

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

o.O., 1944-12-06

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No. _____



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Thomas Mann,
1550 San Remo Drive,
Pacific Palisades,
CALIF.

Sgt. Klaus Mann, 32697270
(Sender's name)
PWB, HQ 5th Army,
(Sender's address)
APO 464, c/o Postmaster,
New York, NY
(Date)

Italy, 6 December, 1944

Ma très chère,

Curiously, packages are pouring in, while first-class ^{letters} are scarce. I haven't had any mail from you for quite some time, but in the meantime I received two, if not three, packages: I am not quite sure whether I have already acknowledged one Mimosa, which arrived about 10 days ago -- only to be followed, in swift succession, by two others: one containing the lovely Yadley soap and toilet waters; the other, with delicious tongue and lobster as agreeable novelties. (The lobster came just like "on order" -- a few days after I had made my suggestion! How you divine my wishes! Clever little lady you are!!) So I am really wallowing and revelling in luxuries -- especially since several other kind-hearted person also remembered my birthday and celebrated it with pleasant little gifts. Christopher Lazare sent me a very elegant selection of sweets from Altman & Kuhne, the swanky Viennese store on Fifth Avenue (which is, incidentally, by no means better than our dear old Mimosa!), while John Eastman Jr., of Framingham Centre, MASS., contributed rather vulgar native candy and some useful toilet articles. He seems to be indeed a very kind and "Gais" kind of boy -- providing me all the time with literary magazines and books; just today a bunch of new publications arrived -- including the recent Huxley novel, "Time must come to a Stop," which looks rather appealing to me. The greatest surprise, however, was a package and a letter from Friedrich, whose silence had been puzzling and intriguing me for such a long time. Not that he gives any adequate explanation for his peculiar behavior; yet his friendly gesture was sufficient to reconcile me, to a certain extent... Otherwise, there is not much new up here. It's still cold, still muddy and foggy. My health is still good, however. Also, there is still talk about my being transferred -- maybe to another country, maybe within Italy; but nothing seems to happen. I am rather depressed about the political goings-on in Europe. Poland, Belgium, Greece, Italy... : it's too bad for words! Well, maybe Stettinius will do a better job than his predecessor. His coming out for Sforza was quite refreshing and encouraging, after Eden's strange and shocking blunder. And now, with Archibald in the State Department, the Golden Age may be around the corner! Did I thank already for Papa's dear pencil note? Well, anyway, thanks for everything!

V-MAIL

Tina K.

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