night "Don't be scared - there will be
an explosion - hitting the enemy" It was the
same mad rumbling I knew two days before - this
time the other one was sinking - and we were floating
alive - but it was the same mad rumbling
Hit him? Yes! Madness... wonderful madness...

Where are we going to so fast and wild -- never stop -
where is he - where is he - where is he - they gave me pills.
I fell asleep - Day came - I cried - where are we going
to - never stop - go, cut through to waters, go and,
never stop! - Somebody rubbed me gently with the
hand, and gentle was his voice. I opened my eyes. I
didn't know him. But he was gentle. His eyes looked
gently, he held my hand, and talked so good. He
would stay a long time -- "Don't go!" "I must go,
I must look out for the enemy! Be brave! Sleep!
When you'll ask for me, I'll be back!" "What shall
I ask. Who are you?" "Just say. First Lieutenant!" -
I cried -- I cried out for him -- I knew -- Oh! that
they would never stop! That I would never know!
Night came again. Day came again. I cried. I wish
they would go on for ever - for ever drive on madly
through the waters -- They stopped - They formed a
lane while I was carried on a litter - smiling --
There was Scotland mountainous and blooming --
As the season goes on - and moods are changing -
not seeing you - I have pain in holding you in my
mind -- don't slip away! Please don't! I need you
as much as ever, and more and more! If I should

prove incapable even of being faithful to my chosen
comforter. I wouldn't be worthy of ever being met for
tag! Listen what I have to say!

Sometimes I feel tired - so tired and helpless - and
want to lie down - that you would hold my hand - and
give me warm security! This cannot be - so I must
be strong in my imagination - which gives me general
strength.

To day April 12, 1945 we all feel shocked and sad
because of the President's death. We cannot know
what the consequences will be. But I feel the loss as
of a just and fatherly man - whom we so needed -
he was such a friend! And it seems incredible
that in this moment he should go away! "Fate" seems
shockingly unintelligible, odd and cruel - almost
so as to loose belief in anything - -- But there is no
choice of taking or leaving - we have to take it!

Do you think it could be possible to cure people
from their denying life? I seem to have one or
two cases close around me. I try hard - but
sometimes I am frightened. I haven't got the person-
ality - and I think the only thing which could save
them would be a strong personal contact - I can

14B
give them only words. And I am afraid that I
might in a way deny life as they do - not consciously
as them - but unconsciously which would be worse.
Is there only one way to answer in the affirmative
not to answer at all - but to kill your feelings by
work or emptiness until you don't know that you
exist - is it so. yes? I can't hear you. but I know
you are working hard. and are you happy? I can't
hear you. and I don't know. Do you say - it's not
the question of being happy - but of use to
mankind - you can be this only by work - and
maybe it makes you happy. ? But I say. Yes! But
it also can do harm - if it isn't in tune with
you. The man I know. whom drives pessimism
to brutality and who becomes every day more
criminally simple minded - works like a horse
and it doesn't improve him. -

After a thick heavy day we enjoy a fresh brilliant
air of spring - I am walking around thinking over in
this light the loss of my friend's father - how pale and
broken she looks! The loss of a father - what
does it mean? Some of us have never had one.

15A
some die before him - some are afraid to loose him -
Am I afraid? Is it the beginning or the end - or is
it much like any other heavy experience - just another
shot into the heart. not to conceive, nothing to complain
of - and not really uprooting the course of existence?
The cruel thing in our life seems that we must wit-
ness our elders death - while in nature vegetation
perishes simultaneously as the season commands.
The inconceivable mourning from the one for the
other - why! if they have to die - why don't they die
together? May be it is because we so should re-
cognize more strongly our responsibility in taking
the place of an other - that we shouldn't mis-use
our given space and time - so as not to steal un-
derly the others given space and time? This might
disclose itself most clearly when those die who
gave you birth. for then you may feel it become
true that you have taken their place. Though the
course of life might continue without visible
break the loss of a father - besides the grief it
brings you - might mean redoubling your own
responsibility. —

15B
If you have a father who is what you call a great man
a genius is there any difference concerning your respect
to responsibility and where would it lie? - Great men
create great things but generally not great children.
Some of them are gifted some are ordinary, others
become degenerated. Neither can nor should one
deny one's origin but I think the question of inheri-
tance is of no decisive importance. One certainly
disposes of inborn qualities by inheritance -
but traits of character are cultivated or stunted
according to one's own life. Nature would lack too
much in imagination would it not ^{allow} ~~give~~ us
enough individual liberty and possibilities to
coin our own life, independent from inheritance.
I have neither ambition nor possibility to follow
my father's foot steps - concerning his ^{as an} artistic
or ~~personality~~ ^{great} - neither do I feel arrogant enough
to find in my being a great man's daughter ^{some}
thing chosen - I am in no particular advantage
nor disadvantage -- that I should know from
childhood on a great man's habits that I should
have seen closely a number of other prominent
men through him: what does it matter? We - the

64
children of our father should be in no way different
from others - having had no particular different edu-
cation and having no extraordinary qualities. What
may make you confused and what may endanger you
is mostly the outer world since they treat you very
often as if you would be something chosen - ^{or exclusive} - having
it all! What makes them assume this - What could
be more stupid? But it's like them - in their greedy
curiosity to know him they make themselves believe
seeing me to see part of him - nph!! No! To be a
genius by inheritance it needs as much "luck" as
in the plain case. - Our responsibility is respecti-
vely not to the great man but to the father. -

Hullo! Deaf, dumb, mute, blind comforter! Are you still
here? Yes! You are! It's too awful to talk into emptiness! It's
good to have you! Do you feel rather dull or offended that I
would talk mostly of serious things - and do you want me to
be more amusing? Well, may be it ain't too amusing
altogether - may be also in my selfishness I am sitting
on the amusing parts - ha ha! This does sound funny!!

I just made up a little story: says a boy to his mother:
I guess we are rather better off than God since we know to do
too things while He knows to do only one thing. Says the mother:
What on earth are you driving at, my son? Boy: We know
to live and to die; God knows only to live. Mother: But

isn't it better to know one thing thoroughly and not to be
torn between the two? boy: No ma! The boys and girls at
the conservatoire all have to learn two instruments - for in-
stance I learn piano and flute - and the teacher says in
order to learn one instrument thoroughly one has to have
a glimpse of the other - only then one is able to enjoy and
to love and to understand the one. mother: Well, what a
clever boy you are, and how oddly you take things! Well,
what else? boy: yes, and I have found out that people
always need contrasts in everything: they only can live
out of the relations of things. mother: Now dear,
you are getting to bore me! boy: yes, ma'am! They need
heat in order to enjoy sunshine; they need to be hungry
in order to enjoy food; they need cold in order to enjoy
warm; they need ugliness in order to enjoy beauty... and
so I could go on for hours - I mean, one thing is only
valid through the other. And for instance people in
California are mostly bores because the weather doesn't
change enough. mother: So, damn you! I am beginning
to get the meaning of yours... go on, I want to know the
rest! boy: O.K.! and that's why I say people shouldn't
worry too much about their having to die because for in-
stance without the contrasts - you know what I mean -
everything would be damned dead - as dead as God for
instance - He doesn't live, does He - He just sort of

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gods about. But we do love! And when we do we become gods. -

I am afraid I have made up another story. It's even longer.. may be you'll like it.

77A
Two girls lived together. They were the same age, they were born in the same city, they both were children of artists and they had the same friends. They seemed to have entirely different natures though this was only on account of their different ways of expressing them. They made up quite an amusing team - the one with a rather flashy temperament the other more tending toward the abstract. Each of them was nourished by the opposition of the other; their own way of thinking was kindled and redoubled by the other's retorting reaction. This seemed in some way dangerous since the first, not resigning to the inevitable not seeing any reward in the struggle of life, accepting every misfortune as a common and senseless blow - often gave way to utter pessimism, depression or furious protest. She showed herself kind and helpful and amusing and she could make a real brick of herself in order to pass over to aggressiveness, haughtiness, carrying out base intentions - after which she fell into blooming contrition. The second would make up her mind to what she wanted - even though she wasn't very strong of character she felt herself driven by her will not so much as to see in pain blessedness but to content herself with the inevitable and to be friends with the order of things; in

from she would see something moving, something about
which one had to be continually on the watch, something
which never lay safe or quiet but which one always would
have to nurse and give great attention. She was known
as rather queer and was usually taken not very seriously,
yet people were fond of her and some of them even felt a
vague and smiling admiration for her. Her friend
showed quite a lot of glamour, charm and intelligence,
and if she wasn't in love she was ready to amuse people
with stories and sing songs; and she had something
about her which was extremely bodily, strong and
earthly which gave a feeling of strength and safety. She
would give the impression that she stood very firmly
on her feet and that she saw the world in the light of
her sparkling blue eyes while the other looked as if
she could be easily blown ^{off} by a little wind and
as if her little darkened face would dream away in
oddest mysteries. They had both a sort of clownish, child-
like, warm-hearted bearing. By their resemblance and
different manners of carrying out things they not only brought
something healthy and entertaining into company but in
their own existence they also helped and completed each
other in many ways. They discussed all possible problems
of life and death and they hardly ever seemed to agree.

17B

18 A
But it was interesting and animating to think aloud and to meet contradiction. They grew hot, and before they grew too hot one left the room. While the other sat down and wrote down the ideas which the discussion had knitted. One day some devil of a storm seemed to have come down on the lodgings of the two girls. Like a destroying wind it seemed to sweep away their friendship. They seemed to have grown too hot. The morosity of the one - while the other was trying to force upon her help and belief - was amounting to such ferocious black heights that the latter broke down; she surrendered and became ill. Seeing her the other first got frightened, then sorry; she soon forgot a little about her own trouble and tried to cheer up her friend who for her part was not to move and remained apathetic. "I say, I didn't mean it that way - why don't you cheer up and why can't we make up things?" she said with a flushing, broad, helpless smile. "It's no use, my dear," said the other, "you have got what you wanted. The victory is yours, you have taken away my belief." Her friend didn't answer but made a face half crying, half laughing. "You are talking rot, aren't you?" she said presently with a subdued sob. "Unfortunately rot or not rot, it's a fact that you have got it. I don't care for nothing more - and since you have it you may as well regard it as a present - I herewith hand over to you with

reverent bow all that was holy to me, all that made life
worth living to me - I called it 'belief'. Take it and be
content!" "What should I do with other people's belief?"
she cried with laughing dismay. "That is entirely your
affair. The fact is you have taken it from me - since you
have got it, you must take it - now, let me in peace!"
is absurd!" She shouted and left the room abruptly.
When dinnertime came they sat in silence and forced
some unimportant conversation. M looked very tired
and K said beggingly "I wish you were better tomorrow!"
Next day M really was ill. K looked at her imploringly
and nearly sobbing said "For heaven's sake! What have
I done to make you, to make us both so desperate?"
"I do not know exactly how you have done it but I know you did!"
said M with a pathetic voice. "Your morality was so insistent and
your desperate influence was so strong on me that I had to
give in - I only wish I could have influenced you as you
did!" "But if you only could tell me what I should do - I
can't leave you like this, can I?" When K was leaving
the room M murmured as if to herself "I'll get along."
They didn't see each other for two days. When next they
met it was in the little dark cigarette shop round the corner.
They came out together into the street and K noticed that
M looked as pale as a sheet; her eyes were inflamed

19A
and her voice was hoarse. "You have to go and see a doctor, you look horrid!" "No use, there is nothing wrong with me, except..." "Ok, why are you loading things on me which I can't bear, and which I have no will to bear?" "But I know it's nothing, except..." "Damn it all! It's enough to get mad!" They passed unconsciously by the house where they lived and walked towards the river. "There you are right! I am pretty sure that I am already near to it as it is - I can see clearly that one cannot live without belief - and it's so easy to be bereaved of it." "Ok, we have discussed it so many times and I never quite could make out what it was it kept you above things - or at least what made you seem so..." "Ok, let's drop it - I am sick of it!" "No, I want to know it!" "I say, let's drop it - I've lost it!" They were at the riverbank - and in spite of a strong wind blowing they sat down on a bench - the wind and the water were noisy and they had to shout and to look in one another's face to hear what they said. "Even though you have lost it, you can't have forgotten it!" "I seem to have." "Try to make it come back, try sharp!" "I can't." "Do try!" "I won't." "I must know it!" "What must you know?" "What was your belief?" Their faces were distorted - their hair flew wildly and their voices broke in shrill fragments against the noise of the wind and water. "How can you want to know something you ignored so fiercely?" "Did I ignore - I only abused." "Since you abused you ignored - for abusing aims at nothingness." "A bright! But..." "You seem to be

anxious about my feelings which are dead how is that?
Are you scared that I have lost them - or do you want to possess
them now really? "I want to possess them redoubled size,
yours and mine, so that I can give it back to you!" that's very
generous - only I am afraid I can't help you now. "That's
not true it can't be true!" M made a gesture to get up -
K pressed her down. "I won't let you - unless you tell me!"
"There is nothing to tell - just take it!" Take what? "Everything!"
"I tried. I couldn't!" "Accept it - in the best possible way!"
accept it always - don't stop it - don't refuse - never!" "I
couldn't!" "Because you refused!" "I had to!" "Who told
you so?" "My heart!" "The flesh of your heart!" "May be -
but it is stronger than everything else. I couldn't accept."
"I wouldn't!" "It is not so much to accept as there is nothing
to refuse - it is!" "What is?" "Nothing." "But I feel it."
"It is pain!" "It's a lie, you are above it! Pain is something
of the body - the spirit doesn't feel it!" "The soul can't
suffer then?" "Not unless it chooses to." "Rot!" "Rotter
truth may be - but also quite wonderful." "How can you
choose if it overpowers you?" "It doesn't overpower me
unless I wish it." "No! I don't wish it!" "You decidedly
do!" M spoke now to the winds - K didn't listen. "The
spirit, the soul has no substance - it has the power of
the unsubstantial - its commanding spell is free." they

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20
A
got up simultaneously and walked home without a word. The following days they hardly saw each other - K. visiting friends, K. keeping busy by herself. When once again they had lunch together - it was a fine day and the lights were cheerful in the room - K. said "How is it you keep body and soul together except by eating and drinking - sometimes it is as if my soul would fly out of my body like a black bird out of a cage, and it leaves me as empty as this, then it makes a little rusty clattering noise and thick black walls are drawn around me and it seems the end of everything... awful! +2? I wouldn't let it happen." But it does happen, quite by itself!" Because you put it away - your body is very selfish and cruel - the soul since it has no substance - is well able to penetrate the thickest blackest walls - but it doesn't care much where it dwells - it is quite content to have a stroll through the universe - without caring particularly for your body self - it doesn't matter, you understand? It all depends whether you care for it! But your body pushes it away selfishly, cruelly - because it is craving to be only master - but it doesn't work, you see? It's going to complain abominably, and it abuses the universe for playing jolly games with its soul, and leaving it - poor poor body - behind in deserted darkness. The soul is willing to everything - willing and able to entertain you and keep you above the waters - it is the body which has to play its part in turn, to be hospitable to it, to nurse it, to show

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little attention - so that it wouldn't fly away. Body and
soul belong together - nothing fits together so perfectly as they
do - it's only the body's wickedness - trying to get the better
of it - and then cursing the failure." "Yes, but they may
be disproportioned - the body may be bigger than the soul."
"That nonsense - has the soul any measure - since when has
the unsubstantial limits?" "You are pretty right - and
it doesn't sound bad either - only your theories seem to be
theories not functioning in all situations." "It isn't a
theory at all - you may as well say life is a theory - I
didn't make it up - there is nothing to make up - except not
to turn the thing up-side-down - it makes you vomit - you
pretend the body is something alive by itself - enjoying itself
independently from the soul and such monstrous absurdities - as
if stuff could live!" "No no, not quite, but the stuff is aw-
fully strong!" "And the non-stuff is as strong as you please?"
"And I say it is a badly chosen combination. That of body and
soul - I don't agree that they fit together - it creates the most
unbearable pain - I don't want to accept it!" "It is the
combination which constitutes life - there is no other way -
so you don't accept life - but listen: life is nothing to
accept or to refuse - life lives! It has nothing to discuss
about - you can't catch it - it moves! It creates one and
creates! It never stands still - it produces - there is no

21
A
other sense in it than it lives for itself - it lives - you can't hold it back." "What about my personal life - it's up to me whether I through it away or keep it?" "There is no personal life - your unsubstantial soul elapses into the soul of the universe - life is art - god - everything - you are life, art, god, everything - do you want still more?" "I suppose I don't - but isn't it a little bit too much to carry for a single little body?" "The body doesn't carry it - it carries the body." "And it throughs it away - it isn't fair?" "If it wouldn't do so it wouldn't be life - it moves, it changes, it plays, it lives - it doesn't know the stagnate." "All very clever - but not satisfying!" "You shouldn't be satisfied - you always have to yearn for something - satisfaction is death." "Why should I not prefer to be dead on the spot then?" "You may - but you wouldn't feel your satisfaction." "Neither could I feel the craving for it." "Does it always hurt?" "Nearly so!" "Serves you right - you are greedy - you want to force satisfaction - the more patience, love and wit you employ the more completely you'll attain it - besides - mark it! - it is fun!" "When I looked at her friend's eyes she couldn't make out what expression they showed - there was some definite light in them - a sort of serious-gay sparkling, a little angry and mocking - quite tumultuous and intense."

She laughed. "Well!" she said, "well, let's forget it!"
M was startled for a moment - as if out of dream - and
laughed too. "Forget it? Swell! And for show - do you
suppose - did I preach for hours?" "For yourself!" "Well,
at least I allowed you to listen," "yes, I suppose I couldn't
help it!" The two girls remained friends. And at the
moment there is nothing more to say about them. Except
that M didn't lose her belief - but K got a glimpse of it.
So it is true that there is nothing to lose but only to win.

Why do I feel scared? - I haven't seen my parents for
eighteen months. and now that they'll come and see me,
I feel scared; however I cannot conceal the assumption -
all fears being rooted in our own inner conscience -
that the cause of my being afraid originates somewhat
in my fear of myself. We have never reason to be
scared of anybody except of ourselves. Such is the
rule - and such it must be in this specific case. In
many things - and so it should be - we try to do our duty
also in order to rejoice the contentment of our elders; we do
not lose completely the instincts which - being felt
most acutely as small children - is still incentive part
of our thriving in general. All our satisfactions,
ambitions and fears - become more substantial in recoll.
seeing the very source of our existence - our conscience

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becomes more alert listening to the word parents: the insistent
want to prove the rightness of being by the inferior to the
superior. But there are only somewhat outward means to spur
on, urge and increase the fulfilment of our aims, and they
should not entangle the choice of the direction we have
taken. We should never be so much upset at the question
what they might say or think but much more at what we
might say or think! So if it is really so that I should be
scared at the thought of meeting my parents, it is mainly
for the reason that I can feel some awe toward myself. This
awe-gnawing skittily at my heart by day and night - presents
itself most obviously as the parental scene is drawing
near. As it is most certain that fear in itself is the
most futile thing in the world it is even more so if
felt indirectly; outwardly: fear of oneself one might be
able to cure but the outward fear is the pure hindrance
of all doings. I must force myself to shake off com-
pletely all ambition concerning the outer world - and I must
strive with all my strength solely for my own sake to seek for
satisfaction - in this - and in this only. Lies the possibility
to attain it, and all the rest means endangerment, vanity.
Be on your guard - do not fear your parents, respect them, ^{but}
fear yourself if it must be so - try to solve - instead fear
paralyses - but mark it, outward fear is paralysis multiplied
with ridicule! -

It seems to me I am taking the close of a life period too pompously, too definitely - hence ominously. If one should choose to regard some period of life as something detached, something rounded off in itself it would be from necessity an episode which means a dead luxury, forgotten, disposed of at leisure, expelled from the entirety: 'lost time! A period of life - not owning any specific foundation which should qualify it to hold its own ground - is not isolated but part of the entirety. Therefore whether it be for good or bad outlooks at some supposed closing of a life period the idea "to start a new life" is to lead by the nose. There is no such a thing as being acquitted of the past but there is only adopting other means; there is no ignoring, locking up or isolating a single instant lived by but there is only the necessity of artfully mixing it with new instants. The series of periods is ~~made of~~ formed to one chain - pearls in different colours, different shapes and tones may be, but welded together irrevocably. "To start a new life" would mean to die and be born again. So it seems to me that looking at the close of a life period too seriously, as something too definite puts one into the false conclusion that something has ceased, something has died, something is to be born - as a matter of fact one seeks to create respectively tragedy or comedy without material at one's disposal: there is no

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dying or ceasing or being born - for it goes on - on the same old chain. pearls are set in their place artfully - with faithful concern for the irreconcilable harmony of the whole damn thing - excuse me! Scene-shifting requires to keep the following act in tune with the rest of the play. Dare! Come forth with new ideas but: remain stylish! -

23 A
There is nothing concrete I can suggest in so far as I don't know the details of events: only you can't help feeling the main features of the goings on as you might be aware of the weather, of the elements. For the rest I am afraid I might have something to suggest more concrete, more urgent than many a politician might give birth to, agitating himself with irrelevant details.

On May 7, 1945 the German Army has surrendered unconditionally - yes, but!..... Supposed they are defeated, unarmed - who knows how many dirty weapons they have still hidden in the ground - how can one deal with them?! War never can have any positive influence (in a moral way) on mankind - why suppose it should now?! War can be either a purely material affair or - since force is employed it can suppress spiritual goods but it cannot create moral remedy. Victory is no better than defeat - for once the material side of the thing is cleared away the moral side of it becomes more glaring, more stunning. Then we have it naked before our eyes and we are dumb with chaos. The men who have fallen have fallen for a price of stuff - how can one expect that the survivors of a wild slaughter - hungry beasts covered with rags and

blood - should be cured? They are most certainly worse
than before! We win nothing by force! but our naked
lives! If we pluck out the teeth of a lion we have less to
fear from him but if we take away a man's gun we have
taken little away from him which should render us safe! For
a man has brains. dull, dangerous brains at times! I put
myself the question what have we achieved in fighting this
war? Having beaten the evildoers and keeping them in
fetters they grow more hatefilled. if this be possible - and
the aspect of brotherhood is null! To maintain the phrase
"to fight for peace" is absurd! How can one fight for
peace? If means and aims do not go hand in hand,
if the execution of an idea is not identical with the idea,
how should it work out, how should it succeed? It's a
bloody lie to say we fought for liberty, freedom, peace - but
the truth is we fought for our lives! We were forced to fight
out of fear for our own body - and then to justify it and to
glorify it we adopted the phrase we are fighting for liberty.
Now we see that we have deceived ourselves and we are witness
of the bitter empty proof, of the result. null and void of
our imagined hopes. Liberty is more at stake than ever
before! Men, unless they are liquidated, are not beaten
but by the material superiority of the others know no end of
corruption and diabolic plans of revenge. What have we
achieved? First, since history goes never backward - even
the end of a bloody senseless event should have the

24A
advantage to serve as another lesson that war doesn't pay.
It is never justified by noble means - it rectifies nothing. &
it saves our skin only! Second: we have not achieved.
small wonder if we haven't! It makes one giddy to feel
one's body free and safe and one's mind is all in a mess!
here may be the defeated is even better off than the victor since
it is the other way round with him - for he is plenty good
occupied with free hate - but our minds grow dumb and
painful stepping into a wasp's nest - our disappointed souls
are stung - our moral expectations are forfeited. Third:
we again have not achieved and shall we ever achieve
it? The question of guilt, of who is to blame ^{particularly} is futile and
irrelevant. Not the cleverest science, the deepest research
shall bring forward the judgement or answer! All evil
could have been suppressed - an evil war could have
been prevented - it was not; hence: we are all guilty.
This would be equal madness in order to get rid of fleas
to liquidate a man who has a thousand of them and let
run free the other who has only a hundred of them! Have
we any fundamental advantage comparing ourselves with
the defeated? and how should we make use of those
advantages? I think our advantage - being not fundamentally
is of a material kind and it consists of ^{our} having been less
misled and of having more unspoiled forces at our disposal,
how we can use this remains questionable. We have
saved our skins first in order to save our skins, second

to restore "moral order". We say: you can't talk to a man
who shoots - now that he does no longer shoot you can't talk
to him either - at least he doesn't shoot anymore... little achieve-
ment! Saved our skins, free of bombs, but less friendship
than ever! Not having established the liberation of the
enemy but having brought to a standstill his material
rage only, it is brooding in him, it is hopelessly boiling
in his dangerous obstinacy, dull, evil revenge - which
by the force of hate, might transform into something worse
than bombs... How shall we use our advantage? With
guilt and punishment nothing is accomplished - the
evil which is tough and everywhere will be increased
by it. If we use our authority in employing power,
more hate is kindled. We must be aware unless we
skip all power, authority it is still the continuation of
evil and war and is still the contrary of all fine things
we are supposed to strive for. Crime doesn't pay - but
crime ^{which} followed by crime, does it pay? If we continue to
employ the same means to establish order as they did,
it's victory of the NEW ORDER indeed! It is! And how long?
While we say we are doing our best to settle things in the
most possible human way we are in ardent search for the
guilty ^{excluding ourselves} and we burn to punish him. We have not the
courage to brake up all conventional ^{injust} rules following

24B

25 A
a over: and stop ~~instrument~~ - stop to seek out the guilty - but
try with all our might to help the defeated on his feet. He
won't let us - he doesn't want us to - he is too utterly
corrupted. and all we can do is to use power? He is
mad with desperation, exhaustion, hate? He certainly is.
Subjugated and crushed he needs protection. If we give
to him as much as we can will he revolt and crave for
world power again? - will he again be possessed by poisonous
madness? I don't know. When there is really equality
established. whether a grown up man will be visited by
the unheard of mad idea to ^{want} have more; among children
it may be so - but among a civilized society?
Now that the terror by their own countrymen is removed
why don't they show good will for cooperation? Why don't they
regard their defeat as liberation? They are looking forward
to another terror. The terror from without. To run and
meet the conqueror with tears of joy and embraces isn't
possible for them who are too well trained for aggression
for regarding themselves as chosen and isolated. All
sound contact, all that is necessary to make world society
possible, all means for comradeship is gone with the winds.
To reestablish this we need much more good will than
we show at this moment. - Far as it would seem now
not the slightest attempt is being made - despite of forty

million victims sacrificed at this battle - the metamorphose
of our motto into practice should take place. Terms of
world organization are soiled more than before. more un-
favorably selfish arguments are accumulated.... If nothing
can induce them to come to their senses. if nothing sane
and sound can induce them - why! let the dead speak! let
the rotten rise! It seems an irrevocable fact: that they
don't care about the victims. it seems an irrevocable
fact: that they don't care for peace - it seems an irrevocable
fact: if they don't love war (even that might well be so). at
least they are less afraid of it than of justice. - I think -
roughly but truly speaking. all this derives not so much from
wickedness not even from stupidity but from cowardness!
out of cowardness they make themselves believe that the well-
being of a family, of a people produces the wellbeing of the
individual - instead of acknowledging the simple truth
that the wellbeing of the individual produces the wellbeing
of family, people, mankind! The individual has not the
courage to face itself! World organization is erected
on the organization of the individual! Their play - if not
dishonest - is nullified by their pretending to solve the
problems of masses without the solving means - which are
in the individual! And produces theory, technique,
skill, means - but they try to build out of

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the measure it produces! The individual is art - the skill is
manhood: and the skill cannot be verified as long as
individual art is not established! - Communism - striving
to the masses - maintains to create complete individualism
by giving it up completely to the masses; to attain liberty
one has to undergo terror: I think everything developing
out of the masses, and not of the individual, is not!
First: two people equally educated having equal rights,
equal position, will still have reason for quarrel, one
enjoying in the other ^{for} beauty and talent. This sort of commun-
ism - not coming from god but from men - is always of
a material, stuffy kind, and doesn't quite work out.
The thing has to be settled in the individual! Democracy
is bent to leave the individual to itself: And real democracy
leads to real Communism, to the Communism derived
from Individualism! - I think as long as the individual
suffers the idea of power of another individual over it, to
be ^{condemned} judged, ~~presided~~, boomed, executed by it, it never can
fully expand its rights; the opportunity for individual
responsibility never fully presents itself; the individual - so
being deprived ^{or limited in} of independent acting - becomes more and more
stunted - and manhood with it! - All eventual leader-
ship, authority should be used in way of furthering, helping,
enlightening, clarifying only - not in way of sentencing!

It would be as if a father, a Teacher or a boss of any organiza-
tion - let's say of a hospital - besides helping and educating his
people should also have the right to hang them! Unless
sentencing or legal killing is not abolished all striving for
humanity is useless! Will crime know no bounds if punish-
ment by the courts is abolished? Is not the most thorough,
solid and efficient punishment - and the only way for
redemption - to leave alone the criminal together with his
crime - to let him feel freely how it works on his conscience?
First - he will not repent if the punishment comes from with-
out! Second - if further crime is not committed it is not
out of moral enlightenment but out of fear of sentence!
So that with the assurance of not being detected he will
commit another crime! Sentence by man over man not
only does not bring moral enlightenment but it extinguishes
all moral feeling and it instils fear - fear of man! With
this we reach the provocation of war; the legalized crime,
the organized general massacre! Never is fear of man
so strongly implanted in us as at the end of a war,
so that we employ all possible and impossible means to
restore power to secure superiority, to cover us under
arms "to protect us against new aggression": but unless
all peoples are disarmed the vicious circle never ends!
The toilworn heroes - instead of reposing for a moment

