

My dear Muttili, who is so far away and yet so near!

It's been exactly a week since I have come to Bad Pfaefers near Ragaz and didn't get around to writing, rather, I didn't have the inner peace to write. Pfaefers is situated far back in the Tamina gorge. It is an old monastery which is squeezed between vertical rock cliffs, almost with no sun, with rooms that used to be cells and long vaulted corridors. In the last 200 years nothing seemed to have been changed, also the bath itself is very primitive and small, lined with wooden boards and housed in a dank cellar. This wouldn't be too bad if it were only an exterior matter but without wanting to admit it, it does have an effect on the patients and the administration. It is also immensely boring, there is no lounge, no music and no people one would want to get to know. It is a so called Volksbad, only for Krankenkasse (medicare) patients, especially poor ones (medicaid). One has to do everything oneself, prepare the food and wash the dishes. Can you imagine how little gratified I was when I had been hoping to finally get away from this kind of atmosphere for five weeks, instead I saw myself transplanted into a typical Munsterplatz 14 milieu. Once in a while I ride to Ragaz to see my two ladies who are taking the baths there and always spoil me very much take me out etc. But the trip is very expensive, 6. Fr. both ways. Well, my dear, as you can see I am rather down. But on closer reflection all which I have recounted here is not really the reason for my mood. Then again there are also better moments, e.g. I am sharing my room with a 19 year old emigrant girl, with whom I get along very nicely. We have decided that everybody and everything can go jump in the lake, and we will make it cozy in our cell and live our own life and emphatically so.

Today I have slept a total of 2 hours and the other nights not much more. Of course, the whole floor is already complaining about the peace being disturbed at night at least as it pertained to the old women and men who comprise 99% of the population. The noisemakers left this morning, and though we are actually glad about it, they still left us in a lousy mood. It's a long and mixed up story, which I would like to describe to you objectively and in detail. To do this is rather difficult for me because my mind is still dominated by the latest impressions. There were two lively young patients here, both men and one of them fell in love with me on first sight. He is 28 years old in had lived in Vienna for a few years until 1942. He had to leave his fiance behind, who then was killed. He is a born Swiss and had to return to his homeland, which he regards in the same light as I do. In desperation, and under pressure from his parents he married a person, with whom he had nothing in common once the honeymoon was over. Since then, each one of the is going their own way Not that I know which way he is going, but it seems to me, he is desperatly attempting to benumb his depressions. He is frenetically trying to recapture his happiness, his lost dream. 1/2 year ago he fell sick with polio, his right arm is now completely paralyzed. Not very cheering, but it is not the most important thing with him either. Now I am supposed to be the rediscovered ideal and without believing his words, I knew it from his actions.

Dearest Mutti, I am not really in love with him. He had caught me so unaware that only now I am starting to think rationally. At first I wanted to be rid of him at any price, not to speak of the fact that in principle, I didn't want to fall in love any more before my departure. Also, I thought it would be easier for both parties and less painful, to suffocate those uncannily true feelings at the outset. I showed him I didn't feel any love towards him, which is also the truth {or was?}. I showed him this day and night, in spite of this coolness he stood by his idea. Now he rode back home, (Zurich) and of course he is expecting me there upon my arrival. To be honest, I am afraid of that since I might fall in love with him after all. I don't want to feel tied down and in addition, I pictured my future husband a little differently, or maybe not? You see, I don't know myself what I want. If you want to picture him, then imagine Heini Hahn. It is a curious coincidence but they are similar in a thousand different ways, inwardly and outwardly. Small and thin, a feathery gait, very artful and competent, terrific perception, generous humane thinking associated with cleanliness. HIS name is also H.H., namely Hans Hefti. His back of the head is also straight down in line with the neck, which always bothers me. It is not coarse but sensual. Is that a big drawback? The tendency towards alcohol seems to be common to both. Although Hans doesn't admit it. But last night, for the farewell, so to speak, the boys

arranged a feast with egg cognac, creme de banana and much wine. we girls went to bed unsuspecting, I read until midnight and slept soundly for an hour until I was awakened by a gentle kiss. When I was fully awake, I thought I had been dreaming, the room was in total darkness and silent. Suddenly the whole gang burst into the room with a great hullabaloo and turned on the light. In front of me stood Hans, nice and sweet and deep in thought! Please imagine, completely undressed except for the shirt and tie. Now the noise really started. We had all we could do to get them out of the room again. As I found out later, they stripped Hans who was completely drunk and on the lower floor, as he stood in his shirt and nothing else, they directed him to find me. Naturally this was extremely difficult for him because of the convoluted, long corridors and many identical doors. Naturally he always went into the wrong one and woke up the old ladies, each time with a tender kiss to the greatest hilarity of the escort. Until he finally found the right door. But we were afraid of the noise so I got up and accompanied Hans to his room to put him to bed like an obedient child, where the others also left him in peace. Of course, sleep was impossible for me, and we stayed up behind locked doors, till bath time at 5:30 am. All the time running a lively discussion. Since then I have not seen Hans again, he left unobtrusively early in the mornig in order to avoid any further unpleasantness. So that was my last impression. It was surely not good but surely not bad. Now I am siting here wracking my brain while my roommate is catching up on lost sleep. Hans promised me to immediately get a divorce, which is easy, since both parties are agreed, and also immediately go with me to America. He doesn't get along with his parents, who had pushed his wife on him. For this reason it would be doubly easy for him to leave here and to create a new and better future. He is working here in the Dunlop Tire Co. as an agent. He had once been an automechanic and many other things. I am completely dizzy, first of all I want to come to you and completely alone and without husband. You have the greatest right to it. Hans understands that completely, he read some of your letters and is quite enchanted by you, who isnt? To tell the truth he would fit into our family very well, also has a sweet white dog, still from Vienna, and loves the theater, Opera etc as much as I. First I want to wait and see what kind of letters he writes, until then, patience my dearest, it is difficult for me to lose you now, that we have just found each other.

100000 kisses Pupperl

PS. He says "Pupperl" to me against my wishes.