

Still no letter from you while I wait so longingly for it. The other day there were articles about Vienna in two large magazines, Life even had pictures. One photo was of the Mozart coffee house and also the Belvedere and curiously one picture was of the city school inspector which reminded me very much of the cakes. Do you remember how angry I was about them?

Sorry, I cannot send you any parcels – very sorry. I would have to have a request from an American soldier. Do you think you can procure one? Only the gods know why this is once again strictly forbidden. I am distraught about it because I know that you don't have enough to eat. I heard it has to do with transportation because all the locomotives are kaputt. If only I could send you some. My Minz (Boni) must surely be as thin as a rail, also Maminka and how is Ellen?

I also saw a picture of the giant ferris wheel. It's all like a lost childhood. But a sane person can overcome this too without bleeding from the heart. Once upon a time . . . One was young and pretty and full of vitality but not any longer, except somehow different, which is alright too. More adapted to one's age, emotionally – for sure. This is my thought when I look at the ferris wheel's picture. It used to be very nice, romantic and familiar. In my eyes I will always see it WITH wagons. (Hitler had dismantled the ferris wheel wagons for war materials) . . .

On March 11th I will become a proud American. I am pleased and grateful. Its like an avalanche – one country throws you out and the other takes you in. The longer I am here the more I am conscious of the debasement we had to endure. That we could endure it is only thanks to the deep rooted will to live which is present in all human beings. " I was only allowed in the Piaristen Cellar (Pub and restaurant) if escorted by an Aryan". "Only Aryans were allowed to use the Paternoster" (Elevator), "The cook was right to steal from you – you are a Jewess". Why didn't I shoot them? Today I would! But let's leave this for now. I want so much to get a letter from you, no 10, no 100, because only you, only you my dear Mumamschka, can tell me whether I am right or wrong to be so hardened against all suffering and misery which has befallen these people – this country – my former home.

Unfortunately my Pupperl is still not here. I will send you a cable as soon as she arrives. It will surely take another 1–2 months. I dream of her every night and every night she is still the little kid. But once Pupperl will be here and I also know that you have enough to eat I will be genuinely happy for at least one full month. Not for a minute have I been in that state during all these long years though I always used to love being gay and cheerful. Therefore I imagine heaven to be extremely crowded. Can you see it? Having all the loved ones close together and everyone has the same amount of food. Then one can be free and happy. And drinks! Do you remember the fairy tale of the Rathskeller? With this valve in the skull which lets the poisonous gases escape and permits an endless renewal of stimulus. Oh Boner!

This evening I specially brewed some Turkish coffee, only to be able to stay up longer in order to enjoy life. Other days I am long asleep at this hour. Mostly by 9 PM. On March 11 I am throwing a party on the occasion of my citizen's oath. Mostly people from my office, I think there will be about 20 persons. It will be my first party since I left Europe. But without you – what could it possibly be? Everything is so very stale and dull without you. I won't even try to make a secret of it. Now can't you understand why I have such hatred (towards Vienna etc.)? I want to play our games again with you. For instance "lets do as the swallows" or "in a small cafe". Do you remember?

Promise me we will immediately stage a magnificent Hassapassa when we meet again. I could do it, just as if it were yesterday and all the past 8 years had only been a Hungarian wedding. I am so close to you and belong to you and with you – providing you still want it (please want it).

And first Pupperl has to come and get a little adjusted and then shlup - Maunz will come on soft paws - the best would be by rocket ship steered by radar- straight to Paniglgasse 22. Was macht der Hohnkubin, er hat nix anzuziehn, so lang in der Kabin? No, what's he really doing? Only a joke, its what we used to wrack our brains over in the olden days. Kalbal (licks from a calf) Schimmer Maunz