

My dearest children!

A carbon copy letter again today because I have no time to write two letters and have no particular news anyhow. Except that Suserl is now a very good girl because she writes more often than the little brat in Schaffhausen. Just wait till we are all back together in one stable. {I wish we were}, (allewei wir waerens schon).

First to answer my son in law on his question where do I live: When I arrived here I immediately noticed, by listening to my friends, that everyone is constantly moving around. One changes address often. Maybe it's too expensive, or one earns some money and can move to better boarding house, or one has a job with room and board or is being invited to live somewhere. In short, few people stayed where they had begun. But since mail is the most important factor here I thought right away I should find a well settled man who doesn't change apartment as often. So I asked Hammele's father to accept my mail and then change the addresses and forward them to me. And how right I had been one can only recognize now, because the other people are constantly fretting over their mail since the postoffice doesn't automatically forward mail like they did in Vienna, instead the letters get lost, more or less. But I get my mail punctually forwarded by Papa Kraus.

Where do I live? I now live in a miserable and especially dirty boarding house, but it is very inexpensive for here, 13. Sh. Per week, but still indescribably dirty. My Minz (stuffed cat) and my original Qua Qua (porcelain toad) are already black with dust (coal dust) and even the Susi's Negro woman (doll) is starting to get her correct coloring. Thomas lives just around the corner and often comes here to help me a little so I won't drown in ashes and messes. They never fix anything, the curtains are torn as well as the bedspread. When you have to go to the toilet you have to take along a rope to hang on to because the wooden cover is loose in other words: at least cheap. Sometimes all that doesn't bother me, sometimes it makes me good and angry but it's only the Erich (Mia language for bad temper). My vacation was quite nice. Had been to the country for 4 days but froze terribly both inside and out. Now I am there again, the boy is back from (boarding) school. He is obnoxiously ill behaved and spoilt not at all a nice little boy. My pay is a pound a week so that it will just cover the commute and cigarettes. But Thomascili good Thomascili (nickname) has made a little money so that we are doing better again, e.g. I need not be afraid. Not that I am ever afraid, it is not in my nature but it can make me ill tempered sometimes. Especially the dish washing gives me no pleasure at all and that I have to do day after day after day. But if I think of how many thousand people are in the same situation and many maybe in even worse ones, I feel one has to bear it. Who knows how many beautiful things are awaiting us and especially how wonderful it will be to be together again, We just have to be patient till then, my dearest Suserl I am now mostly thinking of you because you are the furthest away. But you are right when you write that distances don't exist and God willing we might see each other again even in this year. Don't you think? If Kenya is also difficult, I mean difficult to make a go of it, then why not go to USA immediately? It would have the advantage of us being together. Of course I don't want to interfere with you and Robert, I don't understand the situation and the circumstances down there. I just mean one can live easier together in a small group. We could do it there (USA). At first, the most important thing was to get out of that hell, but now we can move somewhat easier. Not that it is THAT easy, I still don't have the Friendship letter (Freundschaftsbrief) from my affidavit sponsor without which I cannot get the visa but am expecting it daily, after which I think I can get the visa very quickly. Am just writing to the Swiss Children Refugee organization to see what can be done with Pupperl. I am also terribly sorry to hear what you wrote about Freddy (Susi's boyfriend in Vienna). I always liked him very much, the poor boy all alone in Bombay, how can one help him? Where are his father and brother? When you write to him send him my very best regards, I don't get around to writing. I don't even write to sweet Norbert for lack of time and also because one slowly loses contact and airmail is much too expensive. But he wrote me a very nice letter and even got Thomas a lead for some business. I think he is doing well. Rudi Nettel doesn't seem too enthusiastic either over there (NYC), who of us exiles could be? Very few, I think.

Now I want to specially answer Alice dears' long letter. Especially the most important. 1) Hungarian passport. You write they are charging 35. Franks to extend the passport. I got a 2 year extension (in London) for 16 Sh. Which is about 12 Swiss Franks. I declared to be destitute, otherwise it would have cost 35. Sh. for one year. The Hungarian consulate (in Zurich) will surely give you the same discount. Hope you haven't paid yet and can still get the discount. The matter was very simple in my case as emigre and Giulia is one too after all. Maybe you can write to the consulate that Giulia and I are completely without funds. Yesterday I sent you 2 pounds for April. 3) Please explain the sentence about the consulate in your letter: Giulia wasn't allowed to go to the American consulate because they told me in Zurich that it (the visa?) Could be obtained more easily in England. But I have inquired about this diligently here and was told that Giulia can get the American visa only in Zurich where she is actually in residence. So only.....

INCOMPLETE