

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

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War Correspondent
Erika Mann
Third Army Headquarters
Press Camp

20.9.45

A i r m a i l
U. S. A.



Mrs. Katia Thomas Mann
1550 San Remo Drive
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Censored by:

War Correspondent

War Correspondent Erika Mann
Munich, September 20, 1945

Suesi, your darling letter has just arrived and I hasten to repair at least some of the damage I 've done to myself in your eyes. What an ugly sentence it was, which I had to read in one of your letters to sweetie Bébé. I used to draam of it for a while, freezing on my dirty cot in a prisoners of war camp in Stenay, France. "She even admitted not having made any effort to get in touch with you" you write, referring to poor little E. mouse. But I did get in touch with him, as soon as my work permitted me to do so (and what good would it have done, had I "ontaced" bébé without being able to get there?) Actually, I drove all the way to Luxemburg jjust to see him. Just as tomorrow I'll fly all the way to ^eB~~er~~lin just to see K. (and you cannot possibly know how difficult it is to obtain the necessary orders.) That I am a feeble correspondent, is gospel true. But even here: I am ~~Whahhahh~~ traveling continually, I do not and cannot have any address and the mere mailing of letters becomes a major enterprise in unknown places (or, rather, in places with unknown setups. This, for instance will have to be taken to the Gueterbahnhof in Pasing; after hours of research I know what I am talking about).

Onkel Heinz, thank you, is quite well. He looks puzzlingly like everybo
dy else, - Offi, Ofei, Achohm, Ohm Klacuschen, yourself, are all in his aged and thin little face. He has never been drafted, though and on the whole seems to have had a tolerable time. Since neither K. nor G. had called on him, I found him tremblingly upset about possible misunderstandings and ~~bghgaggh~~ resulting hostilities. I did all I could to comfort his soul, drove out to

Ickings presented him and aunt Mara with a wealth of disgusting sweets looked at Horstie's pictures and at his diary and promised to call again after my return from Berlin. Vickof, on the other hand, I had not intended to see, but still pondered over how to get at the Bilderbuch, when he ~~hhhhhhhh~~ appeared in my room. He, too, was utterly, utterly upset. More likely than not you, Z., will have received his letter by now - a long, husky one, wherein everything is duly explained. Actually I've found him quite uesis and incline to believe that ~~hha~~ a) he hasn't behaved too badly, while b) he is truly devoted to mein Bruder Thomas. Even Noelli, I understand, has done a lot a weeping on account of K.'s, G.'s and my own silence. To give him a chance to prove his loyalty in a useful sort of way, I have authorized and ~~hhhhhhhh~~ asked him to find Valentin through the good services of the Bavraian ~~hhhhhh~~ ^{Chambers} of lawyers. If the thief can be found, he'll probably find him. I have also registered our property (Po/schi) with the "claim" authorities who will put it "Off Limits" (K.'s balcony, I am afraid, will have to be evacuated) and take it into custody on our behalf.

Bavaria, dear me, is disturbingly lovely. Even Bébé, the great Swiss, had to admit that nothing else compares with it. I've been exceedingly busy, driving, investigating, writing and trying to get my car repaired. Niemoeller, Minister President Schaeffer, General ~~hhhhhh~~ ^{Haushofer} und Herr Moerder Schosser were among those interviewed. The latter was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. His two accomplices, however, were ~~hhhhhh~~ acquitted as soon as I had appeared as a witness for the prosecution. The trial took place in Dachau. It was quite an occasion.

Tomorrow, quae supra diximus, I'll be off for Berlin. A stay of about a week is ~~hh~~ planned for. Then: return here to fetch the car which is being repaired (or so I hope); then Prague, Vienna, if possible Budapest. If you write quickly, the old ~~ad~~ress (Third Army Headquarters, Presscamp, may yet do . At least they know me here now and might even go as far as to forward some mail. No new address will be available for some time. No, I don't have my re-entry permit yet, but shall mention it to Murphy in Berlin. Vickof, incidentally, swears that he has made you (Z.) a gift of the Bilderbuch and handed it over to you long before Hitler. If so, it must be somewhere, along with the rest of our confiscated belongings. Heinzchen knows the ~~the~~ whereabouts of the silver collection which, however, belongs legally to Mara and which they may have to claim ^{at} the special claim office set up for victims of the Nuernberg laws. It appears doubtful that we'll see any part of the treasure.

I, too, was saddened and outraged by Werfel's death. Weiss net was' im Sinn haben, hoeheren Ortes. Z Aber dass stets die Falschen abgeholt werden, unterliegt kaum einem Zweifel.

Farewell, my very dear ones and DON'T, I beg of you, be so brutal to poor little Aschneputtl. Though her best may be bad, she is doing it valiantly. Be embraced by

E.
Am very curious, dearest Z., to see your reply to oily Molo. I haven't read ^{either} his or Thiers's letter, but understand that neither has made much sense. And DO NOT, I implore you, contemplate for one minute to return to this abandoned country. It is simply not menschenkenbar. And I am not referring to its physical state!!!