

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

o.O., 1944-10-13

Nutzungsbedingungen

Bei zahlreichen Dokumenten auf monacensia-digital.de sind die Urheberrechte bereits abgelaufen. Sie sind gemeinfrei und dürfen ohne weitere Rücksprache mit der Monacensia weiterverwendet werden. Bei den Dokumenten, bei denen noch Urheberrechte bestehen, müssen für eine Weiterverwendung stets die Rechteinhaber*innen angefragt werden sowie eine Publikationsgenehmigung der Monacensia eingeholt werden. Das Zitatrecht bleibt hiervon unberührt.

Zur Erteilung einer Publikationserlaubnis wenden Sie sich bitte an:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus
Literaturarchiv
Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

Terms of use

The copyrights for numerous documents on monacensia-digital.de have already expired. They are in the public domain and may be reused without further consultation with Monacensia. In the case of documents for which copyrights still exist, the copyright holders must always be contacted for further use and publication permission must be obtained from the Monacensia. The right to quote under copyright law remains unaffected by this. To obtain permission for publication, please contact:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus:
Literaturarchiv
Address: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To

THOMAS MANN, Esq.
1550 San Remo Drive,
Pacific Palisades,
Calif.
U.S.A.

From

Sgt. Klaus Mann,

(Sender's name)

32697270,

(Sender's address)

P.W.B., HQ 5th Army

APO 464, c/o Postmaster,
New York, NY

(Date)

Italy, 13 October, 1944

Dear Magician-Dad,

This is course to thank you for your beautiful and nurishing gift -- JOSEPH, who has indeed provided me with a lot of comfort and entertainment. I studied the book -- eagerly and thoroughly, really from cover to cover -- under rather peculiar and at times trying circumstances: reading by night, in tents, or in ruined Italian farm houses, with no light but a weakly flickering candle, and more often than not with the slightly irritating accompaniment of artillery detonations. But all this could not disturb me. I was concentrated, absorbed, always interested, frequently amused, sometimes moved, never bored. The little Prologue is charming. As you know, I pride myself on being something like an expert in the science of angels and cherubim. True, your celestial courties are a trifle more malicious and less glorious than the ones I knew, and to whom Rilke, Swedenborg, and Cocteau graciously introduced me; yet, your angels, too, have given me great pleasure and surely enjoyed meeting them. It was good to see Mai-Sachme's familiar features again -- familiar in a two-fold sense; because of their well-known resemblance with Doctor Martino's earnest physiognomy; and also because Mai's figure evoked in my mind the friendly memory of the studio at Pacific Palisades, where ~~he~~ first made his acquaintance. As for the extensive, divinely gossipy chat with young Pharaoh, I liked it even better when reading it now, in the midst of devastation and misery, than I had done at first, when hearing it in comfort. It is indeed an extraordinary dialogue -- probably the most successful and most amazing "number" in the rich composition of the whole volume -- that is to day, if one does not prefer the Thamar episode, which is maybe even more curious and about as moving (especially the truly inspired concluding lines, with ~~the~~ their vast perspective through the ages, to the distant figure of the Saviour...) Speaking still, or again, of young Pharaoh: what somewhat disappointed, or did not quite satisfy, me in the book is the lack of development and growth in the relationship between Joseph and the puerile God. Their intellectual romance remains somewhat anti-climactic -- having reached its emotional and spiritual peak right in the initial meeting. In the end poor little Pharaoh is as isolated and helpless as he would have been if he had never made Joseph's acquaintance. Also, I rather suspect that Joseph's pathetic little wife doesn't have much fun and satisfaction. Could it be, then, that the Provider, for all his social interests and accomplishments, is a little selfish, after all?

(See next V-Mail Letter)

V --- MAIL

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To

Thomas Mann, Esq.
1550 San Remo Drive,
Pacific Palisades,
Calif.
U.S.A.

From

Sgt. Klaus Mann,
(Sender's name)
32697270,

(Sender's address)
P.W.B., HQ 5th Army,
APO 464,

c/o Postmaster, New York

(Date)

13 October (II)

... So it seems I really have to start another V-Mail form, although I did not intend to do so and do not want to compose an elaborate book review. But, of course, I could not end this fragmentary appreciation without mentioning Jacob, whose self-assured appearance before Pharaoh considerably amused me, and who almost succeeded in making me cry when he shed tears in the re-union scene. I think I like him better than his illustrious "Herr Sohn": he is somehow more human. There is something infinitely touching and endearing about his little weaknesses -- his solemn flirtation with that remarkable girl, ~~Thamar~~ Thamar, for instance. Somehow I hoped that he, the patriarch, would still have enough pep and vitality to beget ~~Thamar~~ Thamar's child; but this was maybe an immoderate, or even improper, hope... (By the way, Erika told me once that she thought Thamar was something like a portrait, not of her, but of certain elements of her character and appearance. I wonder if anything of the sort was consciously in your mind? I wouldn't be too surprised. Thamar's attractive leanness and dynamic energy struck me as somewhat familiar...) Did I already mention Serach's lyrical Annunciation? A true poetic "trouvaille"! I was delighted. ... In short, your master saga is indeed "plein de choses" -- full of beautiful images and intuitions, highly admirable, and an exquisite treat for the soldier boy.

How is Adrian getting along? Brother Bib seemed strongly impressed by a scene he heard during his stay at Pacific Palisades. A character with Reisi-like features was particularly mentioned, and some passages about music, which the youngest son thought Papa's so-far most excellent literary accomplishment. His description -- however naively worded -- was apt to arouse, or rather to increase, my curiosity.

As for my own lyre, it is getting rusty. In fact, I don't even know what kind of book I shall write, if and when I am free again to indulge in such luxurious occupations as the writing of books. I am afraid this War is no good, from a cynically literary point of view. Everything written about this War is second-rate, or purely journalistic. There is nothing inspiring about this War; it is "not a mission but a duty" -- as that clever chap, Adolf Koestler, put it. Maybe my next subject will be post-War Germany -- if I have a chance to see and study it.

Assez. More thanks for the book -- and the most filial wishes and regards.

V-MAIL

Yours old, Son K.