

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Klaus

Camp Crowder, 1943-06-22

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CAMP CROWDER, MISSOURI

June 22, 1943

Ma belle et vieille,

It's so ~~TEERIBLY~~ long that I meant to write you that it isn't even funny to mention it. I don't know why I didn't; or rather, I do know but somehow can't explain it. This is the Army, Mr. Brown... You will understand everything when I tell you that I am now assigned as a - radio repair man. It's just one of those things - as they say "chez nous" - and is not likely to last very long (I hope). In fact, I expect to come back East in the not TOO distant future, and then I shall pay a very formal visit to you, with flowers and everything, and tell you all about the vicissitudes, paradoxes, triumphs, prospects, and disappointments of my military career. But before that blessed date - right now! without any delay! - I want to hear from you. WHY were you not at home when I called you up, the last time I was in Our Town, 122 years ago? It was a Sunday. You should have sensed that a call from me was in the air... Somebody told me that you gave up your Government job under dramatic circumstances. What happened?

What are you doing now? Did you write any poems!

About what? Send me one of your poems! - a

sensual, indecent, not to say dirty, one!

How are the other children? Carson? I wrote her once, from Camp Robinson (Arkansas!), where I took my basic; but the quaint thing failed to answer.

I understand she lives in George's mansion....Not that I think there is anything wrong about it.

Remember me to her. And to Eleanor and Eunice, les belles soeurs littéraires. Do you hear from Ripper? Is he in Africa? I might, should, would love to be there too; in fact, I would be there, if it were not for those damned citizen papers which hesitate to come through. Where is Alan Hartman? Do you still like me?

We bless you, humble daughter, :

Our Holiness.

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