

14 Mai 41

*14 May 1941 and*

*15 May 1941*

Lieutenant Kuhn has promised me to pass on a message from me to you. In addition, once in a while, I might be allowed to speak on the phone with Auhof at 4 am and to asked them to notify you that I am well. I feel relieved. I'm supposed to get a room by myself so that I can paint commemorative sheets for the regiment. Tomorrow I'm supposed to go on a night drive with Lieutenant Papst in his car to collect impressions?? We will see, what else will happen. "You wouldn't mind going with me to the desert, painter, would you?" said Lieutenant Papst. "I follow the orders I'm given!"

So, do not be sad if I indeed need to go to Tunis or elsewhere. Fate. If Arad — Sofia — or Tunis — the separation is the same. I feel like time is passing infinitely slow. None of the days want to end. I pay for the sun (illegible). That was to be expected. I hope you get my letters. I hope time passes quickly. It's incredible how little I care about Athens. Everyone here talks about Hess and his departure (*translator's comment: Reference to Rudolf Hess, Adolf Hitler's deputy, who on 10 May 1941 undertook a solo flight to Scotland, where he hoped to arrange peace talks with the Duke of Hamilton, whom he believed to be prominent in opposition to the British government. Hess was immediately arrested on his arrival and was held in British custody until the end of the war, when he was returned to Germany to stand trial in the Nuremberg Trials of major war criminals in 1946. Information taken from wikipedia*). Hm. There is much we could talk about, Kitty, much! We must intoxicatingly make up for this kissless time during which we both are locked into separate spheres. My thoughts regarding the Communists ("Commies") and Civil (*unclear what Civil refers to*) are becoming stronger from day-to-day. I sometimes dream about Falmouth, you and the field with the many golden rods — life in this division is somewhat more mature. (Running water) I haven't been spoken to loudly in these two days. The two sergeants, too, treat me as an adult. But I don't care about that at all, either. I must honestly admit, I often have a hard time telling if I'm sleeping on straw, a hard floor or in a hotel bed. Some of my comrades suffer if they do not immediately get something to drink or eat — I do not feel any of that. I am like a drill that, without emotion, drills through gelatinous time to once again progress to heavenly freedom.

12

And again and again I find confirmation for my old thought that only those who do not depend on material things can be free in spirit. Even something as little as mandatory get-up times affect the spirit.

I just skimmed these lines.

And now I'm not quite sure if I should send a letter or not? Will it give you joy or seem depressing to you? I think I will send it, because it depicts Bonibirder's (?) soul well, and if it gets lost or not is another question. Should I indeed get the room for myself and be able to paint really nice watercolor paintings then things would be quite nice and, at some point, there must be some mail arriving from the sweet little Kittybee!! And, I should be very thankful, because those two, Kuhn and Papst, really are extremely kind and nice and understanding — I am not lacking anything, from a purely material point of view!

My heartfelt kisses for you, To

15 May

Yesterday, sergeant Loffler and I went to an elegant bar, from 9 to 10. I liked the music! There's so much I could tell you! We still haven't received any mail — it is like a big gray curse.

They have a German newspaper here. You have to be very happy (*"Lust"* = a noun for "lust" and it is not an adjective. More likely *"lustig"* = happy, joyful... or transcription error of some kind) and dashing when I finally come home! Your Snuggler

How are your parents and my parents?