

Dearest Zenzi,

yesterday I was in the "Last Tango". Over an hour stood I snake in this murderheat. Straight that the people not printed me together – so went it to. As if they get something giftet, thereby they button one ten marks up. But the nicest comes first: they have us nicely outsmeared. Fromways a sharp sex-thriller! They are not to be saved. The purest sheepsheet what stands in the newspapers. These smearfinks must have a nice roof-damage, because they got the jumping fullstop overheads not with. It handles himself closely around a very deepdigging anoccasion, which goes two of the groundlaying social and agricultural misstandings on the ground: the housingmisery in bigtowns and the problem with the butter-mountain.

But Zenzi-darling, the ten marks can you gift you. I tell you where-around it turns himself: a dreadful forlived Ami seeks an appartement in the french headtown because he is forwidowed. Hardly had he found a nice one, crossed an uprigged french snotnose up and makes it him quarrelig. In his emergency the Ami thought sharp after how he could get her loose. The only outway - thought he himself - is to misneed her resightless. He talked himself in she would then pull line. But there he was on the wrong steamer, because she was no child of sadness. In the againstpart! The easyready thing flashed not even with the eyelashes when he ripped up his trouserdoor. During the poor dog expensed himself fully on the naked footground, she overlayed in all beersilence how much outputware she would need for the floor.

The next day the Ami went soulsilently up to the place in order to make nails with heads. He thought he gets the door not shut when the berubbed goose shined up also. He went so in juice that he did not no more how he calles himself. Outfigured then the stupid hen wanted to know his name. This gave him the rest: "Holds mouth", he said and nailed her dumb like a fish on the wall with the only fitting workstuff he had to the hand. Even this made her nothing out. She gave not after, the outcooked snake.

The next day she stood again there. The Ami made just breadtime. This time she wanted to tug her the appartement under the nails. He spanned it equal and snapped benearly over for rage. Stickfoolish he cryed her together and worked her on to cut her nails. It used nothing: the mistpeace put not line. But now it reached him. Foxdevilswild through her she poodlenaked in the bath-tub and showed her a foredegged rat. Than he took the of the butter from the breadtime and pushed it the french asshole in her outshamed behindquarter. And if you ask me, he bemeadowed therewith an unfaithful widelook betrainly the theretiming agricultural problems of the EWG-lands. Insofar I found the film unhomely worthfull as a timecritic individual byplay how to build up the butter-mountain.

I hope you have me.

Be heartly greeted from your true Josef.

(Aus Süddeutsche Zeitung vom Juli 1976(?))