

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Erika

Weimar, 1945-06-26

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War Correspondent Erika Mann
Presscamp Weimar
June 26th, 1945

Now if THAT isn't the dirty peak! I sent at least 7 messages to all the presscamps I could dream up; I went everywhere to find out where you hung out, - the very first party being the St. and St., Paris who didn't know a thing. Smith, needless to say, never breathed one syllable; Curt knew that you were due in Paris which was why I kept postponing my departure until it became quite irresponsible to stay even one more hour. While I understand that your longing for the nervous merry-maker (Curt Dirt) was strictly limited, you should have shown up at the Scribe, even if only to have a look at derailed Dorothy or jolly Jeannette (Flanner). What a shoreless shame! Nor - to be as frank as can be - do I quite ~~h h h h h h h h~~ understand why you couldn't have parked yourself on a plane and come here for a day or so. Inertia? Lack of imagination? Shortage of moral elan? But that is exactly what caused Nazism ~~to~~ succeed - for a while. No kidding, now: LET US MEET IN THE NEAR FUTURE! I cannot, as previously explained, come to the Mediterranean. Any place in the ETO will do! Holland? Denmark? Interesting spots wherever you turn. Only do turn somewhere! .

That's all folks! I, too, am too thoroughly revolted to add a lot of news. We are sitting here till the cows come home and can't afford to go anywhere for fear that the party might suddenly get under way. Curt, ~~and answered~~ of course, opened your message while I was in Pilsen. Be good! Be communicative! Come!

With anti-german greetings

yours frustratedly

