

Nechama Ronen to Fannie, December 29, 1913

Hello Dear Fenya!

How are you and how is your health? It's been a long time since I wrote you but what is to be done? Situations turn out this way. I am preparing to speak with you about America. In my letter I expressed a desire to be in America, and what did I receive in reply? Finally, after all, the desire for the time being remains merely a desire (*wish*). But while I'm not yet getting ready to go, although in time I think I shall be there when I will have gathered a little money, but that with my mere desire is not at all difficult.

P.2

You write that I shouldn't think that America is something elevated. But I neither think nor imagine American to be a land of gold...just (*that there is*) freedom! That's what seems wonderful to me. But still I don't even have it in my thoughts to go to America. And misfortune has befallen Franka. She sits at home, doesn't work and doesn't go out. She doesn't want to become a student and there's nowhere (*to study*) now and so she sits at home not doing anything which is not very pleasant. In a word, what should I write to you? My things are going as well as my things can. I now get 36 rubles per month.

P.3

I think to save money over the winter and to buy for the summer a piano in order to make more progress myself, and besides that I want to start teaching Sarochka to play. And that for her will be a good goal. For physical labor she will not be capable, and after all she doesn't have enough strength for it. But in music, I think, she will be successful. She has desire, an enormous memory, an ear also; therefore I shall definitely try to get an instrument and that she study music. If I had a piano at home then for the time that I've been playing I could already give music lessons.

P.4

I spend my time well/happily. I go to the theater, go out, and am busy all day on weekdays. Write what's going on with you (*what's heard with you*). When you write a letter you're horribly miserly with words. Write more. Do you see Rebecca and Liza, Evgeny? I saw Anyuta last week in the theater. I saw Goncharov's "The Ravine."

Ach, if you knew what a marvelous piece that is. You, it seems read it and liked it a lot. Well, it's already time to finish. I must sleep. It's already late, I can barely finish writing. A bow from all acquaintances. Hello to Lev. Manya had a son. I'm sending you the postcard that Roza and I had taken. Goodnight!

Nechama (? *signature cut off*)

Nechama Ronen To Fannie Kiev, December 29, 1913

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Ты пишешь, что въ 9 не дружила,
 что Алерика это твоё
 возлюбленное. Но я и не думаю
 и не преследую. А слово Англичанъ
 своего естественнаго... оно тако
 много свобода. Но оно не
 прельщаетъ. Но все же не
 могу я не въ мнѣ
 жалею, что въ мнѣ
 въ Америку. А вѣдь въ Европѣ
 въ дѣла. Сидишь дома, не
 работаешь и не учишься. Въ
 земныхъ она не можетъ войти
 и не можетъ, а сидишь
 дома и не можешь
 совершить ничего. Хотел
 что мнѣ мнѣ? Дума
 мои работы не можешь
 быть мои дела. Я не могу
 ни въ 36 дней въ мнѣ.

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