

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Erika

o.O., 1958-09-21

Nutzungsbedingungen

Bei zahlreichen Dokumenten auf monacensia-digital.de sind die Urheberrechte bereits abgelaufen. Sie sind gemeinfrei und dürfen ohne weitere Rücksprache mit der Monacensia weiterverwendet werden. Bei den Dokumenten, bei denen noch Urheberrechte bestehen, müssen für eine Weiterverwendung stets die Rechteinhaber*innen angefragt werden sowie eine Publikationsgenehmigung der Monacensia eingeholt werden. Das Zitatrecht bleibt hiervon unberührt.

Zur Erteilung einer Publikationserlaubnis wenden Sie sich bitte an:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus
Literaturarchiv
Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

Terms of use

The copyrights for numerous documents on monacensia-digital.de have already expired. They are in the public domain and may be reused without further consultation with Monacensia. In the case of documents for which copyrights still exist, the copyright holders must always be contacted for further use and publication permission must be obtained from the Monacensia. The right to quote under copyright law remains unaffected by this. To obtain permission for publication, please contact:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus:
Literaturarchiv
Address: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

September 21, 1958

Dear E. R. Forster,

once again I have permitted time to slip by in such quantities that I feel somewhat foolish (and also, needless to say, rather ashamed of myself) in thanking you for your last letter which bears the date of June 23. But then, now, as was the case when former occasion, I do have some sort of an excuse - poor as it may be. for the past seven months, as it happens, I have been an invalid, having broken my left foot in a most idiotically complicated way: and whilst the fact that I have been confined to my bed ever since February could not possibly and satisfactorily explain my dull silence, the truth remains that I didn't feel up to take care of my private correspondence during most of the period in question. Of course, there were, as usual, innumerable things I had to attend to under all circumstances, such as a screen play after BUDDENBROOKS; the T.M.-Archive at the Zurich Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule which is still far from having been sorted out the way I want it to be; the work required by a first volume of letters by T.M., and so forth. And so, naturally, I haven't been entirely lazy. In spite of which I feel very sorry (very sorry again!) about not having written to you. Even more so, as the kindness of your springtime letter had pleased and touched me tremendously.

contexts
rather

Today I may at least report that I've just finished re-reading HOWARDS END and that, like its predecessors (PASSAGE, ROOM WITH A VIEW, ASPECTS and the short stories) it was perhaps this time even more touching, interesting, indestructible in all of its human aspects and exciting (yes, that, too!) than when I first made its acquaintance. Then - as I remember quite well - I thought it ~~all~~ too "English" as to be of all-embracing validity. Today, its extreme "Englishness" has by no means diminished but whatever happens, is convincing far beyond any national boundary. Besides, how much did you know even in those early days about all things German; how utterly characteristic are your German characters, although nobody - and hence not even you - could have foreseen in the years from 1908 till 1910 to what extremes of medieval barbarism my alien homeland might yet be going. For, whilst certain recent developments in England could not but have aroused your anxiety, and whilst

parallel events in the United States cannot but fill us all with a fair amount of horror - no nation (not even the Russians) has as yet managed to equal the deeds of so called (national-socialism), and unless America unleashes the atomic war (which I still do not think she will do), no nation seems likely ever to equal them.

Nevertheless, things don't look so bright, do they? And it remains most tragic and humiliating to think of what the "victors" might have done with their victory as compared with what they actually did! "Mich fasst Verzweiflung, foltert Spott", as good old "Max" sings in good old "Freischütz", and quite rightly, he continues by asking: "Herrscht blind das Schicksal, lebt kein Gott?"

Perhaps, however, we should take comfort in the fact that as early as good old Weber despair could rule that supreme (or is it "supremely"?), if only in a comparatively private context ~~and~~ sphere.

Adieu for now, dear E.M. Forster and please go on being lenient with me. Also, let me repeat my entreaty that you call here if and whenever Zurich figures on any of your travelling maps.

My very best wishes

yours

