

Tepnitz-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~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ 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
Prover

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-maidism 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'd 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 visums 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 darned 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 visum. 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 Sarojini 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