

1926

Holstein is chest 36.

Gei Phippen  
Wilmer Doy

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 quittings. The transport with insurance cost \$77.30, and the lager costs and insurance during that time,

came in all to \$22.60. The book "Goethe's Unsterbliche Freundin" cost \$6. Altogether, \$15.90. 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 Durieux 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.

Me: 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?

...I'm in the Embassy.

He: I'm the Ambassador.  
...I don't like to see you like that.

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 of me 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.

You remind me of the monkey who must have watched the Neanderthal man at night and walk. The monkey undoubtedly thought it was a human being and never would be made.

*Agnes*

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Not much--with some people.

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