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4 April 41

L.G.P.A.Vienna

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Kitty, I just heard your voice and that was unspeakably beautiful. I had to be very official (*I think he might have meant "formal"*), I often think of Exupery. Last night, the starry sky was very clear. I was looking out of the barracks window on the fourth floor, again, onto the moonlit earth that lay below me like a desert — flat and bright. Of course, you know this area. I was doubting my own existence, then I pinched my ear — but even that did not change my state.

This place is very busy. Every few minutes there is sharp (*"schnell" = "fast" changed to "schrill" = "sharp, piercing"*) whistling and tomorrow we are off into the unknown! Oneself is just a tiny grain of sand in the moving ocean of sand. I will be used as a co-driver, but I have no specific assignment, yet.

I am thinking of you — your beautiful hair — your kind eyes, and I am happy. Because you are strong. I hope the separation will not last too long. Horl (*maybe "Karl"? Horl is not a name I have ever heard*), who is always happy, is also here and tells cheerful stories while he is polishing the boots. Some are writing, one is still packing. Many are still very young, most of them, actually. There is a cheerful atmosphere. Most of them expect an adventure. It is 9 (*am or pm*). I might be able to draw or paint now, after all. Please keep your fingers crossed for me. You and I belong together — and we have been expecting these harsh times for a long time. I know you and I will keep each other safe — therefore I join the others in their cheerfulness. During this period of rest, there is a bottle of beer in front of me. I am smoking one of the Jonnys you brought me and see the heart in front of me, into which you have so sweetly conjured the flowers from W.H.W., on Sunday. Even though I often did not speak about everything — I have memorized even the smallest things

that made our fox burrow so very comfortable and unique. And so non-bourgeois-like. What you stuck in my pocket the last time at the Auhof (*courtyard, farmhouse, or name of a place*) tasted just great. Soon more. Write often. And don't worry, even if you don't hear from me for a while. Maybe fate knows why we have to be separated, now — even if it is very hard for us, maybe there is some good in it.

I love you. Tory

Sleep well!