

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

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o.O., 1944-07-23

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Erika Mann
War Correspondent
Pro HQ Etousa
APO 887
July 23. 1944.

Fancy -

your letter, dated June 19th, reached me the day before yesterday. Captain Martin had been too busy. And I on my part had been too uncertain about each and everything, to hope that any utterance of mine would make any sense whatever. By now the situation is a bit clearer. Martin has talked to Bob who, he says, was extremely cooperative. We must, however, says Bob, wait until Florence has fallen. If we catch the darned thing intact you'll have to go there. If not, Bébé's boss - who's also been approached by honest Martin - will be only too delighted to have you. See? Personally I had not approached Bobby dear, because I hadn't previously paid my respects to him and feared to annoy him by showing up merely to ask a favour. Do not think, though, that a lot of fun can be had where bébé sits. It's all pretty dull and deliberately impotent and no better than it used to be when I quit. However, des Menschen wille ist sein H. ellenreich and I sincerely wish that you'll get what you want. Also, I shall not fail - if I am here - to remind all good men of their duties towards you, as soon as little old Flo has fallen.

I've been in France twice and shall go back there very soon - possibly for the duration, - or, rather, probably to enter Berlin from there. Since it was mostly casualties and hospitals whom and which I "covered", you may imagine that matters haven't been overly gay for E. mouse. They have been highly interesting, though and are bound to continue to be so. Doodle is a bloody bore, my dear and so are some of the things I write. Some, on the other hand, are quite cute. Bébé is staying with me at the moment, his own little place having been all too flimsy. He would like to abandon his job, but doesn't quite know ~~whab~~ how to replace it. He, of course, could be most handsomely ~~was~~ replaced by yourself.

Wie gefaellt Dir die Sache in Germany? Having listened to any number of freshly captured prisoners last week, I'd expected something of the kind to happen and I seriously think it's the beginning of a fairly speedy end.

But what an idea for you to live in M. or B.! Quite apart from the profound dreariness of any such life, it would be too short for comfort. Gustaf, incidentally, is not dead. Definitely not. The V.B. of July 14th praises a certain Herr Stumpf for having imitated the great actor in a well nigh miraculous way. Since Stumpf happens to be a comedian, G. couldn't even have been "killed in action", let alone liquidated. Too bad.

Brian has left the RAF and sends you his love. D.C. has been here - have I mentioned it before? - and proved to be as magic a fish as any. I'd better forget about the whole sentimental investment and laugh the guy off. Why can't I ever start something sensible? Give my love to Bob Str. and tell him that I was delighted to hear from him even indirectly. If he should go to France, he'd better let me know.

Und wirr und wirr und wirr? Let's meet soon, in Munich, Köln, Hamburg and Berlin. I much disrelish this prolonged separation, but insist that it's apt to end in the not too distant future.

Kisses, blessings and a lot of hbbbh ~~hui~~ and balloney. Do write again!

Yours from all my nervous heart:

E