1926

Charlottenburg
Knesebeckstr. 4
Sunday

Dearest Florence:

I must ask your pardon for not writing. Work is my first and last name these days.

It is miserable that you are to be in Salzburg on the 15th and I there in July. I do not yet have my visum to go to Austria, but the woman I am going with is an Austrian by birth and also of influence, so she says she ~~thing~~ is certain she can get it for me. This means that we shall leave Berlin not on July 15th, but on July 20th, in the evening, for Salzburg. There are always "ifs" in the way, and I have not yet, for technical reasons, gone to see about the visum. But I am almost certain about it.

The editor of the Frankfurter Zeitung is coming here next week to see me about buying my book to run daily in the Zeitung and then to publish in book form. It is not yet finished. You can not know how worried I am about the last part, for it is there that I fall down. I would give anything if I could leave the city for two weeks and rest and get my brain clear to finish it; I am rather worked out. To leave the city is impossible, even if I had money, for I have my university classes. I am trying to give us some of my private classes in order to free myself; but although I hate teaching, still my students object to being given up! Isn't that the fate of a person--to be a good teacher and yet to hate it? Then there is the opposite thing--that what a person desires most shall in the end enslave him. So says Galsworthy, in "The Patriaian".

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 ~~xxxxxxxx~~ 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.

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