

*Victor Klemperer 1949. Photo: Eva Kemlein*

# I SHALL BEAR WITNESS

---

The Diaries of  
VICTOR KLEMPERER  
1933-41

Abridged and translated  
from the German edition by  
MARTIN CHALMERS

Weidenfeld & Nicolson  
LONDON



First published in Great Britain in 1998  
by Weidenfeld & Nicolson

Originally published as *Ich will Zeugnis ablegen bis zum letzten*

© Aufbau-Verlag GmbH, Berlin 1995

Translation copyright © 1998 Martin Chalmers

The moral right of Martin Chalmers to be identified as the translator of this work has  
been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act of 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval  
system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical,  
photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of both the  
copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 0 297 81842 2

25987887

Typeset by Selwood Systems, Midsomer Norton

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner Ltd, Frome and London

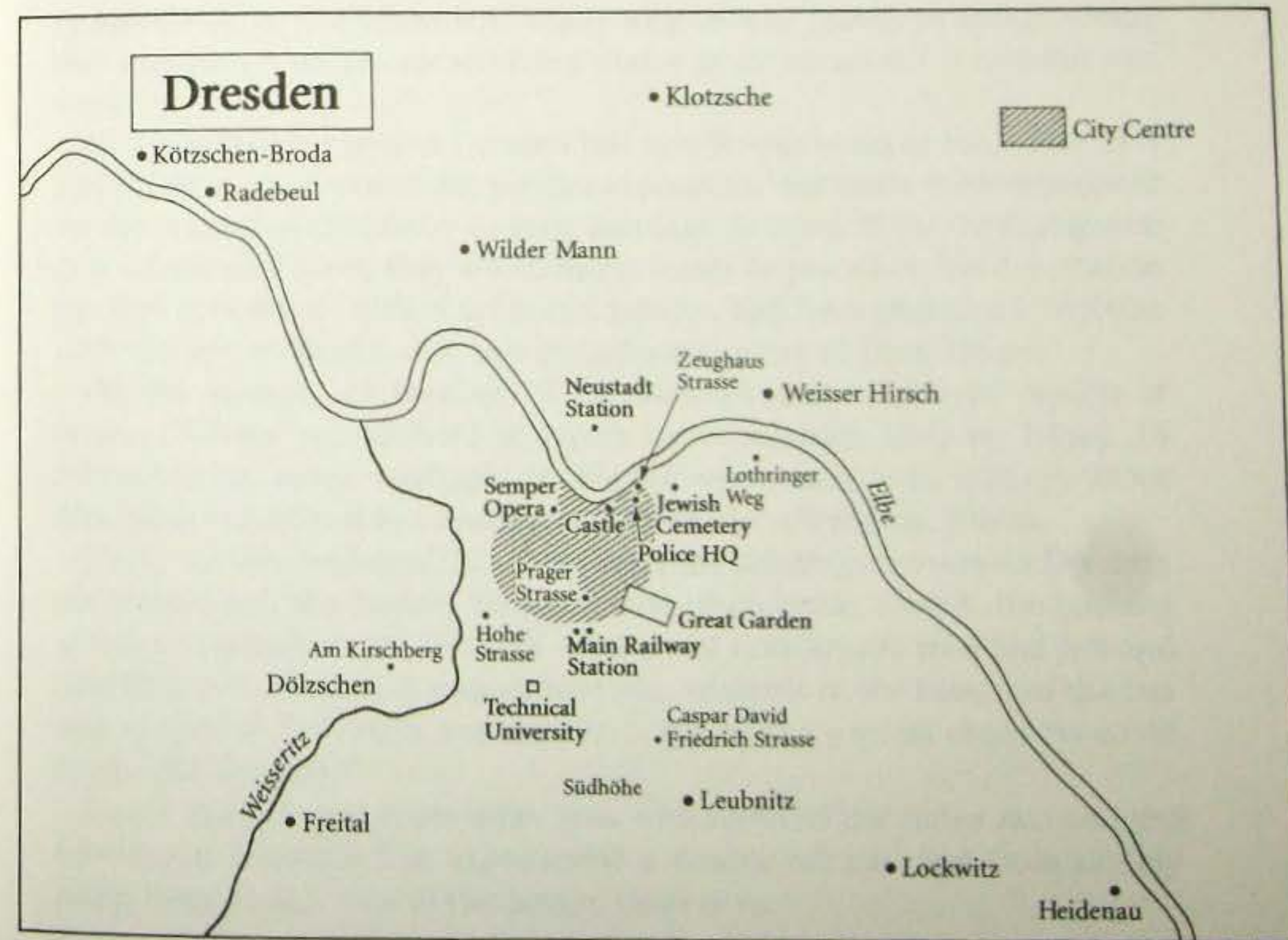
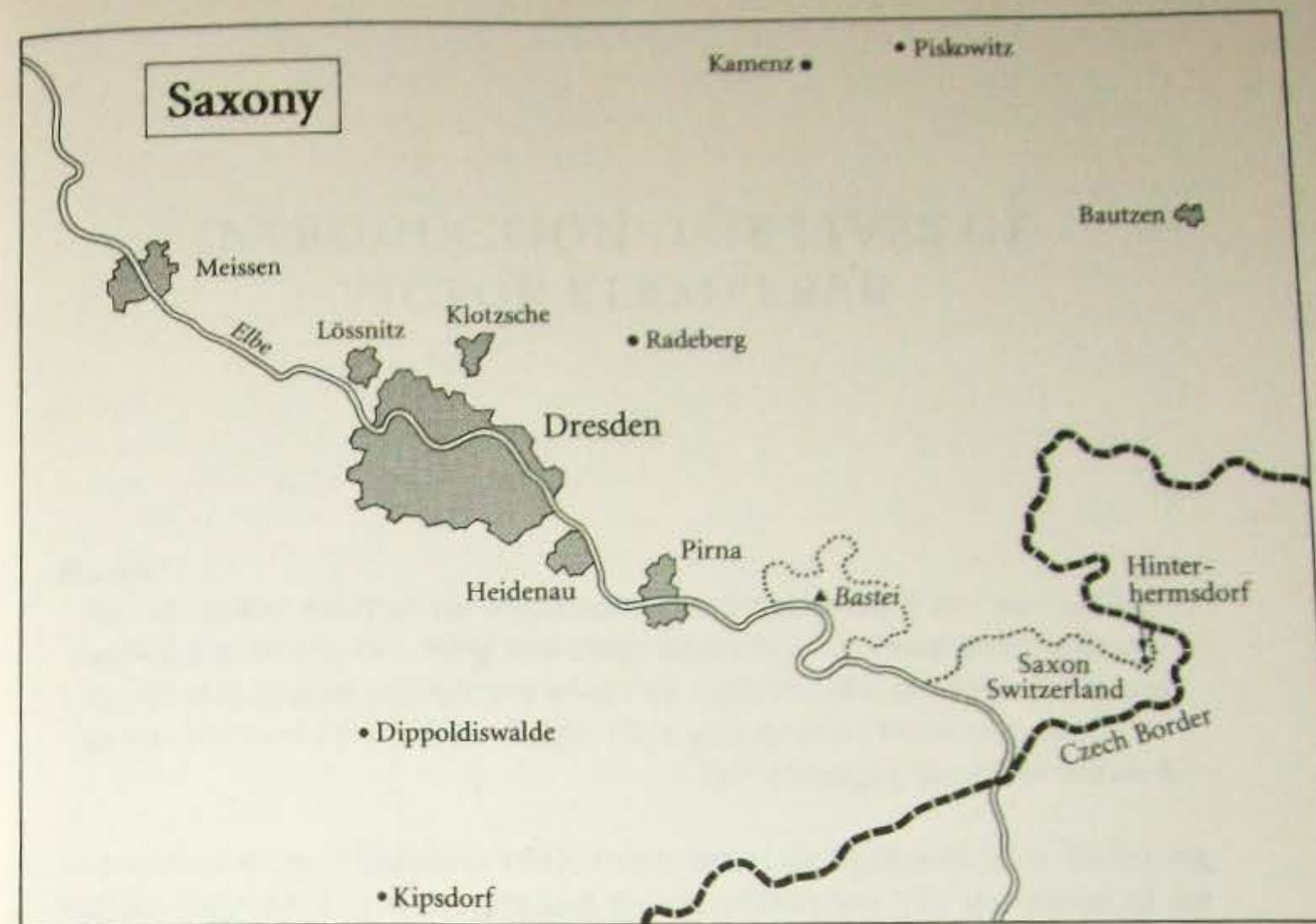
Weidenfeld & Nicolson  
The Orion Publishing Group Ltd  
Orion House  
5 Upper Saint Martin's Lane  
London, WC2H 9EA



## CONTENTS

Maps	vi
Introduction	ix
Translator's Note	xxi
1933	1
1934	45
1935	101
1936	141
1937	197
1938	235
1939	275
1940	311
1941	351
Notes	437
Chronology	478
Index	483







## INTRODUCTION: THE LIVES OF VICTOR KLEMPERER

### *Escape*

*Nobody talked much as the expedition crossed the moon. There was nothing appropriate to say. One thing was clear: Absolutely everybody in the city was supposed to be dead, regardless of what they were, and that anybody that moved in it represented a flaw in the design. There were to be no moon men at all.*

*Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse 5*

At the beginning of February 1945, there were 198 registered Jews, including Victor Klemperer, left in the city and district of Dresden. The remainder of the 1,265 who had still been in the city in late 1941 had been deported to Riga, to Auschwitz, to Theresienstadt.<sup>1</sup> Many were shot or gassed on arrival. (Some had committed suicide on receiving notice of deportation.) A handful survived.<sup>2</sup>

All the remaining Jews in Dresden had non-Jewish wives or husbands. This had placed them in a relatively privileged position,<sup>3</sup> but made them dependent on the courage and tenacity of their marriage partners. If the 'Aryan' spouse died or divorced them, they would immediately be placed on the deportation list. The majority of such couples and families had been ghettoised, together with the less privileged Jews, in a dwindling number of 'Jews' Houses'.

On the morning of Tuesday, 13 February, all Jews considered capable of physical labour were ordered to report for deportation early on Friday, 16 February. The 'mixed marriages' of Dresden were finally to be split up. Victor Klemperer regarded it as a death sentence for himself and the others.

Then, 'on the evening of this 13 February the catastrophe overtook Dresden: the bombs fell, the houses collapsed, the phosphorus flowed, the burning beams crashed on to the heads of Aryans and non-Aryans alike and Jew and Christian met death in the same firestorm; whoever of the bearers of the star was spared by this night was delivered, for in the general chaos he could escape the Gestapo.'<sup>4</sup>

Victor Klemperer and the other Jews who survived the Allied raid and the subsequent firestorm had experienced a double miracle, had been doubly lucky. They were a 'flaw in the design' twice over.



In the confusion following the destruction of the city, Victor Klemperer pulled off the yellow Jew's star and he and his wife merged with the other inhabitants fleeing the city. It was easy enough for them to claim they had lost their papers. Nevertheless, afraid of being recognised and denounced, they went on the run across Germany for the next three months, until finally the village they had reached in southern Bavaria was overrun by American forces.

### Contradictions

On the night of the Dresden firestorm, during which Victor Klemperer escaped both Gestapo and Allied bombs, he was already sixty-three. He was born in 1881, the youngest child of Wilhelm Klemperer, rabbi in the little town of Landsberg on the Warthe (today the Polish town of Gorzow Wielkopolski), in the eastern part of the Prussian province of Brandenburg. Three brothers and four sisters survived into adulthood; the famous conductor Otto Klemperer was a cousin, but there was little contact between the two parts of the family. By the time Victor was nine, his father, after an unhappy interlude with the orthodox congregation at Bromberg (today Bydgoszcz), had been appointed second preacher of the Berlin Reform Congregation. The whole family appears to have felt relieved at the change and, according to his autobiography, Victor immediately relished the freedom and excitement of the big city.

Observance at the Reform Synagogue was extremely liberal. The services themselves were conducted almost entirely in German and, on a Sunday, heads were not covered, men and women sat together. Further, there was no bar mitzvah; instead, at the age of fifteen or sixteen boys and girls were confirmed together on Easter Sunday. There were neither Sabbath restrictions nor dietary prescriptions. The sermons seem, to some degree, to have expressed the ethical tradition of the German Enlightenment. In other words, services approximated Protestant practice and Judaism here became as rational and progressive as it could be while still retaining a Jewish identity. This was not the norm among Jewish congregations but it is nevertheless exemplary of a tradition of merging with the dominant culture. The Reform Synagogue can perhaps be regarded as something of a halfway house to conversion to Protestantism, which had become common in Prussia since the early nineteenth century. (The parents of Karl Marx and Felix Mendelssohn were only among the most prominent examples; conversion, of course, remained for a long time a condition of state service.) Wilhelm Klemperer raised little objection when his own sons were baptized as Protestants. Indeed, Victor Klemperer's three elder brothers seem to have gone out of their way to deny their Jewish origins. The biographical note prefacing the doctoral thesis of Georg Klemperer, the oldest brother, begins with the words: 'I was born the son of a country cleric'.

Georg Klemperer – sixteen years Victor's senior – was only in his thirties by the time he had become a noted surgeon and one of Germany's most respected medical men. Felix and Berthold Klemperer were also successful, the former as a doctor, the latter as a lawyer. Berthold even married a general's daughter.

(The sisters were much less free and had Jewish husbands more or less chosen for them.)

Weariness of school and perhaps even more of the tyranny of Georg, who dominated the family after the move to Berlin, Victor Klemperer did not continue to the upper forms. As a compromise, however, he agreed to become a commercial apprentice in a fancy goods company exporting trinkets and souvenirs for sale in English seaside resorts. This move seems to have convinced the eldest brother of Victor's lack of ability and determination. Victor Klemperer was never to shake off the feeling that Georg condescended to him and regarded him as a dilettante.

The apprenticeship, at any rate, did not lead anywhere. Victor Klemperer had entered it with dreams of future independence. Within three years, however, intellectual and literary interests gained the upper hand; he also became a passionate theatregoer. (It was at this period, in his seventeenth year, that he began to keep a diary.) He went back to school, attending the same *Gymnasium* in Landsberg as his brothers and living in lodgings in the town. This time he completed his schooling and was *primus* of his final year – something like head boy.

He then enrolled at Munich University to study literature and languages and was increasingly drawn to French literature. He spent terms in Geneva and Paris before returning to Berlin to complete the first part of his university studies. It was in Geneva that he discovered Voltaire as a writer and found his own spirit of tolerant scepticism confirmed. 'Ferney' (where Voltaire lived in exile from France) 'was the best thing about Geneva', Klemperer was later to write, and the visit to Voltaire's house was like a pilgrimage.

Victor Klemperer had now found his way intellectually, but a commitment to a figure like Voltaire was unlikely to make for a smooth academic career. Before 1914, in German universities, the study of Romance literatures and culture was dominated by hostility to the 'superficial' ideas of the French Enlightenment. In fact, Klemperer was unable to find a suitable professor with whom to undertake a doctoral thesis on Voltaire and, to his brothers' consternation, threw up his studies once again. For the next few years, from 1905, he tried to make a living as a writer and literary journalist. At this point it may also be apposite to note that, for all the scholarliness he was to display in the future, Klemperer never on the whole seems to have felt really comfortable with other academics, even liberal ones, or in conventional middle-class settings in general. Although he loved teaching he did not deal very well with the social aspects of his profession. In his diaries he often appears more at ease with 'practical' people or with craftsmen.<sup>5</sup>

Relations with several of his siblings went from bad to worse with Klemperer's romance with Eva Schlemmer, a musician from a Protestant family in Königsberg. They married in 1906. The wedding did not find favour with either family: on Eva's side because some of her relatives objected to her marrying a Jew; on Victor's side because his brothers did not consider her a good enough match. Nevertheless, Victor Klemperer was to share his life with



Eva for the next forty-five years. And in this marriage 'share' is the appropriate word. In a speech on the occasion of Klemperer's seventy-fifth birthday in 1957, the couple's long-standing friend Auguste 'Gush' Lazar (who appears in the diaries under her married name Wiegardt) said, 'What especially fascinated me about the two Klemperers, was the "intellectual community of property" in which they lived and worked.'<sup>6</sup> In his autobiography, *Curriculum Vitae*, Klemperer wrote that as a young man he had been convinced of the justice of women's emancipation. Whatever difficulties in the relationship are evident or implied in the diaries (and given that Victor Klemperer's writing and then academic career took precedence), it is clear that every aspect of intellectual and political life was subjected to intense discussion.

Having abandoned university, and living in Berlin once more, Klemperer demonstrated a tremendous energy in producing poems, stories, anthologies, articles, reviews, biographies, largely on contemporary German themes. One of his most reliable sources of income came from the lectures on literary subjects which he gave to Jewish societies throughout Germany, though it was, in fact, towards the end of this period that he converted fully to Protestantism. The young couple had a particular enthusiasm for the cinema and, in addition to a number of shorter pieces, Victor Klemperer wrote a study of Berlin film theatres and their audiences. It was at this time that he and Siegfried ('Friedel') Kracauer, later to become famous for his writings on film and as a cultural historian and theorist, became friends. They lost touch during the First World War.

It was certainly a struggle to make ends meet on Berlin's Grub Street. Nevertheless, the periodical *Der Kinematograph* of 25 September 1912, as part of a feature entitled 'The Cinema in the Opinion of Prominent Contemporaries', could introduce Victor Klemperer in the following terms: 'A young combative literary man who writes with rare courage and is not afraid to speak out against established authorities'.<sup>7</sup>

Inclination, as well as the need to make a living, tended to push Klemperer towards literary journalism which he clearly practised with some success. He did not, however, make his mark as an author. He judged his efforts to be failures, later even refusing a publisher's offer to reprint one of his stories. Subsequently he had mixed feelings about his freelance years altogether, not least because he never quite managed to shake off the accusation or suspicion that his scholarly work still had something journalistic about it.

Incidentally, although Klemperer was undoubtedly progressive in his views, his 'bohemian phase' did nothing to modify a lifelong aversion to bohemian lifestyles and he retained an enduring suspicion of long hair and extravagant dress.

### Return to university

Klemperer came to the conclusion that a doctorate would, if nothing else, enhance his position as a journalist. Once again financially supported by his

brothers, he returned to Munich, found a sympathetic professor and in 1913 quickly completed a dissertation on Friedrich Spielhagen, a nineteenth-century German novelist. Spielhagen had been a liberal-democratic supporter of the ideals of the 1848 revolutions and one of his father's favourite writers. In Munich he also made the acquaintance of Karl Vossler, a liberal professor of Romance literature and language. For all the differences – and resentments, not always justified, on Klemperer's side – that emerged later, Vossler was to remain an abiding influence. Klemperer now wrote a post-doctoral habilitation thesis (in Germany a habilitation thesis is a condition of professorial appointment) on Montesquieu. In it he argued for Montesquieu to be seen as a writer as well as a theorist or philosopher and that aesthetic criteria were of determining importance in the composition of the latter's major works. This dissertation too was completed very rapidly, and with the distinction *summa cum laude*. Then, in 1914, as he was already turning the Montesquieu study into a book, he accepted a post as lecturer in German literature at the University of Naples, although still continuing as one of Vossler's assistants.

### War

*Finally at ten o'clock we were sitting in the garden of the Hotel 'Zur Sonne' [in Riva, then in Austria]. It was the 28th of June. The waiter came running towards us and cried out: 'The heir to the throne and his consort have been murdered in Sarajevo!' I said regretfully: 'Oh!' and added with an apologetic smile: 'But we are dreadfully hungry.'*<sup>8</sup>

What was to become known as the First World War began just as Victor and Eva Klemperer had returned to Munich from Naples for the summer. In 1940, when Klemperer was working on his autobiography, he chose to interrupt the narrative at this point. In order not to falsify his own responses, he simply let his diary entries speak for his mood in the weeks immediately preceding and following the outbreak of hostilities. From these it appears that although he was not carried away by bellicose sentiments, he was convinced, as a good liberal and patriot, that Germany's cause was a just one. He nevertheless returned to his post in Naples, where he remained until shortly before Italy entered the war on the Allied side in May 1915.

Back in Munich, Klemperer was declared fit for military service (he had been rejected in 1903) and was enlisted as a cannoneer in the Bavarian field artillery. He saw duty on the Western Front from November 1915 to March 1916 before succumbing to serious illness and being hospitalised. (His front-line service would be a further source of 'privilege' during the Third Reich.) Klemperer was out of danger for the rest of the war. Following convalescence he was transferred to the army's book censorship office on the Eastern Front, working first in Kowno (now Kaunas) in Lithuania, then in Leipzig, where he was allowed to live in private accommodation with his wife.



### An academic career

The year-and-a-half after the Armistice in November 1918 was a period in which Klemperer's disappointment at not being given a professorship merged with his disquiet at what was going on around him in Leipzig, Munich and throughout Germany. As a liberal he had little sympathy with the excesses and foolishness, as he saw it, of the Munich Councils Republic. (The name, referring to workers' councils, given to the final phase of Socialist revolutionary activity in the Bavarian capital in spring 1919.) He did, however, have an insight into the latter episode, because his oldest and closest friend, Hans Meyerhof, who had been his fellow apprentice in Berlin between 1897 and 1900, was involved on the revolutionary side. At the same time he was filled with unease and dread at the open expressions of anti-Semitism on the part of the government troops and the irregular formations which suppressed the Left in Bavaria and elsewhere. Politically, nothing gave him encouragement. At the time of the attempted right-wing *coup d'état*, which goes under the name of the Kapp Putsch, he wrote in his diary: 'I would gladly see the people of the present coup put up against the wall, and I truly cannot feel any enthusiasm for an army which has broken its oath [i.e., to the Republic] ... but not really for the "legitimate" Ebert government either, and even less for the radical Left. I detest them all. What is there that embodies the democratic, the German, the humane ideal? I am a neutral observer.' A few days later he corrected himself: in politics there were greater and lesser evils. 'My sympathies are with no one, but if I have to choose, then rather the Councils Republic than the gentleman officers and anti-Semites.'<sup>9</sup>

'What is there that embodies the democratic, the German, the humane ideal?' Klemperer asked himself in his diary. For his own life, of course, he already knew the answer: it lay in the tireless curiosity, the questioning, the generous standards of debate of his heroes Voltaire and Montesquieu and of the other thinkers of the Enlightenment.

Thanks to Vossler, Klemperer was called to the chair of Romance Languages and Literature at Dresden Technical University in 1920. From then until his dismissal in 1935 he pursued his academic work and university commitments with the same extraordinary energy he had devoted to literary journalism fifteen years earlier. He introduced modern French literature in histories and anthologies for students and general readers, presented his own approach in numerous specialised essays, edited a scholarly journal and wrote a study of the dramatist Corneille, before embarking on extended study and comparison of 'the century of Voltaire and Rousseau'. During this time, he was still partly guided by notions of 'essential national characters', which the events of 1933 and after forced him to reject. Despite that, it would be right to see Klemperer's work during these years as a contribution to Franco-German understanding and as an ongoing critique of the German academy's dominant francophobia. There were also distinguished mediators between France and Germany outside the universities: Siegfried Kracauer, for example, Walter Benjamin, and his mentor Franz Hessel, to mention names also known outside Germany. Nor was

Klemperer's the only voice within the universities to challenge the opposition posited between supposed German 'depth' and French 'superficiality'.<sup>10</sup>

These were not, in fact, years of unalloyed happiness for the Klemperers. In professional terms, the humanities section of a technical university did not rank very highly. The Dresden professorship should have been a stepping stone to a more respected university chair and Klemperer experienced considerable frustration as he saw himself passed over for appointments at 'proper' universities. Already somewhat isolated from the mainstream, he made his situation worse by quarrelling with Vossler who felt that Klemperer's work drew in too much historical and general cultural material. Of Erich Auerbach, later to become famous as the author of *Mimesis*, who had been appointed successor to Leo Spitzer at Marburg University, he notes in his diary (four years later, which shows how much it must have rankled): 'A young man, who was still unknown as a scholar when I was already a professor. A Jew, an aesthete – and he has managed it, and I am growing old, am the "previous generation", have been left behind in a second-rate post, once and for all. Again and again I tell myself that the pain of vanity is pointless, that fame, even great fame, always exists only among a small circle and for a short time; but all such philosophical comfort does not get one anywhere. Only work helps, work without thought for its worth.'<sup>11</sup>

During these years also, Eva Klemperer suffered increasingly from ill-health, perhaps hypochondria, certainly depression, possibly related to the subordination of her career to that of her husband. (At times the couple seem bound together by their illnesses, real and imagined.) Nevertheless, nothing seemed to stem Victor Klemperer's prodigious work-rate. In addition to his writing and a relatively modest teaching load, he was also involved in educational reform in the state of Saxony, of which Dresden was (and is again) the capital, and was constantly travelling to conferences and to give lectures. It should not be thought, however, that the Klemperers led a quiet life; they were very sociable and had time for lengthy cruises to South America, to the Mediterranean. But what perhaps gave the couple greatest pleasure was their shared and continuing passion for the cinema, for cinema at its most populist; their 'cinema mania' was only temporarily dampened by the advent of sound, which Victor Klemperer, like so many others, at the time and after, held to represent a dilution of the power of film images.

### 1933–45

There is no need to summarise here Victor Klemperer's experiences during these twelve years. The diaries for this period, as published in the present volume, begin rather abruptly. Inevitably so, since they represent only a section of the journals which Victor Klemperer kept all his life. But this section chronicles in unparalleled detail the progressive elimination of every private space, the arbitrary cruelty towards those whom the regime defined as Jews, finally the operation of an opaque (to those who were its victims) apparatus



of extermination, working slowly, stretching out time to impose an agony of anticipation. Not only does it do so *from the inside*, as it were, from the perspective of those subjected; it does so from the first day to the last of the Third Reich.

Victor Klemperer was not dismissed from his post (a state appointment) when the Nazis came to power at the beginning of 1933. Because of his war record he was allowed to lecture to an ever-dwindling band of students. Even when he was dismissed, in 1935, officially it was not because he was a Jew, but because he was surplus to requirements as the government cut back student numbers and deemed French literature irrelevant to a technical university. This was lucky for Klemperer because it meant he was allowed a pension, which continued to be paid to him, even if, after the November 1938 pogrom, there were increasingly ingenious and draconian deductions.

This helped give the couple a certain room for manoeuvre. At Eva Klemperer's urging they built a house in Dölzsch, a village a little to the west of Dresden; after he loses his job, Victor Klemperer takes driving lessons and buys a car. These were two ways of gaining a little more freedom in the face of dictatorship (and in the ever-repeated hope that soon the whole thing would blow over like a bad dream, the Nazis would devour each other, someone – the army, the foreign powers – would put an end to it). But above all, the defiance which Victor Klemperer practises, the space which he asserts, is that of his scholarship. It is the very fact that he continues to write, which expresses above all his conviction that the Nazis will not and cannot last, which prevents him from falling into despair at the blows to his professional self-esteem and to his confidence in the German nation and to himself as a German. When he can no longer work on his literary history of the eighteenth century, he begins work on his autobiography, *Curriculum Vitae*; when he can no longer work on his autobiography, he holds fast to his diary and intensifies his observations and reflections on Nazi language, drawing on material which is all around him. He gives his notes the title LTI, for *Lingua tertii imperii*, to be at once his own code and to mock the dictatorship's obsessive use of abbreviations and foreign words.

The point at which some kind of normal life, under the conditions of a racist dictatorship, becomes impossible is the November 1938 pogrom ('Crystal Night') rather than the war, which begins with the German attack on Poland a little under a year later. The pogrom is at once the peak and conclusion of mob violence against Jews and the date when what could still be considered harassment of a minority gives way to the measures which lead to the 'Final Solution', the point at which Jews realise that there is no one and nothing to protect them. The measures which affect the Klemperers' own lives now come thick and fast: the ban on Jews owning cars, on using public libraries, cinemas, swimming pools, eventually on entering parks; the bans on telephones, wirelesses and typewriters; the ban on Jews owning pets. And so on.

In May 1940, the Klemperers are forced to rent out their home and move into a Jews' House. While living in the first of several Jews' Houses, Victor

Klemperer is charged with an offence against the blackout regulations. As a result he goes to prison for a week in July 1941 and, deprived of books and spectacles, is put in solitary confinement. A trivial sentence, perhaps, compared to the sufferings of many at the time and of the even greater suffering still to come, but the reader cannot help but be in suspense as to whether he will ever get out. Once again he is lucky and is simply released at the end of his sentence.

The climax of the indignities to which Jews still living in Germany were forced to submit was the yellow star, the wearing of which became compulsory on 19 September 1941. Nowhere was the Jew to feel safe: she or he was to be marked out, part of the crowd but already exiled from it. For several days Klemperer was unable to summon up the courage to leave the Jews' House and go out into the street with the yellow star displayed on his chest.

In the autumn of 1941 it was also made impossible for Jews to emigrate legally from Germany. But what had prevented Victor Klemperer from leaving the country before that date? Why had the 163,000 Jews still remaining in Germany<sup>12</sup> not left, as the Nazis had encouraged them to do? One factor was age: two-thirds of those remaining were over the age of forty-five, with a much higher proportion of women. Then there were the restrictions on immigration imposed by potential host countries: the German state made it increasingly difficult to take assets out of the country and assets were required in order to enter other countries (legally at least). Or emigration might have been delayed because a person was reluctant to abandon relatives, home, possessions, friends – or regarded him or herself as German – and for all those reasons at once. Then, in late 1941, there came a point at which it was too late to leave.

But every decision or set of decisions was individual, as Victor Klemperer's diary makes clear. In his case there was the house, which gave his wife a place, a role, in that she designed and furnished it and looked after a large garden. Second, there was the never quite abandoned hope that somehow the Nazi dictatorship would fall or be overthrown. If Klemperer was subject to fits of hopelessness at the behaviour of 'seventy-nine and a half million out of eighty million Germans', he never rejected his German identity. Many Germans, especially 'ordinary' ones, shopkeepers or labourers were not blinded by anti-Semitism and expressed their support or helped in some way, though that became more difficult as Jews were increasingly subjected to shopping restrictions and were forced to wear the star.<sup>13</sup> (In fact, Klemperer often found public expressions of sympathy as painful as abuse.) Particular to Klemperer was his belief that he would be unable to earn a living abroad, was too old to make a new start, and that he would thus be dependent on the charity of his brother Georg who had emigrated to the United States in 1935. The marking of the Jews with the yellow star was the immediate prelude to the beginning of the deportation of German Jews to the ghettos and death camps. As the reader knows, it was thanks to his front-line service in the First World War, to his wife, and to luck, that Victor Klemperer managed to escape deportation and survived.



**Homecoming**

*To just once eat well again, to drink well, to drive well, to go to the seaside, to sit comfortably in the cinema ... No 20-year-old can be half as hungry for life ... And with all of that it makes me happy that E. is working on HER HOUSE, on HER garden and is coming to life again. (23 June 1945).<sup>14</sup>*

The last entry of the second volume of *I Shall Bear Witness* ends with the beautifully simple sentence: 'Am späteren Nachmittag stiegen wir nach Dölzschen hinauf' – 'In the late afternoon we walked up to Dölzschen'. It is Klemperer's modest confirmation of the fact that they are still alive, of the fact that their own house is still standing. That was on 10 June 1945 (though the actual account of the journey from southern Germany, much of it on foot, was not completed until some weeks later).

The German edition of the diaries which Victor Klemperer kept during the last part of his life until his death in 1960 is still being prepared for publication. What has appeared in the meantime, however, is a short volume containing, virtually uncut, the entries of the period from June 1945 to the end of the year. This volume has been given the title *Und noch ist alles schwankend* – Everything is still in the balance – a phrase that is repeated and varied throughout these months.

There is no doubt that, after all he and Eva have lived through, Klemperer has no intention of leaving Germany. This it is hardly defiance, merely something taken for granted, even though it is during these months that the scale of the murder of the Jews finally becomes clear. Only those who survived the firestorm return to Dresden. Yet, once again, Klemperer is determined to pick up the threads of his work and he soon begins reading through his diaries in order to compile the material for his book on Nazi language (*LTI*) even though he has no more than a vague promise of publication. Almost immediately he is worrying about the future of his academic career. He is also tentatively beginning to make a commitment to a political party. He still sees himself as a sceptic in the tradition of Voltaire and as a German patriot. 'I am German and I'm waiting for the Germans to return,' he wrote on 30 May 1942, 'they have gone into hiding somewhere'. – a sentence much quoted since the first publication of *I Shall Bear Witness*. Klemperer, one can say, was German, and had returned, with every intention of working for a better Germany.

Before the year was out, he had joined the Communist Party and, for the first time in his life, participated in a political demonstration, for the victims of Fascism. In a general sense, this might appear unsurprising: the KPD might still be regarded as an inheritor of an Enlightenment tradition; the Communists, if one disregards the period after the Hitler–Stalin pact, had been virtually the only consistent resisters of Nazism during the twelve years of the Third Reich; Klemperer himself had always felt more at ease with the 'little people', as he does now with the local Communists who had spent time in prison and in camps. Furthermore, the KPD promised (though Klemperer was well aware of the limits of that promise) to make the most radical break with

Nazism. What makes his decision surprising, nevertheless, is the harshness of his criticism of Russian policy and of the KPD as revealed in his journal of June–December 1945. Not least he is constantly alive to the continuities between Nazi and Communist discourse. (It is perhaps due to these criticisms, as well as to the hostility to Communism in *I Shall Bear Witness*, that before 1989 only extracts from Klemperer's diaries and autobiography were published in East Germany.)

There are perhaps two reasons, apart from the general grounds mentioned above, which persuaded Klemperer to join the Communist Party. One was very practical. To get full recognition as a 'victim of Fascism' he had to join a political party. Secondly, he was determined that those academics, notably at Dresden University, who had given intellectual support to Nazism, should be punished for their actions. At the very least they should not be able to continue as teachers as if nothing had happened. He had a particular animosity to his one-time friend, the historian Johannes Kühn, who had broken off all contact with Klemperer in 1935, and penned propaganda articles. Yet, in July 1945, Kühn had the effrontery to approach Klemperer and greet him as if they had last seen one another only the previous week. (One of the most furious outbursts in Klemperer's diaries had been provoked by Johannes Kühn. In an entry dated 16 August 1936, he wrote, 'If one day the situation were reversed and the fate of the vanquished lay in my hands, then I would let all the ordinary folk go and even some of the leaders, who might perhaps after all have had honourable intentions and not known what they were doing. But I would have all the intellectuals strung up, and the professors three feet higher than the rest; they would be left hanging from the lampposts for as long as was compatible with hygiene.'

By 1945 Klemperer could not be as generous as he might have been in 1936. There was certainly no slackening in his anger at Kühn and his like. Nevertheless, Klemperer's campaign seems to have had only limited success. In 1946 Kühn was appointed to a chair at Leipzig and in 1949 he went west to Heidelberg University. For a full understanding of the ambivalences of Klemperer's position in the Soviet zone of occupation and in the later GDR we shall have to wait for the publication of the final volumes of diaries. Irrespective of what they may reveal, Klemperer's social and scholarly engagement did not diminish. He worked in adult education, on Nazi language, he completed the book on Voltaire and Rousseau which he had begun in the 1930s. He was made professor in Greifswald, then in Berlin and in Halle. He served in the GDR's People's Chamber and represented GDR scholarship abroad. His specific approach to the Enlightenment which was at the heart of his life's work, however, made him something of an isolated figure, yet he did not waver in his public commitment to the GDR. There is a nice illustration of the peculiarity of his defence of the 'classical' German heritage in a short article which he wrote for the *Nationalzeitung* in Berlin in 1957.<sup>15</sup>

At the centre of the piece is an anecdote about Lenin, which at first sight might seem like hagiography. At the time of the hardest battles (i.e., of the



Revolution) Lenin sends a request to a Moscow library for a Greek dictionary, which he requires for something he is working on. Klemperer goes on to say that the Socialist October Revolution, in the person of its initiator, did not separate 'old and new humanism'. In other words, in Klemperer's hands the Lenin anecdote becomes a plea and argument for the continuing worth of a classical – Latin and Greek – education in a context dominated by a practical and instrumental attitude to schooling and by the demands of industry and science.

If Victor Klemperer in his final years remained as active as ever, he had set himself between all possible stools again. This undoubtedly contributed to the neglect of his work after his death in 1960. For the West, he was tainted by association with the GDR and Communism; for the East, he was insufficiently 'materialist'.

Busy to the last, Klemperer suffered a heart attack while attending a conference in Brussels. According to the editor of a memorial volume, published in 1961, he had been weakened by a lengthy tour of China. Victor Klemperer died in Dresden aged seventy-nine. He was buried in the suburb of Dölzschen where, against all the odds, he and Eva Klemperer, who had died nine years earlier, had made their home.

### *The quality of the diaries*

The 1930s and 1940s were decades in which the pressure to keep a diary was especially acute. People put down on paper what they could not say openly. In Germany, as elsewhere, many diaries were published in the years immediately after 1945; then and later there were numerous autobiographical accounts, the number increasing once more in the 1980s and 1990s, as survivors of the earlier period took stock of their lives. Among all these journals and autobiographies Victor Klemperer's diaries have a unique character. First, they were not intended for publication and were never reworked to iron out contradictions, to make them aesthetically more appealing, to revise judgements or to offer retrospective justifications. The 1933–45 diaries primarily reflect Klemperer's own need to settle accounts with the events of the day. Second, they were a source for his own autobiography which he worked on for three years from 1939, and then for his book on Nazi language, its functions and effects, which was published shortly after the war. They are also unique in being a chronicle by a Jew of all twelve years of the Nazi Reich. Perhaps most important, the chronicler himself, Victor Klemperer, displayed a disarming honesty and directness. His task, as he saw it, was not to record the great events (there are newspapers and history books for that). Rather he wanted to set down the every day details, because one could never tell what might become significant, and to record his own life in all its moments of cantankerousness, suspicion, hypochondria and bad temper. (Yet at the same time this chronicler and analyst of the quotidian in monstrous times never forgets his scholarly and linguistic training.) Judgements are made, con-

tradicted, revised, but nothing is deleted to make the chronicler appear in a better light. It is certainly not always the case that size, sheer volume of detail, contributes to the interest of a text, though it is more true of a diary than of any other literary form. If *I Shall Bear Witness* is an essential annotation of the criminal nightmare which Nazi Germany was, the journal's power and fascination lies also in the character, Victor Klemperer, which it creates.

In 1905 Victor Klemperer had thrown up the chance, for a while at least, of continuing his academic career. Instead, he hoped to become a writer. This episode proved to be an interlude, both because the attraction of scholarship proved too strong, and because Klemperer did not have sufficient confidence in achieving recognition as an author. That recognition has now come posthumously both for the 1933–45 diaries, the subsequently published 1918–32 journals and for his marvellous autobiography, *Curriculum Vitae*, which covers the years until 1918. With these works Victor Klemperer has after all become a part not only of German but also of European and world literature.

### *Appendix: A note on the translation*

The published German edition of Victor Klemperer's diaries 1933–45, *Ich will Zeugnis ablegen bis zum letzten*, is already an abridgement of the original German manuscript by its editor, Walter Nowojski. For an English-language edition, further abridgement was judged necessary to reduce the size of the work and make it accessible to a wide readership. These cuts are of three kinds: A diary which is not written or revised with publication in mind will inevitably include many repetitions, some of which should be retained as evidence of what is important to the writer. Nevertheless, it was possible to scale down the number of repetitions without affecting the general tone of the work. It was also possible to eliminate a number of incidents and reminiscences which were not central to Victor Klemperer's life during this period or to reduce their length. Finally, while the gathering of material on Nazi language, which went under the heading *LTI* in his diaries, was increasingly important as the only intellectual project left to Klemperer (he called it his 'balancing pole'), a proportion of his evidence and commentary would have been incomprehensible without lengthy explanation and annotation. So cuts were possible here too. I have tried to keep the notes as brief as possible, consistent with enlightening the reader as to persons and events. I have included or adapted some of the notes in the German edition, cut many others (biographical data on eighteenth-century French writers, for example) and added notes on events and phenomena which are likely to be less familiar to the English-language reader.

London, 1998

Martin Chalmers



## NOTES

- 1 In 1933, the number of Jews registering as Jewish by confession had been 4,675. Figures in Heike Liebsch, "Ein Tier ist nicht rechtloser und gehetzter". Die Verfolgung und Vernichtung der jüdischen Bevölkerung Dresdens 1933–1937 and Nora Goldenbogen, "Man wird keinen von ihnen wiedersehen". Die Vernichtung der Dresdener Juden 1938–1945' both in Hannes Heer (ed.), *Im Herzen der Finsternis. Victor Klemperer als Chronist der NS-Zeit* (Berlin, 1997).
- 2 For the fates of a cross-section of Dresden's Jews, including many of those mentioned in Victor Klemperer's diaries, see the letter by Heinz Mayer to Rudolf Apt, printed as 'Am Beispiel Dresdens' in Gerhard Schoenberger (ed.), *Wir haben es gesehen. Augenzeugenberichte über die Judenverfolgung im 3. Reich* (Wiesbaden, 1988), pp. 413–17. The original is in the Wiener Library, London.
- 3 Just how relative and precarious is made clear in the diaries. Victor Klemperer, however, seems to have been unaware of the demonstrations in Berlin, in March 1943, by the 'Aryan' wives of Jews who had been rounded up for deportation. Afraid of provoking further disturbances, the Nazi authorities relented on this occasion and released the menfolk. The Nazis, of course, viewed this merely as a temporary postponement of their plans to rid Germany completely of Jews. Nevertheless, the Rosenstrasse protest undoubtedly also saved Victor Klemperer's life, even if he did not know it at the time. On the Rosenstrasse protest, see now, Nathan Stoltzfus, *Resistance of the Heart. Intermarriage and the Rosenstrasse Protest in Nazi Germany* (New York and London, 1996).
- 4 Victor Klemperer, *LTI. Notizbuch eines Philologen* (1947). The quotation is from the 5th Reclam (Leipzig) edition (1978), p. 273.
- 5 He was well aware of this himself. In one of several remarks in his diaries, which refer to his clumsiness at social gatherings, he notes, 'I made a fool of myself in front of the Klemperers [a banking family of the same name in Dresden]. It's incomprehensible: giving speeches and at any lectern I am so sure of myself – at private parties I'm a failure. I don't know how to move, everything worries me, I lack all calm and freedom.' Victor Klemperer, *Leben sammeln, nicht fragen wozu und warum. Tagebücher 1918–1924*, 4 October 1921 (Berlin, 1996), p. 511.
- 6 Auguste Lazar, 'Menschliche Unmittelbarkeit' in Fritz Zschech (ed.), *Victor Klemperer zum Gedenken* (Nordhausen, 1961), p. 32.
- 7 Quoted in Hanns Zischler, *Kafka geht ins Kino* (Reinbek b. Hamburg, 1996), p. 159.
- 8 Victor Klemperer, *Curriculum Vitae. Erinnerungen 1881–1918* (Berlin, 1989), p. 167.
- 9 Victor Klemperer, *Leben sammeln, nicht fragen wozu und warum. Tagebücher 1918–1924* (Berlin, 1996), pp. 245 and 250.
- 10 See Michael Nerlich in a number of publications, especially 'Victor Klemperer Romanist oder warum soll nicht mal ein Wunder geschehen?' in Hannes Heer (ed.), op. cit. Nerlich has made a spirited advocacy of the importance of Victor Klemperer's contribution to literary studies. Other commentators have been more cautious, suggesting that the undoubted importance of Klemperer's autobiographical work and of his diaries should not lead to an exaggerated estimation of Klemperer as a scholar. Joseph Jurt presents a very fair summary of the case ('Michael Nerlich (ed.), Victor Klemperer – Romanist, no spécial de la revue l'endemain 82/83', unpub. review ms., 1996). What is without doubt is the importance of the study of the Enlightenment to Klemperer personally. It was of crucial importance in allowing him to cope with his situation after 1933: 'In the spirit of the men of the Enlightenment Klemperer found an antidote to National Socialism.' (Jurt)
- 11 Victor Klemperer, *Leben sammeln, nicht fragen wozu und warum. Tagebücher 1925–1932*, 6 January 1931 (Berlin, 1996), p. 675.
- 12 For a useful summary of figures on emigration etc., see Monika Richarz, 'Einleitung' to *Bürger auf Widerruf. Lebenszeugnisse deutscher Juden 1780–1945* (Stuttgart, 1986), pp. 46–55.
- 13 It is difficult to reconcile the evidence of the diaries with the argument of Daniel Jonah Goldhagen who proposes the existence of an all-pervasive 'eliminationist anti-Semitism' as the common sense of Nazi and pre-Nazi Germany. See Goldhagen, *Hitler's Willing Executioners. Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* (New York, 1996). Goldhagen's book is symptomatic of a tendency to search for unambiguous, simple, monocausal explanations for the mass murder of Jews by Nazi Germany. The corollary of this search is a reversion, more generally observable in the 1990s to arguments, however framed, of national character and, in the particular German case, to discredited notions of a German 'Sonderweg' – of a uniquely skewed historical development in Germany.
- 14 *Und noch ist alles schwankend. Tagebücher Juni bis Dezember 1945* (Berlin 1995) p. 30.
- 15 *Nationalzeitung* (15 September 1957) reprinted in Fritz Zschech (ed.), op. cit., pp. 166–7.



---

1933

---



### **14th January, Saturday**

Rectorial election.<sup>1</sup> After a great deal of plotting and scheming Reuther<sup>2</sup> was elected for the second time and Gehrig was defeated. It was a dirty business, they pulled a fast one on our section.<sup>3</sup> Despite my participation in the 'Whispering Committee'<sup>4</sup> I felt inwardly almost unmoved. It bothered me just as little that yesterday evening (section meeting) Beste became dean.

The miseries of the new year the same as before, the house,<sup>6</sup> the cold, lack of time, lack of money, no hope of credit, Eva's obsession<sup>7</sup> with building the house, and her desperation, still growing. This business will really be the end of us. I can see it coming and feel helpless.

The Hueber court case<sup>8</sup> also plagues me greatly, robs me of time and is not going well. I should have accepted the 250M I was offered; at law the man's got the advantage over me. With all these distractions the 'Image of France'<sup>9</sup> is at a standstill.

Two little things have been agreed with the *Dresdener NN*. Little things (Stendhal centenary, the new Spain), but they take up time too. Then the lectures, which are always an effort, and the domestic misery (lighting stoves, dusting, drying dishes – precious hours).

[...]

Yesterday afternoon Liesel Sebba<sup>10</sup> was here (much aged) and the young Köhlers.<sup>11</sup> From time to time our usual evening guests. Nickelchen was castrated on 3rd January, and now the two cats are already together a lot. I sometimes have the impression that they are the only thing that is a pure joy to Eva and that give her a firm hold on life.

### **24th January, Tuesday**

Annemarie<sup>12</sup> here on Sunday, told us Fritz Köpke, the newspaper man (Harms circle<sup>13</sup>) died in Leipzig. Just over forty. That shook me. I said to Annemarie: Where is his immortal soul? There are happy people who firmly believe in it. Annemarie, almost shocked, very vigorously: 'But Victor! Every Christian does!' And afterwards, 'If there wasn't even the prospect that later things will be better!' So she, the surgeon, who has the corpse, the brain under her knife, who has a university education – and yet quite evidently for all her cynicism and lack of religiosity – is at bottom a believer, or at least hopes –

[...]

### **21st February, afternoon**

[...]



Increasingly I fall back on reading aloud. Own work almost completely at a standstill. A review for the *Germ.-Rom. Literaturblatt*, that's all. I've put aside the 'Image of France' once again. Perhaps during the holidays. On the one hand I'm tortured by lack of time: a drudge lighting stoves, washing up, shopping; on the other a sense of worthlessness. What difference does it make if I leave behind one book more or less! Vanitas...

Lectures are coming to an end. Today is my last Tuesday because it's Carnival next week. For some while I've been reading the Italy course to four, five people. Monday the conclusion of the France course – Next semester the lecture theatre will be even more gapingly empty. Things are throttled more and more.

For something like three weeks now the depression of the reactionary government. I am not writing a history of the times here. But I shall nevertheless record my embitterment, greater than I would have imagined I was still capable of feeling. It is a disgrace, which gets worse with every day that passes. And there's not a sound from anyone and everyone's keeping his head down, Jewry most of all and their democratic press. – One week after Hitler's appointment<sup>14</sup> we were (on 5th February) at the Blumenfelds<sup>15</sup> with Raab, Raab, busybody, political economist, chairman of the Humboldt Club, made a big speech and declared it was necessary to vote for the German Nationals, so as to strengthen the right wing of the coalition. I vehemently took issue with him. More interesting his opinion that Hitler will end in religious madness... what is strangest of all is how one is blind in the face of events, how no one has a clue to the real balance of power. Who will have the majority on 5th March?<sup>17</sup> Will the terror be tolerated and for how long? It is impossible to make predictions. – Meanwhile the uncertainty of the situation affects every single thing. Every attempt to borrow money for building comes to nothing. That weighs heavily on us.

On 14th February the Thieles<sup>18</sup> were here, and we were their guests in the Ratskeller. Melanie told us her husband must not know that Wolfgang, the chemistry student, a good lad, is wearing a Hitler uniform in Frankfurt. He, Thiele, was against Hitler but for banning the Communist Party. [...]

We spent a fine evening on the 14th with the Köhlers, the 'respectable' ones.<sup>19</sup> He wanted to celebrate after the event because he had become a probationary teacher, and because he wanted to express his gratitude to me. We very much felt the effects of excellent sparkling fruit wine.

A fortnight ago I met Wengler<sup>20</sup> in Bismarckplatz, and I noticed that his mouth was twisted and hanging open. Shortly afterwards I received news of his illness. A 'light' stroke. The man is in his mid-40s. His father died at the same age. Inherited sclerosis or the consequence of syphilis. I visited him last Saturday. He could move, talked, make a good impression (lying down). But he's marked nevertheless. Death all about me. Young Frau Kühn<sup>21</sup> has had a serious heart attack, sixty-year-old Breit<sup>22</sup> has a very weak heart. I am gripped by the thought of death and it never leaves me now even for an hour.

On the afternoon of 4th February we visited Kube, the harp-maker, husband

of the beautiful Maria,<sup>23</sup> in his tiny workshop. Using the most primitive means and after months of labour, he has built a whole concert harp and he showed us every detail of this extraordinary work of art.

In the newspapers it is said that Baeumler<sup>24</sup> had been named as candidate for the Prussian Ministry of Culture under Hitler. (Alongside Krieck!<sup>25</sup>) At a section meeting he behaved as if he already were minister. We discussed the rescue of the seriously threatened Pedagogical Institute. The German Nationals want to do away with the academic training of schoolteachers. 'You overestimate the influence of the German Nationals in the coalition,' said Baeumler. – Politics everywhere and everywhere the terror of the Right.

### 10th March, Friday evening

30th January: Hitler Chancellor. What, up to election Sunday on 5th March, I called terror, was a mild prelude. Now the business of 1918 is being exactly repeated, only under a different sign, under the swastika. Again it's astounding how easily everything collapses. What has happened to Bavaria, what has happened to the Reichsbanner<sup>26</sup> etc. etc.? Eight days before the election the clumsy business of the Reichstag fire<sup>27</sup> – I cannot imagine that anyone really believes in Communist perpetrators instead of paid work. Then the wild prohibitions and acts of violence. And on top of that the never-ending propaganda in the street, on the radio etc. On Saturday, the 4th, I heard a part of Hitler's speech from Königsberg. The front of a hotel at the railway station, illuminated, a torchlight procession in front of it, torch-bearers and swastika flag-bearers on the balconies and loudspeakers. I understood only occasional words. But the tone! The unctuous bawling, truly bawling, of a priest. – On the Sunday I voted for the Democrats,<sup>28</sup> Eva for the Zentrum.<sup>29</sup> In the evening around nine with the Blumenfelds to the Dembers.<sup>30</sup> As a joke, because I entertained hopes of Bavaria, I wore my Bavarian Service Cross. Then the tremendous election victory of the National Socialists. Their vote doubled in Bavaria. The Horst Wessel Song<sup>31</sup> between the announcements. – An indignant denial, no harm will come to loyal Jews. Directly afterwards the Central Association of Jewish Citizens in Thuringia is banned because it had criticised the government in 'Talmudic fashion' and disparaged it. Since then day after day commissioners appointed, provincial governments trampled underfoot, flags raised, buildings taken over, people shot, newspapers banned, etc. etc. Yesterday, the dramaturg Karl Wollf<sup>32</sup> dismissed 'by order of the Nazi Party' – not even in the name of the government – today the whole Saxon cabinet<sup>33</sup> etc. etc. A complete revolution and party dictatorship. And all opposing forces as if vanished from the face of the earth. It is this utter collapse of a power only recently present, no, its complete disappearance (just as in 1918) which I find so staggering. Que sais-je?<sup>34</sup> – On Monday evening at Frau Schaps with the Gerstles.<sup>35</sup> No one dares say anything any more, everyone is afraid [...] Gerstle was hobbling on crutches, he broke a leg skiing in the Alps. His wife drove her car and took us part of the way home.



How long will I keep my post?

On top of the political pressure the misery of the constant pain in my left arm, the constant thinking about death. And the distressing and always unsuccessful efforts to obtain building money. And the hours of lighting stoves, washing up, keeping house. And the constant sitting at home. And not being able to work, to think.

After cursory reading I wrote a bad newspaper piece, 'The New Spain', after previously writing a bad article for *Dante* in Paris, 'The Idea of Latinity in Germany'. Now I want to – no, I must return to the nightmare of the 'Image of France'. I want to force myself to write now and catch up on the missing reading chapter by chapter.

I ordered a lot of books for my department, since it turned out there was still 100M left in my budget: Spain, 18th-century France and cultural history. On Tuesday I have to give a primary-school teaching candidate the now required unseen translation into French. I am so out of practice myself that I would only make a very poor translation. – [...]

#### 17th March, Friday morning

Last Sunday morning in spring weather walked with Eva from the Weisseritz<sup>36</sup> to Hohendölzchen, looked at our plot of land, and back down again. An expedition. In between we rested a little while at the Dembers. We found them alone at table, their children are skiing in Innsbruck. We talked about politics – cautiously, since the windows were open.

For the last two days I have been altogether stymied by a heavy, feverish cold, yesterday in particular I lay around feeling miserable or sat sluggishly in some corner. Today throat and eyes are still in a very bad state but I'm no longer feeling washed out because of the fever. We had invited people today, and were supposed to be at the young Köhlers tomorrow, but had to call off both.

But unfortunately on Tuesday evening we had the Thiemes<sup>37</sup> here. That was dreadful and the end of that. Thieme – of all people – declared himself for the new regime with such fervent conviction and praise. He devoutly repeated all the phrases about unity, upwards etc. Trude was harmless by comparison. Everything had gone wrong, now we had to try this. 'Now we just have to join in this song!' He corrected her vigorously. 'We do not *have* to', the right thing was truly and freely voted for. I shall not forgive him *that*. He is a poor swine and afraid for his post. So he runs with the pack. But why to me? Caution in the shape of utterly consistent hypocrisy? Or can he simply not think clearly? Probably – Eva's view – the latter. We have been mistaken in Thieme's intellect. He has a partial mathematical gift. Otherwise he is absolutely at the mercy of every influence, every advertisement, everything successful. Eva already realised that years ago. She says, 'He lacks any sense of judgement.' But that he would go so far ... I am breaking with him.

The defeat in 1918 did not depress me as greatly as the present state of

affairs. It is shocking how day after day naked acts of violence, breaches of the law, barbaric opinions appear quite undisguised as official decree. The Socialist papers are permanently banned. The 'Liberals' tremble. The *Berliner Tageblatt* was recently banned for two days; that can't happen to the *Dresdener Neueste Nachrichten*, it is completely devoted to the government, prints verses to 'the old flag' etc.

Individual items: 'On the instruction of the Chancellor of the Reich the five men sentenced in the summer by a special court in Beuthen for the killing of a Communist Polish insurgent have been released.' (Sentenced to death!) The Saxon Commissioner for Justice orders that the corrosive poison of Marxist and pacifist literature is to be removed from prison libraries, that the penal system must once more be punitive, improving and retributive in its effects, etc. etc. [...] We would be more likely to live in a state of law under French negro occupation than under this government. [...] This is truly no empty phrase: I can no longer get rid of the feeling of disgust and shame. And no one stirs; everyone trembles, keeps out of sight.

Thieme told us with gleeful approval of a 'punishment expedition' of SA<sup>38</sup> men from the Sachsenwerk<sup>39</sup> against 'uppity Communists in Ockrilla'.<sup>40</sup> castor oil and running a gauntlet of rubber truncheons. If Italians do something like that – well, illiterates, children of the South and beasts ... but Germans. Thieme was full of enthusiasm for the strong Socialism of the Nazis, showed me their proclamation of Works Council elections in the Sachsenwerk. One day later the elections were banned by Commissioner Killinger.<sup>41</sup>

Actually it's terribly frivolous to write all this in my diary.

#### 20th March, Monday evening about midnight

At the cinema after a long gap: Hindenburg in front of troops and SA men on Sunday the 12th, the day of the war dead. When I saw him filmed about a year ago, the President, his hand on the wrist of his escort, walked somewhat stiffly, but quite firmly and not at all slowly down the Reichstag steps, an old but vigorous man. Today: the tiny, laborious steps of a cripple. Now I understand it all: that is how Father<sup>42</sup> walked after his stroke at Christmas 1911, until he died on 12th February 1912. During that time he was no longer in his right mind. I am now completely certain that Hindenburg is no more than a puppet, that his hand was already being guided on 30th January.

Every new government decree, announcement etc. is more shameful than the previous one. In Dresden an Office to Combat Bolshevism. Reward for important information. Discretion assured. In Breslau Jewish lawyers forbidden to appear in court. In Munich the clumsiest sham of an attempted assassination and linked to it the threat of the 'biggest pogrom' if a shot should be fired. Etc. etc. And the newspapers snivel. The *Dresdener Neueste Nachrichten* pays the government compliments. Hitler 'as statesman' has always stood for a revision of the peace treaty.

Goebbels as Minister of Advertising. Tomorrow the 'Act of State of 21st



March!<sup>43</sup> Are they going to have an emperor? The 'Square of the Republic' is called Königsplatz – King's Square – again, and they've left the new name for Ebertstrasse<sup>44</sup> in Berlin open. – I think it is quite immaterial whether Germany is a monarchy or a republic – but what I do not expect at all is that it will be rescued from the grip of its new government. I believe anyway that it can never wash off the ignominy of having fallen victim to it. I for my part will never again have faith in Germany.

Today at the Capitol we saw *Grand Hotel*. The film is as moving as Vicki Baum's novel. And altogether outstandingly shot and affectingly acted. Also spoken very naturally. [...] the performance also included (see above) the 12th March and – with a good lecture – very handsome caravan pictures from Manchuria. I so enjoy going to the cinema; it takes me out of myself. But it is so difficult to persuade Eva to go. And when it doesn't appeal and she sits there miserably, then I don't get any pleasure from it after all. This time things went passably enough, although she suffers a great deal from neuralgia and muscle pain.

### 21st March

Day of the 'Act of State' in Potsdam. Pity that we don't have a radio. – The most frightful pogrom threats in the *Freiheitskampf*<sup>45</sup> together with gruesome medieval reviling of the Jews – Jewish judges dismissed. – Appointment of a committee to 'nationalise' the University of Leipzig. [...]

With all of that my 'Image of France' crawls along a line at a time. I started writing on 11th March; today there are less than seven complete pages.

Fatigue and lethargy. Weariness of life and fear of death.

### 22nd March

Blumenfelds' maid, the honest [...] Wend Käthe,<sup>46</sup> gave notice. She had been offered a secure post and the professor will soon no doubt not be in a position to keep a maid any more. Fräulein Wiechmann visited us. She tells how in her school in Meissen all are bowing down to the swastika cross, are trembling for their jobs, watching and distrusting one another. A young man with the swastika comes into the school on some official errand or other. A class of fourteen-year-olds immediately begins singing the Horst Wessel Song. Singing in the corridor is not allowed. Fräulein Wiechmann is on duty. 'You must forbid this bawling,' urge her colleagues. – 'You do it then. If I forbid this bawling, it'll be said that I've taken action against a national song and I'll be out on my ear!' The girls go on bawling. – In a chemist's shop a toothpaste with the swastika. – A mood of fear such as must have existed in France under the Jacobins. No one fears for their lives yet – but for bread and freedom.

### 27th March, evening

[...]

On Saturday four 'respectable' Köhlers<sup>47</sup> and the Dembers were here. Conversation was about politics. The Köhlers depressed and cautiously gritting their teeth. – Legal proceedings have been started against Blumenfeld; as joint owner of his brother's brickworks he is a double-earner, which is incompatible with his status as a civil servant. The case is pending.

The government is in hot water. 'Atrocity propaganda' from abroad because of its Jewish campaign. It is constantly issuing official denials, there are no pogroms, and has Jewish associations issue refutations. But then it openly threatens to proceed against the German Jews if the mischief-making by 'World Jewry' does not stop. Meanwhile there is no bloodshed in the country, but oppression, oppression, oppression. No one breathes freely any more, no free word, neither printed nor spoken.

Nothing by me appears any more. I work away quietly for myself on the 'Image of France'.

### 30th March, Thursday

Yesterday evening at the Blumenfelds with the Dembers. Mood as before a pogrom in the depths of the Middle Ages or in deepest Tsarist Russia. During the day the National Socialists<sup>48</sup> boycott call had been announced. We are hostages. The dominant feeling (especially as the Stahlhelm<sup>49</sup> revolt in Brunswick has just been played out and immediately hushed up) is that this reign of terror can hardly last long, but that its fall will bury us. Fantastic Middle Ages: 'We' – threatened Jewry. In fact I feel shame more than fear, shame for Germany. I have truly always felt a German. I have always imagined: the 20th century and Mitteleuropa was different from the 14th century and Romania. Mistake. – Dember describes the effects on business: Stock Exchange, setbacks for Christian industry – and then 'we' would pay for all of it with our blood. Frau Dember related the case of the ill-treatment of a Communist prisoner which had leaked out: torture with castor oil, beatings, fear – attempted suicide. Frau Blumenfeld whispered to me, Dr Salzburg's<sup>50</sup> second son, a medical student, has been arrested – letters from him had been found in the home of a Communist. Our parting (after abundant good food) was like a leave-taking at the front.

Yesterday a wretched statement in the *Dresdener Neueste Nachrichten* – 'on our own account'. They are 92.5 per cent founded on Aryan capital, Herr Wolff,<sup>51</sup> owner of the remaining 7.5 per cent, has resigned as chief editor, one Jewish editor has been given leave of absence (poor Fentl!), the other ten are Aryans. Terrible! – In a toyshop a children's ball with the swastika.

### 31st March, Friday evening

Ever more hopeless. The boycott begins tomorrow. Yellow placards, men on guard. Pressure to pay Christian employees two months salary, to dismiss



Jewish ones. No reply to the impressive letter of the Jews to the President of the Reich and to the government.<sup>52</sup> [...] No one dares make a move. The Dresden student body made a declaration today: united behind ... and the honour of German students forbids them to come into contact with Jews. They are not allowed to enter the Student House. How much Jewish money went towards this Student House only a few years ago!

In Munich Jewish university teachers have already been prevented from setting foot in the university.

The proclamation and injunction of the boycott committee decrees 'Religion is immaterial', only race matters. If, in the case of the owners of a business, the husband is Jewish, the wife Christian or the other way round, then the business counts as Jewish.

At Gusti Wiegardt's<sup>53</sup> yesterday evening. The most depressed atmosphere. During the night at about three – Eva unable to sleep – Eva advised me to give notice on our apartment today, perhaps renting a part of it again. I gave notice today. The future is quite uncertain [...]

On Tuesday at the new Universum cinema on Prager Strasse. Beside me a soldier of the Reichswehr, a mere boy, and his not very attractive girl. It was the evening before the boycott announcement. Conversation during an Alsberg advertisement. He: 'One really shouldn't go to a Jew to shop.' She: 'But it's so terribly cheap.' He: 'Then it's bad and doesn't last.' She, reflective, quite matter-of-fact, without the least pathos: 'No, really, it's just as good and lasts just as long, really just like in Christian shops – and so much cheaper.' He falls silent. When Hitler, Hindenburg etc. appeared, he clapped enthusiastically. Later, during the utterly American jazzband film, clearly yiddeling at points, he clapped even more enthusiastically.

The events of 21st March were shown, including passages from speeches, Hindenburg's proclamation laborious, his breath short, the voice of a very old man who is physically near the end. Hitler declaiming like a pastor. Goebbels looks uncommonly Jewish [...] We saw a torchlight procession and a great deal of marching awakening Germany. Also Danzig with the swastika flag. [...]

### 3rd April, Monday evening

On Saturday red posters on the shops: 'Recognised German-Christian enterprise.' In between them closed shops, SA men in front of them with triangular boards: 'Whoever buys from the Jew, supports the foreign boycott and destroys the German economy.' – People poured down Prager Strasse and looked at it all. That was the boycott. 'Only Saturday for the time being – then a pause until Wednesday.' Excluding banks. Including lawyers and doctors. Called off after one day – it has been a success and Germany is 'magnanimous'. But in truth a wild turnaround. Evidently resistance at home and abroad and evidently from the other side pressure from the National Socialist mob. I have the impression of swiftly approaching catastrophe. That the right wing cannot

go on participating much longer, cannot put up with the National Socialist dictatorship much longer, that on the other hand Hitler is no longer free and that the National Socialists are urging ever greater use of force. Today the rectors of Frankfurt University, the Technical University Brunswick, Kantorowicz, the director of the Bonn University hospital, a Christian business editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* were arrested. Etc. There will be an explosion – but we may pay for it with our lives, we Jews. [...] I am unable to work on my 'Image of France'. [...] Everything I considered un-German, brutality, injustice, hypocrisy, mass suggestion to the point of intoxication, all of it flourishes here.

On Saturday evening in Heidenau to visit Annemarie and Dr Dressel. Both on the Right, both anti-National Socialist and dismayed. But both isolated by the mood in their St John's Hospital. – On Sunday afternoon by myself for an hour with the deeply depressed Blumenfelds. I complain at length about Eva, whose state of health suffers in the extreme from the German catastrophe; I believe that in all the difficult years since Lugano<sup>54</sup> I have never seen her in such despair. At her request I've given notice here for the 1st of July. In order to save money, we decided to share the flat and rent only three rooms. I have directed Prätorius to fence in my plot. 635M costs out of 1,100M reserves! We are making frantic efforts to borrow 8,000 to 10,000M to build a small house or part of one. But it is now *even more* hopeless than before. For us personally everything is also heading for catastrophe.

### 7th April, Friday morning

The pressure I am under is greater than in the war, and for the first time in my life I feel political hatred for a group (as I did not during the war), a deadly hatred. In the war I was subject to military law, but subject to law nevertheless; now I am at the mercy of an arbitrary power. Today (it changes) I am again less certain that the catastrophe will occur soon.

No one dares write a letter, no one dares make a telephone call, we visit one another and weigh up our chances. One civil servant at the Ministry said this, another that. But one never knows whether the one with the favourable opinion will remain in charge, or to what degree he's 'in charge' at all, etc. etc. No beast has fewer rights and is less hounded. – Yesterday Albert Hirsch<sup>55</sup> wrote to me from Frankfurt am Main: 'leave of absence' after thirteen years' service. Unsure what to live on. Is moving with wife and two children to the parents-in-law. Perhaps, at best, he'll receive a few pennies for a pension, but certainly not anywhere near enough to live on. *One* case out of thousands, thousands upon thousands. [...] Whether I shall keep my post will probably be settled on 2nd May, at my first lecture.

Meanwhile further efforts to erect a small house in Dölzsch. Last personal reserves went on fencing. The work has begun now. Yesterday the earth was ploughed up. The farmer, the team of horses, eight hours' work: 20M. The fence will cost 624M. Dölzsch demands the costs of laying sewer drains



immediately: 340M. Total: one thousand marks – last reserves.

In between domestic work, the building business (never-ending effort, deliberations, brooding) I wearily collect my thoughts for a work I hardly believe any more will be printed or made use of in my course. Chapter II/Part One of the 'Image of France' is ready at last.

Newspapers are read differently now [...] Between the lines. Art of the 18th century, the art of reading and writing awakens again.  
[...]

### 10th April, Monday

The awful feeling of 'Thank God, I'm alive.' The new Civil Service 'law' leaves me, as a front-line veteran, in my post – at least for the time being (Dember and Blumenfeld are also spared). But all around rabble-rousing, misery, fear and trembling. A cousin of Dember, doctor in Berlin, fetched from his office in his shirtsleeves and brought to the Humboldt Hospital in a very bad state, and died there, forty-five years of age. Frau Dember whispers it to us with the door closed. By telling us she's spreading 'atrocities', untrue ones of course.

We are often up in Dölzchen. Our 'field' is now going to get its fence, we have ordered seven cherry trees and ten gooseberry bushes. I force myself to act as enthusiastically as if I believed in the building of the house, so that I even believe it a little myself and thus am able, as a kind of self-hypnosis, to shore up Eva's mood. But it does not always work, Eva is in a bad way and the political catastrophe affects her terribly. (Sometimes, for a few moments, I almost feel that the great universal hatred forces her to rise a little above the obsession with her own personal sufferings, that it strengthens her will to live. [...])

Man is bad. My quite involuntary feeling, when I learned that Dember and Blumenfeld were also to be allowed to escape destruction, was a kind of disappointment. As one is disappointed when someone given up for lost escapes with his life after all. But it is very probable that all of us will pay in the end. [...]

Annemarie Köhler was here yesterday evening. Filled with the greatest bitterness. She tells us how fanatical the male and female nurses in her hospital are. They sit around the loudspeaker. When the Horst Wessel Song is sung (every evening and at other times too), they stand up and raise their arms in the Nazi greeting.

[...] 'Image of France' goes very very slowly. It takes too much out of me, and I have far too little hope.

I hear nothing from my relatives, nothing from the Meyerhofs.<sup>56</sup> No one dares write. – No other post either.

One is an alien species or a Jew with 25 per cent Jewish blood, if one grandparent was Jewish. As in 15th-century Spain, but then the issue was faith. Today it's zoology + business.

### 12th April, Wednesday evening

In the afternoon – nice walk, but heart trouble – alone to the Dölzchen council office. To ask them to divide the sewer drain costs (340M) into instalments. Six instalments granted. Up there the Social Democrat mayor has been suspended. I was received by the commissioner (giant of a man, Teuton with goatee) and the barrel-shaped council surveyor, both in SA uniform. The first time that I've dealt with such people. Both very polite, the commissioner a little reserved, visibly anxious about his dignity, the fat one a very homely Saxon, right away chatting to me about the University and the Teacher Training Institute – I must emphasise once again: both uncommonly polite. But here I saw for the first time with my own eyes that we really are entirely at the mercy of the Party dictatorship, of the 'Third Reich', that the Party no longer makes any secret of its absolute power.

And every day new abominations. A Jewish lawyer in Chemnitz kidnapped and shot. 'Provocateurs in SA uniform, common criminals.' Provision of the Civil Service Law. Anyone who has one Jewish grandparent is a Jew. 'In case of doubt the final decision lies with the Specialist for Racial Research in the Reich Interior Ministry.' A worker or employee who is not nationally minded can be dismissed in any factory, [and] must be replaced by a nationally minded one. The NS plant cells must be consulted. Etc. etc. For the moment I am still safe. But as someone on the gallows, who has the rope around his neck, is safe. At any moment a new 'law' can kick away the steps on which I'm standing and then I'm hanging.

I'm constantly listening for 'symptoms'. A resentful speech by Hugenberg,<sup>57</sup> Oberfohren,<sup>58</sup> the parliamentary leader of the German Nationals, resigning his seat. Friction between SA and Stahlhelm – but what does it all amount to? Power, a tremendous power, is in the hands of the National Socialists. Half a million armed men, all offices and instruments of state, press and radio, the mood of the inebriated millions. I cannot see where salvation could come from. [...]

The Spanish Ministry of Education has offered Einstein a professorship at a Spanish university, he has accepted. This is the strangest joke of world history. Germany establishes *limpieza de la sangre*<sup>59</sup> – Spain appoints the German Jew.

### 20th April, Thursday evening

Is it the influence of the tremendous propaganda – films, broadcasting, newspapers, flags, ever more celebrations (today is the Day of the Nation, Adolf the Leader's birthday)? Or is it the trembling, slavish fear all around? I almost believe now that I shall not see the end of this tyranny. And I am almost used to the condition of being without rights. I simply am not German and Aryan, but a Jew and must be grateful if I'm allowed to stay alive. – They are expert at advertising. The day before yesterday we saw (and heard) on film how Hitler hold his big rallies. The mass of SA men in front of him, the half-dozen microphones in front of his lectern, which transmit his words to 600,000 SA



men in the whole Third Reich – one sees his omnipotence and keeps one's head down. And always the Horst Wessel Song. And everyone knuckles under. How wretched the Doctors' Congress in Wiesbaden. Gratitude to Hitler – even if the racial question has not yet been clarified, even if the 'aliens', Wassermann, Ehrlich, Neisser have made important contributions to our medicine – we thank Hitler, he is saving Germany! Likewise the rest.

### *25th April, Tuesday*

Since telephone calls are unsafe, and since everyone is depressed, we constantly have nerve-racking morning or afternoon visits. Frau Dember, Frau Wieghardt. Today, recovered, but bent over with paralysis, Wengler. Always the same conversations, the same despair, the same vacillation: catastrophe is imminent, and things will go on like this for a long time yet, there is no salvation, always the same aversion. Eva's nerves are completely gone. The political loathing and the disastrous effect on our credit go hand in hand for her. No morning without violent weeping, no day without hysterics. I am already almost blunted in the face of all this misfortune. I no longer think about tomorrow.

Yesterday Frau Schaps and the Blumenfelds were our guests, the day before the Wieghardts,<sup>60</sup> on Sunday we were invited to the 'respectable' Köhlers and accompanied part of the way home by the young people. The same conversations everywhere.

At the TU Dember is now the most threatened because he was imposed on it when Fleissner was Minister [of Education]. He is suffering tremendously. A circular requested all non-Aryans to leave all committees and not to conduct examinations. God knows how that's feasible. Non-Aryans in our section, Holldack (mother), Kafka (father) ... In Kiel the students have put un-German texts by their former and no longer acceptable teachers on the index [...] Something similar is expected here. The Prussian Minister of Education has ordered that school pupils who have had to repeat a year should, where possible, if they are members of the Hitler movement [...] move up after all. – Notice on the Student House (likewise at all the universities): 'When the Jew writes in German, he lies', henceforth he is to be allowed to write only in Hebrew. Jewish books must be characterised as 'translations'. – I only note the most ghastly things, only fragments of the madness in which we are unceasingly immersed.

Despite everything our fence is just being finished in Dölzchen, we are planning to do more – but it is quite impossible to look forward to a real dwelling, there is simply no money and credit. I really do not know what else can be done. On this point too we are facing catastrophe. We have bought gardening tools and trees; we want to go up today to do some digging.

My 'Image of France' is at a standstill for days, then grows by a few lines, is at a standstill again. And yet there is no point at all in thinking of publication. And all my faith in national psychology – where has it gone? Perhaps the current madness is indeed a typically German madness. I shall write an

appendix about it, which now will certainly not be published.

[...]

The fate of the Hitler movement will undoubtedly be decided by the Jewish business. I do not understand why they have made this point of their programme so central. It will sink them. But we will probably go down with them.

### *30th April, Sunday evening*

Dember has been 'given leave of absence until further notice'. A statement by the student body on the noticeboard, 'A Jewish professor breaks his word', pilloried him, because despite his promise he had given an examination. He says he never made this promise. He is being thrown out because he was given his chair by the Ministry against the will of rector and senate. Kafka, Holldack (50 per cent Jewish) threatened, Gehrig threatened because he's a Democrat, Wilbrandt goes because he's a Socialist. – Baeumler made Professor of Political Pedagogy in Berlin, where Spranger has had to go. – But I hear from Annemarie Köhler on the telephone that Georg had to go.<sup>61</sup> (I have completely lost touch with my family; no one writes to me.)

Tomorrow 'the festival of labour'. The Stahlhelm now subordinated to Hitler, Hugenberg about to collapse. I very much have the firm impression that the catastrophe cannot be long postponed.

[...]

In the mornings Eva often has the most violent nervous crises. 'I have been going to pieces for years and no one helps me!' Then somewhat calmer during the day.

On the 28th the whole day on our plot of land. The trees were planted. She was up there with Frau Lehmann,<sup>62</sup> I followed in the afternoon. Coffee in the beautifully situated Café Hohendölzchen. Afterwards at the Dembers for a while. [...]

All in all I exist apathetically beyond despair and almost beyond indifference. Tomorrow another appointment with a money man; perhaps a loan can be obtained after all. But my finances are on the point of collapse. I don't earn a penny any more aside from the 800M of my salary. And the Kirschberg swallows it up and swallows it up.

### *15th May, Monday evening*

I'm lecturing. Old French to six, cultural history to about twenty, the seminar to ten people. All quiet. But, in compliance with the 'request' from the rectorship, I don't examine. I did not attend the section meeting either. – We received sympathy visits: on the evening of the section meeting from Frau Kühn, on the Sunday after from Delekat.<sup>63</sup> Delekat had just given a sermon in the Kreuzkirche<sup>64</sup> – it is possible 'to say more' than in a lecture. He was wearing a frock coat, had his cassock in a little case. – A visit from Frau Hirche. Gratitude and fear struggle for the soul of the Hircches. *He had to join the National*



Socialist Party; the lad is serving his first weeks in the Reichswehr. He owes his acceptance as officer-cadet in very large part to *me* (reference and recommendation to Rüdiger<sup>65</sup>). Beste, now dean, stands up for me, is inwardly embittered (Zentrum man). But everywhere complete helplessness, cowardice, fear.

[...]

I broke curtly and definitively with Thieme, who had declared his enthusiasm for the new regime. He phoned to invite us. I said, we did not want to come and I would like to end the telephone conversation, hung up.

Annemarie fears for her post because she refused to take part in the procession on 1st May. She (who is a supporter of the German Nationals through and through) relates: The garden of a Communist in Heidenau is dug up, there is supposed to be a machine-gun in it. He denies it, nothing is found; to squeeze a confession out of him, he is beaten to death. The corpse brought to the hospital. Boot marks on the stomach, fist-sized holes in the back, cotton wool stuffed into them. Official post mortem result: Cause of death dysentery, which frequently causes premature 'death spots'.

Atrocity stories are lies and severely punished.

Jule Sebba in Dresden for a couple of days. Here one evening with Frau Schaps. The next evening we were at Frau Schaps. The Gerstles and the Salzburgs there too. Very cordial, but no new points of contact and not many of the old one any more. The conversations the same everywhere, the situation in Königsberg no different from here.

The next morning and for a couple of days after Eva even more shattered than usual. Neuralgia in her failing knee, severe fits of weeping and despair: cripple, 'too late', she is being allowed to go to pieces without the least pity being taken on her. My heart cannot bear all this misery much longer.

Constant pain in my throat, hoarseness, pains in arm and shoulder.

On top of that the house business is more hopeless than ever. Prätorius had got hold of a Polish-Jewish broker called Sandel. He was going to raise – as good as certain, 99 per cent probability! – 15,000M in Offenbach on easy terms. I paid him 240M, almost the very last penny of my reserves. Then it all fell through, the man was even impertinent, and now I have no idea what else I can do. From time to time Eva goes up to Hohendölzchen, to varnish and paint our fence etc. Going there and back costs 6M each time, but the expedition does not satisfy her. I cannot go on. My extra income has dried up completely, not a line by me is printed. I have given up thinking about things. I feel it's all coming to an end.

The 'Image of France' creeps on. Perhaps it will be published posthumously. [...]

Of the National Socialists' criminal and insane acts I make a note only of what somehow touches me personally. Everything else can be looked up in the newspapers. The *mood* of the present time, the waiting, the visiting one another, the counting of days, the inhibited telephone conversations and correspondence – all of that could be recorded in memoirs one day. But my

life is coming to an end, and these memoirs will never be written.

### 22nd May, Monday

The 16th of May<sup>66</sup> passed very gloomily this time. – Eva's nerves have now given out so completely that I too am hardly able to bear up any more: my heart gives way more and more.

New misfortune, not to be taken lightly: our little black tomcat has fallen ill. Wound on his stomach, the animal is suffering, the treatment by Dr Gross is distressing (and expensive). – On the evening of the 19th Herr Kaufmann was here as grass widower. His wife in Berlin with Edgar's family. They are going to Palestine next week, leaving the child with its grandparents for the present, taking 15,000M with them, want to find some kind of livelihood. Sick joke, passed on by the Dembers: an immigrant to Palestine is asked, 'Are you coming from conviction or from Germany?' – Letter from Georg: he himself is retired ('they could have held on to me'), Otto, the physicist, Friedrich, the medical probationer, the youngest, who is in the middle of his examinations in economics, want to emigrate to England or America; Hans, who has just got a son, has 'so far' not yet been dismissed by Siemens. – Three people today in my Old French lecture, cultural history and tutorial, however, better attended (about twenty and ten students).

[...]

House affair hopeless. It will send Eva and myself literally to our graves.

Since Hitler's peace speech<sup>67</sup> and the easing of tension in foreign relations I have lost all hope of living to see the end of this state of affairs.

[...]

### 17th June, Saturday morning

Dialectic of the soul. During the day I now forcibly cling to some relatively pleasant event or other, even the most trivial thing like the growth of a philodendron leaf or the improved condition of our little Nickelchen-Amfortas tomcat, whose stomach wound heals and then opens again (even though he was treated by Dr Gross for some considerable time). It is really indispensable to find such support for oneself. [...]

I am content if Eva begins the morning without a weeping and screaming fit, falls asleep quite easily in the evening. I put out of my mind the fact that she does not go out, lets the harmonium, the piano gather dust etc. etc.

I put the despair over the whole housing business out of my mind. There is no chance of finding building money. Sandel, a Polish Jew, has cheated me of 240M, does not want to pay it back, and counts on my being too afraid of the scandal to go to the police (for me to report a Jew, now! But I shall have to do it nevertheless, otherwise Prätorius and Gestein will think I'm frightened – and they are right to think so). I am now entirely without reserves, hardly



know how to find the money for insurance policies, rent etc. – and all extra income has ceased.

I had given notice here for the 1st of July and have withdrawn it again, but only until the 1st of October. What is going to happen here in the winter? Eva detests the apartment, in the winter it is literally her prison. I too dread all the laying of fires. [...]

I believe my own health to be gone. Repeated heart trouble. I don't go to the doctor. He cannot tell me anything, at most forbid me to smoke. Berthold<sup>68</sup> reached the age of 59, perhaps that is how long I shall last. And sometimes my pointless horror of death is already numbed by all the sorrow and gloom. I see no way out. We are immobile in every respect. Occasionally one of Eva's little expeditions by cab to Dölzchen, where she paints our fence. Then I fetch her in the evening by cab. After intervals of months a visit to the cinema.

Recent guests: for a couple of hours (after more than two years) on his way to an NSDAP-ordered pharmacists' 'co-ordination'<sup>69</sup> day from his little town of Plauen – Scherner.<sup>70</sup> Unchanged and his tubby heartiness was for me really very remote and strange. He has stopped his payments and yet is quite cheerful. One day the pharmacy will pay its way again and then he'll exchange it for one in Leipzig and will leave the small-town dump he hates. He complains, he has hopes, he is alive and kicking, he revolves in his tiny circle, is content. His friends in Leipzig. Dr Schingnitz – he is leader of the National Socialists, their representative at the university. Scherner does not like the Nazis at all – but why hold that against Schingnitz? He really wants to get on!

Lissy Meyerhof was here on Whit Sunday and Whit Monday. As optimistic as ever, modest, hard-working, yet her health obviously weakened, heart trouble. She has – so far – kept her post as social worker (war service, nurse in contagious diseases hospital). Also Martha Wiechmann and her sister, who is now living with her. Her brother, mid-forties, not a member of a party, senior district attorney at the High Court in Berlin, 'placed on temporary retirement' on the grounds that a National Socialist must occupy this highest post. That same evening Fräulein Rüdiger was here, after a very long gap. Her brother, major in the old army, has a post in the National Socialist Party. 'Your nerves are completely shattered, you should go somewhere where there aren't any newspapers,' she said to me, when she heard my bitterness; she has no idea what is really happening.

At university my examinations have been transferred to Wengler (explicitly for my 'protection', to keep me in my post). I am now lecturing on Old French literature to three students, I go through my Cultural History contortions in front of about twenty students. My most eager student is the Nazi cell leader Eva Theissig.

Also here over Whitsun was Hans Hirche, whom I – I! – helped get into the army. Looked splendid and talked very sensibly. He and his parental home evidently completely anti-Hitlerist. Hostility in the Reichswehr to SA, attitudes more often right wing than Hitlerist, but nevertheless also a lot of National Socialism – which is compulsorily 'encouraged'. One never knows.

Two surprises of a more pleasant kind: contrary to all expectations Flitner has started printing my 1931/32 education paper. [...] Walzel (and he has the next twelve months to decide) wrote to me, Heiss has withdrawn from his Romance Literatures around 1850, whether I wanted to manage the second volume. I proposed: Schürr French, Hatzfeld Spanish and myself Italian and general introduction. I am dying to know how it will develop; deep down, however, yes or no is all the same to me. On the one hand pro Italia: God knows whether my old contracts are still worth anything, and this would be a reliable new one. It would mean a change, renewal. In addition, a subject that would also interest Eva, she would read with me. For once I would be quite outside my usual province. I have wanted to come to grips with modern Italy for a long time. – D'altra parte,<sup>71</sup> a vast amount of work, for which I am not at all prepared, which thrusts me completely away from my 'life's work', and I do not know how much time I still have. – And yet: does it make any difference at all *what* I spend the remainder of my time doing? Just do something and forget oneself.

At last: on 11th June, exactly three months to the day after starting, 'The New German Image of France' was completed; yesterday and the day before yesterday I wrote the very peculiar 'Afterword' to it and want to read it aloud this evening, as the Blumenfelds, the young Köhlers, the Wenglers<sup>72</sup> are our guests.

We saw and heard the delightful Kiepura<sup>73</sup> film *Be Mine Tonight* (Lugano landscape and a profusion of songs, arias) for the *third* time. (When Kiepura's concert in Berlin was banned, he was the Jew Kiepura; in the Hugenberg film he is 'the famous tenor from La Scala, Milan'; in Prague recently, when his German song 'Heute nacht oder nie' (Tonight or never) was booed, he was 'the German singer Kiepura'.)

I am corresponding with Prof. I Elbogen,<sup>74</sup> Orthodox Jew and brother-in-law of the musician Otto Klemperer<sup>75</sup> (the Catholic!). A relief agency for German university teachers is being set up in London, it seems to involve publication of journals above all, and he has enquired about details of people in the Romance and philological fields.

[...]

### *19th June, Monday (after lecture to three people)*

On Saturday I read out my 'Afterword'. Shock. How could I keep something like that in the house. Köhler advised: hide it behind a picture. – But what shall I do with my diaries? I wait from one day to the next. Nothing stirs. Sometimes I lose all heart and believe that this regime will last after all and outlive me.

[...]

In the meantime I work up reviews. [...] I wrote to Hübner, asking whether he still intended to take my 'Image of France'. So far no reply.

The complaint to the police regarding Sandel's swindle is finished and in



the envelope. I send it off with a heavy heart, God knows what kind of scandal I will be dragged into. But what will the Prätoriuses say (and what will they do) if I do not take the matter to the police? They will then think that I positively want to protect the Jew (which Sandel is firmly counting on), or even: I *should* do so. A terrible situation.

### 29th June, Thursday evening

Of the 29 29th Junes<sup>76</sup> of our life together, this is basically the most dismal; but we have fairly successfully endeavoured to get through it calmly. I read aloud. Now in the evening Karl Wieghardt is with us by chance. Since Hugenberg went yesterday without the least resistance and the German National Party 'has dissolved itself', I have lost all courage.

### 30th June, Friday morning

There are, of course, also personal grounds for such complete loss of courage. Hübner asked me (in a very friendly, intimate – between the lines, almost in them – very depressed letter) in the name of the publisher Quelle & Meyer, not to insist on the publication of the 'Image of France'. There was too much supervision by not very qualified 'Party cells', and after all the *good* journals must not be eliminated altogether. I withdrew, resistance would have been pointless, completely pointless – but Eva thought: Only do things under compulsion! Do not give even the appearance of voluntary renunciation.

Meanwhile for a couple of weeks I lived on Walzel's offer. [...] But I give Teubner and Quelle & Meyer excuse for termination if I do not prepare their thing in the first place for delivery on time. A dilemma, whichever way you look at it. [...] Now responsibility for saying 'no' has been passed on to Walzel, who will certainly shift it on to the publishing house (both of necessity; Walzel himself has meanwhile had to resign from the management of the Kleist Society). I would not find this No, in itself, so bad. I no longer have enough energy to seriously immerse myself in a new subject, in a language which is not so familiar to me; I muddle on in French. But what terrifies me is the thought of not being able to publish anything at all any more. Quelle & Meyer and Teubner will not print anything else by me. If someone does not *want* to abide by a contract, he can always get out of it, at least as a publisher. In my case very easily; I never meet a delivery date, after all. – Now I am seriously thinking of giving up all academic scribbling for a long time and taking a stab at writing my life. But with that I would more or less acknowledge the complete loss of additional earnings, as is already the case, and accept it without any attempt to defend myself.

But the money difficulties – a bank balance of 40M at the moment! – worry me dreadfully. I barely manage to scrape together insurance payments, rent etc., building is out of the question, the agreement here has been extended to the 1st of October, and we dread the winter.

The Sandel affair is almost funny and yet also distressing. The man swindled me out of 240M, was neither in Offenbach, nor did he hand over the money, he has admitted everything to Prätorius and refused to repay anything. Since the Prätoriuses know all about the business, in the end I had to report it; otherwise people would have said, one Jew protects another! But what a scandal, or at least what embarrassment I face with public proceedings. So finally, after X warnings, it has been reported to the police. On Saturday an extremely courteous call, enquiring when I would come to make a statement, Inspector Schrell, room 123 at police headquarters. Went there on Monday after my lecture. On the door: 'Fraud', next door: 'Serious Crimes'. Large room, policemen, clattering typewriters. Schrell a very courteous, large man, plain clothes, small swastika. Puts Sandel's statement in front of me. Smiling a little pityingly, how could I be taken in by a man like that? Sandel, Polish Jew and citizen, 'previous convictions', admits everything and explains that the money had gone while he was drunk. 'He spent it,' says the police officer. I could only confirm Sandel's statement. 'What happens now?' – 'Goes to the prosecuting attorney's office.' – 'Do I get my money?' – 'We only punish the crime. Once Sandel has been sentenced, you can sue for your loss!'

[...]

The day before yesterday Dember here (alone) in the evening. Nothing to occupy himself with, waiting feverishly, between hope and despair. He says, we all have an 'emigrant mentality', we hope for deliverance from abroad, i.e. for German defeat, invasion etc. An evening visit by Fräulein Walter on the 21st tallied with that. Her father was my father's successor in Bromberg, is now rabbi in Kassel. She took her political economy examination in Leipzig, is a librarian at the State Library, is facing certain dismissal, wants to go to Palestine. She has been Zionist for some time, orthodox, kosher, flirts with Russia, nevertheless well-educated and not really fanatical. But she has never really been attached to Germany, so is less vulnerable inside. Among other things she told us that observing Jews get their meat from Denmark.

I have noticed: since 20th June government declarations no longer talk about 'national awakening' (stage I) or about 'national revolution' (stage II). Instead the new slogan is the desired 'total state'. Under the 'people's chancellor'. On 29th June a Reich minister (Goebbels in Stuttgart) said for the first time in a public speech: We do not tolerate any parties apart from us, Hitler is 'absolute master' in Germany (Hindenburg gone).

Reviews: Schröder, '*Racine und Humanität*', Burkart, '*Mme La Fayette*' completed and sent off together with Appel, '*Misanthrope*'. Strangely enough accepted by the *Literatur Zeitung* and prospects of new ones held out. I cling to the faintest possibility of publication. Anything rather than be completely buried.

Read aloud two very affecting things. First: Nitti, *Flight* (bought for 95Pf in the Reka<sup>77</sup> only a couple of weeks ago. Now of course impossible to obtain). A nephew of the former Italian Prime Minister, who escaped from Lipari to Corsica in 1928 and relates his experiences in Fascist captivity. Gripped by the



exact analogies to *our* situation. The man is writing after five years of Fascism and predicting its certain end. Meanwhile Mussolini has ruled for another five years and is absolute master. And here the thing has only been going on for five months, in fact even less.

Even more affecting: Fallada, *Little Man – What Now?* Recent reading. And always the thought: for years every tenth man in Germany has been unemployed.

For my lexicon I must add to *protective custody* – the *people's chancellor*.

### 1st July, Saturday

Language note: Goebbels in the Political Academy on 30th June (formal lecture therefore) on Fascism (approvingly therefore): 'The Fascist Party [in Italy] has brought into being a huge organisation of many millions which includes everything, popular theatre, popular games, sport, tourism, hiking, singing and is supported by the state with every resource.' (Report *Dresdener NN*, 1st July.)

At the Blumenfelds yesterday evening. Emigrant mentality. Jule Sebba and his family go to Palestine in August.

### 9th July, Sunday

On Friday evening at Frau Schaps; Jule Sebba there for one day. He is emigrating with his family. Lawyer since 1909, notary, teacher at the High School for Commerce, Königsberg, author of a major work on German maritime law, not among those thrown out and yet left with no alternative. With his family (little Elfriede is eleven now, she is with her grandmother here) he truly has to begin a new life. The harbour at Haifa will be opened in October; he is going to open a Chandler's business there. He has found an elderly partner with experience in the Orient, he himself is providing the money. (Evidently he has assets safely abroad.) The Sebba case is not the most tragic; Sebba likes business and has a talent for it, he has never felt a special bond with Germany, his parents came from Russia – and yet his whole education and way of life make him a German. – We hear a lot about Palestine now; it does not appeal to us. Anyone who goes there exchanges nationalism and narrowness for nationalism and narrowness. Also it is a country for capitalists. It is about the size of the province of East Prussia; inhabitants: 200,000 Jews and 800,000 Arabs. – Sebba spoke very pessimistically about Germany. He said the boycott against us was very tight. The regime will maintain itself for a while with tyranny and the most extreme coercive measures like bread rationing, wage reductions, inflation, perhaps last the winter, perhaps even longer – but *then* there will be an unimaginable and bloody chaos. Because after the fall of this government there would be no 'fall-back position' because it has destroyed every organisation. (In the course of the last few weeks the only remaining

party, the Zentrum, dissolved itself.) He makes the worst predictions for the Jews.

For my part it becomes ever more clear to me how completely useless a creature of over-refinement I am, incapable of surviving in more primitive surroundings. Sebba, Blumenfeld, Dember earn a living here and there, can somehow switch to practical things. I, on the other hand, I cannot even be a language teacher, only lecture on the history of ideas, and only in German and from a completely German perspective. I must live here and die here.

We are also continuing with our desperate efforts on behalf of our construction in Dölzchen. Now I have got in touch with a broker again, this time he is called Mendelsohn. Yet I am entirely bereft of money. Yesterday I received a supplementary demand for land transfer tax: 150M. [...] I can barely manage to pay it on top of the life insurance which is due now + the interest and on top of the money for the drains. Furthermore a cut in salary is likely next month or the one after.

It has been raining without a break for weeks; now it has become oppressively humid with a constant threat of thunderstorms. Yesterday we were up for the first time since Whitsun; our plot has been transformed into a prairie, grass and thistles are well above knee height. Afterwards we sat in the Dembers' garden for a little while. 'Emigrant' conversations.

Today, after quite a lot of work, I finished the review of Brummer's *Naigeon* for the *Literaturblatt* – of course I do not know if it will be printed. With that the pile of criticism is disposed of for the time being and now my hands are free for a new extended piece of work. For which one? I am still waiting for Walzel's decision. He suggested leaving Fascist Italy since 1918 to the 'German sympathiser' Schürr, I rejected that and demanded the whole period 1850–1933. He will not be able to agree to that; in that case I shall turn to my 18e siècle and will no doubt do the right thing as a result – but naturally I would be less wounded if matters took a different course.

[...]

### 13th July, Thursday evening

Eva's birthday passed tolerably. In the evening the Blumenfelds, the Kühns, Annemarie, Karl Wieghardt – in the afternoon the young Köhlers. – Kühn, who predicts a long life for the 3rd Reich, but considers it ultimately transient, made an interesting remark. He said Mussolini's regime corresponded to the tyrannies of the Italian Renaissance, it is therefore evidently compatible with the Italian psyche and will last for example like the rule of the Medici, Este etc., it is a 'southern' form of government. In Germany (and that is my opinion also after all) this form is nowhere to be found in its history, it is absolutely un-German and consequently will not have any kind of long-term duration. But for the moment it is organised with German thoroughness and therefore unlikely to be removed in the foreseeable future.



## 20th July, Thursday

Frau Blumenfeld's brother, the missionary preacher, was here for a visit with his wife, fell ill suddenly and died very quickly after an unsuccessful gall-bladder operation, fifty-four years old. (We became acquainted with the man and his son some time ago, were supposed to spend the evening with him on Sunday – he died in the afternoon.) The funeral took place yesterday in the Chemnitzer Strasse cemetery below the Blumenfelds' windows. The Blumenfelds' friends from the intelligentsia: the Raabs, Frau Schaps, Frau Dember etc. and the plebeian sectarian congregation the man had here in Dresden. In the hall somebody in street clothes [...], of the type of the thoughtful Red Indian, preached very interestingly. (Frau Schaps maintains the speaker had been a professor and engineer.) The life of the deceased: Jew + actor, then worked for a travel agency in Italy, his finger traces routes across the map. 'Then God takes pity on this finger.' An American Christian, to whom the man is giving Italian lessons, converts him to the Old Testament and then to the 'Lamb of God'. He changes his religion, he preaches. 'Covenant of Christians'. We know no race, no nation, only Christians and everywhere the Old Testament and the Lamb of God. And the departed has the gift of preaching in many tongues. He travels about, sometimes he supports himself with other occupations, but he preaches, he converts Jews to the Lamb of God. And he 'sees Jesus', and makes him visible to others.

This address not bad, and with the equality of all Christians emphasised by a curious gesture – the palm of the hand tilted and brought down in front of the eyes like a roller blind: we do not recognise the limits of races and nations – altogether topical and bold. But then at the grave a downright comical cinema scene. An old man, white nautical beard, fat red, blue-tinged face, preached yet again, a Bible in one hand, waving a pince-nez in the other, bawling, weeping, very long and quite childish sectarian. 400 years before, the wise men of the Bible foretold the Saviour down to the smallest detail, described his grave exactly etc. And thus we are happy in our faith... Abrupt contradictions followed one another with remarkable naïveté: 'He is sleeping until the Resurrection – he is not sleeping, he is already in heaven; we rejoice – we must have consolation.' (I have never encountered such a muddling of the two ideas of being asleep and being on the other side and of being rewarded or atoning as yesterday.) but there are countless people who still have the strength for some kind of simple belief (or *unbelief*). I only have the quite childish horror of the grave and of nothingness – no more than that.

I was at the funeral without Eva. She is feeling very poorly again. On the telephone I heard that the first speaker was a professor at the TU, District Architect Neuffer. Lectures on reinforced concrete, on solid and wooden building and preaches that one 'sees Jesus' – in addition has the courage to speak out against the limits of blood and of nation. There are happily organised people!

[...]

Political situation bleak. The only comfort or hope is when the tyranny

manifests itself ever more wildly, i.e. is ever more uncertain of itself: the ceremony at the grave of the 'Rathenau eliminators'.<sup>78</sup> [...] A sound film recording of Hitler, a few sentences in front of a big meeting – clenched fists, twisted face, wild bawling – 'on the 30th of January they were still laughing at me, they won't be laughing any more ...' It seems that perhaps for the moment he is all-powerful – but the voice and gestures expressed impotent rage. Doubts of his own omnipotence? Does one unceasingly talk about a thousand years and enemies destroyed, if one is certain of these thousand years and this annihilation? [...]

## 28th July, Friday morning

Exhausting heat for days.

I ended the lecture course on Tuesday. I allowed myself a couple of half-hidden or flagrant provocations in the course of this cultural history lecture, in part deliberate, in part involuntary – it could have cost me the professorship. The oddest thing was my relationship with Eva Theissig, who is fond of me and is Party Cell Organiser or something, at any rate an adherent of the new regime. As she took her leave of me, to go to Freiburg, I gave her this advice: 'Less politics and more scholarship! And don't give up so much of yourself to this cause. Yours is scholarship – and one can never know what the future may bring politically. You understand me – my advice places me in your hands, I wish you well.' She asked if she could continue to turn to me for advice. I believe that she and a thousand other supporters and members of the Party were disappointed long ago. I believe (or do I only hope?) – it cannot last much longer. How hysterical all the words and deeds of the government are! The endless threatening of the death sentence, the arrest of hostages, recently the interruption of all long-distance travel from noon to 12.40 p.m.: 'Search for subversive couriers and pamphlets throughout Germany!' In addition the ridiculous incessant articles about 'the victorious battle for work in East Prussia' (where of course there are no unemployed during the harvest), about the ending of the boycott movement abroad etc.

I met Beste, the current dean, political economist, Catholic: It cannot last! [...] The last days of the semester presented the TU with the Gesslerhut:<sup>79</sup> the 'Hitler greeting' made obligatory. Obligatory only within 'the place of service'. But: 'It is expected that the greeting will also be used elsewhere in order to avoid suspicion of an attitude hostile to the state!' Until now minor employees and colleagues greeted me with a nod of the head as always, and I responded in the same way. But in offices I saw employees constantly raising their arms to one another. [...]

The Polish Jew Sandel. He has stated that he lost the 240M he received from me in the course of a drinking spree. He told Prätorius that he had been with some SA men. The attorney's office has abandoned proceedings. Really I am rather glad, why be drawn into something and yet get nothing back anyway? (The prosecution only punishes – but is not concerned with restitution.) But



what course would the affair have taken if the man had been a German Jew and did not have some SA men up his sleeve?

Our neighbour Schmidt is building his little house and after long, in part comical negotiations is laying his drain through our plot. We can also use this drain and are laying water and gas at the same time. That is something at least and increases the value of the plot. But what never-ending misery to manage all of it with a few pennies. I have to find 300M for life insurance by 31st August – how can I put by the money in August for the mains connections? I count every penny, I have never been in such straits as now. All supplementary sources of income are completely cut off.

I no longer have the peace of mind to write my diary. A *quoi bon*? I shall never get round to any memoirs; whether in four or five years' time one notebook more or less is burned – *à quoi bon*? And yet the thought of the memoirs excites me ever more strongly. My very first theatre review comes to mind. In the Berlin Theater I booed Wilbrandt's *Timandara*, and someone offered to box my ears. That must have been before 1900.<sup>80</sup> The first political opinion that was my own. During the Boer War I was pro-English. I think I was instinctively against the glorification of the farmers, the old days, the old Germans.

The Schmidts showed us their little house – the roof-raising ceremony takes place today. A poor primitive stone building. The husband himself works hard during his holidays with pick and shovel. Yesterday he received us like a building worker, his shirt torn open, a handkerchief knotted on his head, perspiring. He is a minor tax officer, but was serving as a sergeant when war broke out, showed us the shot in the lungs he got on 20th August, 1914, at Gumbinnen,<sup>81</sup> was then in Siberia for nearly six years until 1921 and is now an officially co-ordinated tax official with wife and two children. A strong man, in his early forties – I was a little envious of his simple happiness.

[...]

I am ploddingly and hopelessly reading Crébillon for the 18th Century. I do not believe that I shall once again find the youthful boldness for a grand and blind general survey, I am drowning in material and scruples. [...]

### 10th August, Thursday

[...]

The building affair makes no progress and brings us only one disappointment after another and thus slowly digs our grave. (These are not mere words.) Recently old Prätorius was completely certain – he had talked to the 'manager' – that I could obtain a 6,000M loan from the Municipal Bank. Twice there in the blazing midday sun. Then the 'manager' turned out to be a junior clerk, and the department boss refused us with almost pitying amusement. It really is beneath one's dignity. But *without* the building work I shall certainly be unable to pull Eva through this life for very much longer.

I have heard nothing more from Walzel and inwardly I am completely

finished with the Italian plan. For about a fortnight now I have been sticking very seriously to the work on the 18th Century. In my few hours of vigour it gives me real pleasure. But it seems boundless and hopeless. A few pages are already filled with notes: Crébillon, La Motte etc. But I no longer believe that I shall manage to write this volume, still less that I shall ever see it published. One simply has to get through this time with decency. I do not feel at all well and do not believe that I have a long life ahead of me. Especially since I cannot do anything at all to recover my health.

Details from the time that is flitting past. Young Fleischhauer (after years) addressed me on the street. Probationary teacher, engaged, German National. He was with his fiancée and elegantly dressed. 'Don't be surprised if you meet me in the Stahlhelm uniform and with a swastika armband. I *have to* – and as a member of the Stahlhelm I am, after all, something *better* and *different* from an SA man, and deliverance will come from the Stahlhelm.' (Not from the Democrats – from the German Nationals.) – Frau Krappmann, the cleaning woman, fat 'coffee sister' of Frau Lehmann, her husband a driver with the post office. She relates with tears in her eyes: one of her husband's colleagues dismissed on the spot because he did not greet with his arm raised. A friend freed from a concentration camp. There, as a man who wears spectacles, he had to answer to the name 'spectacle hound', he had to fetch his food bowl crawling on all fours if he wanted to eat any food. On his release he had to sign that he would be silent about everything. – Stepun<sup>82</sup> sent me a Fräulein Isakowitz for vocational guidance. She took her school-leaving certificate at Easter, father a Jewish dentist. She would like to become an interpreter. How? The institute in Mannheim has been moved to Heidelberg, Gutkind removed – who knows where – non-Aryans are not admitted. She wants to try and study here for one or two semesters. Questionable if she'll be allowed to. Fräulein Günzburger, an older student of Walzel, who came to my lectures for a while, sends me her dissertation from Paris. A part of it printed. The whole thing was supposed to be a volume in Walzel's collection. On the uses of style by the German Romantics. She received her doctorate in December '32 in Rouen. Now Hueber refuses to publish the book of a Jewish author. Her parents have emigrated to Haifa. At the moment, thanks to Lichtenberg's good offices, she herself has an award at the Cité universitaire. Future uncertain. In her curriculum vitae she names as her teachers after Walzel: Curtius, Klemperer, Rothacker, Spitzer. The first and probably also last time that I have been named as a teacher by a doctoral candidate. [...] Dember finally 'put on the retired list'. Finally – if this government is final. [...]

I want, even if in abbreviated form, to carry on my diary as if the time still remained to me to write the planned memoirs one day. I want to work at the 18th Century as if the time still remained to me to write the book one day. Perhaps I shall after all get over my present depression and after all have a dozen years before me. Perhaps Eva will one day become a healthy and happier person again. At any rate there is no point at all in supine despair. But I await each day in greater anguish than I did when I was younger.



Astonishing and altogether cheering is the wealth of the State Library with respect to the 18th Century. Long forgotten authors in several editions. It was European literature and the Saxon kings were Europeans. Today I admired the abundance of voyages literature. For the time being I ordered 19 volumes for the reading room.

[...]

### 19th August, Saturday

[...]

On 12th August (eight days ago today) we were the Kühns' guests in the (early) evening. Just the two of us. The trip to Weintraube, the short walk out in Lössnitz<sup>83</sup> to the Kühns, afterwards back to the tram at about twelve: for us that in itself was an outing and travel and a very welcome change. The evening alone with the Kühns (and their very handsome angora cat, which once appeared gigantic to us, but now fairly small) passed very pleasantly. Kühn, whom I frequently meet at the State Library now, continues to think that Hitler's prospects are very good. He will hold on, modify his aims, but not be overthrown. The German nation, perhaps mankind, wants nothing better. – Frau Kühn talked about the difficulties of the lawyers, the Christian ones. There are no bankruptcies any more – a National Socialist does not go bankrupt, everything like that is twisted around along with German law. A few days ago it was reported in the newspapers, 43 per cent fewer bankruptcy proceedings than under the former government! [...]

A novel, or too improbable for a novel. I have still not received the documents relating to my war service from Munich. It does not take much imagination to understand what is happening: Munich does not find the documents – there has already been a further request – and as a consequence I am dismissed here. Now, around midday on Wednesday, the 16th, an apparently youthful SA officer addresses me on Prager Strasse. Three stars on his epaulettes, Iron Cross, First Class, and other decorations. Good-natured, friendly face, quite unknown to me. 'Excuse me? Did you not serve with the Bavarians during the war?'<sup>84</sup> With the Sixth Battery of the Sixth Bavarian Field Artillery Regiment? – Zinsmeister. I pretended that I remembered him, but did not have a clue. I felt my way, what was he doing here? what was his profession? 'Electrician. I have been posted here to Koch & Sterzel [...] after that I am to get a permanent government post' (in Baden I think). I took my leave with a few friendly words. Had he not been wearing the uniform, I would probably have invited him home. At any rate: a witness. He said he had recognised me at once. (After eighteen years!)

On Tuesday, 15th August, a bus trip – a 'mystery tour'. The fashionable thing – for the petit bourgeois, for the elderly, for those who have difficulty walking. As we left the station at two, the mystery tour by tramcar was also just setting off (even more emphatically for the 'little people', because cheaper, 1.50 against 3 or 4M in the bus). At the front a car with the conductors' band,

then nine or ten full carriages. There were three buses, each with some thirty passengers (a couple on little folding chairs) and a *manager* and master of ceremonies, who made short humorous speeches, helped when people were getting out etc. Fortunately our (third) bus was open, and when on the return journey it rained a couple of times, our master of ceremonies, Reissmann (he had introduced himself), had constantly to wind the top up and down. We really drove zigzag into the blue to the accompaniment of a great deal of guessing. [...]

For coffee we were at the table of two elderly ladies 'of better society', superior gossips, completely Aryan, fragments of their conversation: indignation that some Jewish doctor – such a fine man, such a good family – has been deprived of his livelihood. – After coffee there was 'cabaret' in the large room. The three *managers* performed all sorts of things. Only the solemn first poem, 'Michel,<sup>85</sup> be German!', against foreigners. But not a shred of politics, no anti-Semitism – the most harmless comedy, animal voices, dialects etc. [...] The whole leisurely excursion [...] probably lasted two and a half to three hours. [...]

From now on I want always to note briefly what occurs to me in relation to my memoirs. Do I already have my first independent political impulse? In 1899 I was for the English when everyone, the whole Jewish firm of Löwenstein & Hecht,<sup>86</sup> was enthusiastically for the Boers. My first impression of American music: the Sousa band in Paris in 1903. How they came in one after another and began to play. How they played 'Washington Post'. My first awareness of a big war: I was crossing Kantstrasse in Berlin with Eva, and the special editions were shouting about the Japanese torpedo attack at Port Arthur.

I simply cannot believe that the mood of the masses is really still behind Hitler. Too many signs of the opposite. But everyone, literally everyone cringes with fear. No letter, no telephone conversation, no word on the street is safe any more. Everyone fears the next person may be an informer. Frau Krappmann warns against the all too National Socialist Frau Lehmann – and Frau Lehmann tells us with great bitterness that her brother has been sentenced to one year in prison because he lent a 'real Communist' a copy of the *Rote Fahne* [Red Flag], but the 'real Communist' had been an informer.

18th Century, first half, back and forth, always with the greatest interest and always with a sense of oceanic inexhaustibility. Travel accounts in the State Library (quartos) and at home (octavos), La Fosse, La Motte, Piron. Over and done with: Petermann, *Vers und Prosa Streit*, Mornet, *Pensée française*. The hardest thing some day will be arrangement. Organise the thing as a whole? Dissecta membra? Currents? Types of literature? But I often believe, mostly in fact, that this 'some day' will never come now. I have lost the impudent, superficial and nevertheless talented attack of my earlier years. To copy out and merely assemble in my own way does not tempt me any more.

### 22nd August, Tuesday towards evening

Every day a bit of 18th Century, itself, about it, and every day more dis-



couraged. [...] A second mystery tour yesterday, Monday, and again very satisfactory. This time it really went through everyday Dresden, the plain north of the city – and yet very pretty. [...]

### 28th August, Monday

On Saturday we undertook a third mystery tour. It was an exact repetition of the first. This time I saw more of the landscape than the first time. We did not bother with part of the entertainment and walked down the beautiful country road towards the Rabenauer Grund. [...]

The trip was doubly spoilt for me. First of all, my eyes are becoming ever more sensitive to light, severe eye pains running towards the back of my head tormented me the whole time and for the whole of the evening. And then, an exceedingly hostile and devastating expert opinion in the Hueber case had arrived in the morning. According to it I (my handwriting) must take almost all the blame and Hueber is allowed to offset 514M against my claim of 600M. If that is accepted, not only do I not get any fee, I also have to find 2,300M costs – the opinion alone costs 132M. I kept the thing to myself the whole day so as not to upset Eva, who is suffering from her nerves again. – Not until yesterday, when I was already thinking more calmly about everything and had a reply in mind, did I tell Eva as undramatically as possible – much more lightly than I see the business in fact. The effect was nevertheless catastrophic. Diesterweg had rejected my 'Image of France' two days before, because it is 'purely backward looking' and neglects 'national points of view'. So all earnings possibilities are cut off; and since all, absolutely all attempts to procure money for building have come to nothing, and our financial position becomes ever more desperate – a civil servant can provide no security, least of all a non-Aryan one! – and since the dreaded winter is drawing closer, Eva is close to despair once more. Even successful excursions, little walks etc. only bring momentary improvement. Immediately afterwards there are always the self-tormenting words, pleasures for a cripple!

[...]

On one occasion, on a Sunday morning, I was up in Dölzschen alone and went walking with Dember for half an hour, a few days later Dember and wife came for supper. He is terribly bitter, isolated and obsessed by his misfortune, a man completely thrown off balance, almost broken.

[...]

I am still leafing through my old travellers, the lettres édifiantes, La Hontan etc. I still feel very gloomy as far as my 18th Century is concerned.

A day later: ultimatum from the government. I had to provide evidence within four days of my hitherto 'merely presumed' front-line service. Today my 'Front-line service certificate' arrived from Munich. It attests 'one engagement' and 'trench warfare in French Flanders from 19.11.15–19.2.16'. Eva immediately said that was not right, and indeed going through my letters I found that I was still at the Front on the 4th of April and was only admitted

to military hospital that day. I do not like to go through the dusty old bundles. Besides the certificate is sufficient. I will not complain for the time being.

### 6th September, Wednesday forenoon

On Thursday, 31st August, our fourth mystery tour (we do everything in series). I had eye preservers with me and for the first time avoided all headache. Landscape especially beautiful. Through the Neustadt to the 'Wilder Mann'. Boxdorf, Dippelsdorf – so again the heath, ponds and in the distance Schloss Moritzburg, Weinböhla, Niederau, Meissen [...]

On Saturday, 2nd September, at the Köhlers. Pleasant and peaceful as always. It does one good to be with 'Aryans' to whom the present tyranny is as terrible as it is to us. After twelve o' clock the young Köhlers accompanied us home on foot. We invited them up for a tot of whisky and it began to rain. We sat up till half past two and got to bed at three.

I write at length about pleasures; they are the exception, and in general our life proceeds very unhappily. Eva is forever ailing and seriously depressed; I myself am constantly plagued by heart and eye trouble. And there is the constant pointless tyranny, uncertainty and dishonourableness of our position in the Third Reich. My hopes of a swift about-face are fading. The streets crowded with SA. The Nürnberg Party Rally has just been raging. The press worships Hitler like God and the prophets rolled into one. – On top of that no change in the continuing pressure of the misery of the house business. – If only Eva could play music, everything would not be half as bad and perhaps quite good.

I continue reading on the 18th Century. A good book would come out of it if I were to stay alive long enough. But I need years (plural) for it. My eyes fail me all too often while I am working, all too often I also fall asleep in the forenoon. Nevertheless my studies give me something to hold on to and a degree of consolation.

Walter Jelski,<sup>87</sup> the eternal bohemian, asked us in a pretty letter from Basel whether he could spend the winter with us as 'maid of all work'. We would really have been glad to take him in, but we had to (really: *had to*) refuse because we do not have enough money. Our finances are hopeless. Gutkind, deprived of his post at the Interpreters' Institute in Mannheim, wrote a letter from Paris. He is working on French sport language. I wrote to him: One has to work on the language of sport in the way that Hettner<sup>88</sup> dealt with the Enlightenment: England/America, Germany, France. This trinity would yield a very fine study in comparative culture and idealist philology. On the situation or as comfort I merely wrote (on a postcard): 'We'll chat again *ès chambres des dames*, cf. Joinville, éd. Wailly, §243.' As in the days of the Encyclopaedia!

Fräulein Günzburger asked me from Paris to recommend her to the chairman of the Alliance israélite,<sup>89</sup> the Indologist Sylvain Levi. I did so in a German letter.

[...]



**15th September, Friday afternoon**

The great mystery tour, the fifth and probably the last (the first to Lübau, second to Liegau, third to Lübau, fourth Meissen-Friedensburg) because now it's the time for bad autumn weather and early darkness. [...]

On 8th September we ate at the Blumenfelds. Frau Dember and Herr Gerstle were there too. Dember himself is mysteriously in Switzerland, he is signing a contract there with Turkey and will be professor at the University of Constantinople for a few years. Frau Gerstle was in Königsberg helping to pack. The Sebba family is now really going to Haifa; we shall probably see them here tomorrow. I disliked Gerstle's attitude. He seemed almost to have reconciled himself to the situation, at least he was resigned to the will of God, declared Hitler a genius, did 'not want to underestimate' the enemy 'too much', evidently considered the current situation not to be the worst of all possible bad situations, etc. etc.

On the 12th we were up in Dölzschen, on our ill-fated plot and at Frau Dember's. These rare excursions to Dölzschen affect Eva badly – precisely because they are wearisome, because she does not get anything at all out of her land; and because she sees houses going up all around (when we bought, there were two houses on the road, now there are almost seven), whereas we make no progress. Hopeless. Her mood darkens repeatedly, she is often really ill, lies in bed all morning – and my own health declines more and more.

**17th September, Sunday evening**

Yesterday afternoon at Frau Schaps. Took leave of the Sebbas, who now really are emigrating to Haifa. Their furniture is already afloat, and they themselves are travelling to Trieste today, going on by boat from there. I exchanged a few very heartfelt words with Jule Sebba. All sentimentality was avoided, and as soon as everyone was sitting down together we talked very pleasantly. But underneath it all there was nevertheless very deep sorrow, bitterness, love and hate. It touched me greatly, Eva was hit terribly hard. Jule Sebba said he had always felt he was an Eastern Jew and therefore rootless and not attached to Germanness. But after all he is exchanging Europe and security for a new colony and uncertainty, he is leaving with wife and child and starting again as a fifty-year-old. We two, Eva and I, suffer immensely because Germany violates all justice and all culture in such a manner.

That same evening we had, for the first time in a long while, a large party here once again – the four 'respectable' Köhlers, Annemarie and the Wenglers, brother and sister. All evening there was only one subject of conversation, the frightful one. We make jokes and laugh and are basically all in despair. [...]

**19th September, Tuesday evening**

Contemporary history on film! This time the Nürnberg rally of the Nazi Party.

What stage direction of the crowds and what hysteria! Hitler consecrates new standards by touching them with the 'blood flag'<sup>90</sup> of 1923. Gunfire every time the flag cloths touch. (Eva says, 'Catholic hysteria.') [...]

This morning State Library. I find it impossible to work there: I only study the catalogue, choose things, get my bearings. I am repeatedly amazed at the wealth of 18e siècle.

A long time with my lawyer in the afternoon. My case, now almost a year old, is going very badly. Hueber's senseless counter-claim, the hostile expert opinion. We passed on to politics and since Langenhan is a sympathetic, trustworthy man, I got a chance to talk about the precariousness of my situation, about my great bitterness. He was very shocked. He said he and his circle had always been against Hitler's immoderate anti-Semitism, but it was new to him, and it depressed him greatly, that so much mischief was being caused. He said we were no longer a state based on law.

[...]

**9th October, Monday**

Birthday wishes: To see Eva healthy once again, in our own house, at her harmonium. Not to have to tremble every morning and evening in anticipation of hysterics. To see the end of the tyranny and its bloody downfall. See my 18th Century finished and published. No pains in my side and no thoughts of death.

I do not believe that even one of these wishes will come true for me.

The mood at home and the health of both of us became really poor when our last hope of building money came to nothing, when there proved to be no prospect of somehow being able to move up to Dölzschen. We must stay here, and that means imprisonment for Eva all through the winter and more housework for me and more blows to my literally and not only metaphorically tired heart.

On top of that the growing tyranny, the growing misery and sinking hope of any foreseeable end. (Although the gnashing of teeth in the most diverse social strata is becoming ever more audible.) – Especially repugnant to us is the behaviour of some Jews. They are beginning to submit inwardly and to regard the new ghetto situation atavistically as a legal condition which has to be accepted. Gerstle, the director of the lucrative Fig Coffee Company, brother-in-law by the way of the emigrated Jule Sebba, says Hitler is a genius, and if only the foreign boycott of Germany ceases, then one will be able to live; Blumenfeld thinks one must 'not live on illusions' and 'face facts'; Kaufmann – his son in Palestine! – says something similar, and his wife, forever the silly goose, has got so accustomed to the slogans of press and radio that she parrots the phrases about the 'vanquished system' whose unsoundness had been proven once and for all. Recently, on 25th September, after a gap of years, we had to go to the Kaufmanns for a ghastly coffee afternoon, because the Hamburg sister, Frau Rosenberg, was there and because we could not evade



the constant invitations any longer. [...] Anyone who does not at every hour of the day hope for revolt is a low dog! Eva's bitterness is even greater than mine. National Socialism, she says, more precisely the attitude of the Jews towards it, is making her anti-Semitic.

Dember is now certain of an invitation to the University of Constantinople and will move there in the middle of October. Actually I envy him. We were often together recently. Once, after a meeting, which I did not attend, Robert Wilbrandt called me, whether we would like to come to him for tea. We had visited their then very new villa near Wachwitz some years ago, then the thing had petered out. We accepted and did not go. A week later I telephoned him to apologise and invited him here. He accepted – 'but must ask us whether we wished to have a guest who was a danger to the state?' – 'Why?' – He had been suddenly dismissed. He was here on Saturday, without his wife, who had a colic problem. 'Politically unreliable', the business with the pacifist Gumbel,<sup>91</sup> whom he had stood up for (while he was still in Marburg), had been dug up. The man is 58, in poor health, no longer well-to-do, has children from two marriages. [...] The Blumenfelds were here that same evening and Gusti Wieghardt, back after four months in Thurø, where she and her sister stayed with Karen Michaelis.<sup>92</sup> A little émigré and Communist group seems to have gathered there. Then yesterday evening Gusti was here alone with us, and tomorrow we shall visit her. We tell one another many details, horror stories, 'fairy stories' of course. Opinions on the duration of the state of affairs diverge, no one believes in a swift change, what will happen afterwards no one knows. What is certain is that the terror gets worse every day.

I met Ulich<sup>93</sup> in the State Library. He has been suspended on half pay. He tells me pressure is being put on him to give up his honorary professorship voluntarily. Otherwise he will be reduced to 200M. Since his first wife, Ulich-Beil, has likewise been dismissed, he has to provide for two families alone.

Holldack, the once proud Teuton (his mother is Jewish), has approached Dember to ask whether there are any possibilities for him in Constantinople; he no longer feels safe here.

Georg wrote to me today, his Otto is at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge, his youngest, the economist, installed in Chicago, the fate of the two middle sons is still uncertain. Marta wrote, the three Sussmann daughters<sup>94</sup> are 'gone'. In her muddled way she forgot to say where.

One could adapt the proverb and say, 'The worse is the enemy of the bad'; I am beginning to think that Mussolini's regime is almost human and European. Eight days ago on Saturday we were guests of the Wenglers, brother and sister. They have moved into a small but pretty apartment on Weintraubenstrasse. Wengler has completely recovered from his stroke. Spaak, a drawing teacher and painter, later his wife, the actress Lotte Crusius, who – grey haired, old – could be his mother, were there as well. Both somehow 'co-ordinated', outwardly at least. [...]

On her return journey Gusti Wieghardt visited her very right-wing relatives in Berlin: the widow of District Judge Mühlbach, the latter's mother, the

rectoress, and her son, Lieutenant Mühlbach. Bitterness everywhere and throughout that stratum. Georg Mühlbach is supposed to have been ill literally for weeks, he had trained SA people with the greatest reluctance. – Gusti also told us a great deal about several especially bad concentration camps. About the misery the now sixty-year-old Erich Mühsam<sup>95</sup> is suffering. He had already been released when a diary he had kept during his imprisonment was found and he was fetched back. I myself am constantly being warned about keeping a diary. But then so far I am not suspected of anything.

A sudden decree to make the whole of Tuesday afternoon and half of Thursday afternoon free for military sports. The Humanities Section can basically only lecture in the afternoon. A series of lectures was simply cancelled. Scholarship is no longer essential. [...]

Birthday greetings from Wally arrived in the afternoon. Her three daughters: Lotte is completing her medical training in England, the commercial Käte and Hilde in Stockholm and the USA. The parents alone.

[...]

For me slowly, interestingly and hopelessly on with the 18th Century. With the minor figures, along the edges, amidst the facts. Geoffroy, La Harpe. What has to be described is the absolute dissolution into one another of Enlightenment, Rococo, Early Romanticism, idea, sentiment, abstraction and positivism, the *république des lettres* une et indivisible, the *siècle des lumières* poétiques. [...] But I do not believe that I shall still manage this book. Not that and not the 'Memories'.<sup>96</sup>

### 22nd October, Sunday

Something from a novel. A couple of weeks ago we were infuriated by Gerstle. His brother-in-law in Palestine, and he comes to terms with the 'genius' Hitler and desires only a slackening of the foreign boycott. [...] A little while ago Frau Schaps telephoned to say she wanted to visit us in the evening for coffee. Her Gerstle children have been invited to dinner at the Blumenfelds and would bring her to us in the car. At eight o'clock in the evening she called to cancel. It is not possible today, I should not be angry, another time. Depressed voice, no reasons given. Eight days later with the Blumenfelds at the Dembers' farewell coffee. That was last Thursday, and yesterday Dember left for Constantinople, his family follows him in November. Grete Blumenfeld very downcast, tearful. I enquired, she wanted to cover up, it gradually came out bit by bit. Frau Schaps – her 'second mother', Toni Gerstle – her closest friend. 'I shall never see them again.' That evening the Gerstles had not gone to the Blumenfelds after all. Suddenly 'gone away'. Difficulties had been raised at his factory, they wanted to impose 'changes'. He required foreign currency for his fig purchases, no doubt he did not stick to the regulations. Meanwhile the whole family – under new German law hostages are taken after all – was officially at their country house in Oberbärenburg, de facto presumably already over the border (to Czechoslovakia). Flight to the Holy Land; what property



they take with them, what the genius Hitler will keep, I do not know. Neither I nor Eva nor Gusti Wiegardt could suppress our Schadenfreude. That evening I delivered a fierce speech to Blumenfeld on the duty of inner readiness, on the duty not to let hate slacken for even an hour.

### 23rd October, Monday

Friedmann dismissed in Leipzig, Olschki in Heidelberg. – I heard today that Walter Jelski is going to Palestine. All three Sussmann daughters are abroad.

Fritz Thiele here a few days ago, with him District Attorney Fischer, whom we got to know in Leipzig. Neither of them friends of the Nazis, even if not vehement opponents. We ate at the Ratskeller with them.

Once, on the 14th, at the 'respectable' Köhlers. Particular indignation at the 'German Christians'.<sup>97</sup> Since her return from Denmark Gusti Wiegardt is often here.

When the withdrawal from the League of Nations took place a few days ago, I believed for a moment that this could accelerate the fall of the government. I no longer believe it. The plebiscite and the splendid Reichstag 'election'<sup>98</sup> on 12th November are magnificent advertising. No one will dare *not* to vote, and no one will respond with a No in the vote of confidence. Because 1) Nobody believes in the secrecy of the ballot and 2) a No will be taken as a Yes anyway.

There are some things I shall hardly live to see: 1) the fall of the government, 2) the construction of our house, 3) the straightforward enjoyment of a few days. – Constant pains, and I do not know to what extent they are rheumatic in nature, to what extent to do with my heart. Always Eva's depression. Always money problems.

Twice – pleasant autumn excursions – we were out at Hauber's; a veritable estate near Tolkewitz. Choosing trees. For several days now Eva has been making everything ready for planting. She goes up at eleven, I fetch her at three. The taxi costs 5 to 6M every time. Then afterwards she is very tired and even more sad than before. Now she wants to have a wall or a bit of terrace made. I shall go on saying yes down to the last penny, but I shall soon reach that last penny. My shrunken salary is further suffering from 'voluntary' deductions. 'Winter Aid',<sup>99</sup> 'National Work'<sup>100</sup> one per cent of total income, 10 per cent of income tax – that is how it is assessed. 'Rector and Senate have agreed – if there is no objection, the cashier's office will deduct the sum from the salary.' Who dares object? And no possibility of publishing anything. The philological journals, the journal of the university association have adopted the opinions and jargon of the Third Reich to such an extent that every page makes one feel sick. The November criminals<sup>101</sup> – Hitler's iron broom – the Jewish spirit – free scholarship on National Socialist foundations, etc. etc.

[...]

### 30th October, Monday towards evening

I work, I spend money as if my future were secure. Yet every hour I receive a warning from my heart, and I believe that my health is close to collapse and that either the tyranny will last for a long time yet or be superseded by chaos. I shall continue to behave as-if, anything else would be even more pointless.

The expenditures: Eva goes up to Dölzschen and back every day by taxi. Today was the big planting day, a whole park. That may cost 100M, a fortune for me now. Also I am raising money on my life insurance again, probably about 600M, to have a cellar, a dugout, as it were, built up there. That will mean even more interest payments. But Eva is desperate and putting pressure on me, I cannot and do not want to offer resistance – perhaps she will prove to be in the right, and house will be built after all. And if everything goes to pieces, then at least she has had the happiness, and I have done what I could, perhaps even more.

My work: Prévost for days, notes on the *Homme de qualité*, which would yield me a very fine additional essay – subjunctive – if, that is, I knew of a journal for it. But what else should I do except anaesthetise myself with my studies? – Today in an interesting émigré letter from Paris, Dr Elsbeth Günzburger, writes that a German publishing house for 'us' has been established in Amsterdam. But how should I approach this publishing house? It could cost me my post, after all. Wait and see for the time being.

I now hear sometimes – moods change! – it cannot last much longer, the money will be gone in eight, nine months' time, industry will break down because it has been squeezed dry. Thus Blumenfeld, who was completely pessimistic before, thus Annemarie Köhler, thus Gusti Wiegardt reporting what her Communist friends here and abroad say.

At the moment the 'election' propaganda for 12th November, for the plebiscite and the 'unity list' for the Reichstag dominates everything. People are running around with 'election badges' ('Yes') on their lapels.

### 2nd November, Thursday

Especially depressing day. In the forenoon on our plot, in the afternoon with the lawyer. I am borrowing money again from the Iduna,<sup>102</sup> in order to build a cellar. Constantly rising prices and no prospect of really carrying out the construction. But Eva clings desperately to the thing, and her desperation forces me forward step by step ... Large expense of the planting. Additional costs of the utility connections. – The Hueber case looks extraordinarily bad for me.

The Gerstle-Schaps-Salzburg families are living in a hotel in Teplitz. A National Socialist lawyer goes across the border to them. Thus negotiations with the government are conducted safely, and no potential hostages have been left here either.

I ran into Janentzky<sup>103</sup> at the bank; he told me that Holidack has converted from Protestantism to Catholicism; he does not want to be a second-class Christian because his mother was Jewish.



Walter Jelski has gone to Palestine. Perhaps he will prosper there. After all, it is like something from a novel.

I cannot help myself, I sympathise with the Arabs who are in revolt there, whose land is being 'bought'. A Red Indian fate, says Eva. – In recent days, once at the Blumenfelds and visited Gusti Wieghardt once. In remembrance of the Gerstle case, Gusti railed against the 'dirty Jews' in Palestine, capitalists falling upon the Arabs. [...] What shall we do on 12th November? No one believes that the secrecy of the ballot will be protected, no one believes either in a fair counting of votes; so why be a martyr? On the other hand: say yes to this government? It is unbelievably unpleasant.

#### 9th November, Thursday

At the first lecture Monday, French Renaissance, five people, for the exercises, Renaissance lyric poetry, four, today at Corneille, two. These two: Lore Isakowitz, yellow Jewish card – really she wants to be an interpreter, I have already been advising her for some time – and Hirschowicz, stateless, non-Aryan, father originally Turkish, blue card, the German students have brown cards. The mass of the students is uninterruptedly taken up with election propaganda; they *must* organise parades, 'publicise' in every possible way – most extreme pressure; Karl Wieghardt complained bitterly to me about it; also a quite unencumbered Pedagogical Institute student said to me, 'many are fed up to the back teeth' with it. It is possible, therefore, that a couple more students will come to me after the 12th. All the same, I must now seriously, very seriously reckon with the withdrawal of my chair. [...] And what am I to do, if I am dismissed here? I can do *nothing* practical, not even *speak* and write French. I can only do literary history. I could also be a good journalist. But there is no demand for either anywhere. And yet we are putting all our financial reserves and more into the Dölzchen business. Now we have raised 900M again from the Iduna, to build a cellar or dugout. Eva is up there a great deal and gardens and 'moves earth', and a labourer is regularly enlisted as well.

It is with a certain lethargy that I let everything take its course.

Last Sunday afternoon the Kaufmanns and Frau Rosenberg were here for coffee. There was a terribly heated scene, when Herr Kaufmann declared he had resolved on a 'Yes' in the plebiscite. The Central Association of German Jews had after all given the same advice 'with heavy heart'. I completely lost my temper, thumped the table with my fist and repeatedly bellowed at him, whether he considered these rulers, to whose policies he was assenting, to be criminals or not. He refused [...] to reply; I had 'no right to put this question'. For his part he asked me mockingly why I remained in my post. I replied that I had not been appointed by *this* government and did not serve *it* and that I represented Germany's cause with a very clear conscience, that *I* was a German and *I* above all.

#### 11th November

The extravagant propaganda for a 'Yes' vote. On every commercial vehicle, post office van, postman's bicycle, on every house and shop window, on broad banners, which are stretched across the street – quotations from Hitler are everywhere and always 'Yes' for peace! It is the most monstrous of hypocrisies. [...] Demonstrations and chanting into the night, loudspeakers on the streets, vehicles (with wireless apparatus playing music mounted on top), both cars and trams.

Yesterday from one until two the 'festive hour'. 'At the thirteenth hour Adolf Hitler will come to the workers.' The language of the Gospels exactly. The Redeemer comes to the poor. And on top of that the American show-style. The howl of sirens, the minute's silence ... I was upstairs with the Dembers [...]. In the little room sat Frau Dember, doing needlework, Erita, an elderly Wendish children's nurse and part-time maid, Frau Mark<sup>104</sup> and myself. From the engine shop at Siemensstadt.<sup>105</sup> For several minutes one heard the whistling, squealing, hammering, then the siren and the humming of the switched-off wheels. A very skilful, calmly delivered evocation of the atmosphere by Goebbels, then more than forty minutes of Hitler. A mostly hoarse, strained, agitated voice, long passages in the whining tone of the sectarian preacher. Content: I know no intellectuals, bourgeois, proletarians – only the people. Why have millions of my opponents remained in the country? The émigrés are 'scoundrels' like the Rasser brothers.<sup>106</sup> And a couple of hundred thousand rootless internationalists – interruption: 'Jews!' – want to set nations of millions at one another's throats. I want only peace. I have risen from the common people, I want nothing for myself, I have power for another three and a half years and need no title. You should say yes for your own sake. Etc., in no proper order, impassioned; every sentence mendacious, but I almost believe: unconsciously mendacious. The man is a blinkered fanatic.

#### 14th November

On Sunday I voted 'No' in the plebiscite, and I also wrote 'No' on the Reichstag ballot paper. Eva left both slips empty. That was almost a brave deed, because the whole world expects the secrecy of the ballot to be violated. [...] I do not believe that it really was infringed. It was anyway unnecessary for two reasons: 1) It is enough that everyone *believed* in the violation and was therefore afraid; 2) the correctness of the result as announced was already guaranteed, since the Party dominates everything without opposition. I must also acknowledge that millions were made drunk by the weeks of boundless and boundlessly mendacious 'propaganda for peace', which was countered by not a single printed or spoken word. – For all that: When the triumph was published yesterday: 93 per cent vote for Hitler! 40½ million 'Yes', 2 million 'No' – 39½ million for the Reichstag, 3½ million 'invalid' – I was laid low, I almost believed the figures and held them to be the truth. And since then we have been told in every possible key: this 'election' is recognised abroad, 'all of Germany' is



seen to be behind Hitler, [the foreign powers] admire Germany's unity, will be conciliatory towards it, etc. etc. Now all of it makes me drunk, I too am beginning to believe in the power and the permanency of Hitler. It's dreadful. On top of everything else 'London says':<sup>107</sup> what especially commanded admiration was that even in the concentration camps most had voted 'Yes'. But that is undoubtedly either a matter of falsification or compulsion. But what good is the rational 'undoubtedly'? If I have no choice but to read and hear something everywhere, it is forced upon me. And if I can hardly guard against believing it – how shall millions of naive people guard against it? And if they believe, then they are indeed won by Hitler and the power and the glory are really his.

Gusti Wieghardt told me recently that an advertising brochure for some electrical goods or other had been sent to her. In the middle of the advertising text there had been a Communist article. [...] But what good do such pinpricks do? Less than none. Because all Germany prefers Hitler to the Communists. And I see no difference between either of the two movements; both are materialistic and lead to slavery.

### 22nd November

Recently a great deal of socialising in our narrowed circle. At the Blumenfelds (only the two of us), at Gusti Wieghardt's, in Heidenau. There Dr Dressel examined my heart and my blood pressure and once again found 'everything objectively in good condition'. for how long? – A certain depression and resignation everywhere. The government appears to be stabilised, the other countries are getting accustomed to it, allow themselves to be impressed, give way.

A philosophical letter from little Hirsch. How he employs his time profitably and guards against bitterness. I am going to collect these émigré and ghetto letters, I already have one from Mlle Günzburger in Paris. Strange moods of waiting, hoping, resignation, finding a role for oneself etc.

Hueber case especially distressing. A year ago it was supposed to get me my rightful 600M; now it has taken such a turn that I have to expect costs of several hundreds and must literally live in fear of the bailiffs. Because where is the money to come from? *Everything* goes into the house business. [...] Eva clings desperately to it. She is up there now three times a week – taxi there and back – often has workers to help her, it all adds up and yet [...] it is simply impossible to say when we will ever be able to live up there. For the time being it is an all too expensive toy. But it makes her happy – and it is no more expensive than a sanatorium.

At the lecture I now have, and that is probably final, eight students, in the seminars three and five; i.e. I am constantly under threat of being dismissed.

Continuing studies, notes on the 18th Century, but without making any progress. *Like this* I would probably have to read for another two years before getting around to writing. The attack of earlier years is quite gone, I read and take things in and make notes. I no longer quite believe I shall complete the

volume. My days are completely filled. In the mornings the long sojourns with the housekeeping, then a couple of hours' work, then washing the dishes, coffee, reading aloud, shopping – my only walk, unless I fetch Eva from Hohendölzchen, although I hardly set foot outside tram and taxi; I take the taxi from Chemnitzer Platz. In the evening reading aloud again. In recent weeks *Doyen de Killerine* by Prévost.

I am pleased simply if a day passes without Eva suffering severe depression and without trouble because of the Hueber case or at university. I have gradually become a master at suppressing all my worries, plunging 'doggedly' (Hitler's favourite word) into work, any kind of work.

### 12th December, Tuesday

A week ago today Eva had to lie down because of a new attack of her foot ailment, and since then things have been very bad. She lies down almost the whole day, propped up in the dining room – movement always brings back the pain – and the trouble has a terrible effect on her state of mind. Since at the same time there has been a severe frost, as a result of which all the disadvantages of the apartment are brutally in evidence – rooms which cannot be heated, ice on the bottom of the bath, often impossible for Eva to climb the stairs to the bath (under the roof!) – everything is twice as bad. At moments of deepest depression Eva virtually blames me for her ruined life and wretched dying, because against her urgent wishes, her better judgement, her calculations and building plans, I had hesitated far too long with the construction, until it was too late. And even after I undertook to do it, I had done so hesitantly and reluctantly. How should I reply to this accusation? Could I know how terrible the course of events would be, doubly terrible as far as Eva's health and political developments are concerned, which drain my energy? And what have I left undone since we returned from Lugano? Still she is right: I resisted at first. The burden and the commitment seemed too great to me, my inexperience in building matters too dangerous. [...]

In addition to the psychological stress there is the heavy housework. I have managed, with an effort, to keep my Monday lecture going. Apart from that I have not been at my desk all week. The maid comes more often than usual, but most of it falls on me. In the morning stoke three stoves, take care of the cat 'boxes', do a little dusting, prepare breakfast [...] – by the time I have finished all of that, it is almost twelve. And then more of the same, and a lot of reading aloud. And happy if there are no outbreaks of despair on Eva's part at the slightest thing, because they literally hammer at my heart. [...]

My position at university has deteriorated. Last semester the oral PI examinations were handed over to Wengler. Now the secretariat is rejecting written examination topics proposed by me. The senate declared that it was unable to do anything about it. These are state examinations, and the ministry has 'withdrawn me from the examining board'. With that it is no longer possible for the students to choose French as an option – which is the point of the



exercise – because Wengler gives only Italian instruction and is quite unfamiliar to the PI people. From Easter I will have no more students and will then be dispatched by para 6 ('superfluous').

### *15th December, Friday*

The last few days terrible. Eva at home for one and a half weeks now, almost always confined to bed. In addition the terrible cold – today the ice burst the pipe in the bathroom under the damaged roof. Catastrophe of being unable to wash. My hands are chafed all over.

A miserable hope. The Dembers have sold their house, the money is in a blocked account. I made them the offer of borrowing perhaps 800M from it at an interest rate higher than the banks. Then we could build a 'miniature house'. Frau Dember, whom I spoke to for a long time yesterday, is favourably disposed. But will her husband want to, will the state agree? Both questionable. Meanwhile work has been started on the excavation of a cellar space, but the construction of this basement will, of course, have to wait until there is a thaw.

Today I was in Dölzschen village. I handed over a letter at the town hall and visited the same 'Farmer Fischer' who ploughed up the land for us, to order straw for the shaft for the water-pipe. The smooth, snow-covered fields, the fog in the distance and over the low-lying land, but also over the plateau, but blue sky above it were glorious. Somehow the white fields reminded me of winter walks in 1901 in Landsberg when I was a sixth-former. [...] I do not find any time for my own work, but recently I have read a few things aloud, which are important for my 18th Century. [...]

### *16th December, Saturday*

Only the water supply in the kitchen is working, everything else frozen up. Living as if we were in a dugout. But Eva a little more mobile, no longer in bed, and so her mood somewhat lighter and braver. I myself yoked to the housekeeping, my hands so chapped around the finger joints that my handwriting is affected, in the seminar I tell my three to six students it's 'gardening'. But a little heartened and relieved by Eva's improved state of health. Once she can look after the household reasonably well again, I shall have to spend days catching up on notes. [...] Thank God the Christmas holidays are near.

A grey sky. Slight hope of milder weather. The nights dropped below 20 degrees. We are heating the bedroom, which never happens. We are constantly freezing.

### *23rd December*

No frost for three days and there has been a gradual alleviation in the house.

But Eva continues to be depressed and not very mobile. I am still unable to think of work, the housekeeping devours me. [...]

In the evening the Dembers were here to take their leave. Their money from the sale of the house is in a blocked account, they have to pay 25 per cent of it as Reich Flight Property Tax, for a couple of days they had to register twice a day with the police. Then at the beginning of the week Erita was arrested at ten o'clock in the evening: denounced because of reckless remarks ... Interrogation until three in the morning, two nights in a cell at police headquarters, transferred to the court prison at Münchner Platz, there another couple of hours of uncertainty in a cell, then released. She described the psychological stress of imprisonment in great detail and very vividly.

Just heard via the Blumenfelds, that Kafka, his nerves gone, has applied for retirement. Broken down at fifty years of age.

[...]

### *31st December, Sunday*

[...]

In the last year Gusti has repeatedly demonstrated her utter imbecility and stubbornness and extremism in political matters. Against this I have again and again emphasised that in the end I equate National Socialism and Communism: both are materialistic and tyrannical, both disregard and negate the freedom of the spirit and of the individual.

This is the characteristic fact of the year that has come to an end, that I had to break with two close friends, with Thieme because he is National Socialist, with Gusti Wiegardt because she became a Communist. With that neither has joined a political party, rather their human dignity has been forfeit.

Events of the year: the political calamity since 30th January, which had an increasingly serious effect on us personally.

Eva's very poor state of health and mind.

The desperate struggle for the house.

The disappearance of any possibility of publication.

The isolation.

In June I completed my 'Image of France', which was no longer published. Then a couple more reviews [...], no longer published, since July reading on the 18th Century. I no longer believe that my 18th Century will ever materialise. I no longer have the spirit to write something so big. My earlier books seem frivolous and superficial to me. Is it the consequence of a temporary paralysis, or am I finally finished? I really do not know.

Read aloud a great deal. Americans, Germans, recently also 18th Century.

Much thought of death and clinging to the most general questions. Until now, Renan's 'Tout est possible, même dieu'<sup>108</sup> seemed to me an ironic witicism. I now take it literally and as *my* religiosity. What lack of reverence, to believe and not to believe! Both are based on an impertinent trust in the human capacity for understanding.



We shall be entirely alone this evening. I am a little afraid of that. Our two little tomcats are always a comfort and support for us. I ask myself a thousand times in all seriousness, what is the state of their immortal souls?

The historical experience of this year is infinitely more bitter and desperate than that of the war. We have sunk deeper.

After Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette* – careful notes made – I read Diderot's *La Religieuse* aloud, then Goethe's *Gross-Cophta*. I constantly have in mind that my 18th Century should be universal, the whole intellectual history of the age, nothing fragmentary, and should be my best work – and in resignation I repeatedly say to myself: It will not happen at all. (Vossler<sup>109</sup> wrote airily to me, why do I not publish abroad, perhaps with Heiss in Strasbourg? Why? Because then I would certainly lose my post here. And anyway at the moment there is nothing to publish.)

Another greatest wish, and it will not be fulfilled either: the story of my life. And the most desperate wish of all: the house in Dölzschen. Now we have let Prätorius place an advert for money. Only 6,000M and we build the 'miniature house'. But I have no confidence in anyone. – Nor has Dember replied. But he will not want to give me any money; and if he does, the blocked account will prevent him.

[...]

For one month, since the recurrence of Eva's foot ailment, I have been overwhelmed by housekeeping, and managed almost no work of my own. Reading aloud from my area of study is a small compensation.

---

# 1934

---



*1st January, Monday evening*

For Christmas we had mounted fir branches bought for 20 pfennigs on the umbrella stand, together with little electric lights and coloured baubles. A proper tree, not so easily transported and dismantled, is inappropriate because of the cat tribe. We turned this little tree on at twelve o'clock yesterday and drank a whisky. So it was a very quiet New Year's party. Before that I had read aloud from the charming and light Sinclair Lewis.<sup>1</sup> Today again it was very quiet, and for most of the time I continued reading aloud from our entertainment book. – Making notes in between. On the *Gross-Cophta*, on Zweig's *Mesmer*. But depression and worry in spite of it all. In addition to all the major misfortunes there is continually the minor and yet very distressing and increasingly expensive Hueber case. On the 3rd there is yet another hearing, which could cost me dear.

*9th January, Tuesday*

Yesterday evening another meeting with Prätorius. After I don't know how many hundred. [...] Dember's blocked account is now our last hope. Everything has been arranged with Frau Dember, the money can be made available for creating jobs – but it is questionable whether Dember will consent. His wife will be in Constantinople on the 15th and will talk to him there. In the last few days she was here once more from Berlin and visited us. Yesterday she passed through (Prague–Trieste), and the dog – the sea route was chosen for his sake – was brought to the train for her.

Another adjournment in the Hueber case. The judge has fallen ill for the second time and the affair is now going to a third man. (Since October '32!)

Since a week ago and for a long while to come much time lost, torment and expense because of dental treatment. I have unfortunately had to give up old Petri, upright but Aryan, to support Israel: Dr Isakowitz, father of my student Lore Isakowitz, who is sometimes his assistant.

*13th January, Saturday*

On Wednesday, after an interval of almost a year, I was at a section meeting for the first time again. The new constitution – the old senate, to which I had pledged myself, the 'self government', which was supposed to prevent my 'voluntary' retirement, no longer exist. Provisional reorganisation: the Ministry appoints the rector; he appoints the senate, which is only there to advise him, and which includes two students and a representative of the student SA office. The section only 'advises' the section chairman, who is appointed by



the rector. In it, i.e. in the more 'select' section, as many non-professors as professors are represented. They are appointed by the section chairman. More interesting than these provisions were the manner and content of our deliberations. Place: the Law Department, next door one can constantly hear talking, coming and going. We *whispered*, and one participant warned others to speak quietly. Beste, the chairman, said, I have to appoint one of the *main mudslingers*, Scheffler (political economist) or Fichtner (art historian), otherwise there will be attacks from outside. Responses: Do you not know any decent, enthusiastic National Socialists? Reply: No! Objection: Then we will not be able to talk openly here at all any more. Beste's reply: It isn't necessary, I will not discuss anything important here. After all, I do not have to convene the section; I can nominate 'committees' to advise me on anything and everything. (An example in a small way, not even the very smallest, how tyranny can be checked and undermined from the inside. Nevertheless sad enough: no one dares to resist openly; each one is always an isolated individual who feels powerless.)

I have already often been struck by how the Encyclopaedists' skills of evasion are reviving again in the face of censorship. Their satire is reviving too. Conversations in heaven are popular. The best one: Hitler to Moses: But you can tell me in confidence, Herr Moses. Is it not true that you set the bush on fire yourself? It was for such remarks that Dr Bergsträsser, an assistant in the Mechanical Engineering Department – an Aryan by the way – was sentenced to ten months in prison by the special court.

[...]

#### 16th January, Tuesday

Georg wrote from St Moritz. [...] Two of his sons already in Cambridge and Chicago. Now he is resting with the other two in St Moritz. They, the doctor and the engineer, are going to the USA with their wives; they have prospects and permission to immigrate, after five years they will automatically become American citizens. So Georg firmly expects our situation to be permanent. For me – without the slightest notion of my professional possibilities – he hopes I could perhaps obtain a professorship in France! (Coals to Newcastle!) If I need money to readjust and to wait for an opportunity, he will lend me a small amount at 4 per cent. He himself intends to install himself somewhere in southern Germany for the summer. For all its caution and enforced calm the letter is very melancholy and somewhat pathetic. It is signed: 'in fraternal devotion and in remembrance of our late father.' I have not yet replied, because I do not like to write abroad.

Housework for a very large part of the day. Wearisome preparation of the Monday lecture. Next to no work at my desk, only the books read aloud now and then fit in with my 18 siècle.

[...]

Now things are like this: every day Eva is completely depressed for a couple

of hours, then I am for a couple of hours, and then for a couple of hours we both are. Eva has not got out of the apartment for weeks – black ice. Only Dölzchen could help her, but no possibility of building remains. I myself wake up every day with the intention of working and with a normal, passable degree of vigour. Then comes the battle with the stoves, the effort of shopping for the household, it is half past eleven before I sit down at my desk [...]; but by this time I am already exhausted. A similar situation in the afternoon. My getting-out-of-the-house takes me as far as the Reka; recently it has all too often taken me to the Neustadt to the dentist. That came to an end today, thank God.

Since the quarrel with Gusti Wieghardt we are quite isolated. Now Anne-marie was here on Sunday afternoon after a gap of two months. As a belated Christmas present she brought *Joseph and His Brothers* by Thomas Mann. A new book by Thomas Mann – and I have not seen it announced anywhere. The press is no longer allowed to write anything about this notorious liberalistic author ('liberalistic' is now almost a more favoured catchword than the already worn out 'marxistic').

I am afraid after every lecture, every seminar exercise. If one of my half-dozen would betray me after all. I never raise my arm when I enter; in the seminar and in a couple of minutes of conversation afterwards I easily let a dangerous word slip out. [...]

#### 27th January

Situation unchanged, impossible to do any of my own work. Eva's health and the housekeeping prevent everything. At most an hour of reading or notes once a day. At twelve noon the morning work is at an end and so is my strength (the stoves, the 'little boxes', breakfast). In the afternoon washing up and reading aloud, in the evening reading aloud again, to bed at one, happy if Eva is not prevented from sleeping by painful neuralgia.

Nothing from Constantinople. Our last hope, Dember's blocked account!

My belief in an alteration in the political situation is increasingly faint. Today the peace agreement with Poland.<sup>2</sup> If a Socialist or 'liberalistic' government had done that! High treason, Jewish defeatism and the mind of the shopkeeper! Now: 'Adolf Hitler's magnificent new achievement.' A year ago they were saying: 'The shame of the Corridor<sup>3</sup> will be eliminated in the summer.' But instead the Stahlhelm has been finally eliminated today. Decree to discard the field-grey uniform and put on 'the honourable brown one'.

[...]

Note to Prof. Klemperer: 'The Ministry has decided to cancel your appointment to the Examination Board ... with immediate effect.' The effect has been there since the spring. The question is, how much further will it go?

Note from Teubner: Do I not want to look for another publisher abroad; *he cannot* intercede for me any longer. [...]

Second letter from Georg. [...] In my reply to letter one [...] I wrote that I



was a German through and through and intended to remain in Germany to the bitter end. So now Georg writes from Freiburg, he has rented an apartment there and (isolated and embittered) will move in on the 1st April.

[...]

We made a few purchases at Tietz. The big store is being wound up. Powerful impression made by the bare walls – the shelves gone – the half-empty tables, the people crowding through. A couple of months ago there were big advertisements in all the Dresden newspapers. The management of the store is overwhelmingly Aryan and it has raised Aryan capital; could the people of Dresden please take that into consideration and not throw a large number of employees out of work? Now it is being shut after all.

Yesterday afternoon in the cinema again for the first time in months: harmless and amusing film operetta *Victor and Victoria*.<sup>4</sup> [...] The content quite unpretentiously amusing, the acting, the technical aspect quite outstanding – two hours of the most enjoyable distraction. But afterwards, of course, we both felt great melancholy and bitterness. It used to be such a matter of course for us to go to the cinema two and three times a week, and how easy and fulfilled our life was! And now ... We would have been unable to imagine how one could live with even a quarter of the troubles and miseries which constantly weigh upon us now.

Read aloud from Thomas Mann's *Joseph*. A quite brilliant achievement and absolutely new. I must make careful notes at some point. Point of view: from the Enlightenment until now, from Voltaire by way of Renan and Flaubert and Anatole France; [...] Really something absolutely new and very impressive (moreover less consoling and with less belief than Voltaire, Renan, France). And there is nothing about this magnificent piece of literature in any newspaper, the book is not displayed in any shop window. It bears the double curse of being by Mann and of dealing with Israel (instead of some Nordic Easter hero).

[...]

For myself I am leafing through Lawrence Sterne. How much inspiration do I owe the old volume of essays by Frenzel, *Renaissance und Rokoko*, which Father bought in 1878 from Schaeffer's book circle in Landsberg an der Warthe. And I always look at the list of notables who were members of the circle: parson, rabbi, officer, doctor, senior master ... with emotion, and for some time past with painful envy.

[...]

### 31st January, Wednesday

On Monday the class from six to eight cancelled: 'solemn hour' of the student body on the anniversary of Hitler coming to power on 30th January 1933. On the very same day an announcement by Goering: he will dissolve the monarchist associations and proceed just as firmly against these enemies of the state as against the Left. That raised our spirits just a little bit yesterday. The

government constantly destroys its enemies, constantly emphasises that there is no party in Germany any more except for the NSDAP, constantly achieves 'decisive' victories. Just like Germany during the World War. The suppression of the right-wing parties is incredibly cynical, they have done nothing for Adolf Hitler's state, declares Goering implacably. Without the German Nationals, however, the National Socialists would never have got their 51 per cent, their chancellor, their power. This terrible duplicity is no more than the German Nationals deserve – and yet they are my hope.

### 2nd February, Friday

[...]

The 30th of January brought 'The Law of 30th January'. Unitary state – no 'Länder' any more. Absolute centralisation. That is what the 'Jew' Preuss<sup>5</sup> strove for in the Weimar constitution and was nowhere near able to achieve. I always saw it as something grand, as the great French example. Now it has been decreed by a handful of brutal state robbers. The unanimous acceptance by the Reichstag (the 600 National Socialist deputies) is a farce. [...] Has Germany really become so completely and fundamentally different, has its soul changed so completely that this will endure? Or is this merely temporary lethargy?

I have ploughed my way right through three of the six volumes of the very average *Lettres juives*.<sup>6</sup> I can no longer summarise and write as I could years ago – the strength of purpose is missing. I cling helplessly to details. The way I work is more 'scholarly', more 'thorough', 'deeper', more 'mature' – certainly all of that; but I cannot reach a goal any more, real success is absent, I am older and have grown too old; I no longer believe my 18th Century will ever materialise. Once I would have read a dozen of these letters; now I shall go through the next three volumes as well.

### 7th February, Wednesday

On Saturday we went for supper to the 'respectable' Köhlers in Waltherstrasse. It does one good, that these completely 'Aryan' people from quite different circles of society – the son a probationary grammar school teacher, the father a railway inspector – hold on to their vehement hatred of the regime and to their belief that it must fall in the foreseeable future.

On Sunday we were at the Blumenfelds for evening coffee (as the only guests). Here also (fluctuating moods!) they were no longer quite so convinced of the everlasting durability of the present state of things. Because there is a grinding of teeth throughout so many strata, professions, confessions. – But inwardly I am disheartened again and again. And my strength, all my physical and mental strength is increasingly exhausted. My work is completely at a standstill; simply preparing the Monday lecture in time is a martyrdom. So I welcome the fact that the semester is already ending on the 24th of the month.





Admittedly it is ending because the students have to report for Labour Service, because, in fact, the regime sees education, scholarship, enlightenment as its real enemies and attacks them accordingly. [...]

### *15th February, Thursday towards evening*

At the moment Eva's health and mood are a little better, and that means a little light and a sigh of relief for me. – But the pressure of worries is undiminished. No hope of making any progress in Dölzchen. The Dembers, whose blocked account was my last hope of money, are completely silent. The pressure of the Hueber case is also undiminished. A new expert opinion for 100M – for the time being Hueber has to pay it, but in the end the verdict will, at the very least, be partly against me and I shall lose hundreds. Nowhere any promise of an alteration of the political situation – on the contrary: the heavy fighting in Austria<sup>7</sup> means that the Hitler Reich appears wrapped in the glory of peace and order, and when Dollfuss and the Social Democrats have bled one another to death, Hitler will be the heir. [...]

But I grasp at every little piece of comfort. That Eva is brighter again, that she gets out of the house just a little bit, recently to Dölzchen to cut trees, yesterday evening accompanies Annemarie to the station and then looks in a couple of shop windows, today into town to buy a large quantity of wool, that she finds pleasure in knitting, that she is pluckily bracing herself to advance the ill-fated construction of our house step by step – all of that is a comfort to me. And then: I read aloud for hour after hour, often late into the night. And then: one takes delight in the two little tomcats and in a camellia coming into flower and in the mildness of the weather and the approaching end of winter. And then: the hope that this state of boundless tyranny and lies must yet collapse at some time never completely disappears.

Today was the first session of the whole faculty under 'Führer' Beste. Raised right hands, a student representative, Assistant Professor Scheffler in SA uniform, Assistant Professor Fichtner with the Party badge – and everything mere formality and show. But this arm-raising makes me literally feel sick, and the fact that I always dodge it will cost me my neck one day. [...]

I now borrow books from two lending libraries. Lending libraries (without deposit) have shot up like mushrooms in the last one or two years. In my youth there were a few lending libraries, then the institution virtually disappeared completely, survived only in watering-places – and now the lending libraries are everywhere, even in the poorest districts of the city, as abundant as chocolate shops, as abundant as the little pubs once were. And yet there has never been such hostility to the spirit in Germany as today.

### *16th February, Friday evening*

Now a new ordinance has come out after all, according to which dons are allowed to lecture after the 24th of February, if the majority of their students

do not have to do Labour Service. So I shall lecture until the end of the month.

Outside lecturers and the students now sit on the faculty; in her medical journal, Annemarie showed me fierce attacks on the professors of medicine which favoured the non-professors and lay healers [...]. It is all based on the same system: they look for support from those who until now felt themselves neglected, on those (really or seemingly) 'without rights', on the hungry, on the mass of little people. In the past the word was: Against the eggheads or against the capitalists! Now, much more appealingly, against the Jews!

Reply from Teubner to my letter [...]. Teubner points to 'imponderables' and declines to answer my questions. The best thing for me is to write my book directly in French; he has also published Wartburg's language history directly in French! – I shall overcome my present depression. I shall write this book and shall write it in German, just as I think and feel it in German. [...] As I am writing there is constant singing and marching and music-making outside. Build-up for the torchlight march in front of Reich Governor Mutschmann.<sup>8</sup> Big advertisement in the newspaper: 'German men and women! March with us! Every national comrade must be there.' Etc. etc.

[...]

### *21st February, Wednesday morning*

On Saturday (17th), after a considerable interval, we had guests for the evening: the four 'respectable' Köhlers, the Kühns and a brother of the wife, a thirty-year-old farmer without a situation, congenial, simple and engaging, good-looking, dark-eyed man with a prominent scar by his right eye (did not go to university, so from an accident<sup>9</sup>). Kühn continues to predict the regime's durability. It may change, but remain. One also has to hope for it, otherwise there will be chaos. He compared it to the Jacobins, the rule of 'the little people'. He said, in a hundred years, when all the 'mendacities' and minor abuses were forgotten, this revolution might perhaps be called 'typically German', because in comparison to the French and Russian it is 'so bloodless'. That depressed me greatly, because Kühn after all is both an altogether unsullied character, with a feeling for legality, and a serious historian. His brother-in-law, Körner, evidently a supporter of the German Nationals, talked very interestingly about the countryside. Until a few weeks ago he was an agricultural inspector in Mecklenburg.<sup>10</sup> The government demands and enforces very precisely specified deliveries for Winter Aid: so many hundredweight of potatoes of a specified size and quality, so many hundredweight of wheat of a fixed specific weight. This was absolutely the Moscow Communist system. It broke up the big estates, created peasant holdings. But in the long term it was only the big estates which fed the towns, and this is also the mistake of the present regime, because of which it must one day collapse. (Likewise, a few days before, Annemarie related that in the factories the trade union, under another name, was now more mighty, the boss weaker than under 'Marxist' rule.) – The impression is growing that the government is sliding ever more



towards Communism. Kühn says, in one of his last speeches Goebbels, in scarcely disguised language, pointed to the danger that threatens every revolution if its radical wing is too powerful. And that is exactly why he, Kühn, thinks one virtually has to hope that the present regime maintains itself; for it can only succumb to its Communist wing. Körner, in turn, emphasised the change which had taken place in the SA. Initially an elite force – now a huge army of the most diverse, unreliable elements. He also talked about the unconcealed hostility between SA and Stahlhelm.

Johannes Köhler complained about the pressure on his conscience which, as a teacher of history and religion, he could not bear for much longer. He is already flirting with a new course of study: medicine; it would be his third, because before humanities he studied business management. (At school he had to collect signatures for the purchase of a 'Luther Rose' with the legend 'With Luther and Hitler'. [...])

Vossler, to whom I sent Teubner's letters, replied cluelessly and superficially. He knows that Athenaion took the new Italy chapter away from me, but he now advises me to offer my literary history to Athenaion. He also intends 'to talk to Hueber'. Is he so unaware or so uninterested? Probably the latter. Because a few weeks ago he advised me to publish abroad, and now he advises me to try in Germany first 'with less timid publishers'. – Today I wrote to Teubner that I am sticking to my contract. [...]

This evening at Frau Schaps. – Weather worse, atmosphere gloomy. Both Eva's and my nerves have gone to the dogs. Eyes badly inflamed. – Reading all the time: Dreiser's *The Titan*. Notes on Mme Tencin's *Mémoires du comte de Comminges*.

#### 24th February, Saturday

[...]

Frau Schaps read out letters from Haifa. Much distress beneath plucky humour. Difficult and absurd learning of Hebrew – only the child at school learns quickly [...]. Tiny apartment (three rooms), furniture ruined by water; Jule Sebba gives cello lessons for a few pounds and takes part in conservatory concerts (programme in English and Hebrew, but completely European music, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky); his original business plan appears to have got nowhere, a new one not yet found, and the man is almost as old as I am; they are excessively grateful for 200M which Frau Schaps sent. – Nevertheless there must be some money there; some he managed to get over to Palestine, his mother-in-law has a lot, his brother-in-law Gerstle a great deal more. – Before the end of the month Frau Schaps herself will travel to Haifa for a couple of weeks. A capitalist matter: the English government does not allow any tourists into the country (because tourists have often turned into immigrants) who cannot show that they have 15,000M. I then asked her, since she had just come from Berlin and was relating how the very young Jewish generation had left the country, what people there in her circle thought

about the situation. Prompt reply: They believe the worst is over; if there are agreements on tariffs, things will improve again. That means: These people are happy if they can look forward to consolidation of the Hitler regime and an end to the foreign boycott. They may be forced back into the ghetto, may be kicked and humiliated, their children may have lost their homeland – but as long as they can do business again, 'the worst is over'. It is so infinitely shameless and dishonourable that one could almost sympathise with the National Socialists. Afterwards Eva said that some people let themselves be hit in the face with toilet brushes without taking offence. To me it seems like atavism, a return to the medieval ghetto. Frau Schaps was quite unaware of the disgracefulness of what she was reporting. She has a very cool nature, hence her unbroken vitality. The trip to Palestine: a beautiful new journey and emotion. [...]

#### 2nd March, Friday evening

I wound up this bad semester on Wednesday. I took the penultimate Corneille class with the 'Jewish quota', that is, little Isakowitz, and the last one with her and a young man, who will now take his state examination with Wengler. Things did not look much different in the Monday class and even in the Monday lecture, four to five, nine to ten people. That repeatedly tempted me into subjective digressions, intimacies, unguarded remarks, but had its attractions. To some extent I was addressing people of like mind, I always had the feeling I was, as it were, inoculating a couple of the younger ones or turning them into carriers of infection. I never raised my arm. – How long shall I be forced to continue this game, how long be able to continue it?

Last Sunday a now almost customary evening at the Blumenfelds. We encouraged one another to show spirit, stoicism and scepticism; we heard beautiful Schubert gramophone records; things even got to the point that Eva played Schubert. Meanwhile Blumenfeld has been halfway brought down. As a teacher at the Pedagogical Institute he has 'been pensioned off'. That means he loses money but not the right to teach at academic institutions. It is ever more evident that the Ped. Inst. is soon likely to be completely separated from the University. Then para 6 (reduced because surplus to requirements) can also be applied to me.

On Wednesday evening Kurt Rosenberg and his wife, the doctor, were our guests; Kaufmann's Hamburg relations, to whose marriage we ourselves lent a helping hand (and now their oldest is already over five!). Rosenberg has lost his job as a lawyer, but has earned so much he can sit back and watch for a couple of years. He now thinks that by buying out another lawyer, who wants to go abroad, he can obtain a new licence to practise. With the Rosenbergs too there was endless conversation about the duration of the present regime. Rosenberg, who has an understanding of the agricultural situation, does not believe in the financial stability of the system; but he doubts whether political collapse will necessarily follow a financial one.



Blumenfelds had told me that the banker Mattersdorf would advise me in the building matter. Mattersdorf heard the story with a stupid indifference, was quite curt and almost impolite; a wooden house seemed to him something like a dog kennel. But I made the acquaintance of his partner, Councillor of Commerce<sup>11</sup> Meyerhof; it turned out that he is related to my Meyerhof, he said that Leonie Meyerhof-Hildeck had died in August, we talked family and he became friendly. Result: he is going to see whether he cannot get hold of a private financial backer for me, and will let me know by phone. I am without hope and yet cling to any hope. Prätorius is optimistic once again, some bank in Hamburg is going to provide the mortgage.

The weather is becoming more spring-like, and Eva has already been up twice in recent days. Two wagonloads of manure were delivered today. All the taxi drivers already know us, and a couple of time I've been told, 'I drove you when your house wasn't finished yet.' Then I always have to say shamefacedly, 'It is not finished yet even now'; and privately I think, it's never going to be finished. Eva is bolder now and at the moment even her nerves are probably in a better state than mine. [...] Teubner has concluded our exchange of letters for the time being, with nothing resolved: We have to await developments.

Days which follow bank appointments (today after the Mattersdorf business) are always especially painful for me. I feel so humiliated and helpless. All the others around me have financial reserves: Blumenfeld, Rosenberg, Dember, Edgar Kaufmann, who is fiddling a sickness insurance in Palestine, Sebba, old Kaufmann – 'Hammerschuh, German-Christian Enterprise' I read every day in Prager Strasse, and the Kaufmanns live off Hammerschuh, the old ones here and the young ones in Palestine, and I, 'well known' professor of Romance Languages etc. etc., I cannot escape my troubles and will be completely destroyed if the government dismisses me.

I told Commercial Councillor Meyerhof how in 1897 Leonie Hildeck used Hans Meyerhof and myself as guinea-pigs for lectures on Ibsen and how I stayed away because I was taking cycling lessons. The last time I heard from Leonie Hildeck<sup>12</sup> was when she wrote to us a year or two ago, asking us to look after a young sculptor. At the time I declined because we were quite isolated and without social contacts ... She apparently had an honourable (editorial) obituary in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Nevertheless she is completely forgotten. So, after all, is her more famous friend Anselma Heine.<sup>13</sup> – I am now constantly haunted by the idea of the 'History of My Life'. That makes three ideas: the house, the 18th Century, the autobiography. And behind all three so often now – Nevermore.

[...]

### 13th March, Tuesday evening

After several more passable weeks a very bad state of affairs again. Eva is faced with protracted dental treatment. Immediately the problems with walking start again, immediately the outbreaks of despair again. On top of that the

treatment will cost a few 100M, which of course will again be deducted from the savings for the house and get me even tighter by the throat than is the case anyway.

### 19th March

Eva's condition has improved a little. The thoroughgoing treatment of her teeth was postponed for a couple of months after the most urgent repairs had been taken in hand and with the onset of spring she has been able to take up her gardening in Dölzschen. Naturally this gardening costs a great deal of money: trips by taxi, a labourer employed for days at a time, at 70 pfennigs an hour, orders from Hauber, manure, tools ... Again and again there are moments at which I am almost suffocated by money worries; but partly through apathy, partly through discipline, I have reached a point at which, in principle, I do not make arrangements for more than a day ahead or at most a month. I force myself not to think about a bill which must be paid in the coming month. Perhaps I shall manage it after all, perhaps there'll be a miracle, perhaps the bailiffs will be put on to me – but not till the month after next. If until then Eva has a few less fits of hysterics, if until then my heart lets me down a few times less, then something is gained too. At any rate the dull pressure weighs on me constantly.

Likewise, closely connected with the worry about money, my attitude to the worry about my post. The new semester does not begin until the 7th of May; until then there is relative security. Then perhaps I'll have no more students and be discharged like Blumenfeld. There has already been talk of pensioning off the whole Humanities Section. But why worry about what happens after the 7th of May? Is it so certain that we shall still have the same government on the 7th of May? The comparison with the Jacobins is popular just now. Why should the German Jacobins last longer than the French ones?

So I live from day to day under a dull pressure. The studies on the 18th Century inch forward; occasionally I see something of it clearly before me; for seconds at a time I believe that the book will be written, and it will even be my best book; but mostly I feel as if I shall never get back to writing at all. Besides, the housekeeping (heating, making breakfast etc., the cats), Dölzschen, the dentist, to whom I accompanied Eva, all the reading aloud took up an unbelievable amount of time; if I manage one or two hours on the 18e every day, it's a lot. [...]

The same thing when it comes to health. Repeated heart problems. Tiredness to the point that I fall asleep at my desk, pains in my throat every time I do physical work, sore eyes and blurred vision but also hours of normal life. Sometimes I think: just another three or four years; sometimes: perhaps even twenty. [...]

We were at the Blumenfelds twice recently, the second time with Frau Schaps, who is going to Haifa to visit in the next few days. Once with Annemarie in Heidenau. Once – an excursion – to Hauber's market garden.



Everywhere we listened out for – eavesdropped in fact! very intently – symptoms of the political future. Recently there seem to have been more signs again which point to an end within the foreseeable future. National Socialism has now become completely or almost completely identical with Bolshevism; that is obvious to many who only a short time ago regarded it as a 'bulwark against Bolshevism' and as a 'lesser evil'.

In Breslau there is a student of Neubert, a certain Kurt Jäckel, more persevering than original, but a competent and hard-working fellow. He has already got several volumes on Wagner in France and on Proust behind him; he sends me everything. Recently I wrote to thank him for something and asked him: Have you already qualified yourself as a university lecturer<sup>14</sup> or when will you do so? In reply came a letter: He is no longer allowed to qualify himself, he is also losing his post as an assistant because his wife is non-Aryan, daughter of the dermatologist Jadassohn. He would like to go abroad, but has a one-and-a-half-year-old child. – The usual fate now.

Our petty bourgeois neighbours in Dölzschén 'give shape' to their gardens as we do. Terraces and rock gardens (a big fashion!) are being laid out. Is there not a new classic horticulture in the making? Not a return to the 17th century, but perhaps even further back. Eva says, a 'more formal garden design, more architectural than before'. Is there not a revival of something like the pattern-card of diverse landscapes and architectural styles en miniature, which characterised the French garden in the 18th century before and side by side with the *jardin anglais*?

My 18e follows me in everything I do, see and read. Above all I am constantly occupied by the question of intellectual imagination, the fertilisation of imagination and religion by reason and learning. There are X analogies with the 18th century throughout contemporary life. I should like to write an introductory study like a fugue about this whole relationship: the fairy-tale in the 18th century. If I ever write it, it will be my masterpiece. If...  
[...]

### 25th March, Sunday

Total exhaustion; repeatedly fall asleep at my desk. Most recently worked through Folkierski, *Entre le classicisme et le romantisme*; began Cassirer, *Philosophy of the Enlightenment*.<sup>15</sup> I find my task gets ever more confusing, my belief that the book will be realised dwindles from day to day.

On Thursday we had Grete<sup>16</sup> here for the afternoon and evening. Very amicable without the ill feeling of last year. The universal adversity has swept away a lot. Grete was on her way to Pressburg. Her cousin Bunzl (the love of her youth) has invited her; and since Vienna is closed to us, he is putting her up in Czech Pressburg and visiting her there. Grete spent the night in a hotel. She told us that Sussmann's eldest brother had taken his life a few weeks ago: veronal in a hotel room; Martin<sup>17</sup> and Wally were called by the police to identify the corpse. Arthur Sussmann was a good-natured human being, an

optimist, dreamer and speculator. He made it possible for his brother to study, often treated him condescendingly. In 1913 he visited us in Munich with Marta and Wally en route from Venice; they were his guests. I still have a postcard of all three, feeding pigeons on St Mark's Square. I can see 'Uncle Arthur's' soft, long, untidy drooping moustache. During the war he established some kind of big factory; I came from Leipzig to give the employees a couple of lectures, which were very well paid. Later things sometimes went badly for the man, sometimes very well. In his imagination he was always on top, always wanted to help the rest of his family. At the end, well into his sixties, he is supposed to have been planning a wealthy marriage. Now the breakdown. (Where do people find the courage for suicide?) Sussmanns are supposed to have lost money as a result (happy the man who still has money to lose).

[...]

In the last few days Eva has been in Dölzschén a lot again; the gardening has been keeping her busy. The bricks for the construction of the wonderful cellar have also been delivered. I do not know how much longer I can still find the money for all of it. If in the next few weeks, as has to be assumed, the Hueber case is decided against me, then I can only pawn the harmonium or the library or something. I do not want to think more than a day ahead; but the dreadful, wretched weight on my soul is there every morning. And my situation worsens every day.

Today in Dresden the big 'Rally of the Saxon SA', 125,000 men will parade in front of the governor. Crowds, flags, garlands, pomp and an unparalleled display of power.

Para 6 of the Civil Service Law, by which any civil servant who is superfluous to requirements can be retired, has been extended for a further six months. It will be my turn in the summer.

[...]

### 1st April, Easter Sunday

A week ago today we were at the 'respectable' Köhlers. We were supposed to celebrate their wedding day on the Saturday and were somewhat mysteriously put off. It turned out that they had not wanted to inflict 'that' on us. 'That' – I would in fact have liked to see it – was the arrival of the SA. The inspector had had to receive 95 trains (special trains in addition to normal traffic) at his little Friedrichstadt station. He says he had witnessed the mobilisation in 1914 as a railway man; this had been a similar feat and a greater one (because then passenger traffic had been stopped, but this time was carried on simultaneously). So a practice mobilisation, and the foreign powers must know that just as well as we do and even better. In the most diverse circles war is now thought to be possible, indeed almost probable.

[...]

Commercial Councillor Meyerhof of the Mattersdorf Bank recommended Tanneberg, a 'business adviser', to me in the building matter. I took the ever



older-looking Prätorius with me as well. Tanneberg gave me a few, not many grounds for hope; he appears to be a prudent and energetic man. To my question as to a loan (not a mortgage): 'On what? - If the government wants to put in a young man tomorrow, you'll be sacked. Para 6 has been extended.'

#### 5th April, Thursday

On the evening of Easter Monday Annemarie Köhler was here with her mother. Always the same conversations, the same mood. - On Tuesday on her return journey from Pressburg: Grete, who then continued her journey on Wednesday. At the station I packed her, a little forcefully, into a taxi and drove her up to Dölzschen, where Eva was gardening furiously together with the worker and our cleaner's little Annelies. The worker had brought her two little pine trees as an Easter present and planted them. 'Pinched for you, miss,' says the boy in the Berlin primary school. The man had started out on his bicycle at four o'clock in the morning and cycled as far as Prussian woodland.

Blumenfeld - we were there for a coffee evening - gave me the typescript of his lecture 'Religion and Philosophy'. In two days I composed a twelve-point critical review in which, apart from Blumenfeld and Cassirer, Klemperer also gets a word in. It was my first productive work for ages (truly!) and this page will certainly be of central importance to my 18th Century. Then Blumenfeld was here, we had a discussion, and now he has sent me his rejoinder or elaboration. The Blumenfelds are now travelling to Italy for three weeks (despite or because of his being pensioned off). [...]

It was both shocking and characteristic to see in Grete the extent to which everything German has fallen away from her and how she can only, and wants only, to look at the whole situation from a Jewish standpoint. 'You may persuade yourself that you are German - I can no longer do so.' Then the horrible ghetto oppressiveness. She relates with shining eyes as if it were something altogether special, that in Pressburg the Jews move around freely, that in the personal announcements in the newspapers there are names like Cohn and Levi next to aristocratic and Slav names, that a talk by the chief rabbi is reported respectfully etc. etc. She is in addition all too impressed by the enforced rejoicing at government festivities in Berlin and is convinced of the unlimited duration of present conditions. All in all therefore: she has become un-German, inwardly degraded and quite resigned. That no doubt is how things stand with very many Jews.

[...]

#### 24th April, Tuesday

[...]

I read aloud a great deal. And sit for hours at my 18th Century, while Eva gardens in Dölzschen. There are all too many worries weighing upon me - and always the same ones - for me to make progress. I want now to wring a

special study of Delille's 'Gardens'<sup>18</sup> out of myself. But always this paralysing question: What for? For the drawer of my desk! And always the terrible, increasing money difficulties. The Hueber case is about to be wound up now. Two pointless expert opinions have stymied me. I sued for 600M; it is very possible that I lose that amount. Where to get it from? And where to find the money for the next life insurance payment? Everything is put into the trips by taxi to and from Dölzschen (an attempt to go on foot ended in a great many tears, fainting attack, pain, sleepless night) and into laying out the garden. The bit of cellar is now built and stands there rough and unfinished; any hope of getting building money seems to be written off. A wooden house, a flat roof, are unacceptable and a civil service post is no longer regarded as secure. - The anxieties are always the same: money, the house, Eva's health, the political situation weighs down on us - and nowhere is there a way out. Eva is now often - not always - more hopeful than I am. She believes that she and I still have many years before us; I myself believe I have only a few years before me.

[...]

Rector Neumann, to whom I had recommended Johannes Köhler with such success, died unexpectedly, only just 65 years old, a few months before his retirement.

On Saturday we had the Wenglers, brother and sister, here. Wengler is now examining the primary school teachers in my place. Yet Wengler inclines very strongly towards Communism. I learned for the first time that Wengler's mother was English, that in the parental home he spoke English more than German. I want to know, of everyone who comes from a different circle, what he thinks about the permanence of the present state of affairs. The Wenglers do not believe it is stable.

[...]

#### 7th May, Monday

My third semester begins today. Very possible that it will also be my last. Because, as admission to the PI is blocked - where are the students to come from?

#### 13th May, Sunday

On Monday no one at the general lecture and the seminar. A crushing experience. With a pension of perhaps 300 or 400M, as things stand, I would be facing disaster. In the evening I telephoned Beste, the section chairman, to notify him officially. He consoled me: general state of affairs in the university! He himself, political economist, last semester still in front of eighty students, usually in front of one hundred and fifty, had six. Reasons: a) the students were only just returning from Labour Service, not all were present yet, b) university study in general was being throttled. - On Wednesday (French verse



theory, one hour) I had two female students. (Blumenfeld, usually overflowing with students, has four students for the psychology lecture, one for the industrial psychology class.) Now I shall wait and see whether my seminar will materialise tomorrow. After that there will be another two weeks' holiday. The Whitsun holidays have been extended from one to two weeks. The students are no doubt required for the new 'Campaign against Fault Finders and Grumblers', and they do *not* want *anyone to study*; intellect, scholarship are the enemies.

This 'campaign' was inaugurated by Goebbels on Friday. Speech in the Berlin Sportpalast. Gross rabble-rousing and a 'last warning to the Jews'. Flagrant threat of a pogrom if the foreign boycott does not cease. Promise not to harm them 'if they remain quietly in their homes' and do not claim to be of 'full or equal value'. Europe 1934, Germany! – There is desperation behind the whole speech, a last attempt at diversion. Work on the housing projects and the Reich motorways is apparently faltering already. In the same speech, addressed to foreign listeners: We cannot pay our debts, we made no agreements, our predecessors did ... The whole system is on its last legs. Who will survive the collapse, and what will happen then?

We hear more and more, especially from the 'little people', on whom they rely – our petty bourgeois neighbours in Dölzchen, Kuske our shopkeeper etc. etc. – how greatly dissatisfaction is growing. The government is increasingly drifting towards Bolshevism.

On 25th April (after an interval of years) Spamer was our guest. The sociable folklore man from Frankfurt, with his interest in primitive ways of thinking. He had been to see his publisher in Berlin. He said: In Berlin everyone was expecting an imminent collapse. Not I. The masses let themselves be talked into believing everything. If for three months all the newspapers are forced to write that there was no World War, then the masses will believe that it really did not happen. That has been my opinion for a long time. (Word for word!) Perhaps Spamer judges things too much from the perspective of his profession. A couple of years ago Eva once had to have a light ether anaesthetic. The anaesthetist tied her hands very loosely to the arms of the chair, he reassured her (now just start counting, nice and calm, nice and calm! and so on) as if he were talking to a child. Afterwards she discovered that the man was a paediatrician. Everyone judges things from the perspective of his profession. Spamer is like that paediatrician, since he is constantly dealing with the childish side of national psychology. It is no doubt present everywhere, even among the educated. But surely not alone and not, at least *not always*, dominant. [...]

Continuing work on Delille. The study is turning out very well, altogether the work of an old man, microscopic, enriched by much experience and yet squeezed past the all-embracing (the history of the whole 18th century). It is taking up a disproportionate amount of my time.

Every morning as I'm shaving the nightmare of the Hueber case weighs me down. Two crazy opinions against me, prospect of having to pay 600M or

more, and no idea where to get this money from. Today a long, long brief arrived, in which Langenhan really did no more than make a fair copy (altogether word for word) of my letter. Final appeal to the court. [...] The verdict appears to be imminent now.

Despite the considerable heat Eva is in Dölzchen at least every second day. I fetch her, I also spend one or two hours helping her. The garden is splendid now, the cellar finished. But no possibility of further building work and ever-increasing costs. The taxi costs 5.50M each time. If we try to walk a part of the way, then pain and a serious attack of nerves are the unfailing consequence.

Karl Wieghardt – I met him in the street [...] – told me that on the 1st May thirty students (and the charwomen) had participated in the festive procession of university members which had been ordered. Recently there had also been open opposition at a student meeting, when a camp in Schellerhau had been ordered for the Whitsun holidays (to 'encourage community feeling'). They wanted to have time to get down to work, the marches etc. left one no time for studying. So here too a gradual awakening. But for the moment the phrase, the National Socialists are certain of the 'youth' of Germany, reigns supreme. [...]

As to my own memories: I see myself as a sixth-former mounting the stairs to the classroom with Grimm, my fellow pupil. I want to affirm something, I no longer know what, and as I am saying that it is truly a matter of the heart for me, I strike my chest with my fist. Yet I have such a lively sense of shame, this gesture does not suit me at all and is false, that I still feel it today. It is the feeling of shame that holds me back from every theatrical expression, every rhetorical gesture on my own behalf. Which also makes weeping impossible for me. It is always embarrassing for me in the highest degree, if in the cinema or while lecturing or struck by some thought I feel tears rising. Which lately, given my shattered nerves, is all too often the case. [...]

On 27th April I went with Eva to see 'trustee' Tanneberg, whom Commercial Councillor Meyerhof had recommended to me. Tanneberg has not yet given up hope of procuring building money for us. But he does not seem to have any success either. Inspiring confidence, the man told us he was a front-line officer, a former member of Stahlhelm and joined the NSDAP before the 'seizure of power', and still belongs to the Party. But all around he sees mismanagement, ill-feeling, catastrophe can no longer be far away. He condemned the lack of proportion of the anti-Semitism, he maintained that only the subordinate leaders were still using it for incitement, at the top they were already trying to calm things down. [...]

Our latest achievements on the Kirschberg: the planting of the yew tree (seven hundredweight!), which I gave Eva for Christmas, and the acquisition of a 22-yard garden hose. It was already much needed because of the constant heat and drought. One day recently I hauled over a hundred buckets of water.



**27th May, Sunday**

On the 16th we planted and worked together in our Dölzschen garden. Melancholy pleasure. The Scherners are coming for one and a half days over Whitsun.

**13th June, Wednesday**

All of my fairly meagre free time – housekeeping! Dölzschen! – has gone into the Delille study. Begun mid-April, expanded constantly, completed at last on 10th June, aside from reading through the very closely written manuscript. An excellent work – to be published when and where? I asked Wengler, if the worst comes to the worst, to look after my literary remains. Wengler has played a significant role in our life since a couple of days ago. His mother was English, he has assets in England. A law prescribes that he must realise them and transfer them to Germany. Afraid of inflation, he is looking to invest it securely. It is possible that he will give us a loan. I no longer have any real hope, we have been disappointed so often. Meanwhile Eva continues gardening fanatically, on average every second day. Taxi rides now take up around 110M of our monthly budget. I usually fetch Eva towards evening; I walk up through the park, after I have ordered the cab at Chemnitzer Platz. All the drivers already know us. I myself have been up there repeatedly for several hours at a time, to do watering, carry water etc. (For three months there has been a hardly interrupted drought; the harvest is already said to have been badly affected. – We see everything from the point of view and heart's desire of Hitler's downfall. And so this too is not unwelcome to us, although the garden is dying of thirst. Besides watering is still *allowed* in Dölzschen, whereas there is already a ban in many places.)

[...]

At classes: Art poétique – Fräulein Heyne and (sometimes) Fräulein Kaltofen, prosody – both girls, principal lecture, classicism – the two of them and Herr Heintzsch. He is an SA man and says plaintively, 'I am not a soldier.' I cautiously-incautiously talk politics with the girls at the beginning and end of classes. Both strongly anti-National Socialist, both oppressed by the feeling of tyranny. Especially Heyne, a Catholic, who wrote me a fine letter in spring from her work camp. She said to me recently, 'A kind of catechism was read out to us. "I believe in the leader Adolf Hitler ... I believe in Germany's mission ..." Surely no Catholic can say that.'

I have a great deal to make up; all the important things turn on the one thing which is suffocating us. But everywhere, or almost everywhere, there is nevertheless a shimmer of hope. It *cannot* last much longer.

The Scherners, fat, hearty, childish, greedy as ever. Yet their fortunes in a poor state, hating the small town and their enslavement to the pharmacy. He is disparaged as a 'Jew'. They came here at lunch-time on Whit Sunday, directly from high mass in the Hofkirche. His first words, before any greeting, downstairs at the gate, beaming: 'That will not perish, that will win, they

cannot destroy that! Such a throng of people, such devotion, such splendour! The church, the city centre, Victor! ...' And Scherner ran away from the seminary!

He told us: In Falkenstein one is not allowed to buy from the 'Jew'. And so the people in Falkenstein travel to the Jew in Auerbach. And the Auerbachers in turn buy from the Falkenstein Jew. However, on bigger shopping expeditions the people from the one-horse towns travel to Plauen, where there's a larger Jewish department store. If you run into someone from the same town, no one has seen anyone else. Tacit convention.

Letter from Lotte Sussmann in Berne, where she is taking the viva for her doctorate. The style of the Encyclopaedia, the game of hide-and-seek with the censors in full bloom. 'I am so optimistic ... I would like you to share a little in it ... I am really not a Couéist ...'<sup>19</sup> Embittered lines from Georg in Freiburg: He cannot agree at all with my opinion (profession of Germanness, 'Germany is in my camp!', definite hope of a speedy end). In the summer he and his wife want to visit their son in England, then his children in the USA. Felix's youngest, a doctor, has now also gone to the USA. 'We want to set up a Klemperer colony there.'

The Jelskis here on their way to Bohemia. Trying, distressing, but in many ways interesting hours. He, 67 now, has retired and is taking a cure in Johannisbad. I had an impression of considerable senility. Out of a certain contrariness and a childish pleasure in dispassionate objectivity, he sympathises somewhat with Hitler. After all he has achieved a great deal for the nation as a whole, he is a 'daemon' – of course, the racial ideology is wrong, but the Jews are not blameless. Marta for her part almost wild with hate. Wallowing in fantasies: *they* should be hanging on gallows, and we should march past and strike them as they hang there. I cannot help myself, she is hysterical, but on this point she is far from wrong. – Their house was searched once, her youngest, Willy, early twenties, is close to the Communists. She is travelling to Prague, to find out if there is any chance of a post for him and any possibility of studying political economy. Her old friend there is supposed to help her. They have repeatedly had the most dreadful quarrels about money matters, but the friendship always begins again – oh happy rabble! Freudenheim-Bloch,<sup>20</sup> the dentist, already charged Eva quite shameless prices in 1904. Bloch is a self-sacrificing woman and is nursing her husband, the 'Marxist' author (Revisionist), who fled to Prague. She gave up her practice, established a new one in Prague, cares for him. – Walter's fate in Palestine seems to take an almost comical shape. Through Edgar Kaufmann's good offices he got an insurance job in Jerusalem. But only provisionally, since immigrants who are not farmers or artisans must demonstrate that they have assets (about 10,000M). He has for some time had a romance with a very Aryan young lady, a Baltic German, related on her mother's side to Count Zeppelin; she is a secretary in Switzerland. (Some time ago we received a postcard from the pair of them on a trip to the south of France.) Now she has come into a fortune and bought herself a Hebrew grammar. They want to marry and share their



goods in Jerusalem. But where are they to get married? He must travel to meet her somewhere, where that is possible. Because in Zion the Aryan is exactly in the position of the Jew here. *Par nobile fratrum!*<sup>21</sup> To me the Zionists, who want to go back to the Jewish state of 70 AD (destruction of Jerusalem by Titus), are just as offensive as the Nazis. With their nosing after blood, their ancient 'cultural roots', their partly canting, partly obtuse winding back of the ancient, they are altogether a match for the National Socialists. [...] That is the fantastic thing about the National Socialists, that they simultaneously share in a community of ideas with Soviet Russia and with Zion. – With her naive stories, Frau Schaps, who has returned from visiting her Sebba children in Haifa, confirms me in my hatred of these Zionist doings (whereas Blumenfeld sympathises with them).

[...]

Marta's daughter Lilly at last married and off to Uruguay. The husband, musician, secretary at the legation in Berlin and student of music there. Now has a post in a factory in his homeland. Was supposed to become a teacher at the state conservatory which did not come about because of the conservatory's shortage of money. – The Jelskis were here on 1st June. Shortly beforehand, Marta had the most ferocious quarrel with the Bloch woman, to whom she was now travelling as a friend, because she (Bloch) sent an excessively large dental bill, which was not paid. – Perhaps Eva and I took the world too seriously. One has to see the funny side of things. Because the majority of people are so thick skinned that they are not really touched by disgrace of the spirit.

Fräulein Rüdiger was here on 7th June after a long gap (*one* year). We had already fallen out a little on that occasion because her only response to my bitterness was that I was overwrought and should take a rest. This time she made a wild, hysterical declaration for the 'Führer', to which I gave the necessary reply (in the presence of Karl Wieghardt). She to that: 'I cannot discuss it. I have faith. We have come home – we have not been at home since 1918.' I asked her, assistant in the German Department, the enthusiastic student and devotee of Walzel, what Kant, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller would have said to this 'home'. Reply: They would have been in agreement with it, one must have 'faith', for all the 'tragic details and errors'. And today she has written me a pathetic letter: Tragedy, pain over the friendship, everything must take second place to Fatherland and nation, the miraculous deed of the Führer, in which she believes.

Yesterday by contrast in the State Library: A collection of manuscripts belonging to the late Prof. Vollmüller (Romance Languages) has been offered to it and I should take a look at it, although I do not know anything about manuscripts. (Besides it does not appear to contain anything new and valuable.) Conversation with Director Bollert, who has grown very old, and young Dr Kästner. (I last spoke to Bollert in the courtyard of the library as he was strolling there with Ulich. A couple of months ago. Ulich is in the USA now. At the time Bollert pointed to my brown suit. Not yet brown enough, Professor. Now his letter to me was signed: With best regards, Heil Hitler! The

Director etc.) Bollert said consolingly in the presence of young Dr Kästner: 'You won't believe how few National Socialists there are. So many people come to see me. First with their arm stretched out, Hitler salute. Then they feel their way into the conversation. Then, when they've become certain, the mask falls. I too have to raise my arm. I say "Heil" – but I cannot utter "Heil Hitler" – usually "God bless!" But the Nordic race is more and more in evidence. Everyone's face has grown longer ... The "1st of May Festival" was a failure. I had assembled forty people here. There were five left for Hitler's radio speech.' (That fits with the thirty students who participated in the procession of the university 'enterprise'.)

[...]

On 5th June, the young Köhlers together with Fräulein Carlo were up in Dölzschen, then for supper with us. On 9th June we ate with the Köhler parents. Exasperation and certainty that it is coming to an end. The Köhlers already knew about the decree issued immediately afterwards by Rust,<sup>22</sup> the Reich Education Minister, according to which all teachers are to get an annual four-week 'national political overhaul' (overhaul, *again* the mechanistic terminology). The ever greater tyranny a sign of ever greater uncertainty. – Fräulein Carlo is often a visitor at the house of Kaiser, the former Saxon Education Minister. There too, they are waiting and hoping for an early end. Stahlhelm – Zentrum – Army. Köhler has heard from somewhere that nothing will happen until the death of the already more than half decomposed President of the Reich.

[...]

On 8th June at Hauber's, long visit, the department manager, Steffens, a man of 56, looks older, took us round. We got into conversation, he felt his way forward, complained a lot. His son, mid-twenties, unemployed, but in the SA and so without any benefit. The father has a salary of 200M (two hundred marks, an expert, 35 years at his post) and must provide for son and daughter and wife. 'I do not see much of my children any more, they are always with their organisation; I also have to be careful talking in front of them; mistrust has been sown in the heart of the family.' The year before the same (very German, very petty bourgeois) man said with shining eyes: 'the people's chancellor'.

The people's chancellor was recently in Dresden for the 'Reich Theatre Week'. For several days. As prescribed, forests of swastika flags hung in the streets all week long, newspapers printed articles: 'The Thrilling Experience of Dresden' and so on. But the SA, insofar as it was not deployed on the streets, was on permanent alert (I know that from my students: 'All these days in the Kugler Hostel!'), and the Leader appeared, disappeared, moved around, constantly slept in a different place and at a different time than had been officially announced. Like the Tsar, like a Sultan and even more fearful.

And the signs of the approaching collapse are multiplying. For the first time, half hidden in a new victory report on the 'Battle for Work': 'We have discharged 100,000 emergency and a small number of permanent workers in



the country and from structural and civil engineering, in order to carry on the battle above all in the cities.' I.e.: work is at a standstill on the motor roads and the housing schemes, and the more dangerous loudmouths in the city must be stopped. – Then the mysterious 'order' from SA chief Röhm,<sup>23</sup> as he went on leave, to the SA as it went on leave: 'We wish to grant our enemies the brief hope that we shall not come again. But on the 1st August we will be back again in full force and do what is necessary ...'<sup>24</sup> What does that mean? – And on every side consistent reports about the tremendous lack of money. And the admission that the foreign boycott continues and cannot be got rid of. In addition the constant rumours of war. Everywhere uncertainty, ferment, secrets. We live from day to day.

An older professor, whom I had not known, Wawrzyniak (motorcar construction), shot himself. It was said: he had been very National Socialist, had emphasised that he was Aryan and of Polish extraction (Poland: our ally!). It had then come to light that he came from Breslau and not from a pure Aryan background. The truth? It is at any rate characteristic that such a rumour circulates after the death of a sixty-one-year-old man. His wife has been our honorary senator for years because of her great services on behalf of student welfare. *Her* I know personally.

Something restful at least. Once, the first time in months, we were at the cinema. We thought there was a Kiepora film we did not know yet, but it was the familiar *Ein Lied für dich* [A Song for You]. Tant Mieux; we would gladly see and hear it a third time. So much music, humour, good acting y todo<sup>25</sup>. It was a real release for me. I felt the effects for a whole day afterwards.

Now for the next two or three weeks I want to deal with the reviews which have built up for the DLZ,<sup>26</sup> the only one to remain true to me. And then back to the 18th Century. In truth, after the Delille study I feel as helpless and ignorant as before. But I have sworn to myself to begin writing by September at the latest. The Delille work is an altogether mature and important one. It must give me the courage also to tackle the work as a whole.

Every day I expect the verdict in the Hueber case. The 15th May was the deadline. Since then silence. It torments me every morning as I shave. It torments me every morning at ten as I go to the letterbox. If there is no yellow envelope inside, of the kind that Langenhan sends, then I feel I have been relieved for another twenty-four hours.

[...]

I told myself recently when I finished Delille: If nothing else comes of my 18th Century, then at least there now exists something complete in itself which conveys my ideas. And this study will last. At least in the sense we philologists mean by 'last'.

15th June, Friday

[...]

I have been depressed since yesterday by the meeting between Hitler and

Mussolini in Venice. If he has a foreign policy success, then he stays. – Strange: what pleasure I gain from the report today that the Californian Baer won the world boxing championship against the Italian giant Carnera. Baer, who recently beat Schmeling, is a Jew. Yesterday our newspaper pulled him to pieces and did not give him a chance against the Italian. – So feeling comes to the fore despite myself. Baer = Samson = David and Goliath – bellum judaicum.

Reading over Delille is ruining my eyes terribly again. My writing is even smaller than I had suspected.

17th June, Sunday

'Beautiful weather' = heat + lack of rain, abnormal lack of rain, such as has been causing havoc for three months now. A weapon against Hitler!

Yesterday afternoon and evening at the Kühns (Kötzschenbroda-Lössnitz) – walks, garden, veranda, fruit wine with resulting hangover today. Doubly, trebly interesting long conversations between Kühn and myself: a) Philological dispute. He calls the present state of affairs, which he condemns, pure democracy, and what I call by that name, Liberalism. But he already uses the word 'liberalistic', such is the extent to which the terminology of the National Socialists also infects its opponents (cf. my philological notes on the movement). b) He gave me his study of More and Rousseau, which I have just been reading. To him Rousseau is the Latin egalitarian, un-German. (Yet he sees Montesquieu as the precursor of Herder, Herder had 'set Montesquieu to music', he told me.) – He professed himself an opponent of anti-Semitism and yet [also] fundamentally an anti-Semite. The German is creative, is in fact at one with nature, Luther, Meister Eckhart had creative imagination – Spinoza is not creative, a mere mathematician. The Jew is industrious, flexible, mobile, uncreative. There is no real Jewish musician nor conductor. Furtwängler 'carries one away', Otto Klemperer does not. – He was surprised when I told him the National Socialists were losing or had already lost the bellum judaicum.<sup>27</sup> 'So you do believe in such invincibility of "World Jewry"? Then the animosity of the convinced National Socialists is really quite understandable!' I emphasised that on the contrary I (just like the French) saw a certain relationship between Jewish and German thinking. He admitted there was something to that (Old Testament and Protestantism). But his *basic feeling* is nevertheless: the Jew uncreative, mobile, secondary – the German 'creative'. – Also at the Kühns were the Wiechmann sisters and the Zuchardt couple, whom we had met there once before. He is a secondary school teacher and dramatist; he and she are ardently anti-National Socialist.

14th July

I have just sent off the eight reviews to the DLZ (which I have been working on since 11th June). [...]



My energy seems to have increased almost instantaneously, once the pressure of the last few years abated a little.

The actual deliverance came through the house business. About two months ago, Ellen Wengler, the sister of my Italian lecturer, saw our plot of land as she was out walking. Eva showed her the garden, the cellar, told her our troubles. A little while later this was the result: the Wenglers have property in England left to them by their late mother (who was English). A new law compels all Germans to sell their foreign assets; the government takes the foreign exchange and pays for it in Reichsmark. Ellen Wengler did not want to leave her money unsecured and offered it to me as a long-term mortgage. From the start everything seemed so improbably favourable to us that after all the great calamities, all the hundred disappointments, we hardly dared believe in it. But things took shape swiftly and smoothly. A business talk with Heinrich Wengler, a letter, a telephone conversation, the siblings here for dinner: in two weeks we had come to an agreement. A new worry emerged: the German balance of payments difficulties, the English clearing law – would the Wenglers' assets be held back? They were not held back. On 29th June I signed the following contract with Ellen Wengler at Langenhan's chambers: she gives me as building capital and initial loan for eight years 12,000M at 6 per cent, out of which I repay the present first mortgage of 2,500M to Nitzsche & Co. (My Iduna policy matures in eight years.) The corresponding contract with Nitzsche was signed yesterday. The State Bank had called me in the morning, the money was there; I had immediately transferred 2,500M by telephone to Langenhan, and on the 5th he paid the company in my presence. Meanwhile there had been planning and calculating with Prätorius. He will not be able to manage entirely with the money that is available to him now; I shall pay the rest in monthly instalments. As soon as I am rid of the rent here and the tremendous taxi costs (over 100M a month) I shall be solvent. The middle section of the whole house will be built first, it is at least a self-contained little house with three large rooms and plentiful 'fittings'. There was an amusing difficulty: the building regulations of the Third Reich require 'German' houses, and flat roofs are 'un-German'. Fortunately Eva quickly found that she could like a gable, and so the house will have a 'German gable'. If everything else comes off – and I am constantly after Prätorius – we shall have building permission in two weeks and shall start immediately. We intend to move in on the 1st October. What a deliverance! And how strangely ordained! All my planned efforts foundered and now this comes quite unexpectedly. And comes – the greatest irony of all! – because of a National Socialist law. Laughing, I said to Annemarie on the phone, 'It is thanks to the Führer that I have got the building capital, truly thanks to the Führer!' I am becoming ever more fatalistic and increasingly weaning myself off thinking about the end of all things. But how fortunate is he who is naive and devout. In my place he would have put his trust in God through all the bad times and now given him thanks. I can do neither.

We were given a second powerful lift by the 'Röhm Revolt'.<sup>28</sup> (How do historical designations come about? Why Kapp Putsch? But Röhm Revolt?

Alliteratively?) No sympathy at all for the vanquished, only delight, a) that they are eating one another up, b) that Hitler is now like a man after his first major heart attack. Admittedly I was depressed when everything remained calm during the days that followed. But then we told ourselves: They cannot survive this blow. Especially now with the emergency of the failed harvest just around the corner, accompanied by the complete bankruptcy of the state and the impossibility of purchasing foreign food. – Because of the fears of his mother, who is in Denmark at present, Karl Wiegardt was lured into visiting his relatives in Bohemia for a couple of days. Exchange of telegrams: 'Aunt seriously ill, come immediately.' Reply: 'Wire whether condition really serious.' – 'Very serious, come immediately.' On his return, he brought newspaper cuttings with him, which is punishable with prison. The English: Mexican conditions. – 'In the next few years we should not be afraid of Germany, but for Germany' ... He has had his enemies killed ... Medieval ... etc. etc. A Prague newspaper published a picture: Hitler and Röhm in intimate conversation, and printed a letter which Hitler had written only in January to his dear friend and most loyal helper.

The confusion in the populace's ideas is shocking. A very calm and easy-going postman and likewise old Prätorius, who is not at all National Socialist, said to me in the same words: 'Well, he simply sentenced them.' A chancellor sentences and shoots members of his own private army!

The terrible uncertainty. When there was a statement a few days later: 'A German journalist in Paris was the intermediary between Schleicher and a foreign government', we immediately put two and two together: that must be Theodor Wolff,<sup>29</sup> they want to divert attention to the Jews, tighten 'Jewish legislation', and take away our right to live in Dölzchen on our own land. But so far there has been no move in that direction. There was even a 'pro-Jewish' judgment from the Supreme Court of the Reich. A man had wanted a divorce because of a Jewish wife. The first court refused him, he won on appeal. The Supreme Court refused him again because he had known his wife's race when the marriage took place. The *Freiheitskampf* printed all this under the banner headline: 'Who has to keep his Jewish wife?'

Yesterday Hitler put on a big show in front of his Reichstag. A loudspeaker was mounted on a statue in the fountain at Chemnitzer Platz; I heard a few sentences of Hitler's speech as I went to get a taxi in the evening. The voice of a fanatical preacher. Eva says: Jan von Leyden.<sup>30</sup> I say: Rienzi.<sup>31</sup> Today I read the whole speech in the *Freiheitskampf*. I almost feel pity for Hitler as a human being. The man is lost and feels it; for the first time he is speaking without hope. He does not think he is a murderer. In fact he presumably did act in self-defence and prevented a substantially worse slaughter. But after all he appointed these people to their posts, but after all he is the author of this absolutist system. [...] The dreadful thing is that a European nation has delivered itself up to such a gang of lunatics and criminals and still puts up with them.

Tremendously interesting were Hitler's words about the threat of 'National



Bolshevism'. He boasts about having 'exterminated' the Communists. He organised and armed them, he brutalised and poisoned them with his racial theories. What maintains Hitler now is only the fear of the chaos to follow. But we shall have to pass through that. Because: All the newspapers mentioned a small group of mutineers and seven executions. Now Hitler says he 'put seventy-seven against the wall', and talks about a conspiracy which extended throughout the SA, which also involved three leaders of his praetorian guard, the SS.

And how nauseating: In the reports at the beginning of July the pederast group was pushed into the foreground. As if only they had 'mutinied', as if Hitler were a moral cleanser. But after all he knew what the inclinations of his intimate friend and chief of staff were, after all he tolerated the sentencing of a large number of people accused of slandering Röhm in this respect, and this time after all it was not about \$175 and the 'revolt' did not originate only with pederasts. – But of course, Fräulein von Rüdiger and Co. will now believe with a vengeance in their pure heaven-sent Führer. Eva says, the Rüdiger woman and Thieme represent Hitler's followers: hysterical women and petty bourgeois.

On top of the building capital and the Röhm Revolt there at last came a third piece of good news yesterday, modest, but also truly a deliverance: the verdict in the Hueber case. His countercharge dismissed, 337.20M of my claim conceded; legal costs  $\frac{2}{3}$  Hueber,  $\frac{1}{3}$  me. According to that I would receive about 200M. After the terrible expert opinions I had been expecting to pay out several hundred marks. [...] How much agony and annoyance we both suffered for almost two whole years and how it weighed upon all our plans! So: At the beginning I rightly claimed 600M and was willing to accept 500, but Hueber offered 250M. Now I shall receive approximately 200M, but Hueber must fork out 700M if he wants to 'stay execution', even though he has already paid for the two expert opinions which come to 250M. What foolishness! And yet, what a release. Unless Hueber were to appeal, but then I shall not worry as much as before, and then I shall also have a couple of months' respite.

Building capital, Röhm Revolt, Hueber case – it is as if my life were taking a turn for the better again. And I believe I shall also be able to work again. As soon as I have caught up with my diary entries, that is, tomorrow, on to Voltaire!

Recently Jelski sent me a sermon he had preached for a deceased community leader. The heading was 'To our leader ...' I don't know, Jacobsohn or Levi or Blumenfeld ... How tasteless and how contemptible! Observant Jews purify vessels which have become trefe by burying them. In the same way the word 'leader' (Führer) will have to be buried for a long time, before it is pure and serviceable again.

Goebbels the advertising minister is no psychologist. He is boring, people make fun of the boring radio etc. What is the mistake? If a factory, a single enterprise constantly tries to imprint itself on people's minds, on tramcars, with sky-writers, etc. etc., that is amusing, because the aim is to capture the

public in a specific and inessential respect, because it retains its freedom of choice, for example between this or that razor blade, because this one advert is countered by a thousand others. Goebbels, however, does not captivate, but literally 'binds' the whole person, tyrannises him, and the one who is bound rebels against that, and he has an aversion to the utter monotony of the single thing being offered him. The progression of feelings here runs from a deadened indifference to aversion and revolt.

[...]

On the 29th of June, delighted by the building affair, I gave Eva a lovely Japanese conifer, on the 12th of July a giant rhododendron bush. Karl Wiegardt had worked hard with her on the 29th, he was our guest, and there was a bottle of sparkling wine in readiness. Then the young Köhlers appeared unexpectedly after the meal to congratulate us. The bottle of wine did not go far, but was appreciated. On the 12th of July we were guests of the Blumenfelds, and Annemarie was there too. There was such a heavy, sweet Zion wine that my stomach is still rebelling a little against it today. But perhaps the fine roast goose is also to blame. Apart from the good food there was very beautiful gramophone music, a Mozart concerto and Bach on wonderful records. And all of us felt a little elated by the feeling of the 'beginning of the end' (scilicet tertii imperii<sup>32</sup>).

In my bohemian youth the name Erich Mühsam had a certain significance. I do not know whether I saw him and talked to him myself, or knew him only from Eva's and Erich Meyerhof's many stories and from the magazine *Simplicissimus*. He was a harmless Schwabing jester and a good-natured human being. Bad enough, that his part in the Councils Republic cost him several years in gaol. Now it says in the *Freiheitskampf* – it has been sent to me in the last few days for promotional purposes – 'The Jew Erich Mühsam has hanged himself while in custody.'

### 27th July, Friday

Yesterday I ended my semester as I had begun it: i.e. I waited in vain once more for the students who had been prevented from coming. During this semester, therefore, I have given my classes before one or two people, likewise my lecture. In total I had two female students, Fräulein Heyne and Fräulein Kaltoven, one male student and SA man (of an extremely unmartial nature), Heintzsch. How will things go on? I am waiting like a junior clerk, to find out whether I am given notice on the 1st of October. But perhaps *others* will be dismissed before then. Yesterday the second blow struck the brow of the bull: Dollfuss killed<sup>33</sup> and the German ambassador recalled from Vienna because 'without knowledge and instruction of the government of the Reich' he had promised the insurrectionists free passage to Germany. Whereupon the Führer left the festival at Bayreuth because of the 'sad events' and the foreign press resumed its usual slanders. How much longer? [...]



And yesterday the site was pegged out up in Dölzchen and so work was begun.

And yesterday I arrived up there, flustered and very tired, with especially bad heart trouble and asked myself yet again very bitterly, which of my wishes I shall live to see fulfilled: the house, the fall of Hitler, my 18th Century?

[...]

The study on the language of the 3rd Reich also increasingly preoccupies me. To be developed through literature, for instance reading *Mein Kampf*, in which the (partial) origins in the language of war must be evident. Eva draws attention to the language of war ('battle for work').

[...]

### 29th July, Sunday

Hardly had I rejoiced at deliverance, than there was a serious crisis and assault on my nerves. Prätorius telephoned – Saturday before eight in the evening – the required 'German gable' increases the cost by 2,300M. I shouted at him, at Eva, tears on her side, 'taking advantage of a difficult situation!' on my side, 'Recall of the contract' – very difficult night and following morning. The money was available, costs 2M in interest a day, the contract has been signed by a notary, but again: I could not get hold of *that much*. Then Prätorius was here in the afternoon – desperate calculations back and forth. Result: he will raise the price by 'only' 1,000M, leaving 3,000M which I will pay off in monthly instalments. I shall note the precise costing as soon as I have the contract from Prätorius. Meanwhile a further week has passed – we intend to move in on 1st October – and as yet there is no contract and not a single sod of earth turned. The District Office, the parish, this and that – and I am like a cat on hot bricks, all the more so as every day can bring a state catastrophe. The second 'stroke' is undoubtedly near: foreign affairs, the economy, domestic affairs – everything is lost. Mysteriously threatening decrees from the Minister of Justice, from the Minister of the Interior against possible sabotage by civil servants, against outside interventions in the justice system. One surely does not write such things unless one is trembling. And a nation of 60 million taps in the dark and scares itself.

The fate of the last few weeks: the increasingly excessive heat and sultriness; finally thunderstorms in the last couple of days – but little rain and continuing sultry: cooking pot. Hours of sprinkling and carrying pails to where the hose does not reach. One can always only start after sundown. Went up a couple of times before seven and watered until half past nine. Beautiful, when the lights of the city come on, but terribly exhausting. We are both sore and worn out, I am constantly tormented by painful inflammations of the eyes, on my head, at the back of the neck, on my shoulder.

Since finishing the reviews, I am reading Brandes' *Voltaire* and am stringing my thoughts for the central chapter of the 18th Century to it. All kinds of things occur to me, after all I have read so much Voltaire in my life. I think it

will be a very serious chapter. And the 'Führer' is responsible for fundamental ideas in it.

[...]

Frau Dember here from Constantinople, to spend the holidays with her mother in Altenberg. He, Dember, is going to France, to improve his French. A few days ago Frau Dember visited us briefly in the afternoon. Yesterday evening invited with her to the Blumenfelds. The Wieghardts there too. Gusti back from Denmark [...]

Blumenfeld, returned from Berlin, says there is an atmosphere of 'mute despair' in the city. The bloodbath was worse than admitted – Frau Dember and Gusti Wieghardt say that few people abroad believe in a real 'revolt', rather Hitler had organised a 'St Bartholomew's Eve' – the government was now finished in every respect and close to collapse, but that would not be followed by better times, since the economic breakdown was immense and irreparable.

Blumenfeld is particularly gloomy about the specifically Jewish future. He believes anti-Semitism is deep-rooted everywhere and in the process of spreading and intensifying. He himself is tending more and more to the side of national Zionism.

*Philology of the National Socialists*: Goering said in a speech in front of the Berlin City Hall: 'All of us, from the simple SA man right up to the prime minister, are of Adolf Hitler and through Adolf Hitler. He is Germany.' Language of the Gospels. – Something of the Encyclopaedic style, somewhat modified, is now also present in the government's edicts. It hints, it warns, it threatens – whom? The public is kept in fear, individual or groups (which?) threatened indirectly. Decree issued by Justice Minister Gürtner on 21st July: 'Illegitimate attempts to influence the course of the judicial process are to be most emphatically rejected and immediately reported to superior authorities ...' Is that aimed at Colonel Hindenburg,<sup>34</sup> or Papen,<sup>35</sup> or a particular SS leader, or a group? Before, Eva used to say that the government's publications were distinguished by 'shameless candour'. I always pointed out to her the mixture of candour and lies. (First 7, then 77 'put up against the wall'. – The fiction that only homosexuals were involved, that it had been an act of moral cleansing.) Now this new element of hidden threat. They say: We know everything, be careful! Yet this is also a flight into openness. And how does that fit with the constant emphasis that the people stand behind Hitler, the 'revolt' is over and done with?

[...]

Five aspects so far: 1) the mechanical style, 2) the Encyclopaedic style of the émigrés (Gusti Wieghardt says that in France they are called *Les chez-nous*), 3) the Encyclopaedic style of the government, 4) the advertising style, 5) the Germanic style: Names, name-changes [...], months ... Cf. the months of the French Revolution: *new ones*!



*1st August, Wednesday*

I do not know whether history is racing ahead or standing still. On the last day of June, the St Bartholomew's Eve, at the end of July, the Austrian affair, the murder of Dollfuss, Italy's complete break with Germany ... It is not my intention here to register individual historical facts. Only this feeling of holding one's breath: 'Will the bull collapse this time – at the second terrible blow to his brow?' Again he does not collapse. And now this bulletin yesterday: Hindenburg's condition giving cause for concern. Surely the decision must come now. If the next few days do not see Hitler's fall, he will make himself President, i.e. he will let himself be chosen in a 'free' vote by the unshakeable love of his people. What I want to note is again only one point: 'Language of the 3rd Reich'. Yesterday's newspapers appeared with banner headlines across the front page: Execution of the Dollfuss Murderers. Underneath there were headlines about this and that. But the name Hindenburg was not to be found in any prominent position. The bulletin only came further down, amidst the three or four column divisions, and no bolder than much else – and bold type is so common nowadays that it does not stand out at all (cf. celui>celuici, intensification of advertising).

In the evening at the Blumenfelds (they were supposed to eat with us, Grete Blumenfeld is on her back with a damaged knee, went to them for evening coffee): there was a most serious discussion about the new state of affairs, in Blumenfeld's view hopeless, while I related what Johannes Köhler told me weeks ago: army dictatorship on Hindenburg's death. [...]

Reading aloud, at Annemarie's suggestion, Buck's quite Homeric *The Good Earth*.

*2nd August, Thursday forenoon*

Blumenfeld telephoned, his wife had just called him from town. Hindenburg died at nine o'clock. A little like the death of old Franz Joseph.<sup>36</sup> For a long time no more than a name and yet a last counterweight, which now falls away. The people may see it like that too. Only yesterday evening Schmidt, the tax official up in Dölzchen, spoke in a similar vein (the meaning was the same). He said: 'After all Hitler had to deliver a report to him.' I: 'Rarely and only for show, in reality Hitler has been ruling alone for a long time.' He: 'That certainly – but the old gentleman was still there nevertheless.' And his wife: 'Surely he cannot be both, President and Chancellor. Two offices in one hand?' Quite simple, Aryan, petty bourgeois people. And the man, depressed: 'He had enough with his wound his long imprisonment in Russia, he doesn't want another war'. – But all this in a whisper, depressed, fearful, helpless. That is probably the voice of the German people.

[...] I find it as difficult to work on Voltaire as twenty years ago (2nd August 1914!) on Montesquieu. But then I was filled with enthusiasm and today I am very downhearted.

*4th August, Saturday forenoon*

At first, events made us extremely bitter and almost desperate, Eva almost more than myself. Hindenburg dies at nine o'clock on the 2nd of August, one hour later a 'law' of the Reich Government of the 1st August appears: The offices of the President and the Chancellor are united in Hitler's person, the army [Wehrmacht] will give its oath to him, and at half past six the troops in Dresden swore their oath and everything is completely calm. Our butcher says indifferently: 'Why vote first? It just costs a lot of money.' The people hardly notice this complete coup d'état, it all takes place in silence, drowned out by hymns to the dead Hindenburg. I would swear that millions upon millions have no idea what a monstrous thing has occurred. – Eva says, 'And we belong to this band of slaves.' In the evening as a tyre burst, dismissively: 'It is not a shot.' – We had always placed hopes in the Reichswehr; Johannes Köhler had told us long ago, as a confirmed rumour, that it was only waiting for the imminent death of Hindenburg to act. And now it calmly gives its oath to the new 'Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht'.

But yesterday Hitler's letter to the Minister of the Reich: He had been entrusted with his offices in a 'constitutionally legitimate' fashion, but all true power must come from the people, and so a plebiscite will take place.<sup>37</sup> – Since when does he emphasise constitutionality? Since when does one swear in the army and have an 'election' afterwards? Was that the original intention? Did everything work out? And what will happen on the 19th of August? The November mood is no longer there and Hindenburg is dead. [...]

*7th August, Tuesday evening*

The Kühns were here on Saturday. He spoke very forcefully about Hitler's 'stupid demagogy'. He said that it had already been obvious at the time of the Röhm Revolt that an agreement had been concluded with the Reichswehr. Hitler had undoubtedly bound himself to move his government to the 'right'. But that must within a short time bring him into conflict with the Communists who had been absorbed. He, Kühn, now considers civil war imminent and unavoidable.

That fits very well with the interview with General Reichenau published today amidst the din of the Hindenburg-Tannenberg ceremonies<sup>38</sup> [...] which cloaks everything. Who is General Reichenau?<sup>39</sup> [...] He declares to the French journalist, Hitler can rely on the Reichswehr and the Reichswehr can rely on him. When has the army in Germany ever emphasised such a thing? It is making a big show of an agreement of mutual assistance with a usurping statesman. It will support him as long as he does its will. Against whom? Reichenau explains, Röhm wanted to merge 'the political army of the SA' with the Reichswehr. Hitler has promised never to do that. – A pact against the mass of the National Socialist Party. [...]

It fits with the new alliance, that in the reports of the ceremonies yesterday and today the princes put in an appearance again. 'The former Crown Prince,



Gruppenführer Prince August Wilhelm, could be seen in the box...'  
[...]

### 11th August, Saturday forenoon

Until the end of July we suffered from the drought. We had to water until late evening, the taxi costs were considerable. Since building started, rain is our constant fear. It can delay us, and our intention is to move in on the 1st of October. We have been lucky until now. Last Saturday a heavy downpour began in the afternoon – work stops at one o'clock – and lasted literally until Monday morning. After that, for the whole week, the actual working time (seven until four) escaped the rain. The excavation has been almost completed, and a large part of the foundation walls are already standing. Building timber is to be delivered today. Of course, it is not certain whether we will be ready by the 1st of October, and of course there is no lack either of worries nor awkward incidents nor unforeseen costs. [...] I put my trust in Eva, refuse to become attached to any property and am fatalistic. Aside from that, the visible progress of the house gives me pleasure, and despite poor physical condition and despite the immense uncertainty of the general situation, which affects me so severely and directly, I am on the whole more hopeful than for a long time.

After various negotiations, I signed a contract for the removal [...] cost 240M. It will be covered by the glorious conclusion of the Hueber case. [...]

I discovered – which I had completely forgotten, really completely! – that in 1916 in Paderborn, Driburg and Leipzig I had carefully made extracts from all of Voltaire's important works, luckily in legible and fairly large handwriting. I read much of it through very carefully, arranged it all very precisely for reading section by section, as the writing progresses, and decided to begin today with the introductory chapter, 'Voltaire and the 18th Century'. Yes indeed, today, this very morning, and even if it is only half a dozen lines, before I go up to Dölzchen. There is no point in reading any more, it only makes me more uncertain. And once this structural chapter is there, then I will no doubt feel my way forward. Whatever reading is still necessary – a great deal! – must now be dealt with case by case. I shall become completely giddy and slack if I go on reading and tapping so blindly around the thing. It was the same with all my books: there is a moment literally of aversion to the preparation, of complete confusion, of terrible despair. Double despair, because everything has already been said and because I cannot read everything. When I then begin apathetically with the order to myself: You *must* write now, whether it proves to be good or bad, fat or lean, original or imitation – well until now it has never turned out so very bad and inadequate. Why should I fail this time? I am still only 53 years of age. Like a Calvinist, I must prove that I am still in a state of grace. So: Volume 4 of my Literary History begun on 11th August '34.

I believe the 11th of August was 'Constitution Day' of the Republic. This 'I

believe' is characteristic; the festivities were never popular, never conducted with verve and impact. In this respect the Republic was all too Protestant; it relied far too much on the intellect and despised the senses, it overestimated the people. With the present government the opposite is the case, and it exaggerates this opposite to the point of absurdity. That speeches by ministers and by the 'Führer' are put on records and repeated, that the same state occasions are time after time presented on film – wonderful. But if the funeral at Tannenberg is repeated on the radio, that is, if one acts as if Hindenburg really were being buried twice, if one does not present the evident reproduction of an act but instead creates the illusion that the event is literally taking place twice, and if this act happens to be the funeral of the 'fatherly friend' and his entry 'into Valhalla', then something holy is desecrated, it is automated and made ridiculous.

### 21st August, Tuesday

The five million No and spoilt ballots on the 19th of August against 38 million who voted Yes mean ethically so much more than simply a ninth of the total. It took some courage and reflection. All the voters were intimidated and intoxicated with phrases and festive noise. One-third said Yes out of fear, one-third out of intoxication, one-third out of fear and intoxication. And Eva and I also simply put a cross at No out of a certain degree of despair and not without fear.

Nevertheless, despite the moral defeat: Hitler is the undisputed victor, and there is no end in sight.

I was stuck by the brevity of the propaganda barrage. It opened only a very few days before the 19th, but then with a frenzy of flags, appeals, radio addresses – a gamble on stupidity and primitiveness. The country lets yesterday be drowned out, the Röhm Revolt, the Dollfuss murder etc. etc. One can only start such anaesthesia immediately before the operation. – But how long does the psychosis last, and among whom? On the 17th Hitler gave his big election speech in Hamburg, and that was the hub of the festive jubilation that had been ordered. In fact he received the most Noes in Hamburg, 21 per cent of votes cast.

Today I heard from Ellen Wengler the same thing Kühn had recently asserted: Hitler has given the Reichswehr binding promises, he is no longer free, it is really *their* dictatorship. Can one place hopes for his fall in that? I am very much without hope at present.

The practice in the banning and permitting of foreign newspapers to be noted. Faraway places can no longer be cordoned off, too many people listen to foreign broadcasts on the wireless. So as far as possible they give the impression of not being afraid of the foreign press, in the hope that the masses will not look at it anyway. Only in very serious cases is there a ban. But of course: the German press from abroad (Austrian, Swiss) is kept out.

The construction is making good progress (although we are worried about



materials, varnish is already expensive and in short supply, a stop on metals and rubber is imminent); the Voltaire chapter creeps ahead line by line. Today we will finish the *Sons* by Buck. A tremendous epic achievement.

### 1st September, Saturday evening

Today did not go at all according to plan. It was supposed to be the day of the roof-raising ceremony. Last week, after lengthy preparation of the individual beams, the wooden walls rose very quickly. My impression changed daily: at one moment I think I have a dog kennel in front of me, at another the thing looks more reputable. Today, however, such a heavy autumn downpour began during the night and continued uninterruptedly until evening, that the men could do absolutely nothing at all. The roof will therefore be put on come Monday or Tuesday and the roof-raising ceremony will be then. I have left the arrangements to Prätorius, who has literally grown younger as building has progressed.

It was good that nothing materialised today. For the past week Eva has been suffering increasingly from a stomach bug, last night was fairly dreadful, she lay down all day.

### 2nd September, Sunday

My own health is poor: a lot of heart trouble, constant painful inflammations on my shoulders, the back of the neck, my head, above all my eyes, minimal productivity, exhaustion. – Am I lazier than others? Others travel, go hiking, socialise, play cards, spend their lives unproductively *as well*. I spend more than half the day taking care of the household for Eva and the two cats and spend a great deal of the other half reading aloud. After a period of very serious reading, or when Eva is very exhausted, there has to be something 'exciting', a detective story if possible. So now we've landed up with Edgar Wallace, *The Green Archer*.

### 4th September, Tuesday

The roof-raising ceremony took place yesterday, the 3rd of September. Eva very cheery, and I saw indeed how close it is to her heart. I myself more an observer and very melancholy. Nine workers, among them the husband of our cleaning woman, the latter with her little girl, Prätorius and his wife, Ellen Wengler, the 'blood donor'. At three we came up by taxi with a mountain of cakes and a great amount of coffee.

A birch ('fetched' from the woods, of course) with white and red paper pennants at the top. The men are still working. No flag. I had ordained: If a flag were deemed necessary, then a black-white-red one.<sup>40</sup> We clambered about on the imposed 'German' roof.

It has turned out well, and the thing as a whole now makes an altogether reputable impression. Then a table made of planks was set up in front of

the house, the cakes disappeared in a flash. Ellen Wengler took pictures enthusiastically. After five we went on to the 'raising feast'. The Zum Kirschberg Restaurant on Altfrankener Strasse. A bare room for us. A greyish wireless set. Each person was supposed to get a Beffstick (=beefsteak) with potato salad – but the restaurant had only prepared fourteen, those without got pork – there was swapping around, another Beffstick was found after all, it turned out afterwards that the tall foreman-carpenter had eaten two portions, he also got the potato salad I left on my plate. Apart from that each got beer tokens, teetotalers – of whom there were several – could buy lemonade with them or exchange them for cash; two got bars of chocolate as an alternative; three leading workers also received money, two carpenters 10M each, a mason 6M. I had brought cigarettes and cigarillos with me. I had to make a short speech. I said that I was not going to make a long and beautiful speech, they could hear that every day on the wireless, and here we wanted to be cheerful. But the joke was not understood. Then the tall, lively carpenter read out a speech full of clichés, then the foreman haltingly uttered ponderous thanks and words about the craft of building in wood, then Frau Prätorius, a little disjointed, rhetorical, but nevertheless fluent about her particular branch of construction – finally to my astonishment Eva. Fluent and spirited. Links with the Thirty Years War. Her Nordic forebears arrived in Germany in their wooden house with Gustav Adolf.<sup>41</sup> When we saw a cargo of Swedish wood on the deck of a freighter, she always thought, 'There floats my house.'

People's mistrust of wooden houses, no financial backer – yes, if it were built of stone! – to cap it all, her 'pig-headedness'. Only a miracle could save things, miraculously a friend was found as financial backer – on the very day of our thirtieth wedding anniversary. And now she hoped she would be able to celebrate many another roof-raising ceremony. The house was now a baby, it still had further to grow. – Eva also danced twice: with Frau Lehmann and with Ellen Wengler. – How often have I heard her talking about wanting to die, and what vitality there is in her! I am much more detached. Yet she has no fear of death, whereas at every irregular heartbeat I torment myself with thoughts of the end. Towards seven we drove off with Prätorius and Ellen Wengler. The workers behaved well and with subdued good cheer. Any kind of relationship with the 'people' is quite impossible for me, any kind of capacity for celebration has been denied me all my life. I was glad that this had passed off without serious problems and was now behind me. At home Eva went to bed immediately, and I read aloud from *The Green Archer* for a long time.

[...]

*Language of the 3rd Reich*: A state secretary in the Reich Education Ministry writes, in future primary school teachers should no longer be 'academically' trained. They should 'teach German youth counting, writing and reading'. Further: 'A total science of people and state based on the National Socialist idea is at the heart of the non-denominational school.' From the journal *Volk im Werden*, excerpt in the *Dresdener NN* of 22nd August '34 a) return to the



primitive, b) total science! Apart from the study of languages, it means the end of the PI in Dresden, that is, takes my last two students from me, so that I must expect to be retired by April at the latest. [...]

It is not merely a question of language, that a civil service oath to Hitler in person is now required of me. It was given collectively last Saturday. Those who are on holiday will swear at the beginning of the new semester. Those on holiday. Two months are a long time. – But I shall swear. Only now do I understand that the *reservatio mentalis* is necessary and self-evident. Blumenfeld, who as titular assistant professor and retired does not need to swear, said to me: 'You do not give the oath to Adolf Hitler in person but to the Führer and Chancellor of the Reich Adolf Hitler for the period of his official activity.' – Nevertheless: sickening.

#### 6th September, Thursday

[...]

After an interval of almost a week because of Eva's illness and the house, I returned to Voltaire again today. With very little success.

#### 9th September, Sunday

Yesterday house-warming coffee up at the house. Very time-consuming, bothersome, expensive – in very fine weather. Blumenfelds, the 'respectable' Köhlers, Carlo, Wenglers, Frau Kaufmann (! – touching really, since we behaved so badly to her and have not seen her since the quarrel in November).

#### 11th September

*Language of the 3rd Reich*: Party Rally of 'loyalty' in Nürnberg. Loyalty, of all things, after the revolt. Always have the cheek to claim the opposite. The Führer: Order for a *thousand years*. Once more the fantastic number. Once more against 'irresolute intellectualism'. [...]

Goebbels' speech about *propaganda*. Propaganda 'must not lie'. It 'must be creative'. – 'Fear of the people is the characteristic feature of the liberal conception of the state.' We practise an 'active influencing' of the people 'complemented by a systematic long-term education of a people'. 'At certain times statesmen must have the courage also to do unpopular things. But the unpopular has to be prepared for in advance, and its presentation must be properly formulated, so that the people understand it ...' (6th September '34). On the 8th: 'We must speak the language the people understand. Whoever wants to talk to the people, must, as Martin Luther says, listen to what people have to say.'

Once again the Führer appeals to 'heroic instincts'. The subordinate leaders emphasise once again: 'Adolf Hitler is Germany.'

#### 12th September

Mussolini said at the trade fair in Bari: The Italians regard our theories with supreme pity. They had a three-thousand-year-old culture, they had Virgil, when we were still without letters to write down our fortunes! – Contempt for the barbarians! I would like to write a book: The language of the French Revolution, of Fascism, of the 3rd Reich. Basic idea: France altogether *autochthonous*, speech of Corneille's Romans, very reactionary language! Italy also almost entirely Latin, fasces! But nevertheless with American and Russian elements! Germany on the other hand: in every way entirely un-German, even in the gestural language, Romance, Russian, American. Except in the blood idea, in the animalistic therefore!

Very vigorous activity on our building. All the trades, roofers, gas-fitters, electricians, plumbers etc. are working simultaneously, the place is swarming with workers and materials. A dozen balls of peat, a mountain of slag for filling and intermediate filling, a tar kiln, the thick copper wires of the lightning conductor, boards, cement etc. Eva is overjoyed. We are 'electrifying' everything, including the kitchen. I have ordered the largest goods on an instalment plan. Increases the price, but a bearable way. Very warm, watery autumn weather. Incredible blooming of dahlias and sunflowers. Eva up at the house almost every day for half the day. Overjoyed. – Old Prätorius is, against all expectation, proving himself both in pace and prudent management. He stands smiling above the chaos and declares we will be able to move in on the 1st of October.

The biographical Voltaire section, little biography, many ideas, is complete. Very good, but much too long. 28 extremely packed pages in manuscript, at least 40 in print. I am still pondering the arrangement of the two volumes. Preferably: Du côté de Voltaire, Du côté de Rousseau<sup>42</sup> – two vertical lines which are then brought together through a) the mediators, b) the Revolution. But will that be feasible? Voltaire really is part of the whole century, Rousseau comes only after so many precursors. So I would need to go back quite differently in the Rousseau book than in the Voltaire book.

#### 14th September

*Language of the 3rd Reich*: When he spoke to youth in Nürnberg, Hitler also said: 'You sing songs together.' Everything is aimed at deafening the individual in collectivism. – In general pay attention to the role of *radio*! Not like other technical achievements: new contents, new philosophy. But: new *style*. Printed matter suppressed. *Oratorical*, oral. Primitive – at a higher level.

#### 26th September

Incredible chaos up in Dölzschen, where we are supposed to move in on the 1st. Chaos beginning down here. Excessive expenditure. Everything is a 'special bill', everything 'has to be'. Moving earth, varnishing heaters, waxing steps,



fire insurance 2.5% higher, fire insurance office, a drain and a water mains connection not in the contract. Telephone, taxis, taxis, taxis. I shall scrape through with my last penny – if I scrape through. [...] The little house will be pretty, and when I am fresh I face up to everything with courage and even pleasure. But I am seldom fresh and often in despair. My heart often poor. – Eva on the other hand revels in plans for further construction. But she too suffers. Her right wrist is swollen every morning. But she expects to live until she is ninety, and I – warned by frequent palpitations – sometimes, often, mostly think that I have only another two, three years left.

I cling to my work. Half a manuscript page of Voltaire daily. I shall have to cut the chapter down.

But there is no point in despairing. If the Hueber case had turned out worse, I would be financially ruined already. Perhaps fate will give me a helping hand. Ultimately it is a miracle that we could build the house at all and at this time. Why should there not be further miracles?

#### 27th September, Thursday

Last Saturday we were at the 'respectable' Köhlers; it was nice as ever, but did not agree with us because of stuffy air and smoke. Father Köhler said with real feeling: How much that must mean to you, that the house you longed for is at last being completed! – I examine my feelings, they are very mixed. A blessing for Eva certainly, but a lasting one? Will not the lament about 'being crippled', the lack of space, the desire to continue building paralyse the blessing? Forse che sí forse che no.<sup>43</sup> And I? For hours at a time I am happy about it. Often I feel the financial burden, the fact of being tied down, no longer being able to travel. But I would not have been able to do that, even without a new house. Most of all I am tormented by the sense of my approaching end. The question: What is the point now? But then I simply say to myself: for Eva, for the time that remains, be it long or short. And in the end it all balances out in the final judgement – it matters as little as everything else. I put the terrible memories of all the bitterness which is attached to the plan for the house to the very back of my mind. Berthold is dead, what is the point of getting even with him now? – Our friends, Karl Wiegardt, Ellen Wengler, finally (see below) Trude Öhlmann,<sup>44</sup> have taken photographs of the little house, of the garden, and we have bought an album for these pictures. In it one can see the bare patch of ground with the fence, then the cellar by itself, then the roof-raising party etc. On Sunday Trude Öhlmann was here for a day and brought her boy, who is now sixteen and in the lower fifth, with her. A passionate Nazi until last year, he is now a fierce opponent and wants to dissociate himself from the HJ.<sup>45</sup> I asked him what repelled him. 'The leaders – fellow pupils – take more money from us for excursions than they spend. It is impossible to check, a couple of marks always go into their pockets; I know how it's done, I've already been a leader myself. 'Everyone must hand over 50 pfennigs for tomorrow's hike ...' Then you write in the book: 2M surplus, and hand in the 2M. But you had a

surplus of 4M. One fellow, who was really poor, a leader for some time, is now riding a motorcycle ...' – 'Don't the others notice too?' – 'They're so stupid,' and then: 'No one dares say anything or talk to the others. Everyone is afraid of everyone else!' – 'Did the murders of last June not make an impression, the murder of his own people?' – 'No, on the contrary! Then everyone praised his courage, it impressed them.' – What manifold corruption of children! Perhaps, probably not even the majority of these class leaders embezzles money. But everyone is thought capable of it, everyone *could* do it, many will say to themselves: If I do not do it, everyone will think that I have done it anyway, so why not? The typical immoral acts of slaves are encouraged.

'Reorganisation of the student body.' They congratulate themselves on having reduced the number from 12,000 to 4,000 ('to avoid an academic proletariat'); these 4,000 are supposed to form a 'united team', live for two semesters in 'comradeship houses' and wear 'standard clothing' (i.e. barracks and uniform). 1,500 fraternities will no longer compete for them. (i.e. the fraternities are being dissolved.) Now the fraternities are certainly not places of liberal education, freedom and modernity; they are even to blame for the fact that the National Socialists found such large support among the students, and that they have been deceived only serves them right, as it does the German National Party. Nevertheless at this moment the fraternities, like the German National Party, stand for culture and freedom in contrast to the National Socialists. And I have the quiet hope that a new front against the National Socialists will form among the fraternity students. But such fronts reflect no more than disaffection. And it can take years before there is a proper explosion. Meanwhile the emptied universities will be 'consolidated' like devalued shares. And I will be among the superfluous professors to be removed, at latest by Easter. [...]

Write the history of the modern American novel and its relations with Europe, at the centre always the problem of national psychology and what determines it! It would be such a lovely theme! If I felt healthier, I would arrange things thus: Until my mid-sixties I finish off my French literary history and 'The Language of Three Revolutions' and my memoirs. Then live in America for my first year of retirement, and then *this* history of American literature. But my first year of retirement will begin in 1935, and soon after that I shall be buried.

[...]

Because we are moving I am returning mountains of books to the State Library, which have been lying here for months, hardly any of which I have read and which I shall have to order again later. It cannot be helped. As it is there will be something like fifty boxes of books, and a lot of them will end up unpacked in the loft, under the 'German roof'.

#### 29th September, Saturday evening

Up since half past five. The packers did their worst here from half past seven



until almost four, and now it looks a complete mess. The removal is supposed to take place on Monday – and yesterday there was chaos up at the house as well.

We moved in here in January '28. The last few years were very difficult. I bought the land on Eva's birthday in 1932, in April '33 the soil was turned up and it was fenced, in March '34 we built the cellar, which will now be a furniture store, without hope and possibility of continuing to build. On 29th June, our 30th wedding anniversary, I signed the 12,000M contract with Ellen Wengler; construction began at the end of July.

Yesterday evening I was in such high spirits that I promised the taxi driver, who turned out to be a driving instructor, to take lessons from him in the spring (it has become very cheap now, 74M including test), this morning there was heart trouble and depression again.

This evening we are eating with Gusti Wieghardt, tomorrow with Blumenfeld.

The evening before last Walter Jelski and his 'Lilo' Eggler passed through; they will return from the Saxon Switzerland in a week's time, and I will report on them after that.

[...]

The Voltaire chapter has advanced as far as the Pucelle poem.<sup>46</sup> I am reading aloud with delight – Buck, *East Wind: West Wind*. An entirely different tone, and yet reminiscent of the 18th century, of *Lettres persanes*,<sup>47</sup> but also of Rousseau (to suckle the child oneself!).

I let myself be carried along, rather I act in every respect, in my work and the house question, as if I definitely had at least another twenty years in front of me.

Tearing up old papers is a painful business. September '29 – letter from a lieutenant colonel of the 10th Infantry Regiment, whether Hans Hirche is fit to be an officer cadet. Something from the same time: a letter from a department head in the Prussian Ministry of Education thanking me for my report in the journal *Erziehung* on the teaching of Romance Languages. And then, September '33, from the Saxon Ministry: 'By submitting a certificate of award of decoration you have merely made your front-line service probable. As a non-Aryan ... you have four days in which to produce evidence ...'

## DÖLZSCHEN, AM KIRSCHBERG 19

### 6th October, Saturday

The chaos, still only a little ameliorated, has now lasted one week. Still the thundering work of the carpenters everywhere, of the masons, of the electricians etc. Great exhaustion. No more possibility of working since a week ago. Serious trouble with my heart repeatedly. Usually very despondent. People

congratulations embarrass me. Rare moments of true happiness. But despite constant fatigue and the considerable impediment of the swollen wrist Eva flourishes in all this confusion.

These are the first lines that I have dared write here. But the bustle is far too uncomfortable for me, and everything is in the greatest disorder and full of noise. Most of the time I stand around idle, worn down.

Two old packers came at seven on Saturday; by four everything already looked a complete mess in the apartment. Nevertheless, one could still find one's way around. In the evening we ate amicably at Gusti Wieghardt's, the first time since the big Christmas argument. On Sunday Eva performed tremendous feats of selection and dismantling. I could help a little. But also still read (Voltaire, *Semiramis*) and read aloud (Buck's *East Wind: West Wind*) a little. At the Blumenfelds in the evening. After the meal, the Salzburgs, very much aged in the years since we saw them last, came with their grown-up sons; the eldest studies medicine in Rome. He talked about Hitler's visit to Venice to meet Mussolini. Hitler had made a long speech, Mussolini listened icily and then said, 'Now we shall drink tea.' It was reported by all the newspapers and was now a household phrase in Italy. Salzburg sen. related as absolutely vouched-for an incident at a performance of *Don Carlos*<sup>48</sup> in Hamburg. At Posa's words, 'Sire, allow freedom of thought!' there were several minutes of applause. The next day *Don Carlos* was dropped from every theatre, including Dresden. – Then packed trunks at home until one o'clock.

On Monday I rose at half past five. The emptying of the apartment began at seven. I think eight men were working. Two large vans, a motor vehicle with trailer. Filled up at eleven, there was still enough stuff for another van. Eva went up to the house with the furniture removers. I remained with the cleaning women. While the vans were on their way, there was a thunderous downpour. When they began unloading at the house, it was over, and then the weather held. I sat on a folding chair in the empty music room. This occurred to me:

At this point, 1st October 1934, the move into our own house, whatever the circumstances, whatever my feelings, however different from what I had imagined, however bitter the memories and however great the worries – I shall one day begin my memoirs. If time is left me for them.

The furniture van came after two, to fetch the rest. Eva again cheerfully between the men at the front. A coffee, for which cups were borrowed in the house. Then up to Dölzsch again. This time I too came in the big van. Then I had to go into town again. Then the men up here were finished. Now down with Eva in a taxi. Our cats loaded. Up finally. Chaos here. Left in the lurch by the electrician. No light, no cooking facility.

### 9th October, Monday/Mistake! 8th October, Monday

Still chaos. I am writing at a bare desk. But still unpacked, boxes everywhere, shelves not put up, workers – chaos, chaos, chaos, no chance of working. – I



am 53 years old today. So far Eva has not remembered that it is my birthday. Amidst all this turmoil, Walter Jelski was here again, yesterday afternoon and evening with wife and sister-in-law, alone overnight.

The first evening up here therefore alone with two cats, candlelight, a newly bought spirit stove with unpredictable emission and treacherous flame. Tea and ham. Early to bed. The bedclothes in a cupboard which could not be opened. Slept on the bare mattresses. The whole of the next day unwashed, with unbrushed teeth. The geyser in the bathroom was not and is still not installed. We were given a rough-and-ready temporary shower connection. I really do not know in any detail how this first week passed. A rude dream, shot through with a few nice moments. Nice, when one is pleased at the little house, the beautiful autumn weather, the view. But always the crippling noise of the workers, the enforced inactivity, the standing around in boundless confusion, the incredible difficulty of housekeeping in the reduced space, kitchen in the still damp cellar, the living rooms obstructed, absent cooking facility, absent crockery, bathroom unfinished, electric lighting incomplete. Money worries on top of that. The necessary new expenditures ever growing. On top of that the constant heart trouble. – Nevertheless every day sees a tiny improvement and clarification of the situation. Perhaps I shall manage to get down to work in the course of the coming week. Reading aloud is not going very well either. A brief quarter of an hour in the evenings. But the ceiling light is too bright and the proper lamp still cannot be used. – The cats cause particular difficulty. Nickelchen in particular excessively frightened. The problem of the cat boxes. First autumn rains, earth sodden, necessity of laying a firm path.

Walter Jelski's story, as I now see it overall. He put an end to his acting career a couple of years ago, found pleasure in business. He had a post in the publicity department of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*,<sup>49</sup> was then in Basle. There love, cohabitation with an old friend from his acting days. 'Lilo' (Charlotte Elisabeth) Egger. Pale, blonde, quite plain but sensitive creature, now 27 (he: 31), by birth a Russian German. Father was a photographer in Russia, she herself in business, an older sister is a craftswoman, a brother in Munich married to the daughter of von Geyl the conservative minister. – Walter went to Jerusalem, found a post there as an insurance agent. Then at the beginning of this year the mother died. The children came into an inheritance (war compensation in blocked accounts). Now Walter and Lilo are marrying in Berlin on the 10th as Germans living abroad, and 15,000M is released to her for Palestine. In a very complicated procedure involving some dodge, since a part of it belongs to her sister and will be given back to her in Switzerland via Palestine, where it is required as a 'capitalist certificate'. Walter had hinted at some of this from Basle and was supposed to be here with his Lilo in September. This visit was postponed and made almost impossible by Marta's usual tactless interference. Walter and Lilo were with us in the Hohe Strasse shortly before the move, then went to Göhrisch. There he got a dental abscess and appeared here on the 2nd. We sent him to Isakowitz and put him up for the night in

the loft, under whose 'German roof' more than half our furniture is stored (waiting for further construction work!). The next day he travelled back to Göhrisch. And yesterday he appeared with Lilo and 'Duding' (Estonian = 'Little Dove'), the older, very refined sister-in-law. A nice afternoon and evening amidst all the confusion. Meanwhile, in addition to our spirit stove, we have a little temporary cooking plate and a little plug-in shaving-water kettle, a little more electric light and a tiny little more space and are a quarter of the way to establishing order. The ladies afterwards went to a hotel, Walter here until this morning.

We gave them our wedding rings (Eva's idea: I was uneasy about something so unconventional, *she* was not). They want simply to leave the 'Eva-Victor' 29.6.04 and have their names engraved beside it. The rings fit them, and they slipped them on immediately. Anny Klemperer, Berthold's widow, had sent me a cheque for more than a 100M so that I could buy rings for them.

I gave them the money in cash to use for something else. I like Walter's wife and sister-in-law and they speak well for him. It also speaks for him that he is extremely hostile to National Socialist tendencies and would like to return to Germany as soon as possible. His wife remains Christian. Something of this fate is related to ours. [...]

At the university, Gehrig and Raab, the democratic political economists, received their doctorates on 1st October, Raab tainted by a Jewish wife. Spamer is to leave at Easter, he has been appointed Reich Director of German Folk Studies. So the section is gradually, or, rather, quickly being dismantled. I feel like Odysseus in Polyphemus's cave: 'You I shall eat last.' To this Blumenfeld remarked on the telephone with a comforting quick wit: But Odysseus was not eaten, and it was Polyphemus who came to a bad end. [...]

*Language of the Third Reich*: The Jelskis have frequently heard and read as a standard abbreviation: Blubo – Blut und Boden (Blood and Soil).<sup>50</sup> [...]

### 10th October, Wednesday

I have emptied a couple of drawers, put journals in boxes in the attic, in order to make space. Now that some things are standing around opened, the chaos is even more unbearable than before; but perhaps if the shelves are put up today, a degree of order will be achieved. Meanwhile never-ending trouble with the electrician. He is simply unable to finish the work, there is still no cooker, and now it turns out that he provided false information about rates. I threatened I would claim compensation, he departed with his staff of apprentices, and we are still sitting in something unfinished.

How much of one's past comes to the surface when one clears up like this, but what a different aspect it all has today! A metallic identity disc, which I had to wear when I was sent to the front from Landsberg am Lech. (After that I returned to my Munich unit.) A page from the *Vossische Zeitung*: 'Famous Doctors in the Field'. Felix's picture. And his son is not allowed to be a doctor because his father did not fall in battle. Thanks of the bereaved at the passing



away of 'Doctor Wilhelm Klemperer'. [...] Old calendar pages with fashions from the beginning of the century. Etc. etc. – I have been unable to part company with anything, everything is safe in its coffin. I shall probably never see it again. And everything lectures me about my age. And a couple of verses by Fedor Mamroth<sup>51</sup> always go through my head: 'What remains of it all? Ashes, ashes, ashes.'

[...]

#### *14th October, Sunday evening*

Never-ending clearing up, unpacking, repacking, arranging, dust, dust, dust, boundless exhaustion, not out of the house all day, boxes, boxes, boxes. On weekdays a dozen (no exaggeration!) craftsmen around us, Sundays alone. Stink of paint, of new appliances, dust, dust, dust. Dragging things up to the loft, down from the loft, back up again. Down to the cellar, up from the cellar, back down to the cellar. It is still damp, the sugar is a wet lump. – Especially tired this evening. But I think: The day after tomorrow nine-tenths of the library will be on the shelves, and the last tenth will be packed away for the loft. [...] Just to be able to work a little again, to have a little peace. I think, I hope: on Wednesday.

The electric appliances are almost all present, the plumber almost completely finished, only painter Lehmann works and works and the costs rise and rise. God knows how I shall pay my Iduna policy this winter.

[...]

Georg sends congratulations from New York where he is visiting his sons. Three are now in the USA, only Otto, the physicist, is in Cambridge. How rich Georg must be to maintain this whole family, when he himself is retired. Wolfgang Klemperer, Felix's second, studying in New York, wrote to me: 'The largest part of the Klemperer family is now in America.' He is right: almost all the males of the next generation.

Two curious characters among our craftsmen: Trojahn the electrician, an East Prussian, but with an Austrian temperament. Always courteous, never reliable. Nothing right, everything too late. Yet he harms himself at least as much as he does me. He arrives with two little apprentices, the lads never know where the master is, the master never knows where his boys have gone off to etc. etc. I make the most bitter complaints, he has a wealth of excuses, shakes everything off, is polite, makes promises and again breaks his word. – Master painter Lehmann, over sixty, husband of our cleaning woman. Works well, is very full of his own importance, strong ethical tendency. Good Templar,<sup>52</sup> once locked up for a couple of weeks as an old Social Democrat, sees himself in charge of the work here, patronises us, feels himself to be a teacher and artist. At present on very friendly terms with his family. But for at least two years Frau Lehmann lamented to us how badly he was treating her, and endeavoured unsuccessfully to get a divorce from him at the time. [...]

The great and still dubious innovations of the house are the electric kitchen

and the central heating. The cooker is still fairly intractable – now enormous heat, now out – the hotplates take twice as long as a gas cooker, perhaps even three times. – The ground in front of our house is dissolving into slippery mud; we must lay down a firm path as soon as possible, have ordered 3 cubic metres of cinders.

From time to time I have to go up to the parish rooms ('Heil Hitler!' – there's no other way). From the height of the village a quite remarkable view over the expanse of the city to the east. It is a real village, with real farms, but the 'village square' is an altogether urban affair, more like the showpiece square of a spa.

[...]

#### *17th October, Wednesday*

Since yesterday I have my library in tolerable order. [...] But apart from the library: it's still chaos. The problem: squeezing seven rooms into three. The damp cellar space as kitchen – sugar etc. always stuck together and wet. The 'dining room' next to it, the first cellar, still without fittings. So forever up and down the 13 steps. Makes 600–800 steps a day. That 'should' change. The craftsmen still not finished – painter, plumber, electrician. The veranda for the cats still without a railing. [...]

On top of all the lack of space and confusion there is the eternal desperation of lack of money. The painter in particular is eating me up at such a rate that I do not see any possibility of fulfilling all our financial obligations in the coming months. This never-ending worry is terrible. In addition my constant heart problems. – But the little house is pretty and the view – in the changing light of the autumnal storms, downpours, play of the sun – is magnificent.

It is still impossible to think of work. Perhaps tomorrow or the day after tomorrow – mañana. In fact I am not much inclined to the 18th Century. What really attracts me is the language of the three revolutions and my memoirs. I doubt whether I shall write either.

I hardly get round to reading aloud: we are too tired in the evening, and the light is too poor – Trojahn is still not finished, the man will drive us to despair. [...]

Today Annemarie and Dressler, the 'unrespectable' Köhlers, are coming for coffee and supper. We intend to put one of the two living rooms, at least to some extent and provisionally, in order. As I write, Lehmann senior is painting the doors, there is an immense amount of muck lying on the floor, and torn paper, pieces of furniture stand higgledy-piggledy, the settee standing on end. – The mystery of the central heating is still unsolved; now frost, now heat.

I firmly resolve to continue writing on Voltaire tomorrow, even if it is only a couple of lines.