

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 ~~stix~~ 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 clamer 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 ~~fixx~~ 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 werenot 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 ~~max~~ 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.

Alma