

Diary New York 1941
November 10

Jewish World War No 1 Veteran Is Compelled But Not Permitted
To Participate In Nazi Officers Mess [sic!]
And Cheerio.
TRILEMMA

Some minutes before writing this I awoke of a night dream which runs as follows:

Scene: a modest villa, straw-thatched but properly equipped, situated on a highway leading to a small, perhaps Russian, town visible from far. Round anteroom with simple chairs. Through one of its doors look at the dining room. The rectangular, already prepared dinner-table... white linens, crystal glasses... is partly visible.

Time: world war No 2.

Together with a bunch of Nazi officers I am waiting for the meal. My and their uniforms are of the same pattern and color (field-greenish). Conspicuous the lack of any distinguishing marks except (maybe) badges worn by some officers. Rather slovenly fit. Somebody introduces me to some of the officers and I make myself acquainted with others. My name is Bates. A door opens, the colonel and adjutants enter. Common informal salutation. Soon we will have to go into the dining room. I feel a little uneasy by reason of a "trilemma":

- (1) There will be a drinking the Fuehrer's health... wine glass in the left hand, the right one saluting.
If I join in I am guilty of the crime to have saluted Herr Fuehrer with Nazi salute though I am a Jew.
- (2) If I don't join in I am guilty of the crime to have offended mortally (My death) the Fuehrer.
- (3) If I "neither join in nor not join in" it will be discovered that I am kind of trespasser or intruder.

Meanwhile the background separated from the anteroom by balustrade and pillars is filling up with young rank and file. Among them Helmy. I'm afraid he will perceive me and perhaps wave his hand to me and call, though gently and softly, "Vati". Instead he withdraws, and I think he does it tactfully (having seen me) but will tell it to the one or other of his comrades.

All of a sudden I am in the highway. I am not earnestly disturbed though in full knowledge of the imminent danger. However I would like to confide my "Trilemma" to a friend. Old school chum Herbert Winkelmann, in mufti, meets me by chance. I tell him. He is, as usual, skeptical and rather silent, leaves all to me. I go back to the anteroom, having virtually no doubt in my heart that I shall master the situation without yet knowing how.

Awakening I resolve to jot down the dream. According to my habit in such cases I keep my bed position for I have learned by experience that changing jeopardizes the recollection. While I am memorizing the whole plot in German, the headline, above, leaps into my head, I go off and wrote all this in incorrect English.

When I began writing it was 6 A.M sharp (11/10), after exactly 4 hours of sleep. - In this very moment the date of November 10 is striking me. 1938, wave of arrests of Jews in Berlin!

Diary New York

Nov 17

First new years wishes from Mr. Karl Rosenberg, Japan. Very thoughtful.
Answer (thanks) to Mrs. Lewis, Seattle, Wash.
Copy, and a few lines, to Helmy (new address from Dec. 1)

Telephone calls to:

Miss Morgenstern. A Dr. Saffis (?) was first at the phone. Next Friday may be fitted for an evening talk. I have to ring her up on Friday between 3:30 and 4 P.M. - Dr. Novens referred to book as found my historic new confirmed.

CI 6-9164 Mr. Heinsheimer: "Good morning. I only want to tell you that, if Mr. Carp cares for references about me - person, character, abilities, achievements - many ~~people~~ well known people will be glad to witness for me.... Of course, I should be delighted to work for you." (Only to the Secretary. Mr. Heins was busy.)

~~Quer und Kreuz~~

Quer und Kreuz

Wer nach bunten Dingen greifen
Wie die Lerche singen kann,
Wer durch Reifen springen kann,
Der mag auch durch Springen reifen.

Galanter Brief

Ich freu mich des Lebens und fuehle mich wohl in meiner Haut --und in Ihrer,
Liebe Angelica.

✓ On the whole the world is lamentable but there is scarcely ^{one} single phenomenon worth not to be laughed at.

Diary 1941 New York

Dec 2

Ilse W. helped organize the household. I bought some kitchen articles completing thus the establishment, and provisions for the coming week. Dinner with Ilse at home. - Forgetting to put water in, I burnt through a pan. Cooked: a smoked tongue, stewed apples.

Expenses

Meat-fork 30, tongue pot 91, small frying pan 20, 2 soup bowls 50, bowls (2) 30, tray for forks, knives, and spoons 36	257
Rinso 10, shoe cream and brushes 51	61
2 eggs, 8, tongue and pork chops 211	(pennies) 221
potatoes 10, vegetables and fruit 34, flour 10, onions 5	280 { 59
news 6	6
sub	20
	<hr/> 624

Dec 3

Night-dream of transcausative human being free from threedimensioned causality. Perhaps counterpart to "Trilemma".

The disappearing of a fourth drawer out of the cupboard beside the window provided me with a cudgeling of the brain. Landlord Gutman assured there has never been a fourth drawer during my being here. But since yesterday I cannot get rid of the idea there has been one, and my key bunch of keys and the old Parker fountain pen in.

List of one would like slid below the door of landlord.

I bought waxes pap for wrapping the tongue and preserving it in the box. (10)

Ilse Bry rung me up and invited me to a concert in Hansa house(?) / next Friday.

Colonial Trust Comp - I informed the bank that the November account-current didn't reach me.

Greetings of the season and information about change of address to Mr. and Mrs. Carlsmith/Hilo and Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Bloch, Elmhurst.

Marvelous weather. Promenading a little.

Mrs. Gradenwitz visited me and inspected the rooms...

Much as it is open to discussion whether or not anybody, sitting fettered in the Platonic lion's den, ever has got a true picture of himself, I dare to assume that GRATITUDE seems to be the leading trait in my character. For there is among all possible happenings almost nothing which could hinder me to thank Providence, and even the small, ribald oddities, gauze cherries, and farces of everyday life use to extort a grateful smile from me. However, what resounds in my soul, is more a Te Deum than a feeling of obligation towards my fellow-men and neighbors whom I consider creatures like me as to their prevailing impulses, and love, only, as myself, e.g. as beings filled with unjustified pride and in want of humorous charity.

Dec 3, continued

That the majority rules, is an essential of democracy. And therefore it is not merely accidental that freedom of thought and expression never has been encouraged ~~limitlessly~~ limitlessly where and when ~~government~~ government was run by the people. Under such circumstances ~~the~~ independence of thought will be allowed no longer than a conclusion or resolution is reached. Otherwise the validity of the votes would be endangered. From these deliberations I am inclined to infer that the criticisms directed against ~~the~~ ~~downright~~ restrictions of free expression in democracies fail ~~downright~~. "It is the complaint of M. de Toqueville as well as of other travellers in America", writes J.S. Mill, "M. de Toqueville on Democracy in America", Dissertations and Discussions: Political, Philosophical, and Historical, (Boston, 1864), vol. II. p. 118 - It is the complaint of M. de Toqueville as well as of other travelers in America, that in no country does there exist less independence of thought. In religion, indeed, the varieties of opinion which fortunately prevailed among those by whom the colonies were settled have produced a toleration ~~in~~ law and in fact extending to the limits of Christianity. If by ill fortune there happened to be a religion of the majority, the case would probably have been different. On every other subject, when the opinion of the majority is made ^{wardly} any one, it is affirmed, dares to be of any other opinion, or at least to profess it." Cf. Matthew Arnold, Culture and Anarchy, Preface (New York, 1905, p. 22. - (Quoted from The Bertrand Russell Case, p. 126, annotation)) The peals of applause De Toqueville earns from J.S. Mill, and J.S. Mill from Mr. Richard ~~Mc~~ Keon (The problems of education in a democracy, l.e. p. 126) show nothing but a misunderstanding of democratic rule, which reads: Democracy locuta, causa finita.

Walter Newberg rung me up and invited me to dinner. Later twice at Schrafft and a seafood restaurant. We looked at the film "International Lady" with Ilona Massey in the main rôle. She got the alto voice Nietzsche speaks about with "libido." The show itself was rather mediocre though well photographed. The strange idea of cryptocoding by dint of music staff and singing- remained unexplained, at least for me and my own modest intelligence service.

Expenses:

Nutrition-	
Sub	20
Tel	10
Cig	35
New Year (Xmas) Greeting Cards	18
	<u>83</u>

L.R. Kirby, V. Kirby, Helmy
for my new address to R.C.

Diary 1942

New York

January 10

Version: letters to myself

The rising and setting of the sun is neither a hallucination nor a mental delusion; it is an eye-phenomenon of our senses, which, in their sphere, serve well enough the wants of material life and express themselves in the metaphors of common language. When taken for truth, however, — and truth means intrinsic reality — such a phenomenon cannot but mislead the naive interpreter. We all know that the heavenly body, no matter if the earth and planets revolve around it, or reversely, or by no means, enters and goes off the stage of our senses, while in reality it is rather a stage-manager than an actor of that situation drama.

Well, we don't fail to make the necessary distinctions between phenomenon and truth in the material world. In the moral world, unfortunately, many of us are tempted to abide the naive viewpoints and let pass phenomenon for reality. There are appearances of sufferings as there is an alternation in the daily first and last appearance of the sun. But just as sunrise and sunset exhibiting a merely poetic essence appear as a prospective show on a perspective scene, evil conceived of as source of harm lacks all and every substantial being and may well be defined as unreality itself; it is a negation.

impersonating a power of causation like a scarecrow impersonates a man. When dressed in old clothes and set in a field the ghastly-ghostly illusion and bogaboo will frighten birds away from growing crops...

This negation develops like a photographic negative in a spiritual and intellectual dark-room. Once it has developed one can print all too many pictures from it so-called positives — out of a negative! — "photos" of sufferances. Indeed, we cannot help be impressed as, and as far as, and as long as, we adapt a sentient and sensual body. Insight into moral reality, though, and the knowledge of what is not real, means liberation.

Asterisk, for idiots only. — Denying the sufferings of mankind is like denying the experienced factuality of a sunset. On the other hand, believing in the existence of evil proves that the simple-minded believer has not yet made the first step on the ladder of epistemology as related to morals.

June 3, 1941

Mc Dougall: Is America safe for democracy? - publ. before 1924. May be interesting to look at this question from so remote a period.

The "sky" in soft songs - Expression of longing and desire, most popular with songwriters. - sky ... Jupiter, Zeus, Deus. The transparent symbolism in love songs.

On the necessary limit of toleration in democracy. Democracy in struggle. Struggle intends victory. Victory bases on the means to this end. Can a warrior be tolerant? Under which circumstances? When? Perhaps after victory. Can a surgeon be tolerant? Can a Christian be tolerant? Operation aims at healing by dint of extirpation. Christian love and charity aims at salvation at any price. In the state of emergency democracy is to be both surgical and christian. Democracy, a dogma. Dogma, intolerant in itself. Bias against the idea of dogma. What is dogma? Absolutism of a standpoint because justified by idealistic creed. Perspective as totalitarianism. Democracy undefined and perhaps undefinable but to be felt and experienced. Expressed by poets (Walt Whitman). An efficient symbol. (Cf. sacraments) Sacred flag to be followed. Few bearers of the flag, like few sportsmen in the crowd of spectators. "/// when we remember how small a portion of modern people have anything more than a passive part in the modernizing of our world."

Not only the single act of thinking is perspective- like the single sensation, optical, auditive... impression- but perspective, projection is already the state of expectance, as there is no vacuum in the movement of being alive.

At last Hitlerism has one deep significance: it proves the overwhelming power of creed when extroverted. The danger of toleration and liberalism... Toleration must become intolerant in a way, as pacifism militant.