

Pupperl,

I am waiting and waiting and no letter from you. Am sooo worried, especially since I don't know where you live and where you are and on the whole, why don't you write more often. If only you could see me when I am home and run down 3 times a day to the letter box to look for mail from you and how disappointed I am then, or when I am in the office and constantly calling Thomas whether there isn't any letter from you after all – you would have more compassion for me. You need not write much, only the important things and "business" information. But write, child.

Monday the 11th I will finally become a US citizen. Then I will immediately go to Philadelphia and in two to three weeks the papers will be in Zurich and then there won't be any obstacle left. At least that's what I think. I will make exact inquiries about the date the papers will be in Zurich so that you can go ahead with the booking.

Maybe you can get a ship around mid-April or a good airline, try it. I am out of good ideas. Starting today, there is a flight Paris – New York. Maybe Danzas can change your booking to that one especially since the Marseille flights haven't started yet. At least that's what they told us here.

I have already grown dull-witted from all these things and when – on top of it all – I don't hear from you, I cry all the time and drive people nuts, including Thomas. Therefore: write. Your room is becoming a little dream but surely altogether the wrong type and not as you envisioned it. No studio but cuuuuute! If only I would have you here by now. Because I do nothing else than think of it and work towards it – I am at a loss for any other content to write about. I now have three days off during the week, which is good and bad. It's instead of Saturday Sunday and Monday. This way I will have lots of time for you, my sweet. All of Jane Street is waiting for your arrival – all the greengrocers, janitors and tenants. Not to speak of my friends who won't call me any longer because they have grown tired of my yammering.

This letter has to leave and so must I. Darling, my Hackel Wackel please write and take good care of yourself and be a good girl, and what about Anton and did you get the money I sent – secretly I sent you 40.- more dollars. And around the 15th, next week we will send you as much as possible.

So don't worry, just be nice to yourself and a little bit also to your crazy Mutti.