

c/o American Express Co.,
15, Kiukiang Road,
Shanghai
July 14th, 1929

Dearest Florence:

I have received the announcement of the arrival of Isadora. And before long I suppose I shall hear more at length about the new baby. Tell me, why have you named her Isadora? And tell me also about the birth--and how you are and how you came through it all. The proceeding to me is horrible to contemplate.

By this time you must have received a copy of my book. I wrote my publisher again to send you one. I never know if they do as I ask. Tell me also what you think of it. I understand that it has not sold so very well. Such books do not sell well in America. It appears in German in September, and then will appear in Russian--in the winter I suppose. I hope to see it filmed in Russia also. It is now being reviewed rather widely in the Orient. The American Consular Service, as well as the American Secret Service in Shanghai have been eating it up, I understand--to get something on me, of course.

Shanghai is hot, child. God, but it is hot! I cannot work much. I just exist. I have just returned from another trip to Nanking. I was there with friends on purely personal affairs.

Do you want to know what my life is like? I am living in the same room with an American girl friend of Scott Nearing. But when not there I am with a Chinese man friend, an editor and revolutionary. So that's that. The joke is that he is one of those men untouched by the West and has never been out of China. You would write a poem to him when he stands in his white fluttering silk robe

that outlines his body; or when you saw the instinctive grace and dignity that he possesses with his people. It is a strange and grotesque story. When I saw him first a number of months^{ago,} it was when he was under arrest, and I talked with him over the shoulder of two policemen. Now he is free--he came free a short time ago. He is a left-wing Kuomintang. You, with your love of grace and charm, would like this man--and I imagine you would write a poem to him.

Then I have many other Chinese friends--nearly all men, of course. I seem to get along with men only. And I have decided never to leave China until put out; and if they try to do that I am capable of marrying to stay on.

So now write me, dear heart. You have considerable to tell me.

Love to Sam and the children, but above all my love to you.

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