

## Juni til september 1940

### FAKTA

Dato:  
Juni til september 1940

Sidetæl:  
5-9

Dagbogens placering:  
SMK

Ophavsmand/nøgleperson:  
Sonja Ferlov Mancoba  
Ernest Mancoba

Generelle kommentarer:  
Transskriptionsregler:  
Stavefejl beholdes, efterfulgt af  
rettelse som [sic: korrekt stavemåde]  
Nødvendig indsættelse af manglende  
tegnætning tilføjet som [.]  
Nødvendig opdeling i afsnit som [/P]  
Utydelige ord angivet med [illegible]  
Strøgne bogstaver og ord ikke  
transskriberet translated 2025-02-06

### RESUMÉ

Denne sektion af Mancoba-dagbogen begynder sandsynligvis omkring juni 1940, da Frankrig er på randen af Anden Verdenskrig, og Mancoba stadig er en fri mand. Sektionen fortsætter med Sonja Ferlov Mancoba, der skriver om sin bekymring for Mancobas fængsling og hendes recitation af et digt. translated 2025-02-06

### TRANSSKRIFTION

The evacuation of Paris has begun – The earth has turned of [sic: off] its contents like a disturbed fool – All sorts & conditions of humanity flooding the streets especially St Michel & Aven. [sic: Avenue] Orleans – Place Montrouge sight unbelievable [.] cars cars – Sonja & I go down the street near Café Zeyer & man tells Italy has gone into the war – had not seen it in the papers – artificial mist and Sonja thinks we should get gas masks –

// Sonja & I go for gas-masks & past Goetz – The fruit woman tells tells [sic] Goetz had left for Pepe – on the Spanish border & that there is no need for confusion – Speaks encouragingly of 1914 – I go down St Michel & Sonja goes home. I see miserable sights of refugees a continuous stream towards the south vers [French: around] Port d'Orlean – I go to Swansons & find him packing [.] he wants to get to the outskirts of Paris, dreads the outburst likely to come – fears the artificial mist & can't stand it – Does not think they will shoot negroes – Queer dream of earoplanes [sic: airplanes] & white birds – plays Bach [.] England Suite(?) promise to call on me – Return home by Montparnasse [.] the Gare [French: train station] is shut & people in crowds around – waiting – a woman says "there are no more trains." Streams of camions [French: trucks] & wheelbarrows & baby prams, & handcarts – over the baggage an occasional baby "thrown into the bargain" [.] sad procession & one thinks how Europe has been a playground up til now –

Sonja & I wait for Swanson [.] he does not arrive presumably gone away –

Clarice [presumed to be Clarice Penso] arrives & tells artificial mist was the burning of Rouen – She leaves a note for Rita & Renée & tells us Paris likely to get order of evacuation – leaves an address in case we might lose each other [.] Sonja & I – She weeps a little [.] very good woman –

Get some food & get out to see the refugees – Place Montrouge – It is like a show. people around the cafes & the Boulevards to see the March past – One thinks of "14 Juillet" [reference to Bastille Day] but instead of victorious soldiers – one sees miserable little woman tired worn & haggard with their babies clutching at their breasts – There is no triumph here – It is the people on the move – One sees French types of the French

Revolution – The French people to whom Paris is a den of thieves and hotbed of crime & evil – One wonders what they are thinking – After all what did they think during the last war – Will they go on being refugees generation after generation –

Among the traffic now & again one sights camions [French: trucks] full of soldiers or Police or guns – We return home – Rita has not evacuated after all – She is restless [,] in the middle of the night she knocks at door and shouts – She has seen light leaping in the air – Suggest we should be calm & wait but she replies – Attendre Attendre [illegible] quand les bayonette est dans ta ventre [French: Wait wait [illegible] when the bayonets are in your belly]. She goes off again nervous – Sonja thinks it does not matter what happens to us as we have worked our best we can only hope the next generation will be luckier – we go to see Joe – gone – Nervosity [sic] in the air [,] Several drunk – woman waters –

// The morning I go down to Sonja & see her in the street with a crowd of people round 2 soldiers from the front [,] They look tired & worn – They say the army has retreated & one believes it will all be over in 48 hours [,] he has had enough – A woman asks if any of them from England – One answers affirmative [,] She wants to know in a vague way something or and the about somebody – He says many dead & navy sank –

After we go down the street many soldiers walking Southward tired – thousands of refugees [,] St Michel endless flood [,] all sorts of conveyances – Some seated on pavement moving their 'boots' swollen feet – We speak to several [,] all no hope [,] It is a miserable procession against 14 J. [reference: 14 July, Bastille Day]. All seem to have sticks to lean on – we meet little Senegalese [,] confused – return – Same scenes & mad woman screaming [,] she seems to have on only her raincoat [,] her legs show white through the vent as she totters about leaning on the Seine – I suddenly remark that is true expression of our times.

Cows & oxen pulling wagon impressive [,] Strange to see them at Luxembourg Garden [,] group of unhappy soldiers seem to have had enough [,] inclined to be too talkative at last they are reasonable & calm – Red cross dubious little woman wishes they had stayed on [,] calls officer – taxi fiasco back home –

We go to P Orlean [sic: Porte d'Orlean] in evening

#### OVERSÆTTELSE

Evakueringen af Paris er begyndt – Jorden har vendt sine indhold som en

forstyrret idiot – Alle slags og forhold af menneskeheden strømmer ud på gaderne, især St Michel og Aven. Orleans – Place Montrouge synet er utrolig [,] biler biler – Sonja og jeg går ned ad gaden nær Café Zeyer, og en mand fortæller, at Italien er gået ind i krigen – havde ikke set det i aviserne – kunstig tåge, og Sonja mener, vi bør få gasmasker –

// Sonja og jeg går efter gasmasker og forbi Goetz – Frugtkvinden fortæller, at Goetz er taget til Pepe – ved den spanske grænse, og at der ikke er behov for forvirring – Hun taler opmuntrende om 1914 – Jeg går ned ad St Michel, og Sonja går hjem. Jeg ser elendige scener af flygtninge, en kontinuerlig strøm mod syd omkring Port d'Orleans – Jeg går til Swanson og finder ham pakke [,] han vil gerne komme til udkanten af Paris, frygter det udbrud, der sandsynligvis vil komme – frygter den kunstige tåge og kan ikke holde det ud – Tror ikke, de vil skyde negre – Underlig drøm om flyvemaskiner og hvide fugle – spiller Bach [,] England Suite(?) lover at ringe til mig – vender hjem ad Montparnasse [,] Gare er lukket, og folk står i folkemængder omkring – venter – en kvinde siger “der er ikke flere tog.” Strømme af lastbiler og skubbevogne og barnevogne, og håndvogne – over bagagen en lejlighedsvis baby “smidt ind i handlen” [,] trist procession, og man tænker på, hvordan Europa har været en legeplads indtil nu –

Sonja og jeg venter på Swanson [,] han ankommer ikke, formodentlig er han taget væk –

Clarice [formodentlig Clarice Penso] ankommer og fortæller, at den kunstige tåge var brændingen af Rouen – Hun efterlader en note til Rita og Renée og fortæller os, at Paris sandsynligvis vil få ordre om evakuering – efterlader en adresse i tilfælde af, at vi måtte miste hinanden [,] Sonja og jeg – Hun græder lidt [,] meget god kvinde –

Får noget mad og går ud for at se flygtningene – Place Montrouge – Det er som en forestilling. Folk omkring caféerne og boulevarderne for at se marchen forbi – Man tænker på “14 Juillet” [henvielse til Bastille-dagen], men i stedet for sejrende soldater – ser man elendige små kvinder trætte, slidte og haggard med deres babyer klamrende sig til deres bryster – Der er ingen triumf her – Det er folket på farten – Man ser franske typer fra den franske revolution – De franske mennesker, som betragter Paris som et røverrede og en varmetue for kriminalitet og ondskab – Man undrer sig over, hvad de tænker – Hvad tænkte de trods alt under den sidste krig – Vil de fortsætte med at være flygtninge generation efter generation –

Blandt trafikken nu og da ser man lastbiler fyldt med soldater eller politi eller kanoner – Vi vender hjem – Rita har trods alt ikke evakueret – Hun er

rastløs [,] midt om natten banker hun på døren og råber – Hun har set lys springe op i luften – Foreslår, at vi skal være rolige og vente, men hun svarer – Attendre Attendre [ulæseligt] quand les bayonette est dans ta ventre [Fransk: Vent vent [ulæseligt] når bajonetterne er i din mave]. Hun går afsted igen nervøs – Sonja mener, at det ikke betyder noget, hvad der sker med os, da vi har gjort vores bedste, vi kan kun håbe, at den næste generation vil være heldigere – vi går for at se Joe – væk – Nervøsiteten i luften [,] Flere berusede – kvinde vander –

// Om morgenen går jeg ned til Sonja og ser hende på gaden med en menneskemængde omkring 2 soldater fra fronten [,] De ser trætte og slidte ud – De siger, at hæren er trukket tilbage, og man tror, det hele vil være over om 48 timer [,] han har fået nok – En kvinde spørger, om nogen af dem er fra England – En svarer bekræftende [,] Hun vil vide på en vag måde noget eller om nogen – Han siger mange døde, og flåden sank –

Efter vi går ned ad gaden mange soldater går sydpå trætte – tusinder af flygtninge [,] St Michel endeløs strøm [,] alle slags transportmidler – Nogle sidder på fortovet og bevæger deres 'støvler' hævede fødder – Vi taler med flere [,] alle uden håb [,] Det er en elendig procession mod 14 J. [henvisning: 14. juli, Bastille-dagen]. Alle ser ud til at have stokke at støtte sig til – vi møder lille senegaleser [,] forvirret – vender tilbage – Samme scener og gal kvinde skriger [,] hun ser ud til kun at have sin regnfrakke på [,] hendes ben viser hvide gennem åbningen, mens hun vakler omkring og læner sig op ad Seinen – Jeg bemærker pludselig, at det er den sande udtryk for vores tid.

Køer og okser, der trækker vognen, imponerende [,] Underligt at se dem i Luxembourg Haven [,] en gruppe ulykkelige soldater ser ud til at have fået nok [,] tilbøjelige til at være for snakkesalige, til sidst er de rimelige og rolige – Røde kors tvivlsom lille kvinde ønsker, de var blevet – kalder officer – taxa fiasco tilbage hjem –

Vi går til P Orléans [sic: Porte d'Orléans] om aftenen

The evacuation of Paris has begun - The  
earth has turned up its contents like  
a disturbed pool - All sorts & conditions  
of humanity flooding the streets especially  
St Michel & down Orleans - Place  
Montrouge sight unbelievable cars  
cars - Sonja & I go down the street  
near Cafe Zeyer & man tells Italy has  
gone to the war - had not seen  
it in the papers - artificial mist  
and Sonja thinks we should get  
gas masks -

If Sonja & I go for gas-masks & post  
Goetz - The faint woman tells tells  
Goetz had left for Peper - on  
the Spanish border & that there is no  
need for confusion - Speaks encouragingly  
of 1914 - I go down St Michel & Sonja  
I go home. I see miserable sights of  
refugees a continuous stream towards  
the south vers port d'Orlean - I go  
to Swansons & find him packing his  
trunk to get to the outskirts of Paris  
dreads the outbreak which to come - fears  
the artificial mist & can't stand it - Does  
not think the Lord God has got - Just  
saw a crowd of white birds - flying back  
English birds? Plover bell at the -

Return home by Montparnasse the Gate  
is shut + people in crowds round-  
waiting - a woman says "there are no  
more trains" - streams of carriages +  
wheelbarrows + baby prams, + hand  
carts - over the baggage an occasional  
baby "thrown" into the "bargain"  
and procession + one thinks horse  
Europe has been a playground up  
till now -

Sonja + wait for Eranson he does not  
arrive presumably gone away -

Clarice arrives + tells a typical  
night was the burning of Rouen -  
she leaves a note for Rita + Renee  
tells us Paris likely to get order  
of evacuation - leaves an address  
in case we might see each other  
Sonja + I. - She keeps a little  
very good woman -

Get some food + get out to see  
the refugees - Place Daumesnil - It's  
like a show - people crowd the  
cafes + the Boulevards to see the  
march, past - One thinks of the  
Gillet but instead of Victorians

Soldier - one sees miserable little woman  
tired worn & ragged with thin fabric  
clutch at her breast. There is  
triumph here - It is the people, or  
the move - One sees French  
types of the French Revolution - The  
French people to whom Paris is a  
den of thieves and hotbed of crime &  
evil - One wonders what they are  
thinking - After all what did they  
think during the last war - But  
will they go on being refugees generation  
after generation -

Among the traffic men & again one sights  
comrades full of soldiers or Police or  
guns - He returns home - Rita has  
not evacuated after all - She is restless  
in the middle of the night she  
knocks at door and shouts she  
has seen light leaping in the air -  
I suggest we shall be able to visit but  
she replies - Attendez Attendez  
j'irai quand ~~je~~ les  
bayonette est dans le ventre.  
She goes off again nervous -  
Tonya thinks it does not matter what  
happens to us as we have worked

our best we can only hope the next  
generation will be luckier <sup>be got the</sup>  
<sup>person</sup> - <sup>clear several drunk - woman</sup> <sup>water</sup> -  
The morning I go down to Sonja + see  
her in the street with a crowd of people  
round 2 soldiers from the front  
they look tired + worn - they say  
the army has retreated + one believes  
it will all be over in 48 hrs he has  
had enough - A woman asks if any of  
them from England - One answers affirmatively  
He wants to know in a vague way  
something or another about some body - He  
says many dead + many sick -  
After we go down the street many soldiers  
walking southward tired - thousands of  
refugees + much endless flood all  
sorts of conveyances - some seated on  
pavement moving their foot swollen  
feet - he speaks to several all no hope  
It is a miserable procession against 1/6.  
All seem to have sticks to ~~lean~~ lean on  
we meet little Senegalese confused -  
return - some pieces of mad woman  
pursuing she seems to have on one leg  
rain coat for legs show little through the  
rest as he talks about leaving over the



Seine - I sudden remark that is true capes  
of our times.

✓ Cons + open pulling wagon impressive  
they see them at Waterloo. Some  
group of unhappy soldiers seem to have had  
enough inclined to be talkative at  
least they are reasonable + calm - Red  
Cross dubious little woman who they  
had stayed on calls officer - taxi fiacre  
back home -

~~On following day I arrived in Paris we go  
to Orleans in evening~~