

Alexander Rosenbrock journal number 326 – Titled “All Sorts of African Notes”

[Upside down notes at start:]

Opus 31,3 - Whole Scherzo

Opus 2,3 - Scherzo

[Upside down on following pages: Taxidermy notes for birds – dimensions, size of eye, color of feet, beak, and eyes. 22 different birds with serial number as high as 29. These may be some of the birds that were in the collection of the Verden museum, although they were no longer on display as of 2016. Types of birds listed: Sparrow, swallow (#13), finch (green-yellow), sapsucker [?“Honigsauger”] (no. 8), shrike (no. 16.), sand piper (#17), pigeon (long-tailed) (#25), small ([illegible]) finch, small gray ([something; illegible]), [?“honigvogel”], [description only:] small green with white ring around the eye male (#18), male starling (#15), small male kingfisher (#19 and #2), male shiny starling (#14), [?mouse bird; “mäusevogel”] male (#28 and #29), male yellow weaver bird (#24), thrush [#26], black bee catcher male, female wood pigeon, other pigeon (#20 and #21), blue hawk (#22), [?honigvogel], lark falcon [“lerchenfalk”] (#23).]

[Upside down in red: Grades for students. Karla Hausen, Heinrich Busch for biblical story recital 2 and 3 respectively; less legible column: Sonya Rolfs?, Phillip?, Käthe Hausen, ...]

[Switching to right-side up: Letter draft]

To [Rolfes?]

[Very difficult to read letter draft using a form of the older Sütterline script and a bad pen]: The how much to determine is for me a [?something] useful thing. If I were not so [?something] then I would... [probably hopeless to read this whole page]

Greetings,

AR

— [illegible; something about Mr. Micamber]

A.R.

Again a postscript: before my departure I receive from your London [illegible?] a check for 16 pounds. I am not at all clear whether the sum was for supplies and travel expenses, as my colleagues told me it was, or whether it is a "loan". Please clarify.

[end of letter]

— + —

The colored, that is black people, like very much to travel with the train. But rarely alone and even then they avoid getting into an empty car. Their attraction to companionship (and conviviality) is so heavily ingrained, that they seem to feel happiest in the fullest train car.

— + —

The English gentleman – and each English person has in this respect a bit of the gentleman in them – has a type of gentle thoughtfulness, that particularly shows itself in his politeness to ladies, a fine proud politeness that doesn't expect or ask whether it will be reciprocated. The German man laments it when his courtesy is not acknowledged with a thank you. The English

gentleman never expects a thank you, and the English woman takes the politeness of a gentleman without keeping score.

It is almost insulting for a German until he has gotten used to the pride of the English.

It has however also the pleasant advantage for example in a concert or in a [?"Elektro" probably music played from an early phonograph], to avoid a lengthy politeness exchange between a woman and a man that always begins with the woman resisting the man's offer and always ends that she accepts with profuse thank you's, and then the other guests can finally relax again, their feet having been in danger during the lengthy exchange of words, and all can finally return their attention to the music.

X

During a meal I often sit brooding for minutes. It is lucky that the people – I don't know why – think that I am full of ideas - and call this stupidity thoughtfulness – otherwise they must begin to believe in nonsense.

[Another draft letter, or fragment of a draft]

Wilhelmine [aunt from whom the biedermeier furniture came] mailed on 15 September I ask myself why? For what? [illegible] will be able to give you a righteous answer, but if she [or it] will always be honest I do not know. Because it often seems to me as if you – despite your personal antipathy, that you show me sometime – that you are not well suited for a [illegible]. You have too much of the intractable Rosenbrockian stubbornness, that fights against the influences of a fine sentimentality on a person's life, with the natural tendency towards understanding and order as the motive of action, and when this sentimentality is met, it is declined with a mocking smile, or out of underestimation (or – I want to add – out of over-active creativity or fear of the emotions) and then indisputably slides away. It is rare that in your letter there is a tone that comes out of your deepest soul, like a quiet shy little bell ringing its peal over the well-developed land. [This part is a mess, with something also about embarrassment written in the margin]

For 80 centuries women have been raised differently than men, was that of so little influence on the innate nature of women, that the emancipation denies every psychological difference between the genders, or does one because of a thousand-year-old possibly real dream want to redefine and call what for thousands of generations has been bred into nature through upbringing, as stupidity and betrayal. Each human soul has been shaped in part by the past thousands of years, only men's and women's souls are built according to different blueprints. Who knows, perhaps the reason was once the same.

X

[Illegible; possibly name of recipient of draft letter]

You are one of those people that don't find the strength to do what they want to and that are also not strong enough not what they do not want to do, one or another. Other people allow fate to decide for them and listen to [illegible].

He who does what other people want, doesn't have time for his own things.

X

Either – take life lightly and live in the moment and enjoy it, without later regretting [illegible] days and thinking about things of the past – or, take life, only your own life, seriously, take the pipe out of your mouth and do what you believe you must do. Do it by using your time and

energy and don't groan out of the corner of the sofa with a rumpled brow: "I don't have any time".

/

Dr. Peters in general drank heavily. Dr. Hohmann, in saying goodbye gave him of the advice to leave off the drinking – as a human & German it harmed him. Dr. Peters [replied?]: Yes everywhere I went the people nagged me [?"hinterher gekotzt" which literally means threw up after me] - and I gave up running away [from them].

/

X

In the opinion of the average person, the worth of something is always the inverse of how often it is offered. As far as school politics go I certainly belong to the average people.

X

Father) aging is not necessary, but only a bad habit. (Ellen Kay)

X

Obedience is better than opera ([illegible] from Leoncavalle

X

One evening Dr. Peters is sitting in his room in Berlin. There's a knock at the window, he lifts the curtain and sees outside his friend, Count Zarat. – who died the same day in East Africa! ~~~ (his uncle appears to him)

X

By Dr. P tells about Wissmann. Drunkeness. Women. Battle at Salamis! [480BC battle in Greece?] In dark rooms bombarded with Champagne glasses.

*

[multi-page gap then upside down:]

$2R - (R + 2x/3)$

$R - 2x/3$

[many blank pages]

Index of Families [Followed by 5 pages of lists of plant families with roman and arabic numerals]

[blank pages]

Laundry

[List is in English; with day/month dates and numbers, presumably amount sent to be laundered]

White Suit

White Jacket

White Waistcoat
White Trousers
Undervest
Pants
Dress Shirts
Night Shirts
Stockings
Handkerchiefs
Collars
Pair of Cuffs
Fronts

[Blank page]

[Five 3x3 squares of numbers; purpose unclear]

[Ig. H.?] Your writing from B.S.M. came so late to [Karsten?] that I could no longer afford your friendly invitation to the club for the singing group "Germania".

[Crossed out:] I would not be able to keep up with the demands of taking over directorship of your singing club. I came to this conclusion after a long time thinking about it.

At this time I would not be able to keep up with the demands of being the director of your singing club. The school situation in which I find myself demands so much from my work abilities that I can hardly get my own work done. [illegible; something about recovering from the demands of the climate? + illegible crossed out text]

[Crossed out: I ask you to please give me time until after the long summer vacation]
I understand the calamity in which you find yourself but think that I would do you a disservice if, over-tired in the evenings, I were to lead your singing practices and would perhaps drive out the desire to sing. I ask you to please give me time until after the long summer vacation, after which I hope to be more adapted to the work conditions, unless you have [by then] installed a better leader for your musical practices.

[In pencil: Two illegible paragraphs]

In the stock exchange in Antwerp I saw [?some kind of plant] stylized into connecting spirals in wrought iron.

/

Serving of coffee in Antwerp.

/

[illegible sentence]

/

[illegible] about to Germany and his trade and tariff politics. Inflation of products. Competition. Relationships to Spain where in the past large [business?] Since introduction of the Spanish

tariff (the result of the German [illegible; "Mariannen bank"?] (20 mill. [million or billion])) but there's not anything that can be done.

/

Third class passengers to Swakop have to pay more than those going to Cape Town.

[In pencil:] A. Kielland: All About Napoleon [notes on a book?]

Germany sat again (1815) — apparently quite satisfied — in the half dark that it is still in, but there has been a lot of beer poured over it [in the interim].

/

[In pencil:] But whether he believed that he would manage to break into the circle [of Germany], this idea was perhaps nearer at hand for Napoleon, who had just been through the fire oven of the Revolution, than for us, since it had been so long for us since the great settlement with the king, and after a hundred-year cooling off period the old damaging nonsense has gotten back into our heads, that royal blood is needed to govern modern states, in the same way that school children imagine that in real licorice there must be cat's blood. [In ink: abends? may indicate this is copied out of the book?]

/

[Illegible in ink - something about advice-givers; again followed by "abends"?]

/

[Illegible in ink - something about how Napoleon handled gold and silver]

/

[In pencil:] It is the custom to keep a diary while traveling. It is a very useful custom, if one is keeping notes for oneself. But nearly every German traveler feels as if they have a career as author inside themselves, and it is quite a different custom to "publish one's diary for the public". For hundreds of years one has revealed one's most personal experiences to a bored and curious public, who want to hear something interesting. Traveling can indeed be very interesting. But the more boring the days become, the more active the imagination. And the more time one has to write, the more the travel experiences become poetry and less truthful.

Compiled travel experiences are in general the most interesting and most successful – in other words [illegible] for publishers and editors the most profitable – thus, writing travel reports not rarely means: lying for profit. [In pen, something illegible about lies; possibly a quote added later] Thus only he who writes for himself out of his own desire, and not by force of the "custom", has the right to keep a diary.

/

18th of April 1906 [written 18.IX.06]

Really, I wanted to make an excuse for writing a travel diary, but I only half succeeded. The custom does not force me, rather boredom, or if one wanted one could even speak of the desire out of which my writing springs, if only a desire for some kind of occupation.

As with appetite when eating, so for some people ideas form as they write. I will pin my hopes on that

[To: Parents and Martha] This morning for the first time in eight days I was happy again, such that the Field Marshal asked [about it?]. I had towards morning a restless dream in an unpleasant way, in which I missed the departure of the ship in Salmas and, in deep rage and helpless despair, I ran around among strangers who couldn't understand me. At a loss and almost without resources, I could neither return to Germany nor reach Capetown. Even though the ship was rolling and lurching heavily I was not a little glad when I awakened and found myself in my cabin.

—

Even if I can only follow the [bass?] in his confident yes even intrusive jumps.

/

[in ink:] The Sudanese never complains. He takes from the young lady that reaches him, the burning coal from the shovel and holds it in his hand until his cigarette is lit, and then thankfully places it back on the shovel.

A Sudanese who had fatally burnt himself allowed himself to be bandaged with indifferent expression. His uninjured brother sat next to him and cried.

Sudanese, bleeding out of multiple wounds, follow Dr. Peters on Kilimanjaro as if nothing happened. J. v. Dasendorf [?], Captain [of the steamer] told this:

/

[in pencil:] Four-handed “Gefütterdütsch” [illegible] [probably refers to the German dialect and gesticulation being used at meals]

To parent and Martha:

In the morning politics, philosophy, and who knows what else. In the afternoon chess, sports and music (a young Dutch lady who is extremely musical, a parliamentary deputy Dr. Pember[?], who dabbles musically but in his taste and his ability (violin) has not thrived – and me) and in the evening at the concert “Flirtation over Kalifon from Bagrad.” [?] and after 11 o'clock [illegible] from [harmless people?], where not [something], but instead jokes that get more and more — hmm — unbelievable the later it gets.

When God wants to prove someone worthy he sends them out into the wide world, and when he means especially good [illegible] then he sends them to Africa with Woerman Steamers.

/

To parents about the photographs

—

Do abbots grind hay? Abbots never grind hay, when abbots grind they grind grass. [? “Mälin Abte Heu? Nie Abte mälin Heu, wenn Abte mälin, mälin Abte Gras”]

—

Not for a forest full of monkeys.

—
When our steamer – as befits a well behaved German – has no fear of the foaming wet, but rather sticks her nose deeply in, as always happens to her detriment, then with wet dripping nose surfaces again and has lost her balance and shakes inexorably.

—
The waves dance past me with forming whitecaps, to the north – Always to the north and, merrily skipping along with them, my thoughts.

—
It is dear to my heart, to remain in your memory; because of all people that I know you [formal] belong to my dearest memories. Indeed I have never expressed my high opinion of you in formal words, so it is now time to make up for it, if you place value on hearing it from me, which I dare to doubt.

/

I think with that I have sufficiently proven my authorization to greet you from far away and thus I am finished with my task, since speaking further of myself is unnecessary. Because first of all I don't know if my personal fates interest you; second of all my experiences are just beginning, being that in the last week I have seen a dozen new cities and towns, gotten to know several dozen new people, and have put several thousand miles behind me. Third of all if I would write a more thorough report it would become uncomfortably long and would use irresponsibly much paper and command your and my time in an excessive way. So I will make the most polite bow that I am capable of and say goodbye for today. If you would like to send a greeting – which would make me not a little happy – please send it to: Port Elizabeth (Cape Town) via South Hampton.

—
In the botanical Garden in Cape Town – between euphorbias and palm trees and many strange flowers – our sparrow — an old scoundrel — as naughty as by us [in Germany].

—
To Martha. Bush men hunt (for example giraffes) with poison arrows, in that every evening at the watering hole they lie in wait and send off an arrow, that the animal hardly feels. Only after around 8 days the animal begins to become lame or shows other signs of being poisoned and now the hunter follows it day and night because he does not know for sure whether his prey will collapse somewhere. So he follows the animals for days, often a week or longer, until it finally dies of the poisoning and falls prey to him and his tribe.

The black people share everything with their people, thus in every family only a few work, and share their success with all the others.

—————
The boy that [begged?] for money in las Palmas.

—
The black people smoke out of pipes that they make themselves in the earth – coughing. Intoxicating effect – singing.

L.K.W. Warstade. To [?] October 10, 1906. Parents. Martha — without the social life. And so I have been in my new home for two days. Safely over the equator, safely around the southern tip of Africa, safely through a small storm, and safely past the seasickness – a wonderful trip and he who is jealous of me in this has never had more reason to be so. And now this country! From the window in my apartment I can see down to the blue ocean and for a long distance along the coast where the city lies, whose last house climbs over all others on the back of a hill. Up on the hills are the homes of the upper class, surrounded by parks. The German school is also there, not far away from my home, which lies on a slope over a small [fenced in?] gorge and further behind that the land changes into ever higher hills and no matter where you look: flowers. Flowers of the most unusual shape and the most glowing colors, flowers like in a fairy landscape, flowers in endless diversity and abundance. I see a giant task before me, because the flora of Cape Town is in no way thoroughly described by science. The material that exists for reference is available to me, but I must improve my English in order to use it. Yet I have already begun to determine some of the most common plants, at which I succeeded. I have time enough because it is spring vacation until the middle of October. Only social life seems to want to monopolize my time and I cannot easily avoid that here. Unfortunately I won't even be able to restrict myself to German society, which by the way has strong English influences, but since I live with an English family I will probably have to participate in English games and sports.

The meaning of sociability I learned for the first time during the trip coming here, and I have the best opportunities to study it further.

Inflation!

— — — —

Interesting aspects of south African flora
Pseudoprotea

/

To Hey [ae Witz?]

[A repeat of an earlier letter draft?]

How is it possible that I, who in the last eight weeks has traveled thousands of miles, for almost 8 days has lived in this part of the earth, where I saw a completely new circumstances – how is it possible that I am embarrassed when I sit down to write a letter. Maybe everything is still too new, maybe it is the abundance of the surprising, that leaves me staring with open mouth but unable to speak. Maybe from the chaos of my impressions I have not yet formed any order that allow an abstraction to form, making it impossible to form an opinion.

To Martha. Tarantula. When I woke up in the morning I saw on the floor something hairy running around in circles. “Aha” I thought a crazy mouse, let's see how long it continues to run. But when it didn't stop I took my slipper and hit it. It was dead and I recognized it was a tarantula with two very strong pinchers. About other critters scorpion at Weyer ticks. Mosquitoes. Snakes.

—

[In English] My house is my castle! [German:] Arrests may not occur in the home.

~~I don't want to say~~

[Diagonally crossed out:]

This day is reserved for correspondence with home, by which is not meant that on the other days ~~no drinks~~ the ghosts don't have any time to deal with Europe. On the contrary in German society much is said about Germany's politics, literature, art and science, so that one believes one is in the middle of Germany [swimming in free time?].

This society! Everything here is big – people that don't have 100's of thousands count as poor

To parents.

It is mail day again. A day so important that it is almost impolite to go visiting on Mondays because one would interrupt everyone in their work on their European correspondence. [Note:] To here to Wilhelmine [noting what he's writing to whom] This day is reserved for contact with home, by which it is not meant that on the other weekdays the ghosts have no time to deal with Europe. On the contrary in German society so much is said about Germany's politics, Germany's literature, art and science, that one believes one is in the middle of Germany and swimming in the flowing stream of time.

To Martha

To Hey.

This society! Everything here is about size. People who don't have hundreds of thousands are considered to be poor and in this estimation there is some truth. The businessman who in a bad economy, as we've now had for several years, cannot sustain a monthly loss of between 1000 and 5000 pounds, can indeed in a short time become poor and only large businesses of such large fortune that they can sustain all changes in the economy without becoming seasick, can wait for better times to make up their losses three or four fold, only those can be considered wealthy here.

These people could live as royalty, and in part they do. It is amazing that I have gotten used to the surroundings and even more amazing that I feel somewhat comfortable in them. This may be because splurging or showing off wealth is missing, and all these rich people have a particular love for art and science. The representatives of art, science, artists including authors and teachers, belong for them to the class of cultural ambassadors and are not only everywhere socially accepted, but especially welcome guests. Such guest friendliness as one has here would be unthinkable in Europe. I have standing invitations into two of the most wealthy houses here.....

The people here are also more upright and less rhetorical than in Germany. Also their interests are often more intense. People who know literature as well as they do here, I have not seen in Germany. Where would you find a woman in Germany who knows about natural history? Strangely it is a particularly common obsession here for all educated people. Or actually it isn't really so strange, because nature here seems so new, so beautiful, so interesting, that one is compelled to observe and study it. I was not a little astonished yesterday evening (I was invited to an evening party by Consul Rolfe) the lady of the house (what a strange honor for an unspoiled schoolmaster from Prussia) invited me to take the place of honor next her, and during a very eager discussion showed detailed familiarity with the natural history of insects. And when I – suspecting familiarity cultivated only for the purposes of conversation – asked about the topic more closely and filled in a little, it became evident that the woman had made very independent observations and was just now working on breeding aphids. Now tell me where in Germany would you find a society lady, and the woman is thoroughly a society lady, whose interest in nature goes so deep that she observes aphids in order to assist a German scientist in his work?

To here for Hey. [Again, indicating what parts to send to different people]

(X)

There is still much to say about local society, into whose highest circles I immediately came. If I hadn't already gotten used to being bold in high society during the ship voyage, I would feel somewhat embarrassed by their riches now. But after the success of my first debut in Port Elizabeth and my first evening party, my confidence noticeably grew. In any case my leader and adviser Mr. E. approached me like his student. He told me today about my predecessor who – the first time he entered society – was so shy at the splendor that with each party he became more and more silent until finally he disengaged completely. I can imagine it could've gone that way for me also. Mister E. had the foresight to arrange our visits so that the first invitation fell onto a Sunday. On Sunday one appears only in informal society gear. Men: [Illegible], black tie, any vest. Other days tails are required, the women in large toilette, [low cut?"ausgeschnitten"], rooms brighter and more splendid. Food and drinks more opulent otherwise on Sundays gatherings are quite familiar. In this way I became gradually used to high society and can't say anything other than that I feel comfortable in it.

To here for Martha [noting what to send to her]

About school pp. private lessons. Song board [?"Liedertafel"]. Painter Völker
Turned down singing club the rain and Sundays. Sport, springboks
Saturday evening. English "Gentleman".

Taylor. Sport. – bullfrogs
The "springboks" soccer team

To Hey.

One sits here and hears the pulse of life more loudly than at home. One sees how history is made. One sees up close people sinking under. One sees nations being formed. One sees the battle over constitutions. One sees an entire people wrestling against over-powerful large capitalism. One sees the press subjugated by bribery force.

Is it it is a sad state of affairs that all weak and sick people are presented as a minus that reduces the sum of human work. He who sees all sick people as a hinderness for the strong, he should at least believe as much in the strength of the overlords, so he sees the poor people not as a burden for him so much as an opportunity to show their strength.

The migration of the springbok through the Kalahari in numbers up to 100,000, like an unstoppable sea that overflows all land.

Locust migration

Footgangers - "Fusgänger" - the larva of locusts

They stream by hopping through the landscape without being hindered by obstacles, through houses [chimneys?]. At their crossing of the Orange River hundreds of thousands down and their corpses serve as a bridge for their followers.

Train tracks becomes so slick that the wheels cannot grip the tracks and passengers sweep the tracks with bushes and spread sand on them. On downward sloping tracks the train cars slip, no brake will hold them back and the train personnel need to let them run. Accidents happen this way.

[Illegible; Babmu-Parianabarts??] have developed predatory habits. Kill lambs, tear open their bellies and eat the contents. Open the udder and drink it dry. So eager that they are not disturbed.

[Illegible: The Zulu is something?]

[Illegible paragraphs in ink]

X

In England if you young girl finds a soldier, she may kiss him and he has to give her some ice cream in return.

X

[??: Alexander broke the Gordian knot through himself – I break you knots.]

About the psychology of fashion

By this I mean not just the fashion that accompanies people nowadays with circlet and [morning coat?] but the changing taste of the people in their spiritual and bodily activities, the moods of the public.

It is easier to observe these changes in taste in a small city in which the upper-class sets the tone than it is in a small city of pensioners or officials where consideration for [money?] reins in the trendsetting residents. This is especially true if this upper crust lives in a public facing way, rather than in small German cities where the upper crust lives privately out of fear of gossip. [This section has several fragments that are not clearly connected]

— — —

The colonial cities of the English colonies offer good opportunities for such observations.

In Port Elizabeth for example it was fashionable to ride a bicycle and every well situated family had bicycles for all its members and each one bicycled passionately and no good social gathering occurred without speaking of bicycling matters. Not long after all the bicycles disappeared and people began to photograph instead. Darkrooms were built in every house. Photographic exhibits were organized. Until one also abandoned this and the darkrooms were rebuilt into something else. Then there was a brief craze for riding out to hunt after which there was an outbreak of piano-itis. Now all the instruments stand around unused and one plays tennis and everyone has a tennis court.

X

I offered my colleagues in Warstade to take over teaching once a month in the quiet time, and they will in turn repay their debt here. Can you inform the school board of this fact and to tell me if I have to give any particular conditions to my colleagues in Warstade in relation to their repayment by teaching here.

X

A multiple!

Painter Volker and his studies, sketches, gauches, paintings of South Africa, that yesterday – on 12 November 1906 – I saw at Consul Rolfes.

X

Sparkling wine, champagne goes through customs under the title “Explosives”!

I was told that I would not have to pay back the loan of 15 pounds. If this is what was really meant, you may want to include a clause to this effect in the contract, possibly:

The following terms are contractually binding between the board of the German school association in Port Elizabeth and teacher A. Rosenbrock of Stade, province Hanover, Germany. The teacher A. Rosenbrock was called to the school in Port Elizabeth on 1 October 1906. He is entitled to free round-trip travel.

The starting salary paid at the end of each month is 15 pounds, the school board has the authority of setting the salary.

The weekly required hours are 30.

He is subordinate only to the director of the organization.

In his selection of subject matter and order of lessons he has the greatest possible autonomy as long as it is agreeable to the whole organization of the school.

He commits himself to manage his teaching post to the best of his ability.

The retained credit of 15 pounds is kept as a replacement for part of the cost of traveling out [from Germany to South Africa] and will not be repaid.

The contract does not expire and can be dissolved on the first of each quarter with four months notice.

The fulfillment of the obligation of the Board of Education is overseen by Mr. Consul W. Rolfes.

I committed myself to come out for 15 pounds and find that with closer knowledge of the conditions [here] I find the salary is not enough until the circumstances of the school improve. The apparent uncertainty of the further continued existence of the German school makes it seem desirable to me that a free return trip should not require completion of a three year term of service. You will find this condition has little importance since the sending out of teachers occurs without costs, as I was told by the Hamburg Office of the German [illegible]. I find it important that, also contractually, I do not take on a greater dependence than is required in the interests of pedagogy. [There are fragments in the margins that are hard to read and unclear where they were intended to be inserted]

—

P.g. H.R.

It will be necessary

/

Travel mates

For Germans there are only two kinds of fellow travelers, those that can play Skat and – boring ones.

x

Women divide their fellow male travelers into two categories, those that are courting them and – unpleasant ones.

x

However nature lovers differentiate between those that can keep their mouth shut and – annoying ones.

x

The [Malaguay? “Malagischen”] women look wonderful in their bright silk garments and cloths and their gold jewelry. They carry all of their wealth on their body and the quality of their clothing exceeds that of any other known people.

x

To Elf

Sunday is not celebrated in England. The englishman is by nature bigoted. His day of celebration is Saturday. On Saturday in the Main street of Port Elizabeth, stores are open, music and cafés, salvation Army, street preachers are listened to without prejudice.

To Tante Wilhelmine

The farmers in the Cape colony needs to learn organization. He is, in the current conditions, completely compromised by the middleman.

Recently a farmer came to Port Elizabeth to a butcher: “I have heard that meat is being sought in Port Elizabeth, I have here 100 sheep–!” “ Oh no” says the butcher ‘I don't need any meat!’ Well, asks the farmer – what would one pay for the sheep here? Well – maybe I can take them after all – i'll give you 10 shillings for each” (one pound English costs nine Deutsche mark). The farmer can't sell at that price and looks for another butcher to ask. Meanwhile the first butcher calls several other butchers on the phone: “a farmer is going to come and offer you sheep – don't give more than 10 shillings each” Everywhere the farmer goes they say “10 shillings I'll give you”.

—
The farmer solved the problem by having the sheep slaughtered and then selling them on the market – but only a few can do that – most of them would've sold at 10 shillings and the middleman would have made large profits.

Another farmer comes with his 12 [team?] ox cart and brings 400 heads of cabbage and earns two shillings 6d, after subtracting the auction fees only 1 shilling 6 remains. But a head of cabbage at retail costs 4d to 6d, 400 so the profit is made by the “grocer”, and the Malaye that goes out and peddles vegetables, because homemakers don't go to the market, but rather let the black people carry their kitchen needs into the house.

—
About [? “Büren und Pfaffen”]

— — — /

[Crossed out:] Lots of nonsense is written about Africa. There are really only two honest African authors, Schanz &

~~~

With every million in gold that is exported our land gets poorer. The population is increasing in such a way that business men, clerks, and employees increase 100%, but farmers only 7%. South Africa's future is in the hands of the farmer. Cotton. Tobacco. Wine.

—

I think that in South Africa there are a lot of local newspapers that get their content from all sorts of local [?authors]. Local [?authors] don't have the [capacity?] for inspiring, informing, and reforming. One good newspaper – also trade journal – would work better if above all it had more information in agricultural practices as well as political things and through that to try to discover new sources of income – that which is necessary to raise up the country.

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Two camps– [Priven?] - (imperialists)  
(Bono) - (progressives)

Ellen Kay: Man's love chooses and the young woman often confuses the good luck of being loved with the luck of loving, which she later perhaps tragically discovers.

X

Reielts [name of recipient?]

Do I know whether you snubbed her or whether you brought out the pride in the just-fledged girl with your school master's corrections?

I am curious whether I read you correctly. In my imagination I see your inner conflicts and it looks like your vanity is winning. Because you must be assuming that your little woman could not without some inner reason seek out a reconciliation – especially with you. (Maybe this vanity could also tell you – no probably not – she thinks I am the dumbest of her worshipers and thinks that I will still marry her on the first.) – you decide I'm a verbal argument with which you soften the pride of the formerly spurned, this argument obligates nothing and at the same time pushes forward curiosity as the motive, to see what "she" has to say and how "she" will behave.

Continuation at E ->

I write this all although out of wisdom it may be better to leave some of it out. But If I hit the mark, which I think is not impossible, then we have nothing to complain to each other about. [Followed by lengthy analysis of the psychology of his friend's future wife, his friend, and people in general, pride, male/female relations, etc, etc - all very polite and deferential and more or less void of any actual content]

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de Witt & Reilts

(X) I have been making the assumption that distance and time are sufficient reason for many of my acquaintances to forget me. People who go out into the world are dead as long as they are gone, until they return alive, and only after this resurrection will a certain interest in them be revived. No one sitting around their own warm campfire with their friends playing Skat thinks of the fact that in the outpost a ray of light or a friendly greeting from one's own camp is doubly welcome. Only those sitting alone to the side, head propped up in their hands, looking out into the glowing starry sky, these are the ones that see the lonely dark silhouette of the lost sentry and go out to exchange a quiet word with him and keep him company for a while. But those are the few. I am thankful that you thought of me.

When I speak of lost sentries, I am referring to the unfamiliar situation caused by the loss of all things familiar, or at least all familiar surroundings. Even though one gains wonderful new

things for each lost thing, one feels a certain solitude or rather an emptiness that in all new acquaintances only slowly transitions to a feeling of familiarity (and that in humans has bred and perhaps required social behavior). The same familiarity with the present makes a greeting from past surroundings particularly welcome especially because the past is seldom eloquent and even more rarely thinks of the fact that borders drawn by Brother Distance are nothing for Sister Time, that she – who would so gladly be the silent past – is actually the present and has the cursed obligation to speak. The same differences between space and time produce little knowledge and so distances, which for the soul are no obstacle (because for it there are no Ocean widths), become for one sky-high borders that seem to have mounted up through the ages and cannot be looked over, and thus one loses all connection with those beyond it.  
[good lord!]

Well - I will spare you further discussion. But it is frustrating when one believes oneself close to people in one's surroundings and then the simple fact of a trip to Africa convinces one of the opposite. There are only few people who see the increased distance as a reason for a more lively correspondence.

Do you anticipate my letters? That makes me most uncomfortable because then I have no choice but to deliver or you will be disappointed. Because what the newcomer experiences here is less in the category of adventure - it is more in the quantity of the new small details, it is the completely different environment that captures the soul. That which in Germany is unusual is everyday here, and that which there would be unheard of is assumed here.

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Invented travel monologues are more interesting but I hope you will not obligate me to be interesting.

(x) (x)

L. Meta

You had to pay postage due on my first letter, didn't you? I found out too late that overseas letters need 25 d. stamps. If I were to continue like that, you would wish me and my writings to the devil. He is already waiting for me but I am not willing to become acquainted with his pointed fork; therefore I have only two options, either to use the right postage or not to write letters. I'll start with the first option, as long as the second one is not yet necessary. And now - having just started my seven week summer vacation - I don't need resort to the second option but can instead praise myself as long as I have someone to "bless" with a letter. And I am confident enough not to ask whether the recipient finds it agreeable.

That one can't expect much from African summer letters will become understandable to you once you realize that the sun burns into our skulls from almost directly overhead and all germinating ideas either have to hide - and then one becomes dull-minded - or quickly shoot [illegible; cool something?] and that in people is called insanity or tropical fever.

If I'm still somewhat happy despite the heat, this comes first from the interesting environment, second from my nice home, and third from the nice people I live with, and perhaps also from other sources.

South Africa - I find that South Africa as it really is, and not how it exists in most German minds, as a ghost of the previous century that drives his being.

X

Hey

The nature of woman does everything for the material [physical things]. A woman only remains persistently where she listens to instinct. But where a higher purpose is missing, it will only be

interesting so long as there is the thrill of novelty. When that is lost she will turn to other lovers. Fashion obsession.

/

Reielt,

Politics are what keeps one busy here, although I must say that it is less that I am busy with politics than that politics are busy with me. I am so far completely passive, but can't help hearing her wing beats as she hovers everywhere around me. At first that was an unfamiliar sound, since one rarely hears it in Germany.

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A woman is never happier about being a woman than when she sees a man that has crooked legs.

/

Schooling of farm children 700 pounds  
Tax assessment (the first 500 are free)

He who speaks about the Karroo and doesn't cite Freiligrath opens themselves to the suspicion of not even having a command of public education. But he who wants to talk about it and with Freiligrath citation [incomplete]

See 6 pages further

Don't go too far into the bush alone

"Why not? Do you have lions?"

"Lions haven't existed here in a long time and that also wouldn't have been so dangerous, because they run away when they see people. But here there's another master, who is much more dangerous – the ostrich."

Really? It seemed to me that the animals in the Kraal yesterday and on the nest today looked nervous enough.

Parents:

Martha There are plenty of people who have lived for years in the Cape Colony but have never seen a monkey in the wild. I must say that this is a result of a certain laziness, because whoever wants can see plenty of such animals. But he who wants to see elephants and buffalo, he must be an extremely motivated. There is only one old-growth wilderness in the colony, a giant area, in which 500 to 600 elephants still live and about twice that number in buffalo. But this wilderness is so thick, that one cannot dare to go even 200 meters into it if one does not want to become miserably and hopelessly lost. In the bush every sound is dampened so much, that even a gunshot can only be heard over a short distance. Just a few weeks ago there was a young businessman who went in without compass or guide, and he was found starved the death at the edge of the bush, several hundred meters from a farm. Pushing one's way into the thick plant growth of this bush is hardly possible – so if one wants to see elephants, one has to wait until some of them step out of the bush, and has to have the luck to just happen to be in the right place of this giant region. Each year a few elephants that come out of the bush are shot by the surrounding farmers, but in general the animals are protected. – In the 14 days that I was in this region I did not have the luck to see one of these thick skinned – I saw plenty of monkeys, porcupines, warhogs and many other animals that one also sees only rarely here. I was able to gather about 25 bird skins and I could've gathered many more if it hadn't just been breeding season.



They were wonderful weeks. I was in Addo (elephant bush) for eight days, 14 days in Karroo on a farm, and then another eight days in Addo to shoot birds. My travel companion was my colleague Hempel.

The South African train system is one of the best managed institutions in the world. I was already familiar with it, and knew that it is better than its reputation, yes better even than some German trains. The cars are connected, each section is for four people and arranged for night travel, in that the seats become two beds and above them another two beds can be folded out of the wall. Because of the distances that one has to travel here, which look so nice and small on a map, are actually so huge that for example from here to Victoria Falls in Zambezi you have to enjoy six days of train travel, while in Germany I was imagining it would be a Sunday excursion. One travels here – because of the heat – preferably at night when one can sleep during the relatively quiet trip. The train personnel are extraordinarily courteous and self-confident and ready to help the traveler in all things, and nobody bothers the travelers during the trip. Meals are cheap in the restaurant car.

Of course here I'm speaking of the arrangements in the first-class, because no respectable white person can travel any other way than in first class. Third class is used by blacks and asians, second class by the Dutch, the poor people [?büren], and people of mixed race. German school masters have to go in first class. It is a relief that teachers and ministers as "cultural ambassadors" only have to pay half the regular fare. Also regular mortals who want to make excursions from Saturday to Monday (Saturday is school and business holiday here), can get cheap weekend "Excursion tickets". Hand luggage to a certain limit is free. As a result the ticket prices in the south African trains are thoroughly reasonable. Even so for the trip to Weijers Farm I had to pay 16. 6. (return trip included). But for a seven hour long train trip (from 3 o'clock to 10:15) it is still little enough.

Out of the plain of Algoa Bai the train climbs through several chains of mountains ever higher. At the end station there was waiting for us a so-called "cart" – a two-wheeled wagon with suspension. The station master thought that a night trip was too dangerous (probably so that we would be obligated to stay in the so-called "Hotel"), so we stayed until the early morning in Wolfefontaine in the miserable hotel, without getting undressed (because the beds were what one would call dirty and the bedclothes showed unmistakable traces of previous use).

The two cart drivers lay down under a bush outside. The four mules were just chased into a field. And in the morning at 5 o'clock the trip began – which I want to mention upfront (because I fear that by the end of describing it I will be too tired, just from the memory of it, that I will forget to mention it) took 5 1/2 hours. After the first two hours we took a short breakfast break and I had taken the opportunity to convince myself that my joints were still all in the right places, when before I was convinced that my arms and legs had been shaken into different positions, so I would not have been surprised if my legs were hanging from my shoulders and my head was at the other end of my back. Thus extremely satisfied with the outcome of the first part of the trip, we got back into the cart and now continued over mountain passes and down again through rivers and streams, which were in part dried out and in part filled with water. It was a wonderful trip! Towards the end we had progressed so far that we only said "damnit" when the cart made its most extraordinary jumps, bumping down from a stone. The last time we resurfaced from a deep riverbed, we finally saw "De Tockomst" (the future) lying in front of us. Lying in the middle of a wide plain on a small hill, it [the future] didn't look too promising. But as we came closer, we saw that at least the house looked very comfortable and we were not mistaken in that.

[Margin note: To here to Martha]

As the days have passed quickly in my life in general, so it also happened here. But everything in its order. – We were greeted heartily upon our arrival. Weyer is a German who came out here in his youth and worked his way up through his own strength – a "self-made man" [quote in English but written "selfmademan"] and patriarch in his present holdings. He is worth many millions, pays for the schooling of his children alone over 1000 pounds a year, has a guest-friendly house and always guests (often up to 20 people). This property is huge and

although we rode long distances, we never saw the end of it. The property is leased to 8 farms, each of which is a small principality on its own. After we took a bath (in each somewhat respectable house in Africa there is a bathroom and each person takes one or several baths a day) and had "lunch", the two of us slept and were only somewhat usable again at 6 o'clock for dinner.

"Tomorrow we are going to catch ostriches, are you interested in participating?"

"But of course"

"Do you know how to ride?"

"I've never in my life sat on a reasonable horse."

"Then you can ride in the cart and see the ostriches."

So we had to sit another two hours in the cart, which by now we had gotten used to, and rode to an ostrich corral. All farmers in the Karroo breed ostriches. Weyer has around 900 to 1000 ostriches that run around free, although all the huge stretches of land are surrounded with wire fences. When they are shorn, the animals are driven into a corral, a difficult work that requires a whole colony of riders. When we arrived the ostriches were already in the corral and we watched as they were caught one by one (which itself is difficult and dangerous). This was accomplished by a man jumping from the back of the ostrich onto its neck and quickly pulling a stocking over its head. The blinded animals are then completely helpless and could be handled, which again requires a particular expertise if one wants to harvest good feathers. During this whole time the sun burned as only the African summer sun can burn. The ground became so hot that one could feel the heat through the soles of one's shoes. We two sat down under a thorny mimosa bush and tried to protect ourselves from the midday sun. One ostrich after another was handled and received a green stripe on its neck painted on with a wet ostrich feather. Some were branded on the upper thigh. Finally all of them were done and they were set free.

"So – if you would like to learn how to ride, you can now make your first attempts."

That was somewhat of a surprise: "Okay then let's go."

So the tamest animals were selected and then they said: "Get on!"

As long as the horses trotted everything went well; but when the party started to gallop, then a fine hopping began. The two of us were soon far behind the others because we preferred a more leisurely pace, otherwise everything went well. In the evening we had to get back into the saddle again, because nobody on the farm goes anywhere on foot, even if it's only half an hour – men, women, and children all ride like the devil. So it was riding in life and death. We were going to see Vich. Sheep and angora goats whose wool and skin are trade goods. Hundreds, thousands of animals stream into the corral in the evening – an impressive sight.

The next morning again on horse, to search for ostrich nests and to inspect the eggs. The afternoon I went hunting insects. At dinner the host said: "Don't go too far alone into the field" "Why?" – see six pages earlier – !

Then:

– Yes, ostriches are herd animals and when one animal becomes afraid, then all of them are also afraid. And they don't trust themselves to attack if you're on horseback. But if a human comes near a male ostrich in the breeding time, then it will attack him – even if it sees him from thousands of meters away – and with one stroke of his talons he tears open his belly. – Illustration of danger by examples.

To Martha Well, I let myself be told that and made further excursions by remaining near the fence, so if required I could quickly slip through the fence and flee. Such an attack only happened once to me when I was walking with a dog and had to go past an ostrich female with young. There I saw what such an attack could mean. It is an impressive sight, the giant bird approaching, wings flapping, in giant leaps with its huge legs reaching out. Because of this I completely forgot to escape and it could have gone badly for me if the bird hadn't fixed on the dog as the more dangerous enemy, and concentrated its anger on it. He wasted no time to run away, but even so the ostrich would have caught him if he did not come upon the idea of slipping through the fence. I wanted to laugh at the strange sight, but when I noticed that the ostrich was looking around for its other enemy, I left that for a better time and retired equally

quickly through the wire fence. Once we were both in safety, we scolded the angry bird but he didn't seem to care much about it so we departed unreconciled.

On the fourth day my colleague and I – accompanied and guided by a young colored boy – made a tour to the mountains, during which for the first time I unwillingly separated myself from my horse. Fate chose me a relatively convenient location – it was a dried up sandy riverbed – so I came relatively gently into the arms of Mother Earth – It was a wonderful tour (I think I will send photographs later) – despite this small setback.

I fell off the horse only one other time. Rush of an ostrich – tripping of the horse – not into the thorns. Danger of the thorns – painter Volcker.

— — —

But the nicest thing was our evening rides. The twilight was cool with glowing colors and it was a wonderful ride with four of us through the seemingly endless plains of the Karroo.

Expensiveness of mail to Germany

T. Wilhelmine.

In the Boer War, Jewish people took on all the lowest services as spies and snoopers, when the Englishman refused to touch such dirty business.

At almost all English newspapers there are employees familiar with natural history that can bring news with natural history content.

/

T. Wilhelmine

An example of the practical business acumen of the English: After the war in Africa, Jews came into a very advantageous economic situation, and they all insured themselves against fire. When business got bad there was often fire in the stores and the owners then took their entire insurance as payment. So the insurance companies decided not to take Jewish clients anymore and now none of them – even if he stands on his head – is accepted. Since then there has not been much fire among the Jews.

But if you want to tell an Englishman that he is anti-Semitic, then he would defend himself to all ends – he does not hang on principles, rather is practical – we however stick fast to the smallest principles and thus have dispensed with all practical behavior and thinking. [bizarrely ironic historical foreshadowing!]

— — —

L.H. Wolzhüsen

[Difficult to read and in fragments:] I will be careful not to write you anything about Africa unless I am certain you have steeped yourself in the science of the handling of blackboard erasers. First for the more feminine, my gentleman! For your information to show your 48 students I'd like to show you now the preference for the green black border racers and the use of the yellow. Deep greenness of the black board eraser, my gentleman, in the next 20 years will make you powerless in your goal to fight for the public school use for the cultural education of the public school youth. In order to select the greenness of the black board eraser the class public schoolers in the province of Hanover you'll receive realize your services to the rising generation.

Yellow - Hanoverian

[Nonsense about yellow and green continues in fragments and ends with an apparent toast to the Kaiser; so this may have been notes for a toast or speech]

[Upside down:]

Morea tripetula

Bobartia aphelia

Mrs. W.R.

Royal Hotel

Somerset East

[probably Wilhelmine Rosenbrock's address at the time; she was Alexander's father's sister, is the person that the biedermeier furniture set came from]

[Upside down at the end of the notebook are notes for natural history studies, mostly for plants but also some animals and chemistry notes and sketch of cells seen under a microscope]