

The purest Terror!

Dear Peter,

everytime when I so there sit and nothing bad think, when I me the „Lindenstraße“ onlook, when I a good book read, when I my firneedle-bath take, when I my yoga-exercises after me bring, or when I simple my rest have will – then passeers it gearanteed: Loudstark makes itself the telephone bemerkbar.

My first thought: Shit what thereupon. I am not there. All my friends know, when i to speak am and when not. Who can it be? But some time-companions are yes so hardnecky, that you the holy anger become can. They let the telephone jingle and jingle, so that a real mightfight begins. Who has the stronger nerves?

Last end's become you with-sorrow. Muchlight is a friend in trouble and needs your help. And could it not be, that you are a already a flight-trip to Baroados in the pocket have? That can man not on the long bank push, that needs initiative I take the hearer up and say: „Yes?“ (Thereby hate I, when people on the telephone „yes“ say and not their name.) And who is it in the most falls? Someone, who you in the soul not outstand can, or some poor drop: „Sorry, I have the false number elected.“

It is the purest terror! My friend Gerda makes the whole circus not more with: „Must I always for Hinz and Kunz parat stand, live I then only for the telephone?“ The end from the song: She has newerthings an automatic call-beanswerer. But is this how the egg of the Columbus? I say sou: By wide not! For the caller may such a machine optimal be. Man sits letty there and can god and the world on band speak let – when this everybody withmakes. By me to byplay go soforth the jealousies down, when I a call-beanswerer on the ear have. I am so unhomely nervous and begin to stotter, when I hear: „Speak They now!“ No sentence bring I tostand and hang lover the hearer in. Shall the other himself who knows what think. Headthing, he makes himself not lusty over me.

But on great forepart has the telephone, all what right is: Man can the blue from heaven lie, and the other sees not how man red in the face becomes. And what some people so on the telephone tell, would they in life not from face to face say. Aunt Lissy to byplay asks me only on the telephone, why I always still as single live and when I endly on the thought come would, a man my yesword to give. Witty what?

But when you me ask, am I so or so more for's letter-writing. So shall we two it also wider hold, not true?

Your true Gisela