

*Smedley Letters
Germany*

NOWHERE AT HOME

*Letters from Exile of
Emma Goldman and
Alexander Berkman*

EDITED BY
Richard and Anna Maria Drinnon

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EG TO AB, September 10, 1925, LONDON

Dearest,

There is certainly a community of moods and feelings between us.* I too have been terribly depressed since Fitzie's departure and I have not been able to get back to work. It is always bad to break in on work when one is in the midst of it. . . .

What you say in regard to the deeper cause of our tragedies is correct, if only we knew what this complicated, baffling, elusive thing human nature is. I confess the older I get, the less I know about it. Of course the price we modern women and men too pay for our own development and growth is very great and painful, but one must go ahead or remain in the dull state of the cow. For it is not only the modern woman, but all civilized people who pay a certain price for their awakening. Another thing is that even the ordinary woman is not sure that she will have her children, her man, her home in her old age. Nothing is certain in our time, or perhaps never was at any time, for those who must struggle for their existence. In what way, then, is the ordinary woman better off than we are? I rather think she is worse off. For while the modern woman, if more exacting and has greater and deeper needs, so too she has considerable richness out of her finer sensibilities and deeper understanding. There is nothing without a price and we must be ready to pay it. Fact is, we have no choice. There is a terrific urge toward freedom, toward the struggle for higher ideals which no one can resist. What then is to be done?

In the case of women like Fitzie the situation is aggravated by their inability to do independent work which would fill their lives. Of course, no work fills one's life, one needs love and comradeship at all times. But while some of us can forget themselves a little in the work we are doing, or want to do, Fitzie and others like her find little comfort in the work they are doing—especially when they see nothing really worthwhile come out of their efforts. In our case the misery has been increased by the collapse of our faith through Russia. I can honestly say that I never felt the terrible loneliness and such defeat while I was in America and still fervently believed in the social revolution, which I no longer do. And that at bottom is also the case with you dearest. Perhaps with all sensitive, earnest people. Look at Angelica [Balabanov]. She wrote me a card en tour that she is crossing Europe with heavy head and heart. I am sure she never before was conscious of heaviness, for she is the type who lived almost entirely for her ideal. Or such women as Babushka [Catherine Breshkovskaya]. But all their hopes and ideals have been shattered and not having personal interests they must be wretched and in despair. It is worse with those of us who

* Unfortunately we have been unable to locate AB's side of this particular exchange.

have versatile natures, those who love beauty, art, music, those who need companionship. Ah, well, it is as it is. . . .

Tonight is the opening of [Eugene O'Neill's] *Emperor Jones*. I wish you could go with me. I am taking a little English woman who is helping with the course of lectures here. I was terribly excited about tonight, but I feel so depressed today. Harry Ballantine dashed in last night; he will also be at the theater and so will the Healeys; I suppose many Americans will. I'd love to have you here, my own precious chum. Yes, dearest, we must meet in Paris, I am awfully hungry for the sight of you and for your companionship. I'd feel in a better mood to work, if I could have a little time with you. I am arranging to be free from the 20th of December to the end of January. I simply must manage to get away from here and meet you somewhere. I embrace you tenderly,

E

AGNES SMEDLEY TO EG, Sunday, BERLIN

My dear Emma,

Now I shall at last reply to your long letter of April 23rd. I am better. But were I to follow my real feelings, my letter would be a document unfit for human eyes.

Your life appears to me to be filled with many interesting things—activity and then more activity. Why you are not content I do not know. I don't believe you are a person who could be content, even if you had the world by the tail and were twisting it to suit yourself. Still you would say that you were doing nothing and were failing in your work! Objectively you do enough and more than enough. But you seem to be like me, content only when you have so much to do that you can do nothing. That is subjective discontent. . . .

And yet, why can I not find the person in whom I feel perfect rest and contentment—complete understanding? People are interesting, Emma, but I never find the person with whom I feel spiritually intimate. . . .

You may laugh. You are a person who mingles with people easily—you and Chatto. Clap! And they are drawn to you like flies to a fly-paper. And they serve you and worship you. Perhaps it does not matter to you, if they are far from you spiritually. You take what there is to be had and *schluss* [that's the end of it]. You are wise and sane. But I am lonely and insane. I have found but two people in life to whom I stand as intimately (spiritually speaking) as human beings can ever stand to each other, and one was Bakar. But it is in the nature of things that he should have been the very person who *should* have stood on the other side of the gulf. . . .

I am not writing at all. My drama has been locked up in the drawer of my desk. My articles likewise. The article on Käthe Kollwitz exists only in

my imagination and will perhaps continue to do so. My mind is simply incapable of writing, and I, in order to drag on living, have taken to teaching. I hate it. But my mind is so deeply disturbed at all times, so unspeakably unhappy, that it is absolutely impossible for me to write. I cannot tell you the depths into which I have sunk mentally. I simply cannot rise out of it. I haven't enough hope and desire in me to write a line. I just exist, hoping that maybe something will happen on the morrow which will give me back the illusion that life is worthwhile and that writing is worthwhile. In the meantime I drag on from day to day, a rag—nothing but a rag.

Chatto will be better eventually. He is now in Saxony. He is in the city a few days during the week only and the rest of the time is collecting advertisements for his magazine and in order to make money. He is under treatment only twice a week, and that is too little. He is looking very tired and old. My heart is filled with pity. I could erase that look and give him back much strength, if I would return and live with him, or even tell him that I intend to do so. But I cannot. Often I think that he is of far more value than I am; everybody knows that—all of you anarchists and revolutionaries, all of the Indians, everybody who knows us both. But I still cannot force myself back. Sometimes I am on the verge of doing it. He is so deeply miserable and worn down much of the time. Still I know that if I return to him, I shall kill myself within a month. And I often wonder if I shall not do it eventually anyway, even if I do not return. My mind concerns itself with such things when I lie awake for hours at night. Yet it seems so useless for his life to be wasted all for the sake of a woman. It is only that, for I cannot give him the help he needs half as much as another woman could. He is laboring under illusion, only. I tell you I am in a mess, mentally. I know what you say—go away—as you have said. That is the intelligent viewpoint. I am not dealing with a man who regards me intelligently, but only emotionally. Had he had an intelligent view, he would have left me three years ago, when I wanted to go. Life does not exist only by intelligence. During the summer I shall be in Denmark and in Czechoslovakia and I hope that in this manner the chains will be broken, for he will know that I am still in Europe, and yet he will be separated from me and will be forced to find new friends and associates—and I hope other women. . . .

You ask about Bakar's brother. He is in very fine health now, and I have no more trouble. You are right about mothering boys. This was hardly such a case. You mention Arthur [Swenson] in that connection. And you are wrong in thinking that I misunderstood anything at all. I did not and I do not. I took it for granted that you were caring for a young man, just as your house was always a roosting place for all sorts of birds of passage. Nothing else ever entered my mind and it was Stella, who, in Bad Liebenstein, told me I was naive, and insisted upon saying that your relationship to Arthur was of another sort. Even then I let it drop. It did not matter to me and

even so I did not see anything one way or the other to talk about. And, with all due respect for your love of Stella, I did not always pay special attention to Stella's opinions. . . . But now that you mention it, I can only say that this mother love which lies in us women is a hell of a thing to deal with, and I suppose it causes more sting than anything else. I suppose there is no pain to equal that of an older woman for a younger man. I think that even if I knew a woman who was an enemy of mine, I would still try and spare her that pain. For it leaves scars which never quite heal.

Of course, all this has nothing to do with Bakar's brother here. I brought it up merely because you mention it. There was nothing of that kind between us. I do everything I can for the boy, and it is true that he became rather dependent upon me emotionally. But then I tried to put him on his feet, and when he refused to stand, I put him under psychoanalytic treatment like my own. And within one week he was on his own feet, resuming his regular work and turning his attention to his landlady's daughter! The next lady in sight! And now I think it is his doctor—who is a young woman—to whom his heart belongs! And in six months it will be someone else! He is in the age where he will do such things until his sex life is regulated. It wasn't *me* as me. It was me because I was a woman and mended his clothes and helped him when he needed it. What really broke me in the whole thing was Chatto's attitude toward me and the situation. He acted as if I were a criminal. He merely used it as a club over my head, and when I put the boy under treatment, he was bitter and hostile against me. He had nothing to suggest himself to meet the situation. He only accused me of all sorts of things. And now that the boy is again on his feet and hasn't even the interest to see me often, still Chatto is angry because I was right and proved to him that I was right.

Men are damned fools. I mean, *husbands* are damned fools. I'll never have one again, so help me God. Never again will I put my life under the influence of any man who lives. And if I ever love one, I'll see to it that a good safe distance is kept between us. I have been hurt quite enough for not only one life, but for a thousand. It reminds me of that ancient Chinese couplet:

Man reaches scarce a hundred; yet his tears
Would fill a lifetime of a thousand years.

Well, enough wailing. I should perhaps follow the advice of old Captain Shotover in Shaw's play, *Heartbreak House*, in which he exclaims with disgust when the millionaire is sniffing because a woman has broken his heart: "Silence! Let the heart break in silence!"

I disagree with you about love and sadism etc., but I won't write more today. This is enough to occupy your time for once. My love to you, dearest Emma,

Agnes

Goldman. These letters, along with many others, are presently in the possession of her cousin, Esther Brack, of Modesto, California. We ran off copies of those we now publish, along with the others, and presented the lot to the International Institute. Since they have now been added to the other papers in the Goldman-Berkman Archives, we have not bothered to indicate the separate provenance of the few that appear below. We do record here our appreciation to Ms. Brack and to librarian Zoia Horn, our good friend, for bringing these letters to our attention.

Finally, our debt to Mollie Steimer and Senya Flechine is special. Living presently in Cuernavaca, Mexico, they have patiently tolerated our long distance queries about Yiddish phrases, supplied photographs and directed us to others, and helped with the identification of individuals. Fellow exiles of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, they are still managing, somehow, to live their principles in strange lands with "nowhere to go." They have our admiration and thanks.

Introduction

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and no word of him. I have been waiting all this time to write with him this book which was to bring money to continue my school [of the dance]. They write me that they are without food or fuel in Moscow. Do you know *where* has disappeared this "Miracle"? Or I am beginning to think I should rechristen him *Will O' The Wisp*.

Dear Sasha, how I wish you could come here [from Berlin]. I have taken a studio by the sea and could always give you a divan where you could recline and I would dance for you. Can't you come? If there is trouble with [a] passport, it might be arranged. . . .

You see, I am always ready to believe in a new "Myth," since the bolshevik one didn't turn out.

Dearest Sasha, I kiss you a thousand times and wish with all my heart you could come here. We could walk by the sea or perhaps we could go out in a little boat and sail toward the rising sun.* With all my love,

Isadora

EG TO AB, May 28, 1925, LONDON

Dearest,

I ought not to write you today; I feel in a rotten mood. I could not close my eyes all night because of the damned contract [for *My Disillusionment in Russia*]. I don't understand what has become of it. Certainly if you sent it to me, I should have it. . . .

The contract is not the only thing that put me into a desperate mood, it is the impenetrable icy crust of the people in this country. Even the best of them paralyze me. They are so indifferent, so God damned self-centered, nothing touches them. It's like Professor [Samuel Eliot] Morison wrote me, "I have been trying to get English students to learn something of American history-with the same result as you. If only one could make the English angry. The only man who could do it was Samuel Adams when he

* Although Berkman's letters to Isadora Duncan have evidently not survived, we do know he joined her for that walk by the sea, if not for the sail in the little boat. After her bizarre death in an auto accident, he did no more than record the fact in his diary on September 16, 1927. But a few months later he was himself in Nice, after a bitter quarrel with Emmy Eckstein, and was moved to write out his reflections about the dead woman. In his entry of January 17, 1928, he noted that he had promised her three weeks' help with her book and she had taken an apartment on the Boardwalk where they were to work together. Yet auto trips to Monte Carlo and other diversions intervened, time passed and nothing was on paper, whereupon Berkman lost patience with her and "one afternoon I just left." Though she sent after him, he was sore and refused to return. Now it all seemed so long ago: "Can't even frequent the places I did then—too expensive for my means. And Isadora is gone, poor soul. She's better off now. It was time. But she was a big woman, a great and noble character, outside of her art." Depressed by his memories and the same Boardwalk sights, Berkman put down the other side of the romantic rising-sun imagery, the sad, lonely side: "The waves sullenly dash against the rocks . . . the stupidity and senselessness of it all came strong upon me as I sat there this afternoon. Even fleeting thoughts of [self]-destruction. Yes, loneliness is a bad thing."

threw tea in the Boston harbor. And then there was a revolution." Certainly nothing makes the English snob angry, or ruffles him except the destruction of property. We sent out our appeal; we got so far one pound; there is no interest in the political, or in anything else.

I went to see Havelock Ellis today, fine old gentleman with a tremendously vivid mind, but as cold as a cucumber. The whole hour I sat in his house I felt as if something were clutching at my throat; I never met among any [other] people men and women so detached from human interest in their personal approach to people as I have met here. Ellis is one. Yet he is not that at all in his writings. In fact, he shows so much understanding and interest. But whether it is a reserve practiced for centuries, or hell knows what, the moment you come into contact with an Englishman you feel a cold breeze which holds you at a distance for miles. Or is it that I am so hungry for some human response or interest? Is it my fault? Oh, I don't know, I only know I feel rotten here not to have found one human being in eight months who cares a damn for anything outside of his own interests. I am not now thinking of the few comrades I have met in Norwich or Bristol, especially Bristol where the few really care for things outside of their own. But here in London there is positively not a soul. How is one to build up anything or feel inspired to do anything?

I also went to visit Edward Carpenter. He is of a different type, but so old in body, and even mind, he is eighty-two years old, he could not concentrate on anything for more than five minutes. There I found a situation which is interesting as a study, even if it is funny. Carpenter *lives* with a man whom he picked up from the gutter thirty-five years ago, Goe is his name. Everybody knows Goe. Well, the effect of Carpenter's relation to this Goe is identical to the relation of an old husband to a younger wife. Carpenter looks positively shabby in his clothes, but you should see Goe. He is dressed in the latest-fashion suit, with a fine shirt, ring on his finger, and full of his own importance. Poor Carpenter could not get a word in edgeways; Goe keeps up the conversation and keeps everybody and everything away from him. I was somewhat puzzled by Goe's talk at the station while we were waiting for Carpenter, who had gone to a nearby town to visit a niece of his. Goe told us of how many calls for money and other favors poor Ed has, and how poor Ed must be looked after. When I got to the-house I realized what Goe was driving at; he evidently thought I came for something. Well, there is one thing to be said for Goe: he takes good care of Ed; the house is spotlessly clean and neat. There is another man outside of Goe, the cook. And, Edward treats Goe every bit as a man treats his younger wife. It really was funny.

But the main pathos, though screamingly comic, is the fact that the cook seems to be the lover of Goe, or at least the younger friend to compensate him for the old age of E.C. Really dear, life is a circus if only one has enough sense of humor, which I do not have today.

Berkman

The War: America enters the War [April 1917]. Jingo Quakers and radicals. The No-War campaign and my fight against conscription. Exciting mass meetings. I break my leg and talk on crutches. Defying police and soldiers. The Revolution breaks out in Russia and I plan to go there. I am arrested for obstructing the draft [June 15, 1917]. In the Tombs. California demands my extradition in connection with the Mooney case. The Kronstadt (Russia) sailors threaten the life of the American Ambassador [David] Francis in case I am extradited to California. [Woodrow] Wilson sends a confidential messenger (Colonel [Edward M.] House) to the governor of New York. The governor refuses to extradite me. My trial for "conspiracy to obstruct the draft."

The Atlanta Penitentiary: Two years in the Georgia State [U.S.] prison [1917-19]. "Political worse than criminals." Conscientious objectors and Eugene V. Debs. Our chain-gang warden. I protest against an officer shooting a Negro convict in the back and killing him. Punished in the dungeon and solitary for the rest of my time. [Liberated, October 1, 1919.]

Emma Goldman Chronology

Birth, Kovno (Kaunas in modern Lithuania), June 27, 1869. Girlhood and adolescence, Kovno, Popelan, Königsberg, and St. Petersburg, 1869-85. Migration to the United States, 1885. Factory worker, Rochester and New Haven, 1886-89. Marriage to Jacob Kersner, 1887. Divorce, 1888. Joined anarchists in New York City, August 15, 1889.

First speaking tour, 1890. Complicity in Berkman's attempt to kill Frick, 1892. Union Square speech and arrest for inciting to riot, August 1893. Prison on Blackwell's Island, 1893-August 1894. Nurse's training, Vienna, 1895-96. Official attempts to implicate her in the assassination of President McKinley, 1901. Midwife and nurse on the East Side, 1901-05. Publisher-editor of *Mother Earth*, 1906-17. Delegate to the Amsterdam Anarchist Congress, 1907. Chicago free-speech fight, 1908. New York free-speech fight, 1909. University of Wisconsin free-speech fight, 1910. Published her *Anarchism and Other Essays*, 1911.

San Diego free-speech fight, 1912-15. Wrote *The Social Significance of the Modern Drama*, 1914. Birth-control lectures, 1915-16. Arrest in New York for her lecture "on a medical question," February 1916. Fifteen days in the Queens County Jail, April-May 1916. Mooney defense, 1916. Organized the No-Conscription League, May 1917. Arrested with Berkman for "conspiracy to induce persons not to register," June 15, 1917. Trial, June 27-July 9, 1917. Missouri State Prison (Jefferson City), 1918. Celebrated her fiftieth birthday in her cell, June 27, 1919. Liberated, September 28, 1919.

*File under
"Gives" in
Genet*

January 8, 1925.

Dear Agnes:

I wonder if you would do something for me.

We have been trying to get some German pessaries for our clinical research work, and have written several times to the firm whose address I give you below, but have received no reply. Would you please go and see them and find out what is the matter.

I know these goods cannot be shipped directly into the U.S., but they can ship any amount to Canada to the address which we have given them. I am enclosing copy of a letter we wrote them which gives the Canadian address. I would be greatly obliged to you if you could make a personal call on this firm and find out what the trouble is and why they have not made any shipments. We want very much to get these pessaries into Canada, and we can take care of them from that point.

My other letter will probably be received by you before this comes to hand.

Love always.

Address is:
Hechtel & Le Noir,
Zimmerstrasse 77,
Berlin SW, 69,

copies of letters enc.

MS-eh

1925

Jan. 16. Berlin.

Dearest Florence -

I have your note. I understand your long silence. A new life always means a great adjustment.

I am, as you know, teaching at Berlin University, and my course ends ~~with~~ only about the middle of February. I have written to the Fund from which I borrowed money in America and said I would try to remain here and repay the money at the rate of \$50 a month. It is a huge sum to earn here, and I may

Baker

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my love for you; such is my love for this young man I send to you. The love between him and me is not sexual, but I don't expect anyone but you to understand it. It has embittered my life with Chitto for three years because he insists upon placing it upon one basis only. But you and this young man are so much alike in your love of me and your attitude toward me that I want you to know each other. And I ask that you receive him absolutely alone and to speak to him frankly, freely,

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not be able to make it. But
I'll try because it is increasingly
difficult for me to face
machine-made America. So
then I shall expect you here.
From ~~Berlin - Uhlensdorf~~ ^{Feb. 1st} my address is
Pariser str. 4, bei Nummels.

Chotto & I are living separately,
and although friends, it may be
for good. I don't know. I've
asked for 6 months time to
think it over. I'm now
living with a woman friend.

I won't have time to
hear from you and write
again before you come, I
suppose, so I'll take care of
all things now. Write me
about your London address
if you visit London - and I

remember you were going to ³
Then I'll have a friend of
mine call & see you. I'll
enclosing a letter to him
for you to use. But
please, dear heart of mine,
my love for you and my
love for this boy is so
akin that I ask that
this should remain between
you, him and me. I ask
you not to let your
present comrade with whom
you live, in on this. There
are spiritual things, dear,
eternal things, which can
not be shared and which
others can not share
however friendly. Such is

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silence, but I, dear heart, was given tremendous applause. Conscientiously, perhaps! But I had gone "loaded for bear" so to speak, because I knew what he was going to say. And for once in my life I could speak objectively and with facts; and, believe me, I "seen my duty and done it."

I don't think I know the friend with whom you are living. I won't pass any opinion until you and he come here. Then I'll give him the once over and see what I think! And he will perhaps do the same with me. I'm not a friend, you know, of the "marriage" relationships on a permanent basis. To "live together" destroys too many fine things in both man and woman. Now I'm living in a state of virginity (!) and may continue so for a long, long time.

I'll await a letter from you.

Address me % American Express Co.,
Charlottetown, 55 until Feb. 1. Love. Ayahos

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and not as you would to a stranger. But please don't discuss me before others. If you do, his mouth will be sealed. Let me know when you intend to reach London and I'll have him go down from Oxford to see you.

In your next letter I hope to hear of your plans in Europe. I can't travel at all with you, — first because it is financially impossible, and secondly because I am bound & determined to return \$50 a month from my own writings

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to pay my debt in America. But I'll be damned glad to see you. Were you coming alone, I think I'd chuck everything for a week or two and go with you.

Will you please have the girl to whom you sold my sari pay Ellen Keenan (5 Patchin Place) the rest of the money I owe her. I think it is \$23 or \$24, but I'm not certain. Ellen has written me and I feel a bit rotten. Please have her pay it at once. I'm stopping my analysis

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at the end of this month, for I can't pay \$50 to America and \$50 here to my doctor. But I'm much better, and can pull along for two or three years, when I hope to take it up again and finish it. But I'm far enough along to be determined to be economically independent and to repay all my debts. I still have "fits" occasionally, but that can't be helped.

Last evening I had the great honor of hammering an Englishman who spoke on the "Color Conflict" before a huge gathering in Berlin University. When he finished I began; he was received in

Personal letter

February 12, 1925

Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany

Parisstr. 4
bei Nimmela

My dear Margaret:

I have not written for weeks for a number of very disturbing reasons; first, I have left my husband and am living alone, and am under an agreement with him to live so for six months and then to give my answer as to whether or not I wish to continue our marriage. We have already lived apart for two months. So I have four more months. Secondly, I have had to find a room and this, together with the moving, took much time. Thirdly, I have had very much work to do. Fourthly, I have been so deeply disturbed, spiritually, from things arising in my treatment that I have not wanted to write. Fifthly, I have been carrying on correspondence with the chief factory here about the pessaries you want and have been waiting for a reply. I am enclosing in this letter a ~~regular~~ letter concerning the pessaries.

Furthermore, I have tried to get an American passport and have once more failed magnificently. They tell me that it will require for from two to three months before I even receive a reply, and then they are not certain.

Your letter of January 6th was very dear. I thank you for your friendship, for your understanding, and for your help to me. You ask me to return. I would do this immediately were it not for my health. I have but two to four months more in my analysis until I have finished it completely, and just now I am in a most critical period of it and I fear that it would harm me if I stopped. There are many external things which prevent me from returning as you request, but all of them I would kick in the eye were it not for my treatment. I can not get a passport; I am under contract with Berlin University to finish a teaching course in English which I have carried for three months already. And my husband, who is a nervous wreck, has agreed to my living apart, but he stands before me periodically, black with pain, and tells me that if I leave here he will kill himself. His attitude has nearly broken my life. I have given him my pledge that I shall remain for six months, upon the condition that he enter the psycho-analysis and through it get over his dependence upon me. It is not a joke for me to have to carry my own spiritual burdens and then to have to carry his also. He has now entered psycho-analysis and I expect him to get over his attitude. But he feels most deeply my desertion because, as he says, he is an older man and he can not start his life over again. He says he prefers death. When your letter came asking me to return to America for a few months, we had a fight discussion which lasted for many, many hours. He told me that if I returned he would kill himself because he could not stand alone. I have told him what a sick attitude he has. But I can not take the chance in case that what he

threatens to do he would carry out. Were he an ordinary man, I would go anyway and let him do as he wishes. But I feel some national responsibility in this matter, in so far as India is concerned. For, were he to carry out his threat, my life in the Indian movement would be forever ruined. You may think this foolishness on my part. But I am sorry that I feel bound hand and foot. Even so, sometimes my own suffering has been so great that I have known that were I only through with my own treatment, I would desert everything here high and dry and return to America. Sometimes in the middle of the night I fear to be alone for fear that I shall kill myself. There have been long periods when I have been so afraid of myself, so insecure, so deeply convinced that life is not worth living that I have written the necessary letters arranging my affairs in case I should go insane in the night and kill myself. Then the periods pass and I destroy the letters. Then they come again. I can not tell you what suffering these days entail.

I have received another one hundred dollars from you for December and January. I wonder how much money you have sent me now. In connection with this I have a request to make now.

I have borrowed altogether ~~xxxxx~~ nine hundred dollars from the Personal Fund in New York in order to pay my debts here, including my doctor. On your money I have lived personally. My nine hundred dollars are at an end and I am under pledge to start repaying my debt at the rate of fifty dollars a month beginning from March 1st--that is, in fifteen days. If I do not start then, I am under pledge to return to America and repay it from there. Now it is impossible for me to return to America without a passport and under my present conditions. It will be at least two months before I get a pass. In the meantime I am not making fifty dollars over and above my living. I believe, from what I remember--although I have not kept account--that you are to send me another fifty or one hundred dollars. I do not know. I request you to send this to the Personal service fund instead of to me and give me another month or two to increase my income sufficiently to enable me to repay the debt. Can you send fifty dollars ~~xxxxx~~ on March 1st, to the following address:

Mrs. Anna E. Davis,
22 260 West 11th Street,
New York City.

Please look up your accounts and see how much money you have agreed to send me and how much you have already sent me. In moving and in my disorder I have misplaced everything and can not find my accounts. If you are to send me one hundred dollars instead of fifty more, will you send that fifty to Mrs. Davis on March 1st and the other fifty on April 1st. This will give me until June to start my regular payments, or be in a position to return to America.

In making this arrangements I have spoken with my physician. She has agreed, if I can make this arrangement with you, that she will finish my treatment for nothing--taking no payment whatever, because she says she believes that before long my life will be on an entirely new basis, I will be healthy. And she is thoroughly convinced that I have the capacity for making a lot of my life. She says that if you will take care of my debt there the coming and perhaps the next month, she will cancel her charges here and I shall not have to pay her the money I would otherwise.

I must ask you to cable me if you can not do this. I

*paid for
the dance
for April*

do not know how my account stands with you. If I do not receive a cablegram from you within eleven days from today, I shall know that you are going to pay the money there on March 1st. If you cannot do it, cable me, and I shall try to borrow money in England for two months. To save money, use the cable address of my husband's bureau

INDIA PRESS

BERLIN

You do not have to put my name on the cablegram, for I shall know what it is. Yet tell me that you can not pay the money if you can not.

You can undoubtedly understand how I am tied into a knot here with all this.

I should like to attend the International Conference. I wonder if anyone from India is coming. Have you heard from Mrs. Naidu? She has not told us if she is going or not. I have done considerable work here among the Indian physicians who are being trained and some of whom have returned to India. The Birth Control movement has become fairly strong in India during the past year. But you know that, undoubtedly. In all your dealings with India I hope that you keep as much in touch with physicians as possible, for India is very reactionary on these lines and if such men as the so-called "Prof" Gopalji take come to represent the movement, it will not help much.

I am working here and making my living. I receive absolutely no help from my husband, nor will I. Now that I live alone I am writing all day long and within a month or two know that I shall have a fairly large income. I see that I can write. This month--on the 19th and on the 20th, I am lecturing before two different associations: on the 19th I am lecturing before Berlin University on "India in World Politics". On the 20th I am lecturing before the Association of German Women Physicians on Indian women, and in which I am discussing health, the population question, *customs & habits*, the birth control movement, etc., etc. It is a lecture only for physicians and so I am able to speak very frankly on these subjects. I am lecturing in German, if you please, and have had to learn my lecture almost by heart. I am in close contact with German women physicians, and the President of the Association of German Women Physicians is a friend of mine. This woman has a regular ~~birth~~ little birth control clinic of her own. She is a well known woman's physician. She is Dr. Edenhuizen whose name I gave you. I am sorry she can not come to the International Conference, for she is an important woman in her profession.

By next year I hope to have repaid all my debts--for I am convinced that I am going to make money--and then I hope to go to India for good and all and work there. I am going to do everything to get there.

It will interest you to hear something of my University classes: I teach a class of young men and women University students

for two hours every Monday. We have to study conditions in England and America, and we have to study these conditions in the form of debate. This has given me great scope. We have branched out also to the British Empire. Some of our debates have included the following:

- Co-education.
- Should the individual be subject to authority?
- The American woman--her social tendencies
- The population question, with reference to colonisation.
- The Colour and Racial Conflict and their solution.
- Social Movements in England and America

etc. etc.

I tell you these because I want you to know what books we have used for reference in some of the courses. In the debate on the American Woman--her social tendencies; in the last four debates in fact, we have, among others, used your two volumes, "The New Motherhood" and "The Pivot of Civilisation". Dr. Drysdale's book "The Small Family System", and your magazine, "The Birth Control Review". I have in my class a number of women teachers from the high schools of Berlin who are in this way learning English. They are, therefore older women, and very responsible. I have to give references to each student and he must read and prepare for a week in advance and then come and defend his viewpoint. So I have given these older women--especially the liberal minded ones--your books and your magazine for reference. We have had some of the liveliest debates you can ever ~~have~~ and because of them I have come into conflict with the Director of the English Seminar of the University (where I teach); ~~because~~ the Director is a Catholic. First of all when I started teaching he told me I had full scope in choosing my subjects for study. I took advantage of this fact. Then in a conference with me he asked me ~~for~~ what my class has been studying, and I gave him the outline and the books we have been using. He said: "Why, there is no debate possible on these subjects". Now of course I asked why. He then informed me because on such subjects there can only be one ~~question~~. On the color question, for example, he says that there is only one solution: the white world must breed more rapidly ~~and~~ or be overrun by the colored world. But I told him we had managed to scrape up fairly interesting debates on these subjects despite the fact that he thinks there is only one viewpoint. I am now putting my own throat in the University, because I have not been to him again for a conference--which I am supposed to do--but I have headed straight ahead and taken all the subjects possible. I know I shall last only until the end of my course anyway, and so I may as well do as much damage as possible while I am at it. But I have never known such interesting debates. There are other classes in session also, of the same nature, but my students bring visitors from these classes to attend our lessons, because we have such vital fights. I have one woman teacher from a girls' high school who is a regular Kitty Marion. She has been in England and speaks the best English of all. And she can't be shut up. She has read all your books, and with banners flying, she stands, short and heavy before the class, and fires away. At first when we first touched the question of birth control there was much embarrassment and they laughed at her. But she stopped and looked at the class and asked:

"Now, what are you laughing at?" And everybody shut up.

Well, I'll shut up for I have more to write re. persons, etc. - Agnes -
I note my new address!

JW
MS

Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany
Pariserstr. 4
bei Hommels
Feb. 12th, 1925

Miss Anne Kennedy,
Executive Secretary,
American Birth Control League,
104 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Dear Miss Kennedy:

I have your invitation of January 14th concerning my return to America, to attend the International Birth Control Conference. I thank you most heartily.

You may not know it, but I have been abroad for four years without an American passport, and to explain this fact is not easy. I have applied for an American passport, but it will take at least two to three months before I receive a reply. Then I may be refused. Perhaps you knew there is a law by which American citizens have to return to America every four years, unless they receive permission to remain abroad. I shall have considerable difficulty I know.

I shall not be able to attend the International Conference not only for this reason, but for others of which I am writing to Mrs. Sanger. But I hope to be there within the next year. If I do not get a pass, I shall come without one, illegally. But this I shall not do in time for the Conference.

Thanking you, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Agnes Smedley

February 23, 1925.

Dear Agnes,-

Certainly I will take care of your debt to Mrs. Davis - April and May.

I am so glad you do feel that you can write and make money. You can write beautifully and all you need is peace of mind.

I did hope you would try to come back to U.S.A. Do not say you are married. Take your own name and they cannot keep you out.

You are going through a horrible trial, but creative work in writing and lecturing will restore your nerves in a short time. Your lectures sound splendid.

I am so pleased at your full and complete detail of pessaries. Thank God for one efficient person on the job at last. I am sending you a cable to order 1000 of the Ramses pessaries. Send them to Canada to Mr. Sice's agent's address. I have given your business letter to Mr. Sice who has sent you a draft to pay for them.

I am personally interested in your health, Agnes, and do wish you were here in New York where you would have the care you need and would not have to work so hard.

The Conference is going well, but no one from India yet. We never heard from Madam Nudu at all.

You should get your passport as soon as you can and have it ready when you want it. (The you get along so far without one.)

My love to you. Don't worry about the money or loans.

paid \$100
for 2 mos.

March 1925.

Mrs. Anna N. Davis,
260 West 11th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Davis:-

The enclosed check of fifty dollars is payment for march on Agnes Smedley's account. Please send me a receipt for this.

Sincerely yours,

Personal Service Fund

Trustees:

Roger N. Baldwin
Anna N. Davis
Charles Garland
A. J. Muste

260 West 11th Street
New York City

Mar. 9 - '95

Received from Margaret Sanger \$ 50
in payment for March on Agnes Smedley's
account.

Anna N. Davis,
Treas.

April 2, 1925.

Mrs. Anna M. Davis, Treas.,
Personal Service Fund,
260 West 11th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mrs. Davis:-

The enclosed check of fifty
dollars is payment for April on Agnes
Smedley's account. Please send receipt.

Sincerely yours,

al

1925

Spring

April?

Wednesday the 13th.

?

On Sergei Naidu?

Dearest Florence:

I am taking the great liberty of sending you an article which I have written, and I ask that you post it to the Atlantic Monthly, Boston, for me, and I shall try a shot there. I would send it directly to the Atlantic Monthly, but I do not know the address of said rag. If they refuse it--as they undoubtedly will--I did not want them to return here here to me in Germany and waste months before I can get it back. Then if it is refused, will you be good enough to place it in the hands of an agent. Gertrude Nafe used to have an agent who placed her things. Could you get the address through Ellen Kennan and give it to him or her as the case may be. And let me have the address that I may send other articles through that Agent.

Now give me your frank opinion about the article. I am not much impressed with it and expect it to be refused. You see, I am simply a rag now. I haven't an ounce of enthusiasm or hope in me, and what I write is of the same stuff. Almost all that I write these days is returned to me, and I am taking more and more to teaching to make a living. I am simply smashed down.

You can change my article if you think it worth while. Cut out anything you want. But it will be too much trouble for you to do much with it. I could send pictures if any magazine wanted them. I've a picture taken of Mrs. Naidu last year in Africa, and one taken a number of years ago when she was a flaming beauty.

I think this is the last thing I write on Chatto's family. I wrote it hoping to make money. But they sicken me thoroughly.

I have heard from Mrs. Davis, to whom I sent my letter through you. It seems you have done a very fine job, for she wrote me a lovely letter and told me that although they can not cancel the debt,

I am to go ahead with my life and work as if the debt did not exist, and then when I make money, to give them the surplus. This I am very glad about, and of course such a debt as that is much more pressing than when people take a different attitude. But she was lovely. And you are lovelier still. Never failing friend. I suppose with you in this thing called life, one should not be so unhappy and discouraged.

I am not well. I have been in the analysis for 16 months steadily, but I am a mess, a wreck. I have reached a point where I can't go on with my doctor I fear. She treats me free of charge, but I can't talk to her. I don't know why. I don't suppose it is the doctor, but my own self. I have no hope in anything any more and the strain under which I live is so awful, awful, awful. And it is so useless, and it seems like years for me to have to remain here under this pressure. And in the meantime life goes by; and I'm 33. It is no joke. And in the meantime my life here is rendered absolutely impotent by these conditions.

I shall write again when I feel better.

My dear love to you,

Agnes

P.S. In sending my article to the Atlantic Monthly, please enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for its return. For it is sure to come back.

Bill to J. H. G. Berlin U. 15 - [1924-1928?]
Parisstr. 4

1925

22. April
1:30 at night

Dearest Margaret:

Before you had to bed tonight I saw you
to write you. I have waited and waited
to hear from Hamburg about the packages,
expecting them to be returned to me.

First of all, as the enclosed bill
will show, 500 packages were sent
on March 30 from the factory and, as
the bill also shows, the other 500 can
only be sent 3 weeks later at the
earliest. Then we had to repack the
whole 500 sent us. First we tried
to ship them in the regular way and
learned that they would cost too much.
Then we found the packets from the
factory were too big to be shipped by
post, so we had to get new boxes
and repack the whole lot. Then we
were informed that according to

Canadian law ^{inhibits} pessaries (or contraceptive means) ^{stagnant} can not be imported. But despite this we induced the postal authorities to take four boxes of pessaries. But they said that the shipping office in Hamburg may return them because of the Canadian law. I have waited for one week but no word has yet come.

The four boxes, containing from 79 to 150 pessaries each, were shipped by mail to Mr. Slez at the address given us. The address is very clear. The boxes were shipped in the name of the "Indisches Nachrichten und Informations Büro, g. m. b. H.," Pflanzstr. 8, Berlin W. 75.

We had to ship them so too against the
 customs duties here because that ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Beiers~~ ^{Beiers} ~~at~~
 had ordered from ~~the~~ ^{the} factory. I have to
 pass under my name and so I could not
 use it. I shall not ship the other
500 until you inform me if the
ones sent you have reached. In fact
 of the 500, I have kept about 200
 or so here, already packed, and I was
 await word from you there. If there
 is any difficulty in Canada, have
 the goods returned to sender rather
 than anything else, and I'll send them
 some other way or other.

I enclose bill for the first
 500, for which I paid with the money
 you sent me. The receipt of payment.

4 E

I'm holding here in case of a question about
the factory. Later I'll send you a copy
along with other papers which have been
sent. I'm sorry for this long delay.
But I did not want to write you
until I could say, "It is done." I hate
to promise only. The whole delay has
rested heavily on my conscience, yet I
could not help it. The factory was
at fault, and although the bill is
dated March 30, the goods arrived in
Berlin only a number of days later.

I am well and working hard. But
my income is irregular and I can't pay
my debt there. I've applied for a
postponement but haven't heard from them.
I want a year's length of time. I've regained

1925

my health slowly would have only been
 waiting for 3 months and I can't well
 expect a fortune in 3 months after an
 illness of four-years' duration. Then I've
 not only left my husband but his
 health has broken and it will be
 impossible for me to depend upon
 the money he had promised me to repay
 a part of the debt. He has applied to
 India for money, but I doubt if he'll
 get it. I understand, however, that the
 "Personal Service Fund" can afford to wait.
 Anyway I've asked for further time.
 Lord! my debts! They are mountain high
 and I'll be 40 before I've repaid them.
 I've been such a drag for four years,
 such an unproductive lump of flesh.
 Sometimes when I view the results of my

of my ~~years~~ illness ~~had~~ ~~ruined~~ ~~but~~
died four years ago. It has ~~not~~ ~~only~~
loaded me with debt, but it has left
me without much of the faith, belief
and optimism I had before. It seems to
have affected my entire outlook on life.
And it has given me none of the women
companions such as I had in N.Y.C.
I'm still under treatment. How much
longer I don't know. Anyway in July
I'm going up to Denmark and live with
Karin Michaelis on her island. I'm writing
a drama and want to finish it there
where I shall have time, rest, and no
financial worry. The University closes
in June & then I skid forth with to
Denmark. Here I write & teach. Aside
from the University teaching I have two
private students, one group of students,
and I'm training an actress in English for

the English theatre here. I hate teaching as
a rule, but it just amuses me and interests me.
Soon I'm sending two articles to Atlantic
for publication and if they sell I shall
pay them into my debt there. One I'm
sending to the Atlantic Monthly and one to
N.Y.C.

Dr. Das has sent me his paper
on India's Population Problem, delivered at your
Congress, and I'm having it translated into
German by a friend. I also intend to use
it in my University course.

I have to give a public lecture
before the University the 1st of May - a
general lecture in their big assembly hall.
Of course I'm speaking on "India in World
Politics," devoting much of my lecture to the
preparations for the coming war. In this I'm
discussing the population problem also, the

struggle for land and breathing space, for
 markets, for raw materials etc. etc. but a
 industrial Europe packed to overflowing
 But my lecture is not chiefly this. It
 is a historical survey leading up to this
 In June I have to lecture again
 I haven't yet chosen my subject. These
 lectures are general cultural lectures to keep
 the University students in touch with world
 thought and events. I've a vague idea
 of choosing some subject on women.

There's a very dramatic film being
 shown here against the law making abortion
 a crime. The women physicians are very
 active against the law and devote much space
 in their magazine to it. Now that Denmark has
 abolished the law, Germany may follow soon.
 But really, the masses of German women are cross-
 uninteresting cows arguing for their own enslavement.
 The American woman is much in advance of the
 German in independence.

My love to you
 Agnes

May 16, 1925.

Miss Agnes Smedley,
Berlin, W. 15,
Pariserstra #4,
bei Hommela,
Berlin, Germany,

Dear Agnes Smedley:-

Mrs. Sanger has just returned from a two weeks absence. She has not been well since the Conference. The strain was entirely too heavy for her. She is greatly rushed and has asked me to send you this note.

So far the pessaries have not arrived, but we do hope they will be coming forth soon. Mr. Slee telephoned me yesterday and said that he was going to cable you. His Canadian agents have had no notice from the post office as to this shipment but we are hoping everything will be O.K.

Mrs. Sanger would like to know how you are situated financially. She sent one hundred dollars to Mrs. Davis for March and April and we received receipts from her for this.

There certainly is a stir-up in Indian periodicals on Birth Control. We are receiving quite a lot of press clippings. Mrs. Sanger is writing an article in reply to Ghandi. Basanta Koomar Roy will help put this in some Indian magazines.

The names you sent us of Indian periodicals have all been placed on the exchange list of the Birth Control Review and letters have also been sent to them.

It is nice to hear from you from time to time,
dear Agnes Smedley.

With love

A. L.

Goods received. Ship balance
Send duplicate invoice
13 cents each

write to

Berlin W. 15
Pariserstr. 4
bei Nommels
May 27, 1925

Mr. Noah H. Slee,
130 William Street,
New York City

Dear Mr. Slee:

I have your letter of May 15th and your cablegram came a few days ago. I have in the meantime investigated through the Postoffice here. The goods left here on April 21st, from the Lietzenburger strasse Postoffice, (Berlin W. 15). The Postoffice tells me that the goods have not been held in Hamburg, as in such cases they are returned directly to Berlin. They further say that the German Government or Postoffice does not hold back goods such as these, even if Canadian laws do not permit their importation. The German Government can only permit them to be shipped, and it is left to Canada to do as it wishes. Therefore the goods have gone. In the meantime we are investigating through the Statistical Department of the Government here, but it is of no use, as only the Postoffice is responsible for the goods.

Although your cable tells me to ship the other boxes at the rate of one box a week until the order is completed, I fear to do this until I hear if the four boxes have reached you. May I request you therefore to send me a very short cable as soon as you receive the goods? My cable address is

Agnes Smedley,
Anexco, Berlin.

I am indeed glad to hear of the great success of the Congress there. I have the latest issue of the Birth Control Review and have read the papers therein. The German press now is taking up the question of large families--but on behalf of the large family. This is propoganda for the attainment of colonies. The argument is used that "woman culture" (Frauenkultur) is developed in the home, and "woman kultur" is developed through the family. That the large family develops self sacrifice and a higher standard of ethics. I have kept clippings on this subject for Margaret, but can not find them now.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Agnes Smedley

Thank End letter
Agnes Smalley
Amuse Co Berlin

All arrived and passed
Customs ^{no trouble stop} make out final
Shipment, ~~with~~ mail three
Certified invoices value
thirteen cents Each ~~in~~
~~Send with~~ same address
as Merchandise

Margaret Sanger

Send copy
of cable & confirm by letter

Charge to the account of AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE \$ _____

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
TELEGRAM	<input type="checkbox"/>
DAY LETTER	<input type="checkbox"/>
NIGHT MESSAGE	<input type="checkbox"/>
NIGHT LETTER	<input type="checkbox"/>

Patrons should mark an X opposite the class of service desired; OTHERWISE THE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE TELEGRAM

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

NO.	CASH OR CIG
CHECK	
TIME FILED	

Send the following message, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to

June 15, 1925.

CABLEGRAM - DEFERRED RATE

Agnes Smedley

Amexco

Berlin

All arrived Ship remainder same address Send me invoice

Margaret

KEEP THIS RECEIPT - DO NOT SEND ABROAD

(5600, Apr., 1934)



NON TRASFERIBILE • NON NEGOCIABILE • NICHT EINLÖSBAR • NIE WYMIENNY • HE PASMEHЯEMЫЯ

No. 414660

American Express Company

FOREIGN MONEY ORDER RECEIPT - NOT NEGOTIABLE

FOREIGN MONEY

Dollars 50 ⁰⁰/₁₀₀

RECEIVED, SUBJECT TO CONTRACT ON BACK.

FIFTY DOLLARS

DOLLARS

FOR FOREIGN MONEY CREDIT OF

FIFTY U.S. DOLLARS

FOR TRANSFER TO (GIVE FULL NAME)

AGNES SMOLINSKY

ADDRESS

PARISERSTR. 4. BERLIN W. 15 GERMANY

FROM

M. SANGER

ADDRESS

104 - 5 AVE NYC

RATE

\$ 50 -

POSTAGE

CO.'S CHARGE 1.50

CABLE CHARGES

TOTAL

\$ 51.50

DATE

JUNE 22 25

OFFICE

130 W 48th STATE NY

AGENT

John Broderick

CONTRACT

THE RECEIPT ON THE OTHER SIDE IS PART OF, AND IS ISSUED SUBJECT TO, THE FOLLOWING CONTRACT:

The person who accepts this receipt and the American Express Company contract and agree, as follows:

1. This receipt is not negotiable.
2. The American Express Company acts as Agent for the Remitter.
3. The payment of this Money Order, if issued in United States Dollars, shall only be made in actual United States currency when specifically indicated on the face of the receipt, otherwise the payment shall be made at the rate of exchange fixed by the American Express Company or its correspondents, less necessary charges and expenses of the paying bank or correspondent. If this Money Order is issued in foreign money, and if it is deemed necessary to convert the amount of this Money Order so issued into other foreign money, such conversion shall be made at the current rate of the correspondent or paying bank making such conversion, less its necessary charges and expenses.
4. Such payment will be made subject to the rules and regulations of the various post offices or other agencies used in making or effecting the payment.
5. The American Express Company shall not be responsible for any loss occasioned by errors or delays in the transmission of any message by telegraph or cable companies, if their service is employed, or for the acts or omissions of the correspondents or agencies necessarily employed by the American Express Company in connection with this Money Order.
6. The American Express Company shall return the payee's receipt, if possible, but shall not be required to do so nor to undertake to trace delivery or payment of the money until after three months from date hereof, and then only upon the payment in advance of the sum of twenty-five (25c.) cents to cover postage and incidental expenses.
7. In the event that this credit or remittance is returned to the American Express Company, refund will be paid by the Company and will be accepted by the claimant on the basis of the current buying rate in New York on the date of refund, for the foreign money specified, less any charges and expenses of the Company.
8. In case the amount of this Money Order is lost or stolen in transit in the foreign country, this Company shall not be liable for more than the amount of the foreign money credit specified on this receipt, and the refund of the foreign money credit of this order shall be made as provided for in paragraph 7, and then only when advice has been received that the foreign postal authorities, or other agencies necessarily employed in connection with this Money Order, have returned the foreign money credit to the office of our correspondents in such foreign country.
9. The conditions printed on this receipt state the exact obligations of the American Express Company, and shall not be altered or supplemented in any manner. No oral or collateral agreement shall bind the Express Company.
10. Any alteration or mutilation of this instrument renders the entire transaction void.

Send ^{A.L.} ~~Agnes~~ Some Money \$50 at least
MS

Dear Anna Lipshitz:

Thank you for your dear letter of May 16th.

I have written to Mr. Slee about the goods. I have found out from the Postoffice here that they left Hamburg, but now I have sent another tracer through to ask what has happened. They were registered, and I have the registration slip. I have asked Mr. Slee to cable me a very short cable when they arrive for I am afraid to ship the others unless those reach you. I do not know what to do about the whole situation.

I am sending herewith for Mrs. Sanger, a reply to Gandhi by Marie Stopes, and also the attitude of the "Indian Social Reformer". Please give them to Margaret.

I am very sorry that I ever had Margaret pay that Fund there the one hundred dollars. For now the Fund has given me an unlimited time in which to repay the money, and it was unnecessary for Margaret to take this action. I am sorry but it is too late. I applied to the Fund for the postponement of payment for I simply can not make it now. I am never completely well and keep hoping that I shall recover my health entirely. But it does not work. My physical health is perfect, but my mind is simply an old curiosity shop. I am sick much of the time and for the past three months have written not a line because of my state of mind. I am teaching in the University, but that is pure drudgery which requires no creative thought, and then I have but two hours a week there. This summer semester we are studying conditions in America, chiefly social conditions, such as prohibition, the racial problem, the woman question, social movements (birth control comes in here), America and Pan-America, and America and her Asiatic Foreign Policy. It is hot

as hell here but we drudge along in this class. It may interest you to know that I use Margaret's books and the Review in my classes. This semester I have mostly men students--but two girls, and I don't know just what the results will be on the question of birth control.

You say Margaret wants to know what my financial situation is. Fairly rotten because during the summer I have no students and my income becomes nil. My sole steady income now is from the University, which just pays my room rent and nothing more. From my writing I usually get something, but my mind has gone on a strike, as I say, and I don't know what the reason is. I have had a number of private students in English, and they have kept me going for some time, but they all go away ~~fixed~~ during the summer months, starting this month. Many of them were actresses and artists, and the theatres are closed from June 1st onward.

And I'm worn out, not only with my teaching work, but from living under a strain. I want to get out of this place for a month in the summer or I fear I'll cut my honorable throat. I can hardly stick it even now and only live until God steps in and takes a hand.

I wonder how life is there with you. You are, I see, still on the job. It is a wonderful thing to see you sticking on through the years with Margaret and Kitty Marion. It is for you what India is for me. Only I hope to see India one of these days. I want to get there as soon as my treatment is finished here and take up social work. The B. J. movement there is destined to play a great role.

Please give my love to all.

Sincerely,

Pariserstr 4.
Berlin W. 15

Agnes Smedley

June 24, 1925.

Miss Agnes Smedley,
Pariserstr 4,
Berlin, W. 15,
Germany.

Dear Miss Smedley:

Both Mrs. Sanger and I were glad to get your letter. We always want to know how you are and hope so much that you will soon be able to tell us the good news that you are very much better. It would be a great joy to those of us who know you to get such news.

On June 22nd, Mrs. Sanger sent you \$50.00 through the American Express Company. This went to the above address, and I hope there will be no red tape in getting it.

It is too bad that the hundred dollars went to the fund instead of you direct. I wish they had given you that extension of time before the amount was paid, but it is too late now.

Thank you very much for the clipping you sent. It shows that India needs to be educated on proper lines. Every Hindu that I have met gives the same argument and it is so difficult to make them recognize the over-population question.

You have no doubt received Mrs. Sanger's cable by now. The first shipment arrived. Please send the remainder of the order to the same address.

Thank you for asking about myself. Yes, I have the same keen interest in birth control as I had five or six years ago. In fact, the more I see of human misery and suffering, the stronger I feel for keeping off the unborn of this chaotic world. It is wonderful how you stood by India all these struggling years. I feel if all the natives of India, or even half of them worked as you have in such ceaseless, self-sacrificing manner, I am sure their victory would be near.

Miss Agnes Smedley.

Page 2.

Kitty Marian has just left for England. She certainly has been on the job. She has been perfectly wonderful in her efforts to scatter birth control seeds. I do not know how long she will stay in England. You know she loves England and we can never tell whether Kitty may not prefer to remain there for some indefinite time, although she has become an American citizen. She has asked for you so often, and was always glad to hear any good news about you.

My love to you and all good wishes.
Also Mrs. Sanger sends her best.

Sincerely yours,

AL:RM

P.S. enclose letter
from Chase.

25 June 25-

Dearest Florence:

I am in the midst of moving from one house to another, and so can not answer your two letters, which I wish to answer at greater length. But in the meantime I am sending you herewith a short feature article to ask your opinion. Now I don't want to bother you, for I know you have enough to do. But I wish I had someone who would undertake to sell any articles I send. I know the one enclosed is superficial, more or less, but I ~~stxxxx~~ think some magazine or newspaper syndicate would like it as a feature article. Can you do anything with it? Or do you know any agency which would undertake to place it for me? Please let me know.

From July 1st I live with a friend at

Knesebecks tr. 48
Berlin-Charlottenburg
(bei Grabisch)

25

where I shall be only until August 1st, I believe. But the Address of the American Express, 55 Charlottenstr., will always reach me.

I am dead tired. Have not been so tired in months and months. Have tried to get leave from the University to go for 10 days, but they said it impossible for the class I have must be finished. Yet I am weary, weary, weary. My analysis is nearly finished now--am nearing the end and think that when I leave in August it will be the end of my treatment.

I have many things to say in reply to your first letter. Your second one tells me of your happiness, of which I am very, very glad. It is marvellous to see one happy pair in life. I hope you both fight to guard your happiness, for it is a rare bird which is shot at from every corner. My way of happiness is different from yours, I fear, but that does not mean that I do not rejoice in yours, it matters not which the way is.

My article on Mrs. Hillu--I wonder how it is getting along. There are so many magazines if the Mercury refuses--Century, Harpers, etc. Surely the thing will sell somewhere.

My love to you, and give my most sincere greetings to Sam and a chaste kiss of greeting on his brow. And as for yourself, tumble yourself over the grass and turn somersaults for my sake.

Love always to you.

P.S. I really believe the enclosed article ought to sell well there, even in a good magazine. What do you think?

Ayaboo

Berlin - July 13,
[1925]

"Dear Margaret: Personal
pulled? I ~~betray individual~~ & ~~same~~ ^{to be} ~~fradity~~, and I ~~flame~~
speak sincerely, and I'm "going" to ~~Engelhardt~~ and
July 20th where I'm invited ~~person~~ ~~participate~~
to live with my friends ~~John~~ ~~Karin~~ ~~Michaelis~~
the ~~social~~ ~~movement~~, and ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~ ~~for~~
long and ~~expect~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~there~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~often~~
where I don't ~~just~~ ~~stay~~. I'm ~~very~~ ~~much~~
depressed here and expect to ~~reach~~ ~~great~~ ~~of~~
classes when I'm away. I have ~~the~~
two classes in the University
I return in October, but unless I can get
there I can't live here in peace of mind.
Tell me this if I return to the U.S.
in Sept., is there work for me on your
magazine? In what capacity? I'm seriously
considering it and trying to get something
on a newspaper also for, for one or two
years, I want to make money & clear
off all obligations. And I've obligations here
also, to meet, even if I return there.
I'm exhausted completely.
I read Mr. Shore's letter to you. I'm

confidence, & tell you & I'm disappointed & "Spilling
his blood" by doing so too. I would like
a cheap movie, & I think he might be
getting a job, and make his living and it
stop spilling said blood. I think I should
regard it as a scandal & disgrace too hard
to make their living. Those days if he doesn't
get help here with his wife to make his living
Sad! Sad! The poor exile & you should
know exiles who contract the two jobs of
making a living and being an exile.
I wish to be an exile and professor with
some. Those could return home if he wanted
for I know a famous revolutionary who has
returned after 16 years of exile, and the
British never touched him. He is teaching
in Tokyo's University now. My husband,
an exile for 24 years, charged with high
treason, is trying to go home within a
year or two at the latest. I wish those
would stop the sob stuff. His letter shows
that he expects you to fork out \$2,000!
Those is nothing if not generous with other

people's money.

Alexander Berkman comes to see me this evening.

Have the implements of war arrived which I shipped from here?

I finish my analysis on July 20th, - that is, when I leave for Czechoslovakia. I'm finished 20 months of it! Not yet completely finished, but on my feet and more so when I get out of this Berlin atmosphere. Now Mr. Roe is trying to get Villard to accept one article a month from me in the Nation, and if he succeeds, I shall be able to do something. But I doubt if he will succeed. And since La Follette died, he is undoubtedly too miserable to give much attention to my affairs.

Do you go to India in September?

My permanent address is 4 American Express Co., Berlin, 55 Charlottenstr.

Love to you & Annie Lipschitz.

- Agnes -

Teplitz-Schönau, Czechoslovakia
Meczerystrasse 1497
bei Frau Dr. Busch
July 27th, 1925

Dearest Florence:

I have been here nearly one week with an actress friend who has invited me here for one month as her guest. Today your American Express Money order for fifteen dollars came, and of course it blabbergasts me. Then your letter from Berlin was sent on also in which you told me you were sending this, and you spoke mysteriously of some 27 dollars. Bless your dear soul, when are you going to stop using that damned sari as an excuse for sending me money? Not that I spurn the filthy lucre which has just arrived. Not a bit of it just now, for I have finally and definitely left Chatto and face some unknown future with some 120 marks to my bloomin' name. I am writing, and I have a friend or two, and I hope to pull through. And then all I could do was to borrow from Chatto occasionally, while he on the other hand kept me almost completely broke. Now I can't borrow from him any more.

I have finished my analysis--or I have stopped it after 20 months of the most strenuous effort. I think I can stand alone. At least I live here for one month, and then with Karin Michaelis for one month, and I shall write during that time and prepare to face the thing called life on my own. It is no joke, for I am not well, and the strain of a horrible conflict with Chatto just before I left Berlin is still sitting in my mind and making me suffer. It will take me sometime to recover. I have been here one ~~month~~ ~~week~~ ~~but~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~still~~ ~~as~~ ~~nervous~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~cat~~ and generally depressed.

Regarding my article on Sarojini Naidu: if you have not placed it, please see the following agent and tell him who has refused it and ask him to place it:

Mr. Carl Brandt,
101 Park Avenue,
New York City.

H. L. Mencken recommended him to Emma Goldman as a very good agent, and so I take it that he is. I think such a magazine as the Century, or Harper's Monthly might take the article. I knew the Mercury would return it, for the nature of their articles is not that of my work. When you see Carl Brandt, will you please ask him if he would undertake to place other articles by me. I am writing one on Kaethe Kollwitz, the great artist of the masses, and I shall send it to him with illustrations of a very unusual order. I'd like to get at least 200 dollars from some magazine like Vanity Fair for the Kollwitz article. Emma Goldman writes me that I can expect that much.

Went to
Pioneer
+
Monthly Rev.

As I say, I am rather down and out after nearly 5 years of the most horrible marriage conceivable. I see a lifetime of old-maidish stretching before me, for so help me God I have had enough marriage for all my incarnations to come. And I know I shall never trust a man again on the sex question. Their words and theories are so much quatch used as camouflage for their real emotional convictions. You wrote me a long letter about a woman being possessed by a man. Well, I was, and I don't want any more of it. And I'm like a little something else now please. I need love and I need a comrade, but I don't need a devouring possessor. And as for the dangerous type which you say I need, believe me Florence, one dangerous type in the family is enough. I want rest and peace and a vacuum for a long time to come. And just the chance to rest.

Write me in care of the American Express Co., 55 Charlottenstr., Berlin, for I shall be here only three more weeks. Then the third week I go down to Prague, which is only a short distance from here, to make arrangements with some magazines and newspapers about articles from me. Then I return to Berlin from there to renew my passport, to secure my visas for Denmark, and pass through on up to Denmark where I shall live with Karin for a time, out on her island. And write my damned head off. Then what I do I don't know, but I have an offer from Berlin University to return in the Fall and take two courses instead of the one I have had. I may do it. But I have also written to Margaret Sanger about returning to America for one year, and so from Denmark I may come to New York if I can get a visa. I hate to return to America, for so many roots of mine are now in Germany, and although my connections are indeed new and in the beginning, yet I could build them up in the time to come. Yet Chatto is in Berlin, and although the city is large I doubt if it is large enough for both of us. I shall be depressed, I fear, for my so-called adopted son lives there and is a friend of Chattos. And he will always carry tales, I fear. The next month will decide for me what I shall do. If I write steadily, and make connections in Prague and in Copenhagen, then I shall be able to hold out in Berlin also perhaps. For I have some chances there.

My dear love to you, and my thanks for your trouble with the article. It's rather discouraging to get it back from so many magazines. When you see Carl Brandt, will you also show him that rag on the subject of Fire among the Hindus. So much trash is published in America, that I think that is no worse than much that I read. I've no judgment, though, for I really thought my article on Sarajini Naidu was mediocre, while that on Fire among the Hindus was very good! Brilliant, isn't it?

Your pictures are here before me and I am very glad to see you. For all your vacation you look thin. And you have let your hair grow. I can't say it pleases me any too much, yet your face is lovely even that way. To me, anyway. And a kiss on your beloved head, shingled or unshingled.

Quaker

H.S. I give permission to the magazine to shorten the article if need be.

1925

1925 P

Toplitz-Schönan

Czech.

File among
Hans?

Dearest Florence:

I am enclosing herewith an article for your consideration. Can you repost it to the Editor of Vanity Fair which magazine, I understand, is interested in such articles, and pays very well. In case of refusal, can you see

Carl Brandt,
101 Park Avenue, New York City,

who is, I understand, a reliable literary agent, and make arrangements with him about the sale of this and other articles. I wish to send my articles directly to him, because I know it is an awful nuisance for you. I do not wish to send them directly without your having first seen him, because one never can control a literary agent when one lives in Europe and he in America. If you would undertake this for me, I should be only too happy.

I am interested in making money for this article, and I don't care to give it to any magazine that is "struggling". I am sorry, but I have heavy responsibilities and I am making heavy demands upon my life in the future. I am going to deliberately try to write and sell my articles to the highest bidder. I will write as my ideals dictate, and my ideals are revolutionary. But I will sell anywhere. For I have debts and obligations, and I have to work hard to rebuild my life.

Therefore I ask you to see Carl Brandt and find out what his business terms are, what his standing is, and if he will undertake to sell my stuff. And if you can have the right to check up on him--put it nicely--if it is ever necessary. I don't want him to think that I am sitting here in Europe and he can sell my stuff and I never know anything about it.

It sounds heavy, doesn't it? I am not a business woman, I know, but really, dear Florence, I can't always be a beggar and a pauper, and I want a regular, steady business arrangement with some agent who gets the most he can for my articles in return for which he gets a percentage. I hate always to send my stuff to you, and think of you worrying your head about it, where you shall send it and why, and the discouragement and the worry. I can't go on loading my problems on your shoulders forever.

I am trying to write a series of short stories here, and shall see how it goes. The first one is finished--a short thing. Then I'm going to try and sell them in Berlin and in one city of each country here on the continent. I'm grand with plans, but weak on the business end and the management.

Request - please let me hear as soon as you can about this for America. Write me. *Raymond*

September 25, 1926.

Dear Agnes,-

Thanks for your letter. So far no word from Chatto.

We may be able to get articles from England for a while, so do not bother further.

I do wish you were back in U.S.A. where I feel certain something could be found for you to do. If only we had money I would say come on back and work on the Review with Mrs. Boyd, but we are still begging.

Would you come back if I find a position for you? I will try if you will tell me what money you need to get back. I want so much to see you well and happy.

Always my best wishes to you and my love.

MS:al

1927

November (?)

Thurö, Denmark. 14th.

Dearest Florence:

If ~~Kxx~~ you have not yet given my article "My Mother" to the agent to sell, please make the following changes at once and without fail:

Page ⁹ 14 lines from the bottom, change the word "eastern" Oklahoma to "western" Oklahoma. The same on page 12, 10 lines from the bottom.

Dearest -

1926/7

my name and address henceforth:

Miss Agnes Smedley
% American Express Co.
Charlottenstr. 55
Berlin.

Too busy to write. Love later

Agnes

Handwritten text, possibly a name or address, at the top of the page.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a short note.

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a letter or a journal entry.

Bottom section of handwritten text, continuing the letter or journal entry.

I shall indeed be happy to see you. I wonder what you are like after all this time. As a child I often heard elder people speak of meeting friends after years, and it seemed so strange--another world that did not exist, for me. I had the idea that it was a very stupid proceeding. There may be the chance that you and I will have to start our friendship over; for I am almost a new person now, and you may not find it agreeable. My picturesqueness that you often mentioned is gone, I think. But one always beats the breast before the tragic lines of life and before the mystery of existence.

I hope Sam does not dislike or suspect me. Bakar wrote me that he felt hurt about a flippant letter I wrote introducing you. He must not feel hurt. I am a person with many weaknesses, but I had no intention to cast any reflection on either of you. It was true that I was angry when you married him; it seemed at the time that I had lost a friend. But such things pass. I was being torn to pieces at the time by analysis and all sorts of things came out.

Tell me when you are coming here. I feel so badly about the Austrian thing. It would be much lovelier to be with you there than here, for here I am driven ~~xxxxxxx~~ to the four winds trying to build my life.

Can you imagine, Florence dear, what it will mean for me if the Frankfurter Zeitung takes my book? I have no hopes yet. But it is the best newspaper in Europe, of a very high standard. They have the first 6 parts of my book now. First of all it will mean money and the end of my misery. But I do not believe in God.

My dear love to you.

Handwritten signature or name at the bottom right of the page.

1926

Knesebeckstr. 4
Berlin-Charlottenburg 2
March 24th

Dearest Florence:

I wonder if you got my letter sent to New York before you left. I hope so. Then your letter came a few days ago telling me you were to be in Paris on the 15th. There was a conference here and I have had so much work that I have not answered before this time. I had to deliver a long lecture here on Indian women in history and their modern development, and do it in German at that. I worked night and day and delivered it last evening to professional women. So now this letter is coming to you, though much delayed, with apologies for its delay. mm

I shall remain in Berlin and wait for you. Where else should I go to? When you come we shall meet again. I can not go any place to meet you for many reasons, chief of which is financial, and then I have passed the stage of taking contributions from others. Here I have to stick to make my living, and even a day taken off leaves a serious hole in my purse. Then I am trying to enter analysis again for I have had a very bad back-slide and am not at all well. Added to this is the fact that I am trying to finish my book, I am writing articles when possible, teaching privately, and trying at the same time to study social welfare work in Berlin for a report.

When I wrote you to New York I sent a letter of introduction to my dearest of all male friends in the world, Bakar Ali Mirza of Oxford. He was here last week, is now in Switzerland, and flies through Paris on his way back to his work in Oxford and London. He can not stop in Paris to see you, but says he will meet you any place when you come to England. In case the letter did not reach you with the introduction in it, please note his address as follows:

Bakar Ali Mirza, Esq.,
5, Addison Crescent,
Oxford, England.

Alexander Berkman is in Paris, and his address is in care of the American Express Co. also. If you want to see him, just drop him a line and address him as Alexander Schmidt-Bergmann, and then if you don't know him personally, tell him that you are my dearest friend. That will be enough.

Good-bye dear. Until we meet.

Ayahoo

1926
Berlin. The 3rd April.

Darling Florence:

The letter from you and Bakar arrived a few minutes ago. I arise from bed to answer it. I am so glad you were together in Paris, and I am glad that you liked him. I think it must be rather hard to say that definitely when you saw each other such a short time. Yet you say it. He has rather prepossessing ways and you are not such a slouch yourself. I don't know what Sam is like. Anyway, here is ~~be~~ the way Bakar began his letter to me:

"Your friend Florence is sweet and is at present eating an orange. . . . I was leaving tonight for London but missed the train. I am not sorry for it, though. I like her husband very much. . . . etc., etc."

"Sweet" he says. That is a habit of his, when searching for a word that sums up all he has to say. Or, "an awfully decent chap."

Well, now you have met. I know you found him rather young. So he is. That is the point that disturbs me. I don't know why it should, yet it seems the conventional thing to regard it so. It is like judging a man because he is tall or short, wears a beard or a moustache, is big or little. Yet it tortures me. . . for my doctor tells me it is the neurotic thing I am doing. Good. I am not master of my insides. I wish I were.

Now an I well these days. I went to my doctor two days ago to see if I could not get into the analysis at once. Perhaps after this week I shall. . . with a man physician. We talked for two hours and the things she said sent me roaming the streets for hours, ready to give up the ghost if I gained the courage. Not having the courage I came home and have been sick ever since. That is the easier way I suppose. And perhaps the more cowardly.

So you see I am doing nothing. Most of the time watching a spot on my ceiling, and wondering what in the hell this life is about anyway.

It would have been so fine to be with you in Paris for a short time. July is a long, long time. Yet it must be so. You are right in going to the south before it becomes very hot. But why these old conventional routes? Why don't you go down to Turkey instead and over to Greece and up here? I don't know why I have no calling to go to Italy. Perhaps because of the macaroni. I think Turkey, at the beginning of its renaissance, must be most interesting now.

For heavens sake don't give Sam an idea that he's going to meet some remarkable person when he sees me. I hate to have to live up to reputations. When he comes I'll try to be brilliant or interesting and I don't feel either. So don't deceive the poor chap. You may tell him that I expect nothing of him, although you have written me loads. I wish to be surprised. So I expect to find a rather slouchy, bald-headed, uninteresting chap who plays sentimental tunes on the pianna. The extent to which he rises above these expectations will be the extent of my pleasure in meeting him. But tell him that I expect nothing and would be pleased if he would do the same.

Hoping you are the same, as Hashimuri Togo says,

My dear love,

Ayako

April 22, 1926.

Dearest Agnes:

In reply to your letter of April 6th, I am sending another copy of the "Pivot of Civilization" for you.

About India - the Conference has been postponed for one year. Consequently, I do not expect to go to India this winter.

I would be delighted to meet the German women physicians when I go to Berlin. I will let you know, of course, long before I leave U.S.A.

I am glad from the bottom of my heart that you are getting better. Milly Rucker is in the city and I have been trying to get her and find out about you. She and Rudolf have been so dined and wined that they are "fed up" with excitement. I guess I shall see her later - I hope.

I am very busy trying to get the League out of debt before vacations begin.

Only a few words of love and my best wishes for your quick recovery.

Love always,

MS:al

Miss Agnes Smedley,
Berlin-Charlottenburg,
Kneesebeckstr. 4
bei Abraham

Karim, Michaelis
Denmark.

Dearest Agnes -

In reply to your
letter I am sending

another Post
for you -

About India -

The Conference
has been postponed
for one year.

Consequently I do
not expect to go to
India this winter
~~anyway~~ I'd be delighted

to meet the German
Physician
Went go to Berlin
I'll let you know
of course long
before I leave USA
I am glad from
the bottom of my
heart that you
are getting better.
Milly Risher is in
New City & I have
been trying to get
her & feed out about

you sweet Ruddy
have been so kind
& kind they are
fed up with
spectiment I guess
I shall see her
later I hope
I'm very busy trying
to get the League
out of debt before
vacations begin
Only a few words
of love & my best
wishes for your quick
recovery love always M

1926
Berlin-Charlottenburg 2
Knesebeckstr. 4
bei Abraham
18. May.

Dearest Florence:

I did not write to you because you left Paris and I had no idea of where to write. You know, I possess no psychic powers, and you said "Italy".

I see you are doing things up grandly. I suppose you will be here sometime in June. I cannot meet you in Munich, for I have my private students and my class in the university, and upon the money from such I live. Without them I die! I doubt if I would leave anyway, for I have been such a useless piece of lumber so long that I want to dig a hole and work somewhere. My book isn't finished, I write articles, I am under analysis each day, and I am making a study of social welfare work here also. So you see, I am all too busy. But of course I don't do all these things all in one day. But I am leaving Berlin on July 14th or 15th for Austria (Salzburg) for two months as the guest of Tilla Durieux, the noted actress. There I shall live in peace and work again on my book or on the facts I am collecting on welfare work here.

Love to you, dear heart, until you arrive.

Ay chow

Berlin. Friday.

Dearest Florence:

In Prague a hotel that is cheap is the Angle Terre (Englisches Hof), not far from one of the stations--the station that comes to Berlin. You could get a good room there for a low price. The others are very expensive.

Here in Berlin there is no such animal as a room for \$4 (one dollar) a day. Do you want two single rooms connected or do you want one? Do you want it down town in the heart of the city, or do you want it out here further, which is also well connected with every part of the city and country. Do you want a private bath for instance. It is expensive. Would you, if I cannot get a good room in a hotel for \$6, take one in a good, centrally located Pension where you have only a room and breakfast.

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXX

I know no chap named Eisler.

Music? I fear the season will be over by the time you come. There are museums here of which you are tired and of course I don't blame you. There is Potsdam with Sans Souci Palace of Friedrich the Great--the great park is lovely. Berlin is surrounded by the most wonderful lakes and forests and you can take an excursion or so. Never would one imagine these round headed ugly coarse Prussians have such a deep need for beauty.

I have just received a letter from Frankfurt asking me if I cannot finish my book within a month that the publisher may give a decision about it. I have promised! You can see how worried I must be now, for I am so dilled by the pavements of Berlin all these months that I do not think I can even think. But finish it I must.

Don't use "Botticelli" at my head. I know nothing of art and nothing of music. You are speaking down a gulf when you use such words on me.

There is the theatre still busy here. You may be interested.

I am sorry it is not earlier or later for then the music season is at the height. And Berlin is a musical center of this Erdkugel.

Write. Love Happiness to you 6 1

June 14,
1926

Knesebeckstr. 4

Dearest Florence:

I shall do as you wish--shall see about Russian affairs. I have no connections with Russia. Nora is not there; she is here and she and I have not spoken to each other for over two years. Even so she could not help. Chatto, my former husband, may be able to help for he is in touch with them. But he may do nothing because you are not political. I shall ask him one day. I'll also find out about prices by boat from Stettin or by train. I think the boat is cheaper.

I have to finish my book before the publisher gives me any reply about it. I have promised to finish it within a month. It is not easy, I tell you. I have given up all private students just to give myself time for it.

Good about the room. I shall see what I can find. Rooms are everywhere--the city is lousy with them now. I may not be able to find one single bed; The Germans regard it as immoral and so they put a telephone between so that they

1926

Absender:

can telephone any minute. At least I think that is the reason for the table between. And I am glad about the private bath. They also don't like them.

I'll look in at some pension as I pass to my doctor each day. They will be shocked that you eat oranges for breakfast, for it is not customary.

I am darned glad you are coming. Lajpat Rai is in Geneva and is coming also. You will just about meet him here.

Love, dear.

Qjeb...

Postkarte



Mrs. Florence Becker,

bei Thomas Cook & Sons,

Wien



1926
Berlin - Wilmerdorf
Holstenischestr. 36
bei Prippenow
(Tel: Pfalz. ~~68~~ 67-18)

Dearest Florence:

Glad to have your card.

Frau Grabisch is going to America for certain and wants to rent her apartment for 6 months. I'll ask her about the price, etc., and let you know; then I'll see if she would let you have it. If not, there are loads of apartments for rent now. I've met a girl & become friends with her; she is a close personal friend of the director of the Hochschule für Musik and I've told her of Sam. That gang is the very thing for him for this director is the modernist of modern composers & his things shock people by their strangeness. She says he will be delighted with Sam.

I'm not well. I'll tell you all when you come as I'm not in the writing mood. Except to write you a story which was related to me by Mrs. Grabisch! It is:

It is:

There was a minister who once spent the night with a lovely lady. The next morning he was so pleased that he asked to pay. She refused: "No! No!" she protested to his appeals. So he returned the next week. The next morning however, she said to him: "\$100 please." He was astounded.

"But you told me it was nothing!" he protested.

"Oh that time," she explained. "You see, that was being done for the movies, and they paid!"

So there you are! I call that an improvement in Mrs. G. night work?

Love -

Agnes.

Let me know when you come to Berlin.

926

Saturday

Dearest Florence:

Note fancy note paper. Enclosed is a card but I send this letter instead.

I have been thinking it over about Russia. You would better send me all facts about both of you, in advance, and I will apply for you before you even arrive. That will save time. It may take some time provided they have to ask Moscow if you may enter. Chatto says not--that for a short trip like yours he can get a trusted Communist here to recommend you and then the Russians here will give you a visum within three or four days. But if you have any fear, then send me everything and I will send in an application and forge your name. Send me two pictures (pass) of your honorable selves also.

Send me a wire when you arrive and I will meet you at the train. My only fixed appointments are with my doctor and from 2 to 4 on Tuesday for my university class. If by any chance at all I do not meet you at the train, come and wait in my room. Then we will go out and choose a room for you. I live in a very convenient section of the city. From the Station walk down to Potsdamer Platz (five minutes) and take the Untergrundbahn to Am Knie. Ask if it goes to Am Knie--for the road branches in a few places and you must get the right train. Get out at Am Knie and my street is about two or three minutes away and anyone can tell you were it is. I live within two minutes (literally) of Am Knie.

But I do not think I shall miss you.

I would reserve a room for you but it might not please you. Then I don't know when you are coming and so can not tell the landladies definitely.

Gyals

1926

Berlin - Wednesday

Darling Florence:

Jo Bennett's address is 326 rue St. Jacques, Paris, V. Jarak is in Switzerland I believe. Address a letter to him % American Express Co., 55 Charlotterstr. Berlin and it will perhaps be forwarded to him.

I didn't say Sam was bald. I said I expected to find him so. And even that is no reflection on your morals.

At your request I shall postpone my suicide until your arrival. love. Kiss yourself for me. Ayako.

PARIS
APRIL 11
1888

PARIS
APRIL 11
1888

26
1995 (date to Florence)

Berlin. Wednesday night.

Dearest Florence and Sam:

Well, but I did look for you! Went to the Lehrter Bahnhof by taxi and found nothing. Ran up to the Stadtbahn and found nothing. Was desperate and then realized I could never find you. No such train as yours left from Lehrter Bahnhof and I could not find from where it did leave. So I went on to the University and wound up my class.

Enclosed are the rough copies of Sam's photographs. When they are enlarged and done well they will be nice. One, anyway.

I leave Monday for Salzburg. Address:

Hotel Europe,
Salzburg, Austria.

Hot as hell here yesterday and today.

I was sick at missing you at the train.

More from Austria. Have typed my last pages of the book today. Tomorrow to the police all day for pass and visums, etc. Evening the dispatching of the manuscript. Friday the Russian Ambassador gets a copy to send to a publisher. I'm sick of the damned book--hope to never see it again when it is once off my hands. Not even when it is published. Can't stick the damned thing.

Love

Gues

1926
Salzburg DSE
1926
1026
0527

Hotel de l'Europe,
Salzburg, Austria

Dearest Florence:

I have left your typewriter and little bag with Mahdi Ali Mirza, Grolmanstr. 59 A, Charlottenburg--to be very formal that you may have name and address correctly.

The prices here are fairly moderate. 34 Austrian shillings to the £. Double room costs 45.50 upwards--Marks. That is about 7 or 8 shillings upward--Austrian shillings. If you come here you would have to let me know a week in advance that I might reserve a room for you.

Sorry you have your brother now. I suppose I have been spared a lot by having no relatives.

Ridiculous that you can't make Bakar talk. He and I rattle a lot when we are together. Anyway I do, and as I remember it he does too. Then he's a devil of a fellow for listening. It is perhaps a good thing that he does not rattle away a lot; perhaps he keeps a little time for thinking. I don't when he is present. There will never be any secrets between him and me,--from my side, for I would unconsciously let them all out. You talk too much--said the geranium; so you said.

You certainly do irritate one with your attempt at analysis, and with what one ought to do. Were I only capable of getting a little drunk now and then I would not be so silent about it. I am sorry to say it, but I harbor it against America, not against you. I think America does that to one--makes them know what everyone else should do and be. It has taken me five years in Germany to know that I do not know; and two years in analysis to know that I can't tell what's wrong with everyone right off the bat. I haven't learned yet, but I shall. I don't know what your Jesus Christ complex is of which you speak, but I suppose you do. But the way you go at me about the Indian movement and wasting my time, etc., is unfair. I do not go at you and tell you how you are going to waste your time by having a baby, or how Sam is going to waste his time studying music and actually wasting his time at a piano day in and day out. I love India; I love Indians even with all their weaknesses; I love the Indian movement with all its strength and all its imbecilities. I love them even when they make asses of themselves and when they are idiots as much as when they rise to great heights. And I would rather spend my time listening to them drift and reaching no point than to be in the quickest, smartest, going American institution alive.

I am not perfect, but am very arrogant. As you see. And I am also intolerant. It will take me a number of months longer in analysis to live and let live. So I perhaps rubbed your fur the wrong way many times also.

If you were present I would tell you in the strictest confidence something about Mrs. Grabisch. I knew it would happen: the one thing she remembers about you is that you talk about constipation in public. It so repelled her that she could speak or think of nothing else, and there is no need going further. Of course this is strictly private. You may know by this that ~~constipation~~ constipation has been for her a life problem! And then up you go and talk right out in public about it! She nearly smashed me up before I left ~~Ext~~ Berlin. She came over and read the last part of my book and then she told me she considered it highly unethical of me to expose to the public my

most sacred feelings, etc., etc. She said she could not understand it. I told her I want money, damn it, and nothing else. She said I had written a sensational book on my most "sacred experiences" for the sake of money--had exposed Chatto and my own life for the sake of money. Then she proposed that it be published under another name and I refused.

Please tell me what you think of it. I went out and took enough wine to send me off into another world. It was impossible to endure it alone. I did not know I had written a sensational book. Have I? The last two days in Berlin were hell for me and I was on the verge of withdrawing my book from the publishers.

Of course, the last part is not only Chatto. I put in a lot of Bakar in it--at least the things I feel about Bakar. But I could not tell her that. So I wrote Bakar and asked him if he thought I was selling him out for money.

My book has now gone off and it is finished. I worked like hell to get the last part done, and corrected it and worked on it, and since I came here have done nothing else. Now it can go or not--I am finished with it and am tired of it and am sick of it and hope never to see its dirty face again.

Mme. Durieux has arrived and we are having a rather jolly time of it. I have a tooth that is giving me trouble, but it will have to continue to give trouble until the winter. My ^{new} entire life hangs by the dirty thread of money.

Love to you and Sam.

Agnes

1926

Hotel de l'Europe
Friday the 5th (or 6th)

Dearest Louise:

The London Mercury asked me to send
an article of mine to J. P's & Cassell's Weekly
(or monthly). Could you find the address
of the magazine and post the letter &
article for me? Just put on the address.
Perhaps you can find it in a telephone
book or on a news stand.

I ran across the enclosed & thought of

3

you. It is what you are interested in.

I hope you aren't angry at my last letter. Sometimes I go on the warpath against my best friends. Perhaps I'll never get over it. I don't know. Anyway for a time I must live in peace - or as much peace as is possible. I am not very well, often and even here fall into long periods of deep unhappiness.

Will you also post the enclosed note to "Time & Tide" magazine? I left the address in

Berlin.
fortnightly
you can
I've
& have been
and the
he was
has been a
almost a
got it, Re
and so on.
they now -
contradict m

rested in,
at my last
to against
& get over
time I
much peace
& well,
our periods

closed note
the address in

Berlin.

postnightly
you can

"Time & Tide" is the woman's
of London and I'm quite certain
get the address easily.
I've been studying Mozart's life here
& have been to his birthplace and his home
and the Cathedral where his father & later
he was organist. Then Frau Surient
has been teaching me things of architecture -
almost a course. Roman, Early Christian,
Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo (ork)
and so on. I can tell you all about some of
them now - provided you don't know enough to
contradict me.

4.

We climb mountains also.

Frau D. plays in Wedekind's "Franziska" and then Shaw's "Anthony & Cleopatra". I believe or what not. Then what I don't know. Schnitzler, I've met Palmberg, one of Germany's greatest actors, and Barnovsky, the director now united with Rheinhardt and loads of others who try to be impressive. There was a political writer who always spoke of breakfasting with Poincaré & Hindenburg, & Keneš, etc. Frau D. called him the breakfast champion. Frau D. says ~~he~~ he is famous but will never be so famous as Odal Mundwasser. I thought you would like it so send it on.

I'm writing a lot of rest letters to try & make money. The guy who invented money ~~with~~ deserves purgatory forever. I've lost interest in my dresses by this time and hate to change. Sometimes I think I've nothing to wear.
Love to you & Sam. Agnes.

A story by Frau D.

A woman wrote to a ^{little} mountain place that had said it would take guests for the summer. She concluded: "And please let me know about the accommodations for the W.C. What kind is it, etc.?"

The little Wirt had never heard of W.C. He was worried and went to the little church in the near-by grove & asked the pastor. The pastor said: "Oh she means the 'Wald Kirchlein!'"

So the Wirt wrote back about the W.C. to the lady - thus:
"As for the W.C. All in order. It is open once a week. Sunday from

9 to 12. You have to go early
for the place is crowded and
the seats all taken."

etc. Elevate as desired.

1928
Poste Restante
Hauptpostamt,
~~Stix~~ Linz, Oesterreich.

Dearest Florence:

Pardon that I did not answer your letters sooner. When one is living on the banks of the Danube and discussing things of importance to one's future life, one often forgets other things. Bakar and I are here in a tiny little Gasthof and are having everything out. All our problems, all possibilities, all difficulties, etc. I never want another misunderstanding with any man who stands close to me. Everything that is must be on the table and I can not endure reservations or subtleties of any kind. We have ~~decided~~ decided to wait until another six months is passed until I have finished my analysis. He also will be finished by that time, and he returns to London soon to enter the analysis, again. There are certain problems arising between us. I have lived only 7 to 8 years longer than he, but in experience I have lived 30 years longer, and my lines of thought and outlook and habits are fairly well established. I domineer a bit, and he is very receptive. I am not yet certain if I want a man whom I can make over in my own image, and whom I might crush in more ways than one. I value him too much for that. I was too much influenced and dominated by Chatto, and I know what a tragedy it is for one's free development. Then he is a man, and he also feels certain things--that he may be regarded, and feel like, a sort of tail to my kite. He is right. He must be free and independent in all ways, and I also. He wants an Islamic marriage for the sake of Indian society. I said I would just as soon be married by a Catholic priest, and I would drop dead before I would accept even the form of dead and primitive things such as Islam offers. There is in him more give than there is in me. Perhaps it is the difference in age. I hate religion. I refuse to surrender one step before it. But in so far as his development is concerned, I am prepared to step back--even to the point of stepping out altogether and living alone always. I have been so unhappy by others trying to force me into their ways of life and thought that I do not wish to inflict that on any other person.

But all this is the deepest privacy between you and Sam and me. I want no one else to know I am here or that he is here, or that these problems arise between us.

As for my attack upon you. I beg of you also to wait for six months until I am a bit clearer and calmer than I am now in my thought and reactions. Then what I say or do will have some permanent meaning. Just now it varies with the moon. One day I could chop off your head and the next day I love you and feel beastly that I ever thought of chopping off your head. Not that your head should not be chopped off on general principles--that I grant you. But if I do it because you don't follow my view of life, I shall do it only after six months, when my analysis will be complete. Just now it would be a rather ragged job, and I do hate disorder.

Do not worry about the manuscripts of mine that you lost. The one to "Time and Tide" alone I regret, because in it was the only

photograph I had of Betty Nansen, the Ibsen actress of Denmark, and I was sending it to accompany an article the magazine has already accepted. But the article can be run without any photograph, or they can write to Betty Nansen direct and get one. The other manuscript to Cassell's weekly was one of which I have a copy in Berlin, and I shall send it when I return to Berlin. So do not worry about either. The world will continue to revolve on its axis even if they contained valuables, and I think ~~fix~~ my life would not cease.

Thanks for the stamps from the Austrian Government. I am using them--four of them on this letter to you, in fact, and all the others today, also.

I leave here on September 3rd to go to München, where I am to go into the Bavarian Alps to the villa of Prof. Haushofer, the most important German authority on Indian politics and history. I am going at his request to consult him about my studies in Berlin University. I have decided to enter Berlin University the first semester (until next April I believe) and until my analysis is finished; then to go to Munich for the rest of my work, to work under Prof. Haushofer. I shall be in Berlin on the 3th or 5th of September, and then to Frankfurt with Frau Durieux about my book.

I could fight you on many questions in your letter to me, but I shall not, for I have forgotten them and have not your letter before me. I only remember that some of them made me mad. But now I have forgotten what they were and only remember that you are Florence. But they made me mad! That they weren't of permanent importance is shown by the fact that I have forgotten. Anyway, to reply to them on general principles without knowing what they were, I tell you to go to the devil, and then stop! On general principles for some intention or others of yours! What I don't remember.

Do you know, when we were in Salzburg, I got drunk on champagne once. Not really drunk, but enough to have a generally fine time.

I am sending you the program of the Salzburg Festspiel. I say many things.

Now I stop this nonsense, for B. is sitting here on the sofa looking ~~xxx~~ offended.

I am writing things here. An article on the Festspiel, and some things on creative German women that I collected in Germany.

Alexander Berkman's and Emma Goldman's ~~xxx~~ address is

Mme. E. Colton,
Maison Mussier,
Chemin St. Antoine,
St. Tropez (Var), France.

Just write that you are my friends.

Love to you, darn you.

Agnes

1976
Saturday. Berlin.

Dearest Florence:

I am out of bed today, but after I returned from Munchen I was very sick and was in bed with a high fever and a very heavy cold on the lungs. Now I am feeling much better, but am not well. I went out today to get a Hohensonnen Bad, which warmed me to the bone, and I quarrelled with everybody who waited on me. Then I got my head washed and electrically massaged, hoping that would help some. It did not help much.

So you see I have been able to do nothing about your trunk, and must postpone it until Monday. In the meantime my rain coat came, and I must thank you and Sam. I know I must have given you a lot of trouble just at the last minute, but I feared the hotel would not return it to me if I depended upon them.

In the meantime I have your little dackels sitting on my mantel and they delight the hearts of everyone who comes. Yesterday Mrs. Grabisch was here with a big schäferhund, and I placed one of them before him and he jumped back, cocked his ears, and at first seemed to think it a real dog. When I replaced the dog on the mantel, he still stood under it, looking up with his ears cocked up in the most interested expectation. Then Mahdi comes in often and he always stops and gives one of the little dackels a slap on the head and asks him why he is crying like that. He always arranges them anew, and to give them something to cry about, he has perched my black cat on one of their heads. I have a black cat of fuzz and his tail is hoisted gallantly in the air. So now he remains perched on one of your dackels and one can see why the dackel weeps so continuously.

Then Mahdi brought my radio and put it up in my room so I could heard lectures and music while sick. I have improved my mind while lying in bed: have heard marvellous lectures; a series of lectures on the theory of Marxism; one on ~~the~~ Typhus, its spread, and its fighting. Night before last Thomas Mann himself spoke for over half an hour, chiefly on Joseph Conrad, and then his daughter read from his roman, "Die Zauber Berg". Last night I heard "Tristan and Isolde" broadcasted from the State Opera here with Bruno Walter directing, and it was as if I were sitting in the opera. Tomorrow Herhardt Hauptmann reads from his unpublished epic "Till Eulenspiegel", on Monday there is a Haydn-Mozart Concert broadcasted from the State Opera, and on Tuesday there is a Beethoven concert. The opera "Martha" is being broadcasted the coming week, as is George Kaiser's drama "Gas". I have the Radio program and it is filled with good lectures, so maybe I will continue to be sick and improve my mind. My radio is an excellent thing, but one tires of it often.

... ..

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I've a letter from Gilert Roe in New York and he has placed my book before the Viking Press Publishing Co. He says he himself found the book of deep interest and of importance, but he does not know if the publishers will be attracted by it. He expected to hear soon from the publishers.

I say: one of the days this week I heard an operetta by radio, and really, some of the jokes were such as we tell each other only in private. One was much like my minister's joke, except it was like this: "It seems a little Maurice was feeling very strange and he went to a Krankenkasse doctor (you know, the State physicians to which all workers may go free of charge and get treatment free of charge.) Well, the doctor told him that what he needed was to pass a pleasant, very pleasant evening with a girl. Which was done. The next morning the girl said "That costs money." "What! Money!" exclaimed little Maurice, "but I come from the Krankenkasse!"

I don't know if you see the joke. It is a purely German joke. Anyway I heard the audience roar with laughter at such jokes.

Bakar is returning to India in December of this year. At least he writes to this effect.

Mahdi was glad to get your love. I've seen no one else except Nanu. When I see Naidu I'll get Sam's pictures.

Give Sam my love. And you, dearest darling, always.

Agnes

... ..

1926
Berlin - Wilmersdorf
bei Phippenow
Halteinsische Str. 36
4. Oktober

Dearest Florence:

I haven't your letters or the news
you sent to Salzburg. I've written everywhere
now asking that post be sent me here.

And I can't come to Frankfurt.

I was there the first 2 weeks in
September to see about my book; went
there from Salzburg instead of over Berlin.

I can't afford to come again. It
costs M. 60, round trip, from here only
for the ticket, and I haven't so much
money. If I had I would come at

once and see you. It is very unhappy
that you go back to N.Y. in November

and I feel very badly because the
chances are that my rotten letters to
you decided you. You will not come
over Berlin, I see, & will perhaps go
to Paris from Minchen.

So it is good bye - or auf wiedersehen.
I'll write you to München.
I start working in Berlin University
on Nov. 2. I do it gladly except that
my life is so shifting now. There are
times (confidential) when I see Chatto here
and then it is always hard for me. I
shall never be free of the impression he
has left on me. If we would be
analyzed my life would hold some
point for then there would be no doubt
about our life together. But even
love can not stand against some things;
and I know I would become sick again
as it is. The inner struggle I pass
through is very great. Comradeship with
B - yes; but I go into it - if at
all - always looking back over my shoulder
at Chatto. There seems almost no solution
for my problem. So I struggle along in analysis
trying to reconcile myself to comradeship and
books and eventual professorships and social
service.

So it is. Today I've another fit on about it.
Love, dearest Florence. Agnes.

1926

1926

I have friends in Frankfurt if you have
time:

Frau & Dr. Rosenmeyer (Arthur)

Bockenheimerlandstr. 79.

Telephone number is in the telephone
book. If you have time try and
see Frau Rosenmeyer. She is a
lovely, lovely woman. Spend an evening there.

Cognac -

Pop's question
1925

Sunday the 25th
[1924-1928?]

Dearest Margaret:

Just last night I received a Mr. Sledd's letter & a copy of the cable. The cable, ^(9 Apr. 13) never reached me and tomorrow I go to the telegraph office to inquire why.

I sent the pessaries (4 boxes) to the first address sent me by Mr. Sledd - of Murray Agency, etc. As I told you, the German authorities showed us the Canadian regulations regarding the prohibition of the import of contraceptive methods. I have two more larger boxes of pessaries packed & waiting to ship the minute I hear from you that the ones I have sent have reached you. Please, as soon as you receive word that they have reached your Canadian address, please

I should have written Brothelack days
awaited the arrival of that particular
leaf as good as still

Dr. Das has just sent me a copy
of his paper before you - Conference. Dr.
Das is a very dear friend of mine but
I simply can't agree with his viewpoint
in this paper, and I'm surprised that
you have accepted it. Of course my
own viewpoint on this subject
contrasts to most nationalists of India.
For an article appearing in May in
"Die Frau" here on this subject and I
know many Indians will brand me as a
betrayal of their cause. I agree that
poverty is great in India and 90% of
it is caused by exploitation by England.
But the population is too thick even
if India could support 4 times as
many. The Rabbit habits of human beings

check
Branch

Berlin - Dec. 11. 1926

Dear Florence :

Will you, my dear, please give the enclosed to Thorborg Habermann (see Civic Club or Ellen Keenan) and ask her to send it to her brother, Ernest, at once. The Americans here are refusing me a passport again and I'm fighting for it. I have to have a copy of my divorce papers.

Love

Ayobor.

See ear letter
letter 1926/2
1926

Hotel de l'Europe
Salzburg, Austria

Dearest Florence:

Thanks for your lovely letter that just reached me. I had qualms of everything after I had sent the other.

I do not know what Mrs. Grabisch is going to do about her apartment. I saw her before I left for a few minutes and she said that first she had to hear from America--if she is invited or not. Secondly, that she must rent the apartment for enough money so that she can support her husband--that son of a bitch you met there--apart from the rent. I told her that her apartment is lovely, to be sure, and she deserves a right rent for it. But it gets me in the gall when she mentions the sacredness of supporting that son of a bitch. She will, I suppose, write you when she hears from America. If the price and conditions suit you, accept, and have a contract with her. If not, you can go to the Zimmermann Nachweis Bureau right there on the corner of Savigny Platz and get a list of dozens of apartments that you can look at and that may please you even better.

She wanted me to take over her apartment and just pay the rent, and let her husband keep his room. But really, it is impossible for me to live in the same house with the man. Poisonous it is.

She also said that if she rented the apartment, she would want a contract. And I told her that you would too.

Yesterday Tilla Durieux and I went with three men in a huge automobile and covered long, long distances. Over the dinner table she told the men about your having spoken of Coolidge as being constipated, and then of Mrs. G.'s reaction thereto. They all shouted with laughter. Oh dear, if Mrs. G. could only know what people and perfectly strange people at that, can talk about over the dinner table! She would have to outcast most people.

I felt very sorry for her in Berlin, however. She read my book and thought I ought not to publish it under my own name, and so on and so forth, but at the same time she wept and said she wished she were younger and had been able to be analysed that she might not be in her present fix. Said that as she read my book she was shocked but even as she read she knew I was telling things that were of great importance.

Oh well, what can one do. As she talked with me we went into a restaurant and I was exhausted so took some wine. Under the influence of the wine I dropped my politeness and courtesy with her and when she suggested certain changes in my book I told her what I thought--that I did not give one God damn for what people think of me; that I am not the elegant repressed lady she thinks I ought to be; that I have lived with a dozen men and have only reached the age of 34 and have another 30 years ahead of me. That I may live with one or a dozen more--that is all my affair. And, to rub in it, that my mind is not yet quite made up on the matter! That just now I was living with no man, but that was a misfortune that was not my fault. And she had tears in her eyes and said of course one can't say what another person can or should do; that she feels a woman is different from a man in sex matters; that she feels a woman can not live with more than one man and be really fine and noble in the higher spiritual sense. And I replied, under the influence of wine, things I don't care to repeat here. Poor woman. She is so everlastingly good in so many ways.

2

But so Victorian in others. Now what can one do when such a woman loves you with all your faults and violences, and assures you to the end that you always have a home in her house at any and all times. Just to come back to it. I forgive her her attitude towards conspitation, although that attitude is not confined to the intestines. I always remember how good and tolerant she is in other ways. Perhaps she has to reconcile herself to similar things with me.

I'm glad you saw Shaw. But I don't understand your hero worship. It is infantile. He is a wonderful man. It is sad that mankind is so beastly low that Shaw stands out as a light amongst us. Great men are not great; they only appear so because the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ general masses are so low. Then of all maelstroms in existence, Shaw has been in the very midst of the greatest. You try to keep yourself apart from it. That merely shows me that you have been brought in the analysis up to certain points only, but have never cleared them up. Otherwise you ~~XXXXX~~ could listen to the most terrible conflicts, and you could sit in the midst of a maelstrom and not feel as you do about it. You could study it and create out of it. But you try to take refuge in a bundle of things that some doctor brought out in you without analyzing them or clearing them up or out. You are like a child that refuses to walk, and demands always to be carried. Otherwise you could look these terrible social things in the eye, and study them without the negative emotions you have. For those emotions are to me terrible--your emotions of not facing poverty and the things that are ruining mankind. It reminds me of Wilson during the war--or some man or other. There was a cartoon showing him meeting a ragged and hungry woman ~~XXXXXX~~ in a beautiful restaurant. He asked that the woman be taken away--else he could not enjoy his dinner. Then of course he enjoyed his dinner. One can have babies and art and gossip and all and still face the realities of life with clear eyes.

Here in this hotel I have seen things that have awakened many, many thoughts in me. There is an orchestra that plays the best there is in music, and in the evening we sit there and read or smoke or meet interesting people--and we always talk. There are children who come with their parents and sit there. Lovely, clean, well-dressed and well-fed children. I see them in the making--cleanliness, good taste, cultivated conversation about them, and the best there is in music. They will ~~grow~~ grow up the best and most cultured, and they will scorn the working class and say that the working class could have what it wanted if it only tried. Then I remember ~~all~~ all the children we pass on the street: the only music they heard is the cheap trash they hear in the kino--for which they can pay ten pfennigs. Cleanliness to them is a bath once a month or once a year. Conversation to them, and intelligence, is what Susie said to Mary and what Mary said to Jane about the new dress or the new pair of stockings that Mary's mother bought for the baby. For I see more and more that we human beings are products of our environment, to a very large extent. I do not speak of the occasional genius or selfish person who does otherwise. They do not count in the scheme of things unless they destroy the ugly things. Then I look about in the lobby and see slick, well-fed, rich men smoking their cigars and ordering drinks and paying with a gesture that shows that money is nothing to them. And I think of them grasping and collecting the good things of life and holding them for themselves, and using their brains to justify

their actions. I know they have big bank accounts somewhere--more money than they need for life. Yet they keep the money and continue to add to it, and I see that each Mark means the sacrifice of a worker's baby somewhere. Then I hear them talk about "anarchy" and the "danger of Bolshevism and Communism". As I sit and listen I doubt their humanity at all--I really doubt if they have the attributes of human beings; they are only the body of a human being. And I long for the day to come when the working class will be sufficiently conscious to shake the earth to pieces and drown these people in a flood of their own blood.

I am glad I have come here. It has not corrupted me as I thought. It has only brought me face to face with the most terrible injustice that has ever existed--the inhumanity of man to man; his callousness before the dog-like existence of the masses. Madame Durieux I excuse. She knows all this. She knows that to give her money away will not change the present system. But she helps where she can to destroy the present system and she will take her chance in the new society. She does not use her money to support the present system, nor does she use her intelligence. But she does not hide her face from the truth of the present social system--nor from the eternal truth that is beyond all social systems--the equality of all men before eternity and their equal rights in this life to all that is good.

Pardon if I judge you. I do not class you among the rich people of the world. I do not ask you to give up the little money you have to live on. You would not help society by doing it. But as I see it, your life, your very existence is not worth anything at all if you live passively in the very midst of injustice, and at the same time think only of protecting yourself and yours. You are no better than others, and I am no better than others. If you live, or bring ~~into~~ others' existence, others who are protected from knowing what the vast masses suffer, then think of protecting only them and yourself, you are a selfish, utterly selfish person. To me motherhood can not mean concentrated selfishness. Nor do I speak in the material sense when I write this. But in the intellectual and spiritual sense. My doctor, for instance, is a psychologist and a physician. She is calm and very certain of herself. She is a mother who values motherhood. But she is a Socialist also and always before her eyes stands the masses. Until you are able to live your own life, but only in connection with society, I refuse to admit that you have been analysed, but I will say instead that you have been in the hands of American quacks for ten years who can go so far but no further. There is no disharmony in being a mother and loving babies and gossip and dresses and a little art now and then as you express it, and facing reality.

If I am always tortured by misery about me, you must know that is because I was born in misery and my roots are in misery. I shall be analysed enough one day to not be hurt so much, but then I shall be all the better revolutionary and I shall use my brain like a weapon. Then you cannot help it if I say to you also the things that lie in my heart. If our friendship is worth anything it is worth a little truth now and then--or what passes for truth in our minds. You have the same right to do it with me. Perhaps it is a difference of temperament between us. To me life is a passionate and beautiful thing, and I have suffered too much for these 34 years to passively face my friends and even support them in what seems to be anti-social things. I know you are not anti-social; else you would not try to hide your face from the suffering of all people. That you try to escape shows that you are fighting the very spirit in yourself that is worth protecting and analysing and clarifying. There is a happiness greater than that which lies in merely grasping happiness,

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but you tell me you have decided, for your own happiness, to ignore certain things! What kind of happiness is such a happiness? You can not expect me to respect it. I do not and can not.

You consider me neurotic that I feel misery so deeply. Then I wish to remain neurotic. If I thought my analysis would take me away from the class struggle, then I would never be analysed. If I thought love would blind my eyes to it, would make me think that me and mine were the only things worth while, or the chief things, then I would also stop the analysis. The class struggle I say, and mean the international struggle with which India is so intimately bound. It just happens that I have taken the Indian end to work with.

.....

Two days later:

I am sending to you the little play I took from you. Madame Durieux has read it. She laughed. It is a jolly little thing, she said--but only a drop. In other words, you should write, but write in a more concentrated and ^{still} broader sense, I suppose. It is not enough. The germ is there, but it should grow.

Then I have news to tell you. Madame Durieux has offered to give me an income until I take my doctor's degree from Berlin University. I have not made up my mind definitely yet. I want to do it above all, but still have not decided. I want the German method of research. Anyway, I may accept it for two years, and at the end of that time I shall be able to write my thesis I think. I have the strength to carry very heavy work, and if I accept her offer I shall return to Berlin in September and begin my work. That means such work as I have never done--concentrated, intensive work. Never before have I been able to study for a month without working my way through. This would give me the opportunity. The only thing that holds me back is the mental feeling to dependence. I dream of it and think of it with depression, and that may be worse for me than anything else. I must decide.

1925
In September Madame Durieux and I go to Frankfurt to see some publisher also. Then I have to go before the Kultus Ministerium and talk with them and try to induce them to let me take my degree within two years, or as soon as I show myself able to do it. I am not a child, and I have considerable original work on India to present as proof--my work that appeared in the "Zeitschrift für Geopolitik" last year, and that has been published by the University of Munich now as a text-book, I shall present as proof that I have already done original work. After I take my degree I shall apply for a professorship in some Indian national university. That is, IF. I do not like the idea so much as if I were working on my own money; but later I may make enough money from my book to drop her income and live from my own work.

is. Love to you. Pardon the long lecture. Scattered as it

Agnes

1926

Holstein is chest 36.
Gei Ruppens
Wilmersdorf

Berlin, Nov. 5. 1926

Dearest Florence:

Pardon the silence. But I could not bring myself to write until I had shipped your trunk and things. You see, I would have sent them before but I did not have the money. I had about a hundred marks in the bank when I returned from Munich, but then I got sick and before I was finished I had used half of it. Then I went down and packed those things in your trunk and thought the other fifty would cover the shipping. But I found that it would not. It was the end of the month and I had to pay rent and did not know when Frau Durieux would give me the monthly allowance. So I had to borrow money to pay rent also. Only today did Frau Durieux give me the money--five days late, and at once I went and paid all bills and sent off the trunks.

The thing has haunted me until it has almost made me sick. Yet having borrowed money to pay my rent I could not borrow more. Especially when others were trying to borrow money from me. Then tell me the trunks will be in Paris within two weeks at the latest. They said you need no check to claim them, for they will be with the American Express Co. and you must show your passport only. They have written to the American Express Co all this, saying they think you will be there by the 21st or 25th, and that the trunks should be held for you. They also convinced me that that they should send the keys to the American Express, and they have sent them with the letter in a special envelope. This they told me was best, and they do it all the time, then the American Express official claims your trunks from the customs and keeps them from laying in lager for weeks! Since these people are a big firm, I know they are reliable; otherwise no one would do business with them. Then also I insured the things for one thousand dollars.

I have sent the hat box through because there were soft hats in it. I packed in some other things in with them to clear the suit case for books. I fear the things are packed badly, for then I went I had been out of bed but a day or two and was feeling so badly that I was half blind. I just packed them as best I could so that I could get home again.

As for the charges for shipping, they are awful. I enclose the quittungs. The transport with insurance cost 477.30, and the lager costs and insurance during that time,

came in all to 132.60. The book "Goethe's Unsterbliche Freundin" cost 116, Altogether, 1115.90. I enclose all quittungs.

As for the book on Mozart. I could not find the book like mine, nor anything approaching it, for it is a tiny little thing. So I have enclosed it in with your books as a bit of a present from me.

I fear you will find the charges too heavy for the trunks. I am responsible perhaps to the extent that I have sent them by Eilgut instead of ordinarily. But even when I went the first time, they told me that ordinary freight would take five or six weeks, and that I ought to send them by Eilgut. So even then it was too late for ordinary freight.

I hope you are having a nice time in Spain, and I wish I were along in a warm climate for a time. It rains endlessly here and sometimes turns into snow. My cold drags on and on, and my cough does not leave me in such weather.

The University has begun and I have attended two lectures so far. It is very, very hard for me to sit and hear some things. Yesterday I heard, in my course on "The British Empire", an account of Indian history. I assure you, it was the British imperialist viewpoint purely and simply.

Bakar is returning to India in December. He will come here to discuss our future with me. I don't know if there is going to be any future.

I am worked to death trying to keep some of my students and do the University. I am keeping the students only until an Indian girl arrives (Chatt's sister) to teach them in my place--but that is another two weeks.

Frau Durioux has had her premiere in "Franciska" Vedekind's play. It was good. Afterwards there was a festival in her home. I talked with an English gentleman whom I did not know, and this is the conversation:

Me: "Are you an American?"

He: "No, I am English. Are you?"

Me: "No, I'm American. How did you like the play?"

He: "I don't like it. It grates on my English nature. A girl appearing naked on the stage was too much for me."

Me: "Oh that! Well, that didn't bother me. It was

so natural.

He: I don't like all these things here in Germany.

Me: Well, I think Wedekind wasn't exactly a normal man.

He: No, he suffered that that... that... difficulty of Carlyle.

Me: Oh! You mean he was impotent?

He: Well, yes, if you wish to call it so in so many words.

He: But then that is the reason he gives such emphasis to all such things as this... well, as that problem or so called problem we saw tonight.

Me: You mean the sex problem?

He: Well, yes, if you wish to call it so in so many words.

Me: You think sex is no problem?

He: No, its not. Its just a lot of freaks who say it is.

Me: And do you think marriage is no problem?

He: No, its not either. Things have always been like this and they will always be like this. There has never been any progress and there never will be any and we may as well make up our minds to it and stop complaining. Such things as we see these days on the stage aren't natural at all.

Me: You remind me of the monkey who must have watched the Neanderthal man stand upright and walk. The monkey undoubtedly thought it wasn't natural to walk upright. That no progress had ever been made and never would be made.

He: Well, not much progress has been made.

Me: Not much--with some people.

A silence settled over us. To break it I said

Me: What is your profession here?

He: Guess.

Me: A newspaper correspondent--perhaps the Times or the Morning Post.

He: No--I'm in diplomatic service.

Me: Oh! Are you in the Consulate here?

He: No, I'm in the Embassy.

Me: Oh, is that so--in what capacity?

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He: I'm the Ambassador.

Me: (a silence from me and then I laughed. He sat looking at me and wondering what I was laughing about. He couldn't see the joke. But I saw the joke. A girl came and took him away and I asked Frau Durieux who he was. "He is the British Ambassador," she said. "Well, well," said I to myself in a corner, this is too jolly. So I went back and tried to pry the girl away from him, and she was a young actress who was kissing him in the corner. So I asked him how long he had been ambassador, and he said six years and was going home. I told him I knew some British subjects here--Australians and Indians, and things like that. I waited for a reply, but none came. Then I asked him where he had been before and he said he was Ambassador in Peking. So I asked him what he thought of the Pan-Asiatic movement. He said he didn't know anything about it. So I told him it was a league of Asiatic peoples for self-defense. He looked at me and said nothing. And the girl took him away again to a back room--perhaps to kiss him in peace.

Now, if you think I am relating a drama that I have manufactured, you are wrong. I swear before God in whom I do not believe, that what I have told is the truth and nothing but the truth. I have laughed ever since that I told him about the Neanderthal man--and the beauty of it was that I did not know that I was telling the truth when I told it. Then I found out, and it was so jolly, that I laughed in his face.

Now then, here is my love and a kiss for you both, and good night, for I am off.

Agnes

He: Well, that was a very nice story.
Me: Not much--with some people.
A silence settled over us. To break it I said:
He: What is your profession here?
Me: Guess.
He: A newspaper correspondent--perhaps the Times or the Morning Post.
He: No--I'm in diplomatic service.
He: Oh! Are you in the Consulate here?
He: No, I'm in the Embassy.
He: Oh!

Berlin. Nov. 12.

1926

Dearest Florence:

I wrote you to Paris on Nov. 5th and you perhaps have the letter by this time. If not, have it forwarded. It contains quinquagen and things. The trunk left on the 5th by Eilgut - it would take about 10 days, at the most. The keys & all are with the Am. Express Co. in Paris, for they had to have them for the customs. Instructions have been given to hold the trunks until you come and present your passport. The cost of shipment, insurance and the storage money here and moving came to M. 109.90, and the book I bought for you to M. 6. Total M. 115.90.

is for my health. I don't know what to do. The cold hung on for days & days & disabled me. Then I was about for 4 or 5 days. But now the last 3 days I've been laid out with it again and couldn't go hear lectures. I'm still at home but today am up. The cold clings to my lungs. Not at all painful, but the ugly cough won't leave. When I have to go any place, Fran & Murray send her car these days & I feel like a princess.

I've changed my Dr. thesis to "Opium," an historical and economic study. The other subject was so vast that it requires many volumes & years to write. Really, I can't tell you how I feel in the University. It is like walking in heaven, so worry. Everything clean and clear and cool & scientific. I've never felt so before in my life. I feel like

ing. I'm doing all my work on India. In
economic geography I'm taking India to make
a thorough study. Then I've a semester on
"The British Empire." I hope to make an excellent
study on opium. None has been made so far.
Then I've been reading on China these days.

Last night I went to Frau Durieux's to meet
a Professor. She sent her car and we had
dinner after the theatre & talked. Another
interesting man was there. Then I've met
Frau Schrecker, the wife of the director of the
Hochschule für Musik. Intellectual life here is
so rich that I keep wishing you and Sam
had been able to remain for one winter. I
can't go out much because of work and these
days because of health, but you might have
had time. Everything is being given here in the
theatre: "Mensch und Übermensch," by Shaw, "Frauziska
y sistata," "Jurandot" and a number of new things.

of young writers. Jorki's "A night's Lodgings" is at
the Volkshäuser and Jorki is to be here this
winter and I'm to meet him. The operas -
all four, are running full blast, the concerts are
too numerous to mention, the Psychoanalytic plat-
form has scheduled and begun a number of
lectures (popular) on such subjects as "The Ecker's
psychoanalysis and Marxism," etc. All the things
that would have interested you.

I am glad you are happy. Don't go see
my bull fights if you want to keep your
child. Argentina, the greatest Spanish dancer, is
dancing here now.

Everyone here is well except Baba. He is in
a very bad way, psychically, but is under
analytic treatment and may get better. Baba
is finished analysis, or will finish within 5 weeks.

Could you let me have the pajama films
to make some copies here? I'll return them if you wish.
When are you in Paris? Don't forget to see Sasha
if you have time.
Love to both of you dear things. Agnes.

Berlin - Tuesday

1926

Dearest Florence:

A telegram came from you but God alone knows what is in it. There is not one straight word in it and I could not read it. Only the fact that it came from Madrid told me it was from you - and then I had written, as you requested, to ~~the~~ Thomas Cook's Madrid, three days before and I felt certain that you had the letter. Then on Nov. 5 I wrote you to Paris and sent ~~to~~ all the quittungen for the baggage. I also sent through the shipper

here the keys - and they at least must be
at the Am. Express. in Paris now. The
shipper said that the Am. Express
should have the keys - not you, that it
might pass your things through the customs
when they came. Please get the keys there
from the Am. Express.

The things left on the 5th or 6th, by
Eilgut, so should be with you now. I have
written you twice in detail, and am not
up to writing all facts again. Illness (grippe)
and the fact that I used up my money in
illness, prevented the things from ~~now~~ being
sent sooner. The cost was M. 189.⁹⁰; including
storage, insurance, shipping, etc. Also M. 6. for
"Goethe's Unsterbliche Freundin" - total M. 115.⁹⁰ as I
remember. I've sent all quittungen to you with
your letters & explanation. I didn't pack the baggage
well because I had a fever & just pushed everything
to some how. Write me, they said it would take only 10 days
the baggage. Love to you & Sam. Express -

Saturday
late (26? Nov 4

Dearest Florence:

Thank you for the check. It came yesterday.

For heavens' sake, don't hold yourself as responsible for my cold. I might have caught it in Berlin just as well. Did you also give me a falling arch - and did you give me the hemorrhoids that I'm now suffering from? The fact is that had I eaten more regularly, I would not have caught the cold. Yesterday I decided to eat regularly and I've started. How long

it will last I don't know.

The Berlin Univ. is really ^{cool} a hall of ~~art~~ science, I find. The lectures are so intense, though, and cover so much ground that I doubt if I can ever ^{keep} up. I'm also studying ~~rather~~ "Kultur-Philosophie" which covers a world of a

It is good that you have your baby still, and I'd like to be with you when it is born. Otherwise things might not go right! You must keep me informed though, of your health, and have instruction for a cable to be sent me if you are well or not well when it is born. Don't forget that. LD have your "St. Francis" & am sending it.

I send you my dear love and greetings for your homeward journey. Roger Baldwin arrives here next week.

1926

Dearest Florence: Chitto says he can arrange for your
 visit to Russia. It will take a few days
 after you arrive during which time you can
 examine Berlin. Chitto is very glad to help you.
 You seem to be doing up the Continent
 brown. I've been asking for robes for you.
 Kettle's charge a cool M. 10 on. Pensions with
 a big double room (no table between beds!)
 cost M. 7^{to M. 8} a day. There is one near me
 overlooking a green square with a nice, cheap
 outdoor restaurant below where they have an
 orchestra that weeps and wails and will turn Sam's
 hair gray. But the food is cheap and perhaps you he
 won't mind having his hair turned gray. Then
 there are other pensions also but not so pleasantly
 situated. I'm glad you are coming next instead of

Berlin - Wilmerdorf
 Holstenischestr. 36
 bei Prippenau
 31. Jan. 1927

Dearest Florence:
 I am sitting up in bed after 5 weeks
 of the rottenest influenza you can imagine.
 It affected my kidneys of course. Bakar
 came at Xmas time just as it all
 began and left before it had become so
 very bad. So my Xmas was lost also.
 And a month wasted.
 I'm glad to know you are settled on
 a street with such a stylish name. And in
 the Bronx at that! It is sad to learn

this week. I'm not feeling
washed & iron! I washed
my hair & took a bath
yesterday expecting you
would arrive today. It is
a nuisance - I'll have to
bathe again next week.
But analysis has taught me
to face reality and what
must be, must be.

The Bolsheviks are strong on
politicals. You can be a
rascal and get away with it.
But you can get through,
even through nothing, but
honorable artists. Come & we
will attend to it all. Or send me
all particulars about bath? you
& I'll apply before you arrive!
love - Aynah.

Postkarte



Mrs. Florence Becker
9. Thomas Cook & Sons.

Wien

Österreich

about the twin idea.
But perhaps you can
have two at a time
and save a few years
that way. In any
case, be of good
cheer. If you pull
through I may pick
up courage and have
a try.

Roger Baldwin is in
France and is coming here,
God bless his dear soul.

Everyone is well here.
Baba in analysis and very
much better. I think I'll
go to India this summer for
my health. I'll be back
steadily steadily. Love - Aynah

Postkarte



Mrs. Samuel Becker,
1282 Shakespeare Ave.,

Brook, New York City

Amerika

I have lost your address -
I hope and talk. Please
send it to me.

Berlin

9. Am. Express Co.,
55, Chateaufortstr.

May 6th

1927

(Baldwin from
Bonnards)

Dearest Florence:

I wonder if you can pardon my long silence. From a prolific letter-writer I have become through the months the most neglectful. I haven't a friend who doesn't curse. I have thought a thousand times of writing but have always put it off until tomorrow.

Your friend Mr. Winter saw me when he was here. We lunched together and for two comparative strangers worked up more confidence in three hours than you can imagine. He asked me of my life here and I told me; this included also my personal life. He told me of you in detail and of Harriet and his children. He is a naïve chap - perhaps it is Russian; I don't know. But he is very happy with Harriet and told me all about it and also that he could travel for months and have no sex experience with another woman - "not an easy thing considered a passionate nature," said he frankly. And he said the

same trustful things of Harriet. He told me of his unhappy first marriage, and then added (like a book) "But now this is a compensation for all my suffering." He's over 40 but he's remarkably young. I wonder how he manages it - perhaps because he's a business man and isn't in any social movement. But this is true - he's closer to women than most men I know - I mean in his expression and emotions.

I was very glad to hear from him that your health is so good and that you are so happy. You will be having your baby soon - or babies. I wonder often how it will go with you. I have asked here and there and from what I can learn, women beyond 30 do not necessarily have a hard time during child-birth. And I'm convinced that you won't. That you are so healthy shows it, - and that your health is so good. Then it seems all these doctors who proposed everything from moving pianos to operations were all wrong. Medicine is indeed, as Shaw says, half black-magic. As soon as you come through with your baby let me know what your condition is. I'm more

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interested in you than in the baby. Can you not
send me a cable - only 4 or 5 words so:

Smedley

Amex co

Berlin

well.

That's 4 words. The cable address is the Am. Express Co
and will be forwarded to me at once. The cable
ought not cost more than a dollar so it won't
be a luxury to send it.

Roger Baldwin was here and I was often
with him as he investigated organizations here. It was
like meeting a brother I loved and he awoke in
my heart the bitter need of having friends like
him whom I instinctively understand and who
understand me. When he left I lay awake all
night trying to reconsider my life so surrounded
by public work and thought. It's so lonely personal
you might think I fell in love with him - but I
didn't. He showed me - well, I don't know if
there were individual emotions or racial or national
understanding. He showed me, without knowing it, the
gulf between me and the Indians. I wrote him so
he says it is individual he thinks. Perhaps he is right;

4
with most Americans I feel a deeper gulf still. But even with Americans whom I regard as enemies of the human race, I instinctively know just where I can hit them the hardest. But with the Indians I don't know, and I don't know where to touch them the most deeply. An Arabic phrase or a Sanscrit call up no memories in me. I can only understand them.

I expect to be out of analysis by the end of June - for good. I am much more sensible than ever before, but perhaps I'll never be "all there" - none or little of the "normality" of Hardie.

Twice this winter I fell under the attacks of influenza - once for weeks, the second time for 2 weeks only. The last time left me with swollen throat glands, an abscess in the nose, and a few other similar attractive things. But now I'm well again and am working. I haven't seen Chatter for 2 months and would rather not see him at all. So many miserable things came to light about him that I've tried to draw back for a time. They weren't miserable in themselves - I felt miserable is all. Regarding Bakar - the summer will decide what we do. Just now we do not even write to each other - by agreement. My love to you dearest Florence. Greet Sam most lovingly for me. Be of good cheer - as the English say cheerio. I am
- Alice -

Story--so please get ready to laff:

You see, two rube Germans went through the futurist department of the art gallery here, with a big catalogue in their hands. They paused before a painting and one said:

"Now what can that be?" "A landscape or a portrait?" one asked.

"Look in the book", the other said.

They did, and read "Kornfeld".

"Still me don't know if it is a portrait," the first one complained--for he thought also of Kornfeld the writer.

They went to another room and there paused before a painting of two nude figures, a man and a woman.

"Now what do you suppose that is?" one asked.

"Look in the book!"

They did so, but go the wrong number--732 instead of 832, and read:

"Besuch der Englische Gesandte bei Königin Wilhelmina".

Tee hee!

Berlin. June 29th

1927.

Dearest Florence:

I wonder if you can forgive me for not writing to you when your cable came telling me of the birth of Heloise--and of your own health. I wrote immediately in reply, then read it over, and saw that it was no letter to send to you while you were yet in the hospital. It was not a very happy letter, for I have been suffering from stomach trouble for weeks, and one does not write such ~~xxxxxx~~ optimistic letters when one has a pain in the tummy. So I tore up the letter and waited. Then your letter just reached me today--about five minutes ago, and I shall write at once.

I am glad you are so happy. Your letter is a long song of praise of your baby. It is good. It must be a lovely baby and I am glad both of you are so well. You will perhaps not like it, but you must understand that Heloise is a stranger to me, and that I was much more concerned to hear that you had come through the confinement with good health than to know that Heloise was getting on well. Heloise can get her own friends later on; just now I am your friend, and was more interested in you. Of course she is a part of you and is precious for that reason.

You are perhaps home by now and are enjoying yourself tremendously, and I am happy for you. With all your delight over your child, some way or other no desire is awakened in me to have a child. Sometimes I'm a bit curious, but my desire goes no further. I read your letter with interest, expecting to envy you. But the desire does not come. True it is that I love children with a deep and tender love, and the sight of a lovely thing moves me. But the desire to have one of my own has not taken possession of me yet. I am no longer hostile--but am just indifferent, and am so much more interested in other things. One day I may adopt about six, if I have the money. Or at least two or three. Also out of curiosity and the desire for companionship and experimentation in education.

I am working, chil', working! You cannot imagine how. The Russian-British situation has thrown me completely into the arms of the Bolsheviks for all practical purposes. I am writing, writing, writing for the Indian press, counteracting British propaganda against Russia, for we hope that if another war breaks--and it is bound to within a year at the latest--India will strike for its freedom and that all Asia will at last be free. Night and day I read, study, and write, and have given up everything at the university except one lecture a week on Indian history, and my class there. I have joined an Arbeitsgemeinschaft for the study of Marxism and Imperialism and am working very hard in this, for ~~we~~ we all have to give reports. We are all Orientals in the class except myself and one Swiss girl. Our leader is a well-known Marxian economist. Within my own opinions I remain still non-political in so far as the Communist Party is concerned, and could never join it. I am more and more interested in economic action alone. But I must know other things also. Twice the past week I lectured, once in German before the Chinese and Indian meeting attended by some 500 men here in the city, and last week before the same gathering on Kaethe Kollwitz and her art (with magnificent lantern slides). Kaethe Kollwitz was present also and we had a very fine evening. But the work is too heavy and I often long for a bit of rest. My face seems to have taken on five years of age during the past two months.

I have an article to appear soon in "The ~~xxxxxx~~ New Masses" there in New York. It is anonymous and was submitted to "The Nation" for its series on "These Modern Women". They were afraid to publish it and sent it to the "American Mercury". ~~xxx~~ Mensken--according to a letter from the "New Masses"--also got cold feet and said the postoffice was watching him too closely. So it went to the "New Masses" and they said if I would give it to them they would fight on the issue. But even

War

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Mother

they want to cut out the word "homosexuality" and change a whole paragraph. I have let them. In the meantime I have a letter from "The Nation" telling me that they could not have published the letter without toning it down for "our readership, advanced as it is, also has its definite limitations". Then he is good enough to go on and says: "May I say to you that I think yours is one of the most extraordinary human documents I have ever read, for its frankness, its self-revelation, and the moving character of the story?" Now if he really thought that, why did he not run it and fight on the issue of "one of the most extraordinary human documents" he had ever read. And why didn't Mencken? Well, read the article yourself when it appears and see if you think Villard has merely flattered me. But I wish you would not tell who wrote it, outright just like that. The Indians will always use it against me anyway. What I think is that America is frightfully backward in such things.

I wrote the article to make money, for I am trying to get enough to come back to the U.S. in the fall, provided I go on to India. But the "New Masses" say they cannot pay. It is terrible. I work and work and work and get just about a pfennig. I have also given up Frau Durieux's scholarship--at least half of it--and next month give it up permanently. She gave it to me to work for my Doctorate, and since I am now engaged in this war business, I cannot continue.

My life here is none too easy in other ways. I need not write of them now.

I have not heard from Bakar for months. We agreed not to write. It often seems to me that our affair will never go through. I see no possibility of it. He is too young--or if you will, I am too old.

You named your child Heloise after someone in French history I believe. I am densely ignorant of who the lady was. Will you please inform me and save me the trouble of going and reading a book? The only lady I know of ~~XXXXXX~~ ancient France was Joan of Arc and the women before and during the French Revolution. Or was she Greek? I am glad you did not wish the name Agnes on her. It means purity, so I have heard, and perhaps there are pure Agneses. I suspect it came from the ancient Sanskrit word "Agni", meaning fire, taken over by the Latins and called "Agnus" or something like that. And fire purifies, and the ~~XXXXXX~~ ancient Hindu God of Fire was called Agni--and also ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ the patron of propagation. He was the "defender of the matron and the beloved of the maiden" and so on. On the whole, seemed to be a rather interesting and energetic chap. You say you wish Heloise to be ~~XXXXXX~~ "courage in love and in her own opinions". Well, chil', I was never courage in love. I didn't know what love was; it was only dirt to me and half of my life was gone before I realized how I had been poisoned.

I hope you have another child, dear Florence. It is necessary for the child. Otherwise you are likely to devour Heloise with love, without knowing it. Try and have a houseful to use up your mother energy.

Now I stop this. Here is my love to you. I now turn to events in China--to work.

Before closing I shall tell you a story: I hear that when the homosexual gentleman, the Prince of Wales, was in America, an American out in Duluth or somewhere stepped up and in a nasal twang said "Glad to meet you, Mr. Wales--shake!" I think I wrote you my British Ambassador story and the Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and so shall not bore you by repeating it. It is my choicest one now. But in case I forgot, I write it on another page and you can just not bother to read it.

Love, dear thing, to you and Sam and Heloise.

Agnes - Amy above etc.