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Mann, Erika

Pontresina, 1960-01-13

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Erika Mann
Hotel Walther Palace
Pöntresina,
January 13th, 1960

Dearest Lucile, -

I've only just heard about poor Lotte's tragedy and, as I forget her address, wonder, whether you'd be so kind as to forward my helpless condolences. One is always particular ^{ly} helpless - isn't one - in the face of sufferings which one can't really share. I had met L.'s late husband but once or twice and hardly knew him at all. How different things were, when Lotte wrote me about Rimsky whom I keep missing and whose untimely departure - though it couldn't possibly have meant as much ^{to me} as it did to you - I shall never quite be able to accept.

How may you be doing? I am up here because the doctors said I must. Had they but known what sort of wheather I'd be running into! It's perfectly unspeakable, - 22 degrees (Celsius) below with the actual temperature driven to far more deadly depths by an infernal storm, - not ^{and eternal} sunshine whatsoever and no tangible hope for improvement. Well

The "Buddenbrooks"-film though not by any means what it could (and therefor should!) have become, turns out to be a tremendous box-office-success, - of course, as we are not interested, financially. Even so, I am glad of it. The film is causing a flaming renaissance of the novel. And besides, it never does any harm to be involved in, and co-responsible for, such a hit.

So long, Lucile, dearest. Won't you ever come to visit?

Yours affectionately

