

185 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn, N.Y.
Jan 12, 1931

Dear Mother -

What a life! This is the letter I was going to write you two weeks ago. Today is the day after the day I was going to sail to Hongkong. Instead I am now embarking Jan 25th from Brooklyn, on the S.S. Japanese Prince, Furness Line, for Japan & China via the Panama canal. At least my ticket is purchased as far as Hongkong. Now that that is fixed, all friends come out in the open with approval, having all the while concealed their regret that I was returning to Mexico. With the exception of Carl Van Vechten, who, looking like a white-haired Mikado, seated in a stiff kimono among the treasures of his study, was all enthusiasm about my proposed picture book, and who, too greatly honored by my seeking his good wishes, approved of any thing that I might do, upon which, he kissed my hand, and it seemed to me, that that was enough of the subject for the moment, tho I had intended to ask him if he might not write me an introduction.

As for the extra expenses - they may or may not be covered by the Foundation. The Board of Trustees votes these extra funds, and they do not meet again until March. In the meanwhile Moe is encouraging and asks me to leave him an itemized budget for their consideration. Thanks you very very much for offering to come to my assistance - but it is not necessary - I have enough in case of need - and in the end expect to come a sensation (with financial results!) with the products of the trip.

As happens in this perverse world, New York is beginning to appeal to me now as it never did before, so maybe I won't mind coming back after seeing Singapore. I have been seeing Harlem on some gay parties with some of the Dinner Circle. Van Vechten saw sketches that I made, and wished that he had seen them sooner, as he would have had me do the deluxe edition of his Tigger Heaven which is now in preparation, and being illustrated by an English-

man who has never been in the States. Anyway he now thinks that he wants me to do some other books of his. Whether this is a passing fancy or a fixed idea, it is at least a pleasing compliment.

The Herr Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld left Jan 3 for Chicago, California and point thru the Orient to Berlin. He has given me a hearty invitation to come to stay with him there - but a few points on the globe may have to be left until the next life. I will send you later a more detailed itinerary thru the Far East. From Hongkong it is not decided whether to first attack Bali and Java, or Siam & Indo-China and the Straits, and perhaps India will be touched only at ports enroute.

Stan phoned me the other ^{night} day from Newark, waking me from a sound sleep - the first time I had retired before 4 A.M. for a week! to know when I would be coming to Woodbury. That will be I think next week - a day or so before sailing. When do you think that you will be going back? Stan says that Nannie is in better spirits than ever before.

New York has been favor with many perfect days recently, bright sunshine, and very mild. Today there is a heavy drizzle with attempts to snow. But never my wintery blanket as in Foxboro.

Enclosed are Xmas cards intended for you. Dona Trinidad was the old witch whose house I occupied in Taxco.

Adios, and more later.

Much love

Scho.

What are you doing about your teeth? Are you wearing your purple smoking jacket?

I am returning \$125 draft to Uncle Ned, to dispose of as he wishes.