

buffaloes in the world (they still come here day after day drawing the lorries laden with bags). Logic does not help in the matter, and it makes me ill to see suffering. In the same way, though the chattering of the starling during the livelong day is tiresome, at times, if the bird is silent for a day or two, I get no rest from the feeling that something must have happened to it. I wait and wait for the nonsense talk to be resumed, so that I can be reassured as to my starling's safety.

Thus passing out of my cell in all directions are fine threads connecting me with thousands of creatures great and small, whose doings react upon me to arouse disquiet, pain, and self-reproach. You yourself, too, belong to this company of birds and beasts to which my nature throbs responsive. I feel how you are suffering because the years are passing beyond recall without your being able really to "live"! Have patience, and take courage! We shall live none the less, shall live through great experiences. What we are now witnessing is the submergence of the old world, day by day another fragment sinks beneath the waters, day by day there is some fresh catastrophe. The strangest thing is that most people see nothing of it, but continue to imagine that the ground is firm beneath their feet.

Sonichka, do you happen to have *Gil Blas* and *The Devil on two Sticks* or can you get them for me? I have never read Le Sage's⁵¹ books, and have long wanted to do so. Do you know them? If you have not got them, buy them in a cheap edition.

Much love
Your Rosa

Write soon to let me know how Karl is.

Perhaps Pfemfert has a copy of *Flachsacker*⁵² by Stijn Streuvels⁵³, another Fleming. It has been published by the *Inselverlag*⁵⁴ and is said to be very good.

Breslau, October 18, 1918.

Darling Sonichka,

I wrote to you the day before yesterday. So far I have had no answer to the telegram I sent to the Imperial Chancellor; I may have to wait several days

for an answer. But this much is certain, in my present mood I can no longer endure to receive my friends' visits under the supervision of the warders. I have borne it patiently all these years, and in other circumstances I should have continued to bear it. But the complete change in the general situation has had its reaction upon my own psychology. To carry on a conversation under supervision, to find it impossible to talk about the things that really interest me would now be intolerable. I would rather forego having visitors until we are all at liberty once more.

Things can't go on like this much longer. Now that Dittmann⁵⁵ and Kurt Eisner⁵⁶ have been set free, I am sure that the door will soon be open for myself, and for Karl too. We had better wait until we can meet in Berlin.

Till then, much love.

Always your
Rosa