

Joseph Goebbels

# M<sup>†</sup>ichael

Ein deutsches  
Schicksal in  
Tagebuchblättern

# MICHAEL

Pages From a German Destiny



Joseph Goebbels

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Jett and Jahn Media

Originally Published By The Central Publisher of the NSDAP.

Franz Eher Nachf, Munich, Germany

## Introduction

Joseph Goebbels received a doctorate in literature from the University of Heidelberg in 1921. For the next two years he lived at home, writing plays, poems, articles and fiction. He sent his work to publishers and editors but everything was rejected.

In 1923 at the age of 26, Goebbels wrote "Michael", a semi-autobiographical novel about his experiences in Germany following World War I.

The book is written in diary form and follows the life of Michael, a fictional character who represents a young Joseph Goebbels.

At the beginning of the story, Michael returns from the Great War and is disgusted by Weimar Germany. Throughout the novel, he examines the meaning of life and seeks a way to liberate the German people.

Throughout the story, Goebbels presents and explains his personal beliefs. He analyzes the political differences between German Socialism and Russian Marxism. He examines the cultural differences between men and women, including their roles in society. He also shares his Catholic faith in God and admiration of Jesus Christ.

However, the most remarkable aspect of this book is the accuracy of Goebbels predictions. Despite the poor conditions throughout his country, he saw the coming German Reich and believed in it. He was aware that he belonged to a small radical group, but had faith in the spiritual power of his ideas.

This novel was originally rejected by publishers throughout Germany. Six years later though, Goebbels had become a famous politician and the book was finally published. It went through seventeen printings and inspired Germans throughout the Reich.

Until now, the only English version of this novel was translated by Joachim Neugroschel, a homosexual Jewish man.

Therefore, Jett and Jahn Media obviously questioned the accuracy of his work and decided to translate this novel for ourselves. We hope that you enjoy this story and are inspired by the words of Joseph Goebbels, one of the greatest men who ever lived.

## Dedication

**1918:**

You stood, the shattered arm still in a sling,  
The gray helmet on his battered head,  
Chest full of crosses, before sedate intellectuals  
Because a few figures decreed that you are not ready.

Our answer was: Revolution!

**1920:**

We were both about to join together to capitulate break.  
As we settled on one another and stumbled hard.

My answer was: Despite!

**1923:**

You furthered your fate in their place.  
Turn or break! It was still too early.  
Therefore you have been victims.

Your answer was death!

**1927:**

I stood at your grave,  
Sunshine over the silent green hill.  
And preached mortality.

My answer was: Resurrection.

This book is dedicated to the memory of my friend  
Richard Flisges

On July 19, 1923 was the death of a brave soldier in a mine near Schliersee.

This is the deepest blessings of life:  
The secrets of rising to eternal life  
And the changing forces within the young.

Disintegration and dissolution  
Do not mean destruction,  
But rising and dawn.

Behind the farewell of the day in silence,  
Acting strong and forcing a new idea.

Youth is more alive than ever.  
Whatever comes of the battle.  
From it comes new forms, of existence up to the light.

In the future, joyful hearts are burning hot,  
With the will to work, to live, to shape,  
Millions wait with pain for the day.

In the attics of Tenements in Lohner and migrant camps,  
Hunger, cold and mental anguish form hope.

The symbol of another time.  
Faith, struggle and work are the virtues of German youth of today;  
Faustian Scholars.

We come to each other in the spirit of the resurrection,  
Which come to you, as a brother,  
A bridge is to the people on both sides.

We wait for the day that brings the wind storm.  
At the present moment, we have the courage  
The will to pull together for the Fatherland.

We want life: therefore we will win life.

Michael's diary is a monument of German fervor, dedication,  
And the will of fortitude.

In his quiet, modest mirror, reflected all the forces  
That shape us from a boy today,  
Into thoughts of power tomorrow.

Therefore it is Michael's life and death,  
That is more than coincidence and blind fate.  
It is a sign of the times and a symbol of the future.

A life of service to the labor and death for the good of future people.

This is the consolation,  
What we can see on earth.

## **May 2**

Under my thighs no longer snorts the thoroughbred stallion,  
I can no longer sit on canon banks  
I still trudge through the dilapidated, clay shelter.  
How long ago, since I was still in the Russian plane or a dismal shot in France.

Country... Gone!

I am beginning to lose myself.  
I rise like a Phoenix from the ashes of war and destruction.

Peace!

This word is something like balm on a wound,  
That is still trembling bleeding.  
To me it's as if I was the word,  
Believing, blessing with His hands.

When I look out the window,  
I see how on the sides of German country swims: Towns, fields.  
A quiet road goes through a blooming flowers

Children play on village streets.

Towering smokestacks bite into the crisp air.  
Passing far stretched green fields,  
The lights in thousands of colors and lights.

I gaze out the window and breathe, deeply breathe.  
The sun is on Germany  
So well, as the Greeks greets the sea.

Home! Germany!

A bloom in the fields and gardens, exhilarating,  
Pleasant for the eyes,  
Seeing nothing for four years  
but debris, dirt and blood and death.

I get carried away like a floating island.  
The obstacle to freedom!

I was in Frankfurt and the young Goethe had my reverence.  
Even today, in the strife of the ruling spirits.  
Prophet every young Will.  
Weimar is not our Mecca.

I carry a book in my pocket: Faust  
I read the first part. For the second I'm too stupid.

Heidelberg! Embedded into the lovely valley.  
Above is the Castle, students sing on the platform,  
Continue rolling the impatient wheel.

Next! The hills are mountains!  
The land steaming in the sun.  
My eyes drink the beauty of God!

## May 5

In my own four walls I sit now as a student,  
free, my lord and master.

How often have I longed from the noise of battles.

Ever since I returned home,  
I trample through the streets and alleys  
We have learned outside as we sit there.  
The city is beautiful and pleasant.  
The people in this country have time.  
They are hardly in a rush.  
We are already deep in the south.

There are benches at Karlsplatz.  
They're always full, morning, noon and night.  
When I looked at them now, they were not occupied.

The chestnuts at Schlossberg have white candles  
When I have time - and when I had no time, I stroll up the hill.  
Below lies the city, as the specialist cake to the mother hen,  
So the old houses are grouped around the weathered Cathedral.  
The sun plays glittering in the red roofs of the new town.

Far shines the country.  
Diving in the distance...

Somewhere I was a year ago in the barrage and had only one wish:

To end the agony and die a hero,  
Which I no longer knew.

And now I'm standing here,  
Strengthened as life tears at me.

## **May 8**

I live in the suburbs, in the last house.  
The view from my window is a blooming garden.

The sun shines into my room for most of the day  
In this city, the sky is deep blue



When I go to the University,  
I walk through the clean streets,  
Which only exist in Germany.  
In addition to the wide sidewalks,  
Flows channels of clear spring water.

Crowds of children wading in it,  
Drive up to their knees,  
Playing their pranks.

I live like a king in this city!

In the evening I walk through a narrow, deserted alley  
Sometimes, I then stroll at my own pace.  
Caressing the evening air against my face.  
If I am silent, I hear a fountain somewhere.  
Connecting to the dark side of mankind.

The open window:

A final puff  
Of fragrant lilacs  
Bringing the evening breeze  
Into my room.  
I can not sleep!

I met a classmate, Richard.  
We had seen each other a couple of times outside.  
He asks, what I am studying about.

What am I studying about?

Everything and nothing.  
I'm frustrated  
And think I'm too stupid for the specialized sciences.

I want to become a man!  
Form into one.

Personality! The path to the new German!

Style is everything!

Style is an agreement between law and expression.  
Anyone who wants to have style must understand,  
Law and expression.

That's the name for style,  
Have nothing but this,  
Of course act, do, suffer,  
And make what is right.

On the path, is the sound.  
If it does not burn in you,  
How can you burn!

### **May 16**

In the evening I visited Richard.  
We sat down in the garden  
and talked until late at night.  
He is smart and understanding

We share memories from his earliest youth.  
Before me lies the village, garden and house.  
By an open window I hear, like the mother in the kitchen.

Mother!

One needs to have nothing but a mother.

A mother is everything for her children:  
Friend, teacher, confidant, source of joy,  
pride, motivation, accuser, reconciler, judge.  
On forgiveness, the mother has apparently missed her profession.

My mother in particular is a divine spendthrift,  
Ranging from money to the mercies of the heart.  
She is what she has, and often beyond.

Only a mother has the right instincts for her children.

May 17

I've thought about what let me live so thoughtlessly  
And drink to the fullest.

I stand with both feet on the ground  
I smell the grass, blood slowly rises in me.

Richard calls it human existence.

I walk alone through the narrow gauge to the Schlossberg,  
And breathe in the warm scent of a flower on a May night.

With the sun I get up, and go with the stars,  
I rest. I sleep four hours and I'm refreshed.

**May 18**

Around noon, I sit in the quiet, old cemetery.  
I stood before a fountain  
And felt its fine water in this hot air.

The chestnut wide arch roof hangs over me  
The ivy twines over the green grave stones.

Blackbirds are singing!  
Nothing disturbs the peace of the dead.

A bee buzzes.

I read Nietzsche's Zarathustra from noon to devotions.

Still. . . Still. . .

Everything is going on in space.  
Everything!

**May 20**

Much is written in the lecture halls of the university  
More talking and it seems to me, little learning.  
A certain kind of knowledge because it makes vultures;  
Pale face, glasses, pens, and bags full of books and lecture notes

The future leaders of the nation!

And the women, oh, good heavens!  
Underneath, their blue stockings look delightful.

I am looking for a teacher,  
Who is simple enough to be great,  
And great enough to be simple.

The special science breeds arrogance and shoptalk.  
Common sense proceeds from most dogs,  
Intellect is a risk for the formation of Character.

We are not on earth to cram knowledge into our skulls,  
Looking for the next objective when it is unrelated to life.

We need to fulfill our destiny.

But we can only do what God has placed in us.

So Goethe is the most significant for the German  
Since he increased awareness beyond the limits  
But it would be wrong to come to the same conclusions  
And follow Goethe's empty, nonsense, fantasy in his head

Quod licet Iovi, non licet bovi!

So it is in life: when Mr. Meyer Faust thinks  
It is only proof of good memory

Why does he not attempt mathematics?

**May 22**

The old professor tells us about the home of the Teutons.  
I rarely listen to him speak, but how often,  
I have heard him discuss our ancestors,  
Located from the bottom of the Danube to the shore of the Black Sea

In front of me sits a young student: a beautiful woman!  
Blond-brown hair, soft as silk, lying on her neck,  
Which is hewn from white yellow marble.

She looks out the window, dreaming  
Quiet, almost shy she steals a sunbeam

I see her profile: a clear round forehead,  
Few stray hair curls,  
A long, sharp, somewhat broad nose,  
Including a soft mouth.

In the middle of my gaze, she suddenly turned to me  
And I'm looking into two large, gray-green mysteries.

She sits quietly and shyly begins writing  
Eagerly listening to the tired words of the professor

Through the window, the cheeky sunbeam hops over the benches  
And glistens in her blond hair.  
The color is soft, golden silk,  
That slips through her fingers in the light.

It is evening and I stand at the window.  
Richard is sitting in my big chair, speaking of Marxism.  
How rational it is, but Marxism is a waste of money and stomach.

He takes for granted that the living man is a machine.  
That is why he is wrong, and be there strange thought, not grown.

Reasonable in theory, but unreasonable in practice

How little is solved by him!  
Spirit of width and not depth.  
And he asked what to do with our pain?

I steer the conversation to women?  
Richard talks as always, clever and thoroughly.

“The woman is there. The man is awake.

The man is the manager,  
the wife is the director of life.”

That is the line, this color.

Why do I spend today in thought, not action?  
I swim in a sea of indeterminate desires and longings.

Now I am alone, standing at the window  
Looking into a cloudless sky and the starry expanse.  
Soft, the wind bows through the trees in the garden.

The full hour bless me!

Night trembling hands folded,  
Over the weary world.  
Of pale blue,  
The moon rises.  
My thoughts fly,  
Like lonely swans,  
In the stars.

The radiant sunshine on a blond-brown haired woman...

### **May 23**

In class, I sit next to her.  
She is coy and busily writing into her notebook,  
That the home of the Teutons was probably on the lower Danube

I hear her breathing is quicker,  
I feel the warmth of her body,  
and breathe the fresh scent of her hair.

Casually resting her hand, almost next to mine,  
Long, thin, and white as the driven snow...

The bell rings - and I pack my belongings together.

Outside there is sunshine.  
I sit on the patio and watch the hustle and bustle,  
Of academic intellectuals.

Laughing, joking, here and there  
I pick up snippets of conversation:  
Scale, Heavy saber, phenomenology,  
Transcendentalism, historically proven. . .

## May 24

“Hertha Holk”: I read the name in her notebook.

How much closer just a name brings us.  
We are no longer strangers  
Wven though we have not exchanged a single word.

I read William Meister. This epic is round  
and too far, without enough corners.

In Frankfurt, the Goethe House,  
A servant showed me the stairs from the courtyard  
Where little Wolfgang played with his sister used to play.

I almost got tears in my eyes eyes.

Up in his room today hangs a picture of the Lotte Buff.  
If he, came home at noon,  
He stormed before up the stairs to his room,

Stood before the the image and saluted: "Lotte morning!"

That was Goethe, we boys love him.  
The feelings are sometimes unbearable.

Art also belongs to the character.  
Write beautiful poems,  
Or become an unbearable contemporary

Perhaps that is why the German poet Schiller  
Was serving the people, and not Goethe.

And do we love the Ninth Symphony more than the Flying Dutchman?

Art can not be brief, without struggle.  
Titans not Olympians are examples,  
For a ring-forming gender.

No more miracles happened because we saw no miracle.

Poetry is beautiful in its deepest essence, equated to the folk song.

Everything is what you make of it, and you yourself.

The money comes from me.

Money is dirty, but dirt is no money.

## **May 25**

I come into the classroom. She blushes and gets confused. I sit two benches behind her.

An hour can feel like an eternity!

Hertha Holk and I are good friends.

This world is beautiful because of her!

Love brings us near God.



It's not true: the youth of today is not against God,  
It is only against his cowardly servants,  
Which, as with anything,  
Want to make a deal with Him.

We must be separate from them,  
Man must come to God on his own terms.

### **May 31**

This is a clean Saturday morning.  
I stroll down to the cathedral,  
Women are selling gorgeous flowers from the Black Forest

How colorful is this:  
Serious and solemn, the red-brown flowers.  
The women in black dresses with red shawls.

Hertha Hoik is chatting with the old market woman.  
She speaks, and the old man laughs – then both laugh.

Now she buys three long-stemmed, red carnations.  
Then spots me, is embarrassed for a moment  
Smiles and moves towards me.

There is silent peace in the park,  
The sunshine is spread wide on the paths.  
Birds sing in the trees.

We sit until noon.

She tells of home, the land of the red earth,  
Where the work races, where steam vents and chimneys smoke;  
Of her father, who died when she was young;  
And the mother, who, lived for her children.

A great, brave woman who takes this as it is.

How you are like your mother, Hertha Holk!

"What I am studying?

That question would is appropriate  
Because rights and arts side by side,  
Fit together as a fist and the eye"

She laughs:

Right, and the arts as a profession more than pleasure. "

"Profession, that sounds like a false note in your mouth.  
Pause.

And you? "

"I do not know either.  
There is only one vocation for a young German:  
To stand for the Fatherland.  
We have served four years without objection.

This is one of the deepest conflicts  
In the generation of soldiers.  
The jump from the trenches into the classroom is too far. "

"They do not work too much?"

Not in the colleges, admittedly!  
But I mean, you can also learn something else.  
Even from the most simple things.

Life itself is not complicated.  
We only make it complicated.

When you open your eyes, wait,

Then look through.

We make the simplest questions difficult,  
And then need to ponder on them. "

"They close well?"

"How do you figure?"

"I thought the only way;  
It would fit well with you"

"However. Yes! Sometimes!  
The poet does not like me,  
I am more accurate and dense than him.

The true poet is something of an amateur photographer of life.  
A poem is, after all, nothing more than a snapshot  
Of an artistically minded soul.

Art is an expression of feeling.  
The artist is different from non-artists  
Since what he feels, can also express it.

In some form, in one image  
The other in tone, the third in the word  
And the fourth in marble - or even in real forms.

The statesman is also an artist.  
For him, the people are the stone for the sculptor.  
Leader and followers,  
Which is no more a problem as painters with color.

Politics is the fine art of the state,  
Such as painting the visual art of color.  
Politics without people or against the people is nonsense in itself.

From the mass of the people, the nation state forms,  
Which is always the deepest meaning of true policy.

You can not even spoil the character.  
But with bad temper, spoil the policy. "

"And now?"

"Ah now! That's no policy that they operate with at the top.  
Run only with the means of the people, to promote their own interests.  
Our policy is not for the people.  
If it proceeds, we will ultimately perish. "

"But has it not become better?"

"Better? No, we have become foolish.  
We have no more feeling of honor and duty.  
Only the meal is up for debate.

But he who sold the honor also soon loses the meal.  
This is a late, but all the more cruel revenge of history. "

It is dense and driving politics?"

It is driving politics? That's a foolish question.  
Driving policy is obvious.  
Every father who puts children into the world drives policy.  
Every mother who raises boys influences politics.

How absurd! They have made politics an occupation;

By the way, this profession has understood every soldier,  
And exercised outside the silence doing his duty,  
As the parliamentary politicians in their Government Offices  
Sat and made long winded speeches. "

"You are very harsh in your judgment"

You can not be tough enough.  
Who wants to deal with life?  
You must confront it as it confronts you.  
Also, life is hard. "

"War is terrible."

"That in itself says nothing.

No sane Man has ever doubted.

Wanting to do away with it would be the same as

Wanting to do away with Mothers bringing children into the world."

"This is also terrible. Everything."

"Living is terrible.

One can only take protective measures against war,

Which are that people join with each other

Until the threat upon his life passes. "

"You are a poet and soldier, do you play music?"

"A little."

"Do you desire to play music with me tomorrow afternoon?"

"Yes, a great desire."

We part. It's noon.

The sun glows on the gray white asphalt.

Hertha Holk leaves, giving me one of her flowers.

She blushes and is suddenly very confused.

She hardly gives me a hand, nodding quite embarrassed,

Then walks around the corner.

The artist is to examine God.

Both shape the material form.

The artist is a piece of God.

Let there be light! And it is light!

Clear is the art?

Sometimes it is difficult

And almost unbearable.

Art must rise and shake,  
It is profit and consolation.

You saved us nothing.

I do not come to mind,  
And I will by them,  
Who attacked the man from Jericho to Jerusalem.

The times don't change,  
But the people change the times.

Men make history.

I love Hertha Holk?

Now I am terrified almost on the brutality of the word.

I lost my ability to think, which made me free and conscious,

The woman is great in stimulating.

Three men sit together and bored.  
Woman passes by - not even a beautiful one- equal  
The three are transformed.  
They become attentive and witty.  
Working to outdo each other.

Like the divine, a woman enters the life of a Husband.

On my desk lights a long-stemmed, red carnation.

Hertha Holk!

June 1

Hertha Holk sings Brahms Sapphic Ode with magnificent contral.

Then I play Schubert's Impromptus late into the night.

Finally, Hugo Wolf: You are Orplid, my country.

"Before your God, kings bow,  
Your words."

The whole song increases with a great chord into it.  
The Kings bow to God.

I wander for hours through the starry night.  
It sounds like tones and harmonies.

Like a new life awakens everything around me.

Hertha Holk, I love you!

The night is my best friend.  
She smooths the storm in the soul  
And refreshes the rising stars.

It is day! In me!

I look out of my room,  
And I see the light marble columns.

War is the simplest form  
Of the affirmation of life.

A mother gives her life  
And thus becomes a child's life.  
Rears until a moment before death  
The last will of the old man  
And yells: I do not want to die!

Fight as the person enters this world.  
Fight when they leave, and in between there is an eternal war,

For a place in the crib.

I'm looking for the deepest happiness  
Only conscious when I do it  
I must defend it enviously.  
It is only captured or defended.

Peace also will be fought,  
Not specifically with the palms,  
But with the sword.

They have made socialism a matter of organized cowardice,  
This is the worst fault of the Republic.

Everything people face is the same.  
They only say it's stupid or pretend it's stupid.  
Some because they believe in it,  
And the others, because they deserve it.

Nature itself is anti-democratic.  
Throughout the universe, two beings are not equal.

Nature is the eternal,  
The truthful teacher of life.  
You can never outwit nature.  
Sometimes it lets you survive for a while  
But then you face much more cruel punishments.

We are shaped like each other, but all have different contents.

The state is form that has become ethnicity.

Ethnicity is the sum of all natural life.

The state is different from the expressions of the people,  
It is organized to protect the expressions of life.  
A state without people or a state against the people?  
Is the same as a suit without man or even suit against a man,



Which is nonsense in itself.

What does socialism have to do with the Republic?  
Monarchies are socialist and capitalist Republics.

Socialism is: that I submit to you,  
The personification of all sacrifice.  
Socialism is in the deepest sense of service,  
Above the individual and dedication to the whole.

Frederick the Great was a socialist on the royal throne.

"I am the first servant of the state."  
A royal Socialists word!

Property is theft: Some tell the mob.  
Each gets his: Says the character.

You've confused Capital and Capitalism.  
Capitalism is abusing Capital.  
Down with Capital?  
No, down with Capitalism!

*Credo, ergo sum!*  
(Latin: I think, therefore I am)

With the wolves we must howl?  
Must we?

I remember not to do that.

God has created me in his image  
I'm a piece of him.  
God!

The larger and more exceptional God is,

The greater and more towering He is in me.

I go into everything quiet,  
Like the pendulum of a clock,  
It has been bound.

Now the movement has grown,  
The pendulum and pointer begin to swing.

Everything dissolves in me,  
My thoughts are slightly like flying pollen.

### **June 3**

The sun is coming in through my window.  
I stand and look in the crystal clear morning.  
Then I let all my wishes and desires loose.  
Leaves flutter in the blooming garden.

Same when you come to pick your roses,  
you will find them.  
Take them and then put them on your  
gleaming white table. They are sweetly fragrant one  
entire margins.

Pentecost! All fields are in bloom!  
Hertha Holk's Beuron!

What good are all thoughts,  
When people are in love.

### **June 10**

There was a two hour stop in Tuttlingen.  
I hardly knew I came on the trip.

I need to see Hertha Holk!

Beuron! Loneliness! Monastic silence!

The midday sun is on the dusty road.  
I sit a long time and wait for Hertha Holk.  
Towards the evening, she comes home from a walk.

She sees me,  
Amazement, embarrassment.  
Then joy on her face, boundless joy.

We greet like old friends.

After dinner, we sit at the church in a quiet corner.  
In the distance, we hear songs and prayers.  
The Baltic monks and their evening devotions.

Then it is quiet, wonderfully quiet!

The sun has already set.  
One hears no sound, far and wide.  
We too are silent.

I think of the red summer days at home.  
As a boy, I would run to see the sun set.

Somewhere, a door is closes.  
A man, then a woman's voice.  
Children pray! My dear Jesus!  
Then it gets quiet again. Wonderfully quiet!

The night puts her broad black wings on the country.

"Here I sit every night, and it seems to me,  
That I would find calm before storm, "

Pause.

"Outside, we rush to the day. And do not get rid of him."

"And suddenly we wonder then,  
Why the world is so solemn and silent."

"We have become the poor, tormented and torn people.  
Time is broken into our hearts. "

"And yet we get closer to the release.

"Much we have already endured.  
More than that, we will have to endure.  
Let us thank God that we are young. "

We sit in silence.  
It's getting chilly.  
Slowly we go home.

"Good night, and sleep well."

After a pause:

"You have brought me great pleasure today.

Then it is finished.

I stand and look, look at the star-covered night.  
Above me, a window is opened.  
It almost seems that a breathe could be heard.

So quiet is this night.

I see a light burning somewhere.  
Now it goes off

It is like a gray matter of the monastery is under me.  
From the tower's clock, strikes two.

I put myself in the clothes on the bed.

The night is here!

I lie, dreaming  
With open eyes  
In the dark expanse.  
A thrilling scent  
I breathe eagerly;  
Somewhere  
A nightingale sings.

I wait, wait, wait.

Good night, Hertha Holk!

### **June 11**

I can't go in the monastery alone.  
I go to the Priest,  
escorting me through the long white corridors.

On the walls, delicate,  
There are fine monastery paintings, Beuron art.  
Delicious line, slightly dull in color,  
A strange hobby!

The library is filled, book to book.

A priest is sitting at work.  
He did not even look up.  
His face is thin and pale,  
with clean-cut lines.

I thank the Priest.  
He shakes my hand.  
Praised be Jesus Christ!

Outside, the morning is bright  
It rained overnight,

Now smells of freshness and flowers.

Hertha Holk is in a slim, white dress  
A strange contrast with the Monastery!

We walk out into the fields,  
And have Lunch on a mountain slope.  
Overlooking the whole valley.

I want to talk. She looks at me.  
Pleading, asking, almost imploringly:  
Be Silent! Not yet!

I understand,  
We go home.

After lunch, I check the schedule,  
I'm leaving at three.  
She goes with me to the station.

When we part, she gave me a small picture  
The Beuron school, in Ecce Homo:  
Beautiful white line, clear and simple.  
For me it is like a talisman.

Last handshake and last wave...

I gaze out my compartment window  
As the road slowly, gradually goes by.

On both sides of the train fields, bushes and flowers.  
I feel like I'm in the middle of a thriving garden.

## **June 12**

I sit at the lions in Lindau  
And look at the long wide, glassy water of Lake Constance.

I think of Hertha Holk.

Then I stroll through the narrow streets  
Of the narrow rows of old houses.

At lunch, I look across the lake.  
The hotel is filled with people.  
Men shout, scream, laugh and chatter  
A Russian student sits near me  
He rides to Meersburg.

We depart at three.

### **June 13**

At Meersburg, I stay in a small tight inn near the castle.

Annette von Droste lived here.

I walk down the wide road up to the cemetery.

A small tomb, with Iron railing and ivy,  
Around a simple stone.

Here lies Germany's poet.

"Anna Elisabeth von Droste Hulshoff.  
Honor the Lord!", is written on the stone.

On the grave lies a bouquet of red roses.

"From the students in Munich, in gratitude of  
the great poet" says the paper.

I see her room in the castle.  
The bitter scent of virginity still hangs here.

I look from the balcony over the lake,

Which is now closed in the late sunshine.

Here it may often have been, with longing,  
His eyes went to the white mountains of Switzerland.

Behind it is Italy!

I take a boat and glide slowly into the lake.  
The sun has gone down,  
I put in the rudder,  
Driving endlessly,  
Perpetually  
To shore.

Moonlight plays blue  
On my sails.  
My boat slips,  
A safe harbor.  
The waves softly beat  
On my boat.  
The deepest silence  
Is to me,  
And my soul,  
Spanning a golden bridge  
To a star.

### **June 14**

Here I want to relax for a few days  
And collect my breath,  
Enjoying every stone and every tree.

The memory of a man who lived here  
And wrote here consoles me.

I'm happy and content.

I think of you with joy, Hertha Holk!



I sit a whole morning at the lake  
And think of deeper things after.  
I hold communion with God.

I believe that the last of His truths are as strong as the lie.

I find belief in the hours by myself.

What we believe is not very relevant, only that we believe.

I'm going to shatter the old world of faith  
Then, build a new world.  
I will start from the bottom and go piece by piece  
I wrestle with myself to find a different God.

In the rustling of the leaves I hear God.

In the eternal change, I absorb his rules.

In the morning, the sun comes up and I adore him.

With God, the way is good

God is will, will loves God.

My God is a God of strength.  
He does not like Frankincense steam  
And a disgraceful amount of begging.

I stand before him with my head held high,  
Since He has created me,  
And I come before him joyfully and freely.

The true German remains a life-long seeker of God,

Pathetic is the man who has finished his search.

The Russian named Ivan Wienurowsky  
Is a philosophy student in Munich.  
He lives in the guest rooms in the building next door.  
We sit together and talk.

He speaks of Russia,  
With a multiracial national feeling,  
And the Russians believe in their future.

He lends me Dostoevsky's "The Idiot".

My window is open.  
Outside of the host building,  
The lime tree places her branches in my room.

The moon shines through,  
With individual, pale yellow spots on the floor.

Everything has gone to rest  
But down on the bench under the lime tree,  
A pair of lovers still sits and chats,  
Giggling and laughing.

## June 15

Hertha Holk writes to me:

"In a few days we'll meet again  
With clarified strength,  
And the courage to make decisions.  
I miss you very much here.  
Say hello to my country men.

Like Anna Elisabeth von Droste-Hulshoff,  
I yearn again for the peace in the world.  
We are surely homeless people on earth,

Because we never come to rest.

I have searched and found collection and clarity.  
I believe again.

We young people do not give up,  
As long as we believe in our mission.  
The deep sense of purpose:  
Faith alone makes us happy. "

I placed a bouquet of wild flowers on Annette's grave.

It's a beautiful Sunday.  
I rock the boat on the glassy water of Lake Constance  
And read Dostoevsky.

"Idiot".

Prince Myshkin is a baseless,  
Unpredictable, Smiling man,  
An idiot.

But that is the Russian,  
And that is his real tragedy.

Christianity is not a religion for many, or for all.  
Only few have kept it well and put into practice,  
But it is one of the most delicious flowers a soul has ever enjoyed.

Tempered, suddenly, unexpectedly,  
Endlessly brooding, waiting, hoping,  
Eternally evil and eternal good.  
Full of the deepest passions, kind and tender,  
Fanatically in a lie and the truth,  
Young and untouched, while rich in depth.  
Joy, humor, pain and longing,

That is the soul the Slavs, the soul of Russia.

Dostoevsky rushes of passion to passion,

Of problem to problem, from depth to depth.  
Tempered, pain and pleasure,  
People in distorted, unnatural forms.

Corruption, and abyss  
Genius, madness and idiocy;  
Thoughts clear and pure as the sun  
And distorted until the morbid absurdity.

This is his journey.

A large racial soul in birth or death convulsions  
Is like a person in a hospital bed, I suspect.

Crisis in the air.

Dostoyevsky is a few daring steps ahead of his time.  
It follows him dizzy, anxious, incredulous, but follows.

He let loose, we must follow.

Here we find everything: naturalism, expressionism,  
Idealism, skepticism, and what we have made.

But he can not really talk about these things,  
Dostoevsky only knows the names of them.

He writes what he sees,  
Burning like hell into the brain and the soul.

He writes because this is one of the few things you can write about  
That means anything in the 19th Century.

The Politics there were changing  
He writes for his love of Russia,  
And his hatred burns against the stranger.

Against the West, the soul...

He must simply accept this.

He comes from nowhere and belongs nowhere.

And remains, always Russian.

His novels are terrific ballads.

What is written in the pages is ridiculous,  
Petty, insignificant, sometimes meaningless.

Between the lines, everything can be found.  
One has to guess with him and feel.

Flakes, stuff, and plaster, form and symbol,  
Including a nation's soul, which jostles forward.

Ivan Wienurowsky smiles when I tell him what I think.

Dostoevsk is his creed, his gospel.

Wienurowsky says:

"We believe in Dostoevsky, as our fathers believed in Christ  
This is the big problem for Europe, bordering the old, new Russia.  
Russia's past and perhaps future not just the present.  
Because the Russian soil incubates the solution of this great riddle.  
The spirit of Dostoevsky hovers over the future,  
Beautiful border country, when Russia wakes up,  
Then the world will see a national wonder."

I respond:

"A national wonder? Yes, it would be.  
Political miracles only happen in the National realm.  
The International is only a doctrine of intellect,  
Directed against the blood.  
The miracle of the people is never in thoughts,  
always in the blood.

That is what you call international in Russia,  
A mixture Jewish Talmudism, blood cowardly terrorists,  
Boundless toleration, willing to please the masses,  
In the global political era

Into the towering will of a single man: Lenin.

Without Lenin, there would be no Bolshevism.

Once again: men make history.  
Even the bad ones.

Did it free the peasants in Russia?

Yes, as far as you have,  
Because it could not do otherwise,  
And this is no longer even Marxism.

"Property is theft!" Says the Marxist..  
Lenin gave each Russian peasant land.

Since then, one hundred million thieves are living in Russia.

When Ivan Wienurowsky speaks  
He is quite delicate and shy,  
But in his words burn one, secret demonic spirit.

We argue for hours and hours.

## June 16

Richard writes:

"The world is a big theater:  
The Lord is the stage manager,  
The kings, princes, statesmen and capitalists its directors,  
Poets and artists are the starring heroes  
And we are the extras: The Public."

Two thick headed professors arrived from the Rhineland.

Wienurowsky sardonically remarked  
This type of person can only come from Germany.  
Which sounds painful and wrong.

Although this type of person  
Is much to blame for our misfortune,  
They have also helped us.

We Germans think too much.  
We are the most intelligent,  
But unfortunately, the dullest people in the world.

Wienurowsky talks about the war  
And the Russian media Revolution.

He speaks tired, almost tormented,  
Sometimes as if he was angry with me,  
But only from his resentment towards Russia.

I speak of the upcoming Germany.

He wants to doubt that we have the desire to achieve  
A rebirth of the German spirit.

The Russian is unfair to us,  
With no reason to be.

The foreigners in Germany do not see what's below the surface.

We are just a thought,  
But we gradually maturing into action.

Give us only time,  
We're not done yet.

The masses?  
Oh, those never happen.  
Revolutions are always led by individuals.  
The masses are entrained.

Revolution is a foregone conclusion,

To overcomes the last collapsing vestiges.

The future releases the way to our path.

The war was the beginning of our revolution,  
But it has not been completed.  
They have falsely ended it.  
Bent and degraded,  
Therefore we have lost the youth.

What it is: real work itself rebelled against money.  
Carriers of work are the blood of money

The war was the first act of the 20th Century revolution,  
In the work against money.

It is up to us in the second or third act to win.

Revolutions create only new people, then new times.

The revolutionary type of person  
Has some social distress at the beginning.  
He uses them to achieve power-political goals.  
It must be destroyed to create new soil.

You can't separate the work from the money it create.

The soldiers came home from the Great War  
And contributed their guns to the will of the new State.

But below the surface,  
The transformation had already occurred  
From the ruins of the old Reich  
To a new creature was placed together,  
Prior to planting the warriors on their bayonets.

We have lost the war,  
But that is not the worst part.



If we cheat ourselves of the revolution,  
It will be almost unbearable.

### June 17

I go to Anette's grave.  
It rains in streams.

"The day had storm and heavy rain."  
Brahms sounds in me.  
I say goodbye to Meersburg.  
Wienurowsky remains for several days.  
We give him help.

"See you in Munich."

The "Idiots"

He gives me a souvenir.  
On the front, it says "Ivan Wienurowsky, Moscow."  
The ship's bell rings, Meersburg disappears on a gray rainy day.

My heart beat faster:  
Tomorrow, I'm back in the city.

Hertha Holk!

Constance; building councils of old.  
I stand at the port,  
With longing for the sea.  
To me, work is human driven.

More, more!

### June 18

Sing! Defiant and raw!

The memories of the blessed schoolboy.

Evening dawns, riding through dark pine forests.  
The lights shine on.  
The city!

I arrive late in the night.  
Almost a second Homeland.

I walk past her house.  
The window is open, she is there.  
I stop for a moment.

On my desk is a note:

"I expect you tomorrow and I am very pleased"

Hertha Holk.

I sink exhausted on the bed.

At home!

## **June 19**

The procession goes through the streets.

Colors, flags, songs, and prayers.

Children in white dresses.

Women in black dress with colorful forests.  
Serious and dignified old men and women.

I see the sun and the deep blue sky.  
I see her and I am embarrassed.

"So you're here!"

"Yes! "

"What a gorgeous summer day!"

"Yes, how solemn and joyful everyone is. "

Pause.

How beautiful you are, Hertha Holk!

In the afternoon we drive.  
Through summer heat and dust,  
And then a long evening comes complete silence.

Silence! Feeling secure!

My heart is filled with happiness  
And my only wish is that this continues.

## **June 21**

"You're an idealist, Michael, in your view of women. "

"I take things as they come up to me.  
Before I am convinced of the evil, I believe in the good.  
But I do not think intellectually, I feel it.

"You are one of the few people who examines the thrill.  
You think in context, like a physical blessing.  
Sometimes you overlook the small and seemingly insignificant,  
Making the strangeness of the world seem most impressive.  
Life is so strange. "

"I think and act accordingly, I think and must act."

"As does everyone, who is not a part of the flock.  
In our works, a demon leads our prescribed paths.

One can't help it. That is so."

"You also think artistically of politics  
This can be dangerous for your life and progress. "

"What is progress? I still have two good arms to work."

Pause.

"The woman sees you differently than you are."

They make their own ideas, not as you want.  
You will be disappointed beyond limits.  
The woman is neither an angel nor a devil.  
She is a person and usually not even a significant one.

She has fill the most miserable job.  
While the man lives, she masters cooking.  
Many women today want more, but it's no use to them.  
They back to cooking, that's the horrible thing."

I respond:

"But there are brave women who go beyond it,  
And give children life.  
That is highest profession a person can fill. "

"Giving children's life? Today?  
That's almost a contradiction in terms.  
What responsible parent  
could to bring children into the world,  
when not even the most primitive life is assured? "

"This is a fallacy: Mother bear children,  
Men defend the lives of the children,  
and it their desire to conquer is lost..."

"It is easily exchanged.  
This is correct only if a whole nation thinks so.  
The individual grinds in his fight against resistors,  
And the nation could accept it."

"Our people don't anymore.  
We have the spirit of resistance, bleeding to death.  
Useless in the four years since the war ended. "

"Useless? no! It only seems so.  
The war was the great manifestation of our will to live.  
Although our goal not met,  
The task and duty were reached.

Today, destiny is before us.  
If our people no longer thinks so,  
You have to teach these thoughts again.  
"Faster said than done. Who will do that? "

"All of us!"

"For example, you?"

"Yes.

I have felt this necessary duty,  
But find more, not the redeeming worth  
To me it is, as would any other.

There is a greater one, already preparing.  
Who will to get up one day with us,  
And will believe in the life of the fatherland.

Many feel as I do,  
But one can say it.  
There is something coming.  
The all knowing, associated with the forces of the soul.

One will come!

If I no longer believe this,  
I don't know why I should continue to live."

"You say that out so easily.

This one will, indeed, be the last flower of our youth to sacrifice. "

"Geniuses consume humans. That's a fact.  
But, this is the most comforting thing about it:  
It's not for himself, but for their goal.

One must consume youth while young,  
So that a new way brings freedom.

There is no use to grumble about what naturally occurs.  
A youth who is not always ready for the future  
Spends his life in silence and sacrifices his youth.

That's not youth.

This is different from the young age.  
In this age, the possessor only defends his possessions.  
He has no desire to attack,  
Only the disenfranchised attacks.

Yes, in full possession of power is this age  
Usually too cowardly to defend. "

And .. you want to completely exclude women from this?"

"Yes, in a sense, yes!  
The woman has the task to be beautiful,  
And to bring children into the world.

That's not as raw and unfashionable as it sounds.

The woman is the bird,  
Dressing up for the man  
And incubating his eggs for him,  
As he guards and defends against the enemy

"How reactionary!"

"What is reactionary?"

That's just a slogan.  
I hate loud women who get involved in anything and everything,  
Giving thoughts without understanding any of it.

You forget their real task:  
To educate children

If modern is synonymous with unnaturalness,  
Demoralization, decayed morals and scheduled decomposition,  
Then I'm with reactionary consciousness.

Modern is nothing, but eternal content,  
Changing to fill new forms.

I refuse to accept the ideas  
Of the depraved media,  
And what they teach is modern.

We have too many young men  
Who accept these oppressive lines.

We were disgusted and offended,  
While a whole dying nation  
Proclaimed this rotten "intelligence",  
Which is modern:  
Film, eyeglasses, short haircuts,  
Promiscuous whores. Thank you. "

"After all, we argue with logic"

"I think so too.

That's what our young men have,  
This invincible force which our opponents lack:  
The logic of thoughts.

Our belief is not conceived,  
It has grown as our opponents just stood  
And accepted the cruel.

"You call that a belief?  
This primitive, crude doctrine of existence? "

"Yes, sir! Philosophy is:  
I am on a fixed point,  
Looking from a very specific point of view  
And examining life and the world.  
It has nothing to do with knowledge or even education.

If the item is properly viewed from a straight angle,  
The belief is clear and good.  
But if not, it is blurry and poor. "

"You always have a heavy heart."

"I want to be without it,  
But if so, it's good.

We have no reason to take life easy.  
It's also difficult "

Yes, it's very hard! "

"The best I can do as a man is,  
hold on to myself.

Everything else is changeable,  
And vanishes before the misfortune  
Like chaff before the wind. "

"And the great unknown? God? "

"God helps the brave and strikes the cowardly.  
That would be a strange God,  
Who helped the coward. "

"Then we want to be brave  
And look directly into the strong eyes of life."



"Yes, we will."

We mention both  
And speak of insignificant things.

Hertha Holk speaks of trivial matters,  
But in her mouths they take shape and form.

She speaks vividly and tangible.

She is a realist.

## June 25

Quiet summer afternoon!  
Sunshine is on the bottom of the beautiful mountain.  
Basin, the city,  
The red roofs shine.  
The wind is silently sweeping through the meadows.

Dark fir trees in the background.  
We are sitting on the heap and reading the book  
From the dim distance and the fixed male presence,  
the "Green Henry".

Proud Judith, lovely Anna!

The chapter is over. Wait, silence, silence!

A thousand insects buzz in the grasses.  
I smell the grass and its spicy scent.

Nature is in total silence.

I kiss Hertha Holk on her soft mouth,  
And we both blush with embarrassment.

A thousand insects buzz in the grasses.  
I smell the grass and its spicy scent.

Quiet summer afternoon!

Sunshine is on the beautiful mountains.  
Shining down on the valley town.

The red roofs shine.

The wind blows quietly about,  
Sweeping and strolling through the meadows.

Dark fir trees cover the background.

Hertha Holk!  
Proud Judith!  
Lovely Anna!

On the way back, the sun goes down.

My soul is shaken and agitated.

On the street we say goodbye.  
Her eyes are two large gray-green mysteries.

I wear my bliss as a sweet burden.

Night!

I wander through the fields and meadows.  
I breathe the fragrance of wild roses.

Loneliness!

I am longing for something,  
For what, I can not say.

The yellow moonlight plays on the trails.

I go back to town.  
Roses hang down every garden.  
Wild, pale red roses.  
I pick more and more.

I stand at Hertha Holk's window.  
Dark silence!  
I hear her breathing?  
I wait a while.  
The geranium sticks tremble at her window.

I put the bouquet on her windowsill.

I joyfully head home!

And now, the longing in me is becoming fulfillment.  
Deepest desire is the deepest pain.  
I took the step into a new world:  
A high stage!

There is an urge in me and a desire,  
For new goals and fulfillments.

To gather all power of these  
Gifts and kindnesses,  
Night into day!

Blessed hour!

**June 26**

Hertha Holk is wearing a wild red rose on her chest

**June 29**

I feel a growing assembling words,  
Thought to thought.

The last act of creation:  
The Holy Hour of childbirth.

Pain and pleasure are you,  
And a desire.

After form, shape and nature.  
I am an instrument,  
Then the ancient god  
Sings his song.

I'm just waiting,  
In the nature of the new wine  
Filled with a smile.

**July 1**

Gift giving is a difficult art.  
He who gives is rather embarrassed of himself,  
Yet the recipient should be ashamed.

Hertha Holk gives as the gods do,  
Indiscriminately, without hesitation,  
Just out of sheer pleasure of giving  
With an abundance of goodness.

She has a divine hand.

It gives and it has immediately forgotten that she has given.

This diary is my best friend.  
I can confide anything.  
I can say anything.  
And yes, it must be said;  
Otherwise I would never get rid these thoughts  
Kindled from the heart.

This book is like storage for me.  
It holds the things which are no longer needed,  
Things standing in the way

Sometimes I read the pages again,  
Sometimes thoughts come back,  
A mood into my head, into my heart.

Just like when you start poking around in an old attic.

Richard is here!

The old Goethe: he was so punctual.

He wrote many things, which were very punctual.

The round is boring.  
Turning it as you will,  
It stays around you.  
Lifting corners,  
Edges and cracks.

I place an image of Dostoevsky in front of him  
How torn, wrinkled and destroyed!

So is Michelangelo;  
the suffering face of a prophet.

A man, a fighter,  
Unfortunately, one,  
A conqueror,

A prophet  
An idiot  
A hero  
And a poet: they all see.

Goethe has a spare head,  
Formed and sculpted.  
As a work of art, like a good idea:  
a favorite of the gods.

Beethoven looks hideous.  
But his face is as dear to me as a mother.

Richard loves him, but the young boys do not.  
He calls his outbursts sweaty grappling.

They are in many ways right.  
The young writers say too much,  
They are not delicate.  
They misuse words.

That is sinful.

The symbol is divine.  
Therefore, it is divine,  
Because it is only suspected to exist  
But can not be seen.

The loud young writers tears down the most sacred things with sleaze.

There are things not to say.  
These are usually the deepest  
And most beautiful things.

If you pronounce it,  
It comes out flat and insipid.

An art without delicacy is hogwash.

I do not have much money,  
but I have enough to satisfy my daily needs

Life is so simple when you trace it back to its original formula.

Most of what you call the problem is true nonsense.

The lost heart plays while the mind struggles for centuries.

#### **July 4**

Hertha Holk and I go to the Black Forest.

Beyond delicate!

On the dreary, rainy afternoon.  
We go to the broad path.

The Black forest is shrouded in mist.  
We wade in the mud.  
Rain hits our faces.  
By nightfall, we arrive at the small inn.

We eat dinner with the family.  
It is warm and cozy.  
The water runs down the windows outside.

We are the only guests.

In the evening we sit.

Rain.

Hertha Holk talks.

**July 5**

The morning begins to clear,  
but it's still cool and wet.

Next, we go over the Mountain!

There lies a village. Obersteig!  
We look for somewhere to rest.  
The afternoon feels almost like the fall.  
There is something tired in nature.

The hostess is unfriendly.  
We will leave tomorrow.

**July 6**

Breitnau! We have found  
A clean, simple inn.  
We wash the dirt from our clothes and hands  
At the fountain in the courtyard.

At noon, it is already red hot.

Sounds come from the cow barn.  
The small child is driving out the flock of sheep.

July! Sunday afternoon!  
The work rests.

Hot vapor rises from the plowing.  
The wheat rises in long waves.

On the streets, there is silence.  
Shimmering rays of gold  
Shine on the houses of the village.

The wind blows through the blades tenderly.



Seeing rays of gold like you, Hertha Holk.  
She is tall and slim,  
Tilting her head slightly.

It is very warm here!

We are in a colorful box.

Silence! Silence!

We listen, as the nearby church tower strike the hour.

Children sing in church.  
A thin organ plays it.

Then silence again

The bees buzz.

Evening!  
A cool wind comes,  
A red glow on the path and in the field.  
Sounds of praise! A shimmering day gives.

If such a summer day comes to an end,  
Then the world is as gold as the sun light.

And like a beautiful dream  
Sinks into the world.

## July 8

I carry with me a dramatic fling;  
Everything is in my head,  
The only conclusion breaks through.

The question of this decade:

Start to lead, but not to finish,  
To want, but not to have.

It triggers something in me.  
Love gives creative power.

Every man of stature anywhere  
Eventually has a mission to fulfill.

I want to write,  
I live in great, difficult times.

Richard arrives.  
He brings me greetings from his mother.

Despite constant change,  
Hertha Holk gives me joy and strength  
I can not thank her enough.

## **July 12**

I hold communion with Christ.  
I believed I had overcome him,  
But that was only his idolatrous priests  
And false followers.

Christ is harsh and powerful.

He whipped the Jewish merchants out of the temple.

A declaration of war on money.

If one says that now,  
You go into prison or an insane asylum.

We are all diseased.  
Only the fight against decay can save us again.

Hypocrisy is the defining characteristic of the ending era.

The ruling class is tired  
And has no more courage to try new things.

The intellect has poisoned our people.

Hertha Holk looks at me and shakes her head.

### **July 15**

Richard calls me a dreamer.  
I lie awake for nights  
And struggle with the forces of the storm.

In me there is turmoil, indignation; Revolution.  
A complex idea grows and forms me forms.  
The dance of death and resurrection.

### **July 18**

I feel as if I was no longer living in this world.  
I rage in the noise, in a dream, in anger.  
I anticipate new worlds,  
Isolation grows in me.

Give me, O God, to say,  
what I suffer!

I read Nietzsche sermons,  
The Gay Science.

**July 19**

Christ is the genius of love.

He is the greatest and most tragic man  
That ever lived on earth.

Hertha Holk believes in me,  
As they believe in the Gospel.

**July 21**

Quiet days have come.  
I yearn for fulfillment.  
We need to establish ourselves,  
Hertha Holk and I

**July 23**

Life these days is to despair.  
Spasm, restlessness,  
Armed with God and the devil,  
War of spiritual existence.

Why can't I find fulfillment?

I want to be calm  
And wait for deliverance.  
I feel the future in myself.  
The great one always found in creative-driven solitude.

Since my time will come.  
The idea is on the march.  
I believe again.

**July 25**

Understanding has come over me.

I'm writing a drama.  
The hero is Jesus Christ

Now I am calm and full of blessed openness.  
Now to me, everything is new and unknown.

Now it will be a flower, a poem,  
A picture for experience.

I thank God!

**July 27**

Richard has left.  
Home!

Greet the mother and the village,  
The vast, silent faces  
And the way you know, behind the church,  
where the catkins bloom.

The semester is over.  
I spend the last evening with Hertba Holk.

Farewell! Goodbye!

I am different, I am.

She drifts into the red land.

I take your strength and with your kindness.

Farewell! "

### **July 30**

It is my last day in the city.  
Alone. It disgusts me.

My room is scattered with suitcases and boxes.

In an open letter, the last words of Hertha Holk:

"You will grow from my dwindling power.  
It is a pleasure to make sacrifices for what you love. "

I go to the lake. The sea roars!  
Loneliness! Infinity!  
These ideas are as big and clear as the sea.

### **July 31**

The train is moving out of town.  
There lies the castle hill.  
Tears come to my eyes,  
Next! Next!

### **August 1**

I ride through the coal district.  
Hertha Holk's home.  
Rain slapping against the windows.

Gray mist! Smoke! Noise!  
Yelling! Groans!  
Flames beat on against the sky!  
Symphony of labor!  
The great work of human hands!

You, my brothers in the mines and workshops!  
I salute you!

Level!  
Meadows with rich grass!  
Cattle graze.

The day cleared up,  
The sun breaks through.  
The windows are down.

It almost feels, and smells like salt,

I stand at the window.  
My heart is beating, fit to burst.  
Expectations fill me.

North! "Another five minutes!" smiles a lady.  
There, in the distance it rises. Blue and gray.

Infinity! That is the ocean!  
Thalassa! I want to scream.  
The Greeks have greeted the sea.  
Thalassa! Thalassa!

Into the boat, waves splash over my face and hands.  
How well it does!

Rocking ride, the land disappears in the evening.  
The sun falls into infinity.

In the distance, a point, a strip.  
Land! The skipper indicated by the shoulder:

In the companies.  
Salvaged! Alone!  
In a large vessel and surrounding sea.

The island!  
The land of blessing.

Aflame, I am certain!

## **August 2**

During the night, the storm played his great songs on the rocks.

Now it has become quiet.

The crack of dawn.  
A pale red cloud floats above the Wadden Sea.  
For a while, the sun comes out.

I go through the white sand dunes,  
Untrodden due to the tide.

This morning rising as fresh as a daisy!

In the distance, sounds hit the beach.  
Hearing monotonous noise.

From the top of the dune you can see far over the sea.

Lurking, treacherous, powerful!  
So there is!

I sit so that my eye can scrape the infinite surface.

White lights swim in the distance.  
Out in the the high seas.

We see how the waves hit.  
They come near and closer then back,  
Slightly rocking over the beach.

The water's surface appears blue-violet.



It smells of grass and seaweed.

I go down to the beach.  
It is the beginning of the tide.  
I see it for the first time,  
As an eternal cycle.

It is completely empty at the stage.  
I go up to the water,  
but have to go back further and further,  
the more the waves progress.

The water waves back and forth.

Then a strong wave of foam hits my face  
I taste the salt on my tongue.  
I stand and look at the tide there.

The waves on the rocks,  
Jab, with a furious rage.  
Sparying white foam.

The water recedes,  
Then beats again with incredible force.  
The Nature of Nature!  
How small we are. Little people!

Children play on the beach,  
Building houses and castles.  
A high Frisian sailor floats  
Carefully along the narrow path.

#### **August 4**

It is low tide.

I sit on a plank on the beach and write the big scene.

Jesus, among the Jewish swindlers, sits in the temple.

August 7

A letter from Hertha Holk:

"I am sending this with the seven swans.

It will give you pleasure.  
I feel as if you should remember our time together.

I know that you're in conflict with yourself.  
Never forget, you hear me, never,  
That my love is for you, and all that concerns you,  
But keep your eyes open.

The distance from you discouraged me.  
Sometimes I doubted your love,  
and then I cried my eyes.

Forgive me for that!  
I lie awake, deep into the night and I miss you.

I know you'll find the way  
because you are strong  
And have the will of the future.

But you should take life as it is and find rest.  
You avoid diversions  
But I already know, the diversions are the best path.

You give me the answer, you give me the answer,  
But the straight path never leads astray.

Your Hertha Holk. "

The seven swans hang next to my bed.

**August 9**

Here, it is called a Hotel.  
Back home though, we would be humble and say inn.

The guests are pleasant,  
Civil servants, teachers, priests, lots of young people.

We see them every day,  
Healthier and fresher.

And the most beautiful part of the island  
Is that you stay here unscathed.  
Anyone can stay and do what they want.

There is an atmosphere of mutual goodwill.

One can work in peace.

“The bath house of the educated young people”  
The landlord says, laughing.

I sit at the table with a musician.  
We talk about Wagner and the musical drama,  
But come to no agreement.

Music is music.  
Absolute music is called good.

Mozart did not need a program for his music.  
He played and sang with the divine ease of a child.

I want to be pastor of this island.  
Explain the sermon to ordinary people  
His world and this world can exist.

I saw no Jews today.

That is a true refreshment.  
For me, the Jew is just a physical disgust.  
I get nausea seizures at the sight.

The Jew is opposed to us in nature.  
I can not hate, just despise him.

He has shamed our nation,  
Contaminated our ideals,  
Paralyzed our strength,  
And corrupted our morals.

He is the disease on the body of our sick nation.

Religion? Naive as you are.  
What has that to do with religion or with Christianity?  
He can either destroy us, or we do ourselves,  
Because another way is unthinkable

Peace? Can the lungs with disease keep the peace?

The Jew is not driven to create.  
He is invested in being a merchant.  
He deals with everything: with rags,  
With money, stocks, precious metals,  
With pictures, with books, with political parties and people.

But are we not just as smart as him?

He's not smart.  
He is cunning, rubbed, sly,  
Deceitful, and unscrupulous.

Because we do it to him,  
But never the same.

The Jew says: "the people want"  
But In fact, he wants.  
He hides behind the people  
Under the mask of friendliness,

Only to defend his ruthless goals

The people do not "want" anything.  
Only to be governed fairly.

The Jew cries out for so long,  
For the German to do his will,  
Just to stop the screaming.

If you can not hate the devil,  
you can not love God.

Whoever loves his people,  
the must hate the destroyer of his people,  
Hate from his soul.

The most terrible punishment  
a German can receive  
Is praise from the Jews

If the Jew wants a finger,  
Then he cries out full throat,  
Demanding the hand.

Michael opposes him and comes halfway,  
Giving him the two finger salute.

Christ could not have been been a Jew.  
I need not even prove it scientifically.

That is so!

## **August 12**

I walk through the meadows.  
Children and sheep graze.  
The Wadden Sea is calm as a mirror.

A light sailing boat cruises through the waves.

Almost hovering between sky and water.

The coast appears in the distance,  
The gray haze blurs roofs and towers.

Behind me and before me.  
The red-roofed houses on the island.  
You can see a distant, distant future.  
The horizon is refreshingly pure.

I get tired in the legs.  
I am tired of being comfortable,  
Now I want to do something.  
Write a swirl of dust,  
Anything to get rid of this surplus of power.

The work will set me free.  
I will rid myself of it.

I sit every day on the beach and write my roaring verses.

The sea is the beat.  
It goes by very quickly.  
I already have three scenes on paper.

It is the deepest happiness,  
To pour passion into mold.  
I write of unrest and the torment of the soul.

Joy of creation!

At night I sit in my room and read the Bible.  
In the distance, the sea roars.

Then I lay awake for a long time  
and think of the quiet, pale man from Nazareth.

**August 14**

"Love Hertha Holk!

This is my dilemma, to be recognized.  
I'll tell you what I can say now.  
I'm still here, lonely  
And I nourish my soul with the comfort of work.

You will understand me.  
You understand me more.  
We want to be silent

And wait,  
Falling like a star from heaven.  
You see, as above, light on light.  
To ignite,

A cathedral!  
We sit in silence and fold our hands in prayer.  
We want to be silent.

And wait,  
For a star to fall from heaven.  
The seven swans make me very happy.  
Seeking a way.

Anyone who has faith will find it. "

**August 17**

A plan, small hall.  
In the high chairs, Frissians are seated in their traditional clothes.  
The Schoolmaster plays the organ, a chant rises.

Simple words of a young pastor.

Out on the meadows, Sunday morning sun.

The island is not large.  
You can walk around in two hours.  
West Village has a dozen homes,  
Even less in the East Village.

In between the dunes and the tidal meadows.

The houses are clean and covered in red.  
This gives the whole island a warm coat.

In the East Village, which is completely hidden in green,  
The retired sailors and fishermen live.

On Sunday morning, the resort guests stroll  
Between the West and East Village.

The mood is almost solemn  
During those hours between eleven and one.  
One sees nothing but friendly faces.  
Children play with the sheep in the meadows.

So I stroll the island, then take lunch.

I pray for my fate,  
Not to let me be half,  
Nothing or make something whole out of me.

Do his duty: to do that is,  
What one recognizes as a right.

Not the people, but a man we need.

My way: from the individual to the whole,  
A symbol of the phenomenon,  
A brother from the people,  
And only the people in the world.



The smaller man is, the less he can believe.

### **August 20**

"I always want to fly, yet I crawl in the dirt

Goodbye!

When and where?

Yours, Richard."

Christ on Olympus. A grand idea.  
Zeus and Christ as opponents. Great material!"

Christ measures the the human senses with dimensions.  
Because he continues until the end.  
Incidentally, the tragedy of almost all prophets and great revolutionaries.

They bless the others as themselves.  
This is the error in their perspective.

If Christ came back,  
He would hunt his false servants  
With the whip from his temple!

If I am sitting by the sea,  
Writing and breathing the salty wind rising from the water,

Then I go to God and I am happy,  
as I was only in childhood.

### **August 24**

Across the sand is a narrow path.  
I told him to take it slow,  
And go along with the monotonous sound of the sea,

Until it gets softer and softer, getting quieter.

Going uphill through the rough path  
Of thistle, herb, and thick beach grass.

I come down to the last valley.  
And now the sea is silent.  
I hear nothing.

A wondrous silence.

I lie down in the sand,  
Waiting for a word from the mouth of God.

### **August 28**

My mother works from early morning,  
Until late at night and is happy.  
If everyone is happy, then she is happy.  
My mother sacrifices for her children.

She never feels lonely.  
This I learned from her.  
I never saw my mother inactive.

I'm happy, dear mother,  
That I may find my way through the loneliness.

I often remember home,  
I see father walking through fields and farm.

Now you have a difficult time  
Because the harvest is coming.

Sometimes it feels wrong,  
that I'm sitting here inactive.

But you will understand me, yes.

We young men, have gone through the war,  
And have much to figure out about ourselves.

Our soul is still sore.  
In the arm that is shot,  
And the one that is not.

Worse than the wounds we wear from the inside:  
War and destruction.

We are no longer at ease with God and the world.

And yet, we are once again resurrected.  
Our eyes are looking straight back and clear.  
We can be just.

“Seek and ye shall find.”

### **August 29**

The island's inhabitants are tall and proud,  
The women healthy and strong.  
Something stands in the eyes of these people;  
The eternal waves.

The sea is everything.  
Their pride, consolation, and god.

Here on the island, they are strong men.  
In our cities, they would be poor, without children.

Therefore I have no desire to give the sins of the mainland to these islands.

This afternoon I am lying in the sand.  
A child is crying past me.  
Lost in the the dunes.  
I carry him back to his mother.

She is still a young Frisian.  
Tall, slim, tanned by the harsh sun.

She gives me a glass of milk.  
I sit down at the table,  
And she tells of her husband and children.

He went to the mainland to purchase goods.

The little one is already familiar with me,  
Chattering and playing.

I give her chocolate  
And a little picture of Bildchen Von Schwind.

She giggled at the little picture,  
and appreciated the chocolate.

The young, beautiful mother blushes when I say goodbye.

Children are heartless and cruel as nature.  
The child laughs when it feels joy and cries when it feels pain.  
In both, with laughter and tears, his heart is there.

We have all become so big and clever,  
We know so much and have read so much.  
But one thing we forgot:  
To laugh and cry like children.

### **August 31**

It is a pleasure to feel,  
when everything is working in us.  
I live in a different world.

At work, I am merry and happy.

I struggle hard with the forms,

the vision threatens to blow up.  
The great ideas and the narrow limits,  
Degrees apart.

I can not tame the verses.  
They fall away over the lines.

The first act is finished.  
I think he has succeeded.

I hardly get to his senses.

### **September 2**

"I trust in You. I wait for a star to fall from heaven."

### **September 3**

Afternoon. Low tide!

I'm standing on the dock.

Now it is very quiet.  
The sea that was raging in the morning  
Is now friendly, like a lover.

People go away.  
One hears, as they laugh and cry.  
It's so quiet.

On the other dock, a fisherman stabs a line into the clear horizon.

You only see white sand dunes.  
Everything rises from the earth,  
Large, sharp, silhouettes.

If you take a long look  
Then grow below the surface,  
Into other dimensions inside.

All will be immeasurably great,  
and then you see only black and white.

Finally, the colors disappear completely;  
You watch only strokes and lines.

I go down on the beach,  
Very far beyond the island and think of Hertha Holk.

A woman without grace  
Is like a house without a doorway.  
Both remain closed.

Hertha Holk is deeply stuck in intellectualism.  
She does not have the courage to be herself

She is like a child:  
Reckless, naive, purely in the joy as if in pain.  
Wasting gifts of goodness and gentleness.

She loves like a queen.

The real woman loves as an eagle.  
The female clips his wings  
And makes him a bird house.

That is what we are seeing today:  
One state has fulfilled its historical mission  
And is preparing to give,  
Surrender before the will to create a new, youth.

The intellectuals are indifferent,  
As the community of workers advance.  
This has nothing to do with profession.  
Its final decision within the mental attitude.

Man is not intellectual. Man is intellect!

A state overcomes the previous form  
Only in strong, revolutionary upheavals.

The intellectuals are a terrible insult.  
What you push will fall.

We are all soldiers of the revolution of the work.  
We want to win the battle of work over money.  
This is socialism.

He goes different ways  
But the will is the same everywhere.

This is the last consolation,  
We need not despair.

The gradually collapsing historical state drifts in his downfall,  
Even the finest flowers of his dying creativity.

The ignorant are easily inclined to cling to those last flowers,  
Collected from buried channels.

They are the final examples of the dwindling world.

Its dying creatures are full of beauty and charm

Perhaps here lies the secret of Hertha Holk. Who knows?

I've overcome something within me.  
I still had remnants of from my past,  
I have put away,  
That which was relentless and ruthless.

I am Revolution.  
I say this with a proud consciousness.

I was never anything else and will never be anything else.

**September 5**

In the evening, the guests are at the pier.  
The boat arrives, people waving over and over.

Like a big family.

Welcome to our island!

The sailors cry, the little ship is roped.  
The engine still rattles.

Rocking a boat on the waves.  
The sailor looking through the binoculars,

Yes, the mail boat!

We are still waiting.  
It arrives in a half hour.  
Our guests will haul the mail bags  
To the nearby post office.

Thank God!

I sit in the guest building and wait because everyone rushes toward it.

A letter from Munich.

Ivan Wienurowsky:

"Come this winter to Munich.  
This is the city where you can learn in Germany.  
Berlin is terrible. The German Petersburg.

A different air is blowing in Munich.  
They are here to get to know many new people, Russians!  
You may believe it or not, even the people are. "



Every era has a great idea.  
And in every era their right idea.

The thought of struggling through,  
has the strongest advocates.

### **September 9**

The young play in the sand.  
I enjoy watching them.  
Children have imagination.

A boy builds a house,  
Living room, bedroom, lounge, kitchen.  
He explained the building with pride and joy.

He loses himself in details.

I ask him his name.

Gustavus Adolphus,  
He replies modestly and well-behaved.  
He is from Hamburg.

He asks me my name,  
Occupation: Student?

Yes, I will be.  
I liked studying in Heidelberg,  
I want to be an engineer. "

"Then you can not study in Heidelberg."

"No?

Why not? "

I tell him and he is very disappointed.

He looks around for his younger friends.  
The brats do stupid things, he says maturely.

He wants me to visit him on the dock.

“There where you always sit.”

“We talk as good friends. The dock, waves to me.”

I lean in a deck chair outside in near the water,  
while the children play around.

Single verses going through my head.

I continue writing.

Sweet idleness!

So I for a while, not thinking,  
Only looking at the waves.  
As they come and go in the eternal change.

This is the deepest calm.

Gustavus Adolphus arrives.  
He calls “Michael” alike.

He built me my own castle on the beach.

"Although when the sun shines,  
You can sit outside.  
This home is only for high tide  
Since the wind is sharp. "

I thanked him very much.

I sat with him in my newly-built castle.  
Then he started to tell me all about Hamburg.  
Everything, even the smallest details,  
Just as children tell.

I listen gladly.

"They are already quite brown" he said at once abruptly.

"Yes."

I want to say something, but he tells even more.

"In the morning, you can always borrow my shovel.  
Over night the wind blows sand inside the castles."

"Are you happy here?" I ask.

"Yes, but better still in Hamburg. "

He is accompanied by a teacher on the island.

For the evening, I sit with Gustavus Adolphus and his friends.  
I share photographs with them  
As they play little songs on the piano.

### **September 11**

Gustav Adolf has added shells to my castle.  
He wrote "Michael's House"

He's my best friend.

### **September 15**

It's getting chilly,  
The wind is icy cold.  
We can no longer sit on the beach.

Many guests have left.  
The guest house is empty.

I have finished half of the second act.  
But the difficulty has increased.

I can not advance more.  
I'm exhausted.

I often sit with Gustavus Adolphus.  
Telling him about the universities.  
Which he finds very interesting.

Someone may wonder what the origin is of all poetry and all philosophy.

Nature is our mother.

A strong point is strength.  
But only that which is strong itself.

The drama is heightened into passionate action.

Those who wish to represent action must act.

Devotion, fervor, nostalgia!  
These are my pillars.

We must be a bridge to the future.

If I deliver myself, then I shall deliver my people.

### **September 17**

Gustav Adolf has left with his friends.

I write times of Hamburg, he tells me farewell.

"And of course you can use my sand house."

He says he worked to build another one on the beach outside.

He waves at me far from the boat.

I look after the little boat with binoculars,  
Intil it disappeared completely.

I can still see Gustavus Adolphus  
Sailing away with his friends.

And now I feel lonely and abandoned here.

### **September 20**

The work comes in as the river.  
I write with love and diligence.

I sit in my room.  
On the beach  
It's freezing cold.

### **September 21**

Now, I am flying through the pages.  
Create! Create!

The grip, the sound. the spring

### **September 25**

Overnight, the sea has gone into the white meadow.

Riptide!

We are cut off from the world.

No mail comes yet.  
The latest judgement thunders on the shore.  
I scream against the storm, he takes my breath away.

You shall continue, you fly.

The waves rush! Foam the wide, white crests.

The sea roars, screams, and whistles.

The sea, the great sea!

This giant monster!

We men should be silent.

Shock! Worship!

### **September 28**

We are cut off from the world.

No letter, no mail,

No newspaper.

Wonderful, feeling secure!

One is in all the world.

For the first time, alone in the world!

I write breathlessly, as if I should die tomorrow.

The sea is a great devil.

### **September 30**

It has become quiet.

The sea has raged itself.

Now it is bare and level, gray-blue.

The recent storms have passed.

Outdoors and inside.

I am purified.

Completely free.

The first two acts are on paper

That's all I could say now.

I have nothing more to say.

### **October 1**

The mail comes.

A letter from Hertha Holk from Munich.

"I've been a week in Munich and expect you soon.

Everything is ready for your arrival.

I rented you a nice room outside in Schwabing.

Munich is the right place for you.

Art, Spirit, and down to earth people.

You will have your delight.

Like new, you come before me in your letters.

You have become another.

As I look forward to your arrival!

I miss you here very much.

I am nothing without you. "

The bags are packed.

Now it's in the distance.

Walls fall together over my head.

Flapping their wings!

The next step has begun.

I walk down to the beach again.

The sun goes down, blood red.

On top of my suitcase is a pack with a white bow.

On the first page is: "Jesus Christ: A Dramatic Fantasy. "

On the second: "Dedicated to Hertha Holk"

Munich!

The next step!

#### **October 4**

Ride by night!

In the distance is a sea of lights: Munich!

I breathe deeply.

Munich air!

How witty artistic creativity comes over me.

At the station is Hertha Holk.  
Changed, looking somewhat different,

They search and search.  
All of the sudden, she sees me  
and rushes up to me.

Michael!

We have waited very long.  
Welcome to Munich!

#### **October 7**

We walk down Kaufinger Street.  
It is six in the afternoon.

A life!



The Tyrolean Mountains in costume,  
Artists with slouch hats,  
Soldiers, girls, ladies, gentlemen;  
Cars rush by, hauling carriages,  
Rushing through the maze.

An excited conversation,  
There is a small casserole.  
I pay little attention.

I breathe the air, the artist in Munich.  
The wealthy sit drinking beer in the large brewing houses.

It is warm in the evening kitchen.

Outside it is already cold.  
Autumn is delicious in Munich.

A great city, but not a large city.

How a man laughs, he is.

## **October 12**

"Sometimes I hardly understand you any more."

"This is true: Sit with me  
We have no time to remain the same

We have to penetrate into infinity.  
Deeper, more serious and more silent.

I can not say everything that happens inside of me  
When so little is known.

I'm sometimes quiet and listen.  
Because it's difficult to express things  
That dissolved and were reconnected within myself. "

"Take yourself as an example.  
You watch yourself,  
Separate yourself from you.  
You analyze yourself.

You are no longer the way you were.  
You will be lonely. "

"We are always two. "

"Yes, but that's not right with you.  
You are interested in yourself, you'll be eccentric. "

"After all, a man's soul is only a smaller picture of the world.  
We already spoke about this opposition,  
Macrocosm and microcosm.

As for me out there,  
Confused, outraged, frightened,

I see myself being clear and continuous.

"The modern mind never appreciates the beauty of the past. "

"Oh, so many things from the past are dismissed,  
Things the crude intellectuals did not understand.

Is it an error that we are grave, reserved, slow,  
Becoming more complicated?"

"But the human is lighter,  
Inconsiderate, petty.

"I do not know.  
These questions torment me, I get discouraged.  
I must open the way.

We must promote what is inside of us, and wait. "

This is the beginning of morality of the weak:

Live, this is the most simple way.

Yes, live in the spirit, the mind is free.

The body is bound since unlimited work is just slave labor. "

"You should not move so quickly,  
Since the path is steep and fast. "

"You do not remember me."

"If I no longer believe in you, what do I do then? "

Gray mist rises from the vast surface of the English Garden.

Looking over the trees, you only see black shadows.

It is quiet here.

The city noise sounds far away.

### **October 14**

The last days of autumn are preserved.

Shimmering is the red,brown gold on the trees.

The passage down the Isar River.

You see the clear outlines of the tower and town.  
The sky is gray, yet refreshingly bright and clear.

My view extends, my eyes rests in the lines.

And the colors, the thousand colors!  
Autumn is a fine painter.

Ripe!

We need to mature, transform into new types.

### **October 16**

I see the Albrecht Dürer's painting of the apostle and I am deeply shaken.

### **October 18**

Schwabing!  
Munich's Latin Quarter!  
Forever in turmoil.

Like many artists and dreams,  
Desires rise to the sky everyday  
Artists and misunderstood geniuses,  
Aesthetics and snobs,  
Critics and cynics,  
Philosophers,  
Scholars and busybodies,  
Seekers of God and,  
Mystic and ecstatic:

The great and the small are driven by their nature and mischief.

This place is marked: of God or the devil.  
Here blows its own air.

"The plague spot of Munich"  
Recently wrote a newspaper.

One feels here like they are sitting on a burning mountains,  
Calm, but long, barely audible waves,  
Seething and fermenting.

Painters, students, poets and bohemian girls

Push their way through the broad, gagued streets.  
Here they are at home.

We hear words that you can not repeat.  
Most end with "ism".

Almost everything is coffee house literature.

Schwabing must be cleared out.  
It is the breeding ground for destructive tendencies;  
It has nothing to do with real Munich.

### **October 21**

I visit Ivan Wienurowsky with Hertha Holk  
It is evening, and we meet him, as he brews his tea.

Ivan Wienurowsky has grown old.  
He looks tired and tormented.  
At first he does not recognize me (or was he just pretending?).

He welcomes us, dark and roughly.

He speaks of his revolutionary activity.  
He has worked in party matters, made himself unpopular,  
And then looks into the air.

"These rags are driven by the devil.  
They all work for their own pockets.  
In general, the whole revolution fails the people.  
This pack is too small for a new world. "

"There are still too few,  
Willing to make the sacrifices.  
We are still waiting.

Time works for us.  
We must let them work."

He looked at me, half impatiently, half mocking.

"No, that's not it.

The rulers fail, they do not even want the revolution.

I laugh when they talk about anything but the economy.

They lack greatness, the Elan, the flame.

All of them are good for nothing. "

"But one must come from the people,  
If I consider these things as a German,  
then I always see our misery is,  
that we have lost our traditions.

We are still Germans.

Throughout great moments in our history,

We have been down and come back.

Now you come to us with the Universal Republic.  
Which does nothing for us at all."

"The idea of a United States of Europe  
is the smartest in several decades.  
But not the end of everything.  
Just one stage of the whole.

We Russian revolutionize  
Having first set a goal:  
the free men of the free service on earth."

"That's a nice phrase.  
But it becomes the victim of harsh reality.  
We Germans have to be self sufficient "

"We will force you.  
An idea can not be broken apart by the differences of the world. "

"Well, well! To force takes two.  
One that forces and one that lets himself be forced. "

"Temporarily, we are still masters of our own house,"

Hertha Holk says pointedly.

Ivan Wienurowsky smiles.

He looks tired from all over.

He now speaks to Hertha Holk.

Quietly, almost womanly.  
He looks, his gaze rests hard and long.

Suddenly he gets up,  
His face is pale.  
All of a sudden burning in his eyes,  
That old demonic gaze I can't escape.

"But the day will come, leave it be!

I will not see it, and you will not see it.  
But it's coming!  
We have not suffered in vain.

The world can not forget the youth on the battlefields of Europe.  
Bleeding, had an idea, perhaps unconsciously  
But lived unknown to this idea  
In the knowing of faith and the believer of an idea.  
You can not silence the youth.

What harm is that we do not see the day?  
It is fulfillment enough  
We will be creators and pioneers to a new era  
Do not believe that we are fighting with windmill blades.  
They already know what is playing,  
They have just changed the tactics.

Not until they have killed us.  
Then we were dead silent  
But we will speak out.  
Europe needs to hear us.

We are the leaven,  
of bringing the world into ferment.  
We are the salt of the earth."

He looks exhausted,  
And quite surprised to see us,  
When he finally noticed our presence again.

Then he goes silent for a while.

It has become late. We're leaving.

"I hate Ivan Wienurowsky"  
says Hertha Hoik on the way home.

### **October 23**

Expressionism is the reference to his false priests.

They run behind the great ones here,  
Bolting up Olympus and slipping on rocks.

The fear of the intellectual: to be unfashionable.  
This consists of all the rabble, literature, cartoons!

"I am disgusted by this inkblot border spilling century!"

The spiritual fact of our time is the editorial.  
The party speech of the Parliamentary phrase.

The book has become a matter of luxury.

Literature has become a party matter.

Goethe's way of working:



He has an experience  
It touched a chord in his breast,  
It sounds for days, for years in the subconscious,  
There comes a time it grows brighter.

The experience becomes compacted,  
Clearer, more pure, experiencing new levels  
And the poet writes down,  
what is in his soul.

Goethe is like an impressionist.

Impression is opinion and expression is universal.

Impressionism is inward and expressionism is outward.  
That's the whole secret.

The internal structure of our decade is quite expressionistic.  
This has to do with the trendy buzzwords.

Modernists are all Expressionists.  
People from the inside,  
Shaping the world outside.

The Expressionist builds a new world.  
With its mystery and power of passion.  
His ideas usually break with reality.

The soul of the Impressionist:  
A microcosmic image of the macrocosm.

The soul of Expressionist:  
new macrocosm. A world for themselves.

The Expressionistic world view is explosive.  
It is the total feeling of individuality.

**October 24**

After a painful and successful discussion:  
I promise Hertha Holk:

I knelt in front of you and asked for your soul.

You gave it to me.  
I close both my hands.  
And will take heed  
That it not be broken:

She is so delicate and fine,  
The south wind,  
Sings softly throughout the summer afternoon,  
Whispering on your warm forehead.

**October 27**

The highly esteems objective science  
At German universities:  
The men contemplate the times  
In their own minds. "

Why do they not have the courage to find the freedom of subjectivism?

Rather than becoming slaves of the object.

I stand with both feet in time.  
Stand in their depths,  
Let me wear the stars with enthusiasm.

For contemporaries, there seems to be only one absolute:  
Relativity.

I often sit in the cafes.  
As I meet people from all countries know.  
We love what is German, all the more so.

Unfortunately, this has become rare among our own people.

### **October 29**

Hertha Hoik is now 23 years old.  
I give her a letter and a delicious Ausgabe des Faust.  
She is very happy.

This Munich is not unthinkable without snobbish Jews.

### **November 1**

Starnberg,  
You can see in the distance the snow mountains.  
Erschutternd already!

Great hour! With the second man,  
The other squandered and dreamy.

Days, years accumulate.

A dormant quiet island in the ocean of the world we are.  
Endings and Beginnings!

Boundary between life and eternity!  
Noise. Abundance, existence!  
I take my courage in both hands.  
I live!

Oh, this abundance of strong life!  
Symbols are reality.  
Lust is torture  
I stagger through eternity.

I fall into the abyss,  
deep and immense.  
I am no longer myself!

We must get to know more people

We go into a dark train compartment  
Hertha Holk cries softly.

#### **November 4**

I heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony,  
And at the end I said, the earth would sink.

All wrestling and struggling,  
as I wrestle and struggle.  
Eternal riddle: birth and death.  
Why must we suffer so?

#### **November 6**

"I stand with the teachers here in inward conflict.  
Thus, a small university aristocracy is intolerable in the long run.  
You lose the connection with life.  
The listening pleases me quite well so far -  
Kitsch remains, always something.  
But I will spare you with shop talk.  
By God, you get used to the shop talk here.  
Our learning is suffering from the excessive disease.  
Farewell!

Yours, Richard. "

#### **November 10**

Ivan Wienurowsky leads me into a studio.  
Joining a painter from Hamburg and a sculptor from Zurich.

The sculptor is a beautiful, gentle girl with blond hair.

The painter paints a crucifix, sumptuous in color.  
But, like almost all modern painting,

Exaggerated in the execution.

It is sharply debated and disputed .  
Ivan Wienurowsky makes fun of it.

I sit next to the sculptor on a sofa.  
We go deep in conversation.

Her name is Agnes Stahl  
and she is even better than her first impression.

### **November 11**

Munich has intellectuals.  
However, they are before all intellectuals in the world.  
Great among the artists.

Hertha Holk thinks I should prepare for an exam.

### **November 15**

I visit an exhibition of modern painting with Hertha Holk  
and we see Agnes Stahl, the Zurich image.

"We see a lot of new nonsense."

One star: Vincent van Gogh.

In this environment he has been tame,  
but he is the latest among the moderns.

Modernity has precisely nothing to do with heroic gestures.  
This is all just learned.

Modernity is a new sense of the world.

Modern man is necessarily a seeker of God, maybe a Christ-Man.

Van Gogh's life tells us even more than his work.  
It combines in itself the most important thing:  
He is a teacher, preachers, fanatic, prophet - crazy.

After all, we are all crazy if we have an idea.

Fanatics of love: self-sacrifice!

Life is a sacrifice for the next:

And my nearest is of the same blood.

Blood is still the best and most durable material.

How unspeakably difficult is the agony of the exhibit.

The modern German is not so much intellect and spirit,  
As the new principle, the thoughtless rise,  
Sacrifice, devotion to our nation.

How big the picture:  
Van Gogh sits in Belgium under the black pit  
And explained to them the Sermon on the Mount.

Now I have the word:  
We modern Germans are something like Christ Socialists.

Christ is the genius of love,  
Making Him the diametrical antithesis to Judaism,  
Representing the incarnation of hatred.  
The Jew forms a group among the races of the earth.

He has the same function  
As disease in the human body:  
Resist the healthy forces  
While quickly and quietly killing the organism

Christ was the first opponent of the Jewish format.  
"You shall consume all the nations! "  
For which he declared war.

Therefore the Jews had to eliminate him.  
For he shook the foundations of their future world power.

The Jew is the lie personified.  
In Christ, he was the first in history  
To nail eternal truth to the cross.  
This has been continued many times  
Repeated for the next twenty centuries  
and continues today.

The idea of sacrifice  
Won for the first time in human form  
He belongs to the essence of socialism.  
Sacrifice yourself for others.

Therefore, the Jew, however, has no understanding.  
His socialism is; to sacrifice the others for himself

Such is also the Marxism in practice.

Distribute your goods to the poor: Christ.

Property is theft - unless it belongs to me: Marx.

Christ Socialism: voluntarily

Would global socialism occur out of compassion or state policy?

Moral necessities against political insight?

The battle we fight today to until victory or the bitter end,  
In the deepest sense is a struggle between Christ and Marx.

Christ: the principle of love.  
Marx: the principle of hatred.

In a cafe, we sit together for a long time.  
The echo from the modern exhibition is staggering.  
How much and how little.

I am so lost in foreign passion  
That I suddenly snap back to reality.

Our insatiable desire upward  
Incompatible with the fact that we are solid bones,  
Enduring here on earth.

Foreign cultures must leave German art.

The fate of the German art is for Germans.

The fate of the German spirit is future possibilities.

When will the quiet in our land begin to talk?  
We are in a time of waiting, the people working on the future of their nation.

### **November 17**

Hertha Holk is my pain and my salvation.  
She lets me see the sky and the hell.

In my days, I can barely do without pain.

### **November 23**

I am often with Ivan Wienurowsky and his Russian friends.

Hertha Holk suffers because of me.

### **November 25**

Politics ruins the character.

The cheapest excuse of beer bench politicians,  
Not afraid to boast of the fact they have no opinion.



**November 28**

A map of Hamburg:

"Dear Michael!  
Think again of the days on our island.  
I have not forgotten you.  
Whether you are still tan like back then?

I look forward to when I'm also a student.

Wishing you sincerely, your faithful friend,

Gustav Adolf. "

**December 1**

Schack Galerie. The German painter poets!

Schwind Spitzweg. I gaze into Feuerbach's Pieta.

When walking through Munich without a goal, you can do it,  
Suddenly before an old house,  
A hidden-dreamy church stands from a different time,  
Turning our modern haste into smiles.

**December 3**

I saw "Nibelungen" by Wagner in Hebbel Theatre  
With red lights and warm blue background;  
With measured gestures and muted glow in language and style.

The theater is an experience.

How close a person can reach perfection with his abilities.

**December 6**

Studio party.

The large bare room is transformed into a palace;  
With just a few simple tools, but tastefully.

The women bathe in color.

What impulse!  
Entrained with tears,  
Forget and Forgive.

How beautiful life is!  
Music and dance!  
The violins sobbing.

The first graft pops champagne.  
And now a great guest vocal and screaming.  
One sings and screams with.  
Embrace friendship, eternal friendship!

What beautiful women! In black and red!

And yet you are the most beautiful, Hertha Holk!

Agnes Stahl is a Swiss intellectual's daughter.  
We sit together a while, and she tells of her art.

Agnes Stahl and Hertha Holk listen well.

Agnes Stahl does not speak much,  
But you want to keep them silent.

Hey despair, the devil will get you!

Music and dance, the violins sobbing.

Women in black and red,

And yet you are the most beautiful, Hertha Holk!

### **December 7**

This ethnic artist does not take life not too seriously.

Delicious treats. One must overcome the misery.

The deepest soon fall off and go their own way.

But the ethnic artist does take life too seriously until the end.

### **December 9**

In the newspapers, rushed and scolded.

Irresponsible lube technicians!

The people on the street, rioted and demonstrated.

The men sat at the negotiating table, calmly playing.

Their game is over.

The old Europe goes up in smoke.

Yes, it's a great world!

Commerce, Horatio!

It is like a mysterious power drawn to the road, the ideas are out there.

Where a piece of world history plays, although not uplifting,

The audience has serious thinking to do.

I come to all things, only as a substance to consider.

Improving my inner self.

You must be self-focused, everything revolves around this.

**December 13**

I come from the theater,  
And the Marienplatz square is covered in snow.  
Yellow moonlight plays upon it.

A delicious dreamy little picture, like Serenissimi times.

**December 18**

Schubert's "Winterreise"  
From a good baritone, mentally and tonally exhausted.

A Viennese musician, who speaks of death.  
This is quite powerful.

In Munich you can make music.

Munich is the German Reich's stage,  
For Austria's joy making music.

**December 20**

L'art pour l'art,  
(Art For Art's Sake)  
A sin in the Germanic sense of art.

On the road policy is made.

The street is a characteristic of the decaying civilization.

If I go astray? I see no stars.

**December 23**

In the mountains, the light, white clouds greet me from afar.

The window of my room is toward the Giants.

In the morning I get up and look humbly and reverently up to them.

Giants!

Makes my thoughts the same as yours.

Let them grow up to correct size, to your great significance.

### **December 24**

That was my longing for the divine loneliness  
And the tranquility of the mountains.  
The pristine, white snow

I was tired of the big city.

I'm back at home in the mountains.  
As I sat for hours in her white virginity,  
And I found myself again.

### **December 25**

Hertha Holk lights the Christmas tree.  
I am thinking of home.  
Old Christmas carols.

I am like an infant, longing for a lost Fatherland,

We give presents.  
Beautiful, the gift of Jesus  
Hertha Hoik is my biggest joy.

I thank her, that she is my comfort and my strength.

### **December 29**

We walk through the cold, clear, starry night.  
Mist rising from the earth.

Blessed hiking!

Mute, silent, close to the spirit of the time.  
The wind sings in the trees.  
The Ancient Song of the Earth.

### **December 30**

Oh, you mountains! Ashlar towers!

### **December 31**

Year! I reflect.

Please show conscience and the spirit of progress and maturity.

I have become strong inside and strive for clearer knowledge and firmer faith.

I know that I find the Spirit in some deliverance,  
I do not know yet.  
I can see clearly, but I am not yet ready.  
To figure out the direction of my life.

Life is difficult.

But we have to overcome it and dedicate ourselves.

I love Hertha Holk, and feel more deeply connected to her each day.

We all need to be redeemed once.

The world moves us with a thousand gangs.  
We are missing out, indifference and indulgence,  
Accumulating new fault and old inherited ones.

Our life is a chain of crime and punishment,  
After unfathomable laws managing fate.

By Crime and Punishment, are the new German people.

Outside, the clock strikes twelve.

We shake hands with others and wish for their future,  
Whatever he considers the most desirable thing in his life

Hertha Holk desires for me:

"To be a man, the father of the country, to find a break."

When pouring lead,  
My symbol for the New Year:  
An eagle with outstretched wings.

We sit up late into the night.

Hertha Holk pours into me the fullness of her soul.

## **January 2**

Snow in the mountains.

## **January 4**

I dreamed of you:

You were at my side,

The pale moon played by your left hand,

And was white as snow.

The right laid on your heart.

It rose and fell,

As your chest rose and fell.  
And while I lay with you I worried,  
Since I heard you call my name in despair.  
Softly only, as if you were going to ask,  
And a feeling of pain came over me.  
Sadness, desire and torture at the same time.  
As you called me, I stood up,  
Kneeling in front of your bed,  
Hid my head on your breasts,  
And kissed your white hand.

### **January 10**

Quartet of the four temperaments;  
And now they begin to speak.  
  
The cello is an assertion. Thread!  
  
The first violin caricatured this assertion.  
And now falls upon it.  
Dispute, war of words, the four fight against each other;  
Everyone seems to keep his part,  
A fall unexpectedly from the role.  
Made you laugh and mock him;  
He puts up a fight, weeping and sobbing,  
Running with all, noting they spoke with each other.  
Here is my hand. Friendship!  
  
Now they chat for a while in the happiest of harmony  
and then go home: - a string quartet by Mozart.



Beethoven's last quartets:  
Revelation of the end.  
One feels the plan,  
Looks at infinity,  
Stands at the door of eternity and knocks, shy of entering.

I walk under the stars.

### **January 15**

The road! I will not let go of it.  
I destroy myself.

Politics! You will be pulled into the vortex.

We Germans have been steered to policy,  
Therefore, perhaps we have lost the war.

We see in politics, only a science or a career,  
But never a matter which concerns the whole nation.

Policy, which is focused on bread.  
Bread is not given by God,  
But fought for and defended.

Bread, give us our day and our daily activity.  
No, give us your blessing for bread,  
We want to build and conquer today, and forever.

You call it Materialism because I care for bread?  
No, no! This is the most primitive form of practical idealism.  
There is a difference, if I order the simplest living conditions.  
Not busy collecting gold or treasures

Pale, weary people  
Bread! Bread!  
You call that love of country,

They slam together like mad dogs?

It has forced our people to the yoke.  
The master race of the world must perform slave services.  
From top to bottom and from bottom to top.

However, all must work:  
From top to bottom and from bottom to top.

That's the pity: between top and the bottom  
There is a wall of arrogance, property, and education.  
We no longer understand.  
We are not a nation but two divided groups,  
Locked in a bitter feud

Therefore, we are also a ball in the hands of the foreign rulers,  
Which dominate the world.

Once up and now down,  
Then we heard the earth.

But we will never reach them by speeches and resolutions.  
There must be a sweeping holy storm.

We have to start from the beginning.

Some will take the flag,  
The sword of hatred and love in his fist,  
Then clear the way.

With the word, in which the crime already leads.  
Long live the Republic!  
Thus, the screaming outside.

What do we care about the Republic?  
Long live Germany! Long live the future!

We will have to answer before history  
Since the question is not:  
Do we have to defend the Republic? "

But, "Where is the Reich?  
Where is our Germany? "

Ivan Wienurowsky is my demon.

Hertha Holk does not understand my pain.

I have to tear down and rebuild.

Everything down to the last stone.

I find no solution. I despair.

### **January 18**

Hertha Holk gives me agony beyond agony.

### **January 22**

"Ivan Wienurowsky,  
You want to rob me of the fatherland.  
Make me a beggar. "

"These are just transitional pains.  
I want to educate you with the courage to last.  
The world is desperate for it. "

"I will no longer live."

"So many have said that and so few spoke the truth. "

"You are a devil."

"The devil is a fallen angel."

"I hate you!"

"I do not care, but I do not let go, Michael."

"Why did you choose to me?"

"You are pure and have enthusiasm, the new hope for us. "

"I implore you to leave me. I will find the way alone. "

"They are still in the old roots, they make long detours"

"You waste too much of my time. "

"So you want me to stop, to be one of your own?"

"Shall I be your slave? "

"Yes!"

I get up, he suddenly turned pale and takes a step toward me.

I am no longer my own master, I hit him in the face.

Then I sink into a chair.

Ivan Wienurowsky remains silent.

Suddenly, he comes and approaches me

He grabs my hand and I ask for forgiveness.

### **January 26**

I despair.

I'm losing you, Hertha Holk!

### **January 28**

I have not fulfilled the word of Christ in myself.

**January 31**

"Hertha Holk, you will not understand me!"

"I can not understand you."

"Then we are lost."

"I have not given up hope."

"Within me, everything burns out."

"Because of you, I burn."

"I can not help it."

"You must, then you will find yourself."

"You can not leave me."

"I will not leave you, as long as you do not give up on yourself "

**February 5**

The city and the people,  
I have come to the point of nausea.  
I'm degenerating here. I think I'm sick.  
My brain throbs and pounds,  
Because no one wants to help me?

I read the Bible, but because I find no solutions.

**February 10**

Away from the people, I escape by myself! Here, I die.

**February 15**

In the mountains! To the gods!

I need to find myself.

Everything behind.  
City, people, and world  
See nothing, hear nothing!  
Being alone in my solitude!

### **February 18**

Here I seek!  
Snow and eternity!  
Mountains, friends!  
You giant, you are my God!  
Since you tower enthroned in solitude.  
Light! Let there be light!

I drink quiet peace into my torn heart.

Now I want to work. Maybe that will give me solace.

### **February 20**

Prologue to Christ.

Poet and the spirit in the desert, in front of the world.

Poet:

The spirit is eternal,  
Always the same.

Spirit unites us,

Spirit guides the good will among us,

He is now suffering and languishing;

But in the final struggle

He is strong, pulling the others.  
Spirit is God!  
I believe in God.

When everything collapses, we reflect.

The last plank, we look from safe haven,  
As the godless society, the ancient and sacred Europe crashes together..

The game begins.

### **February 27**

Work redeems.

I am ashamed of my little cheer.

The third act is finished.  
I have not yet written it but have found the liberating words.

### **March 6**

I want to be a guide.  
Serving the Fatherland,  
Breaking the path.

### **March 10**

"I am in my spirit, I hope for you.  
Listen, I can not believe that you are lost to the cause of humanity.

You are not a renegade!  
You not get rid of the demon, until you make him a god.

We are on earth to bring to victims.

Ivan Wienurowsky. "

### **March 16**

"I feel sorry for you, you give me bitter taste.  
I am unhappy with your troubles. I sense fear."

But I can do nothing, I must wait  
That's the worst.  
And I can't understand why?  
Can I help that I am the way I am?

I can not help you hear, I can not help.  
I love you beyond measure.  
Since my pain around you is so great.  
Since when you despair, I must despair with you,  
And when you have nothing more, I can hold you.

Hertha Holk"

### **March 22**

My pen has wings. Everything in me is one, dramatic idea.

### **March 30**

Christ died, Christ is alive!  
I have seen him again.  
The way he is, I am now that way.

I have written five acts and now I'm at the end.

### **April 4**

Epilogue to Christ. Poet and the spirit in the desert behind the world.



Poet:

"I have been blessed,  
Lost in the pain.  
I wake up, I live, I believe!

Empowered word, losing my torment,  
With my hands, I take you.  
And you become a luminous beacon of time.  
I get up, I have power,  
To wake the dead.  
You wake up from a deep sleep,  
Just a few at first, but more and more.

The people are found, an army stands up,  
A people, a community.

Thought binds us.  
We are united in faith,  
The strong will.

The young shape the fullness of the promise.

And so the new Reich will be designed. "

### **April 10**

The last day of rest, then back to life.

Constant battle!

I feel strong again.

### **April 15**

Munich!

I plunge into the crowd.

On my desk is a letter from Hertha Holk:

"We must break up. Farewell!  
The pain was unbearable for me.

I weep for you, farewell! "

I rush to her apartment.

"Miss Holk has left three days ago.

"Where to?"

"Unknown."

I rage, I despair! Out!

Rain beats on my face.  
Loneliness! Life is bitter.

I must remain alone.  
I pulverize others.

I am one of those who will be alone.

I walk with long strides through mud and water.  
Others laugh at me.

I can't work.

I have been foolish, the dream is over.

Late in the evening I return home.  
I can not eat.  
On my desk are a lot of white papers.  
My writing.

I fling them into a corner.  
The sparks fly.  
I see a stray paper  
It is the second page.  
"Dedicated to Hertha Holk."  
And now I shrink.

I hold the sheet in the oven. It burns, a glowing red flame.

I stand and look at the flame.  
It's the same as in life.

Yes, out of obstinacy, they would say now,  
Out of obstinacy, of stubbornness!  
And that is why I am this way, and not different.

Tears fill my eyes.  
Ugh, cowardly soul!  
I laugh at myself.

Then re-rage, hate, anger, rage!  
I beat against the walls, I beat myself.

I curse life.

I hate that Ivan Wienurowsky.

I am no longer conscious.

I kiss Hertha Holk's picture a thousand times.  
I am like a child, but so ashamed I don't care.

Then I destroy the image and throw it into the flames.

I am limitless, tired and can't sleep.

I scream, yelling like an animal.

I've lost everything!

**April 20**

Hertha Holk's last letter.

"Michael! I call your dear name.  
In that name, all my pain and goodness.  
It is now late in the evening.

I am very unhappy,  
Because I feel that you are the first and the last  
Who loved me how I wanted to be loved  
And the way I must be loved to be happy.

Now I have lost everything.  
The bridges behind me are destroyed.  
At night, I cry for a lost treasure.

Let me come to you again and open my heart.  
You must not think that I have changed.  
I'm still the old Hertha Holk,  
Which you know better than anyone else,  
Only now exceedingly unhappy.

Whatever I begin, I'm do wrong.

My life is almost not worth living anymore

Why did our paths change?  
Certainly, we have the different ways of thinking  
Strange to each other

Before Munich, I completely understood you,  
Even in the slightest ways.

You gave me every hour, more than everyone else put together.

In Munich, I suddenly began to doubt you,  
Especially your love for me.

My faith was shaken.

We women can't live without faith in a man.

Long you have heard my whole heart,  
And none of my thoughts remained hidden,  
Not even my worry for you.

Then we grew apart;  
I wanted to talk to you, but I could not,  
Perhaps because I loved you too much.

Because I was afraid, I would lose your love,  
Which I already so strongly doubted.

So I was left in agony and turmoil.  
That's when I knew what I was deeply connected to you.

I shall never forget the bitter sleepless nights I suffered for you.  
Every day I was torn and more desperate,  
And all my prayers to God for clarity.  
But rest never came.

I was helpless and abandoned, alone with threatening thoughts.

Your letters breathe the same spirit of torture and dismemberment.  
I could not find you at peace, after I reflected.

You are searching, tentative.  
We women first needed something we can hold.  
That was you before, but you do not have it now.  
I longed for peace and calm,  
But knew I would never find it with you.

You rage and riot.  
I had to despair, I would die.  
You know me, you also know my misfortune.  
I can never forget you.

Right now, I would like to come to you and tell you,  
How everything happened and how everything is.  
But I can not, I can not do that.

Our souls are lost and they will search forever.

Hertha Holk. "

### **April 23**

I write for the last time to Hertha Hoik:

"You've had the heart, Hertha Holk,  
To write me one last time,  
And say what should have been said several months ago.

But it's good that it is now said,  
A word in the right place cleans the air.

We are detached from each other.  
It was bound to happen  
We stayed with each other until the last possible moment.  
That was our fate.

Why did you take everything as you walked by me,  
My faith and hope?  
Idle question!

I wanted to make a life for you.  
You do not understand.  
Maybe you could not understand me.  
You test, if I went another way.

You thought my plans were only talk.  
You did not see, I am the beginning,  
Pursuing new, possible ways,  
On higher ground, the golden path.  
I wanted to create something new in you and in me,  
Something I can't say today.

You could not wait.  
You saw only revolution,  
Where there was end and beginning.

I did what I had to do.

I will love you beyond death.

Why is this loss so painful?

But I do not despair, I will bring fulfillment to the law within me.

Your beautiful hand is cold for me.  
And I think, my hands are also cold.

And my heart will stop beating, who knows when?  
No sooner and not later, as is the law.

I'll keep looking, I must find the way to salvation.

I know that You will bless my steps."

### **April 27**

I go through the strange city,  
With a stream of people,  
I do not know where they comes from or where they goes.  
I don't think, I just go on and on,  
One goal, I do not know.

I sit in a room, in which I am not.  
In the midst of people who are strangers to me.  
Poor careworn, people.  
Workers, soldiers, officers, students.

That's the German people after the war.

You can see old, tattered uniforms,  
Arms rocking, dirty, and shredded,  
Mourning the Great War.  
Looking almost like a dream.

I hardly notice, someone stand and begin talking.  
Haltingly and shyly at first,  
As he searches for words,  
Ideas too large to condense into speech.

Suddenly, a flow of speech unleashes itself.  
I am caught, I listen.  
The pace to win shines like a light in him.

Honor? Work? Flag? What do I hear?  
Is it the end of this nation,  
God has pulled his blessing hand?

People are starting to glow.  
On the ragged, gray faces shine rays of hope.  
There is excitement and he raises his clenched fist.

His gray collar is too tight.  
Sweat was collecting on his forehead;  
He wipes away with his sleeve.

On the left of me is an old Army officer, crying like a child.

I get hot and cold.

I do not know what's going on with me.  
I suddenly feel like I hear cannons thunder.  
I see fog and a few soldiers get up and shout hurray.  
No one takes notice.

Up there talking.  
Rolled into a rectangular cube  
The cathedral of the future.  
What lived in me for years  
Assumes shape and tangible form.



Revelation! Revelation!

Amid the rubble is tears,  
And the flag waves high.

Afterwards, we are no longer strangers.  
We are all brothers.  
The gray and tattered,  
In military uniforms.  
He calls us Comrade!  
He says with complete confidence.

To me it is as if I had to jump up and shout:  
"We are all comrades. We must stand together! "

I hardly think before I speak.

I go, no, I'm drawn to the grandstand.  
Since I have waited a long time and want to see his face

This is not a speaker. This is a prophet!

Sweat runs in streams from his forehead.  
In this gray, pale face fulminate two glowing eyes star.  
His fists clench.

As Judgement thunders word by word and sentence by sentence.

I do not know what I'm doing.

I'm like a madman.

I shout hurray! No one is surprised.

The upstairs looks at me for a moment.  
This blue-eyed star hit me like jets of flame.  
That's command!

From that moment I was born again.  
It falls from me like cinder.

I know where to go now. The path of maturity.

Now I hear nothing. I am intoxicated.

All at once I'm excited;  
I stand on a chair and scream about this man:  
"Comrades! Freedom! "

I can not tell you what happened next.

I only know: I laid my hand into the knocking man's hand.  
It was a vow for life.  
And my eyes sank into two large blue stars.

### **April 28**

I will not see you, until God's rays hit me.

### **April 29**

I am tired of Munich.  
I have too many experiences here.  
I must go to another city.

Richard - asks me to come to Heidelberg.  
I'm still undecided.

### **April 30**

Tomorrow I'm leaving. To Heidelberg!

It's immaterial, where you are.

I guess there is no one else here to bid Farewell.

I met Agnes Stahl on the street.

I look at her eyes, she knows everything.

"When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow."

"Good-bye!"

There were tears in her eyes.

I know that Ivan Wienurowsky is waiting for me.  
But I'm not going.

I will write my last letter from Munich to my mother.

Revolution works in me!

I lost a lot and gained a lot.

To the highest law.

I stride forward:  
You shall sacrifice.  
Sacrifice yourself for others!  
For the others, I will begin my sacrifice.

## **May 5**

"I came to Heidelberg to start again."

"You get comfortable you in your loneliness.  
You learn to love it. You become a loner. "

"I have experienced a lot, and as of yet I have to digest some things. "

You should study, Michael. "

"Prepare for an exam?"

"Yes, you have to make compromises. . . "

"I can not. I am confused by the ideas at the Universitie  
You can not conceive ideas by shop or profession."

"You are more, infinitely more."

"Occupation is beside the point. We're healthy."

I can still make my own bread. "

"Work with your hands?"

"Why not? Every profession and every job is what you make of it.  
We have to relearn.

"We speak always so hypothetically about the ethical value of work.  
Why should we be too good for the jobs by which millions earn a living?"

Having first, we have not the courage to last.  
But perhaps the work will one day be our salvation. "

"That is laughable."

"We laugh at everything we do not understand.  
I will also break down, Only time!  
We have to wait until everything is right in us, "

"You have so many thoughts to contribute to the spiritual realm. "

"But I want to do more than make something.  
I want to create, through work, I want to break into a different future."

It will also indicate which of us makes our self an example.

You see yourself, how poor and miserable it is at our universities.  
As all the young talent is wiped away.

Future leaders of the nation! How happy you are talking of it.

Look at them, our present leaders emerged from their ranks.  
That is, the people called leaders; Fools instead of men!

There are people who have learned nothing from the war.  
Life would go on now as it did before.  
Few realize the new German form,  
Not learning lessons from the past."

This has nothing to do with rebellion.  
This is revolution! A break, a departure, an attack on all altars.

The war has shown the absurd, how low we have fallen.  
It has sacrificed two and a half million, without knowing any goal.  
For that we must now atone.

I will redeem.

And if I were to draw the final conclusion, I have to transform, even myself "

Richard and I are standing on the castle hill at the Goethe stone  
and look down on the lovely Neckar, which lies in the floral scent of us.

A delicious May afternoon.

Sun shines over the city.

Fine smoke curling over the fireplace  
Rises from the houses into the air.

One can see clearly into the distance,  
A large city with houses and towers with defining landscapes.

### **May 8**

I stand in front of the castle  
And watch the strong splendor of this unique Renaissance building.

Strange: you gradually forget to pay attention to details, barely looking.  
I'm just searching for wholeness, completeness, on a small or large scale.

The castle is a red monument, tamed force.

We need to return to reality, through work and achievement.

I often think of Hertha Holk.

Sometimes I despair.

We must do what is deep, experience our time,  
Creating a new, great shapes.

Breeding and collecting what we need.  
Forming the conditions for life forming factors.

The wound of our time is the lack of self control.  
We all suffer from it.

We have torn the forces toward a new, great goal.

We must ask, we must also create.

Many of our modern experts are like mathematicians.  
If you take away their self-imposed requirements  
The formula is wrong and they collapse like a house of cards.

They form with the brain and not with the heart.  
When you overthink, you always run the risk of being boring and ridiculous.

I'm not, because I still have no goal.

I'm depressed and unhappy.

### **May 13**

How pitiful is our time!  
Everywhere, decomposition and dissolution.

No structure, no dawn, no marching forward.

Here, May blooms in profusion.  
A colorful, intoxicating splendor

Passage down the Neckar.  
Green on both sides, lovely hills in Sunday dress.

### **May 15**

I suffer pain for a poor, wandering, lost people.

But we are not finished with our efforts.  
There is someone who knows the way.  
I want to be worthy of him.

### **May 17**

Heidelberg!

Walking through the streets.  
Foreigners traveling and honeymooners.  
One is asked dozens of times for directions to the Castle.

A baker boy whistled loud and sassy,  
"Old Heidelberg, you are fine", through the hot afternoon.

A student in a colorful hats, with a wide mustache across his face,  
Proceeds arrogantly down the main street.

Connecting whistles, student's jackets, young faces,  
Ludwig Place is empty.

In the front of a bookshop, up to the open window,  
A student with another, joking in conversation.

I did not feel like visiting a lecture.  
I sit on the Neckar, until evening.

Then I go home tired and listless.

Richard is waiting for me.

He brings me essay and political speeches.

I have a deep loathing of them but I promise to read them.

"This is the modern spirit."

"Yes, but he acts tame and elderly

They well tempered may come to the public,

The others are hidden."

"But we're living in a revolutionary age,

Questioning all values, the modern spirit breaks through into all things"

"This is cheap, only through cowardice and betrayal.

And forgotten are honor and power.

When we are first modern, and second reactionary.

Then I decide I like to be out of style.

Your revolution was not a revolution.

She just has a different appearance,

But the content is the same"

You put up new decorations,

Give the Store a different company name, that's all.

It is a historical scandal, daring to present itself as a revolution.

So often a real revolution shook the story,

Stood at the beginning, looking over as a beacon:

A Weapon!

You have started, then you surrendered.

Your state, or what you call so, then became an afterthought. "

"We have just made the revolution of pacifism.



We started for the first time in history,  
Laying down the weapons.  
The others will have to follow, it will not happen overnight. "

"What a naïve thing to believe, even foolishness is contagious.  
You have so long been slapped  
Instead of getting the respect you deserve.

But beyond that: none of you has the right to speak of socialism.  
Your socialism, you negotiated in exchange for cash loans,  
And the contracts that have completed it  
Have been the death certificate of true socialist redemption.

I am not against the revolution.  
On the contrary!  
But I hate the cowardly revolt who wants nothing,  
As cowards plunge and cowards rise.

France is, our common enemy.  
His army is on the Rhine.  
You want to convince it to leave;  
Lay down your weapons and wait for the world to form a conscience. "

"What do you want to do?"

"Resist and proclaim.  
If you, the nation was not enough, as you dared your life,  
Then you had to defend with your bodies against socialism  
Which threatened the whole world, if it was real."

"Socialism is a doctrine of peace."

"That is a stupid and illogical phrase.  
Everything that has value is threatened by non-value.  
Therefore, it must be defended.  
Socialism as well, but the way you want it is unfit. "

"Work and war are things that do not fit together. "

"No! Labour is war!

The large four-year struggle was a war for work.  
Labor for money! Bread for cash!  
This war has not ended.  
You have just pulled it to another level.

When they saw that, we, the soldiers of labor  
Were forced to our knees without weapons,  
We were shot down with poisoned arrows.

And while the gray heroes,  
Hit mortally wounded, sank to the bottom,  
You focus on their bodies, crying:  
"Long live the Republic!"

We have set work free from the weight of capital."

So many words, so much nonsense.  
You have to work for the power of the community,  
You have unleashed the kings of industry,  
Worse than the power of money.  
That was your whole, much vaunted revolution.

Platt said to the location,  
The industrial barons became the money barons.  
But that was all! "

"If we resisted, it would become a pointless bloodshed. "

"Oh, you windbag! Bloodshed is never pointless,  
and even if it would have been without visible success.  
But then at the beginning of the new order.

They would have had the courage and not been cowardice.  
Then we would have remained a nation, a people in distress,  
But today we are in rags.

The lords of the manor of the world swing their slave whip. "

"But we gradually come together again, we Germans."

"Never! So never! You are drawn by fate,  
The mark of Cain on your forehead burns for killing your brothers.  
You must be shattered, if Germany is to live.

"This is your arrogance."

"Yes, I am too arrogant towards the cause of our misfortune.  
I do not want reconciliation with these new things.  
Because these new things are really old and dead.  
You shall eat until you choke. "

"You are being rude "

"Rudeness deserves rudeness."

We argue for a long time, until it is heated.  
We no longer agree.

### **May 26**

The country road to Heidelberg is graceful and lovely.  
A round, harmonious hills is pleasant to the eyes.

Later, I walk down a long, shadowy street past a blooming garden.

### **May 26**

What I am doing here is not right with God  
But I still have no courage. I'll wait until I can no longer

Sometimes, I sit in the lecture halls,  
Read newspapers and piles of exaggerating policy.

Today, what is considered politics is not.

When a profiteer buys a seat in the Reichstag  
With the money he stole from us,  
Comes into change the Parliament,

And Makes his business with the resources of the people,  
Then he drives policy.

Thus, the parties of democracy: business groups!  
Nothing more.  
Worldview?  
What is the term for a reactionary?  
Honor, loyalty, faith, conviction?  
Man, you are dead!

Left and right, and the right and left,  
A clique of corruption and disgrace.  
The hero eventually develops a fat belly  
Worse than a dog.

Parties live on unsolved questions.  
Therefore, they have no interest in their solution.

This system is ripe for destruction.

However heads and fists must be revolutionized.

Right and left, there are still thousands.  
The need to come together,  
To take the destiny of the Fatherland into their hands.

People drive policy: that is, the people make the bread.

Party politics: that is, a child's fight.

I want nothing to do with this kind of politics.

### **June 3**

I have grown tired of the spiritual realm.  
I loathe every printed word.  
I find nothing in it that can save me.

Richard wants to help me, but I say rude things in response.

Sometimes, I sit for hours lost in confusion,  
Doing nothing and thinking nothing.  
But I'm hounded by a thousand devils  
Devising plans over plans.

But I do not flee.  
Every night, I read the Sermon on the Mount.  
I find no solace in it but despair and shame.  
It's true, because everything is wrong.

School in Germany is a lot of work,  
But little help for the future.  
It is nothing but foolish services.

We can never redeem academic wisdom!

### **June 7**

Christ was introduced long ago,  
So that maybe, he would be our salvation

### **June 10**

A new country rises before me.  
I love learning about my homeland again.  
The more shameful abuse we endure,  
The more powerful is my passion

When I search for the new man,  
I first look to the German people.

In the soil of this homeland,  
I want to root myself.  
It's the mother of my thoughts and desires.

We do not want to be blind to its faults and defects.  
But we also want to love them,

Because they are our own faults and defects.

The new Nationalism desires Germany's future,  
Not the restoration of the broken past.

What does that mean, nationalism:  
We stand to Germany because we are German,  
Germany because it is our fatherland,

The German soul is our soul,  
Because we are all a piece of the soul of Germany.

I hate the arrogant, whose words of the Fatherland and patriotism  
Are only as wide as the mouth leads.

Fatherland: the need for us to start again.

Our whole of German history  
Is nothing other than a continuous chain of struggle.  
The German soul against its opponents.

Faustian is the German soul!  
In it is the impulsive desire to work.  
The desires and eternal longing for deliverance through the spirit.

There is a German idea, and a Russian idea.

These two will compete for the future.

## **June 15**

Russia is a threat to us, which we must overcome.  
But we must know it, if we want to overcome it.

Only now I gradually understand the essence of Ivan Wienurowsky

He is a very unsatisfied person.

Pan-Slavism has ruined him.

Ivan Wienurowsky is derranged.

The battle that rages through Europe today,  
is a struggle between the ruling classes.

Each period, has historical ranks,  
Designed by the leaders.

Aristocracy dominates the top.

The peoples never rule themselves,  
The insanity of liberalism has invented this myth.

Hidden behind democracy,  
The cunning rulers do not want to be identified.

As you can see, a cheap confusion,  
Only an idiot may fall for it.

The people win: what madness!

Exactly as if I wanted to say:  
The marble makes sculptural art.

No work of art is without a creator!  
No nation is without a ruler!  
No world is without God!

History is a sequence of decisions.  
Not victorious armies, but rulers with armies.

Europe is being redesigned by the people.  
It has overcome most of the mass insanity,  
To go back and find its personality.

The new division of the aristocracy  
Happened recently, due to new laws.

Tradition is overruled by power. The best!

These titles are not hereditary, but acquired.

Geniuses are always the highest expression of the popular will.  
Making sense of the incarnation, nationality represents the creative desire

No oak grows without soil, and root strength.  
No man comes from the nature of lots.  
The people are to be ground,  
The story of his roots and the blood of his strength.

Great ideas are always fought for by small groups,  
In the end, however, they represent a state.

The whole nation owes their existence to them.

Art, inventions, ideas, battles, laws and states –  
At the beginning and end is always one man.

The race is the breeding ground of all creative forces.  
Humanity is an assumption, reality is the people

Humanity is nothing but groups of peoples.  
The people are organized

Be organized, that is,  
The ability to protect themselves and produce life.

The forest is just a multitude of trees.

I can not destroy the people and the humanity he found,  
Any more than I can exterminate the trees to conserve the forest.

Trees, they are the whole forest.

Nations, that are the whole humanity.

The more powerful the oak grows,



The more beautiful they will decorate the forest.

The more comprehensive a nation's people,  
the more vivid it serves mankind...

Everything else is created, not grown.  
Therefore, it does not stop before the story.

A small group then, which includes the best,  
Can influence the German fate

We must therefore be braver, smarter,  
Radical and more creative than the majority.  
Then we will be victorious with assured safety.

The scum who rule in other nations will not give us headaches,  
As soon as they enforce our views.

Having the boldest power in our hands hand,  
We should exert from the dictatorship that we take responsibility of history.  
Who will cast the first stone at us?

The cowards have the power in their hands,  
And they claim to rule the nation,  
But they deny responsibility and eliminate those who recognize their hypocrisy

The ruling are always a minority.  
The people have no choice,  
Whether they live in an open dictatorship of the bold  
Or will die under a hypocritical democracy.

A statement that is as simple as logical.

## **June 20**

I put on my helmet, draw my sword, and declare Liliencron.

Sometimes rage comes over me.

Be a soldier! Be on guard!

You always have to be a soldier.

A soldier in the service of the revolution of his people.

I shudder to think of the fire and devastation.

I see ruins of houses, villages smoldering in the evening light

Pillars of fire to rise, the noise and thunder of battle.

I see the pain-filled eyes, moans of dying people.

My hands are black from the smoke of gunpowder.

My coat is red with blood, no, the war is not pretty.

I hear yelling, shouting hurray.

I cry: Hurrah, Hurrah!

I am no longer human. I am overcome by wild anger. I smell blood.

I shout: "Move forward! Move forward! "I want to be a hero!

I tear my heart. What is my heart?

I plunge into the rain of fire.

I am a hero, a god, a Savior.

I bleed, my arm hangs limp.

I'm hit. I lose consciousness, I'm faint. I'm sinking.

I wake up from a deep sleep. I lie alone on a wide, endless field.

The battle is made. I hear distant gunfire.

The sky is high and lights strewn. The red embers glow.

I am shocked and troubled depths of his soul.

I feel my little wound.

I am speechless with the greatness of the experience.

This is war!

The war of life and death!

Cruel as all that is alive.

I did not make it this way, I'm just stating that it is so.

And I think the highest of all beings may have had reasons  
As it is so, and things are not another way.

Perpetual peace is a dream - that is enough for politics.  
The soldier may add: and not even fair.

The whole life is a war.

The first cultural events were:  
Man created plow and sword.  
Plow of peace, sword of war.

So true can there be no night without a single day,  
There can be no peace without war.  
One causes the other.

War and field, Sword and plow,  
Which are terms that belong to each other as husband and wife.

The farmer puts the plow in the soil.  
From grain bread.  
At the boundaries is the warrior,  
Leaning on his sword, and watching the enemy.

Farmers and warriors: the soldiers exist for the daily bread.

So God has made it,  
So it is in eternity,  
And will be forever.

**June 24**

Agnes Stahl writes me from Munich:

"In the next few weeks, I will come to Heidelberg;  
I will see you again. You are more fortunate than we are,  
Because you see clearly and have courage.

Moral courage, you see beyond life.  
That makes people strong.  
Only now, when you are no longer here,  
I realize what power emanates from the active force from you.

They youth are guilty, you must not despair. "

No, I must not despair!  
I must have courage!

"Come soon, Agnes Stahl."

All in me has rebelled against the intellect.  
I stand before the eventual dawn.

**July 2**

"I will have to work, Agnes Stahl, this is my last resort."

"You have always worked."

"No, I was a dreamer, a visionary, a vague talker.  
I wanted to save the world with phrases.  
I have spared myself.

Now I want to intervene in the course of things.  
One can not be neutral, when two opponents,  
Armed to death, wrestle for the future. "

"Two opponents? Where and when? "

Yes, you do not see it, and you do not want to see it.  
The money has enslaved us, the work will make us free.

The political intellectuals stagger into the abyss.  
With the political community of workers, we will rise again. "

"You are against class struggle,  
yet preach the rule of one class? "

"The community of workers is not a class.  
Class comes from economics.  
The community of workers has its roots in politics,  
It is a historical stand  
People only mean something when they prevail as something.

The political rulers are nothing and will be nothing.  
They only want to live a very primitive life.  
Therefore, they will be destroyed.

Life can only be obtained if one is willing to die for it!

The community of workers, however, has a mission to fulfill,  
It has to make the German people free, from the inside and outside.

This is a mission for the world.  
If Germany goes down, the lights go out in the world. "

"You are not very modest."

"Only the weak are modest.  
The less I ask for myself,  
The more passionately I fight for the rights of my people.

And then I saw the agreement.  
Negotiated by the intellectuals.  
Doing one stroke under the past  
And leading our work from the front.

"Make Revolution as much as you want.  
The fat always float to the top."

"However, the thick always lead the talking;  
They have mansions and host speakers.  
The masses dominate today and tomorrow  
But our name, a scratch in the story,  
The how...

We alone!

The others live for today.  
Therefore, they will be dead in the future.  
But refrain from life today,  
You will live tomorrow

Why refrain? Who will thank you? "

"Thanks,? I do not know the word.  
I want no thanks.  
We do not all want thanks, we want to make history.  
What plays as the little life for a role?"

"Even the intellectuals, yes. "

"So much more fervently I have learned it.  
You must indeed go through something  
To learn to love and hate.

I hate the intellectual because he's a coward  
And does not want to struggle.  
He is only a domesticated creature, nothing more.

Soldiers, students and workers will build the new kingdom.  
I was a soldier, I am a student, I will be a worker.  
Through all three stages I must pass in order to show the way.  
I was denied the word, I will therefore begin to act.  
Each in his place. "

"You love sacrifice?"

Sacrifice, Yes, we must.  
I do not love it, but I must do it.  
In the depths I have to climb.  
I must start from the bottom.

We have been heirs so far.  
We have gratefully accepted it

We must begin again from the beginning.

I will now be reckless and use all of me. "

"You have always worked that way;  
You have only passion and devotion."

"But in the wrong things.  
The new German man will be born in the workshops  
Not in the books.

We have written enough, driveling and raving;  
We have to work now. "

"You will die there."

"No, I will live. I'll make a start."

"That work is meaningless."

"No, it is noble.  
Work is not a thing in itself,  
It is only a step. "

"You disgrace us all."

"I have no gain.  
I must be, and I act. "

We long been silent,

It is already late and the day glows.”

## July 8

"I travel back to Russia  
and remember you with a hope and bitterness.  
We may once again have to cross swords;  
If not ourselves, our ideas.

Your world and my world must be the last,  
Struggling forms of existence.

Will we find agreement?  
I hope so, but I do not think so.  
Your nature can not rest.  
Your final law is struggle.

Well, fight! But fight honestly with weapons!

I'll tear down my mask and show you my true face:  
I'm a Russian!

I want Russia to bring in the new world.  
Rome is over. The new big R: Russia.

Live it well!

Agnes Stahl tells me that you are working,  
That you want to start from the bottom.  
I know you enough to know  
You will make your desires come true.

You're moves are surprising,  
But I will have the necessary time to adjust.

You rust quickly;  
You lead the fight instinctively,  
I led you deliberately.



You are to me, the German youth.  
Who is on the path to redeem himself.

You are strong, but we will be more strong.

Ivan Wienurowsky. "

So I'm rid of you, Ivan Wienurowsky!  
I know what I have to do.

You showed me the path without meaning to.  
I will find deliverance.

Yes, we will cross swords,  
The Russian man.  
Teuton and Slav!

## July 12

A hopelessness breaks in upon me with elemental force.  
I hate this gentle Heidelberg!  
Restlessness! Longing!

I ask for a job.  
I can not stand more of these dead books.  
I want to make. More than intellect is at work within us.  
We must create, the new work.

Intellect is lifeless. It can not fill space,  
I want to act without compromise.

How can I write books and gather knowledge,  
when the Reich is in ruins?

Today, neither man nor woman, old nor young,  
Create the work of freedom with their hands?

Where are the soldiers of the war?

You pay bills, buy and sell goods,  
Act and work, bring children into the world  
While the country goes to the dogs.

Where does it end?

Germany is a monetary province, charged with treaties,  
You never forced upon a foreign people;  
The politicians at the top that say yes  
And negotiate about what does not belong to them.

Soldiers! Soldiers!

Workers! Workers!

Where is the spirit that did not break down in front of Verdun?

Beat the cowardice into pieces!

I do not despair!

I see the legions of spirits marching.

Damn the money!

### **July 17**

Seeking understanding and mislead into chaos.

"Strike me dead, we are lost!  
Are lost! What should you do?  
We are targeted by the devil!  
And now he deceives us. "

### **July 26**

I am on target. My soul is still.

The semester is finished.

Within the lecture hall  
The books collect dust.

I wrote my mother. My thoughts are:

I want to get into the coal mines, become a mountain man!  
Be the lowest among the poor!  
I want to work. Be an example.  
Deliver myself; create a path for the others.

Be a sacrifice for deliverance!

#### **August 4**

A few more days at home!  
The old village, father's house, Niederrhein!  
Level!

I walk through the fields before sunrise.  
Fog brewing across the country.  
It is still very quiet.

I stride walking, like a dream.

The slender birches are in rows.

The sun fights with the black and gray.

I go through the lonely fields.

A heavy smell rises from the fields. Odor of the earth.

The soil absorbs; the field will give birth. Fruit will grow..

Holy Hour of creation!

A bird rises high! There, a second bird Light swells, the sea glows

The sun goes up. Crimson red, luminous. Gold lights the country

Home! Earth! Mother!

Widely seen homes, villages, pointed steeples

The mist goes up.

The birch trees begin to glow.

I walk through wet meadows.

You are not festive, land,

You do not shine in formal dress

The light hits your purple robe, the beauty around your shoulders,

Humble you are, home to the world!

But in your soil, seed grows,

You bring fruit in abundance

Far, the view over your soil. The eye looks to the horizon.

Your people are loyal and hardworking,

Quiet during the day and full of passionate joy,

When the evening ceremonies occur.

Smoke rises from distant chimneys,

Since work began in the cities.

Field and factory give to each other.

For you, I am home! I remain in you!

You give me strength and life!

I put my roots even deeper into you.

### **August 7**

Of the mother, I said goodbye It is a silent, solemn hour.

We sit in the big kitchen at the stove.

"I know that you want what is right, so I bless your decision."

"We have to do something, mother,  
Or else it eats at our lives, we can not stand still "

"You will suffer, have much to overcome,  
And still face more hardships.  
But I trust in you. "

"It's not vanity or boredom, which leads me.  
I must, I can not help it.  
I want to be an heir.  
I want to start on my own,  
Start from the bottom.

I'm not working at work,  
But for the sake of deliverance. "

"This road will bring you and us a lot of suffering.  
You'll go because you believe strongly enough.  
I do not doubt that you will take it to the end. "

"I'll take all the power from the homeland.  
I am strong because I have roots. "

"You tell me nothing more,  
And I know what you have behind you. "

"You could say so little, If you have seen so much. I'm not finished. "

"Well, then, be with God! Trust in Him!  
Not everything you can do on your own.  
You will need him as your last help.

When there comes a hour you're all alone.  
Remember that you still have it.

Do not forget to pray!"

"Everyone prays in his own way. Also, work is prayer. "

"Goodbye, Mother!"

She stands for a moment,  
Irresolute and despondent, I see tears run down her worn face.

It breaks her heart.  
And then I embrace her for the first time, with working hands.

### **August 10**

Noise welcomes me. Steam and work!  
An entire country races before creation. Work!

The city is gray and miserable with soot covered houses  
And the people are serious and solemn.

Darkness rolls through the narrow streets,

Pale faces bent over necks.  
Children sit on the street corners and beg.

Women stand in front of the store with the old, gray faces.

It is evening. The arc lamps in flames.  
Light on misery and dirt.

Our hearts strain, collectively.

Narrow, narrow streets are lined with prostitutes and pimps.

With their burning red lights.

It is as if the evening was black wings over the city.

Wealth and poverty live side by side here.

You might cry.

Haste and unrest covers everything.  
Cars race. time is money!  
The lamps glow.

I am carried by the flow of people through the streets and alleys.

I'm tired and worn out.  
I now think of nothing more.  
I stand on a corner and look at the black billows.

Drunken stagger over, singing and bawling.  
There's a policeman, serious, tall, and solemn.

Grey is the sky. There seem to be no stars.  
You only see smoke and distant glow.

The rain falls down in slow drops.  
Tired, worn, into the dirt.  
I stop. The drips down my face.

I can not go on. My feet are tight.  
I sit for a while,  
Silence within the noise,  
Until the road is empty.

The dirty water collects into puddles.

Trains roll into the distance.  
Their thunderous clatter fades far into the night.

### **August 14**

The first entrance!

I climb into the cage.  
The cage falls, I sink – only a moment,

I stand on solid ground.  
Light is still around.

At my chest hangs a small pit lantern.

I crawl through narrow, dark corridors.  
It seems to me that it took days, months, years.

And on! And on!  
Through narrow holes, head first, like a cat.  
The road never ends.

I stand still breathing, the air is hot.

Sweat on my brow, I do not have time to wipe it.

My hands glow. They begin to ache. That's just the beginning.

And on!

A climber is passes me. He crawls in front of me. Looking very natural!

He calls back sometimes.  
I do not understand him, I do not understand his words  
Sound rushes and roars on my ears.

I hear knocking like a thousand hammers.  
They rant and scream at me.

I do not respond, I lose my senses.

This is madness!

My eyes hurt. I see nothing more. Dust covers my face.

I continue to crawl.  
Finally, we reach our destination.

The supervisor taught me the difficult art.  
One hour. Two hours.



I am alone. And now I begin to knock.

The coal chunks fly down.

When I think, it feels like days have passed.

I look at the clock.

It was three hours since I arrived!

I'm beyond tired.

My arms are dead and my hands are bleeding.

Back to work! I will not let go of it.

You are gripping like a demon.

I suggest and propose.

I open my hands.

Unbearable pain!

The blood runs to the thumb and forefinger.

I keep them in my mouth. They burn like fire.

Beat! Beat! The work whips on.

I am her servant, her slave, her dog!

I'm can not stop until I drop.

A desire to shout comes over me.

I do not, I'll scream, I scream like a hungry animal.

Fire spurts from the stones.

I break flames! I break light!

I am no longer human.

I am a Titan. A god!

The supervisor kneels beside me.  
He holds up my arm.

"All the young people are coming from the universities to us."

The first day in the pit is like a noise. It is lost again."

A half-hour meal break.

"You've got to eat something. "

He calls me brother, I would like to hug him.

Yes, you're my brother. We're all brothers here below.

Not angry, I do not hate. I am one of you.

He gives me to alcohol to drink.  
I eagerly drink two or three glasses.  
The fire runs down my throat.

I can not eat. Bread disgusts me

Just drink, drink!

My throat is parched.

Back to work!

It feels like an eternity.  
The hours wear and pass slowly.

I'm so tired. I long for the end.

At last!

I have waited for this hour!

Up! Up!

As we reach the top, the sun still shines,  
There is broad daylight.

Night to end! Day!

Never have I greeted the day with such fervor.

I stare at the dirt. My hands are black and full of blood.  
The fingers are sticking together.  
My hair hangs, messed over my forehead.

I am tired to death. All limbs ache.  
Into the bathroom! Wash away this dirt and blood!  
A human! Human again!

"To-morrow!" Calls me to the foreman.

He is named Matthias Grützer.

I shake his hand and I enjoy it.  
How dear to me is this hand, this working hand!

I examine him, then I stumble out.  
How drunk.

By sunshine!  
Out here, all that would have been is nothing.

Like yesterday!

The smoke vents.  
Steam, smoke, soot, flames against the sky!  
Scream, hiss, noise, work!

Singing in the air.  
The song of the work!

Seeking green. I find nothing.  
A tree, a shrub, a flower. Nothing!  
Everything is gray! Short as shaved.

Only the towers, chimneys, the masts. Smoke reaches up into the sky.

I go further, stagger on. Faster and faster!

I start to run, I run, I hunt, flying like the wind.  
I race out through the streets of the city.

Get out! Get out! The field!

Everywhere towers, chimneys, towers, chimneys!  
Gray on gray, looking for sunshine.  
Bright sunshine!

Am I the crazy? I dream?

Has the world gone down?

Life with no more people?  
Only dark animals? Hell, hell pit?

Am I myself an animal, a black beast,  
a devil, a vicious pit?

I am whipped by demons.  
In me is one who watches me, another, another.  
Relentlessly focused, critical.

Ivan Wienurowsky!

Now I have you, damned dog!  
You beast! You devil! You devil!  
Come here, I want to grab you.  
By the throat, I want to grab me.  
You will not drag me below!  
Never! Never!

We shall see who is stronger.

I laugh. I scream.

People come to meet me, look at me quizzically,  
Talk, grin, pointing to me.

I continue. Next! Next I Far Side of the World!  
I struggle with Ivan Wienurowsky.

He faces like a cat, but I'm stronger than he.

Now I grab him by the throat.  
I fling him to the ground.  
He is wheezy, with bloodshot eyes.

Die, you bastard!  
I kick him in the skull.

And now I'm free!

The last temptation on the ground.  
The poison is out. I'm free!

I'm staying! I'm staying!

I will redeem myself.  
Redeemed by my own power

I want to show you a way, break through and be an example

I throw myself to the ground and kiss the earth.  
Hard, brown earth. German soil!

Late in the evening I come home  
And fall on the bed as if I am dead

**August 20**

I live outside the city in a neighborhood,  
In one of the small, simple homes with a mining family.

My room is bare.  
Bed, chair, table, clothes and toiletries.

Two books I brought:  
The Bible and Faust.

Children make noise throughout the house.  
But I'm not angry about it.

I hear the children play,  
especially in the afternoon when I return from work.

Sometimes, I just sit in my room,  
Listen to the loud laughs and screams of the children.

A straight road goes through the village.  
Houses on the left and right,  
Directed in a straight line.  
All the same; simple and plain but well kept.

On the road, the children play.  
The children of poverty, with gray faces and serious eyes.

The cheerfulness do not live on our street.  
Even the children are not like others elsewhere.

You see many deformed and retarded children.  
The usually sit at the front doors,  
Not messing around with the others.  
Watching their game, serious and silent.

There are always men standing near their houses.  
These are people off work because there are different shifts.

They are serious and solemn, just as their children already are.  
Many read newspapers. But with disgust.  
Some even argue.

I saw that hostile looks follow me as I walk through the streets.

But I can adapt. This is all so new and strange to me.  
In any case, my hosts are very grumpy and lack patience with me.

I do not write letters and receive no letters,  
People do not send mail here.  
I am completely dependent on myself.  
In my spare time I sleep, or I walk the street. - Up and down!

I think of nothing.  
I am neither happy nor sad.  
I can not say I am happy.

Sometimes I think I would collapse under it.  
But then I bite my teeth together and think of the agony in recent months.  
That helps.

But when I am at work I am happy beyond measure.

The beginning is the same every, difficult.

I'm learning and understanding,  
What was formerly unknown and strange to me

One must pass through each stage.

They are all stages of life.

The labor question gradually upsets me.

We must make all bodies feel labor.  
Puts all the capitalists to work for a year.  
Then, we would be on our way

What good is it to the worker, that he is right?  
He must take power.  
Power is always more important than law.

The worker is against the money,  
In the same role as Germany is against the world.

Since worrying helps nothing, you or me!  
Either set the one over the other,  
Or the other will put a heel in his neck.

National community? Yes, sir!  
When everyone has his rights.  
But so? You mention that you want peace?  
That you could be so lucky.

Truce?  
The enemy always says,  
When he talks about the lowered drawbridge  
Has entered the castle, and now scornfully strolls through the halls

What does that mean, should we tolerate them?  
Who has broken the peace,  
We need to restore it or compel them by force.

My brother is the one who sees his brother in me.

Shocking! These people hate Germany,  
Well they kicked their love underfoot.  
Their hatred is spurned, often betrayed love.

Whoever risks his life for his country,  
Acquires the right to have it.  
Life is equally as sacred to the Lord as it is to his servants.  
Both have to lose it only once.

When these people ask, "What is our Germany?",  
That sounds like a national swindler,



Calling Germany above all! "

We have a difficult task ahead of us,  
We must overcome one thousand irresponsible failures.  
We must succeed and succeed we must,  
Germany will make the world anew.

Once this stretch has bowed heads,  
Once these tired eyes begin to flash  
When fists clench and the hard work begins  
Once these pale, bitter mouths open  
To call what will be heard from millions of throats:  
"To end the shame,  
the country belongs to the One  
who makes it free!  
Where are our guns? "

Then the planet will tremble before us,  
What is a small life?

### **August 26**

The people in the pit hate me.  
They give me trouble at every opportunity.  
Not one talks to me.

Only the climber Matthias Grutzer tells me a word here and there.

I do not know where it comes from.  
But I think they sense in me the Lord, the arrogant Lord.  
I can not help it.

Perhaps they are right.  
I'm not one of them. Not yet.

Nothing separates someone from these people  
As much as real or alleged intellectual arrogance.  
They do not believe me.

They are, it seems, too often changing their feelings.

That's the essence of the social question,  
That we can not communicate.  
Blood brothers are separated by possessions,  
Speak different languages and live different life styles.

We have become two groups, up and down one wall.  
The most striking difference is in the economic,  
But applies to all areas of social life.

Separating everything, we need to connect.  
You only know what you learn through practice.

What if one of these phrase-harvesters  
Came down to the pit and spoke of Patriotism?

They might give him only a pitying smile  
Or probably beat and leave him.

Socialism is the bridge from left to right,  
People willing to come together and sacrifice.

On both sides, there are combative mobs.  
But some heroes are within them.

The only solution will be found.

I come from the top down.  
I will seek companions from the bottom up.

We want to be bridges.  
We may have to hold out.  
The others have a different way.

So be it!  
This task of sacrifice has the best value.

One comes to see me today, grins at me and says:

"You are probably one of the swindlers up there;  
You probably want to become a supervisor?  
Look in front of you! We work with dynamite here."

My anger rises to boiling head.  
My hand trembles and I am about punch him in the neck.

Suddenly, I calm down. I look at him and say:  
"You do not deserve that I beat you.  
You do not know what you're doing. "

Since he is very embarrassed,  
He pushes aside without words.  
And whispers among the others.

I know he hates me now to the death.

I will have to look out for myself.

## **September 2**

The mine is a demon.  
She grabs me and will not let me go.

I am dazed.

I can hardly keep track of time  
As I sink again into the depths.  
It seems to me as I were up there,  
When I had no right  
More space to occupy.

As it took me down,  
I am now fully in the pit.

I get the same salary as the others.  
It's not much, but I am single and it is enough.

I need next to nothing.

I stand on my own rest.

I live out of the work of my hands.

I am my own boss!

This work satisfies me!

One sees what one creates.

Man beats coal from the earth.

You fight with the elements,

Forcing precious treasures from the ground

It is proud and lonely.

My hands are rough,

Covered with cracks from old and fresh wounds.

A few days ago, falling stones knocked out two of my teeth.

When I look in the mirror,

I hardly recognize myself anymore.

My cheeks are sunken, my face color is gray.

Coal dust sits in my eyebrows and in the folds around my nose

"You will not get rid of that by washing,  
you've got to scrub it out", said Matthias Grützer.

There is a big gap in my mouth.

My lip is still thick and bloodshot.

But I feel fresh and healthy.

Yes, the forces grow within me.

### **September 10**

I get up at four in the morning, still dark.

I quickly dress by candlelight.

A cup of hot coffee, then I leave.

The path to the mine is far.  
It takes forty five minutes to walk.

I arrive to the driveway at five.  
I have to hurry.

The way is dark. The red glow in the distance shows the direction.  
I stumble over stones and bushes. Always further.

It is still cold. It is warming up.

Always on!

Black shadows rise in the distance in front of me.

Towers, chimneys.  
I hear humming and singing.  
It pulls like a devil in me, pushing me forward.

To the pit! To the pit!

I walk past the barren acres.  
I loved the rich smell of the earth.

Somewhere in the distance, a dog barks.

Here and there along the way is a gray miner's cottage.  
In one room, a light is a light on. He prepares for work.

Tired and heavy throughout the day.  
Gray on gray everything, I shudder.

I clench my teeth, I do not despair.

As a cock crows, greeting from home!

Damned animal!

Just do not think.

The Miner! In! The entrance!

There they sit, the old, the boys in the driveway.  
The lamp hangs on his chest while he waits.  
They sit one behind the other.  
Silent, with no consolation.

Here and there one hears a word.  
A whispered word.

I sit behind the newest worker.  
Good luck!

Surly two or three answer me.

We're waiting! Waiting for the minute,  
When we will depart for work,  
Half longing and half under a cruel relentless compulsion.

The earth moves.

We are their slaves.

Damn slaves bearing the yoke of labor revealed on our neck.  
Still, silent, without pain and without joy.

We do not and will not complain.  
We carry!  
We do not quarrel or cry.  
It must be so!

We bear the burden for all others. We carry!

The sun rises. All around us, the light grows. The day begins.

For us though, a second night. The siren resounds,

We climb into the cage and sink into the depths.

### **September 15**

Only then I am well, if it crashes and thunders down there  
If the fly bar and crack the stones.  
When the noise of the work roars  
So that his own words can't be understood.

Symphony of work!  
Saturated, full life!  
Create! Draw! Lend a hand!

Overcomers! King of Life!

And then I remember the divine solitude of the mountains  
And the pristine white snow.

### **September 18**

The spirit and the work do not make us free,  
They are both just forms a higher power.

The fight is at the beginning and at the end.  
I have seen it for myself.  
We first need to force the swine politicians to the ground.  
Then everything else is easy as child's play.

Of spirit, work and struggle.  
We form the engine which will set our age in motion.

It will be an era of new, powerful leaders.

### **September 20**

Money is the curse of mankind.

It smothers the great and moral in their roots.  
Ever penny is connected to sweat and blood.

I hate wealth!

He educates the lazy to gain wealth and rest.  
He poisoned the value in us, makes us lower,  
Serving our vulgar instincts.

The worst day of the week for me is payday.  
Throwing the money down like dog bones.

This world is hard and cruel.  
As hard as money in the thin hands of the stingy.

The economy is a gluttonous virtue.  
Collect treasures and gold.  
But I myself will not waste the abundance of my soul.

Money is the primary value of liberalism.  
How unreal is this doctrine,  
That they could spread this sham.  
Because it is ultimately based on this,  
Money is the curse of work.

One can not put money over his life.  
When this happens, all noble forces run dry.

Money is a means, not an end in itself.  
If it becomes an end in itself,  
It will devalue the purpose of work.

If money has become more important than people,  
The nation is facing its last gray end.  
Then it will be eaten slowly from the corrosive strength of gold.  
Nations and cultures have always been ruined by this.

While the soldiers of the Great War,  
Their bodies holding out to defend their homes  
And two million were bleeding,



The swindlers coined the red, precious gold.  
This gold was then used to cheat the returning soldiers  
Of their house and house.

Money won the war, the loser was work

The nations were not its winners and losers.  
They just served money or defended work.

Germany was fighting for work.  
France fought for money.  
The work lost, the money won.

Money rules the world!  
Terrible words, if they are true.  
Today we perish in this reality.

Money - Jew,  
Those things belong together.

Money is rootless. It divides the races.  
It slowly eats into the healthy body of the nation  
And slowly poisons their creative energy.

We struggle and work to free ourselves from money.  
In ourselves, shatter the illusion.  
Then, the golden calf will collapse.

Liberalism is in its deepest sense, the theory of money.

Liberalism, that is, I believe in wealth.  
Socialism, that is, I believe in the work.

## **September 25**

The children play in the narrow hallway as I return home from work.

I take one on my arm, and carry her to my room.  
She is shy and begins to cry.

I will give her a sparkling stone I found in the bottom of the pit.

She is comfortable and begins to play in my room.

"What's your name?"

"Anna."

"Anna what a beautiful name you have.

Look, I found this stone in the bottom of the pit.  
I have brought it for you.

See how it shines?  
If you hold it in the sun,  
It is much more beautiful, then it shines like a diamond. "

"My father also works down there in the pit.  
Now he lies and sleeps. "

"Yes, your father and I, we work in the pit."

"Do all people?"

"No! But all must work.  
The one on the ground, the other under the ground.  
Some plant and harvest the grain so that we have bread.  
The other get coal out of the earth,  
So that we have heat and light."

"Are there people who do not work?"

"Yes! But if we, the workers stand together,  
Then we will deal with them.  
Whoever does not work, will not eat. "

Pause.

"My mother is sitting in the kitchen peeling potatoes."

"Yes, your mother also works. Do you like her? "

Yes, but I do not like my father. He hits me. "

Your mother does not? "

No, Mother, do not hit me, mother is good. "

The little girl takes my hand  
And pulls me into the cramped, shabby kitchen.

"Anna, not so!"

"Let the little girl, she's very sweet."

"It will become annoying."

"No.

A long silence.

I go reluctantly and angrily go back into my room.

## **September 28**

I start to gain prestige with my coworkers.  
Here and there, they speak a word to me.  
I dedicate myself, despite their concerns.

The distrust fades slowly.

Also, my hosts are friendly to me.  
This afternoon, I found a few small flowers on my desk,  
I was delighted!

The children call out my name when they see me  
And hang on my hand.

**October 3**

"It wears on you, Michael,  
Therefore if you do not stop, you go die "

"Man holds longer than you think.  
One must not only preserve,  
You have so much to do in life.

And in war we still have more than our body  
Despite our fight, it is not gone. "

"But we have suffered greatly, the soul and the body."

"You're right, Mattias, the twists are not so easy.  
But you see, we are both workers and men.

Outside, in the trenches, we lay side by side,  
The palace and the miner from the mountain home.  
We have come together, became friends,  
The others have only just met.

And when the war was over, this unfortunate gap occurred again.

Work is a war without guns.  
Since we also need to hold each other, fist and head.  
We need to understand this, the sooner, the better.

Life is hard. We have no time to be enemies.  
We need bread for the millions:  
Who were born, and who are not born yet.  
Otherwise, sooner or later we are going to break."

"Yes, but the leaders think there is only money and power."

"We must face these creatures  
There are people only impressed when your fist is under their nose.  
As one may know no consideration.  
We have boys before history, greater claims.

The elderly do not want to understand,  
Ever since we were young.  
They defend their power until the last moment.

But once they are nevertheless subject.  
The youth must triumph last.

We boys, we attack. The attacker is always stronger than the defender.

Let us free ourselves, then we can also free the community of workers.  
Which will loosen the chains from our country. "

"Through work and war, you said correctly,  
and the most beautiful thing is that you live by your words of truth.

You do not just say phrases like the others. You act.

As soon as you arrived here, when I first saw you,  
I knew that you were a pioneer of the idea of work.

Alas, we are now seeing so many students here.  
They are all hard-working and doing their duty down here at work.

But most do not understand miners. They descend to us.

Moreover, they can look down on us.  
Since there something between us that remains to be openly seen.

Therefore, brooding hatred exists between us and the white hands.  
You'll see a lot of hostility towards the students.  
But I know you want to do better.  
You do not want to come down to us,  
You want us to pick you up.

You what it takes to work here because you see us as brothers.  
Therefore you will also find the word that opens our hearts. "

I kneel next to Matthias Grützer  
At the bottom of the tunnel, watching the morning break.

We talk at long intervals and must shout to understand each other.

### **October 9**

Passive resistance.

No one wants to give more to the people.  
You can not live on these wages.

Down in the halls they stand, argue and complain.  
It is almost as quiet, as if it were a holiday.

Nobody works.

One hears hateful threats. Curses, curses.

My position today has been almost unbearable  
I was openly threatened.  
Insults buzzed from all sides of my ears.

They believe I am a spy and strike breaker.  
They openly accuse me of being a paid subject to the capitalists.

Only Matthias Grützer stands by me.

### **October 17**

In front of the mines accumulates thousands  
Shouting and singing, flying stones, clenched fists in the air.

A wedge of people forms in front of the administration building.

Suddenly a cry, a cry, a command.  
Windows rattle, a door is smashed, then shatters.  
The mob spills like a great river into the door.

A woman walks with raised hands down the stairs,  
Screaming and going against crowd.

She immediately falls below the frenzied crowd  
And is trampled by the feet on the ground.

I feel cramps, spasms, and pain in myself.

I rush forward, I scream to those near her: "This is madness!"

They shout "Scab! Spy! Paid dog! ", in wild confusion.

Then I felt a blow to the head.  
Blood was flowing over my forehead.  
I wipe it off with my hand. More and more blood

I stumble, I fall.

I lose consciousness.

When I wake up, I'm lying in my bed.  
Matthias Grützer stands before me and looks at me.

I feel hammering and an unbearable pain above my head.  
I'm beyond tired, and I go unconscious again.

Today, I reflect over everything.  
However, I do not want that evening out of my mind.

Like an animal, they have knocked me down.  
They would not treat a dog like that.

Depressed!

And I just wanted to stand by a defenseless woman.

I feel no anger, no resentment.  
They do not know me, yes.  
They did not know what I wanted.  
They're all so poor and helpless.

It was an act of desperation.

But a sting remains in my soul

### **October 25**

I am back in the pit again for the first time! .;

I meet pleasant, friendly faces. Considerate, almost tender.

An old miner comes up to me and greets me with a firm hand shake

Good luck! Just like it sounds! A salute for the common need.

I thank Matthias Grützer for explaining my situation to them.

During the morning break, a coworker approaches me.  
He came on behalf of the other and asks for forgiveness.  
I'm embarrassed. I do not know what to say.

Matthias Grützer stands beside me.

And suddenly I feel like my eyes are wet  
Two fat tears are running down my cheeks.

Yes, now we have found ourselves.  
Now I have found my home.

Now I am not a stranger, not an outsider.

I am a worker among workers!  
That's me, I want to stay!  
I am one of you, I have won my home.

Blessed wound!

### **October 30**

I come back to Vincent van Gogh,



seeing him differently today than I did in Munich.  
I do not see the painting anymore  
I see the man, the seeker of God.

I used my wages to buy a copy of his letters to his brother Theo.

Man is larger than the artist.

The old temple must be overthrown, that we can build new!

## **November 2**

I come back to Christ.

The German God question can't be separated from Christ.

We have lost our true connection with God.  
We are neither cold nor hot.  
Half-Christian, half-heathen.

Yes, even the best are in the dark and don't know where to turn.

But it is also necessary to speak an honest word.  
A nation without religion is like a man without breath.

The denominations have failed.  
Total failure. They are no longer at the front,  
But have long since been relegated to the rear.

From there, they terrorize any form of new religious desire,  
With their bitter resentment.  
Millions are waiting, their longings remain unfulfilled.

Whether our time is not yet ripe?  
One might almost believe.

We are in the midst of a religious awakening.

Until then, each seeks God in his own way.

But the masses should have their idols,  
Until we can show them a new God.

I take the Bible and read a whole evening,  
The simplest, greatest sermon ever given to mankind:  
The Sermon on the Mount!

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice,  
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven! "

### **November 6**

My coworkers love me.  
They help me, I see it in their actions

One fixes my shoes,  
I offer him something, he does not want anything for it.

One takes my work clothing to be washed at home.

Another morning, one brings me two thick red apples with nuts.  
I do so much, he says.

Another comes to me and asks me what Nietzsche was for a man.

They help me, I help them.

I live as a comrade among these simple, strong people.  
They are all limitless, incited and angry.

But the poison will be eliminated.  
You must use only labor and sorrow.

'They take me now as one of their own.

All you say to me, and I say to all of you,  
And out in the field, in the trenches.

I'm feeling at home in the pit.

This is the way the Fatherland must be.  
Not all equal, but all brothers.

At night I sit down with the people.  
We talk, argue, and complain.  
I passionately swear with them.

Man must complain once, communicate the resentment of his soul.

I visit their families, play with the kids, chat with women.

I tell them about my travels, show them postcards and pictures.

When I walk down the street, the children come and shake my hand.

### **November 10**

Now I have many brothers.  
They all are like brothers to me.

Brothers work! All are brothers,  
Who come from the same blood  
And bear a common destiny.

And we all do the same thing,  
Why should not we all be brothers?

We have been through so many hardships together,  
That we do not come together.

I am nothing more and nothing less than all the others.

A young German! A fighter, a sufferer with the desire to overcome!

We must join, us Germans!

Our last good!

If we succeed, others will follow the new German way,  
And we will design the next millennium.

November 16

Now I am completely free!

It takes the miracle that breaks the new world.

Now the path has been found. I paved it through work.

We must all work for redemption,  
First for ourselves, then for others.

We have to overcome our life,  
Then we are strong enough to design our life and time.

### **November 23**

I searched the spirit and did not find the way.

We must overcome the mind.

I was looking at the work and could not find the way.

We must purify the work.

Now, the puzzle has been solved as if by itself.

Standing up, the new law.

The law of labor, the struggle continues, and the Spirit is working.

The synthesis of these three makes us free, inside and outside.

Work as a fight, Spirit than work, that is deliverance!

My eye sees clearly! The way is clear! Born in me!

My hardened hands begin to shake.

### **November 29**

Ivan Wienurowsky came to me:  
In him, I overcame the Russian people.  
I redeemed myself:

I made the German people free.  
Now we are both enemies against each other.

Armed to the teeth,  
Because it's about who will win the future?

Pan-Slavism! Pan-Germanism!

No, I'm not a renegade.  
I believe in us, in Germany!

Under pain comes the Reich!

The world today has reason to fear,  
What is located abroad,  
As Germany strengthens

We're there! We young men live to be the future.  
With freedom our way, arms crossed!  
If we come back to ourselves,  
The world would learn to tremble before us

The planet belongs to the person who takes it himself.

### **December 2**

My time here is over. I have to learn.

Tomorrow I'm going in the Bavarian mines.

What drives me further? I do not know.  
Perhaps I am drawn the solitude of the mountains.  
In take of everything, farewell.

I never saw so much love and affection.  
You've beaten me to the ground,  
and now you are my friends.

I will never forget!

### **December 10**

Have I become twenty years older?  
I slept, dreaming?  
I do not know my Munich again.

This is the train station,  
the Stachus, Marienplatz, the Theatinerkirche,  
The wide, pompous Ludwigstraße!

There lies Schwabing, a year ago,  
Yet everything is different now.

I've probably become different.

My eyes are set differently.

I hear Munich love ring.  
A young man walks past a bohemian girl.

A student exits the university.  
Snacks and books under his arms,  
Looking slim, pale, and serious.

I did not see this before.

The times on the forehead of the German people?

A hungry, starving, freezing youth.

In the evening, I sit in a large room with a thousand people.  
I see him again, which brought me to awakening.

Now, he is already in the midst of a believing community.

I know him again, more. His essence is larger, closed.  
An abundance of power flows out of his mouth,  
His hands, this sea of love flashes of two blue stars.

I sit in the midst of all the others and he speaks like me.

The blessing of work!  
The way I felt, suffered and carried, he interpreted in word.  
My confession of faith! It takes form.

Working as a savior!  
Not the money, work and struggle to free ourselves,  
You and me, all of us, and all the Fatherland.

How deep peace comes over me.  
Please, I feel a sea of roaring power through my soul.

It says to young Germany, the workmen, the Reich forming.  
Nor anvil, but hammer!

Here is my place!

Here I will stand, when it comes to the crunch.

We must all be ready.  
Small groups only succeed if they are greater than the majority.

Sitting around people I have never seen before,  
Like a child, tears fill my eyes

**December 12**

"A few weeks ago, I received a letter from Hertha Holk. She is now studying in Würzburg and is preparing for an exam, "

"Why do you tell me, Agnes Stahl?"

"Because I suspect that you're not finished with her."

"Yes, I am."

"I fought seriously, but I'm ready to become. The work down there in the pit makes everything else so small. One hardly thinks of himself.

I loved Hertha Holk, I still love her and will love her forever. But she was not my partner, in particular with perseverance.

One finds, I think, never. The last, we must alone make up.

Hertha Holk has the urge to become new, But she still clings to very small prejudices, Old ideas, in short, surviving intellectual theories.

She does not have the courage to be consistent.

How few have it

It is a transitional nature. She closes and compromises. She appreciates the peace of the soul more than the struggle And the view of victory or defeat.

She could not wait. She had no time for me."

"You are being unreasonable with her."

"No, I'm not angry with her. I understand everything now.

It was my destiny that gave me the final push to break through.



We must be grateful to the people who give us the opportunity to sacrifice."

Pause.

"And now you want to return to the pit?

"Yes, I'm happy down there and I have a feeling that may be because I need it. "

The studio is bare and empty,  
Sealing through the high windows, a last ray of twilight.

Here I often sat with Hertha Holk.

### **December 13**

Visiting Richard.

He holds a doctorate in Heidelberg  
and now works in a large publishing house.

He tells a lot of confusion.  
Of new artistic and spiritual values being expressed

I listen to him, without some thought on the matter.

He has changed.

I notice now, as I watch him.  
His face has become thick,  
And he wears respectable, horn-rimmed glasses.

His movements are sure and confident.  
But it gives me the impression that he is ashamed of something.

I leave soon.

He calls me dear Michael, and led me to the door.

"Well, take care," he called after me.

I walk slowly down the street.

Because he suddenly ran after me,  
He shakes my hand and whispers to me, in excitement:

"Hey, Michael, I envy you. I'm a cheat."

All of the sudden, my resentment against him disappears.  
I squeeze his hand tightly.

We part.

## **December 15**

I meet a Russian student at the Alten Pinakothek.  
He tells me the disturbing message of Wienurowsky's death.

In July he left for Russia.  
He devoted himself to secret revolutionary activity,  
And established special groups in Petersburg  
He instigated small conspiracies.  
Watched them, and was arrested in September.  
After two weeks of detention, they had to release him,  
Because it could not be proven.

In early November, his name typically appeared in the newspapers.  
He worked feverishly to uncover a major public corruption scandal.

On the morning of November 23 they found him,  
Shot dead in his room on the sofa. All indications of murder.

They have said the criminals are still unaccounted for.

A chord strikes in me.

Ivan Wienurowsky! The end you do not deserve.

I think of you with a certain melancholy.

Your destiny is the destiny of your people.

Shot! The criminals still unaccounted for.

### **December 18**

The last day in Munich,  
I'm with Agnes Stahl  
I have much to tell her.  
I feel that she understands me.

I had once given a person my whole heart

I have only one woman, there is nothing more to say  
It is such a conclusion.

January 3

I work in the mines in Schliersee.  
I have found the right place

The mountains refresh myself after work.  
I look to them.

The work is not too difficult for me.  
I am strong and healthy.

My comrades are good to me.  
I live in small Bauereleuten.

The country breathes beauty and power.  
The mountains stand unshaken.

People and times will grow old and die  
But the mountains remain the same.

Forever old and forever young.

### **January 7**

War woke me from a deep sleep.  
He brought me to consciousness.

Spirit tormented me and drove me to disaster.  
He showed me the depth and height.

Work delivered me. She made me proud and free.

And now I have been transformed through these three things.

The conscious, proud and free German people will win the future!

Christ gave me a lot - but not everything.

We need to awaken him in ourselves.

We can only do this through our own journey.

The life of an individual is not everything.  
It is not a thing in itself.

We must overcome it and increase to a new, creative power.

As long as man clings to life, he is not free.

### **January 10**

It drives me to new distances and lengths,  
But my love always returns.  
Back to the homeland, Mother Earth

**January 18**

"Dear mother! Now I have put the worst behind me.  
I am free. I have overcome,  
What tormented me and troubled,  
And made bound me to the ground.

Now the wings are wide,  
And I fly in the blue distance.

Thank you, that you have given me life.  
Can you understand it,  
I grumbled about you sometimes?

Because life is worth what is alive,  
That is not true, the tired are living.  
We are not putt in this world,  
Only to suffer and to die.

We have a mission to fulfill here.

One feels the impulse to the mission,  
Some strong, others weak.

To me, he was burning like a sacrificial fire.  
I had to do as I did.

Now that I have overcome,  
I yearn to see your sweet face.

What the future holds,  
Why should we grieve for it?

I look forward, safe and secure.  
I feel strong enough to struggle on.

We have so early became men.  
For we have seen more in our youth,  
And suffered more than any other generation.

We were not good?  
We have eaten and we will continue to feed.

Fight costs blood,  
But every drop of blood is a seed.

Nothing happens for no reason on earth.  
It's all a beginning a sequence or an end, "

### **January 29**

Tonight, my Hostess came crying into my room  
She asked that I not to go work tomorrow.  
She had a dream I was hit by a stone.

I find it hard to calm her down.

Dreams are lies!

I can not forget it.

But not dreams about the pit and the death of you?

I would not die!

We all need to become a sacrifice!

---

**Here ends Michael's diary:**

**Mine intern Alexander Neumann's letter to Miss Hertha Hoik  
Würzburg Germany: February 26:**

"Only now, I can send you this letter.  
Miss Agnes Stahl expressed the desire to inform you  
Of the sudden circumstances surrounding Michael's death.

Michael came in late December last year to us to Schliersee,  
To work in the mines.

He lived in close to me, in random and mutual sympathy  
We soon became faithful comrades. I almost want to say to friends.

You may know yourself, how quickly his simple yet loving attitude  
Won over such great people.

On the morning of the accident day, January 30th,  
We went together to work as usual.

The road from our apartment to the mine is not far,  
Approximately thirty minutes.

It was five o'clock, and the shift began at six.  
The morning was bitterly cold, it was freezing,  
And we went through the snow.

Michael was serious and silent.

He was not joking, as he otherwise did on the way to work.

Suddenly, he stopped and asked me:

There's a premonition? That predicts, I will die. "

Then he shouted, laughing:

"Oh well, Dreams are lies!"

Shortly before six, we drove one.  
I worked alongside him in a narrow tunnel.  
We lay on our backs and hacked down the coal.  
Once he called me to something, I did not understand.

By ten, I went to the new clock tunnel for breakfast  
He wanted to perform the work in progress to end.

Suddenly I heard a murmur, Then something broke.  
Then a short but violent bang, and I rushed into the tunnel.  
Since Michael was on the ground.

I held the lantern to his face, his eyes are closed.  
I felt his heart, it beats, he still breathes.

I call some others and we pick him up.  
Very briefly, he opens his eyes,  
And mumbles something that we can not grasp.  
The doctor comes immediately.

A falling pieces of stone hit Michael in the head  
Causing a bruise to the brain.

He only had a few hours to live.

We carry him to the next house and lay him on a bed.

He is quiet, barely moves, and only sometimes he whispers:  
"I'm tired, I want to sleep. "

He lays a while, two or three hours.

At midday, he beat his eyes wide and looked at us, puzzled and strange.

He said very loudly, "Mother!"

And then the fight begins.

He races into delirium.  
His body shakes.  
He fights like with invisible enemies, then cries in agony:

"Ivan, you bastard! "

Suddenly, very softly:



"Workers! "

Then back to whispering and now,  
We do not understand a word.

Here and there, sentence fragments:

"Sacrificing, Labor, War! "

Then he is very calm.  
His face formed into a smile, and with that smile he died.

It was four in the afternoon.

In his room, he was laid out.  
His face is not disfigured,  
Only the nose had clotted blood.

So he was placed in flowers and wreaths.  
The third day, his mother came,  
I had notified her through the telegraph.  
She's calmer than I thought.

On the fourth day we carry him to rest.  
It is a clear, frosty winter afternoon.

Some students from Munich,  
A couple of young painters and Agnes Stahl,  
The Swiss sculptor, gave him their last respects.

Miners carried him.  
He was buried a worker, student and soldier.  
His comrades wished him:  
"A final good luck for the long ride! ", by his grave.

Later, a note was found on his desk  
Not yet written, a card to the Matthias Grützer in Gelsenkirchen.

He writes about the new Reich,  
And tells him that we must not despair.

In his drawer was Faust, the Bible,  
Nietzsche's Zarathustra, and a diary.

Now you know everything.

Just one more thing I do not want to leave unmentioned.  
This gave me insight into many directions.

In the fate of our common friend,  
He taught me about complaints and pain beyond the future.

Understand the symbol of his death.

A few weeks ago, Michael's mother sent me Zarathustra as a souvenir.

It's an old, tattered copy. He kept it with him as a soldier in the war.

In the evening, I like to browse through it for an hour.

And there I find a passage,  
Michael has twice underlined with thick red pen:

"Many die too late and some early.

Still sounds strange doctrine: Die at the right time!"