

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

Wiesbaden, 1945-06-13

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From, Klaus Mann (32697270),
The Stars & Stripes, Unit 1,
APO 512, c/o Postmaster, New York

13.6

To,
Miss Erika MANN,
c/o Thomas Mann,
1550 San Remo Drive,
PACIFIC PALISADES,
CALIF.
U.S.A.



June 45

Wiesbaden (12th Army Group Press
Camp)

June 13

Ma chère et vieille,

Where are you? How? Why? Under what conditions? How are all the little things? Are you writing your book? What kind of plans and projects are you harbouring in your experienced heart? Do you intend to return to Europe? It's an eternal pity that we can't explore German cities together! I think I'd prefer your company even to Curt's, who, incidentally, left me today.

I take it that you read what I had to tell Papa about Frau Bartl and Baron Hörschelmann, and that you are au courant about my meetings with Benes and Aunt Mimi. What I have not yet mentioned, so far, is the fact that Helge Peters Pawlini had been visiting with Hörschelmann, just before I came: too bad I missed him -- wasn't it? And when I called on oldmaster Franz Lehar -- who was standing just in front of the house next to the composer's home? Paul Kemp -- who else? I recognized him without hesitation. He has as little changed as Gockele (whom I didn't see). Yes, and when I visited the Jannings tribe -- who dropped by if not Alexander von Lernet Holenia! He isn't dead at all. As for the Jannings, I must admit that they kind of captivated me. There was something disarming about his painful embarrassment and guilty conscience. While I was so very disgusted with Richard Strauss (and others), I somehow couldn't manage to be (or to remain) as mad at Emil Gussy as I should have been.

There is so much to reveal, disclose and intimate that I don't know where to start. Besides I ought to compose more cables for The STs&STs, instead of indulging in personal chat and gossip. Well, after my trip to C.S.R., I returned to Rosenheim (where the press camp was situated) and then took off with Uncle Curt from Munich. We "covered" Bayreuth (interview with Winnfred Wagner -- the ONLY admitted Nazi I've had the privilege of meeting, so far!), Würzburg (interview with Minister-President Stegerwald, and inspection of all the now destroyed places Riess had known when he was still a cute Jewish youngster), Frankfurt (great reception of Marshal Zhukov decorating Montgomery-Eisenhower; Riess wooing Ambassador Murphy -- who appears much more sympathetic than his political record suggests), Bad Nauheim (interviews with Captain Hans Habe, Bubi Seidl, Konnie Kellen, etc), Aachen and Cologne (more interviews), Eisenach, Weimar (with Goethe House, Buchenwald, and all), back to Frankfurt. (An eternal pity and glaring shame that

you ~~couldn't~~ couldn't make it...) -- Now I intend to hang around here for some more days -- visiting E.R. Curtius in Bonn, some professors in Heidelberg, etc --, then to proceed to Luxemburg (re-union with Angèle), from there to Paris, finally to Rome. Then -- je ne sais pas. I might try to get out of the Army -- on account of my venerable age -- and return to the States. Or again, I might stick to The Sts&Sts for the time being and get myself accredited as regular correspondent, say, to Berlin -- if the Russians find me acceptable... The decision has to be made upon my arrival in the Eternal City -- in about a couple of weeks from now. If the Berlin deal turn out to be impossible, I'll do everything to get my discharge.

Now what about you? Couldn't you get yourself a Berlin assignment too? We might share a garçonne, somewhere in the suburbs. As for that play I meant to write with you -- well, first I have to know about your plans, then I'll send you an outline, in case we can't meet in the near future.

How is the Unhold situation?

I don't want to go into any observations regarding the German problem, the future of the world, etc. I am as pessimistic as Borgi, but less noisy. Besides I try to be cynical and not to worry too much. It's all very sad, I prefer to be very quiet.

Yes, Curt was rather unbearable, at times. A boastful egomaniac with impossible manners -- that's one way of describing him. But then again, he is not without touching and engaging qualities -- talented, unhappy, haunted by complexes, a loyal friend (in his own funny manner), rather stimulating, rather intelligent. I got along with him all right -- except for the fairly frequent occasions when I lost my patience and my temper and gave him ugly pieces of my nervous mind (which he always took rather nicely).

Mille choses pour dear parents. The German press (directed by Habe) has celebrated the Seventieth with a very dignified piece written by a person "close to the poet" -- you'll never guess his name, it was Golo.

That's all folk -- I have to jot down a story about the first German school in Aachen!

De tout mon cœur :

Old K.

27/12/36