

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Mann, Erika

o.O., 1946-03-24

Nutzungsbedingungen

Bei zahlreichen Dokumenten auf monacensia-digital.de sind die Urheberrechte bereits abgelaufen. Sie sind gemeinfrei und dürfen ohne weitere Rücksprache mit der Monacensia weiterverwendet werden. Bei den Dokumenten, bei denen noch Urheberrechte bestehen, müssen für eine Weiterverwendung stets die Rechteinhaber*innen angefragt werden sowie eine Publikationsgenehmigung der Monacensia eingeholt werden. Das Zitatrecht bleibt hiervon unberührt.

Zur Erteilung einer Publikationserlaubnis wenden Sie sich bitte an:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus
Literaturarchiv
Adresse: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

Terms of use

The copyrights for numerous documents on monacensia-digital.de have already expired. They are in the public domain and may be reused without further consultation with Monacensia. In the case of documents for which copyrights still exist, the copyright holders must always be contacted for further use and publication permission must be obtained from the Monacensia. The right to quote under copyright law remains unaffected by this. To obtain permission for publication, please contact:

Monacensia im Hildebrandhaus:
Literaturarchiv
Address: Maria-Theresia-Straße 23, 81675 München
E-Mail: monacensia.literaturarchiv@muenchen.de

War Correspondent Erika Mann
IMT Press Camp
Nurnberg

24.3.46

U.S.A.

A i r m a i l

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Mann
1550 San Remo Drive
Pacific Palisades
California



War Correspondent Erika Mann
I.M.T. Press Camp, Nurnberg,
March 24th, 1946.

Suesis,-

for reasons entirely their own, the Press Camp authorities have seen fit to send my entire mail (the harvest of two months, if you please!) to Paris (of all places!), thereby throwing the liebe liebe post clear into the abyss. There is no APO whatsoever ~~anywhere~~ left in the French capital. In fact, I suspect that somebody, attracted by the sight of that parcel, kept the precious thing and simply disposed of the remaining bissimoneh. At any rate, however, I received nothing except your last letter, Frau Ohnegleich, which - datelined March 5th - informed me, much to my relief, about the definite cancellation of your European adventure. Thank God. It wouldn't have been much fun and might have been a lot of bad bad trouble.

As for myself, I've just returned from Unterdeufstetten, ~~where~~ ^{whence} I journeyed to have good old Freddow look at my ribs. I had, once again, been catching a great deal and hurt all over the place. The local nurse, listening to my noises, insisted that it was Pleurasy (?) - (Rippenfellentzündung) I was suffering from, a diagnosis most incredible to me, since neither my temperature, nor my general condition harmonized with so dreary a figning. So I went to see the Doktorin who found my Diafragm (Zwerchfell) to be inflamed and strained by the cough - quite a harmless, though painful occurrence, ordered heat and mustard plaster and said that, for the rest, I was in satisfactory shape. See?

Upon my return from Switzerland (to Munich) I wrote you a letter which was never mailed. It concerned Vikkof, das Herrschafts-kind, and the odd dishonesty of his letters to you, a dishonesty of which he is obviously unaware, as he showed me all the carbons. Never mind, though. Self-defense and self-deception are one in today's Germany and V. - quite a typical little Teuton - just doesn't know the truth from a bar of ~~his~~ soap. I merely mention that thrown-away letter, because I've been so industrious a correspondent, lately, and don't wish you to think that I failed to write since I left Zueritown.

Things here are getting spookier* by the hour. Goering's cross examination left me in a state of helpless fury. Shortly before the end, I couldn't stand it any longer and told Sir David (the British Prosecutor in Chief) what I thought ought to be done. He did it, too. And it was the first and only little victory we won over the Reichsmar-shal. What a bunch of crazy sweeties we are!

Tomorrow I'll go to Weissenburg to witness the opening of the first war crimes trial under German jurisdiction. It can't possibly be worse than Nurnberg and will probably be better - if only for the purpose of showing us "how". Then, as formerly stated, I'll proceed to Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Prague, perhaps Budapest.

Since the Russians won't let us go from here to Berlin, except via Frankfurt, I may see Angèle, though, more likely than not, I'll somehow manage to miss her. Just as I am bound to arrive in Vienna, when Frau Klaus has just left. Happen what may, however, I shall go home sometime in May. The trial will go on for ever, or at least till the middle of July and I know by now what it is all about. Once I've seen a bit more of Eastern Europe, I may tell myself and others that I am revoltingly well informed and may face my lecture crowds in good cheer. W. Colston, his threats having been unsuccessful, is only too happy to take me back. I'll chatter for him during the months of October, November, January, February, so as to give my voice a wholesome Christmas-rest.

Instead of opening this distraught note by talking about my own little health, I should, dearest Z., ^{have} inquired about you, which is much on my mind. I was angry to learn that you haven't been well and am anxious to hear how you are doing now. The mail situation is and remains a disaster. Before leaving here, I shall have a long and urgent talk with the sergeant in charge and implore him to forward my letters to wherever he may know me to be. Thus the IMT Press Camp, Nurnberg, is apt to be the safest address until further notice. I don't intend to stay anywhere for any length of time, but shall write or cable whenever I can.

Biddle sends his regards. ~~Whhh~~ ~~as~~ One of the judges, he speaks up but rarely and never to the point (how could he?), so that my comment "too biddle and too late" has ~~whhhh~~ ^{earned} general acclaim.

Many kisses. I am eagerly looking forward to embracing you. You'll find me a pensive, white-haired lady, who shows the strain of defeat in victory, but who promises herewith not to participate in any wars to come. The Germans, that much is certain, cherish only one hope: our war against the Russians and they feel confident that it will start any moment now. Quoting the De Gaulle of 1940, they say: "Germany has lost a battle, but not the war". (One of them actually said so in a letter to the "Neue Zeitung").

More kisses. I am utterly yours

P.S. - March 28th.

Back from Weissenburg, where judges behaved just as they did in last war's war crimes trials. What a ludicrous farce! My little diaphragm is much better and I consider myself in number one condition. All the more so, since the approaching spring makes traveling - and living - a comparative joy. The food, incidentally, has improved greatly since I last tasted it. There are eggs now, a measure of fresh meat and fruit and once in a while even a bit of salad. Sending a cable today with my Berlin address. Though mail is traveling snail's pace these days - your letter took a whole month - you might just make it, if you write after receipt of cable. Many caresses and please tell me all about Z.'s recuperation!

Liebe Kielein und
liebes Herrpapale!

Hier ist es sehr schön. Die
Aufahrt war herrlich, nur war
mir's ziemlich schlecht. Aber die
Straßen waren so gerade und breit,
das man tüchtig sauren braunte,
und die Eis ist auch wunderbar
gefahren. Den 1. Tag sind wir bis
Nigar gefahren. Da waren viele wunder-
bare Kraben und verhaupften Teppiche.
Am nächsten Tag kamen wir dann
hierher. Das Meer ist eisig. Aber wir
baden trotzdem, aber wir bleiben
nicht sehr lange drinn. - Einen sehr
schönen Spaziergang haben wir auch
schon entdeckt, aber wir sind schon
wacknickt bis zuende gefangen.

Es dauert, glaube ich, hin und
zurück 45 Stunden. Aber vielleicht
machen wir's doch einmal. -

Ich lese gerade Herrn Papales Daguer-
aufsatz in der Rundschau. Ich glaube
dass ich ihn ganz gut verstehe!
Auf alle Fälle finde ich ihn
wunderbar. - Klavier ist noch
meines da. Aber morgen kommt
eins, besser für mich. Eigent-
lich wäre es schon heute gekommen
aber das Lastauto hat einen Fir-
sammenstoss gehabt und ich
etwas kaputt und kann erst
morgen wieder benutzt werden.
Der Bili liest sehr viel, so unge-
fähr 5 Stunden am Tag. Heute
haben wir angefangen.

französisch zu lernen
das Buch ist sehr gut!

Felzt habe ich alles gelehrt,
was ich weiss.

Gross

Recht

Meine ganz abschauliche
Schwester hat mir
natürlich wieder gar nichts
zum Erzählen ge-
lassen, doch wird es
Dir hoffentlich zur Freude
gereichen, dass du die
verhassten gewissen
Lettern heute nicht sehen
musst!