

I have lost your address -
I hope you will please
write and tell me.
Send it to me.

Berlin

U. S. Express Co.,
55, Chateaufort.

May 6th

1929

(Baldern from
Bourget)

Dearest Florence:

I wonder if you can pardon my long silence. From a prolific letter-writer I have become through the months the most neglectful. I haven't a friend who doesn't curse. I have thought a thousand times of writing but have always put it off until tomorrow.

Your friend Mr. Winter saw me when he was here. We lunched together and for two comparative strangers worked up more confidence in three hours than you can imagine. He asked me of my life here and I told me; this included also my personal life. He told me of you in detail and of Harriet and his children. He is a naive chap - perhaps it is Russian; I don't know. But he is very happy with Harriet and told me all about it and also that he could travel for months and have no sex experience with another woman - "not an easy thing considering a passionate nature," said he frankly. And he said the

same beautiful things of Harriet. He told me of his unhappy first marriage, and then added (like a book) "But now this is a compensation for all my suffering." He's over 40 but he's remarkably young. I wonder how he manages it - perhaps because he's a business man and isn't in any social movement. But this is true - he's closer to women than most men I know - I mean in his expression and emotions.

I was very glad to hear from him that your health is so good and that you are so happy. You will be having your baby soon - or babies. I wonder often how it will go with you. I have asked here and there and from what I can learn, women beyond 30 do not necessarily have a hard time during child-birth. And I'm convinced that you won't. That you are so healthy shows it, - and that your health is so good. Then it seems all these doctors who proposed everything from moving pianos to operations were all wrong. Medicine is indeed, as Shaw says, half black-magic. As soon as you come through with your baby let me know what your condition is. I'm more

interested in you than in the baby. Can you not send me a cable - only 4 or 5 words so:

Smedley
Amex co Berlin

well.

That's 4 words. The cable address is the Am. Express Co and will be forwarded to me at once. The cable ought not cost more than a dollar as it won't be a luxury to send it.

Roger Baldwin was here and I was often with him as he investigated organizations here. It was like meeting a brother I loved and he awoke in my heart the bitter need of having friends like him whom I instinctively understand and who understand me. When he left I lay awake all night trying to reconsider my life so surrounded by public work and thought but so lonely personal. You might think I fell in love with him - but I didn't. He showed me - well, I don't know if there were individual emotions or racial or national understanding. He showed me, without knowing it, the gulf between me and the Indians. I wrote him so he says it is individual he thinks. Perhaps he is right;

with most Americans I feel a deeper gulf still. But even with Americans whom I regard as enemies of the human race, I instinctively know just where I can hit them the hardest. But with the Indians I don't know, and I don't know where to touch them the most deeply. An Arabic phrase or a Sanscrit call up no memories in me. I can only understand them.

I expect to be out of analysis by the end of June - for good. I am much more sensible than ever before, but perhaps I'll never be "all there" - none or little of the "normality" of Hardie.

Twice this winter I fell under the attacks of influenza - once for weeks, the second time for 2 weeks only. The last time left me with swollen throat glands, an abscess in the nose, and a few other similar attractive things. But now I'm well again and am working. I haven't seen Chitto

for 2 months and would rather not see him at all. So many miserable things came to light about him that I've tried to draw back for a time. They weren't miserable in themselves - I felt miserable is all.

Regarding Baker - the summer will decide what we do. Just now we do not even write to each other - by agreement. My love to you dearest Florence. Just Sam most lovingly for me. Be of good cheer - as the English say, cheerio. I am