

F o r N a d j a !

Man, do not let them rob you of the hope
that no miracles occur in our times . . .
You must believe wonderful, unbelievable events:
Nadja is going far away - and all alone at that !!

Graciously affected by week-long farewell celebrations,
she is waiting for the day which threateningly comes closer
when, as if swept away by streams of tears
she will see those left behind disappear,

Those who are waving farewell at the railroad station. -
And, thoroughly worn out, the poor child will sink
into the billowing pillows
which are permitted her, thanks to the expensive return ticket . . .

As early as Glendale she is feeling that this big wide world is quite uncanny,
and she thinks, confused and quite depressed:
"Oh, for what reason am I throwing myself into this adventure?
Have I gone totally mad ???"

Soon, she watches as desolate deserts are stretching out - - -
and, who knows who might be on the lookout in the neighboring bed?!
She seriously mistrusts those savagely hairy man's legs
under that curtain - and she waits, shivering with fear . . .

Yet, I am betting without any nonsense
and I am sure of the profit,
and that Nadja will behave as if she were quite grown up
when she gets up at the station in New Orleans.

And yet, the ship which is now so proud and very formal in the harbor -
is one the ocean then a little scandalous.
Losing color, Nadja gives food to many a shark.
She is truly excessively generous . . .

However, when nearing the equator,
Nadja feels warm, glowing with ardour.

God, what doesn't one do for a Father !!!

Nadja, think of that when you perspire most uncomfortably . . .

Moaningly you will tear off
anything, be it tight or loose
and of all your clothes
you only wear those short, blue shorts

And those bras which so graciously enlace your bosom.
O yes, I can foresee how groups of men encircle you . . .
But you, you want to seduce the captain
even if he might smell a little.

Those equator nights - I cannot conceal that -
are famous . . . And many a thing can happen . . .
(Later on you will have to tell me everything exactly
that is to say, right away when we see each other again . . .)

Cross of the South - sultry heaviness -
glowing animal creatures in the sea, like flowing fire - -
Nadja, do follow my wise teachings:
Have a sweet adventure

In a star-flamed tropical night!
It is truly nice not to lie alone,
where ^{the} climate makes everything so meschugge
that even fish begin to fly . . .

This small, charming aberration
will be forgotten in Buenos Aires,
and in joy and confusion
you will be rushing into father's arms and your expensive,

valuable ticket has borne you to your destination
and will, one day, happily carry you back. - -
What am I to tell you of Buenos Aires ?!
In a father's happiness Papa Petschnikoff

Will spread the whole city before your feet . . .
But you know what we are expecting: a rich husband.
However, do not select a miserable old one,
examine him thoroughly -

Remember that equator night!
And then consider carefully
whether he would give you tropical pleasures
even without stars.
Even though you say "No!" - you surely do enjoy it . . .

Well then, dear Nadja, thus richly laden
with highly moral instructions,
move on on far, miraculous paths -
and with all that joy, happiness and reverences,

do not forget that in Hollywood
it is not only the floodlights that shine!
Preserve in your heart as a beautiful possession
the conviction that your family

longs to have your sunny laughter back.
And when you come home - at last, at last!
Will welcome you back under joyful tears. -
With you that rich husband. But, that is a matter of course!

L O T T E .

L I L L I Hollywood Sergey Amy Meta Britta Lons Fran