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[1944] May

Erika Mann
War Correspondent
Pro HQ Etoussa
APO 887

Old gorgeous,-

it is all too long since I haven't heard from you and I utterly dislike that sort of silence between us. All the more so, since Golo, too, is without news from Italy and unable to tell a single funny story about you. Our - Bibé's and my - re-union has been celebrated with due enthusiasm following my arrival here 5 days ago. I've had an exceedingly cosy trip and am happy to be here. That one can't cable a word to people of your kind, you probably know. I've been trying my best to inform you of my presence in the U.K. - quite unsuccessfully.

This is waiting time for us clergymen's daughters. Good old Hemingway arrived day before yesterday, all dressed up and bearded to cover everything, but got himself into a car crash at his earliest inconvenience and is at the hospital now.

Mielein, I am sure, keeps telling you all there is to tell. And here nothing much has yet happened. Brian and myself spent a pleasant if alcoholic night not long ago, Anégle is too busy to participate in any such outrage, I am trying to sell my book (40 pages of it!) to Secker so as to enable myself to live in style, although good old Savoy is so crowded, it will only admit royalty. What a deplorable shame that you've got to be so far away and - I'm afraid - ~~hampered~~ bound to have such a tough time. How I should like to join you - somehow!

This afternoon I've been correcting "A Gang of Ten" which minor masterpiece dear old Kaethchen (not Kommer) translated into German. It is stranger than fiction to go over one's own stuff in one's own language, yet not a bit in one's words.

TURNING POINT has had very handsome reviews and everybody is saddened by your constant absence.

This afternoon I'll take g. to see the Baroness Budberg (H.G.'s old play girl). There will be a luncheon with the Willert's in a minute or so (Paul being on leave for a short time). Tomorrow a meeting with Van has been arranged for. In short you see that life is not without sweetness. D.C. on his part is far away and even if he weren't, I don't know what it would all look like. For months now he's been silent like a stubborn fish so that I begin not to care a terrific lot any longer.

Are you writing? The novel? What else? Making friends and influencing people? I enclose several first rate trifles though I find it exceedingly difficult to part with them. But then, what would I not do just to cause you a few minutes of animated laughter. Zuck's letter is a jewel cloaked in mayonnaise, while mine strikes me as fairly crisp.

That's all, folks. PLEASE let me hear from you - instantly, presently, immediately and at once! I have of course no idea how long I'll be staying but dimly suspect it won't be just a few days. Nor am I in a position to guess where I'll be going. Always, however, and under all circumstances shall I try to keep in touch with you, wait for jokes from you and remain yours

emphatically:

