

## **Verbundkatalog Kalliope**

**Mann, Erika**

**o.O., 1948-08-27**

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Erika Mann

August 27th, 1948.

Dearest Duff.

Shame and scandal on me! And not as if I were able to explain, let alone to justify my ugly silence. Of course there were reasons. As you may have read, Klaus - my closest brother tried to do away with himself which was not only a nasty shock but also involved a great deal of time devouring trouble. There was not incidentally any "motive" - just general degout and sadness. Well...

Besides, my father's house was invaded by countless children, in-laws, and grand children who keep occupying my room so that I have been living with varying friends; and every time I move a whole day has to be written off. Also, there have been several surprise engagements - in particular one by "America's Town Meeting of the Air" which compelled me to do a lot of research and to fly about like Count Bernadotte (does he not in truth remind one a horrid deal of delicious old Runciman?). The "Town" thing turned out to be far the most amusing affair I ever participated in (in this field). The broadcast reaches between 10 and 20 Million people but you address a live 4000 in the audience, too. It is a round-table sort of venture with two speakers defending the popular majority opinion on any given subject, and one contradicting them continually and as militantly as possible. A man called Buthner (and not quite by mistake, either) who was "Ike's" personal aid throughout the war was my main adversary but your (or Cambridge's) own Dr. Brogan (Professor of Political Science) proved more dangerous. We quarreled madly about the Berlin crisis, and despite the suicidally unpleasing character of my views, I harvested more "questions" (from the audience) than did the two others together - which, as you know, meant victory. Of the very many letters which I keep receiving, exactly 50% are abusive. I enclose a copy of my reply to the latter - for I consider this kind of reaction to be rather an invention, fit to anger our enemies substantially.

Notwithstanding my prolonged failure to say so, I was very glad to get your letter. You wanted me to "like your articles and to love you". But I cannot deny that I like some of your articles largely because I love you. (Others, of course, I like, because I like them.) I am, however, quite certain that much depends on where and for whose benefit a piece is being written, and that if you lived in America, you'd write differently. I agree with virtually all that you say in your letter and with much of what you said to the crowds.

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These being English, I suppose the won't misunderstand your less committing ( to me!) statements, either.

Have you begun to write one of those two books? You ought to, you know. In case there is no war on next summer, I shall be coming to Europe, and - if you let me - pay you a visit. It is then that I hope to be given at least three fourths of the manuscript.

Much love.

As I should not wish you to despise me, I hasten to add that I did not advocate "our" leaving Berlin now when we've made such an idiotic issue of it. All I said was that it was the Western powers and not the Russians who, by declaring their intention to establish an independent Western German state with Frankfurt as its capital, renounced the notion of one Germany governed by the Allied Control Council at Berlin; and that with the Four Power Government "out", we had no longer any legitimate business in the Soviet Zone. If we insisted on staying which perhaps we had now better do, the Russians ought to be given something in exchange... etc. For the rest I spoke much along the line of one of your articles - the one wherein you suggest that the USSR might after all have some reason to suspect that we are not - and have never been - overly fond of her.

See?