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Mann, Klaus

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From, Klaus Mann (Correspondent)
c/o U.S. Embassy, Press Attache,
APO 512, Postmaster, New York

19.12.

*Degen
1945*



AIR MAIL

To,
Mrs. Thomas MANN,
1550 San Remo Drive,
PACIFIC PALISADES,
CALIF.

Rome, December 19

OLD DARLING,

Just a hasty Hello. It seems AGES that I hev'n't heard from you. Let's hope that I'll get a letter before leaving for Switzerland -- an irritating event which is scheduled for the day-after-tomorrow.

It's irritating, because there are so many difficulties involved -- particularly as regards the financial question; for the lire with which my pockets are filled have hardly any value abroad, and as a civilian I can't get any dollars from Army sources. How easy was life when I still was a proud GI! However, I'll find some solution... And then, of course, there is the uncertainty. I have no idea how long I'll stay in Switzerland, or where to go from there. Maybe to Paris; or back to Rome; or to Germany -- but for whom? in what capacity? There are so many pending projects -- U.S.I.S., the new English-language paper here, an ESQUIRE assignment, and so forth --, but nothing definite. So you understand my slight nervousness.

In any case, my address for the next few weeks is c/o Oprecht, Raemistr. 5. There is no APO in Switzerland, so letter will take pretty long. S

Anything new about your travel plans?

Anything true in those rumors I hear about an engagement between Old Kuzi and Older Alma? Now really! I am shocked.

Incidentally, I may make the trip to Switzerland in company of Hans Busch (now with UNRRA here -- in a NOT very enviable position!) and of one Major Eva Landsberg (!), sister of one Fraeulein Landsberg who used to be Liesl's Film-Funds secretary. What a small world! And how peculiar -- a Berlin Jewess disguised as a U.S. officer...

What really amuses me now is the idea of writing a very good play. I want it to be a successful play, too. It's a subject I was already toying with before entering the Army -- something about ghosts. Eva will be tickled (By the way, how is she? Where? Still in Nuernberg's house?) I'll write it in English, and then make a German version. I want it to be produced all over the world. Isn't that a good idea? (But the séance I attended here, the other day, was sheer Mumpitz again. Beethoven, Napoleon III, and Donatello spoke through the knocking table, and

things were thrown about -- allegedly by those distinguished spirits but in reality by the medium's secretary who took advantage of the complete darkness prevailing in the room. When one of the "sitters" was hit by a flying glove or handkerchief, he turned quite hysterical and cried, "Grazie, Beethoven, grazie!" It was utterly silly.)

But assez! I just meant to say Hello, and go on chatting and chatting. And there are so many things to do -- milk has to be poured into the little pots, and all. For instance, I have to bring some minor Christmas gift to poor Auntie Floh, whom I badly neglected during all this time -- who wouldn't? By the way, she is not only a devoted Catholic but even some kind of nun -- having joined a "wordly" order. All the better for her.

Recht froehliche Ostergruesse,

von Ihrem

KLAUS HEINRICH

Z.'s Molo letter appeared
here both in Italian
and French translations.