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Mann, Klaus

Rom, 1945-11-02

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From, Klaus Mann, Correspondent,
c/o U.S. Embassy, Press Attaché,
~~Rome, Italy~~ APO 512

No 1

2.11.

No. 45



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

X
Wan

THE STARS AND STRIPES

UNIT No. 1

MEDITERRANEAN

AP0 512

Rome, November 2, 1945

MAMAN,

But this time our mail service has indeed failed in the most scandalous manner. According to my pedantic notes, I wrote you on September 30 (a few days after my discharge) and again on October 9 (after having received your first two packages -- containing shirts, shoes, etc.) (In the meantime -- to mention this right away -- another package arrived: coffee, shaving cream, jam, cigarettes, and chocolate.) -- At least the Sept. 30 letter should have been in your hands at the time you composed your last epistle (i.e. Oct. 21). What an outrage! Let's write to our congressman!

What has happened in the meantime? Just a moment. Let's see...

Well, I am a civilian -- still wearing my uniform, once in a while, but usually going around in my nice old grey suit -- unless I choose the brown one: which is the only alternative. Life in Roma is pleasant. I am busy working on that film, which takes up more of my time than I had anticipated. It's rather interesting, though. We expect some of the American actors to arrive soon. The whole venture develops in a satisfactory way. ... I am doing some articles, too. Just

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today I finished a lengthy piece about Rome in general, which -- I hope -- will appear in good old TOWN & COUNTRY.

After having lived as a plain civilian for the past four weeks (which was a fairly agreeable but unduly expensive experience), I'll get now some kind of semi-official status. Correspondents in this part of Europe no longer are accredited to the Army -- which is a favourable change, from my point of view. For now I am as good or as bad as any other American newspaper man here in Rome: we get all the same privileges, whether formerly accredited or not. Some of these privileges are: air priority (but we have to pay stiff prices!), the right to live in requisitioned hotels (on a paying basis again), PX rations, and so forth. So I am fairly well off. One of these days I intend to leave this rather "muffig" Swiss pensione and move into one of the Allied-occupied palazzos. Also, note my new address as indicated on the envelop -- another consequence of the new arrangement.

Of course, the matter will be different if and when I want to go to Germany, where a regular accreditation is still required. But there is still time to worry about that later. I am pretty sure that I'll want to go, eventually. But I am also sure I won't want to

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stay very long. That is why I am so reluctant to get myself tied up with OWI (or ICD, or whatever their present name may be). One of the bigshots of the Frankfurt Radio was recently here to see me, and I filled out some kind of application -- just in case. But I don't think that I am really going to do anything of the kind.

Erika was here for a few days -- a most pleasant surprise. Just jumped into a plane, somewhere between Grünwald and Geiseltasteig -- and there she was, looking very trim and well-preserved. We had quite a visit together. Now I'll probably not hear from her for another year; but it won't upset me anymore.

Relished Dad's letter to Herr von Molo. A minor masterpiece. Delightful from beginning to end. -- Incidentally, that Italian publishing firm, Colombo, which -- I suppose -- has asked him for a script, is a good, recommendable institution. I know them through Sforza, one of whose books they have published. They have bought the Italian rights of both GIDE and TURNING POINT: \$ 600 advance. As I have already sold MEPHISTO to another house here, and am going to sell the rights of the book I want to write on postwar Germany (and Europe) -- I'll have made 1200 dollars, just in advances from Italian publishers. ~~Can't do that the way~~

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3)

Add to that amount the movie gold and whatever my European articles will bring -- and you will admit, dear Geschäftsfrau, that my staying here was worthwhile, from a financial point of view.

But of what use will dear sweet money be, once the atomic bombs shatter Wall Street and civilization? Here everybody seems to expect the outbreak of World War III within the next few months. This, I think, is slightly exaggerated. The present truce will last for a few years. But really just a FEW! -- unless a miracle happens.

X Thanks for all the handsome and useful things you were good enough to send me.

Mille choses pour Papa -- 500 for Uncles Henry & Pete. (Is the latter now permanently in California?)

Travis

Ur-AiSS: