

1 April 1941

I made it to page 3 but am too tired to continue working. The hellish gramophone is playing horrible songs. The coffee house has its rest day. The spring evening is bright, but tired. I have ordered a sea fish and feel a longing for 1000 things from the past — for smells, words that were spoken, patches of grass near a long-abandoned silver mine. Normally, I am a staunch, militant opponent of Weltschmerz (“world-weariness”) in any form — at the moment, however, I have wrapped myself in Weltschmerz (what else would one call it?) and even find it somehow comforting. (O — Tory, yuck) and it is really beautifully stupid to write these lines to the beloved Kittybe, isn’t it? But nowadays, all people are crazy anyway and the stars have come closer to us and are pushing us down. And Kitty is very strong and Tory as well and thus it will work somehow. I believe, many will be overcome by a lot of greyness — especially those who are unnatural and are afraid of reality, the ones who always kid themselves. And how different we are! That’s why we always stand out, even though we cannot stand this at all and we are a thorn in the side of many people (*changing “Maschinen” = machines to “Menschen” = people, otherwise it makes no sense*), since people cannot (*understand?*) us any more than W. Cs - . I often look at a photograph in my locker. Then I do not reproach myself for having brought you here — into this small world with such a big lack of space. You always belong right in the middle of the fizz, especially since you do not notice it yourself, when you are stuck in the middle of it! I’m glad I did not know that you are an artist, because then I would not have married you — (especially back then). I had all sorts of prejudices, after all.

I love you, when you are defiant and abuse the old uncle. I love your skirt and I am not as old as you think sometimes. I love your unchangeable handwriting and I am happy when you eat a lot and eat with joy, because I am especially proud of you when you look well (*or “pretty”*).

and I also believe in myself. I know that I have been chosen for very specific and important achievements. As a result of this, I am sometimes bored — but I know that you could not be happy with a “Sowieso” (*“sowieso” = “anyway/anyhow”, used as a noun, here most likely meaning “mediocre, bland person”*), anyway. With a “Sowieso” you would need to have children to make life bearable. With me, this is not necessary — and you are much too smart a woman to not feel this — even if you sometimes believe you suffer because of this.

I’m going to sleep now. These lines were necessary.

I kiss you, little wife (or woman) —

Good night!

Greetings to August —

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Now comes the departure. (*“geht es fort” could refer to moving away in a geographical sense or to moving onward in a temporal sense. I believe he is referring to an impending departure*)

I love you very much!

T.