



**Transcription of excerpt from Goldman's love letter to Ben Reitman  
(First 3 pages of a 6-page letter)**

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**Beloved Hobo. My life's own one I love you, I love you, oh so desperately. You are light and air, beauty and glory to me you are my precious Hobo. Dearest, do you know, that creepy slimy, treacherous thing, doubt? Have you ever been seized by it? Has your soul ever suffered its sting, your brain ever experienced its horror beating force? If you have darling mine, then you will understand, how it is, that everything that was golden with the ray and warmth of our love should suddenly turn into darkness. That I should suddenly be thrown into the abyss. Oh, my own, my all, it was terrible, terrible that one moment at the pier. But only a moment. When I stood there looking at you, at your beautiful glorious face as sad as mine must have been, my love no! no! no! Hobo knew nothing of that silly affaire True, Hobo has not always been frank with Mommy, but that, only because he has not yet learned to be strong, Hobo is wayward, impulsive. But Hobo is not premeditative, He never never could enter ugly arrangement. This and more, I hear my love say, until the light crept back into my soul nestle closer and made me see, my beloved darling, as he really is. Dear one, I hope you have not been unkind to that**