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Mann, Erika

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Erika Mann
c/o W. Colston Leigh
521 Fifth Avenue
New York City, N.Y.
February 24th, 1945..

Mister, -

no sooner had the postman rung - and he didn't even have to do it twice - and delivered your dear one of February 10th, than I could be observed going into an agitated huddle with myself to "compose" (as Tomsy used to say) an affectionate reply. In any composition worthy of the name first thing will come first:

I am utterly, but really utterly.... And I ask ~~hh~~ you! How could a mature Sarge like yourself, a clever psychologist and a connoisseur of ~~his~~ sis' heart (plein de toi!) how could he have dreamed up the idea that her (sis') silence might be due to and caused by, any remark of his - let alone by one as neat and sensible as the Unhold-bit? Now, really! That, after 38 years of life with and without father, you shouldn't be aware of the fact that I am physically incapable of resenting anything you do or say and that you should deem it possible that I'd punish you by falling silent, leaves me in a state of pained, if moved and tender consternation. Once again: There is never any reason for my not writing, - none, except inadaequacy, stupidity and lack of "Musse". As to my failure to visit sunny Italy, however, there is a reason and one which, I felt, a mature Sarge like yourself would have found easy to guess. It is quite possible for us W.C.'s (sorry) to rush from one country to another within "our" theater - whereas a change of theaters is more than Shaeff will stand for. Had I gone to Flo or Roma, I would have had to stay and while, on account of your being there, I might not have minded at all, I wouldn't have stayed either. Because - see? - my papers wouldn't have stood for that. I was sent over to go to, and cover, little old Germany and had I gone to Italy instead, I would have been recalled in no time at all. Need I seriously tell you (it almost seems that way) that, second only to aunt Emmecke, you are nearest to my heart? Oh, lunacy,

Stamm 16 w

-2-

oh all-engulfing craziness!

No, la Unholda has not - as yet - departed. And though my weird devotion to Le Monstre lui-meme is not likely ever to dwindle, I am inclined to doubt that her eventual exit will make a heluvalot of difference. L.'s romance has come to an end - much to her heartrending despair; she is unlikely to indulge again - or, if she does, nothing solid will come of it. ~~Nhh~~ Imitating Herr Oberlehrer, the U. is using her and ~~hnh~~ fond though I am of the sentimental old piece, I couldn't possibly live with her - which is precisely what I would have to face. La U. - incidentally, may go at any moment. But the manner in which Heaven's number one ~~A~~ A martyr forces her gory presence on L. as well as himself cannot but revolt me a ~~wh~~ tiny bit. Why on earth the unconscious, yet only too audible, wreck should not be permitted to dissolve in a hospital, rather ~~han~~ in a flat too small, under the circumstances, for anyone's comfort, is, - no, not beyond me. There is bliss in suffering, noble, self-sacrificial bliss, ~~hnhnhnhnhnhnhnhnhnhnhnh~~ even if poor L. on her part fails to see it and tends to cry in the elevator without any acute reason.

La Tomska returns your greetings. I am quite certain that you'd like her, although Ferge and Wehsal (as Milein is wont to call F. and Martino) anger me by not appreciating her sufficiently. ~~hnhnhnhnh~~ Jalousy, I suppose, silly as it may sound.

I'll send you a few Toronto-and Liberty pieces as soon as I get to New York. Also, I'll ask Dale to let you have a book by one Alexander Sedgwick, entitled "Tell Sparta", from which I derived a great deal of pleasure. The author, - N.Y. Times Correspondent in the Middle East ~~is~~ as such personally known to me. And if the novel (his first) is not by any means an artistic masterpiece - it is, a) truly funny at the expense of us War Correspondents and b) heart-warming, politically, though, perhaps, somewhat overly conservative. You'll see.

Z. - it is true - IS not as well as he ought to be. Thin, nervous, no appetite, given to depressions and moods, tortured by doubts concerning the Devil and by his (not the devil's!) tiresome teeth. I don't quite know what might be done about it all, ~~but~~ don't feel too happy about it. At any rate

and not

which center

-3-

I've won a battle against my selfish self and decided to spend the month of May in the San Remi so as to be able to accompany him (and M.) to Washington at the end of that month and hhhh to help make June sixth a worthy occasion. Despite my beggings and prayers F. has not seen fit so show me your piece, mumbling that it is somehow unreachable at present ahh hhhhhhhhhhh but that I'll get it soon. I am all the more eager since F., in talking about it, looks almost hh the way he does at the thought of Thun. On my humble part I shall try to arrange for a broadcast in dad's honour.

I must now pack, travel, unpack, talk, pack, travel. My schedule is crazier than ever, so that, for instance, I've just been in Pittsburgh and Canada, whence I went to Boston and New York, only to return to Pittsburgh ~~where~~ I am about to leave for Canada. The New York-Town-Hall-lecture turned out very festively with der Ihrige and Unhold, Riemsky and Moni, F. and Kadidja, la grande Lazarre and all.

"St.&st." is a decent enough a publication I should think that you'd find it comparatively agreeable to work for them. Nobody knows what language he wants to write in. Dr. Martino writes in German, out of a blue clear sky, - even he - a novel, it seems, and isn't it odd? Luckily, I am not writing a thing, - book postponed, advance gone, Houghton disappointed, off forgiving.

Goodness, - I must pack like anything.
Je t'embrasse. Very much so. And don't you ever again.....It's too, TOO nonsensical!

* the anti-American

H.K. : GOOD!

Schlenk: Even better!

J: - by now in my tower, -!

LETTERLY!

~~Yieso dear
Yieso dear
nur?~~
Bianchi

~~Yieso~~

Poubiossky



MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

MONTREAL, 2, P.Q.
CANADA

1000 ROOMS - 1000 BATHS

VERNON G. CARDY
VICE-PRESIDENT
AND
GENERAL MANAGER

P.S.

February 26th.

Gretchen never lies
and is already here!
Now this needlework
will have to wait until
its creator finds her-
self a bit nearer
the Postmaster New
York. - I am scared
stiff - really frightened

and, besides, heartily
grieved at the thought
that something
might - indeed
probably will - happen
to overly ~~set~~ ~~the~~
sly Harmosan
who seems to be
in the poorest of
healths - apart
from the fact that
I don't know
where on earth he



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is! What a horrid,
revolting tragedy it
would be! If only -
and at least ~~the~~
Heinrich, the provider
here still what he
was! Moreover, I
am deeply fond of
old Hannosau. Should

he depart I'd take
it almost as badly
as the ends of
Rudolf K. and
Mae.

Kisses. I am
to perform twice
within one day and
a half and shiver
in joyful anticipation.

Much real love!

S S S.

Ms. Enclosed find
one of the grandest
bits of contemporary
literature the
"New Yorker"
ever dug
up!