

1930

Mr. George Seldes,
Auberge de la Colombe-d'Or,
St. Paul, France.

Dear George:

Your letter was a great surprise . I wonder what fairies induced you to write or is it that you thought that I would have a fellow feeling for your state of mind and your condition of "failing and feeling miserable". But whatever the reason, I was glad to hear from you.

I had a heartbreaking letter from Nunia. She had just come out of the hospital where for sometime her life had been despaired of. She evidently suffered from a complication of diseases, heart trouble, arteries, and what not. She is now a physical wreck and on top of this came the "pleasant" news that she was not wanted any more on her job. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how terrible she must feel and what her circumstances are. I never like to butt in people's affairs, but this case of Nunia haunts me. If I were in a position, I would certainly send her something. But just at present, I am not. I am on the downward edge of the first half of my advance from Knopf and I cannot expect another sou till the end of May. So I can do nothing. But I am hoping that you will. I don't know what your relations have been with Nunia, or Gilbert's. But after all, she has been in the lives of both of you for a long time. Added to this, is just common human interest which I hope will induce you to do something for her. I am sure that she would be incensed at me for suggesting that you should send her some money. But I don't mind. If only you are able to do so, I know it would mean a great deal to her. I rather think she feels it deeply that you and Gilbert do not show interest. Gilbert lives in New York and has been for years, and he has not been near her and I understand that you have not written her for ever so long. Well, old man, is there anything you feel like doing? Can you send Nunia something and could you write Gilbert that he should look her up and show some interest.

There is nothing more terrible to me than a woman who is going on in years, has not a sou to her name, no way of earning a living and besides, has been so brow beaten by life, that she has nothing but bitter recollections to look upon/ All this is terrible enough for a man, but you will agree that it is every so much worse for a woman. If it is possible to relieve her anxiety and to help her along for a while, I hope you will do it, and that you will induce Gilbert to do the same.

About myself, I can only say that I have sent this week a second batch of my manuscript to Knopf. The first batch was 288 pages, comprising about 75,000 words. This batch is 369 pages, over 95,000. Both represent a little less than half of my whole work. I hope by the 20th of March to be able to send another batch, and in April the balance. I, too, often fail and feel miserably,

[1930]

but I keep on with dogged perseverance. I must finish the book so there is no way of getting out. I am terribly glad that Miriam was within reach of Emily. I was so worried about her condition and her being alone when she is ill, that I was strongly tempted to take the next train and rush to her side. Emily is very dear to me. She is a wonderful woman, a real poet and one with a big spirit. I wonder how she is getting on? I wish Miriam was not so lazy and would drop me a line.

If you should happen to run into Hutch or the Blooms, kindly give them my best greetings. Remember me affectionately to Miriam, if she is back. Please let me hear from you if you intend to do something for Nunia, and do it quickly.

Cordially,

Emma Goldman

16 Villa Seurat,
Paris, France,
February 13, 1930.