

P.O. Box 69
Canton, China
July 19. 1930

Dearest Florence:

Thanks for yours of June 21.

This is a warning for future letters:
George & Mary, etc. are again hot on the
trail of my letters. Refer no more to
lovers & revolutions, etc. But for your
own information regarding the man being
Occidental or Oriental - I'll say Occidental
and white. ^{George} And because of George and
Mary, I'll be leaving here soon. I'm
often weary to death of them. They are
now following a lovely missionary Professor
and his wife because they lived in my
room for a week. Lord but I'm
weary! And my health is bad.

Yes, I regard the Chatto affair
a disaster. It is a ghastly memory.

I'm not planning a children. Too
Mary Georges & Marys worrying me.

I don't remember the banana letter.

Of course I had been in Wonderland but I didn't know who Lewis Carroll was. I know who Einstein is but I don't know what the theory of relativity is.

Me in the West again? Not if I can help it. I prefer even George & Mary to America; that is saying a lot.

I have just returned from Hongkong. Some nice ladies are agitating against the buying & selling of children there. Slavery still exists under the Union Jack. The ladies say it's a "disgrace to the freest people on God's earth." Some of bitches all of them. I could add an adjective to that, and said adjective begins with "f."

Send me your poetry - or rather your book when it's published. I've ~~written~~ ^{written} some 3000 lines for a book. Too tired and haven't enough time. Only 4 limbs so far & I write only with the two upper ones. Haven't yet learned to manipulate the others. In the next life perhaps.

So I'm in Zurich windows with Duse! Oh well - maybe you should have said Duse was in the window with me! Don't consider me too modest. All the female boobs in Europe wrote me calling me great; my book seemed to

have struck half-wits very hard. I got few
 sure letters. A few men wrote and asked me
 to try them if I was lookin' for real guys.
 I hadn't. But here I've had chances to
 sleep with all colours and shapes. One French
 gun-runner, short and round & bumpy; one
 50-yr. old monarchist German who believes
 in the dominating role of the penis in
 influencing women; one high Chinese
 official whose actions I'm ashamed to describe;
 one round left-wing Kuomintang man who
 was soft and slobbery. But I turned
 'em down for a handsomer guy. Wait
 'till I see you to relate tales of adventure
 and romance, - and a lot of dirt.
 But my sense of humour rides me over
 the dirt and it seems funny. 'Tis the
 bourgeoisie in weak moments when they
 aren't "grinding" the faces of the poor." Let
 show 'em all up one day in a book.
 I'm a rough lady on some men; you
 would be surprised.

I'm glad you are away from Sam
 for good. Why is it that the best years
 of our lives must be devoted to making
 mistakes?

Love to you dear -

Ayshoo -

I tried to write to Ernest, but I don't
know what to say. It's terrible to write
about such a thing. I simply can't.

Love always. For politics
see my effusions in the American press,

Q