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Mann, Erika

o.O., 1945-08-22

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Third Army Headquarters ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
Presscamp

Airmail
LIBRO
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
1945
U. S. A.



Ерза Пау

War Correspondent.

War Correspondent Erika Mann
August, 22nd, 1945.

Suesest Suesi.

I am tortured by the thought that I might have been dropped, banned, and FORGOTTEN by my beloved ones. True, no letter of mine has been received since July 24th, - but then, even that tender little wintercoat ^(with beautiful enclosures!) has not been acknowledged ^(as far as I can see!) and one letter (the one relating dear Bruno's death) was all this correspondent ever received. I admit that there is something slightly pathological about my own silence; perhaps I ought to have my Psyche psychoanalyzed or something. As a matter of fact, I have been traveling and working so much under such difficult circumstances, that once my day is over, I simply don't seem able to ^{heat} ~~take~~ myself into letter-writing. (I know, I should, - but he, who can't, can't !)

My last trip was to Bad Mondorf where I paid a visit to the "big 52". No spookier adventure could be imagined. Goering, Papen, Rosenberg, Streicher, Ley, - tout le horror monde (including Keitel, Doenitz, Jodl, etc.) locked up in what used to be a hotel, what became a prison and what its inmates ~~had~~ turned into a veritable insane asylum. While I was not permitted to talk to the imbeciles, I sent interrogators in, afterwards and let them know who I (first and only woman ever to enter the place) was. Ley screamed: "Assez!", covering his face with his hands; Rosenberg muttered: "Pfui Diable!" And Streicher lamented "Du Lieber Gott and to think that that woman has been in my room!" Goering was most excited. If only I ^{had} introduced myself, he said, he would have explained everything; and, had he been in charge of

the Mann case, he would have handled it differently. Surely, a German of the stature of T.M. could have been adapted to the Third Reich. I cabled all this and much more to the London Evening Standard who featured it on their front page.

In Luxemburg I was bound to miss Bébé. I tried to meet him it takes ages to get a visa from in Switzerland, but the proudly pedantic Swiss ~~hahahaha~~ and I had to give up. Now I'll be going South (finally) to Munich, Vienna and back to Czechoslovakia - or so I think. My little car is wholly decrepit and army facilities are ~~getting~~ increasingly difficult to get. I may cover the Nuernberg trials and return home thereafter. Whom did I have to run into the other day, ~~not~~ die Belly, but, Moderngesichtchen, handsomely uniformed and not a day older than eighty. She proved as ^{se}sible as ever and much more interested in what is going on than the vast majority of U.S. reporters. Enclosed find something flattering concerning dad.

There has been no summer in bloody old Europe, ~~hah~~ - nothing but an uninterrupted series of coldish rainstorms. Forgot to mention that I've been in London for a few days, to interview War Crimes Experts for a new Liberty piece, which, I trust, will appear by the end of September. Unsaw aunts. (Really, REALLY no time!) All my frustrated love. Do write me ! ~~And don't forget to write me~~ If you do it quickly, it ought to reach me via Third Army, Headquarters, Presscamp. The Scribe-setup is ~~hah~~ about to be dissolved (~~hah~~ as practically everything else) and I simply don't have any reliable address any longer.

Immer immer

E.