

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

o.O., 1944-09-01

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Italy, 1 September

Dear Aunt Katjuschka,

My visit to the Eighth Army has not been a great success, so far. After a long, hot, dusty and strenuous journey across Italy, I arrived at last somewhere in the wilderness and joined a rather unpleasant British team -- whereupon I promptly developed a slight temperature. The temperature turned out not to be so very light but 103; a blood test was made, the diagnosis was: malaria. It's only the lighter form of malaria, however; besides the attacks have become much less violent, thanks to certain prophylactic tablets which we take every day. So it wasn't too bad. I was transported to a Canadian Field Ambulance, where I spent a few days swallowing a lot of Chinin. Now I am in a kind of rest camp, a Convalescent Depot, to finish the treatment and swallow more medicine. The temperature went already down after the second day. The Chinin makes me a little deaf, almost Liesula-like, but otherwise I am all right. Of course, the annoying thing is that those attacks have an inclination to come back: there were quite a few malaria cases in the ward who were already having their fifth or sixth malaria attack within the last twelve months.

I don't think that I shall return to 8th Army, or if so, only for a short while. The ironical thing is that I was called there to replace another German expert who had to be dismissed because of malaria, and that I managed to catch the same disease myself. But it serves them right -- the Eighth-Army team, I mean --; for they seem to be rather snobbish, unkind British reactionaries.

So my mailing address remains Fifth Army, for the time being. I have made a formal application for the transformation of my status into that of an O.W.I. civilian. It may take some time, but does not seem impossible -- considering my high age and precious reputation. It would be the best solution -- better than a commission (even from a financial point of view): especially in view of my future work in Germany or Austria. For there can be little doubt that all German-speaking members of the U.S. forces will be compelled to stay for a while in Allied-occupied Germany, whether they like it or not. As for me, I couldn't even say that I completely dislike the idea, although there is something slightly gruesome about it; but, on the other hand, it's not without a certain sinister fascination. However, it would be somewhat embarrassing to show up in Vienna or Berlin as an American sergeant, and even a little ridiculous to come as a Second Lieutenant. A civilian with officer's rank, but without an officer's obligations, is more distinguished and original. But maybe my whole scheme will fall through, and I will have to go as old sarge Aissi, after all.

Assez. Probably there are some letters, or even packages, waiting for me, at Fifth Army. Some of them may even go astray, with this present Odyssey of mine.

The War may be over any day now. That's something.

Love, K.

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED
THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT
BY ORDINARY MAIL.



Sept 44

Mrs. Thomas Mann,
1550, San Remo Drive,
Pacific Palisades,
CALIFORNIA
U.S.A.

3527/75

First fold here

Second fold here

Army form W. 3027

To open cut here

This letter contains only
family matters.

Klaus Mann
Sgt. Klaus Mann.

(15) 3194-15

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