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Mann, Erika

o.O., 1958-04-20

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April 20, 1958

Dear E.M. Forster,-

though I cannot but appear to you as a perfect monster - having failed to thank you not only for the most friendly letter you wrote me some time after our meeting at Cambridge but also for your letter of sympathy following my father's death in August 1955, I am really not quite as bad as all that. Even before your first note arrived I had started writing to you and had sincerely meant to continue and conclude that communication. Only - as you will notice - I interrupted my doings on August 10th, when my father had scarcely two more days to live, and afterwards I was too disconsolate for too long a period of time as to go on from where I had stopped writing. Subsequently, - as life will have it, - I was drawn into all sorts of urgent activities, and while I never ceased feeling that I must write and need it to, it happened that I didn't. At least, I should have sent you the English edition of my small book *DAS LETZTE JAHR* (THE LAST YEAR) which was published by Secker and Warburg a few months ago. The booklet should reach you now within a very few days.

Besides, I am enclosing the beginnings of the letter that I tried to write in August 1955. You will notice that I was much engrossed by your work at that time (once more engrossed by it!), although I have to confess that *HOWARDS END* has not yet reached me again, whereas the *COLLECTED SHORT STORIES* proved to be an infinite delight.

Are you never - just not ever at all - coming to Switzerland? If a gentle wind should ever cause you to get here, please do not forget to call! (Tel. 91 46 66)

And please let me ask again not to be angry with me. You are one of the very last persons whose anger - or even slightly annoyed indifference I could easily stand.

All the best to you.

P.S. Please forgive my typewriting; but my writing is, if at all legible, at least a torture to whomever it may concern.

END ha