

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

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Pacific Palisades, Angabe v. A. Naef

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Erika Mann
1550 San Remo Drive
Pacific Palisades
California
VE-Day

Erika Mann an Klaus Mann
8.5.1945

Little old spouse.

There we are at last. "Hitler's" invariable a concept as "King C..."
"Mr. Hull, the soft-spoken Tennessean". It's all very odd and moving, although F.D.R.'s absence robs this day of much of its meaning and most of its joyfulness.

Where may you be? Not having written - despite all promises to the contrary - since February 26th, I shall throw this into the abyss, praying that it may yet reach you in Pullach or Ischenhausen. My own fate is shrouded in uncertainty. For obvious reasons I can't depart before June 7th and while I've been "accepted" some time ago by Shaef, I keep wondering whether their okay will remain valid. Needless to say my heart aches and itches even now, wanting to be where "once mighty" surrenders and "once arrogant" (the German people) remain just as arrogant as ever. I've just completed a major Uding on war criminals (for Liberty) - entitled, portentously, "The Road to Leipzig". For the rest I am trying to recuperate from a lecture-tour the like of which has never been experienced before. Your little Rhein-piece has been read with pleasure, whereas your remark concerning that "Mopslike salon" from which you derived so much fun has been viewed with mild misgivings. Fish is a dangerous dish; those who eat, court defeat! - Mops, - she ought to be liberated by now. Somehow I feel that she actually is.

No, the Germans never knew who I was. I wasn't interested in their reaction to people like myself, but had to talk to them as an American War Correspondent. Even for reasons of security, - which, however, wouldn't have been decisive - I preferred to remain anonymous. I talked with a handsome American accent which incidentally helped me to control myself. It was like a disguise. Had I been myself, I might have hit them or something. Only once did I lift the veil. Both, the Arch-Bishop of Aachen and Herr Oberbürgermeister Oppenhoff learned the gerie truth. The latter - werwolfed, as you know - was an uesis little imbecile, the only quasi decent one I've come across. The former couldn't have been more crooked, oily and repulsive. Watch out, anyway! Wouldn't it be too, TOO stupid to get murdered at this stage of the game?

Mielein laments a great deal, not having heard from you for a couple of eternities. Dad's health has been thoroughly checked recently and everything seems to be in order. He'd lost so much weight and looked so spindly that we'd been a bit disquieted. All that remains to be looked over now is his stomach. If that's alright, we may calm down. Moni, encouraged by a bunch of feeble-minded admirers, led by Kadidja, is about to embark on a literary-political-philosophical career, good God. La Tomaska causes me to worry a disturbing deal. She is crazy like hell, though equally likable - a familiar mixture and hard to cope with.

See you SOON, - or so I fervently hope! E.

Erika Mann
1550 San Remo Drive
Pacific Palisades
California
VE-Day

Little old spouse.

There we are at last. "Hitler's once mighty army" has become as invariable a concept as "King Carol's red-haired companion" and "Mr. Hull, the soft-spoken Tennessean". It's all very odd and moving, although F.D.R.'s absence robs this day of much of its meaning and most of its joyfulness.

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