

the way to Europe with the dogs. It was very sad that I could not take her along with me, and I shall miss her help and the amusing companionship of my dogs very much. But the poor creatures would have had to spend six months in quarantine!! An impossible thought! So I was obliged to send Marie home with them, for I cannot possibly leave them with strangers. Thus the journey is beginning with a complication, which is always a good omen for me. In my life, that which looks absolutely smooth and cheerful at the start is sure to develop into a disappointment... Perhaps we shall have a beautiful time in Australia...

Los Angeles, March 30th

Am I to meet Greta Garbo at last??? This time they have definitely promised that I shall, and I am as excited as a schoolgirl... Some friends of hers are to arrange a tea, naturally quite "en petit comité" and I am filled with expectation and suspense...

March 31st.

Of course it did not come off... They say she had a cold and was away for a few days. I am dreadfully disappointed.

We visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with my friend Lili Petschnikoff. It was enormously interesting, and I think it was charming of Segey Petschnikoff to have arranged it for us. I am very glad for his sake that he has an important post there. What a magnificent organization, on the grand scale! We also met Herr von Wymetal there, who has exchanged the Metropolitan for Hollywood. How he resembles his father in character!

They were just shooting a film to be called "The Emperor's Candlesticks", or something like that. William Powell and Luise Rainer are engaged in it. She looks very attractive -- and Powell is as charming in real life as he is upon the screen. It is always a joy to me when I meet artists whom I have

admired who do not disillusion me in any way, which, Goodness knows, is not always the case! For even though I am also one of their stock, I have not yet learned to separate the actor from the romantic shipper of his various rôles...

We met also the lovely Jeanette McDonald and Al Jolson. They would have been rich harvests for my camera! But unfortunately it is forbidden to take photographs — and <sup>outside</sup> my camera was ruthlessly taken away from me. ~~outside~~

In the evening we experienced for the first time the departure of a ship bound for the Southern hemisphere; streamers of confetti are thrown from the ship to the dock in their thousands. Those who are left behind catch the streamers and hurl them back: it is the last tie between land and sea... The ship, moving slowly off to the strains of music, tears the paper streamers, which go on fluttering through the air for a long time like twigs gaily blown by the wind. We were very excited and thrilled by this impressive farewell.

April 4th.

It is growing warmer daily. I am trying in vain to learn the Italian Recitatives of the "Countess" for the Salzburg "Figaro". But I am feeling the reaction from all my work in America: my brain has gone on strike!! It is stubborn and says: Holidays!!!

We go about in sunbathing costumes, and are now obliged to avoid the strong sunlight. Otto is already very brown -- and my colour is quite different from what it was in New York. Tomorrow we reach Hawaii.

April 5th.

Otto unfortunately took so long over his shaving and dressing in the great heat that he missed seeing the entry into Hawaii. At the Quarantine he was still in his underwear and not in a good mood. The concert manager,

Mr. Oakley came on board with his children -- and they decorated us with "Leis", bright, fragrant, enchanting garlands of flowers, with which the Hawaiians bedeck their arriving and departing guests, following an old and charming custom. An orchestra of natives, dressed in white, played folk-songs as a greeting. We had to wait rather a long time for our hand luggage and were hung with yet more "Leis" -- it was romantic, but extremely hot around the neck... What a picturesque sight: the brown-skinned flower-women who sell the dazzlingly bright leis.

Flowers grow like weeds in Hawaii. Mr. Oakley drove us, tightly packed in his car, to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where we took a suite for the day. A fascinating hotel. Palm trees in luxuriant splendour, and flowers abounding everywhere. The balcony overlooks Waikiki Beach, the romantic name of the Honolulu seashore. The sand is as white as the finest flour, the sea blue as the Southern sky -- on the breakers we saw "surf-riders", brown, slender, sinewy, youthful forms. They are mostly Hawaiians, for although foreigners always attempt surf-riding, none of them acquire the fish-like skill of the natives. As we entered the harbour we had already seen youngsters diving for coins. They looked like shining brown fish, slender and agile, with black hair, gleaming teeth and sparkling eyes. They nearly always find the coin, diving several yards deep -- one sees the light-coloured soles of their feet, resembling bathing slippers on the brown legs, disappear -- then the boys rise to the surface, show the money and place it in their mouth, so as to leave their hands free.

We unpacked in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel -- and then Mr. Oakley and his wife, who are both very nice, took us for a drive. We made some small purchases and drove through a wild eucalyptus forest, up Mount Pali, from whose summit one can see the whole of Hawaii. Glorious! Honolulu is all a

dream of palms and flowers... We had lunch in the Country Club -- and then I had to rest before the Recital, which began at 4.15, so we returned to the hotel. Hairdresser, manicure. I wore a concert dress of lustrous silk with an orange floral pattern, around my neck hung a double garland of fragrant orange-coloured blossoms which reached to the ground. When I stepped on to the platform, I carried all my Leis in my arms and laid them on the piano. It was bright daylight. The windows were wide open on both sides of the hall. Birds were singing outside in the palm-trees. The audience was very warm and enthusiastic. Distinguished people mingled with the natives. The Governor was there, and the Admiral. Outside, brown Hawaiians stood and listened to German songs... At the end of the concert I announced that I should gladly sing more, but that my ship unfortunately refused to wait for me. (They said it would have been "against the rules...") I never sang through a concert so quickly, with scarcely any intermission -- always keeping one eye on the clock... I received many Lei wreaths. We dashed back to the ship and arrived just in time -- during the final turmoil of departure... As we left Hawaii the native divers managed to smuggle themselves on board. They climbed up to the top of the ship and sprang from there in daring double somersaults into the sea. The ship is like a flower boat -- everyone wearing garlands of Leis around their neck. Music. A dazzling rain of confetti. A propos of rain, hardly a day passes in Hawaii without a warm, tropical shower, mingled with sun. They call it "liquid sunshine". I should like to spend a couple of months there. Perhaps I may do so next summer. Why not? Otto thinks it is a crazy idea, but it seems to me quite contiguous and wonderful. Well: perhaps some time I shall live for a while in Paradise.

April 6th.

The sea was rather rough after leaving Hawaii, surprisingly so, in fact.

The ship is only rolling, however, not pitching, and I feel quite well. It is becoming very sultry, and if there were no wind it would be extremely unpleasant. "Trade winds", says the steward. I am afraid I do not know what that means. We have grown very lazy. Otto has even stopped playing shuffleboard. Nobody wants to do anything. Dressing for dinner is tedious. Although Otto looks like "Lohengrin" in his white dinner jacket, he feels far from happy in his patent-leather shoes. The dining-room is very cool: all air-conditioned.

April 7th.

In spite of our proximity to the Equator -- we shall be there very early tomorrow morning -- conditions are comparatively pleasant. There is rather a strong wind, which makes the heat bearable. Everything is clammy. The cabins are moderately ventilated by cold air-shafts, the dining room is as cool as a frigidaire. Before lunch Otto, Ulanowsky and I went in the swimming pool. It is barely refreshing, as the sea water is lukewarm. Since noon it has been raining a great deal, a warm, tropical rain. We lie about, moving very little. I am on a strict slimming diet again and have already lost weight finely. For lunch and dinner I only eat cold lamb. Life holds no pleasures for me as far as food is concerned!!!

We are looking forward to Samoa, where we are due on Saturday (today being Wednesday).

April 8th.

A swimming and diving competition this morning. Very amusing. Otto, Ulanowsky and I were of course only spectators, and went for our swim later. It is marvellously refreshing to take a cold shower after the tepid salt water bath. At one o'clock today the great plane "China Clipper" crossed over our course. It is a new Airliner from New Zealand to Los Angeles. This was

the trial flight, therefore an historical event! The "Monterey" greeted it with three long blasts of the siren as it flew over our heads. I took a movie-picture of it, but I doubt whether it will come out.

April 9th.

We have done nothing today. The crossing of the Equator was not celebrated, strangely enough. We merely found two "baptism certificates" signed by Neptune, in our cabin. Yesterday was not unendurably hot, either, because there is always some wind, only there is a great deal of humidity in the atmosphere. Otto, who likes to perspire, is paying for it: he is running from every pore!!! This evening we went to the cinema and saw the excellent film "Dodsworth".

Dressing for dinner is tiresome. The cabins are so hot. The locks of our trunks are rusting from humidity.

This evening at 10.30 there was a great sensation: our sister-ship, the "Mariposa", on her voyage from Sydney to Los Angeles, had to cede her Captain to us, because ours had to be operated in Hawaii for appendicitis. A stop-gap Captain had been navigating us till now. The two ships, alike as twins, stopped within about two hundred yards of each other, and it was a wonderful sight to see the brightly illuminated vessel so close to us on the ocean. The band was playing and voices shouted back and forth. The Captain was rowed over to us and was received with loud cheers as he climbed up the ship's side. Our ship also handed over the mail. And our "stop-gap" left us in civilian clothes, receiving enthusiastic applause. The two ships greeted each other with three long blasts of the siren and one short one — and we scudded off.

April 12th.

Today would ordinarily have been the eleventh, but after leaving Samoa we skip a day in the calendar, which, however, will be made up again on the return journey. Yesterday, then, the 10th, was an eventful day; early in the morning the Samoan archipelago began to loom in sight. We passed fairly close to the first island, Tanaou, and saw the palm forests. Sailing into Pago Pago is amazingly beautiful. The harbour is a bay thrust into the land by a volcanic eruption, and surrounded by the mountainous, green sea-shore. At the quarantine (we all had to go for the medical inspection), we were already met by the incredibly narrow canoes of the natives. As a steamer only comes once a fortnight, it is naturally the occasion for a special "fiesta", and a welcome break in the lazy monotony in which the people live. A motor-boat, run by a very decorative, uniformed policeman in a white Burnoose, a broad sash and a brilliant red Fez -- and with bare brown legs -- took us ashore. Half-naked children lolled about among the picturesque brown, gaily-clad figures of the natives. Nearly all the men are naked from the waist up, wearing only a white or coloured cloth around the hips, like a skirt; the women wear bright coloured shirts. Many of the men and women have flowers in their hair. We drove immediately in a rickety old motorbus, steered by a reckless Samoan chauffeur, to the native village village of Tuteela, where we were to see dancing by the native girls. The road, some five kilometres long, was fabulously romantic. We soon left the residential section of the "town" of Pago Pago, where there are pretty gardens with flowers glowing in colour and unique, exotic, variegated shrubs. That is where the officers live, the Governor and the officials. The houses are low, attractive colonial buildings, but there are only a few of them. We were carried off to the "wilds" immediately; on one side of us the sea, with

big breakers foaming against the shore, in spite of the fact that there was absolutely no wind: on the other side, a primeval forest of palm, banana and bread-fruit trees, overgrown with vines with broad leaves, strange grasses, and wild pendulous branches. We could see the huts of the natives, often thickly covered by vines, among the maze of palms: each "house" consists only of palm trunks arranged in a circle and a roof woven of palm branches and banana leaves. It is open all around, and closed at night by letting down home-made woven mats. The whole family sleeps on mats. Some have one large communal bed, covered with bass mats, others use little wooden stands on which to rest their heads -- surely the best way to keep cool whilst sleeping during the hot months, which must be absolutely terrible, judging by the "mild" temperature of yesterday... For to us that even seemed murderously hot.

On the way we stopped at a "fruit shop": the entire family was squatting expectantly outside the door, and had built up a pile of coconuts and bananas freshly picked, so as to arouse a desire for refreshment in the passers-by. We bought some fruit and ate the aromatic and juicy bananas with rapture, drank coconut-milk from the young, green fruit and ate the pulp of the coconut, which was as soft as butter. --

The village of Tuteela seemed to have made great preparations for its visitors. All the natives were assembled in the main square, bedecked with flowers and variegated necklaces made of saba-tree seeds and tiny shells -- and with multi-coloured fragrant Lei garlands. I took a few photographs, which I hope will turn out successfully. The dance of the Samoan girls took place in a decorated hut, a sort of dancing hall. The girls are, on the whole, very pretty; they are all slightly sensual-looking, but well built and they have a lovely dull coffee-brown skin, as smooth as velvet. Their thick curly



black hair is decked with flowers, and the sparkle of white teeth in their friendly faces competes with that of their vivacious black eyes. They are all extremely friendly; whenever one looks at them, they smile. One of them is an outstanding beauty. She was delighted that we thought her so pretty and laughed at us familiarly. We threw the girls some money. Their dance is a species of rocking movement which they perform in a sitting position, with crossed legs. Actually only their arms and shoulders dance. At the same time they chant monotonously. The "Orchestra" is a charming, almost naked little boy, who beats a kind of drum with extraordinary rhythms. He <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ very intent and zealous, a really "serious musician"... Gradually three girls detach themselves from the seated group and stand up and dance with gentle, languorous, graceful motions, giving occasional shrill cries, like sleepy birds. All the dancers obviously enjoy themselves. A pot-bellied dignitary walks around outside the house, and with a big stick, chases away the children who loiter about the dancing place, holding flowers and shells. The leader of the girls, a type of "Ballet-mistress", who stood in the background and directed the dance by commands and hand-clapping, now decorated all the spectators with leis and offered them bananas from a basket plaited with narrow, fresh, green leaves. She declared they were all presents, but then came around with a collection plate... Even the smallest children can say one sentence in English: "This is my present for you". They surrounded us, laughing amiably, and brought us "presents" of shells, flowers and leis. One man, particularly decorated and magnificently proportioned, with leis hanging all over his dark brown torso and flowers in his hair, demanded 50 cents before he would allow me to photograph him... Contrariwise, the fat temple guardian of the dancing place was visibly flattered that so many white people scrambled to be photographed with him.

A youth pursued us persistently; he wanted to show us how quickly he could climb up a palm-tree. Finally we followed him, looked on at his acrobatic feat, called "Bravo" and gave him money for his performance, which amused the assembled crowd of children very much, as they all climb like monkeys. When we left in our prehistoric bus, the children ran after us for a long time, shouting "Money"... We had no more small coins and endeavoured to change a large note in Pago Pago. But the Post Office was overcrowded -- it was appallingly hot -- and we looked helplessly about us. A little urchin beckoned to us mysteriously. "Bank-- money", he said. We followed him across the square, which lay in fierce, glaring sun. He led us to a door displaying a large "Closed" sign and pointedly triumphantly to the deserted bank. Naturally his over-assiduity was given in the same spirit as the familiar "Present for you" -- and he received our last few cents.... We made some purchases: baskets, necklaces, a model canoe! Then we met a ship's passenger who had been visiting some native houses with a slightly tipsy sailor as guide. The latter now conducted us along a narrow road, which he proudly called "Forty-second Street", to the airy house of a fat and very contented beauty. She looked nearly forty and had ten children, but was still very enterprising, for the sailor said that she is a "Sailor's Sweetheart". Apparently she is well-to-do -- a rusty sewing machine stood between bass mats... We bought a hand-woven and embroidered bass coverlet from her. A woman from the neighbouring house shouted a few words at our seaman, but he answered with a refusal. I asked him innocently what she wanted. Thereupon he became very embarrassed and said that unfortunately he could not repeat it to me... We seemed to have got into a queer neighbourhood!! The sailor is stationed in Pago Pago for eighteen months, but he thinks it frightful. Everyone drinks too much, he says, and grows ill and lazy. It is

wonderful when a ship comes in. And this time a moving-picture company has arrived by our ship to stay two months. They are to make the film called "Hurricane".

We tried in vain to get cool. We returned to the ship for lunch, took a shower and changed into other sunbathing costumes, but in spite of this we were bathed in perspiration. We lay on the light emerald green lawn, near to where the twon band -- a Samoan orchestra, was playing fervidly. An old man sat down beside us, held out his hand to greet us, inquired whether we were Germans, and seemed delighted by our reply. With dramatic gestures he gave us a dirty old basket as a present -- but one dollar was too little, the present cost a dollar fifty!!! Before the ship sailed we endeavoured to revive in the swimming pool and then we stood for a long time at the railing, watching the countless numbers of brown urchins who swam around the ship for hours, begging for money for which to dive. We soon had a special friend among them -- a sweet little boy, to whom we waved a long farewell. Samoa, disappearing in the distance, after we left the harbour, was soon lost to view by the rapid descent of the tropical evening.

The night was still dreadfully hot, but today seems to be already more agreeable. The heavy, sultry humidity is decreasing, and we are enjoying a tepid breeze on deck. Tomorrow we reach Suva, in the Fiji Islands. This morning we passed a very long island named Niuafo, one of the Tongan archipelago. The steamers of the Matson Line used to throw letters and newspapers overboard here in large tin cans and the natives swam out and took them ashore. Now, however, this kindly gesture has been abandoned. Letters arrive on an average of once a month, brought by any passing cargo boat. Twelve hundred natives and one hundred white people live on Niuafo. There is absolutely nothing there except cocconut groves. From all accounts it would appear to be the famous "Lonely Island"...

April 14th.

Yesterday we were in Suva. It is remarkable how different from each other are the three South Sea Island groups, Hawaii, Samoa and Fiji. While Hawaii is a dream of flowers and overpowering exuberant beauty, Samoa a strange heterogeneous glowing tropical world, primeval and wild, Fiji is incredibly bright owing to the picturesque variety of its population. Our "Monterey" was already in harbour when we awoke. It was very early in the morning. I ran out to our promenade deck as quickly as possible -- and beheld a bewilderingly colourful throng of people. My very first impression was quite an amusing one: I saw a dark brown-skinned man, tall and powerful-looking, as are nearly all Fijians, with his characteristic mop of woolly hair sticking up like a huge round cap on the top of his head, dressed in a blue uniform jacket with shiny buttons, but -- he had forgotten to put on his trousers. At any rate he gave this impression standing there in his scalloped white shirt and bare legs... A grotesque sight! This is the uniform of the Harbour Police! Most comical! The Municipal Police Force on the other hand -- Suva is a real city -- wears khaki uniform. All these policemen are Indians and wear their turbans proudly with their uniforms, with puttees of the same shade of blue as the turbans. They all have beards and look superb. Sauntering around the deck, we hardly knew where to look first: there are so many strong and handsome people in Fiji. The pure-bred natives, solid, sturdy figures, broad-chested and strong-limbed, are dark brown and their hair is a strangely unnatural henna-red colour. One sees the same type of people with identical brush-like mops of black hair -- these, however, are half-castes with partly Indian blood. The Indians themselves are a magnificent race of men. They do not walk -- no; they stride with inborn dignity; they are of slender build with shining smooth hair and finely-cut features. Amongst the women we saw pronounced beauties. They all wear their primitive, traditional

dress. It is most picturesque to see the wonderful forms of the strong, wild-looking native men. The women are dressed in soft colours, mostly white, but with pale pink or lilac, their heads and shoulders being draped artistically with shawls. They wear costly and unusual jewellery and nearly all of them have a round ornament of glittering gold in their left nostril. The men are clothed in white -- with rich draperies and wear high turbans. On our motor tour, which took us through the country for several hours, we met some magnificent types. I shall never forget two old men who might have stepped straight out of a fairy tale. We asked them, through the interpreting chauffeur, if we might photograph them, but this they gently and courteously declined. No Indian allows himself to be photographed, whereas the Fijians are most obliging about it.

The drive was beautiful. Fiji is particularly attractive; it has soft hills and mountains which are impenetrably overgrown by an almost primeval forest -- and sometimes, during our rapid drive, we looked down on lovely little valleys and imagined ourselves back in Austria, until, as if awaking from a dream, the landscape would grow clearer and show us strange wild trees, rice fields, and plantations of tea, coffee and sugar-cane. Flowers do not grow in the extravagant profusion of Hawaii and yet the whole landscape is bright with them, enormous shining bluebells, strongly scented light yellow flowers which look like orchids, and red hibiscus blossoms. Naturally there are a great many coconut palms and banana trees and guavas with yellow fruit like lemons, whose red pulp tastes very refreshing. These practically fell into our laps.

We visited a native village, and a Fijian, a genuine one with red hair, readily guided us around. The huts made of bamboo and palm leaves, unlike the Samoan ones, have solid walls on all four sides. One has to bend quite low to enter, and everything inside is very clean. An enormous bed of soft bass mats, a primitive fireplace with a large iron cooking pan, the floor covered with mats --

these are the entire furnishings. As in Samoa, there is never anything to sit on -- one squats on the mats and crosses one's legs.

Countless children surrounded us, most of them stark naked. A woman brought us a gift of bananas, and a man hastily donned his entire war panoply for our benefit and appeared with a terrifying club. All our change was given away in this village.

On our return we bought some souvenirs in Savat: gorgeous Indian silver ornaments and tortoise shell, surprisingly cheap. Unfortunately I neglected to buy one of the many large coral branches in gay and incredible colours, which were for sale everywhere: I could not believe that the colours were natural, until I learned, too late, that Fiji is surrounded by bright coral reefs, which a good diver can observe shining through the water in a dream of beauty like an enchanted flower bed...

We were sent flying for shelter into a café by an unexpected waterspout, which poured warmly down on the sunlit scene, which was suddenly overhung by most dramatic clouds. The storm of rain and wind brought no relief: it was horribly and oppressively sultry. We returned to the harbour very early, it being almost unbearable to wander about in this temperature. We met repeatedly an old, finely clad native, who was strutting about in conscious importance, wearing a white suit and a tropical helmet, and carrying a colossal old umbrella. He was smoking a giant cigar, which he had made himself from banana leaves. Obviously flattered by my wish to photograph him, he wrote down his address so that I might send him his picture, and he asked us for a drink.

I was forgetting to mention one delightful episode. Our motor tour took us past an Indian school. The house, like all those in Fiji, was built up on piles, all the doors and windows were wide open, so that it gave the impression of a large, airy verandah. We saw the dark-skinned children sitting inside, and approached cautiously. The headmaster, a ~~quarter~~ Indian in modern dress,

beckoned affably to us to come in, and we were present at the lesson for a while. It is truly characteristic of the Indians' inherent dignified equanimity that the children, free of all curiosity, took hardly any notice of us, but went on studying quietly, writing and answering questions, as though we were thin air. No sidelong glances, no smiles... There were three classrooms, and the two other teachers, one of them young and handsome as a film star, also wore European clothes. I asked for a page from an exercise book as a souvenir, and one little boy politely handed me his entire note-book, which was filled with neat Indian characters. The children are also taught English in this manifestly exemplary school.

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Our ship sailed amid the usual rain of confetti. The night was again very unpleasant, hot and sultry, and then we <sup>ran</sup> into fog and a terrific cloudburst. The foghorn of the "Monterey" was hardly a soothing lullaby... But today it is appreciably cooler. Strangely enough, I feel particularly languid, in spite of the coolness. Perhaps it is due to the change of climate. Today has been a very lazy, sleepy, utterly useless day. No real sunshine, and bathing in the swimming pool was almost dangerous because of the increased rolling of the ship -- I did not stay long in the water which was splashing violently against the sides. Now that it is cooler I feel like singing. But we are not allowed to lock up the Lounge as we wanted, in order to practice a little: it is "against the rules"...

April 17th.

The day before yesterday was uneventful and quiet. The sea-water in the swimming pool was distinctly cool. It was probably our last swim. Yesterday, the 16th, we reached Auckland, in New Zealand. We went for a drive of about two hours in and around the city. The surroundings are attractive and well kept, and look absolutely English, owing to the style of the houses, the specially

lovely flower gardens, the velvety lawns, and the innumerable flocks of sheep. Unfortunately the famous geysers are too far away for a day's excursion. The trip, which takes five hours by car, is said to be very dull -- and the drive of ten hours was too much for us and also too risky: we did not wish to miss the boat. The natives of New Zealand have quite lost their individuality, at least that is what I was told by the journalist who came on board; she also wrote a very nice interview.

I received a long, very charming and agreeably unbusiness-like letter from the Chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. There will be all kinds of things to do on arrival in Sydney: a reception, a radio interview, a moving-picture shot, an afternoon tea... My schedule has been cleverly worked out; we do not have to travel back and forth, but continue steadily westward with the concerts. There are to be twenty one of them, and only two are orchestral.

Today it is surprisingly cold. I had to wear my mink coat notwithstanding being wrapped in a warm rug in my deck chair. What a pity that we are coming into winter! I love the warmth so much. Otto is packing -- and out on deck a group of children has been rushing about all morning, playing the especially ominous game of "The ship is sinking" in front of my cabin door. They clambered up to our window-sill, shouting, and then began to watch Otto at his packing, which made him quite nervous.

The sea is covered with white caps -- it seems to be getting rough. The "Monterey" is already pitching considerably -- and I am beginning to feel slightly ill. I am lying in bed -- and Otto is obviously hurrying to finish packing, before it becomes stormy...

April 20th

The sea soon calmed down, thank Heaven. On the 18th it resembled a large,



peaceful, silvery lake in radiant sunshine. The day passed quietly with final packing and a farewell dinner, which was a red letter day of exemption for me, with ice cream and champagne. Then on the morning of the 19th the coast of Australia hove in sight. The world is so terrifyingly small. I am losing all respect for distance and for boundaries... Australia!!! In my imagination it seemed always as inaccessible as Fairyland... And now I have the feeling that I have merely taken a short and very fascinating trip -- such as going to a neighbouring town...

The mountainous coasts were quite near us. We perceived the wide, white sandy beach of Manly -- but unfortunately we did not see much more of the arrival. Soon after the pilot, the medical inspection boat arrived -- and the examination began. We were all driven before the doctor like a flock of sheep, and presenting ourselves with sleeves rolled up above the elbows. It is not very clear to me what he expected to deduce from our elbows... Then we waited for ages for the Immigration inspection. They kept us so long, it was frightfully tiring. Interviewers and officials of the Broadcasting Commission soon found me in the flock, patiently waiting. And now nobody need talk to me about American tempo: it is nothing compared with Australia! Yesterday I worked like a convict, and sank into bed last night, dead tired, as if I had sung three "Fidelios"...

The entrance to Sydney harbour is supposed to be one of the most beautiful in the world. I saw nothing of it. I was interviewed and photographed, had to make an impromptu radio speech -- and even Otto was dragged before the microphone in spite of despairing protests and had to inform Australia that he was glad to be there, and looking forward to see the new country...

My sitting room in the Hotel Australia, where we took a large apartment, was a complete flower garden. I think everyone in the Commission sent me

flowers of welcome on my first day.

We had to forego lunch owing to uninterrupted interviews and to the radio interview on the ship. Finally at three o'clock, when we were absolutely famished, we ate some cold meat in the hotel. I had a frightful headache, on which aspirin seemed to have no effect. Some more interviews began at four o'clock... Our trunks had not yet arrived, and I had not time even to take a bath... The luggage finally came up at a quarter to five, so I left the interviewers and photographers for a moment, pulled out the dress and accessories that I wanted to wear, and was ready in five minutes -- and at five o'clock I received downstairs in the hotel, about sixty or seventy people who had been invited to this reception in my honour. It was perfectly charming that the Commission had taken the trouble to arrange the party as a "Wiener Jause"; the tables were decorated in red and white, and we were served coffee and cakes. The Chairman made an extraordinarily flattering speech of welcome, in which he said that a dream had come true for Australia now that I, who had been loved and admired for a long time through gramophone records, was here in person. After his speech there followed a very nice one by the Austrian Consul. And then there was nothing for it but that I should answer them.

After the reception the interviews were resumed. These are far more exacting here than in other countries, for here they wish to know more than the average interviewer: not only the names of my dogs, of what my diet consists and what are my hobbies -- but they probe one right to the bone, so to speak, with a thorough musical examination. For instance the last interviewer (it was quite nine o'clock at night) remarked: "You say that you like everything. You say you love German songs, but also French ones and English ones and Italian ones... Yet there must be some sort of classical music which means nothing to you. It is simply impossible for an artist of

your intelligence to find everything beautiful..." I was dead tired and goodness knows it was not easy to extricate myself diplomatically. But thank Heaven I managed to find Ariadne's thread leading out of this maze. I replied: "Every sort of serious music has its value. If I were to dislike any type of good music, it would be a sign that I did not understand it. However, I have not come to Australia to display my faults, but rather to make my virtues known to you. Therefore I will not answer your question."

My Diary began at this point to consist only of fleeting, hastily written notes. I must therefore endeavour to portray in narrative form this happy, cloudless, lovely time. Rarely have I looked back on a concert tour as on this one; perhaps the spell of "Remembrance" has painted it in glorified colours — but I still consider that the Australian tour counts among the most delightful of my whole career. All the social duties, which are usually very tiring for me, as I do not like social restraints, seemed to me like a chain of joyful amusements. I fully understand that the Australians wish to become acquainted with the artists who visit their beautiful country. They wish to know the human being as well as the artist — and soon a bond is woven from the platform to the auditorium, and from the auditorium back to the platform, which gives the artist the happy assurance that those are friends who are sitting down there and listening. Kind, well-meaning friends, yet certainly not uncritical ones. Oh! no. I found in most of the cities an artistic, intelligent public that wanted to hear only the best music and who felt they were underestimated if a lighter fare were set before them.

I should like to take this opportunity of saying something on the subject of "Programmes." It is difficult always to please everybody. One section of the public — and the one nearest my heart — loves absolutely artistic programmes. And those evenings when I can present a galaxy of costly

pearls from the literature of song to an appreciative public, belong to the supreme moments of my life. This is no exaggeration. For it is very easy to captivate a public with so-called "catchy" songs, and to inspire them with jubilant enthusiasm. But the breathless silence, the hesitating applause after a song such as "Im Abendrot" by Schubert, is that not in harmony with the faltering heart-throb of my own rapture? How could I but feel endless delight with this mutual blessed experience? These are the moments in which an artist feels the benediction of predestination — predestined to reproduce that which a creative genius bestowed on Eternity...

But — and where in life are there no "buts"? The greater part of the public throughout the world has not enough musical sensibility or education to take pleasure in purely artistic programmes. I have travelled far and wide, I have become acquainted with countries and their peoples and have learned to discriminate. Now is it the mission of the artist to educate, or merely to give enjoyment to the public? When I stand before a public whom I am positively sure has but few chances of hearing good concerts, am I to feel it my duty only to give an instructive reaction? I believe that the Almighty granted me my voice in order to give enjoyment, and I have to realise that I cannot give enjoyment to every one in the same way. I must endeavour to give something to everyone and to be devoid of arrogance, if I am to fulfil properly the spirit of my mission. The simple unpretentious song that brings a pleasing, caressing melody to the ear, and which is only light and pretty music — that can give as much pleasure to the unmusical person as one of the immortal songs to the musician... How can one expect that people who live far off the beaten track of all musical culture — without theatres, without concerts — can attain enough concentration for instance, to appreciate a Song Cycle by Schumann, or a Brahms or Schubert song? In my opinion it would be a wrong way to educate the public if, by intellectual arrogance, one were to try to enforce the impossible. One can do

much more towards the improvement of musical taste by selecting a so-called "miscellaneous" programme. It is ennobling also to sing simple songs well... The listener who takes pleasure in hearing a certain voice and who enjoys with real delight songs which he knows and which are pleasing to his ear, will then by degrees come to understand really good music. This is my solemn conviction. It is a pioneer work which must bring its blessing. I arrange my programmes from this, doubtless, quite Utopian point of view. And I felt doubly glad that in Australia I was engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, so that in constructing my programmes I was obliged always to consider the many thousands who regularly listened-in to my concerts: the miracle of "Radio" carried my voice right into the Bush and the Desert — my song had to give cheer to the most lonely people off the beaten track. I applied myself to this wonderful task with great enthusiasm, and I must say that the Commission and I always co-operated in the greatest harmony. There existed true congeniality between us from the very outset. They really did everything imaginable to make my stay as pleasant as possible. They designated Miss C., who has a great sense of humour and whom I liked the moment I met her, to accompany us on the whole tour. She helped us in everything, acting as secretary, manageress and press agent, all in one, and was at my entire disposal. I think it was a most generous and considerate arrangement.

A pleasant interlude from daily receptions was an excursion to the koala-bears. We drove by the magnificent harbour, over which the famous bridge rises majestically in a very high, wide curve, and passed through the residential quarter of Sydney, which is most attractive. Low houses with beautiful, well-kept gardens. Flowers, palm-trees, evergreen eucalyptus and pepper trees can be seen everywhere in great numbers. The lawns are meticulously kept up, and look traditionally English in their velvet perfection.

The koala bears are kept in a large park specially reserved for them, Australia used to be overrun by them, but at present they are on the point of extinction; people hunted these adorable animals on account of their soft grey fur. Now they are under Government protection, and lead a wonderful life in their magnificent private park. Whole herds of kangaroos live there as well as the koala bears, of which there are about sixty in Sydney. On our arrival, the kangaroos, generally so timid by nature, surrounded us and begged impudently for the potato chips with which we were allowed to feed them. A mother kangaroo had a young one in her pouch, and it was gazing out inquisitively from its warm cradle.

The koalas are indescribably sweet and bewitching. They look quite unreal; about the size of a marmot, grey and woolly, with fluffy white ears, little sleepy eyes, and a black nose which looks as if it had been glued on. They like to sleep all day, and were not very pleased that reporters wanted to photograph them with a publicity-seeking Primadonna... They emitted little discontented cries, a short and grumpy sounding "Ah!" and could be bribed only momentarily by the eucalyptus leaves which we held out to them. They only eat a special kind of leaf, are very impressionable and possessed of very sensitive feelings; when somebody offends them they often cry for hours in prolonged moans. They say it resembles the crying of a little child. I was, of course, in transports of delight over the sweet animals, but my love was unrequited; the koala in my arms cried "Ah!" discontentedly and scratched my face and arms in his hurry for to scramble down. Never mind! He was so sweet! Quite a rival of my "Mausi," my little Pomeranian dog...

On April 22nd, the day of my debut, there was a rehearsal in the morning to test my voice for the radio. Afterwards we took a short walk in the lovely Botanical Gardens — Otto and Ulanowsky saw an aeroplane crash there in the afternoon; thank goodness none of the occupants was very gravely injured.

The concert was sold out, the Governor and his wife attended, and the evening was by way of being a social sensation. The platform was beautifully set up, with palm trees along the sides, so that it was as if I walked through a wood to the piano. Instead of footlights, a mirror at my feet and framed with flowers, reflected the ceiling light overhead. After the second group of songs, the platform resembled a flower garden, and there was even a small toy koala bear sitting among the blossoms. In Ulanowsky I found an ideal accompanist. It was a joy to sing with him. No wonder that the concert was a really true success: Ulanowsky contributed in great measure to it. I received, afterwards, countless numbers of letters and gifts of flowers.

I had to engage a private secretary, who came for about two hours every morning for me to dictate letters. It would have been impossible to manage without her. She is a very nice German, who has lived in Sydney for ten years.

One afternoon, at the Military Hospital at Randwick, I sang for all the men with tuberculosis, caused by the War. I sang them a lot of English songs and think they enjoyed them very much. At first I did not want to be photographed there, because I hated the idea of using invalids for publicity, but they were quite eager to have their pictures taken with me. One man, condemned to silence by tuberculosis of the throat, wrote on a slate: "You are so kind to sing for us. And you look very lovely". The soldiers gave three cheers for me. It was most touching, and an altogether beautiful afternoon.

On the way home we drove around Sydney for about an hour with friends on the staff of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, seeing the beautiful bays of the harbour and the alluring bathing beaches. It was already twilight when we got back. Instead of resting, I wrote a poem about the Radio, for which the Commission had asked me. Here it is, both in the original and in the translation made by the Chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Commission and his daughter:

1. Seltsam beglueckend ist's zu denken,  
Dass es durch Wunderkraft gelingt,  
Millionen singend mich zu schenken,  
Zu denen meine Stimme dringt.
2. Dem Vogel gleich, auf schnellen Schwingen,  
Entschwebe ich der engen Welt,  
Und weit von hier lauscht meinem Singen  
Ein Jeder, dem es wohlgefuehlt.
3. Es weitet sich der Saal, in dem ich stehe,  
Zu grenzenlosem Himmelsraum --  
Und jede Ferne wird zur Naechte --  
Und Wirklichkeit ein alter Traum.

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1. Hail! magic pow'r, whose charm hath spanned  
The gulfs of space! My soul is stirred  
With joy, for far o'er sea and land  
My voice by myriads now is heard.
2. Like eager bird escaped from snare,  
It soars on swift, exultant wing  
To limitless horizons where  
Who will may listen as I sing.
3. The walls recede, and everything  
Unseen, remote, draws near to me;  
And an old dream, like bud in spring,  
Blossoms into reality.

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The beaches around Sydney are wonderful. We spent a morning at one of them, sitting on a rock in the sun, overlooking the gently undulating slopes of the bays, which, as if designed by the hand of an artist, surround Sydney in innumerable curves. Dame Nature, the greatest of artists, has indeed blessed Sydney prodigally.

One day Otto and I had lunch with an old couple, both seventy eight years of age. They live in a charming house on one of the little bays. We sailed in a motor-boat, and just round the corner there was the ocean!! Some of the bathing beaches are protected from sharks by steel nets (the sea is teeming with sharks.) Every year a few people who absent-mindedly swim out too far,



are killed by them.

One afternoon we were taken for a picnic tea, in a typically Australian manner, by the Chairman, to the "Bush"; ( they don't call it "forest" there) and he, like an old "Bushman", built a fire in the woods and made the tea, while we sat on rugs carefully spread out on the ground by the chauffeur and consumed sandwiches and cakes.

On another occasion a friend took Ulanowsky and me for an excursion to Bobbin Head. Unfortunately Otto could not come, as he was invited to a German lunch party. Bobbin Head is very pretty, being a resort newly built in the Bush, at the mouth of one of the inlets around Sydney. We made a trip in a motor boat, inspected a house-boat and then ate some oysters freshly caught, which did not look very appetizing, but which tasted good. We began the picnic, however, first of all with business. The Fox Movietone Company had come out to take a film of me in the Bush, for the weekly news-reel. These picnics are typically Australian. They call them "Billyteas"; the tea is made over an open fire, in a large pot called a "Billy", and stirred with eucalyptus twigs which give it a special flavour. I was taken as the subject for a "story"; I was supposed to hear the laughter of the kookaburras, the "laughing jackass" of Australia, during a "Billytea" party, and then was filmed with two tame birds, which turned out to be really adorable, rather large creatures, with long beaks, thick heads and brown and white plumage speckled with light blue. They laugh as loudly as human beings. I had never seen such extraordinary birds. Unfortunately the organiser had brought along a kangaroo also, and the whole affair was almost ruined because I was so agitated at the idea of wanting to film the absolutely terrified animal, that I became very angry and an awkward pause ensued. Finally they took the poor kangaroo back to the car. I was filmed too with a fat live snake round my neck, which I only did for the fun

the/ of seeing Otto's expression, and he turned quite pale when he saw picture and wanted to tear it up. I think he was afraid of me because of my lovely necklace...

My second concert, on the 27th, was sold out and a brilliant success. After that the Commission searched feverishly for a Hall for an eighth concert in Sydney, on my return from Brisbane. It was impossible for me to prolong my tour in Australia, for Maestro Toscanini had already cabled me that I must be in Salzburg on July 20th.

Even though my very capable private secretary was often here for hours, letters inundated me in such quantities that I should have been driven to distraction, had it not been a proof of my rapidly acquired popularity.

My sitting room always looked liked a garden. However, I have never been in a city where they treat flowers as cruelly as in Sydney: they stick wires straight through the head of the blossoms. After the concerts I set every single one free from its instrument of torture; it was very tiring and I was half dead afterwards. Otto said I had momentary flower-mania...

During this time we celebrated the eleventh anniversary of our wedding. Otto said: "Eleven years in a madhouse"... Miss G. and Miss R. were as excited as children over the anniversary. They brought us a little white cake with eleven candles, and all of them burned with a bright, cheerful, warming light -- as a symbol of the eleven happy years of my marriage with the best man in the world...

On the first of May the Town Hall was sold out to the roof. The whole platform was full and there were extra seats everywhere. I sang "Frauenliebe und Leben", and it was a lovely evening. Ulanowsky played magnificently -- it was really glorious to sing with him. What a fine, wonderful artist he is! Added to that so nice and very witty! We cracked many jokes together. That afternoon he and Otto went to a reception given by the Austrian Consul, and I

was sent a tiny red and white flag to wear at the concert, above my Austrian medal.

We dined one evening with the German Consul, who lives in an enchanting spot, with glorious Sydney at his feet and the Harbour Bridge rising above it like a crowning diadem. With the many lights at night -- twinkling lights of the ferries on the water -- it was a glorious picture!

I had a concert also with the very good orchestra, and Dr. Bainton was the reliable conductor. A giant kangaroo of stuffed plush, holding the Austrian and German flags in his front paw, and flowers from the Australian Bush, was presented to me. Of course the audience went into fits of laughter.

A shadow on this lovely time was the Income Tax day... Extremely unpleasant... One was, so to speak, ex-rayed and sat there like a miserable sinner. After all, an artist brings something to the country which ought to be valued more highly than wares on which profits are made. They ought to be a little more compromising. In each of the different States extra Income taxes have to be paid. Gradually one became accustomed to these unpleasant things... But my first experience in Sydney made me very angry. I never experienced such severity before in any country on this question...

By way of recreation and as compensation for the injustice suffered, we dined that evening with the delightful General Manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission and his wife, and then accompanied them to the Studio, where I was interviewed about the "Rosenkavalier". Afterwards they played my "Rosenkavalier" records.

The following day was my Farewell recital in the concert hall of the Conservatorium. It was not so easy to sing there. I did not think my voice soared very well. But the audience sat rapt in silence during the long Cycle "Dichterliebe". It was really a lovely finale to Sydney.

The next evening we left for Brisbane, and the whole Commission came to the station to see me off. The train was very primitive and travelling cannot be compared with America. The day of our arrival in Brisbane resembled again a day in a madhouse; interviews, photographer, hairdresser, manicure, and a tea, with speeches, of course. I began to enjoy making speeches... In the evening there was a big reception with a Musicale. Speeches alternated with the music. I was obliged to make rather a long speech, and Otto said: "You were not a bit embarrassed and as voluble as a waterfall"... The day before my recital, I had a radio interview in my sitting-room at the hotel with the local manager, and I spoke extempore, with only a few notes.

We enjoyed a lovely motor trip one afternoon to Cleveland, driving past several fruit farms to a bay. We visited a fruit farmer whom Miss G. knew, and spent a very interesting half hour in his gigantic orchard of tropical fruit, apart from the fact that I grew very indignant at the sight of a dog who was seemingly maltreated and therefore afraid of people. Delicious passion fruit as large as balls hung from the vines, a wine red, hard fruit, whose seedy, succulent juice has a very fresh and pleasant taste; there were trees with broad leaves laden with custard apples the size of pineapples, green fruit, pad shaped and covered with warts; the pulp tastes just like the most delicious fresh whipped cream. There was also a fruit rather like a melon with the quaint name "Paw-paw".

It was a pity that, while in Queensland, there was not time to visit the world-famous coral reefs, which must be indescribably beautiful in their multi-coloured splendour.

The Premier sent a stuffed kookaburra to my concert -- live ones are not allowed to be removed from their natural surroundings -- and an enchanting little carved wooden box.

Of course we visited the Brisbane koala park. The animals live in cages there, but were taken out and handed around. They are such sweet, adorable, good-natured animals. Those in Brisbane particularly seemed to be better tempered than the ones in Sydney. They snuggled right down in people's arms, tucked their heads in and went to sleep, as if that place were to their liking. We also saw some wild dogs, dingoes, in a big cage. Beautiful fellows with reddish brown fur, but so much dreaded by shepherds in the Australian Bush that the Government pays a fixed sum per head for each one that is killed. The dogs have a fearfully wild look about them, and showed their sharp fangs in a terrifying way. Some kangaroos were there too, comical looking and confiding, and in the bird cages black and white magpies were singing grotesquely. A large, faithful sheep-dog named "Greatheart" trotted beside the guide through the park with us, patiently carrying two small koalas, sleepy and peaceful riders, upon his back.

One evening we spent at the German Goethe Society, and heard some poems recited. At the end we all sang three folk-songs in chorus: "Am Brunnen vor dem Tore", "In einem kühlen Grunde", and "Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen". The old songs made me feel very German and sentimental... I was a child again -- and could see Perleberg and all those bygone days. And I could hear Mother's golden voice very clearly in my mind. I tried desperately hard not to cry, and to enjoy only the magic of the present, without grieving for the years of childhood, gone for ever...

Some very touching episodes occurred while I was in Australia: for instance, the consumptive soldiers to whom I sang in Sydney, sent me a large basket of flowers which they arranged themselves. A blind woman wrote me a long letter in Braille, which someone else transcribed, in which she said that I with my voice, had brought light to her eternal darkness. She asked for my photograph -- and

although she could not see it, she would like to hold it in her hands... In Brisbane some blind children sent me a basket made by themselves, and filled with poinsettias.

These British have such a distinguished bearing, the whole race, I mean. This is certainly a new country, but in the development and growth of its people there slumbers all the wisdom of the old inherited traditions which they have brought in their lineage from the Motherland.

I was very pleased with one poetic and beautifully written review. My voice, this critic declared, was something so unique that it could only be compared with the world-famous coloured coral reefs of Queensland, dream-like and shimmering. This was the last blissful greeting from Brisbane, which I read during our return journey to Sydney, for an extra concert -- the eighth in one city!

On that journey I saw several wild kookaburras sitting on trees. We travelled continually through the Bush: endless, endless forests of eucalyptus. Between Brisbane and Sydney there are only a few small towns. The rest is all Bush. The country is still so young and so undeveloped. They are trying to destroy whole forests in order to till the soil for farming and husbandry. The trees are set on fire and left to carbonize inside gradually. One sees long stretches of desolate black tree-trunks with charred and leafless branches -- it is a sad picture. But, if in a hundred years' time another travel-minded Lotte Lehmann should be flying over this country, a verdant and fertile plain will be spread below her view, for Australia is the land of the future...

Labourers, who were working on the railroad or at clearing the forests, live in airy tents beside the tracks. Every few hours we came to a little village of tents. The passing of the train is obviously the big sensation of the day. All the men stand there expectantly, shouting: "Paper!" They are

accustomed to have newspapers thrown to them.

Sometimes, especially in Queensland, the landscape looks Austrian, with hills and woods and bright green meadows. Naturally it only gives that impression with half-closed eyes, for the crumpled wildness of the eucalyptus trees cannot be compared with any of our forest trees. Their twisted leaves have a silvery shimmer which make the trees always look rather dusty. My favourites are the delicately feathered, light green pepper trees, then the blue-flowered jacarandas, resembling gigantic bulbs, and the gold covered wattle trees (of which there are over a hundred varieties) -- and the flaming red poinsetta bushes.

But pepper trees remain my prime favourites. There is a German saying "Go where the pepper grows" and it means: "Go to a very unpleasant place"... Oh! how I love to be under the trees "where pepper grows"... The green on its slim, swaying branches lies like thick green snow. I brought back great armfuls and filled all the remaining empty vases with the delicate shimmering creepers, so that my rooms were turned into green bowers. In fact the one day in Sydney -- in passing through for the extra concert -- flowers and creepers were overwhelming.

The extra concert in Sydney was really a lovely ending. I was sad to leave the beautiful city and it was no exaggeration to say in my farewell speech after the concert: When I arrived here this morning from Brisbane, I felt as if I were coming home".

We left by car for Canberra immediately after the concert -- and I must say, our departure was worthy of the occasion: we had a giant kangaroo, two koala bears, a kookaburra, flowers, and a quantity of hand luggage. People collected in front of the hotel and stood gaping at what they took for the caravan of an obvious lunatic... Unfortunately it was rather late, so we were unable to see much of the road: a few sweet kookaburras, lots of magpies, which resemble our crows, but have very pretty feathers, and a rather monotonous landscape of

eucalyptus forests and dying trees.

I soon noticed that there was something wrong with the headlights, and a little later the chauffeur explained that our battery had run down. So we spent the night at a clean little hotel in Moss Vale. Only it was very cold -- winter seemed to have arrived in dead earnest. I was dog-tired, and delighted that force of circumstances obliged us to break the journey.

We reached Canberra the next day in time for lunch. It is the capital of Australia, a sweet little garden city, very new and resplendent. Before the union of the Australian states was completed, Melbourne and Sydney quarreled jealously with each other for years, for the right to be the capital city. Finally the contending parties were separated by a decision worthy of Solomon himself: we shall build a new capital. Canberra is planned on a very wide scale. There is no real main street, there are no electric street cars. If a hairdresser be required, she will have to come probably a few miles, from a shop which is sure to look like a private villa... Hotel Canberra is a long, low building, rather like a Hollywood hotel, with a garden court and a covered portico leading to the various side wings. It was bitterly cold, and the fire in our sitting room was the only warm spot in our apartment. The bathroom was a frigidaire... I had my bed placed in front of the fireplace.

The concert was held in a small, icy cold hall, and I soon had to put my silver fox round me while singing. The audience was very appreciative. The next day we were invited to lunch with the Governor General, who resides in Canberra and was present at the recital. Lord and Lady Gowrie were very charming to us. That afternoon we were shown over the Parliament House, which -- to be honest -- rather bored me.

That night we took the train for Melbourne. A horrible train, narrow, uncomfortable and freezing cold. We were obliged to change trains at seven o'clock the next morning, and were thankful when we finally arrived in Melbourne.



At the station everybody connected with broadcasting was assembled to meet me: there were innumerable photographs with koalas, kookaburras and flowers... Interviews... A reception was given by the Commission that evening.

The next day I think I made rather a "faux-pas": there was a very ceremonious reception in the Conservatorium attached to the University. Everyone present was either a teacher or a former pupil. The very nice and amusing conductor H., a brilliant orator, began his speech by saying: "Madame Lehmann has just told me that she can only stand formal parties for about a quarter of an hour..." That made me laugh so much that when it came to answering, I was a trifle too frank. I said, in fact, that I had been expelled from a singing school once because of my lack of talent,-- and that since then I had no respect for singing teachers. Rather stupid! Otto said I behaved very badly...

Melbourne is a very English, a very European, city. One forgets one is in Australia, the palms and other tropical trees being the only reminders of that fact. The amiable wife of the Vice-Chairman took us one day for a drive through the beautiful suburbs, which have splendid wide streets and many lawns and palm trees. There is also an enormous bay with beaches. Melbourne is a beautiful, prosperous looking city.

It was very cold, real autumnal weather, and extremely wet and dismal. Our hotel had no central heating, nothing but fireplaces and little electric radiators. The bathrooms were cold. It was an "old fashioned" hotel, but we had a lovely big sitting-room. I was glad that I brought my mink coat with me. We often walked in the adjacent Fitzroy Gardens, which looks exactly like a well kept English park -- and only a few palms and huge laurel trees betray the fact that this city is not called London...

A very dear friend of ours from the "Monterey" lives in Melbourne and I

was so glad to see him again! We had had good times all together on the boat. He sent me flowers at once on arrival, and a koala bear and a mass of violets to the first concert.

After my first Melbourne concert the Governor General sent me a very charming telegram from Canberra, saying that he and his wife had listened-in and thanking me for the pleasure I had given them. Miss C, turned pale with awe and stammered: "No Governor General has ever done that before -- never..." It was absolute torture for her that this could not be used for publicity purposes, but the Governor General represents the King -- so it would not have done at all!!!

My sitting-room resembled a flower shop. Dear Mrs. G., who gave me the kangaroo, also sent me by airmail from Sydney a Lei of white flowers made by herself. Most touching. Someone else worked me the most exquisite hand embroidery. A handicrafts artist sent me a very life-like koala, and later on she made me a platypus. I was also given a china kookaburra, which is a little masterpiece. Otto, meanwhile, viewed my managerie with increasing horror...

To my joy, the entire Commission came to Melbourne for their Annual Meeting, during the period of my concerts there. I was truly glad to see them all again, for we were really good friends and had very amusing times. The General Manager and I often had drawing competitions. We drew a kookaburra, and mine was much better, but he beat me with his platypus.

A radio interview about the Salzburg Festival at this time was certainly good propaganda for Salzburg.

While in Melbourne I received a Night Letter from Constance Hope, my "personal representative" in the U.S.A., saying that my novel had definitely been sold to Putnam's. It was an amazing piece of good news, for I had almost forgotten the novel...

The days raced by at railroad speed. Our most memorable experience in Melbourne was the trip into the Bush with Tom H.... Midst all the dismal,

foggy days, this particular Sunday turned out to be brilliantly sunny, clear and cold. Tom had asked two prominent naturalists, Mr. Littlejohn and Mr. Charles Barrett, to act as guides. We were in search of the lyre-bird, that unique and remarkable bird which very few Australians even have seen. They are found only in the south-eastern portion of Australia and have their haunts in the most remote parts of the Bush, and it takes an expert to know exactly where to find them. Our search was very exciting; we crept noiselessly through head-high ferns, through thick brambles and the tangle of low hanging eucalyptus branches, which dangled from the trees in unruly strips, like torn flags. It was quite dark under the trees, and the patches of sun between the wild and luxuriant ferns were indescribably beautiful. Finally we caught sight of the strange lyre-bird: not far from us, a beautiful, strong creature, resembling our peacock, with long, remarkably curved tail feathers, which he spreads out like an enormous fan when he dances, so that the whole bird is then shaped like a lyre. His dance must look phantasmal. What a strange, fascinating animal it is! Its intelligence borders on the fabulous. It is to be found chiefly in Victoria, in Sherbrooke Forest. It is monogamous, and the hen lays one egg a year, but it takes four years for the chicks to grow up and they are then sent away from home to found a new one of their own. Thus the lyre-bird family always consists of the parents and four children. They live continually in the same nest, hidden away deep in the undergrowth, and have an ingrained sense of ownership. No lyre-bird will ever trespass upon his neighbour's domain, except in the breeding season, when the hens who are not so occupied will sometimes visit a neighbour sitting on her nest... The hen builds the nest and rears the children. The husband is merely there to dance and sing, to entertain his wife and children by means of his art. He lives in an atmosphere of constant adoration. His family worship him. When he begins to sing, they all stop eating—they are all very greedy and dig and scratch for food all day long — and watch

attentively, as if spell-bound, the strange dance of the head of the family. He scratches up a small dancing floor, a real little stage, and there he stands, spreading out his gorgeous tail feathers, stretching them above his body like a great lyre and rotates, singing at the same time the melody of his race, full throated and strong, mixed with clever imitations of all the sounds that his musical ear has picked up in the forest. He not only imitates all the various bird-calls, but even the sawing of a lumberman, the blow of an axe, or the tapping of a woodpecker. Tom sent me a disc on which his extraordinary song was recorded: cascades of laughter by kookaburras, cries of parrots, the call of bell birds -- it is fascinating! The lyre-bird is the actor of the forest, a bright, interesting comedian, who loves admiration and is delighted when the forest animals watch his performances. Unfortunately we heard only a few notes of his strong, full-toned voice from a distance. We also obtained a close view of his brown, unadorned little mate, who did not seem to perceive us. Parrots were screeching deep in the Bush and bell birds sang, their voices sounding like sharp little glass bells -- it would never have occurred to me that this was a bird-call.

Whilst in Melbourne I visited a woman's hospital with that great charity worker Mrs. Brookes, and admired three hundred and seventy infants and was photographed with some of them. I was also taken to the Home for the Blind. One should do such things more often. Why did it take a remote country like Australia to teach me that this is a way of giving joy? For it is a joy to those people. I saw that clearly. "They have something to talk about now", said the guide, and I believe that absolutely. I observed the pleasure on the quiet faces when he pronounced my name. Most of them had heard me on the radio. It was the same in the women's hospital. I arrived at the lunch hour, and the patients asked to have their lunch later, as they were much too excited to eat before they had seen me. It was very sad to see the little blind children in the

Home for the Blind. One of them looked like a small blond angel, but his sightless eyes which had never seen the light, were tragic to behold. I brought a quantity of chocolates with me, which pleased the children enormously. This Home for the Blind is furnished and managed in the most exemplary manner. The children gave me the impression of being very happy and it was a painful joy to see the contentment on the quiet faces. There were toys in profusion, the rooms are large, airy and painfully clean -- and every possible kind of provision has been made for teaching the blind, so that their life may be worth living and a compensation be given to them for what a cruel fate has denied them.

On another occasion I visited a small private clinic where there were twenty-six young German nuns. One of the patients had written me privately to ask if I could come, as all the nuns raved about me. That was a sensation! They all came into the drawing-room, flocking around the Mother Superior like bewildered white doves, radiant and happy.

But my most remarkable visit and the one which made the greatest impression on me was the one paid to the Salvation Army. The "Leader of the Army", Brigadier Winton, telephoned me and begged me so hard to come to their Institution, that I consented to do so. My faithful shadow, Miss G. and I were fetched by the "Brigadier" and a very nice old "Captain" -- and we drove out to the Old Men's Home, where they have, at present, men up to the age of ninety four, who have come there to die and are glad to go on living. I was much impressed by the good work which this (often unjustly ridiculed) Salvation Army does. They prepared a touching reception for me. A carpet was spread on the lawn, and all the aged men were there in their "Sunday best" to welcome me. I was greeted with the trumpet solo: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." Speeches followed of course, and photographs. A man of ninety four sang me a song about the "Holy Lamb". Then I was shown over the welfare establishment,

most touchingly planned. Each man has his own little room and his own clean white bed. How many of them had, perhaps, never slept in a regular bed before! This is an earthly Paradise for them. Each one with whom I shook hands said, instead of "How do you do" -- "God bless you..." Brigadier Winton asked me to write a few lines giving my impressions, which would be circulated with my photograph all over the world. Naturally I was very pleased to do it. I thought it very charming of them to ask me first whether I was willing to be escorted by Salvation Army members to my next appointment, at the clinic. They thanked me profusely when I said that I should consider it an honour.

Concerts in Tasmania interrupted the Melbourne season. Everyone told us that it would be dreadfully cold there, so I only took my fur coat and cap with me and they were just what I needed for the winter month of June... The ship was absolutely horrible. It was exactly like lying on blocks of ice... The beds were ascetically narrow and dreadfully cold. Mysteriously enough, I was the only one who slept well that night. It was so beautifully peaceful -- no noise of elevators, no tramping in the corridors. At 10 o'clock there was already a deathlike silence on the ship, the noise of the radio quite near me ceased -- and Otto, finding himself alone in an icy draught among chairs piled up on the tables in the so-called drawing-room, whose doors had been opened wide, was condemned to go to bed early. He climbed into his frozen couch at 10.30, with chattering teeth. A historic moment in his life... I hardly went on deck at all, it was so cold. I only enjoyed the inexpressibly beautiful sunset: the sea was like a dull, gleaming opal -- and hundreds of black swans floated through the melting, soft shimmering glow. Suddenly they rose up, and heavily flapping their wings, flew farther into the light, and the white feathers on the inside of their wings gleamed like silver. It resembled an orgy of colour imagined by a slightly disordered brain...

The ship sailed down the bay for about three hours before reaching the sea, and again three hours up a river in Tasmania in the morning. I did not see much of Launceston. It was so horribly cold that I stayed in bed nearly all day. The concert hall was unheated -- the absurd, pathetic little heaters were a farce in the enormous hall, which holds 2,500 people. I sang in my fur coat...

We drove by car to Hobart. The country was pleasing, though not exactly exciting. They say it is wonderful in the spring, about September, with all the golden wattle trees in bloom. We saw it rather bleak and bare. The Bush was not very dense and our eyes are too accustomed to a landscape of friendly hills to find it particularly exciting. We passed endless large pastures -- with magnificent flocks of sheep. We saw whole beavies of parrots, superb green fellows with red heads and lemon yellow breasts. The motor roads, beautifully kept up, were often lined with trees whose red berries glowed in the evening sun like a thick pearl necklace. These trees are quite bare of leaves in the autumn, but the berries completely cover their coronas. The golden cypresses are magnificent too, looking like enormous, broad, green shells, overflowing with gold. For on the inside the deep green changes to an intense yellow. A wonderful sight! In the hotel at Hobart we finally found the warmth for which we had been longing. How comforting it was to be able to sit in front of a nice hot fireplace at last... And my thoughts turned to Vienna -- roses were certainly blooming already in my garden and the lilac bushes must be loaded with blossoms...

We started for a walk -- but Fate overtook me right opposite the hotel: a very neglected looking, little brown dog, very much like my own Mehrle, was sitting in the wet grass by the church. I called to him in my usual way, but he slunk off timidly, with a hunted look, and limping slightly. A whole drama ensued, which Otto endured with accustomed patience. I fetched some food for

the dog, but it did not suffice, so I bought a large piece of meat -- but on my return he had disappeared mysteriously. Miss G. arranged for a radio appeal. Poor dog. I gave some money to a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they promised to look for him. I was terribly agitated and am sure the people at the hotel thought I was crazy. Never mind, the main point was to find him! I heard later that the Society were successful and had placed him in a happy home.

The concert hall in Hobart was even more arctic than the one in Launceston. Of course! I was obliged to sing in my fur coat, but of what use was that? It was a miracle that I did not catch cold. It is suicidal to inhale such icy air while singing. My breath was like a cloud before my mouth. I cannot describe how furious I was! I sent a Night Letter to the General Manager saying that a singer should not be expected to sing in a refrigerator and that the Commission would have to bear the consequences if anything happened to my voice.

We had to fly back to Melbourne, thank Goodness! as the boat was being repaired!! We made the trip instead in a beautiful modern plane, a large twin-motored Douglas machine. It was a lovely flight, forty five minutes first from Hobart to Launceston -- with beautiful Tasmania spread out below us like the map of a very orderly European state. Then -- after a short intermediate landing -- we reached Melbourne in an hour and three quarters. The plane rested more steadily upon the air than a car upon the road. Miss G. and Paul Ulanowsky were making their first flight and Paulchen punctuated the entire trip with gloomy forebodings. He was blissful to be flying, and Miss G. was extraordinarily "excited". Snow-white clouds were below us -- we flew for long distances at an altitude of about 9,000 feet -- with the ocean like a blue expanse of crinkled silk. Had we been flying lower we should have seen the very heavy swell, for, as we descended later, we felt how windy it was near the earth -- and into what



truly celestial spheres our pilot had taken us.

I found a telegram from the General Manager awaiting me in Melbourne, welcoming me back from the refrigerator to "lovely, warm Melbourne" — I had always grumbled to him about the cold there... It was very amusing when he arrived in Melbourne, and he travelled on to Adelaide with us.

We rented a house for the five days we were to be in Adelaide, which sounds more eccentric than it really was; first of all, it was guaranteed to be quiet — secondly it was much cosier, and thirdly it was cheaper than being in a hotel. We were there all together and sent Miss G. and Sophie, our "personal maid", on ahead to make the preparations.

After my farewell Matinée in Melbourne, Tom and his sister came to tea and joined in the din and confusion of our departure. Otto said suddenly: "I miss Miss G.", and even though it was meant as a joke, yet there was some truth in it. We had grown so accustomed to her, and I like her so much.

Everyone was at the station to see us off, including the Vice-Chairman and his wife and I was exceedingly sorry to have to say goodbye to them all, especially to Tom.

In the train we held another drawing contest. We each drew the other's features — that is to say, the General Manager drew me as an ugly witch, and I unfortunately turned him into an Adonis... We laughed heartily over it.

I was really glad to see Miss G. again at Adelaide station. Of course there was a host of journalists and photographers, also the local Manager. The Adelaide representative of the Commission is very charming. We all drove to the house. It was a very pretty villa and was put entirely at our disposal, including a maid and an enchanting white cat named "White Lady". It was overwhelmingly quiet, so quiet indeed after all the noise to which we had been accustomed, that it almost disturbed us. Paulchen said he would order a couple of men to come at night with hammers and bang under my window to lull me to sleep...

It was warmer in Adelaide, with flowers everywhere in bloom. Unfortunately it rained incessantly. After a long drought the rains had just begun... It was a great pity, because we should have enjoyed immensely the lovely veranda. There were fireplaces everywhere, and we bought a little oil stove for the bathroom, which, though rather smelly, did warm it... It was a marvellous change to be living in a house again. We spent a very happy and agreeable time all together in the villa, the white cat was sweet and Denah, the exceedingly nice maid, brought her dog, a fat terrier named Trixie, as a new boarder, for I so much like to be surrounded by animals. I greeted Trixie with such tempestuous joy, that, taking me for a lunatic, she never lost her distrust of me, and always gave a low growl when I called her...

Adelaide is a very attractive garden city. The whole quarter in which we lived resembled our Vienna "Cottage". At a morning kookaburras laughed from the trees.

We visited the Zoo, and were shown around by the Director. A lioness recently brought from New Zealand has been christened "Lotte Lehmann", after me. We went to the koala farm too, of course, and loved the sweet, gentle, sleepy little fellows who clung around our necks like thick, woolly mufflers... A seal leads a happy life in his big pond; he was very friendly and followed us like a dog for quite a long way through the garden, shuffling along comically, step by step, behind us. He climbed up a narrow ladder on to a tree and then dived into his pond with an elegant swing and a ball poised on the tip of his nose. When we came back from our tour of inspection, he was lying comfortably on a garden bench under a spreading palm tree...

One day we visited a large "sheep station". We drove with Miss C. through lovely hilly country for about three and a half hours, to Amlabie, the gigantic estate of Mrs. Dutton, who was very charming and with her family received us most

hospitably. It is a really typical Australian sheep farm -- with 27,000 sheep!! -- an immeasurable domain. The residence, a beautiful old manor house, is surrounded by an extraordinarily well-tended garden, which Mrs. Dutton looks after herself. She loves each tree as if it were her child, knows every plant and watches its growth and development. One of the splendours of the garden is an incredibly beautiful pepper tree, tall and spreading, with brilliant green foliage. We took a great many photographs, including some of the large, fat sheep. It was very interesting to see the sheep-shearing establishment, although I should not like to see it in use, for I am quite sure the poor sheep are not treated as if they were having their hair cut by Monsieur Antoine in Paris...

Both my concerts were completely sold out, so that I gave a third, an extra one. I can be really happy about this tour, which in little more than two months made me quite astoundingly popular throughout Australia.

We bade a touching farewell to Sophie, my personal maid, whom we had brought from Melbourne, who had been very nice and helpful, and to Denah, who, clasping the cat in her arms, burst into tears when she said goodbye to us. They are both very dear girls.

Owing to the extra concert in Adelaide, we were obliged to fly to Perth. The 'plane was just as large and fine as the one which brought us from Hobart to Melbourne. We arranged to leave at noon on the Sunday, to stay overnight at Forrest -- which is in the desert -- and to arrive in Perth the next morning. We all looked forward to it, and even Miss G. was full of courage.

Our 'plane, the "Bungana", looked like a gigantic gleaming silver bird when we arrived at the airport. There was a crowd of people there, consisting mostly of persons who had come to see me off, many of them with cameras. The start was rather disquieting for a superstitious person like me: we had to turn back because of a loose valve on one of the wings... But the flight was glorious. A quite unforgettable experience, I might almost say the culminating point of

all my impressions of Australia. We beheld a sunset over the desert which mere words are too poor to describe: the earth below us, a desolate rocky expanse with no sign of life or vegetation, was of a deep red colour. In the sunset the world beneath us glowed in a tinge of dark ruby red, broken only by deep purple shadows. We were flying between mountains of snow-white clouds, which the sun's last beams had tinted with pink... Occasionally a tiny one would sail quickly by, quite close to us -- and we ourselves were as the clouds, comrades in the air, floating between the pale blue heavens and the fire-coloured earth... It was ecstasy, an intoxication of colour in the infinite universe...

We spent the night in Forrest, a little "Rest House" in the desert -- and never in my life have I realized so completely the meaning of "perfect silence" as there. Oh, if only we could have stayed a few days! How peaceful it must be on the alternate days when no aeroplane, nothing, breaks the silence!! I was dreadfully tired and did not go around much -- but standing by the open window, I listened out into the night. For minutes on end there was no sound... Not a bird, not a cricket, not a frog... Silence... Breathless silence... The stars were quite close and very bright... I went to bed early, because we had to continue on our way again very early, before sunrise. There was a heavy fog the next morning. We soared above it and flew as untrammelled as birds into the clear blue sky -- beneath us lay an eerie billowy sea of fog -- like dead water... The flight was wonderfully steady again. We made a short stop for breakfast at Kalgoorlie, the centre of the rich Australian goldfields -- and our faithful "Bungana" was also given something to eat, in the shape of oil and fuel. Our pilot was charming -- he was much amused by Paul's remarks about the "last pleasure of our lives", and we greeted the Air Hostess with delight: she was the same one who had looked after us on the flight from Tasmania, Miss Grueber, a very nice, attractive person. Half an hour before reaching Perth I had to make a radio speech from the 'plane: "Hello, Perth..." I had just finished

saying how wonderful it was to be flying over Perth like a bird, and had told Otto how much I regretted that we were not flying to Europe -- when a sudden storm burst with terrific fury upon us. Rain lashed us fiercely, and the wind buffeted us up and down... The "Bungana" fought her way bravely through this upheaval of Nature. We all felt miserable, the only one who scarcely felt it was Paul. On the contrary, he apparently enjoyed this new phase of ineffaceable experiences. Miss C. sacrificed to the gods, Otto was as white as a sheet, and, like me, held the paper bag in readiness with trembling fingers... A few more minutes, and we should both have followed Miss C's. example... I felt as if all my insides were loose and being shaken back and forth in empty space... The "Bungana" was like a leaf in the wind. This inferno lasted for twenty minutes. We circled over Perth for some time -- and when we landed, we had to alight inside the hangar, because the landing ground was so flooded. The Chairman and the General Manager, who were waiting for us, said they had not expected us to be able to land. The storm through which we had flown was a most unusual one, a kind of hurricane, with thunder and torrential rain... Now that it is far behind me, it seems very romantic, and I like to keep it in memory.... Our pilot said it could not have been much worse, but that there was no actual danger.

We spent some delightful days in Perth with both the Commissioners. We were together a great deal, and I have never seen the Chairman so happy, unconstrained and free. We drew pictures of him -- but it was not at all easy to draw his finely shaped, characteristic head.

Thank goodness, all the publicity stunts came to an end. It was a blessing -- for my nerves were beginning to feel the reaction from the strenuous tour. Poor Miss C. was also worn out.

We attended a very long lunch, with many speeches, in the University, and then visited a coffee-house where there were two tame young kookaburras. I felt

so sorry for them that I sent Miss G. to try to buy them, which unfortunately proved unsuccessful. I would have given them to the Zoo, where they would have lived in an enormous aviary or probably have been given their freedom. As it is, they are on a dark balcony between the guest-room of the coffee house, and the kitchen, with all the clatter of dishes... They deceived them with a trick to make them laugh: by playing a record of laughing kookaburra voices -- on hearing this, the poor little creatures think that their fellows must be calling them, and they break into their funny laughter. But what do human beings know of this laughter? What does it signify? It is their only form of expression. Perhaps they weep at hearing the voices of their kind so mysteriously near... It made me terribly sad. The hairdresser in Perth, a Swiss, told me that he had two kookaburras once, that lived in his garden, with their wings clipped (like those in the coffee-house.) Every morning dozens of other kookaburras would come and sit on the garden fence and laugh with the two prisoners. --

We did not see very much of Perth, what with three concerts in one week -- combined with a great deal of bad weather. It was warm, but every few minutes a heavy tropical rain would pour down like a deluge. We could not plan anything. But my success followed me to the end and I finished off a truly brilliant tour with a final extra concert.

We spent a marvellous last day in Perth. It was a radiantly sunny Sunday, and we went for a lovely excursion with Miss G. through the beautiful countryside, and had a picnic lunch at the foot of a hill, in the true Australian manner. Miss G. fetched some fresh oranges for orange juice from a farmer, in front of whose grove we were sitting -- and we feasted on fruit, cold meat, lots of salad and sandwiches. Afterwards we took the remains down to the house, where the people recognised me and were anxious to show us their treasures: the peaceful view from the balcony overlooking the big orange grove, trees bearing pomeles,

enormous golden yellow fruit like oranges, with which they make jam. I was given a jar of it as a present. Unfortunately there was something in this house that also aroused my indignation: a very sick dog, who had been suffering for eighteen months from a skin disease and from horribly infected eyes. They had not consulted a vet -- there was none in the vicinity -- and they had done absolutely nothing for the animal. I interested a newspaper in his case -- they published an appeal to dog-lovers to write and advise what sort of treatment was required. It was the only thing I could do, as we left the following day.

The day before leaving I heard a young Australian singer who was recommended to me by delightful Professor Schneevogt, who was at that time enjoying great triumphs in Australia and whom I met in Perth. Miss Lorna Smith, a pretty, charming girl has a most beautiful voice. I did everything in my power for her in the short time before sailing. I am glad my efforts were successful in making it possible for her to study in Europe. In Melbourne I also heard a very promising and talented girl, Miss Katherine Castles. There are many beautiful voices in Australia, but so few opportunities! Broadcasting is the only possibility. There is a lack of teachers there to train the young beginners in knowledge of style, diction, phrasing and expression. Here is a great field for the future. But it will take some time.

I had already had a farewell interview with the General Manager, which was recorded and broadcast at the actual time of my departure. Besides that, I made a record of a farewell speech which was relayed all over Australia the day after we left. I did not even go out for all this, but spoke from my sitting-room in the hotel -- and the records were made through the radio. Really marvellous! --

We took the Chairman and the General Manager to the airport at dawn. They left in "our" "Bungana", and we greeted the pilot and the air hostess like old friends. Saying goodbye was very difficult for us all, and I think the tears

July 1st  
1937

The "Oronsay" is not exactly ornamental with its two tall, consumptive looking smoke-stacks. ~~The passengers are, with few exceptions, very mediocre.~~

As I am on a strict diet, the question of food is irrelevant to me personally.

*My husband*  
*Ulanowsky*  
Otto, however, yearns for Marie's flesh-pots. I frankly confess I do too...

*Ulanowsky*  
~~Paulchen~~ is on a "strict diet" with dessert only for lunch and feels like a hero.

For tea he takes a <sup>vacation</sup> "holiday" with lots of cakes, while I consume dry rusks in an heroic effort to lose my "Australian pounds"...

The first morning, yesterday, I was awakened by an unusual silence and found that the ship was standing still. "A fine beginning", I thought, "have we broken down already?" But it was something quite different: a cry of "Man overboard." A tourist-class passenger had thrown himself into the sea, but they saved him -- thank Heaven.

The "Oronsay" is steady and sea-worthy. It is quite rough today, but the ship rolls so very slowly that one scarcely notices it. It is much warmer already and today they have set up the swimming-pool, really a giant bath-tub, not very tempting... If tomorrow is nice and sunny, we shall bathe in it -- with the best will in the world one cannot call it "swimming"...



July 2nd.

It is already very warm and the humidity in the air is increasing. Great preparations for the tropics are being made on board: the ship is being covered gradually by giant awnings -- wherever the sun could possibly penetrate, protecting canopies are spread out. The cabins are already very close -- I am glad that we are boarding a modern air-conditioned ship at Colombo. There are enormous electric fans functioning in the dining-room, but if the air becomes much hotter, they will not be of much use. But the decks are very airy. Whole partitions, consisting of doors, have been unhinged, so that there is just one large airy room amidships, spreading from one side of the ship to the other.

~~Yesterday the Captain had his "day off"; he played deck games and danced with zest in the evening.~~

~~This morning I was in the Swimming-pool by 7.30, and it was very refreshing.~~

July 3rd.

The sea is continually rough. There are white caps as far as the eye can reach. The "Oronsay" rolls so slowly, it is scarcely perceptible. The air is warm, as if heated, but the strong breeze makes it quite bearable. We all go about in sun-bathing costumes. It is only stuffy in the cabins. The swimming-pool is refreshing, even though the water is rather tepid. I go in swimming morning and evening. The day after tomorrow, on the 5th, we cross the Equator, and early on the 7th we are due in Colombo -- afterwards, on the 8th, we continue our journey on the <sup>german boat</sup> "Scharnhorst".

I decided today to ~~turn down~~ <sup>cancel</sup> the rôle of the "Countess". It simply cannot be done. I should have to work during this entire journey, which is my only <sup>vacation</sup> ~~holiday~~ after my exceedingly strenuous tour. But above all: my brain is tired and refuses to cope with the difficult Italian Recitatives. The tropical air is enervating and saps all my energy. It was impossible for me to study during the

Australian tour. I am so sorry and feel very guilty -- but today I cabled my refusal. A great weight has been taken from me, and now I can get rested -- without constantly feeling the sword of Damocles over my head.

It is very cloudy today, and looks as if a heavy downpour of rain might come at any moment. They seem to be having a party in the tourist class. A Scotsman is swaying untiringly and playing his characteristic and monotonous bagpipe music. ~~Otto has just remarked: "Look, he is like the Lyre-bird, he dances and sings."~~

July 5th.

The cabins are almost unbearably hot. There are no cold air-shafts, and it is fortunate that we are changing over to the "Scharnhorst", for if it grows more sultry, it would be quite dangerous to stay in them. My morning and evening swims are scarcely refreshing. I am hopelessly lazy. There are so many letters to answer, but I simply cannot bestir myself. Now that the Countess in "Figaro" has been cancelled, all my energy has disappeared. We are still in a monsoon, but that is a good thing, because there is continually a strong wind blowing, which, though lukewarm, is rather refreshing. It is not so unbearable on deck. The sky is dull and grey, and at times it rains -- the "Oronsay" is very steady in spite of the monsoon.

July 6th.

This morning we heard the <sup>sad</sup> ~~bad~~ news that the poor fellow in the tourist class, who tried to commit suicide the first day, and was saved, actually did find a watery death after all. He jumped overboard at four o'clock this morning. A sailor saw him, gave the alarm, the ship stopped and made the prescribed circle to look for him, but he was no longer to be found. It has affected me very much, even though I did not know the man.

July 7th.

Where, in Heaven's name, shall I begin? How can I find words to describe what I have seen -- to retain the impressions which broke over us like tidal waves!? Not even the avid eye could take in a fraction of that Wonderland Ceylon -- how then can mere words possibly do justice to the description of what was seen! I feel like a lightning artist, who, in large crude strokes, sketches hastily upon his canvas something infinitely exquisite and worthy of being painted with the greatest love and patience... I have never been so fully aware of my impotence until now...

Yesterday was spent in preparations for departure, in the evening there was a cocktail party given by a very imposing, elderly Englishwoman -- dreadfully out of place in the sultry heat of the Equator. Our cabins were suffocating, notwithstanding that the windows were wide open -- and the night was really distressing.

We arrived in Ceylon harbour at six o'clock this morning. The ship lying at anchor felt like an incubator, so that after having the passport inspection and a hasty breakfast, we went ashore as quickly as possible. The ship was full of the most fantastic figures. Each one of the porters might have been an artist's model, and would have delighted any producer with an eye for colourful native scenes. In picturesque rags and tatters, their beautiful slender figures were of medium height, with weather-beaten faces full of character, they had a dark coffee-brown skin, and hair glistening with oil. We pushed our way between them to the motor launch, which took us ashore in a few minutes. The editor of the Colombo "Times", who sent me radiograms in a vain effort to persuade me to give a Recital, had come on board and took us in charge. The musical critic of another paper was there too with flowers -- and of course also a photographer... I never seem able to escape from these things...

The harbour is incredibly animated. We saw two big Japanese battleships on

their way home from the British Coronation, as well as a Dutch, a Swedish, a British and a German ship, quite apart from smaller cargo steamers. At the Custom House on the dock -- ~~the "Jetty"~~ <sup>the Jetty</sup> here -- we did not have to open our luggage, for it will be transferred immediately to the "Scharnhorst". We then motored with Mr. da Silva, who, funnily enough, has the feminine Christian name of Shirley, to the beautiful Galle Face Hotel, situated right on the ocean. The streets full of gay throngs... The Governor's house. Masses of glowing hibiscus blossoms everywhere, palms... Extraordinary carts to transport merchandise, covered with long roofs of plaited palm leaves, drawn by unusually small oxen... Rickshaws, picturesque, narrow vehicles with ample accommodation for one person, drawn by coolies. All these sights flitted before us like a highly speeded-up movie film...

First of all we bought some very necessary tropical helmets. Otto looks extraordinarily decorative in his, like the commander of a tropical regiment. I think I look rather idiotic in mine. Paulchen already hurried in Samoa into one, which is very becoming to him. We drove to the Mount Lavinia Hotel, only about twenty minutes from Colombo, for breakfast -- gloriously situated on a sheltered bay with a famous bathing beach, which we shall patronize early tomorrow morning... Palms of entrancing beauty are everywhere. Flowers in glowing colours -- the flame trees blossom here with more unbounded profusion than in Australia; all vegetation, in fact, flourishes with tropical luxuriance.

We drove back to the Galle Face Hotel, bathed, changed -- i.e. into even fewer clothes -- if that were possible -- and then set out for Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon, to visit the Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha. The town lies at an altitude of about 7,000 feet -- and the road leading to it was like a drive through Fairyland. In Colombo itself we saw remarkably few women. The men are dressed in a variety of ways, according to their caste. Many have long black,

flowing hair, saturated in oil. Others have their hair carefully combed and drawn back into a tight knob. There are many turbans... White is the predominating colour. However, there are also many glaring pink and violet robes... Red, blue, yellow, even golden turbans. The Buddhist priests with smooth shaven heads wear picturesque, artistically draped togas of vivid orange... There are men wearing strange gold combs, curved like a horseshoe, in their tightly drawn hair, above the knob at the nape of the neck... Most of them are naked from the waist up, and we admired their perfect build, their broad shoulders, their sinewy, dark brown backs above their narrow hips... The women, whom we saw later -- after leaving Colombo -- wear short close-fitting shirts, which encompass their chests and are cut away below them, rather like the upper part of a "Dirndlkleid"... A multi-coloured cloth, expertly twisted, is wound around as a skirt below their naked brown waists. All are barefoot. Both the men and women walk with a proud, swinging, stately gait -- probably because they are accustomed to carry weights on their heads and have thus learned to balance their supple bodies gracefully.

Our car raced through the luxuriant tropical landscape at hair-raising speed. Our chauffeur seemed possessed by a mania for breaking records, which no protests could stop. He passed all the other cars, which also were tearing along wildly, guiding it in terrifying and nerve-shattering curves in between people and animals, and boldly disregarding all corners. It is really a miracle that we should have returned safe and sound. Mr. da Silva was not at all worried. He sat in front, beside the crazy chauffeur and whistled unceasingly, more from good spirits than musical talent. I could not bear it any longer and at the end of two hours, I told him that in Europe there was a superstition about whistling. It was supposed to take away other people's happiness. This obviously made a great impression on him. He stopped whistling and instead, sang in an excruciating manner, all the way to Kandy and back... But after all that was not as bad...

He has eight children. I told him the joke about the baker with the enormous family, who was asked: "Pray tell me, when do you ever do your baking?" -- whereupon Mr. da Silva burst into unbounded laughter. At one moment he stopped laughing, to say very seriously and reproachfully: "Oh, Madame, that is a very naughty story" -- after which he was seized again by rapturous delight...

We passed innumerable rice fields, and saw what a hard life the men who cultivate them must lead: they work, standing deep in mire, completely naked except for a narrow loin cloth. Many of them use teams of buffaloes -- and we often noticed the buffaloes sunk in mud up to their necks. Rice is the staple food of the population. From the unlimited supply of coconuts they obtain the oil which is a vital necessity; for cooking, burning in primitive lamps and for greasing their hair. In driving through a village one can smell a strange mixture of overpoweringly strong aromas, flowers, tea, curry and coconut oil. The famous Ceylon tea is made everywhere -- in each hut the natives have their wonderful tea... Pineapples grow in abundance -- like weeds. The people hardly ever eat meat -- the Hindus are forbidden even to touch it -- they live on rice, coconuts, pawpaws, mangoes and pineapples. They all chew betelnuts, which stain the mouth a strong pink and also impart a pink appearance to the teeth. They spit the juice out in great curves, which looks frightful, like pale blood. I tried a little piece of betelnut, but it tastes very pungent and strong -- horrible!

We beckoned to some elephant drivers on the road, who brought their beautiful, strong, giant animals over to the car. They buy elephants for about £30 apiece, and then hire them out to do very heavy work.

Everywhere we saw masses of large, black crows. They are very persistent, sitting before the houses and begging. Flapping their wings and by insolent cawing, they demand food.

I saw relatively few dogs, and they were all extremely thin.

There is a breed of very small bulls here who run incredibly fast and are

used for racing as well as their usual work of pulling carts. They are kept artificially as small as calves: they are given alcohol from birth. Perhaps they are a little crazy to be so eager to race... This sort of thing ought to be forbidden...

The country through which we rushed is a luxuriantly growing palm forest, intertwined by creepers and abounding with flowers. A fabulous forest, with gay-coloured parrots and tiny sunbirds, whose brilliant colours change, like those of a chameleon, according to the position of the sun... Shortly before reaching Kandy the horizon, hitherto bounded by the thick growth of the jungle, broadens out to glorious mountain scenery -- a "Ceylon Semmering" with palm trees... We lunched in Kandy on tasty Indian curry -- and Paulchen and I made an attempt at elephant riding, the only success of which were some very grotesque pictures of me as a terrified and screaming rider...

Then we entered the Mosque of the Holy Tooth. We arrived during a service. The priest, clad in orange vestments, was speaking fervently with a fanatical expression and an impelling voice to his congregation, who squatted in a half circle around him on the floor, but our guide had no use for our awed deference, he advised me in a loud voice to take some good "pictures", and behaved most indecorously. He led us into the Holy of Holies, where a very nice priest showed us old, valuable books, with inscriptions scratched on palm leaf paper. He wrote my name on a palm leaf and gave it to me as a souvenir.

Driving back from Kandy to the hotel, we passed the magnificent, world-famous botanical gardens, overflowing with the glow of tropical colours and wanton tangles of luxuriantly growing plants -- and then raced, in the rapidly falling night, on the same road back to Colombo. The little glimmering red flames of the cocoanut oil lamps were burning in all the huts. There was a half-moon this evening, and we met a procession and many individual worshippers, making their way with arms full of flowers, vases full of blooms and primitive cocoanut-oil

lamps to the Mosques and Shrines, as is usual at the time of the half and full moon. Fireflies hovered in their thousands, like little green stars, in the palm trees and the low dense shrubs.

July 9th.

In reading through the above, I must confess with shame, that I have not begun to describe the wonder of it all. It is a dry sketch, nothing more. I certainly have imagination -- yet here the impressions were so overwhelming that imagination was quite eliminated, quite paralyzed. My eyes chased eagerly around for booty, my nose breathed in the perfume of the flowers with delight and enjoyed the strange, sweetly pungent smell which hung over the villages... But language fails me... I can merely attempt to record from memory a few scattered pictures which were bright stones out of the wonderful mosaic of Ceylon. For instance, the rose coloured glow which lay across the shining road as we drove homewards in the light of the setting sun. Everything around us was dipped in this delicate pink, the marshy rice fields shimmered like translucent pink quartz, the tall palm trees along the road had become fantastic silhouettes. Later, after it had grown suddenly dark, we observed a little yellow flame flickering up and down in front of a house by the road. These flames are a sign of prayer. Perhaps someone was ill in that house and prayers were being offered to Buddha for his recovery.

The rickshaws are all drawn by coolies, human beasts of burden, for whom I felt very sorry. They can cover as much as ten miles at a very fast speed. Bent slightly forward, they trot smoothly along like patient horses. They earn staggeringly little, about one pound per month, Mr. da Silva told us. On these wages they support large families. Incredible! Of course they are of an inconceivable simplicity. We took rickshaws back to the "Oronsay" last night to leave Paulchen on board. The sympathy I felt for our coolies prevented my thorough enjoyment of the lovely dark Promenade along the foaming shore, which was lighted



mainly by the little oil lamps of our three rickshaws... The only sounds were the eternal song of the sea and the smooth rhythm of our coolies' rapid running, bare feet. After an affectionate farewell to Paul -- we were so sad that just for the present we had to go different ways -- we returned to the harbour in a row boat. It was a romantic course between gigantic ships, rowed by two adventurous looking, half naked fellows, who, shortly before reaching the landing stage, tried to make us believe, in daring English, that it was dreadfully hard work to bring us ashore. They began wiping imaginary perspiration from their brows and protested continuously: "Hard work" -- They took leave of us, however, with benedictions on being given good, ample tips.

Our second day in Colombo was devoted to shopping. We returned to the Mount Lavinia Hotel at about noon and bathed, thoroughly enjoying the strong surf. ~~After~~ ~~packed after lunch,~~ and I drove back to the town with Mr. da Silva, because I was determined to buy some jade rings, carved out of a single stone, for friends, similar to the one Paul had given me as a parting present. Mr. da Silva bargains so fiercely that I feel ill with mortification. He is quite right, though: one has to bargain here. We bought, for instance, a superb, heavy jade chain for about half the original price. Although the dealer protested with loud groans that he ~~was~~ making no profit whatever on the transaction, yet his good-bye to us was sufficiently enthusiastic to assure that we had not completely ruined him... Unfortunately I could not find the rings for which I was looking. Instead of these, we discovered, after a long search, one of the magnificent robes of the Buddhist priests, which was sold to us after Mr. da Silva had explained that it was destined as a gift to a priest. I hope Buddha will forgive me for remaining silent... I found also some of the glaring purple-red silk worn by so many of the women, in the same native shop. Europeans hardly ever enter this shop, so I was a great sensation. (Mr. da Silva is an Indian of a higher caste.) The little shop became filled with inquisitive people. They all took a vivid interest in my

purchases. A ragged old man with a torn white turban sat there, looking as noble as a prophet out of the Old Testament. A young woman was nursing her child, surrounded by men. When I left, all the residents of the tiny street greeted me and waved to me.

Mr. da Silva accompanied us on board the magnificent ship, "Scharnhorst", which sailed this afternoon at 5.30. With his amazingly helpful assistance I bought an enormous, superb ebony elephant, which, though rather costly, was a very fateful addition to my already extensive menagerie. Otto turned quite pale when a porter carried the heavy beast into our cabin...

This ship is the most beautiful one on which we have ever travelled. All the rooms are large, airy and light. And clean — good Heavens! how clean! The cabins are gorgeous, the food first class. This is the way to travel...

July 10th.

Since we are going much faster than the good old "Oronsay", we are rolling much more. I do not feel very well. Unfortunately the ship is pitching enormously, which I do not understand, for the sea looks rather calm. Our very nice captain told me that it is owing to our speed. (The "Oronsay" travels at 16 knots, the "Scharnhorst" at 23). If only we do not strike a monsoon! I heard yesterday that in torrential rain they close all the ventilators to prevent the water from pouring in. That must be horrible. At present the temperature is quite bearable, only there is a great deal of humidity in the air. The day after tomorrow we enter the Red Sea. I am all curiosity...

July 11th.

Since yesterday we have been in a very heavy monsoon. Thank goodness it is not raining, so that the ventilators, at least, are open, although the cabin portholes have had to be closed. It is dreadful and I am feeling very miserable. I have

been in bed nearly all day -- ~~quite undressed, and covered~~ as little as possible by a sheet. Otto feels quite well. But of course he, too, suffers from the heat and from the dreadful pitching of the ship. I went on deck with him for a short time. The sea is a gigantic witches' cauldron, boiling and foaming. Spray is dashing over us unceasingly in a thick cloud and big waves are breaking right over the heavily rolling and pitching ship. Sometimes it looks as though a heavy rain were uniting the sky with the sea, but I think it is only spray. I cannot watch it for very long, it makes me feel seasick. Everyone says that tomorrow, when we enter the Gulf of Aden, the wild play of the monsoon will stop.

July 12th.

The night was still quite wild. A heavy lurch sent our elephant rolling off the deck and he broke his trunk. This accident revealed the fact that we were deceived by the guileless children of nature in Geylon: it is not ebony at all, but a perfectly ordinary light wood, very cleverly dyed. I wonder why the beast is so heavy! Otto thinks he may be hollow inside and filled with sand... I was feeling very miserable -- and did not care a brass farthing for all the ebony elephants in the world. This morning the sea was still very rough and the ship rolled considerably. But it was generally opined that at noon we should have a completely calm sea, as soon as we got "round the corner", or in other words, when we entered the Gulf of Aden. The "corner" is Asia and Africa...

It was funny: at 11.30 the storm began to diminish and on the stroke of 12 the sea resembled the Alster. *in Hamburg...*

The swimming pool was filled again and this afternoon we were able to enjoy a swim in the lukewarm water. The "Scharnhorst" is a gem. Marvellous service, and an excellent table. Everything is spotlessly clean and neat, and there are plenty of iced drinks and refreshments. We are very curious as to the heat of the Red Sea, which we enter tomorrow evening. It is said to be dreadful, particularly at this

time of year.

Tonight there is a Fancy Dress Ball on board, to which we ~~naturally~~ did not go. Otto and I went up on the top deck, forward, below the bridge, for a long time after dinner. It was so warm in spite of the wind which was blowing up there, that even the thinnest dress was a burden.

A fantastic night! We sailed along the broad silver ribbon of the moon as if that were our only course and goal. The water was like black, glossy silk, and the wide furrow of foam behind the ship resembled a rippling, rustling lace train... The stars above us were quite close, with a strong, shining light. It was the kind of night in which one expects the stars to come falling down like whizzing, gleaming arrows, aimlessly, into the darkness... One would like to send wishes to them and yet would forget to do so, being too languid to put one's wishes into words. It seems so fabulously unreal to me that we should be gliding along between Asia and Africa -- coming from Australia... The continents of the world are like brightly coloured balls in my thoughts. Perhaps I am dreaming all this. Perhaps the wonders of the whole journey ~~was~~ but a dream -- the flight over the glowing desert, the strange lyre-bird in the deep wilderness of the Australian Bush, the brightly coloured parrots on the palm trees, the golden cypresses in Tasmania... The motley and confused throngs of Colombo, the naked men in the rice fields, the Buddhist priests in their orange-coloured robes in the mosque, the sweet aroma which lies over the villages, that penetrating odour of flowers, cocconut oil, curry and tea... And tonight on deck, the salt taste of the sea on my lips, and the pungent, sweet aftertaste of the iced mango which refreshed me at dinner...

July 14th.

We entered the Red Sea yesterday at noon. We passed so close to Aden that we could see it quite clearly. It is a desolate spot! Sand and rocks, the lighthouse, oil-tanks, and flat, low houses cringing like distracted animals beneath the

merciless sun... For a while we could see the African coast on our left: a high, barren chain of mountains. Then came the Islands of the Nine Apostles -- all rather far away. We passed an enormous rocky pile with a lighthouse -- it must be enough to drive a person insane, in the true sense of the word, to be obliged to live there. The keepers are relieved every six months. What a horrible fate to be sent there!

It looks as if we are in luck -- touch wood! -- a constant breeze is making it cooler. Otherwise I think it would be almost unbearable. The most comfortable place is under the bridge. Otto and I stood there for over an hour last night. I had only my sun-bathing suit on and the warm night wind lashed me through and through. Of course after that one noticed the stifling atmosphere even more. It is dreadful in the cabins. Tonight we shall probably sleep on deck. Lying in bed is sheer torment, despite having the windows wide open. Yet I must confess I had imagined the Red Sea to be much worse. I heard such ridiculous exaggerations about it in Vienna. The monsoon was actually much more disagreeable than this present colossal heat. The swimming pool also eases the situation enormously. The water, which runs in continuously, is practically as warm as the air, and the fresh-water showers are, in fact almost hot, but by remaining in the pool a long time one feels quite revived. There are thirty eight Japanese among the first class passengers. Some of them are expert swimmers. It is very strange to see their yellow, porcelain faces floating on the water, with their smooth black hair spread out around them like seaweed. There is a beautiful young Chinese girl on board too, delicately built, like an ivory statue -- with jet-black eyes. Her dark silky hair is "permanently waved", and in her flowing Chinese clothes she is an odd mixture of modern tastes and ancient traditions.

We reach Suez tomorrow afternoon. We are going on the excursion to Cairo: a motor drive of three hours to reach there, a trip into the desert on the following morning, and the train journey to Port Said, where we board the

"Scharnhorst again.

July 15th.

It is considerably cooler already. Last night was quite pleasant, and the water in the swimming pool ~~registered a temperature of only 29 degrees instead of the usual 33...~~ I found it quite cool, as my whole being is saturated with the heat and glow of the tropics. -- We see ships from time to time, probably cargo boats, and the sea has lost the inert sluggishness, resembling seething oil, through which we glided yesterday and the day before. Today, on the contrary, there are gay little white caps everywhere on the horizon. We reach Suez at 7 o'clock this evening. They say the drive through the Sahara is marvellous.

July 17th.

We cruised along all day within sight of both shores. I noticed the coast on the right, which resembled a gigantic yellow cliff, inquired the name of that island and was told: "That is not an island, it is Asia." High mountains, bare of all trees and bushes -- sand covered rocks... We arrived at Suez at 7.30, and started on an amazingly badly organized excursion to Cairo. We had to wait first for what seemed an eternity, were then continuously sent around by mistake from place to place on the ship, which, now that it lay at anchor, had become an oven. Then descending the gangway in the darkness, we clambered over several boats and only by good luck were we eventually seated in the right one, for there was nobody there to give any information. The excited and shouting Arabs did not inspire much confidence. We landed after twenty minutes and were received by the manager of the expedition, an unmitigated fool. It is an exact description to say that absolutely nothing went right during the whole excursion... I am still surprised that we ever retrieved our suitcases, when I think of the wild looking men who snatched them out of our hands, and of how we stumbled blindly along after

our guide, in the darkness... We had ordered a private car for ourselves, but of course we did not obtain it. Mercifully, however, we were lucky: our travelling companion was a very nice gentleman who did not disturb us in the least. I was very worried about my bag, but whenever I asked the manager what had become of it, he simply said: "Never mind," instead of explaining that I should find it later at the Customs. Suddenly we arrived at the Custom House. We stood in a big crowd while my bag (which to my great relief was found) was carefully searched... Hot and exhausted we made our way back to the car and the drive began. We sped quickly through Suez, which looked like an old painting of the Orient.— there were Mohammedans dressed in long white robes and white turbans, women clad in black and heavily veiled and ragged children, all loitering about on the streets, sitting in front of the coffee-houses or sprawling on the sidewalks. It was already very dark, and my impression of Suez is of a picture in black and white...

3/ The long line of autos raged on and on... Desert everywhere.... The wide motor road was perfect in parts and then suddenly we would reach stretches over which we were thoroughly bumped and jolted. I looked in vain for the caravans of camels which I expected to see resting around a poetic camp fire... To the right and left of us there was only black emptiness. Once we stopped for ten minutes at a "Rest House", and then we proceeded at a frantic pace, arriving in Cairo after midnight.

Luxurious villas, inordinately tidy streets planted with tall trees like yews, which are trimmed to the strictest uniformity, many flame-trees laden with blossoms — that is the picture of the residential quarter. The centre of the city, on the other hand, is a picture of Oriental colour and outstanding raggedness combined in blatant confusion. I did not see very much of Cairo itself. We were too tired that night for any voyage of discovery, so we tried to go to sleep, a vain effort on my part, in the hot, stuffy room of the Continental Hotel. I could not leave the door of my balcony open, for two men were playing a noisy

game of cards on the street just outside and even through the closed door I could hear the violent slamming down of the cards. I yearned then -- as I lay sleepless -- for the fresh breeze which must be blowing through the open windows of our cabins on the "Scharnhorst", as it made its way through the Suez Canal... We were awakened at five o'clock next morning. I ran quickly to the window, but stopped half-way across the floor, because a large, disgusting brown cockroach was running towards me, but it stopped, as startled as I was, when it saw me. We stared at each other for an instant in distrust and loathing, until it took to flight. Weary after a sleepless night and badly in need of fresh air, we waited for our breakfast, which was served to us by festive looking Mohammedans in white robes, red fez and noiseless carpet slippers... Needless to say, we did not start on time. There was absolutely no reason to make us get up at five o'clock. The Pyramids were our first objective, so we were driven to the starting point of our prospective camel ride. Long rows of gaily bedecked camels were waiting with their noisy drivers for "clients". The drivers who looked, very suitably, like dangerous robbers and brigands, rushed at us with loud shouts, pulling us by the arms and extolling the merits of their camels. I clambered helplessly on to the back of one of the animals, which was grunting viciously. It was like being in a lion's den -- the various camels were uttering such muffled and menacing protests against this crowd of adventure-seeking humanity, who had to rush madly through Cairo in two hours... We set off in a long caravan through the sand and sun. My driver began asking already for his "baksheesh", and this was but the beginning of the robbery which characterized our whole expedition... Of course in Ceylon the begging and the constant tipping are also a pest, but there it is done with great naïveté, with irresistible charm and with beaming smiles. In Cairo I had the feeling of being surrounded by criminals, whose requests were really threats... An organised business-like exploitation of tourists in a most distasteful form.

There was not much time really to gaze with suitable awe at the magnificent



pyramids. We were posed in a group by a vociferous photographer, and then we proceeded to the Sphinx, whose enigmatical face has been photographed many thousands of times, and which we also used, both as object and "artistic background"... The granite countenance gazed impersonally, unapproachably and exaltedly into space, while we hurriedly drew out our cameras, listening at the same time with half an ear to the presto lecture of our guide, who prefaced all his sentences with "Several thousand years B.C..." Then back to the camels, back to the waiting cars. Our next goal was the Citadel. We had our own private guide, the necessity for whom was not very clear to me. At any rate it was his fault that I bought some horribly expensive perfume and some material in the Bazar with no attempt at bargaining, so that the Musselmen who sold them are doubtless still rocking with laughter... I asked him whether polygamy was still much in vogue, whereupon he explained that as many as seven wives are allowed. Good Mahommedans only had one wife. He was full of contempt for the seven-wived variety, but considered two or three to be "all right" -- Immorality seems to begin after three...

There is a wonderful view of Cairo from the <sup>imposing</sup> Citadel, which we were able to enjoy for a few minutes. Then our cars went hurtling through large crowds in the town, and the guide dragged us through the Bazar. It is a miracle that we had any money left in our purses by the time we returned to the safety of our car after a short and rash tour among the gesticulating, shouting and importunate shopkeepers. Shawls, carpets and scarab necklaces were still being thrust under our noses after the car was in motion.

To continue! The grandiose museum was our final goal. I wish I could spend at least a few quiet hours there, although to see everything would require several days. But even our condensed visit filled us with awe of the sublime and undying

art whose pure and lofty forms have triumphed over so many thousand years. We saw the coffin of Tut-en-khamen and his treasures, his statues in gold and precious stones. The mummy of the youthful <sup>king</sup> has been entombed again -- and however marvellous it may be that his treasures should provide a later civilization with an idea of bygone culture, yet to my romantic heart the act of robbing the dead and disturbing their eternal sleep seems almost shameful and pitiless. Tut-en-khamen has taken his revenge -- he killed those who invaded his resting place -- and I gazed with a shiver at the boyish mouth of gold, which could still utter a sentence of death after so many thousand years...

The museum was the impressive farewell to Cairo. We drove then to the station, and after a quarrel with all the guides and porters, who refused to be satisfied with large tips, and denounced all our money as "false", we sank exhausted into the upholstered seats of the train, which resembled heat pads...

Travelling through the Sahara, we inhaled the scorching breath of the blinding white desert, which sprinkled fine sand through the open windows and got into our eyes. Oases with palm-trees and wells pumped by sturdy buffaloes trotting in circles, alternated with long stretches of desolate and dreary sand. We were very glad when we saw water: for a long time our route lay beside the Suez Canal -- and eventually Port Said hove in sight, but much too late to save us from sweltering exhaustion. Otto was almost more worn out than I was -- I always laugh when I am blatantly cheated, but he worked himself into a rage at the thought of the "criminals" and could not see anything funny in their effrontery. Even now as I write, he has picked up the expensive bottle of perfume to pack, and I can hear him muttering: "Those rogues, those swindlers"...

The culminating point of our troubles, and at the same time their dramatic conclusion, occurred on our way to the motor-boat which took us back to our ship: we had first to go through the Customs, and as we traversed the short, but

grillingly hot and dusty road between the station and the Customs, three different porters rushed up to carry our one single suitcase, each one passing it along to another. Three times the usual argument ensued about the tip being too small, until we were quite speechless with anger... A quite superfluous "guide", a kind of robber-in-chief, walked beside us. He took us to the Quarantine inspection, where we had to fill in many forms -- at last we were dismissed with a magnificent gesture: "All right!" Then we were obliged to climb from one motor-boat to another, with fresh porters and fresh tips... Otto, in spite of his sunburn, was pale with anger. Finally -- in the fifth boat, without exaggeration -- we sat exhausted, overheated and exploited... Our "guide", who had been given already a more than sufficient number of shillings, now appeared and demanded more. He described with vivid gestures how hard he had toiled for us and now had a right to demand the wages for his honest work. Otto was actually on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and I was quite worried about him. Through anger and despair he was suddenly able to speak English and he shouted with bulging eyes: "I give not, no, I give not. You have already. Go away, I give not. Shut up. Where is the police?" The Mohammedan turned away with a supreme gesture of wounded pride. The tassels on his Turkish fez shook with rage over the "Shut up." "Oh! thank you, Sir, thank you for your Shut up!" he said with dignity, and then as he left the boat he turned back, held his hand out, and said with a despairing grin: "Five shillings, Sir..." But Otto glared at him savagely, and he disappeared.

We boarded the "Scharnhorst" feeling that we had escaped from pirates, and with the aid of a very enjoyable shower-bath, became civilized human beings once more. It was pleasant on deck in the fresh evening breeze. We stood up on the top deck, clean and tidy again, and watched the bustle of departure. Boats, laden with the costly wares of Arabia, and full of shouting and gesticulating rascals, invited people to make a final purchase and be cheated anew. To Otto's horror, I

bought two little tapestries portraying a sunset, the sphinx and some camels. The articles were sent up in nets, and the money then placed in a waterproof bag and let down to the boat. Wild bargaining was carried on by shouting from the deck to the water below. Our motoring companion, the nice gentleman with whom Fate had thrown us on this excursion, bargained for me, so that I was able to obtain the things at half-price. That, however, was still too much, judging by the dealer's friendly smile...

A diver for coins had been circling around in the water for hours. He had already shouted himself hoarse. Suddenly, just before we sailed, he appeared on the top deck, calling: "Look, see, look, see"... and explained to us by gestures that he was willing to dive from that height.. Having obtained our money, he then scuttled hastily down to a lower deck and plunged in from there, amid general laughter... With a friendly grin, he waved us farewell...

At last we soured off, away from the vividly animated harbour, out of the colourful picture of arriving and departing ships, and left behind us the straight and narrow path of the Suez Canal, which a large steamer heading for Suez, was just about to enter... Past the many sailboats whose tall masts stood out in gentle, soaring curves like enormous half-moons against the golden evening sky, past the statue of Lesseps, who built the Suez Canal, we wended our way homewards. The blue water of the Mediterranean beat against us -- and we could feel Europe's protective and homelike proximity. Our ship sailed steadily and quietly westwards, along the wide path of red and gold which the setting sun had painted with shining rays upon the sea. Stars appeared, and the last light of evening was extinguished by purple shadows. The Great Bear, peaceful sky-mark of the Northern Hemisphere, stood out clearly above our heads.

I said to Otto, gazing up at all the millions of stars: "When I am born again, I want to live on a different planet. I know too much of this world,

too many continents. Now I want to see something new, something quite, quite different..." And Otto replied from the depth of his heart: "I want to be a Viennese again and lead a settled life..."

And so ends the diary of my travels.

We are approaching the coast. We can already see beautiful Italy — and when from tonight and the dawn of tomorrow a new day will be born, Europe will claim us once more. In Salzburg fresh work is awaiting me, in Salzburg I shall meet many people and things that are very dear and precious to me.

We shall see our native trees again, forests without palms, we shall see pines and beeches, and hear the "Salzburg Schnerl" rain tapping against the windows. Oh, how I am looking forward to that! It will not be the wild pelting tropical rain, bending palm trees under its torrent and making the strong eucalyptus groan — no, it will fall instead slowly and gently upon the dark woods, like a beautiful, soothing melody... I should never have believed that the thought of rain could make me so happy.

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