Translated by Kristin Jacobsen and Maiken Boysen, 20 November 2017.

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| Mein Brief[[1]](#footnote-1) Tirsdag Dresden. 16 Juni 1931  Kære Veninde.  Jeg har skrevet til Deres Mand og bedt ham, som vi  allerede havde aftalt, at sende de færdige Kapitler  til Prof. Warnekros; men hvis de ikke allerede er  afsendt, vilde jeg meget gerne have dem til min  Adresse. Det er saadan et udmærket Anledning  til at tale med den strænge Herre.  Jeg er nemlig straks blevet saa lille[[2]](#footnote-2) som sidste  Aar. De aner ikke, hvilken Evne han har til at lokke  alt det mest kvindelige frem i mig.  Man mener, jeg bliver opereret i morgen – jeg troede, det  allerede var for idag, men jeg tør ikke spørge ham derom.  Sligt taler han ikke med Piger om – og nu hengaar min  Tid med at vente paa ham og drømme om hans  Mandighed og Skønhed. I min Beundring forstaar  jeg nu, at Gud skabte Manden i sit Billede.  Jeg ønsker intet mere end blot at have Lov til at være  i hans Nærhed, og jeg er slet ikke bange for alle de  slemme Smærter, der venter mig; thi saa ser jeg  ham mere – og et Smil fra ham er alle de grusomste  Smærter værd.  De kan tro, det er en Overraskelse for mig, at jeg  nu er her i Stedet for i Paris. Men jeg forstaar  Professoren har grebet dette gunstige Øjeblik  til den sidste store Operation, uden hvilken jeg aldrig  bliver helt rask, hverken fysisk eller moralsk.  Jeg sidder ude i Haven; men af og til kniber det  lidt med Modet og saa maa jeg kile rundt[[3]](#footnote-3) i Gangene  mellem de lyse Birke; jeg ved nemlig kun altfor  godt, hvad der venter mig – og store underlivsopera  tioner er gyselige, men jeg tænker slet ikke paa at  dø; det har jeg ikke Lov[[4]](#footnote-4) til. Det vilde være et  Forræderi. Skriv til mig. Det vil trøste mig.  Det er mig ogsaa en stor Beroligelse at vide, at  deres Mand sidder og arbejder med vort fælles  Værk. Bogen eller rettere Romanen begynder  maaske allerede at udkomme, medens jeg endnu  ligger her.  Jeg sender en Del Fotografier herfra og faar Bekendte  til at samle en Del i Paris.  Mine allerhjærtligste Hilsner til Dem  P.S. og Deres Mand  Jeg venter Visit her af Deres  Johannes og Ulla Poulsen Lili Elvenes | My letter Tuesday Dresden. 16 June1931  Dear Friend.  I have written to your husband and asked him, as we had already agreed, to send the completed chapters to Prof. Warnekros; but if they have not already been shipped, I would like to have them to my address. It is such an excellent occasion to talk with the strict gentleman.  I have immediately become just as little as last year. You wouldn’t guess the power he has to entice the utmost feminine side of me.  They think I’ll undergo surgery tomorrow – I thought it was already due today but I don’t dare to ask him about it. He doesn’t discuss such things with girls – and now I spend my time waiting for him and dreaming about his masculinity and beauty. In my admiration I now understand that God created man in his image.  I wish for no more than just to be allowed to be in his proximity, and I am not at all afraid of all the horrible pain that awaits me, for then I will see him more – and a smile from him is worth all the most gruesome pain.  You can believe it is a surprise to me, that I am now here instead of in Paris. But I understand the professor has grabbed this favorable moment for the last big operation, without which I will never become fully healthy, neither physically nor morally.  I am sitting out in the garden; but courage is a little scarce and so I must dash around among the bright birch trees; I know only too well what waits for me – and big abdominal operations are horrible, but I really do not think about dying at all; I do not have the permission to do that. It would be a betrayal. Write to me. It will comfort me.  It is also a big reassurance to me to know that your husband works with our common work. The book, or rather the novel, might be released while I am still here.  I am sending a handful of photographs from here and will have friends collect some in Paris.  My heartiest greetings to you  P.S. and Your Husband  I await the visit here of Your  Johannes and Ulla Poulsen Lili Elvenes |

1. Written in red in top left corner and seems to be in another person’s handwriting. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. The implication is little in the sense of delicate. She is a shy, shrinking violet. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. The word could also be køle, though the correct phrase would be køle af rundt. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. The word *lov* literally means law, so either permission or allowance would work. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)