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21 FRITH STREET  
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LONDON, W.1

London, 15th November, 1938.

TELEPHONE: GERRARD 2636

Dear George,

Your letter of September 20th did not reach me until my return from Spain two weeks ago. I am here only a week, but was not in a condition to answer the bulk of correspondence I found on my return. Seven weeks' bombardment in Barcelona, sometimes three and four times a day, left me without a scratch. I had to come to London to fall down a flight of stairs and make a gash in my head, but as you know life is made up of ridiculous things, much more so than of the sublime.

*an ipc  
written  
MURSON*

To say that I was shocked at your story about Angelica was only mildly to express the effect your letter had on me. I know her to be a ~~former~~ Marxist regardless of all the failures her creed has made, but as a human being I found her as the old Russian idealists, of crystal honesty and integrity. I am therefore certain that she is incapable of the charges your letter contains. Rather do I think that you are right when you say that she must have become a victim of some scheming lawyer to get money out of you. I am absolutely certain she would never have thought of such a thing herself. No one so unworldly and utterly ignorant of the corruption human beings are capable of could be guilty of attempting to extort money from another person. Frankly I don't believe it, dear George. What you should have done was to ask her for a personal interview and have her explain the whole matter. I realise that you had justification for your bitterness and your indignation. Nevertheless you should have talked the matter over with her personally. Perhaps it is not too late for you to do it still. I strongly advise you to overcome whatever antagonism you have developed towards poor Angelica, who is I am sure the victim of some person and not at all capable of any mean and petty act.

I am sorry to say that I am in the same position as you as far as old correspondence is concerned. Everything Sasha and I owned is packed away in cases and they are now in Holland awaiting my arrival to sort them for the International Institute of Social History. I therefore could not lay my hand on the copy of the letter I wrote you some two years ago about the "grievance" Angelica related to me. So much has happened the last two years in my own life, in Spain and the rest of the world that I really do not remember the contents or what she told me. I think it was about your having used some

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articles she gave you without giving her credit for them. But as I say I cannot remember the exact story she complained of.

You say you helped Angelica to place an article in "Ken". You say this in the same breath as that the "owners turned out to be crooked Jewish Fascists". Well, how could you place an article of Angelica in such a paper, even if it paid 100 dollars? I certainly would not have permitted any of my writing to go into such a sheet. By the way, is there any difference between Jewish and other Fascists? The fact that they are Fascists seems to me to be enough without specifying the people they come from.

I did not know that you were in Spain until after I had left it. I should certainly have liked to have seen you. I wonder were you in Barcelona when I was there? Anyway I was sorry not to meet you on Spanish soil. We might have exchanged our observations very profitably. Well, I went back last September only for two or three weeks, but I remained seven. I do not know how Spain affects ~~xxx~~ you ~~xxx~~, but every time I go back the hold on me becomes stronger. I would give anything if I could remain and take my place with my comrades in their superhuman struggle, but they foolishly think that I can serve them better by being outside of Spain and pleading their cause. Little do they know what a frightful ordeal it is to attempt anything in England.

I am planning to sail for Canada early next year, though what doing there is as much a problem as here, but I am still foolish enough to believe that perhaps a visa can be obtained for my re-entry into the States. As you see, I am still foolish enough to hope. Until my departure I remain in England at the above address.

No, I do not get the New Republic. Perhaps you will send me the issue containing your article. Give my affectionate greetings to Harry, remember me kindly to Gilbert and his wife and any of the friends we have in common. I will be glad to hear from you again, so do not fail to write.

Affectionately,

Emma Goldman