

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Erika

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War Correspondent
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U.S.H.Q. in the M.E.



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Missouri*

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Pacific Palisades, Cal.*

Hotel Shepheard's
Cairo, August 4th, 1943

Beloved bachelor , -

(the bachelor is the brother of the devil! - as the Arabs say!)

what can I say , except that it is very sad and that we have got to be very quiet? Otherwise there doesn't seem to be any excuse for my revolting silence. I've tried-once- to write you a handsome letter and actually produced three hand-scribbled pages, but then didn't like them a hoot and destroyed the whole lot. The truth is that the idea of your still being there maddens me, - picturing, as I do, how you must feel about it; and I hate "Kondolenz"- letters *of any kind*. But ~~when~~^{as} it is almost two weeks now since Frederic's cable was received, I try to convince myself that all must have changed in the meantime, and, anyhow, here I go!

I have been having an unduly nice and - in a way - interesting time in noteworthy Cairo, troubled only by a thunder-gray conscience, owing to an altogether insufficient number of articles produced by yours cordially mouse. For although innumerable subjects present themselves to the intelligent writer, they are not what the doctor ordered for Liberty, and "action stories" must be looked for somewhere else. That's why I'll be off *for* Teheran one of these days, not without stopping both, in Irak, and Palestine on my way back. Filled to the brim with news and melodies I shall do my best

to report for home-duty by October the first, ~~hah~~ ^{but} somehow trust that we'll be running into each other long before then.

How exceedingly strange it was to come back to old Morokko where the flying fishes fly! Algiers, too, moved and upset me considerably. Not to mention the Pyramides! And now, highly esteemed Sir, since I've seen them, various things may yet happen. (If you know what I mean! If not, ask Ohm Peter who ^{does} know!)

How may mother-dear's 60th have passed and what/else may have occurred behind my faithless back? It is rather dreamlike and just a tiny bit uncanny to be all alone in a country as alien and remote as this. But then, familiar faces will always turn up and if it hadn't been Mildred Boye with whom I lunched yesterday, it would have been Eddie Gathorne Hardy, with whom I'll dine tomorrow, and who wants me to send you his best love. Also, there is an attractive Major with whom Eva used to have loads of fun many years ago, while Ricky suffered like a beast; being ah rather a mixture of Gustaf and Brian (though very ~~manly~~ ^{manly} and tough) the Major is by no means without his merits and charms.

Not a word about olè man Musso's gloomy lot! Whatever may happen, though, and however little we may make of it, the very fact of his downfall means a substantial lot, - and not to Borgi only, - and I keep feeling quite elated when thinking of it. But then I am in comparatively fine spirits anyhow, - be it hhhhhhh simply because of this complete change of climate, or because what my dictionary calls "the ungracious one", or "the ill-disposed, hostile, repulsively ugly, one; the monster; the malicious foe, evil spirit; the demon, or scorcere", -

seems to have lost some of his hold on me; or because somebody else seems to have - if not taken his place, - ~~no~~ at least occupied certain ~~hh~~ strategic spots in my golden heart; or because of the brightening war-outlook, - at any rate, I am almost as happy as the young nurse used to be whom we met in the U.S. a couple of centuries ago and whom we promised to mention her in one of our earlier works. (P.S.; Uncle in question is not Eva's Major, but - e not at all, Madame, it's a shame, Madame, - a certain Mister in London. ~~hh~~ All this, - needless to say, - is highly secret; careless talk and ~~hh~~ idle speculation endanger human lives and ships may be sunk if anyone listens in!)

The Sphinx, my dear, is much larger than I'd thought and does^{not} stand at all where she ought to. I got two uniforms, one ~~hh~~ ugly and one fairly nice ones, - no money whatsoever, and not a ~~hh~~ great many constructive ideas either. Not as if I hadn't written a new, ~~hh~~ dashing outline for dearest Dale which, I trust, may bring in a little haye. Also, next week's trip ought to present me with at least some fresh material.

Write, - do write, - do write immediately!
My address is: War Correspondent, E.M., - U.S.H.Q. in the Middle East, an ordinary American airmail stamp will do, and letters take about two weeks which is not at all bad. So on with the good work! As it stands I haven't received one single bloody line from anybody on earth and feel quite abandoned and forgotten.

Lumps, loads, and loaves of love!