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December 2nd 1910

Darling Fenichka!

Thank you so much, I can't think of the words to express my gratitude for the letter. Fenichka, you're [Note: he uses 'ty' – the informal/intimate version of the pronoun "you".] quite right I still don't have the right to express myself so, not having permission to do so. But Fenichka forgive the expression. I can't do otherwise; I consider you mine and can't address

[torn here]

as the word thee ['Vy,' the plural and formal version of you] I beg you – act towards me just as I do towards you. ?? life big ?? I wouldn't want. Only that your feelings for me be the same as those I have for you. Nothing would be scary and nothing would stop me from gaining my only happiness – to be with you always, if only I have/had your consent; you without a doubt will say that this will all pass, that I'll forget. No, Fenya... that will never happen. I feel that perfectly/for certain. With every day my feelings grow stronger and only the thought of how to establish a foundation all the sooner so as to bring you to me. How joyous I become at the thought, that perhaps even soon you will be

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with me. Yes, Fenichka, soon even. Everything depends on your will/wishes; I was telling you that I have relatives in New York, and my sisters, who have asked me more than once to go/come there. In their letters my sisters tell me [that] our craft/skill is well paid there and I can establish myself there superbly. So that's it, Fenichka. I beg you to be frank with me and write me your consent. Fenichka, you told me that you doubt the faithfulness of my love. If only that holds you back then Fenichka I won't say much – just one thing – that my life is bound up with the Ronins', my feelings

[torn here]

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you, to forget you. That can happen only if/when I'm no longer capable of feeling anything in life. I would sooner agree to deprive myself of life than of you. Believe my words, I'm not fantasizing, but am telling you what I feel, not joking. I can't live without you. I came to love you with a love that is true/faithful – eternal. Help me Fenichka. You will get used to me and come to love me as I do you. You will be happy with me. There is no greater happiness in life if only [two people] love each other faithfully. Fenichka, it cannot be otherwise – either forever

with you or --- no, I can't even imagine, don't want to. You won't refuse, wouldn't wish for my demise. Only

Fenichka, if you agree to go abroad with me, then I can arrange it soon enough – I only await your consent. As far as your Parents are concerned, well, you can't stay with them forever, have endless unpleasantness, endless Tears. Fenichka, if we don't go abroad, it's a little troublesome. Next year I'll be called up, though I have a deferment, but I know ahead of time it won't help, because recently they don't pay attention to the deferments, so I'll have to serve, and be without you again for a long time. And such a protracted separation... [next line (on fold) illegible] ...I'll agree to anything. If you don't wish to go abroad, and prefer to stay in Russia, then I'm willing to stay here and to go serve. I await your consent. Fenichka, let me say it again – be honest with me, and forget that you're writing to someone who loves you as much as his own life. The smallest [? illegible khlatna / khnatna / khpatka ?] will tell me. Forgive me for the declaration. Write more, and, most importantly, right away. Answer as you did the first letter. I beg you to take my question seriously. Fenichka, send me a closed letter, and, please, without the word *vy* [polite/formal form of "you"]. I don't love you any less than Rose or Anyuta.

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What does Rose write? If you have a chance, pass along a hearty hello to my ([? illegible Kezle? Kule?]) Anyuta and her husband.

Be healthy. Your, Lev

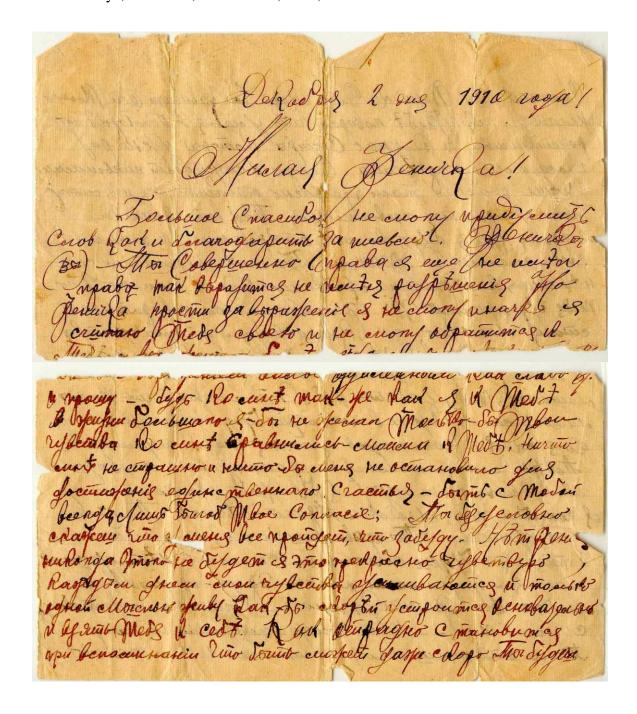
I await a happy answer.

My address:

Voronezh, 1st Ostropozhskaya Str. Bldg. #4 Apt. 8 to H. Borovskaya

for Lyov Batalin

For now I'm not doing anything, just relaxing and getting ready for my [female] cousin's wedding this Christmas. Remember on the table I had a full-length photograph of a dark-headed girl in a white blouse standing in front of a big map? At Christmas she's getting married — we'll have to celebrate. All things considered, the time passes pretty well. For Christmas the Ukrainian art lovers' circle is planning a performance in the club. So, in all, it's not dull. I'm very glad to hear that you often make it to the theatre. Go out, have a good time, don't forget me.



Da Desura a Darja co opo ha Cabucum Cen nosvous rues youturg & ubsolopilis (Lowopal Cocupa" aux peculeus macu prempaeus annambaines us cuon man electrouring nessectedar; Man few Deseurdon to the autit authorse resear / In much ausit Actering Thor cuset adaptar ruo com uthoney as of byprofine choose enous sewe moutho timo mede elgepher bace Mo Descurios entraro noto punto tec O Howard Hereful a theor our was s wented Mere, Castalub Mers Ino enospecio Louis moni & Jose he of coemoskin Sign Sculwe riflew is comanged function of entron we seem o Cenolacu cuousu of the paremajulyto, a noto, ruis reflect byso is the wegry of def Meds stourns the auon I nouse med crasoliso Affrair- Estreon Tacuone Thos wo about theen to curet a nocho days was & model Mis dif new creations Co curios Homey cracion of specien economore Doyn- of your He Moder Do center on ware of outel the anosker make C Modor Mund - - 4 tow & Jaske u mose senant to com The me beile pricey to norpenacy inder Ruseau maristo

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