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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 ~~the~~ 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 entire life hangs by the dirty thread of money.

Love to you and Sam.

Agnès