

My dearest Muttili!

There is much new, you are probably interested. You must have received the letter from the Kinderhilfswerk by now, I don't know exactly what they wrote, Miss Bleuler told me the approximate content. I really don't know what is preferable, should I wait till July 2800. is so much money, especially if nobody helps with the payment. On the other hand, any delay is costing 200. Fr per month here and who knows, when this children's transport is really coming about. Not to speak of the earlier reunion, about which I dare not even think. Next to it, all other things are completely unimportant, still I want to tell you about them chronologically.

The talk with Miss Wetter happened only Monday noon, she had been gone through the weekend and I had not seen her before that. It was very short and uncomfortable, she reaimed on her decision and only preferred me to a talk with Dr. Sutro. I did, the same evening with a shaking soul, but without cause, because my highest judge turned out to be an angel in person. First, Dr. Sutro quizzed me about all those things which one would want to know about a maiden. Although I gladly told her almost everything, I still had to twist the story of Anton a little bit. Such a detail I can only recount to you. The most important, namely that he had been at my place, came to daylight. Well, Dr. Sutro turned out to be extremely generous in these matters, probably also due to your letter, for which I cannot thank you enough, and which Dr. S. said was touching. Miss Wetter complained to Dr. Sutro about many things of which I had not even been conscious. It a long stupid story, will tell you the details verbally. As I had guessed, she actually just wants to be alone again, it seems my person as such does not bother her, she just does not want a stranger in her apartment. Dr. Sutro reproached me, I had shown enough consideration of Miss W., but believe me, I would rather sleep under a bridge than use a bed somewhere with the feeling that by doing it, I am putting a burden on somebody., My biggest mistake in this respect is, that I can never defend myself in such a situation, it always sounds to me as self praise. I just told her, that I would leave right away, if my presence is so unbearable to her, that I had tried very hard to make life with her, as with other people, as comfortable as possible.

In the end it turned out, that Stux seemed to have been the cause of it all. I am guessing, because he had been in Zurich so often and had inundated me with telephone calls and telegram during the Hans Hefti business And afterwards showered me with flowers and presents and not the least with his presence. Miss Wetter always found this rather amusing, but maybe it got on her nerves in the long run, as it did on mine also. She could have said something, I would have stopped it immediately, as I did now. I wrote to him that he had acted irresponsibly and had to take the blame for my current situation etc. He immediately wanted to do anything and everything to help me out of my spot, but since I didn't accept his .help he has withdrawn and is moping in a corner. (beleidigt). Somehow I am sorry about it, he really always tried to do the best for me, although he always ruined everything with his unbridled "love". More about it in person Because of technical reasons {lack of space}, I am only working half days now and have already applied for private English lessons in the mornings. It is with a nice old lady which will teach me 3 times per week. Probably costs 1.50 per hour. Until now I always went to evening courses but didn't learn enough there.

In addition, Dr. Sutro had sent me to her husband, Dr. Katzenstein, who is a famous neurologist and very interested in polio. I had seen him today in the polyclinic for an examination. Have to go again on Friday because the examining doctor, a real Hungarian lady, had run out of time today. She started at my head and had only reached the stomach, because she tested every muscle with an incredible thoroughness. I will probably always have to go to this clinic for exercises and electro treatment. Thereby my free half days will be quite filled up. For now I am walking my knees into the pavement, trying to find another room, which is almost as hard to find in Zurich as it is in NY. It does cost much less here, only 45. to 55. Fr. The most important facet of it is always the heating possibility, since fuel is very scarce and electric very expensive.

Something will come up.

Lisl is still here, she is staying till Friday, e.g. day after tomorrow. We see each other every day somehow, she is almost as busy as I am, though in a different way, with dances at balls, theater, parties, excursions, dinners etc. She thinks she is dreaming, it will be a rough wake up in Vienna. Last Saturday she and I had been invited to the opera very elegant orchestra seats Three one act pieces by Puccini "The Coats, "Sister Angelica" and "Giovanni Schicci". Do you know them? Verry good. As we came out of the theater, the whole town presented itself to us covered by powdered sugar the first snow, brrrr!! Sunday, Lisl dragged me from one appointment to another. I met many Viennese, all of them students and had a fun time. In the afternoon we went to see the film "Bambi", with a former maid of Lisl's family who happened to be in Zurich, The Disney movie is running in memory of Felix Salten who has recently died here. Afterwards we all went to my room, had coffee and pastry and reawakened old memories of Grinzing, looked at old pictures of Lisl and me and had a nice evening. At 10pm, against my will, I had to throw them out. Was afraid Miss Wetter would come home and would find another one of those awful "disturbances" in her house. But just as I was going to bed to read a little in Dostojevski's Brothers Karamasoff, the door bell rang, it was Anton.

It took only two minutes to get dressed and fly down the stairs. I would have loved to invite him up to my room, but a rule is a rule. On the last step of the staircase I luckily remembered, that our relationship was supposed to be purely platonic, therefore not designed for me to fall around his neck in lieu of a greeting {as I used to do}. In a flash it also occurred to me that I should have taken longer to get dressed. The reception was nevertheless genuinely affectionate by both parties, even without a kiss. My first question, of course, was whether he had received my "letter" , which he confirmed, but wouldn't comment further. According to my hard earned resolutions, I didn't ask him {as usual} although I was dying to know what he thinks and feels. Instead I played to be disinterested. We strolled around the Muenster 33 times while it was lightly snowing, as lovers tend to do. Talked about God and the world. Discussed my uncomfortable situation and how to solve it. Finally talked about religion and politics. He is living in a room in the city, therefore has more time {instead of commuting to the countryside}. Near midnight we parted, I pulled myself together and was cool, which obviously pleased him. After many good bye phrases {impersonal ones, of course} and waving on his part, he finally disappeared into the darkness of the streets. Only then it occurred to me how nice he had been and how unusually talkative. I guess, the letter had been useful. One has to hit them over the head! as you told me, even if it is difficult, I won't ever forget your good advise as long as I live. I am so happy of this "conquest" which finally had become a conquest, also that I could correct my earlier mistakes somewhat. He didn't tell me when he would see me again. Maybe he doesn't want to, as long as I am still in the country, which would {honestly} be too bad. But I am sure he will surface again. His appearance has somehow straightened me up, do you know what I mean. Not because I saw him, but because he had come at all. My self confidence has returned, I don't feel so ridiculous, to the contrary, more like being on top of the situation. Maybe I can succeed to have him move to the USA. It would surely be wrong for me to stay in Europe for his sake, that is out of the question.

Well, this covers the most important news, am expecting mail from you any day now. Probably by tomorrow, just after I will have mailed this one. I would like to have an explanation why you had sent the agitated telegram, am so sorry to have worried you. Lisl called her father in San Francisco. Am curious what has come of it. She would love to become an American. How are you doing with Mr. Perrez in Ragaz? Please write soon,

1000 kisses also to Thomas, your Pupperl