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Erika Mann

Enroute

March 13th, 1944.

(Permanent address: 118 East 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.)

Oh, distant dearie! Meanwhile you must have received some of the many letters and parcels mother dear professes to have sent, and even my one communication ought to have reached you, - long, hearty, and rich in news and melodies as it was! Your note arrived in Richmond ~~Virginia~~ Virginia, the woman's Club of which pleasing city still fondly remembers "Family versus Dictator", the day before yesterday. To say that I was glad to get it, would be a snobbish understatement. I've always known that it is infinitely easier to be in grisly places oneself, than to have to picture one's next of kin in any such underprivileged situation. But, - as I never tire to say, - "an abyss yawns ~~between~~ knowledge and experience". And now I am experiencing it all. I am NOT in Stockholm, - of course not! After many months of futile waiting, I proceeded to inquire, only to learn that I should have been notified ages ago, that the entire project had been tabled for the time being, and that any inconvenience one may have caused me, was deeply regrettable. And so it is. However, my contract with Liberty has been renewed, the Army have re-accepted me, and, God willing, I'll be off by the end of April. From D.C. no word, but it's not his place I'll be covering anyway. As ever, my heart and conscience are tattered and torn on account of the old sweeties; particularly, if or rather, since, Angele is to be also transplanted. But, then, what can one do? War is war, job, job, spring, spring, and it all fishels in your hand. I'll write again before leaving, and shall try to cable upon arrival.

This season's tour, - and particularly this month's southern trip, - is sheer, abundant agony. Something to marvel at, quite memorable and unique, in fact. It's sure to turn into lovely memories in the not too distant future. "I of all People" progresses snail-like. Actually, I haven't been working on it for months. Dale and Paul Brooks (the boss) came to see me at the Bedford, and I read at them. They liked it profoundly, thus encouraging me to let the whole thing rest and mature, while concentrating on a substantial number of ANTI GERMAN articles which insisted on being written by someone. Everybody else failing to write them, dear me seemed the only person who could be counted upon. Even the Nation had to be rebuffed for an article by nomme Fritz Sternberg, entitled "Germany, Economic Heart of Europe", and containing a lot of slanderous attacks on Van, as well as a lot of criminal nonsense in various respects. Coudenhove had to be attacked, the Unhold had to be congratulated on his jubilee (50 years of conducting, - I ask you!), and thus one daring joke chased another.

Met Golo in Richmond for dinner; decided again that I like him. Perhaps I'll run into him somewhere in spring. But how ~~long~~ I long to run into you! Heaven alone knows, and may do something about it. (This is not a train, it's an earth quake, which shakes not only my letters, but also my thoughts into bloody nonsense. The ordeal ~~has~~ is scheduled to last till April 13th, when I'll appear in the Twin Cities. From there I'll race out to the coast for a week or so; Then jump into my uniform, and go home to the Army. I am happy indeed, and grateful for having been re-accredited ~~so~~ so speedily.

Medi's child is due at any moment. Pale little Dulala, - let's hope all goes well. That G.A. is nursing a little kidney stone, cannot have escaped your attention. But you are hardly in a position to picture just what he's making of it. He's sure taking it big. It must be stated, however, that he's been right more often than not. Especially with regard to Baby, some of whose recent pronouncements make me shudder. And to think that D.C. is apt to agree with him, doesn't do me a hell of a lot of good either. The Ogbo says that Wolfgang Stresemann convenes with Stampfer etc. at the house of the Countess Waldeck, and that they prepare a number of statements. There should be a law!

I am dizzy and starved ("we aren't feeding civilians!"), but also full of love, hope, and tender thoughts. The picture, of course, is an outrage. But you wanted a tiny one, didn't you, and so it had to be this sort of thing. Thanks awfully for Somerset's masterpiece (I did thank for it in my last message!); it's very arrival was a moving pleasure, and reading it was a lot of fun and amazement. What a mouse! But I'd love to be able to write precisely the way he does, just as seemingly unpretentious and gracefully hardhitting. Riess, incidentally, ~~happ~~ seems a trifle out of luck at present. F. had to reject a book which didn't make any sense whatever, - something about invetions of which the author doesn't happen the faintest and palest idea, - and, anyway, the factory to have

has seen better days. Martin is waiting, Christopher keeps calling mercilessly, Lotte's boyfriend is far away; I gave a luncheon, recently, for Annettly, and Mrs. Garret. Imagine! At the Swiss Pavillion! Dollars 12, out of the window. But I should say, it was worth it! Farewell, dearest! And ~~do~~ blame all you dislike about this letter on the circumstances. Write soon! And believe that I am thinking of you a very great and affectionate deal!

Yours indeed

