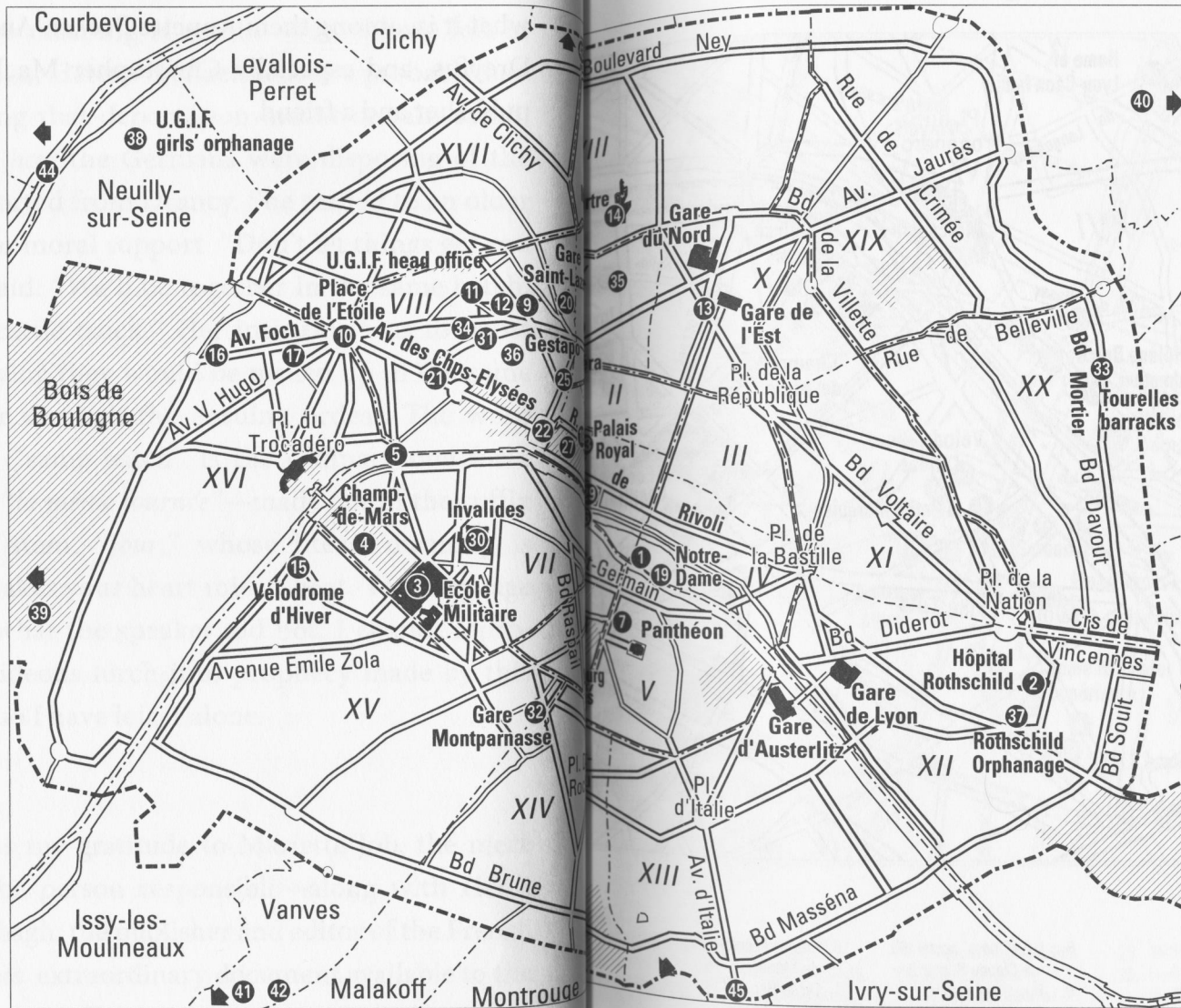


1. Hélène Berr's Paris



- | | | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|--|--|
| 1. Préfecture de Police | 9. Eglise Saint-Augustin | 18. Galignani bookshop
(224, rue de Rivoli) | 27. Tuileries | 35. Rue de la Tour
d'Auvergne | 39. Saint-Cloud (home of
Jean Morawiecki) |
| 2. Hôpital Rothschild
(11, rue Santerre) | 10. Place de l'Etoile | 19. Notre-Dame | 28. Place du Carrousel | 36. Gestapo interrogation
center (11, place
des Saussaies) | 40. Drancy |
| 3. Ecole Militaire | 11. U.G.I.F. head office
(19, rue de Téhéran) | 20. Gare Saint-Lazare
(station serving
Aubergenville) | 29. Louvre | 37. Rothschild Orphanage
(9, rue Lamblardie) | 41. Clamart |
| 4. Champ-de-Mars | 12. U.G.I.F. offices (29, rue
de la Bienfaisance) | 21. Champs-Élysées | 30. Invalides | Outside Paris | 42. Le Plessis-Robinson |
| 5. Pont de l'Alma | 13. Faubourg Saint-Denis | 22. Place de la Concorde | 31. Salle Gaveau
(45, rue de la Boétie) | 38. Rue Edouard Nortier
Neuilly (U.G.I.F. girls
orphanage) | 43. Enghien |
| 6. Luxembourg Gardens,
Sénat | 14. Montmartre | 23. Palais Royal | 32. Gare Montparnasse | | 44. Aubergenville |
| 7. Sorbonne
(English Department) | 15. vélodrome d'Hiver | 24. Opéra | 33. Tourelles barracks
(boulevard Mortier) | | 45. Beaune-la-Rolande and
Pithiviers |
| 8. Synagogue
(44, rue de la Victoire) | 16. Avenue Foch | 25. Eglise de la Madeleine | 34. Office of Etablissements
Kuhlmann
(rue de la Baume) | | |

Also I'll never be able to listen to the Adagio from the B Minor Concerto again without wanting to weep. I found it hard to recover my balance. I only got a grip during my walk around the Latin Quarter looking for a copy of Thucydides for Jacques. I went to Gibert and to Didier, on rue Soufflot and boulevard Saint-Michel. Browsing brought me back to normal.

I finished the day at Grandma's.

Claude Mannheim died yesterday after two months of pain. There can be no deeper despair, no pain less easy to assuage, than losing a husband when you are young. Denise is left with two little girls. What can life mean for her now?

Thursday, June 18

Artisanat, Methey.

I slept for a quarter of an hour after lunch. It reminded me of Bergerac.

Pierre Detoef came by at 2:30.

Afternoon at Jean's. But I didn't see Jean, or hardly. First Denise Sicard came by. Then Claudine tried to make me play. Then Mme Simon came and I played with her.

I had to leave at 6:30 to give Mme Fauque her lesson.

The Brocards and Mme Lévy came to dinner.

Thursday

Have I been crazy until now, and am I finally seeing things clearly?

Have I gone mad?

This evening I received four postcards from Gérard. He cannot know what is going on inside me. He has confidence; despite my coolness he is confident. He doesn't know what else is going on. He is waiting for us to get back together. Three weeks ago that would have made me hope that we might find happiness. This evening it just makes a painful impression.

I do not know if I am right.

A month ago, I was rudderless. Now, something in me has turned in another direction, because I have tried to live normally, as if there were nothing to prevent my doing so. And now look what happened.

I think it was inevitable. It had to happen. From the start I have been wondering if it wasn't just because I knew no one else that I committed myself. Nobody, not even Maman, understood my anxiety. Yes, perhaps Yvonne did, but she is so far away now.

I struggled for a week. But what's the use? If that had to happen, I cannot and should not prevent it.

I don't know if the other thing is certain, only it made me realize all at once that the first time I had given nothing of myself.

Or rather, that only my head was involved. You can't love with the head and the mind.

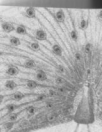
Is it because I don't see him that I don't love him in other ways? That's the question.

I always thought that I was missing something in Gérard.

Am I right or wrong?

If he was there, and if there was nothing between us, I could choose freely. But the mere fact of being committed torments me and perhaps prevents me from seeing things clearly.

I cannot deny that I am committed. But I don't know how it



happened. It all comes from liking to write letters too much.

It should be done again, from the beginning. Now I cannot see the future at all, not at all.

Last night I went to bed in tears. I had spoken to Maman. She had come in to say goodnight and wouldn't leave. I knew she was waiting. I told her, and then regretted doing so, because I misrepresented my thinking, because I don't know if I mean what I say, because saying wrong things is unfair, because I don't want people fussing over me, because it just made me cry.

And when I awoke this morning, the argument was still there and ready to go inside my head. What's more, I am emptied out, as if after a fit of crying.

I am rereading yesterday evening's postcards. They affect me in spite of myself. But that's because they make me feel pain, as if something had been lost, as if something is over.

How did I come to allow him to write to me like that without my loving him? As I read, I tell myself I am losing something wonderful. But when I think about it, the old dualism resurfaces.

I wrote a reply.

An evasive, disappointing, discouraging message.

When I started writing it, I suddenly remembered how much I enjoyed writing to him before. It felt as if something had been broken; I was paralyzed.

I must have been blind before. I should not have written like that since I was not sure of my feelings.

But is it true that everything is clear now? Or am I blind? And if everything really is clear, am I not going to find myself facing a desert?

Singleness of mind.

M. Boisserie to lunch.

Music at the Lyon-Caens'. I was terribly irritated and completely mindless. Françoise noticed.

When M. Lyon-Caen left, I stayed behind to chat with Françoise [Masse], and I felt better. I went to collect Maman from Grandma's.

I forgot my handbag at rue de Longchamp.

Saturday, June 20

I went back to collect my handbag. Françoise had forgotten to leave it with the concierge. I went up and rang the bell three times. That door had become familiar and almost hostile; I had stopped liking it. Nobody was in. On my way down, I met M. Lyon-Caen on his way up; I went back up with him, and he searched Françoise's room, to no avail. I was vaguely aware of the comic side of the situation, the two of us on our own in the apartment where I was almost a fixture. But I didn't feel like laughing.

I left without my handbag and took the métro to Saint-Augustin. From there I walked all the way to Galignani's bookshop. I bought a book of Walter de la Mare's poetry.

I was in a foul mood at music practice and wasn't even able to try to shake it off.

And now Denise is driving me to despair with her pain. She too is in pain, but she doesn't talk about it. But I know.

Wednesday, June 24

I wanted to write this last night. But I was too shattered and couldn't manage the effort.

I am forcing myself to do it this morning because I want to remember everything.

The first time I awoke and saw the morning light through the blinds, it abruptly occurred to me that this morning Papa would not have his usual breakfast, that he would not be coming to the breakfast table to get his toast and pour his cup of coffee. The thought was immensely painful.

That was only my first waking, and gradually (I often drifted back to sleep) other thoughts came to me, making me realize what had happened. I am still waiting for the sound of keys jangling in his pocket, of him opening the shutters in his bedroom; I am still waiting for them to get up, because he's the one who turns on the gas. At those moments, I can grasp it. At this moment of writing, I am not managing very well.

It was yesterday, about the same time as it is now. I'd been out twice in the morning. The first time to look nearby for some cottage cheese for lunch—Simone was coming. The second time I took the 92 to Etoile to go to the *Artisanat*, and from there I went to the American Library. As I was supposed to return home with Papa, I thought I was too early, so I hung about on rue de Téhéran.

When I got to rue de la Baume, I found the whole Carpentier family standing in front of the concierge's office. I said hello to them and they barely acknowledged me. They looked worried, so I didn't insist, just patted the dog and, with Mme Carpentier still as silent as the grave, went into the entrance hall without another word. Haraud came in behind me; I thought it a bit odd that he should follow me but then had a second thought—perhaps he had something to do inside. What also calmed my suspicion was that when I said: "It's pleasant in here," he replied: "Yes, it's nice and

cool" in a completely natural way. But when I started up the stairs, he carried on following me. And again my curiosity was excited. I asked if Papa was in; he said no. Now I recall that his answer was rather muddled. He was telling me to go and see the Chairman. I said: "Papa will come back." He said yes, but I'm not sure he really knew what he was saying. At the top of the stairs I saw Carpentier, who was on duty as doorman, and I asked a second time if Papa was in. He replied: "No, but if Miss would like to see the Chairman . . ." At that point my curiosity turned into apprehensiveness; I saw Haraud and Carpentier exchanging glances. All this mysteriousness was getting on my nerves. Yet because I did not want to seem overly dramatic, I kept my suspicions at bay with amazing ease. But when Carpentier opened the door for me into M. Duchemin's office, I thought: "Now I can let go," and I kept nothing back. M. Duchemin stood up and I said: "What's going on?"

He began by saying: "Well, Hélène, I saw your father this morning and he left a note for you." I didn't understand a word he was saying, or what he went on saying (afterward I had to ask him all over again), but I realized that they had come and arrested Papa. I suddenly realized that I wasn't listening to anything he was saying. When I'd gone in to the office I had been thunderstruck by Duchemin's face. I knew he had eczema, but this time he looked green, with a two-day stubble, and he stank of Junoxol. All the same I grasped that he was going to take me home in his car and that he wanted to inform Maman. And the note, I kept that too. It was on Kuhlmann letterhead. I remember it was even dated, at 9:30 a.m. on June 23, and in Papa's neat hand: "A police officer is taking me to rue de Greffulhe and from there to the German

office." And then, after a blank space: "I do not know why."

Underneath that: "It may be that it is not to be arrested or interned." "I let Maire know," and then, at the bottom of the page: "My wife has not been told, as I do not know the outcome of the matter. Yours affectionately and respectfully."

I can still see it, that sheet of paper.

Then M. Duchemin closed his inkwell and folded some papers, and we left. I pieced things together in the car. But it was above all the way he told Maman: at 9:30, when he got to the office, he found a police officer taking Papa away. Papa hadn't expected to see him, which is why he wrote the note.

I was in a kind of fog, I was unable to speak. M. Duchemin twice tried to break the silence, by asking after Yvonne, and by congratulating me on passing my exams. The weather was splendid. I could no longer quite understand why the whole of Paris looked so beautiful on this radiant morning in June. The sun always shines on disasters.

When it came to climbing the four flights of stairs to the apartment, I kept wondering how I was going to tell Maman. I went up the first three flights one step at a time, but I took them two by two on the last flight, to get there first (M. Duchemin was running out of breath), and Louise opened the door, and I glimpsed her astonishment at seeing Duchemin come in without my saying a thing. Maman was at her writing desk in the drawing room. I went in and said: "Maman, M. Duchemin is here . . . I think that . . . Papa has been arrested." M. Duchemin came into the room at that instant and there was nothing more for me to say. Maman stood up abruptly. Then they sat down again, and M. Duchemin told the whole story. That's how I heard it all. When I had got it straight in my mind, I went to tell Denise, who was practicing on the

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piano. That was when it really hit hard. Denise stood up, I tried to finish as quickly as I could, I was talking almost in monosyllables. I remember her sighing or groaning, and I had to stop her from falling over. Then we went back into the drawing room.

M. Duchemin had stood up ready to leave. Maman remained seated in the armchair. She put her hand to her forehead, saying over and over: "I've gone numb, I've gone numb." I knew what she meant. The difference is that she has now realized, and I still have not. She phoned Auntie Germaine.

Around 12:30 the phone rang, the voice was that of a man we did not know. We understood in a flash: it was the police officer who had arrested Papa, so I took the second earpiece to listen in. It was very strange listening to an outsider telling the story. It made it true, gave it the ring of authenticity. Up to that point it could only be something that belonged to us, that perhaps did not really exist. But from then on we knew it had really happened. Something irremediable had happened.

The officer said that Papa would have been released had his star been correctly stitched on, because the interrogation at avenue Foch had gone well. I protested and so did Maman. She explained that she had put it on with hooks and press studs so Papa could wear it on his different suits. The officer went on insisting that the press studs were what had prompted Papa's internment: "At the Drancy camp all the stars are stitched on." So that made us realize that he was on his way to Drancy.

I'll remember lunch that day for a long time. Simone was there. We were silent. Amazingly, I was hungry and ate with gusto. Maman phoned Mme Lévy to tell her to come up. When she sat down at

carriage when I suddenly realized that the harsh words of the inspector were addressed to me: "You there, in the other carriage." I ran like a hare not to miss the train, and when I got into the last-but-one carriage, tears were pouring from my eyes, tears of rage, and of protest against this brutality.

In addition, Jews are no longer entitled to cross the Champs-Élysées. Theaters and restaurants are off-limits. The news has been couched in normal and hypocritical terms, as if it was an established fact that Jews are persecuted in France, as if it was a given, accepted as a necessity and a right.

When I thought about it, I boiled with such rage that I had to come into this bedroom to calm myself down.

Went to the Charpentier gallery with Nicole and Bernard, who took us back to his place for tea.

Saturday, July 11

Music practice. Afterward, the Pineaus and Françoise Masse as well as Legrand were here. Played the "Trout" Quintet. I wasn't the hostess I wanted to be. Around 6:30 . . . the corset maker and Mlle Monsaigeon called. When I returned to the lounge, it was too late. Everyone was leaving. The Simons came after dinner.

Sunday, July 12

Aubergenville with Mme Lévy.

Monday, July 13

Jean Morawiecki at the library. He walked back here with me without waiting for his exam results.

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Tuesday, July 14

It's gray and heavy. I don't know where I am. I've just written three spiteful postcards. I wonder if all my "scruples" are real or if I am not in the process of destroying my own happiness.

I'm also wondering if it isn't the other thing that is making me nasty. I am more divided than ever. I received three more postcards this morning. Every one of them is a torment now, because each one asks the question more pointedly. I acknowledge his right to be brutal and to resent me. What astonishes me is that he has not been like that more often.

Will I not *wake up* one morning and realize that all this is just fantasy, and that I've lost my chance to be happy?

Wednesday, July 15, 11:00 p.m.

Something is brewing, something that will be a tragedy, maybe the tragedy.

M. Simon came round this evening at 10:00 to warn us that he'd been told about a roundup for the day after tomorrow, twenty thousand people. I've learned to associate the man with disasters.

Day began by reading the new order at the shoe shop, also ended the same way.

A wave of terror has been gripping everybody else as well these past few days. It appears that the SS have taken command in France and that terror must follow.

Without saying so, everybody disapproves of our staying. But when we broach the subject ourselves, disapproval is expressed in no uncertain terms: yesterday, it was Mme Lyon-Caen; today, Margot, Robert, M. Simon.

a twenty-one-year-old boy like me. It revolts me." I know what's in his mind, I'm afraid of him dying a young and glorious death. Chivalry is his nature. It's magnificent, but at the same time it fills me with sadness. I can't define the feeling.

The friendships that have been made here this year will remain marked by a kind of sincerity, depth, and grave affection that no one will ever know. It is a secret pact sealed in struggle and in suffering.

I came home at 12:30. Maman's and Denise's eyes were red. I didn't ask what the matter was, I waited for it to come out. Denise was crying simply to cry; she's right. But the indirect cause was the news that we really would have to leave. Maman went to see René Duchemin this morning; he's always been extremely calm and optimistic; only today he said we had to think about leaving.

This is more or less what happened on Thursday:

Since French workers refused to leave for Germany, Laval sold Polish and Russian Jews, thinking nobody would protest. The workers are disgusted and even less inclined to go. There's yet a third consignment of Jews (Turks, Greeks, and Armenians), and after that, it will be French women.

6:00 p.m.

I am blank, I don't understand anything about today.

After lunch, Denise and I went to [the U.G.I.F. on] rue Claude Bernard. They gave us a severe dressing-down. On leaving I felt it was so well deserved that I didn't even want to fight back. I thought about this all the way home. We were walking side by side. I must

have looked fierce. Our thoughts led to a decision to write a letter to M. Lefschetz. Beforehand, I dropped in at the Department, where Mlle Moity passed on a message from M. Cazamian that I should not wear my jacket in the library, and one from Denise Keuchelievitz, that she was leaving [for the Free Zone]. In other circumstances that would have upset me a bit. But I felt I was living inside a bad dream and that everything had changed, all the familiar surroundings of the Latin Quarter and the Department, and that I didn't care.

Tuesday, July 21, evening

Other details, from Isabelle: fifteen thousand men, women, and children at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, so crowded together they can only squat, they get trodden on. Not a drop of water, the Germans have cut off the water and gas mains. The ground has turned into sticky, gluey mud. Among them are sick people hauled out of hospital, people with tuberculosis wearing "contagious" signs round their necks. Women are giving birth right there. No medical help. No medicines, no bandages. It takes an infinite number of applications and permits to get inside. In any case first aid is being stopped tomorrow. They will probably all be deported.

On Thursday Mme Carpentier saw two goods trains at Drancy in which men and women had been stacked like cattle, without even any straw, for deportation.

Mlle Fauque just came by. She doesn't have the time for her lesson. I prefer it that way. A lesson would have returned us to normal, as of two weeks ago.

She knew everything; from her I also heard that a woman had

Sunday, September 20

Never have I had any sense of foreboding until now. All this week it has hovered over me. Yesterday I understood why. Yesterday morning there was a lot of excitement at rue de la Bienfaisance. There was a lot to do. I was set to leave at 11:30 to fetch the letter from avenue de la R. When I mentioned Papa's *pneu*, the ladies all said: "Yes, we know (that they're starting to deport Frenchmen from Drancy)." There was nothing but urgent requests for certificates or warm clothing. At 11:45 I was still there. M. Katz arrived. I had something to ask him. He was talking to his wife. He turned round and said: "Warn all the people who have loved ones at Pithiviers to be here by 10:00 tomorrow with warm clothing etc." I understood, with horror, that that meant "mass deportation from Pithiviers."

This morning as I left, the concierge told me that as a consequence of an "outrage" the entire population was to be punished and would only be allowed on the streets from 3:00 p.m. until dusk, 116 hostages have been shot, and there will be "mass deportations."

So that was what it was.

6:00 p.m.

I find myself wishing that this day would be over and that time would move on; suddenly I realize that there is *nothing* to hope for and everything to fear in the days to come and beyond.

At times my awareness of imminent misfortune is muted. At all other times it is acute.

M. R. described to Denise what goes on prior to a deportation. Everyone is shaved, they are parked behind barbed wire, and

then they are piled into cattle wagons without any straw, and the doors are sealed.

Everything is being gotten ready and everything is waiting, as for the last act of a play. Pierre Masse was transferred from the Santé prison to Drancy on Friday. Apparently he said he knew what that meant. So they are all brought together and prepared for this horrible thing, for this event that will be felt as a worrying silence, a distant exile and uninterrupted suffering from the moment it occurs.

A strange day. Everyone is staying indoors. In the maids' rooms up at the top of the building, people are looking out of the windows. There's a strong wind sweeping clouds across a blue sky.

A lady called during lunch. She had come out of Drancy yesterday, and she came to give news of M. Lévy, who is unstinting in his devotion to others. He took care of the children in the camp and took them for walks. The camp has to be emptied by Wednesday. What are they going to fill it with now?

In eight days this woman who ate nothing and slept on straw has seen horrible things. Convoys leaving, two girls who had been arrested at the same time as she had been were deported last Wednesday wearing summer frocks and canvas shoes.

Thursday, October 1

We walked for two hours; we began talking in rue Guynemer and didn't stop until the Alma métro stop. From Les Invalides I talked as if in a dream. I saw nobody in the streets, though they were crowded.

Friday, October 2

Went to Dr. Redon to have a whitlow lanced.

Job here. I didn't practice violin and potted the entire afternoon getting ready for tomorrow's walk around Paris.

Saturday, October 3

Nicole and I each had four children to walk around Paris between 9:00 and 11:00. My route was from Palais-Royal to rue Claude-Bernard. I showed them the Louvre from all sides. I got quite excited about it. From pont des Arts I watched the sun break through the gray mist, like a promise of joy.

The afternoon, on the premises, was quite long. I left before the end to hear Jean Vigué, but he had already gone.

Sunday, October 4

Marvelous.

I spent the morning writing my letter.

In the afternoon after an obscure meeting at rue Vauquelin I came back up here with Nicole. We listened to the quartet, and I flicked through my Stefan George score. I walked Nicole home; she was scarcely less excited than I was.

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Monday, October 5

I've resumed my old job as librarian. I didn't think I ever would. It gave me back my equilibrium.

As I did three months ago, I began to hope that Jean Morawiecki would come in. I couldn't remember what had happened between us. When it did come back to my mind I felt triumphant in a way. As 3:00 came and went, I began to feel afraid, and very disappointed. But at 3:45 he came in, and joy and calm swept over me. I looked at all the other readers to see if they knew. But nobody knows, and that's what's marvelous.

Afterward I walked him back to Gare Saint-Lazare by way of the Grands Boulevards. It was becoming dark and the streets were packed with people. We were swathed in mist. To the west there was a livid yellow glow in the sky. A strange memory: crowded boulevards and a sky so low and gray.

He gave me a recording of Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*.

Tuesday, October 6

Went to see Delattre at 3:00.

He advised me not to do anything, and since the interview I am starting to understand that he let me down.

Afterward, to the Léautés with Nicole and Job. Job had forgotten his score. Instead of music, we played ping-pong.

In the evening I prepared a batch of "cat heads" for Denise. I organized a secret tea party for her birthday. Invited the Léautés. The Pineaus, Job, and the Vigués.

Wednesday, October 7

Spent the morning shopping for Denise in the neighborhood. My

heart was singing within me. Never had I been so happy at the thought of seeing him again, I had the same feelings I had before, almost as if it was "the night before the ball." But on top of that was distilled and inexpressible joy.

When I'd made all the arrangements here, I left for the Sorbonne. Coming up the steps from the métro I turned and saw him. We went together to rue de l'Odéon, then to the Comité du Livre, where I felt all hot and bothered.

Job was already here when we came home.

When Denise came in, all of us except Annick hid behind the curtains and the furniture, then we all came out together, saying: "Happy birthday."

Thursday, October 8

Rue Raynouard, then Simone for tea. I was waiting for tomorrow.

Friday, October 9

We had arranged to meet at the Palais-Royal métro station. I was much too early.

We went to Dalloz to buy books, then we walked to Gare Montparnasse and home. I was tired from walking. At home he asked to listen to Schumann *Lieder*. But the music had no effect. He wasn't listening.

Saturday, October 10

I was all at sea today; I didn't go to rue de la Bienfaisance in the morning, that felt like sacrilege. I just potted all morning long. In the afternoon Job came to play a trio with us.

Sunday, October 11

A meeting at rue Lamblardie. Berthe, Nicole, and I are going to found a new Wolf Cub pack. But we left the children at noon, and the poor little things were really upset.

The sun was shining as we left the orphanage; suddenly I had an idea that filled me with pleasure: I would phone him and say I was free that afternoon.

But thought soon quashed my joy. As I neared home, it started to rain. I fell into a kind of lethargy for no reason I could think of. I smoked two cigarettes, practiced the Beethoven concerto, then went to rue Raynouard, where I froze in Nicole S.'s bedroom despite the memories it brought back.

Thursday, October 15

I can't see how to summarize the beginning of this week. I didn't notice the days passing by. It was one long wait after another. On Sunday evening I thought I still had two more days to wait. We were supposed to go to Aubergenville on Wednesday. Together, alone. Maman didn't object, to the point where I wondered if she had really understood.

But on Monday afternoon, when my role as librarian suddenly felt burdensome, boring and long, in he came. He wasn't supposed to, as he was sitting his law exam the next day. I was overcome with joy. For a long while we couldn't speak. In an instant, while I was in the library, he came silently up the stairs. Then he sat down in front of my desk. Then he came to help me tidy the books at closing time. Never has the library closed so late. I had lost all notion of time in the poorly-lit stacks.

When I arrived at home, Louise told me that M. Lévy had