London Dec. 28th 35.

Dear George, A letter which Angelica Delablanoff received from a conrade of hers in the Independent Labor Party contains the news that your book on the Italian gangster containing the material you gave me a few years ago, without giving her the least credit, the result of which was that Sollanese who was about to take Angelicas work on Mussolini for publication refused to go on with it. He declared it was a repetition of much that your MSS contains.

As I have seen neither Angelicas nor your material, I am not in a position to know how true the contention is. Besides, I cannot imagine that you would do such a thing without giving credit to Angelica, and what is even more important, not having sent her some of the advance you must have received from your publishers. Surely you must know how frightfully poor Angelica is. If you do not you can take my word for it, the woman was living on bread and tea most of the time, and she is in very bad health besides.

I should not mix in this business if Angelica had not asked me to write you, and also because she felt that knowing you as I do it would be easier for me than herself to broach the matter. Angelica sailed for... at last. I must ask you not to let it known until you see her. I do not have her address, but I believe Roger Baldwin would know. Please, please dear George get in touch with her and clear up the unpleasant matter. I feel certain there is some misunderstanding for I cannot believe you capable of plagiarism or dishonest dealings especially with such a person as Angelica Delablanoff who is as helpless in all transactions as a child. I will greatly appreciate if you will write me just what
happened with angelica material.

You could not have chosen a more appropriate time for your book on the megalomania than now. Three years ago everybody in England considered Mussolini the savior of Italy. Now nothing is strong enough against him. I am sure your book will have a large sale. Do something for angelica if it is worth it.

As you see I am in England. I am trying for the third time to get a footing here. I did it ten and three years ago and had to give it up as hopeless. This time there seems to be a ray of light. Actually, the labor colleges here with branches all over England and Wales, absolutely marxian, have asked me to lecture for them. The tour in South Wales is being arranged for March. Some advance isn't it, for marxians to be willing to hear the arch anarchist M.G. But it's really true. In Plymouth where I delivered four lectures two weeks ago, I seem to have made a "hit". I have been invited for another campaign, both on social and dramatic subjects, and there may be a favorable response from the provincial cities. In London I had four lectures. One on Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin was attended by a large audience. The Communists present did everything except lynch me. They were mostly Jews and you know how intolerant our people are. The British communists have at least learned to listen to their opponents. That's something. Anyhow, if I break through I will make England my home for the largest part of the year. After all, I am "His majestice subject". Even the king could not expel me. They might arrest me should there be war and I continue anti-war work.
well you and I know that this would be no new experience in my life. Fact is I have no choice, most European countries are closed to me. France permits me to stay on on pain of complete silence and inactivity. I can't go on in that way. Canada would also not stand for me if I would treat external issues. And what with America and Russia closed to me, England is the only country where I am not haunted by the specter of expulsion. So I must try once more to find a field for what I am still capable of giving. Wish me luck.

What's become of the Hershes, where are they? Never a line from Virginia any more. Is life for them so much harder than in Paris that she and Lee have forgotten me? Virginia used to write often then. Well, give them my best New Year's greetings and tell them they may no longer think of me, but I think of them and the many pleasant hours in their studio. And Miriam Lerner, do you ever see her? She is another rotten correspondent. Still, I am damned fond of her. So give her my love and best holiday greetings.

So you know old man, I deserve a rake off from the sale of Iron Blood and Profit. I have discussed it at quite a number of meetings and I am again going to quote from it next Sunday at the lecture on war. Needless to say I recommended the work and XXXXXX mentioned the publishers. So you see I am furthering its sales. I hope so anyway.

Give Gilbert and his wife my best greetings and heartfelt New Year's greetings. And the same to you, my dear. Remember me also to won, if you see him. toc is another rotten correspondent.

Affectionately

K.G. Colton c/o Mrs. Kodofsky, 20, Beecher Court London N.W. good until May. After that back to St. Tropez.