

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Erika

o.O., 1965-09-19

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September 19, 1965

Dearest Jennifer, -

please forgive me for my seeming tardiness in writing after the awful news reached me. It wasn't tardiness, really but the feeling that you were somehow unapproachable, could and should not be disturbed and that nobody - no matter how deeply they shared your grief - should take it upon himself to speak about the unspeakable.

Now that some time has passed let me at least tell you how profoundly saddened I am and how painfully easy I find it to put myself into your position. I was extremely fond of David O., actually, far more so than our brief friendship would seem to warrant. I loved him dearly for all those unique qualities he so richly possessed - his warmth, his spontaneity, honesty, tremendous "giftedness", his generosity and compassion, his conscientiousness, his wit, his charm, his tenderness, his human understanding, his love for you and the little girl - qualities anyone of which would speak in favour of a man but whose combined existence in one person makes it impossible for him ever to be replaced. I am mourning your husband, dearest Jennifer, and shall never cease to do so.

At the same time I am very anxious to know how you are and whether you have found it possible somehow to face life anew. Your little daughter, his beloved child, has, I feel confident, helped a little. Needless to say I should be more than glad to hear from you - even if you'd write only a few words. Equally needless to assure you that I'd understand and honour your silence.

Yours affectionately,

