<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Goetz, Fritz</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>YCAL MSS 85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Stieglitz, Alfred, 1864-1946</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1921-27, n.d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rights</strong></td>
<td>The Alfred Stieglitz/Georgia O'Keeffe Archive is the physical property of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University. Literary rights, including copyright, belong to the authors or their legal heirs and assigns. For further information, consult the appropriate curator., Boxes 104-105: Restricted fragile material. Microfilm is available. Consult Access Services for further information. Box 146: Restricted material. May not be seen without the permission of the appropriate curator. Box 146: for research use only. May not be duplicated. Boxes 247-256: Restricted fragile material. Reference surrogates have been substituted in the main files. For further information consult the appropriate curator. Box 257: Restricted fragile material. All material has been digitized. For further information consult the appropriate curator.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **Container information** | Box 21, folder 487 |
| **Generated** | 2021-10-13 23:27:11 UTC |
| **Terms of Use** | [https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access](https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access) |
| **View in DL** | [https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/32188747](https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/32188747) |
Alfred Stieglitz
906 E. 65th St.
New York, N.Y.
U.S.A.
Engelhard and Streichen had so cut Kristianstadvold's house. It seems, howe
never that fate is persistently against me concerning the intercourse with
my old friends over the water. After a
long, long pause, I got a letter from
Engelhard in August last year. This I
answerd, asking him at the same time
to buy me a Hoover Food Draft and send
it over. As nothing came, I again wrote
him a long letter (with a lot about you
that you should read) and sent this
registered. That was in October. But
I never got a line from him in response
and as you don't allude to it in your
letters of today, I am now quite sure
that this also has gone astray. Your
splendid letter of June 23 I have
kept amongst my rarities. It's a
piece of dramatic Art in itself, al
though very, very despondent. But the
more happy I am now to see you in
much sprightly form again! That's a
gain like the old war. Loree El. St. F.
old and as he should be. — Although
folks here say that corresponding with
America is more than dubious, I am
sending you this and hope to have better
luck with it than with my letters to
Engelhard. Just heard from Hiram that
Mrs. Raab is very much better
since she is again at home. Hearties
Greetings to yourself and Engelhard
from your old, womon
was so in January!!!

S. G.
Postkarte

29.04.21

Dear Fritz,

I can announce a new complete and beautiful catalog of prints in Fritz’s and the
Lawrence 100. I am sorry that I could not get up one of
others around it. I hope to repirements.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
406, Stieglitz
New York, City
60 East 65th Street
U.S.A.
got out before the war. The reproductions are to be photo.

I have no time as in the Camera

VM members which I had
the pleasure of helping to
illustrate. But, of course
we will have to save the
paper you had them printed
on to do it. Wasn't it Craig
Aramon in Edinburgh? I believe
that you had it from? Could
you get me two sheets with-
out too much trouble for your-
self and what will they cost
a sheet? Hope your exhibits
was a thorough success and
as you really deserve. Best
regards to all that care for
me and above all, best
wishes to you from yours [Gra...
Leipzig, June 4, 1931.
Skateneic Wächter Str. 11.

My dear Streifetz:

It may probably be useless to write these lines; yet it goes against me, not to say anything in response to the printed matter you sent me in regard to your exhibition and the fine success you've had with the latter. I want to tell you, that the high appreciation of your lifes work gave me so much heartfelt pleasure, that a success of my own in a similar direction could not outdo it. Open appreciation is the highest reward that one and deep work aspires to, and I congratulate you heartily as a co-worker in this direction to everything you have so deserve.
edge earned and yet also re-
ceived. It isn’t always that
a fellow gets what he deserves,
especially when his work is
in the line of culture.

Should the opening of these
lines puzzle you let me say,
that this is the third letter or
postal I’ve written to you since
our combined postal (Steichen,
Eugene and myself). The latter
you have answered. But to the
former you gave no response—es-
specially annoying to me, because
of the many questions I had asked
therein. The printings regarding
to your exhibition had come
independently of the other corres-
pondence. That makes me
feel, that either you don’t get
my writings, or you do not.
reach me. It's just the same with Englehard. I get a letter from him about 10 months ago, have written 4 times since to 111 Bidway and can't get any answer to my letters. I know, that had you both gotten my writings, you would have answered them. So I'm trying this again and hope it will fetch you this time.

Mr. G. and I are going down Hill in many respects pretty fast. It seems, that we are to be among the many in Germany, that the crisis of 1814 still seeks as a subsequent sacrifice. "Thy will be done!"

Heartiest greetings, also to Englehard from your old
Mr. Alfred Stieglietz
% Geo.T. Of

#274 Madison Avenue
U.S.A. New York City
Staehle, Leipzig

den 31. Oktober 1922

My dear Steiglitz:

I owe you answer to two letters. One of August 1st, 1921 and the other 17th July 1st, 1922, both from Cape George. I was attempting to write answer; there's a lot to talk about, and postage is expensive, so we got to steer clear of over weight; you see by the stamps, that an ordinary letter abroad now costs 20 cents (that used to be five dollars!); and it used to cost 20 francs or 5 cents. — But this rise of prices is comparatively small. It is the living and householding that's surprising us here! If we can buy a pound of meat Monday, it's a feast; a suit of clothes costs 40—50 thousand marks and a pair of shoes 10 thousand — and so on! I can't buy either. I have to patch up the old ones and rim around begrudgingly — going even to die is too expensive. The simplest coffin costs 30,000, and they are now beginning to sell "coffin, that have a sliding bottom: when the body is in its grave, the bottom with the corpse is released; the coffin taken back to the undertakers for the next fellow. That keeps up appearances! At the end of the war, if normal prices had remained, Mrs. Steiglitz and I could have lived nicely but plainly on the interest of our savings, out of a life's work, that saved about 175 thousand marks. The interest of this sum was enough to keep us alive and going. Today, 125 thousand is just covering our household expenses for about 5 months — the interest would last but for a week or so. — The salary at the Academy just covers about 3/4 of living expenses. So I've been selling all things that are not absolutely necessary for living—minimizing household, when all our carpets etc. and other luxuries are

Bei Beantwortung bitte auf obige Abteilung Bezug zu nehmen.
gone, we don't know what will happen, if things go on as at present. But I won't worry you with these things— although they are the topic uppermost in everyone's mind here at the time. I will only say it's gradually breaking me down. If I could the tolls now in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian that belong to me, that worry would be over. But it seems that that is still a long way off and nobody cares to or can help me. Well, "humanity" is governed by profits— "humanity" is a caricature— "humanity and civilization" are business— ads to catch the fools— masses—

Yet the enthusiasm for higher things— no matter how hard it is to sustain them— can uphold a fellow even above the mean, selfish egoism of our time, provided he has life spent in work that is a form. In many ways, there is a coincidence in our idealism, in the fruits it has brought forth, and in the way it upholds me in the distresses of near old age. I feel that you and I have done something— have put on record what has been a stone to real civilization. Your yearning to live as a hermit is the same that has been haunting me for years, the yearning of getting away from egotism. That's the point! And the severity of our time is all the more burning and painful to you and fellows as we are. The kind and friendly feeling that prevails in both your letters towards me, have strengthened me more than I can say. They have given, when I reread them, and saw you along side of me, a new life to me in the direction of progress we are movers. The seed we sow doesn't crop up fast and instant for sale. Others are doing the reaping. But "humanity— civilization"— ought to keep us from pompadour. But they don't. They take us as for a bunch of damned fools. Camera work, tell your story. Few realize what is hidden there. It's only the examples of creative work in the prophet.
It is our lot to see others living on the fruits of our labor. But there's a charm in that, for me, also,—but your labor isn't yet complete. The finishing stroke is missing! You must still make a number of Camera Work—2 or 3 or 4 numbers— & with the best work of Alfred Stieglitz, you must win up the whole thing. To what then the master meant! You can't leave it, true, like as it is now. Well, why don't you do it? Can't you do that here in Leipzig? I asked it in a similar question to you when I first got here three years ago. You said then that you didn't have the dollars to do it with. At that time, the dollar was worth 150 Markes. But if you had the Academy only just begun, that would have been then. I grasped it, and didn't argue further on the subject.

Today the case is different. You owe it all to what is equal part of your life. So do I! You know, that I will do my share of help with enthusiastic cheerfulness. The Academy is at your disposal. When I came here, the Academy was a beginning. Today, my three years of conscientious organization—labors fit it for highest class of work. My studio—8 by 13 meters— with three huge north-light windows, is at your disposal. There's plenty of room for too 20 of us, and your spirit will only help to make what I want it to be sooner than if I grope my way alone. My big etching-and-printing plant is also yours, if you care. I have type—colotype—offset—intaglio—and any other printing machines you print in the trade likewise, with this difference only, that we don't have to make customer work to do what we want. This year there remarkable publications that I have been doing with my three assistants are being finished for publication. I don't think you've ever seen the like, because it was never done with the same spirit as here. I'm in them, and did the most, and all the vital part myself. Read the article that Joe Cornell published in the N.Y. Times, Oct. 8 & 9, on the Leipzig Academy. He doesn't get it quite right, but he got the spirit of it. That's the place and the company your work has got to be done in. There Camera Work will find its last chapter, that shows the world who and what Alfred Thayer's was and what he did.

Beit Brantwung bitte nach obige Abteilung Bezug zu nehmen.
That settled, let me look into the financial possibilities of—

Today, the vital point of every situation lies in the $1. If you owe there are ruled by the dollar, we have here the slaves of it. Three years ago, you thought it impossible to make your C.W. numbers yourself. The dollar then cost 150 balls — that's right, because at that time, you you would have been able to live here more or less comfortably, but you could not have attempted much in the way of book-making as you would have had to have everything done in shops, and that would have cost much more than you were able to spend. So your yearning for the C.W. book had to be put aside for these two reasons.

But in the meantime, these changes have happened that put it into my head, that now's the time for you. In the first place, you have yourself done the best work of your life with the camera — have tried it's worth through exhibitions — and tested yourself in the literary line. This all seems to have been quite necessary to bring out the real thought that takes the place now in Camera Work and shows the limits of his ideas. Then — God has filled up the workshop, and is ready to pitch in. Third, the dollar has changed the financial part of the problem so entirely to your advantage, that there is no more ground for arguing and fear. Today, the dollar buys as many as $150 worths. You once wrote me, that you had only $1200 a year to spend. Bought at that rate, 1200 dollars mean over 5 million worths now. Let us look into the plan of work and make a cost, valid calculation.

Say it takes us a year to get out two or even three numbers, with 10 or 12 volumes, at 800 copies. It will cost you at $500 to live very comfortably for a year, not more than $1000 that $500 if you rent two rooms furnished. If the best thing you won't have to pay more than $10, or about $2 a month.

If this year means only about 10 dollars, say you are

$1200 a year, you will have left over 12 million worths for your three numbers. Of C.W. — how to waste these numbers!

You will have no rent, gas, electricity, heat, or like amusements to pay, and if you bring your five-cents paper for the graver's over, the costs will diminish to the other paper of the books, and the cost of printing and the matter on the basis of my experience, this will hardly amount to 3 millions — all told. How is not that remarkable? It appears to me that this is the chance of your life!!

Don't let it go by! What I say here comes from the heart — I'm in with you through thick and thin and will do it now, if ever.

That's a little more than 100 dollars, of course you can't buy clothes and things by this coin that means so extra...
You will, no doubt, smile at the old enthusiasm! But you see he hasn't changed a bit and quite youthful in his heart! If you wait a bit longer, I will, perhaps, be able to see you in N.Y. and come over together. My friend Corræt of London wants me to accompany him to the States before spring, to help him set up a plant there in effect with his stop-and-repeat machine. They will give me the necessary freedom at the Academy. I may be at Puglott's that I will have to work—also at Philadelphia Morris, if the Morris Press is coming to my studio tomorrow to talk over similar projects with me. You see the beginning of international reputation! Isn't it funny? I never get out of my hole and yet so many people seem to know of me. I have given Corræt a letter of introduction to Engelhard, as he is leaving for New York in a few days, wouldn't I be pleased to see you all again over there! How is Engelhard? He was always such a kind friend, the few hours that we were together at Munich were so bright and cheerful for us after the tremendous mental strain of the accursed war—and now he has not time even for a postal. Give him my best regards and tell him old Joe is still alive and waiting. In your letter I told you how you ask, why continue producing? Why continue to enthrall others—stimulate to produce beautiful things, knowing that the American is not really interested? When you've read my letter, you have found the answer. — They're all of them, Europeans, while they admiring over you and want...
you, because they've got it in their heads that they
have found you. So keep on quietly working and let
your work do the speaking. They don't want to be
influenced by us. They want to have it seem as though
they discovered us by themselves. Let them! When they're
gone, nobody will ever think of them. But your work
will be spoken of if it's O. K. and then you're in for
all you looked out for. It may come after your race!
What of it? The work is the pleasure and the only
real pleasure.

We were greatly struck by the news of the
illness of your mother and hope she may be all
right again by this time. If any one, I surely know
the inside meaning of such things! But there's no
better comforter in all dark circumstances than work
that you love — Kitty seems to be happy with her
sister — good! That takes weight off your mind
and leaves the comforting feeling of conscientious
fulfilled duty. I know in that stage wants to paddle
its own canoe. — Yes, the rugged days had many
downs. I spent three weeks in September with Mrs.
G. in Munich. We were invited there by Dollar-Friends
otherwise we shouldn't have been able to go there
with a nurse. But although we struck a rain-spell
that lasted during the whole vacation, Mrs. G. had an
opportunity of seeing all her old friends and bygone times
and that gives her pleasure to this day.

Well, old friend, let me know how
this writing has reached you and how it affects
you. You will probably not be at Lake George now
any more and another address I don't know. So,
I'm using that of your brother and hope you'll get the
scribble.

Affectiously yours,

Your old friend

(Handwriting)

1, 2, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 23, 24, 40. The last I got was 47.
To Mr. Alfred Stieglitz,

Lake George,

U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Stieglitz,

I hope this postcard finds you well. I am writing to express my gratitude for the assistance you provided during my recent visit to New York. Your kindness and warm welcome made my stay there truly memorable. I look forward to visiting your city again and exploring more of its attractions.

Best regards,

[Signature]

Date: 16.11.22.

New York
any thing I undertake, even the smallest thing undertaken so strong. Of course, that all roads in the contrary character of old and new times. It’s a different generation living now from that in which we grew up, and a different moral too! How I do curse the act of restaurants that unleashed these times and are now fanning on their unholy deeds! Expect my bellowing in this way; but it’s more than a man can bear, sometimes. I do hope that letter of mine won’t go astray by my using a wrong address. But your folks in N.Y. will probably send it to Lake George. I’ve spread myself widely with a plan of getting out some more numbers of C.W. That remarkable piece of pioneer work ought not remain a torso and now is your time to put the finish on it with your own best work. Try to get my letter, or let me know that it’s lost, so that I may again write it. Let me know where to address safely. I hope your good mother is well again by this time. Why has Engelhardt dropped me altogether? But I—unknowingly, if so—done anything to make him feel hard on me? It hurts me exceedingly to think so. The article you sent me is exceedingly good—your last bunch over theirs, trying to hold the ship. Yes, the love of work and folks is very nearly died out. It’s here yet in some extent, but also wavering. Affectionately,

Your old friend,

[Signature]
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
% Dr. C. Stieglitz

# 60 East 65th Street

U.S.A.  New York, City
Leipzig, Dec. 20, 1822.

Dear Dr. Schlegel:

Enclose this paper! It's the only one I've got at hand.

At last, your letter has arrived; five days later than your postal, which was excused four days earlier. They say, that the reason for such delays is the Custom, which seems to be intended to catch people that are trying to defraud their fortunes into foreign countries. This was the case when we were here, than the war itself was: it's taking the war out of us. To know that you are being copied in every letter you write is something dreadful! Of course, this almost ruined country has got to do its utmost to keep its resources together and to get hold of all the taxes on property, etc. This is the real reason! People are making lots of money, booming the boom, and then are getting away and for times to avoid paying heavy taxes are the cause of all such troubles. And every income that is under a certain limit, is taxed progressively to an enormous rate. They say here, under an act, for instance, have a larger sum of money to get from abroad, and this money goes through the ordinary channels of finance, etc. of course, through the banks, etc. (who have to report to the authority), very small will be the sum the poor devil gets after the taxes are taken from the bank. They tax as high as 75% are told. So many people transact their money-makers in all sorts of ways to avoid these if such outrageous taxation, and prefer leaving the arguing of their money in foreign deposits in "more steady times". It's wicked on people that are ready and fast up! It's nothing done of their own resource, while the wily and quiet dills are filling the gaps of taxation and earning money! I don't, of course, know positively as to the real truth of this sort of affairs, but it will certainly interest Engelhard to look into this business and to find means of easing for his clients. So you ought to tell him about that I am writing here, to keep him posted. Be sure, in the papers here, that Congress is about to pass the bill for the release of foreign money that have been seized by the alien, property confiscators, and that way enable him to defraud his interests in behalf of his clients. I wish I had something to say from the other side to help me pull through here!
Many, many thanks to you, dear little girl, for your kind writing and for your foresight in sending me the five real stamps, which enable me to write you five times. I would have been hard on me to spend the stamps otherwise, a letter to America now costing 80 marks. If it weren't so disgracefully expensive, such figures would seem ridiculous. Fellers in my standing are getting about 150% of the income we had before the war, and the rate of expenses (as above stated) are spreading over all and every thing we have to buy. Where will all this and with us? Nobody can tell. It was a pleasure to learn from your letter, that E. intends to write to me, we thought he had forgotten us entirely. A few days ago, in looking up old treasures of yore, times, we spent an evening looking at about 20 photos of baby E., that he had made and sent us in 1938/9. It recalled better times to our minds— the feeling of having time going abroad, the unfulfilled feelings of childhood, at the same time, that had been turned out into another room, while the other folks were enjoying themselves in the parlor. You understand what I mean.

I shall write you at length during the Academies' Xmas vacation. A week that I hope will give me some recreation and gathering together of wits, that are gradually dropping up. Good dear old love has written me, that he wants Bath to come over. What a great thing for that really splendid girl. She can now, with your permission, as that I may be able to send you something through her. — I've been giving my book! — wonder, whether it will ever be finished. I'll tell you a lot to talk you in my next. You'll no doubt be interested in knowing, how I've laid out my plan of writing. If I can brace up nerve and strength enough, it might be a good last work.—— We were startled very much in hearing, of the death of your poor mother. But what a wonderful thing it was to leave this world in its present state— so peaceful! May we all have that happy fate when our time comes. Hearing this part of your letter, I was so happy, after a moment of meditation, that I closed it away and went off to bed and woke, dear in the other alleys between times in between, as if I was at it.

May it be a dear little girl.——

Give my love to Eugene. We are all well and safer.

Christmas! May yours have been in the past year.

Rudolf for the number of letters of affectionately,

Eugene et al. —

forgo the last number, p. S. Will you want to do them by all means!
Mr. Alfred Siegel

60 East 65th Street

U.S.A.

New York City
X.
April 29, 23.

Dear Siena:

Many thanks to you for the list of your work now on exhibition at the Anderson Galleries. I see you are going ahead and wish you success in all you undertake and with all my heart.

However, I am sorry that Camera work may not be completed as Red hoped it might. You know, of course, what you want and may still have a notion of closing that publication with a series of numbers, containing your work. – Or the master may go out a “life’s work” separately, overshadowing the attempts in C.W. – That might not be bad as an idea. – But I may probably not be able to assist you in all that. Mrs. G’s illness has since developed to a stage that is becoming almost unbearable. That, and the daily continuous struggle to attain the simplest means of subsistence, for us both, is gradually wearing out even my iron constitution.

I’ve got to stay on deck, though; hold on to the rudder, when the boat goes down. That’s simple duty. – But to know, in this critically urgent state of our lives, that what
belongs to us in N. Y., and would tend to keep the wolves from the door, is being held from us without anybody caring or raising a finger to show "the friend in need" is gradually creating a bitterness of feeling that hitherto had been a stranger to my nature.

Our class here may be compared to leaves in autumn, about to fall from the tree. One gust of wind more may do it. Our winter is premature. V Rashid, on the other hand, has been smart enough to creep into a snug, sheltered and sunny corner. All I know is, that those who have been, are bound to follow soon anyhow. Is it really worth much trouble of mind to cling to the branch, even for a little while longer? — Even though my work is not yet completed? That is really the only issue that keeps me in a whirl full of doubt at times. I wish you more favorable conditions for the winding up of yourripes and best attempts. Sorry though, that I have lost Engelhard as a friend. How this has happened and why — I fail to know.

They want me to come to Philadelphia to show them quality. Is it really worth while?

Best wishes from Mrs. and yours.

Let me hear from you soon. I would like to send you a few specimens of my work of the past year. But it costs much and I am a little in doubt as to an absolute address.
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
% Dr. C. Stieglitz
Lake George
60 East 65th Street
U.S.A., New York City
Zurich, 18. Februar 1925

Dr. Haberl, Professor und
Direktor der Zürcher Akademie

E. F. Plass
Leipzig, July 15th, 23.

My dear Freiherg: I haven't got a pen to hand, so I'm using lead pencil to write you. Heartily thanks for your very kind letter, which has been able to brace me up a bit. We've been having through awful times here, and nobody can see the end of it. Of course, there are a heap of fellows here battering on the helplessness of the mass and the poverty—shamed. It's the former middle class—the brain workers, that are being stamped out gradually. The leeches that are sucking out their life-blood, they here call "die Haushälter", a class of so-called humans, that are absolutely without anchor of any kind—caterpillars of the worst sort. Germany's youth is growing into the new state of affairs without knowing a contrast. Be old folk, that have known better times are but strugglers and sufferers. I suppose that that is the normal development after every revolution and collapse of nations. Good after worse—that is the course of all the ages of mankind—and that today seems to be uppermost in the minds of the whole world. Will there be a deluge as of old?

I suppose you are now in Lake George—
But I am addressing this to you E. G. B., as you wrote me, that that is permanent. I was quite moved to see you calling me Engelhart immediately upon receiving your letter. I had no idea that some general readers that I had written regardings him would produce such effect upon you. It shows me, however, that the old spirit of friendship is alive, and that is a great deal. Thank you heartily for all your kindness!

My affairs in New York seem to be moving since my last letter to you. The Alien Property Custodian is now empowered to render frank seizures.
up the amount of 10,000 dollars, and there are prospects of getting back at least some of that which is mine, another good news that I receive is, that Engelhard is taking a hand in working out an account that I had asked the Trust Company for, and I have hopes that he will find some means of creating real and substantial help for my poor cousins and myself. Do you know F. C. Ringler of New York? He was a partner of Kurtz when I was with the latter, and thereby my boss—well, Ringler and his wife were here for a week to see me, and were startled at what they saw me into. At the same time, he seemed to be proud of me. They will probably arrive in N.Y. today on the new steamer Baltic and R. wants to call on Engelhard to talk my position over with him. Is the same beginning to peep through the blinds? I tried to get him to take along to you and Engelhard a short analysis of the text I had written for my Jaukeimer altar-works, that Breuermann has published, but his book left a day before the printings arrived at Hamburg, so that I got them back again. But his manager is expected to come over in August to see me, and he will fetch them over for you. Wonder whether this work will be of interest to you—Philadelphia and Eulalia?? Yes, your right. And yet I am still contemplating coming over, as I may also be able to be of use to Ringler & Co. in many ways. Well, we shall see. I would be very glad to see the place of my birth and youth again, and my old friends Streiff & Engelhard also. Ringler has forwarded me the means whereby I am able to send Mrs. Gey to the Radium—Kurtz Jellena near Leipzig—and to take a spell of vacations for myself also; the first vacation I will have had in the past four years—now I hope that you are going well with the work you have most kindness regards from Mrs. Gey and your faithful old friend.
Leipzig, July 24th, 1903.

Dear Freiglitz,

It's always something extraordinary to read your warmhearted writings! For me a pleasant and smoothing feeling to know that your still cling to old companionship and that you looked on to friendship as of old. Yes, my dear fellow, it's 38 years now that we met at Berlin, where you had already learnt photography two years before and had had ruffled times with old Voss. I remember well that he even then called you a Revolutionary! What volumes of history that all brings back to one — in going over so long so stretch! Perhaps you and I are the only ones that have stuck to the inspirations and instincts of youth — you in one line, I in the other. — Well, the got you down give in my book: wonder whether it will ever see the light?

In one of my last letters I believe to have hinted to you that they want me in the States. It seems that the thing is now taking shape and I saw in anticipation of the cable, that will fetch me over. It would be fine if we could again meet and talk.
over all that we are so intensely inter-
terested in — even if I had to look you up at Cape George, I'd have heard
so much of through you, England and 
Dr. Reek, but that I have never before
been to. It would please me much af-
go to meet & Reek, to whom I am on
friendly terms.” Since I know that you
have a stomach friend in her. — I really
the most valuable thing we poor mortals
have and ought to care for. — I am
also glad to see England — for sever-
al reasons. She is deeply in need of
and poor Mrs. Scott’s memory as one
of the few we met, that we have reas-
ons to look upon as a trusted friend;
you will understand how deeply grie-
ed I was to get a response from and
how glad I am to learn from you, that
I was laboring under a mistake to
believe that he was lost to me. The
letter you say he has written is not yet
arrived. But he is working for me, as the
trust people assure me; so it will
probably come soon.

Heartiest greetings from Mrs. Scott! Affectionately.

Your old Wally

I'll have a lot to tell you
of Eugene, who has gone through great
trials in the past few years.
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz

Case George

New York

U.S.A.
whither you got it— as I know no more definite answer— yesterday I got the number of The Nation you sent me. I have read it with great interest. Are there many more Russells in America? What you write on Camera work's being sold on slaughter fits to the times My dear boy, I am making similar experiences even here. The world's crazy. All the more do I pity it that my numbers are not complete! I wrote you several times which numbers were missing— you never sent them on. Perhaps you hadn't them any more. All the more do I pity it, that you didn't finish it; just for once!! For I'm sure that C. W. will once be dug out by some one in time to come and that it will then be pay for the pedestal where it has been. Don't worry about that. I hope to see you over there soon: my coming seems to take shape. Wait it be a treat to chat with you and Engelhardts! A thousand hearty greetings from your old.

The dollar jumped from one to two and then to three million marks inside of 3 days. That seems the end!
Absender: Goet, Leipzig
Kronprinz St. S.

Postkarte:
[10/1923]

Dear Alfred:

New York, City

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
Dr. R. Stieglitz

# 60 East 65th St.

M.S. A.
Trouble. By the way: I found a lead pencil-drawing (ex libris), done by A. Valrooyt, (ex libris of Frederick V.厚重), you had sent it just before the outburst of the war for reproduction to Bruckmann. It was never done, and I had taken it with me to L. to make sure of it. I'll send it to you and make what address it's in best conditions. Let me know: We're living in awful times here! As near to starvation as possible — when will I ever see some of your work? Couldn't we get together an exhibition over here? The project of my coming to New York has been postponed for a while; at my own instigation. It won't do to start as earnest a thing as a craft-school in a country that hasn’t even the shadow of sound preliminary, without securing good firm foundations to build on, and I don't feel that I ought to risk disgrace if the whole thing turns to be a fiasco, because every thing undertaken was too premature. — Good Mrs. Paul, I died, as we learned today through a letter of yours — let me hear again from you! Hope you're doing all right. Much affectionately, your old R.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, c/o Dr. L. Stieglitz
U.S.A. New York City
60 East 65th St.

March 17th, 1924.

My dear Stieglitz:

"The winter of our discontent" seems to be turning glorious summer through your perseverance and tenacity, which I have always admired as being just as wonderful as your art.

Engelbert just writes me, that you got the Gold Medal of London and that Boston and New York are now also shining in in their appreciation of what you have done. Hurrah, old boy! Let me congratulate you from the bottom of my heart! - not for the personal honor alone, that is connected therewith, but because people are beginning to realize that work with the camera is not mechanism, if done by an artist, but that it is real art.
I've been suffering long enough myself under such delusions to comprehend thoroughly what that means for a fellow that has spent his heart's blood on a creative problem high above all personal egotism.

It takes the masses tremendously long time to grasp the simplest problems: your tool—your brush is the camera; that's all there is about it. It's quite similar with my work. The only difference is, that yours is creative all the way through, while mine is reproductive and transmissive. But because the multitude, using the same tools that we do have made work of theirs, and because we have been building up a new religion, we've got to fight our way step by step.

What we want is disciples.

I had hoped to see you in N.Y. last fall. But they have postponed my coming. The multitude wasn't ripe for my problems yet—well, I'm glad to see that you've got your work on record—to get mine there I will have to write a book. You do your work alone—mine wants machine and all numbers of organized people and what not.

I'm played out. The doctor is sending me on a four weeks vacation, which
Lake George, N.Y.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
Graef. L. Stieglitz

60 East 65th St.
U.S.A.
New York City
Leipzig, May 25, 1924,

dear Thiefeit: Meran was too short to do me much good—only 12 days. When a fellow's overtired, the first two weeks of a vacation are generally nothing else but a tussle between the old habits and new inspirations and conditions, and between the two, one is pretty much haunted about and generally very uncomfortable. Then, things grow to the better. Now, my vacation was split in three: a lot of old rubbish had to be cleared away at Munich (on the way to Meran) that took 5 days; and when I was just beginning to feel a bit at home in Meran, a telegram calls me to Vienna (22 hours ride by the way!) where another week of what some folks call pleasure ended the vacation: inspection of the libraries, museums, art galleries, dinners and suppers with speeches and music, sightseeing, indigestions, lack of sleep and all the accompanying nastinesses of a big city. I would much rather have spent the four weeks with you at Lake George, sleeping in a hammock!—The peculiarities of my old-timers don't seem to fit into conditions of to-day; however, and so we're mostly always left out in the shade in such things. I hope
are getting a lot of good out of your stay at the lake. You say it will be the last summer there. That will mean: quiet, contemplation, & retrospective enjoyment; the elastic spring-board into future conditions! In a way, I am in a similar condition. When my small American "fortune" came to me, Engelhard writes me, that the Custodian at Washington has set the small income free. I hope to be in a position to concentrate my mind on my book. They were very hard years, were the past five, especially under the conditions at Rome with Mathews's sad death. But they have welded me together and made me feel out of iron, and I know no better, finer end than that with "in harness." It keeps you going! Kerouac was a lesson to me in that direction, seeing poor with Raab in a state of stupor after Mrs. and Kadh had left him alone to himself. I urged him to go to Bremer, for his sister in Vienna to keep him for over the "winter." "I'll by packing his things and accompanying him to Munich, where he can get a steamer to Bremer. I mean to go there in June, when Kadh will, as I hope, be well again. She was very ill after theermann, but today I get news from her husband that they deem her out of danger. How terrible it would have been for Raab if she had died! — We are looking forward to the visit of Engelhards with a barrel of pleasure: it's like awaiting a brother that had been away for many years. Why can't you come along? It would not only brace you up, but might put you on a new track in future schemes. Why can't you now? Are you not running around a bit in a circle? Can't you get away from yourself a bit? To broaden views, gather new impressions? Pardon me, dear Thelma for saying such things,
...but I am really very often worrying about you won't take it amiss that a friend is trying to tell you that he is a friend. I can feel also, what you may have gone through when you sold 2500 C.W.s for about a quarter a piece. But I knew the stuff you're made of and that you stand above all such happenings. The volcano in you will have to burn out though, before you will be ready for a recruit's life.

When you find an hour's time at Lake George, let me have a line from you. Heartiest greetings from good Mrs. Joey, who is sitting beside watching me write:

WARMEST GOODWILL!

Cordial regards,

[Signature]
Dear Mother,

Many thanks for your kind letter of Sept. 22nd. I received the

names of the men from Yeadon yesterday and found mine that were missing

in my set. My set of Candid was

complete, missing but five minu-

tures. Sorry I cannot be able to get

these, as it seems to be out of your

reach to lay your hands on them.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised to

hear from you, that you yourself

should get a complete set. In a

way I feel that way myself.

I'd never even noticed so much as

the 20th of June, the 200th of July,

and the 10th of December. You will

never think of these and I hope you won't think of

me in this way, either. You have got a gift with your

good friends and I wish you all the best.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

[Address]

[Date: October 26, 24]
Creates a yearning to be still better in the coming — But it's a pity, nevertheless! Pushers like we ought to have some one that takes care of our outside doing; like Thetford who had his men use to gather all the scraps that the master had discarded in his moods, and thereby gave the world a synopsi of his mental and artistic evolution. You really ought to spend a little time, trying to get together at least a few complete sets of C. W., because there isn't a shadow of a doubt that your life work means progress in its best sense and a huge lot more than your contemporaries in W. are able to grasp as yet. Above all, don'tomit any that have originated in your ripest stage — things you are doing now, and which haven't yet been published. I am learning to give a clean and concise picture of Alfred Thetford and his aims and work in my book, if I please. I leave you that I may complete it.

I'm having it harder and harder as time advances. My poor wife is not in a very precarious state of health. You have no idea what it means to care as one ought to, for a person deeply attached to you, not get to keep up a firm, creative spirit. Sometimes it seems impossible to keep on.

We had a few remarking days through the Fingerhauts' this summer. It was such a pleasure to have them here with us and I tried all I could to make them feel comfortable. I don't know how well I succeeded, however, I am not at all talented for sociability — too much think in other problems and in the worries at Rome, I fear. The figure I am apt to cut in bono
PROF. FRITZ GOETZ
Staatliche Akademie, Leipzig
Wächterstraße 11

Postkarte

17.1.1918

[Handwritten text]

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
Lake George
New York State

U.S.A.
ever, to write to him first, as the 
address you had given me seemed 
a little bit crude. It took the 
Postoffice a week to find him 
and then I got his right address. 
His name, also, is not Wanda 
but Wande. As I have sent 
the package registered, there 
will be no doubt of his getting 
the 19 numbers. — I am 
still using your Lake George 
address, presuming that you 
will get this. What will be your 
N. Y. address in the future? Engel- 
hard told me something about 
your brother Louis changing his 
home, so that 60 E. 61st may 
not be right for the future. 

With best regards, also 
from Mrs. F. Cordially 
your old V. Seg
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
% Mr. Geo. H. Engelhard
III Broadway (Trinity Bldg.)
New York City
U.S.A.
Als Goez. Akademie Leipzig
Wächter Str. 11
(set up and printed) and also to let you see what I wrote about it. I have written you a friendly, mean, dedication thereon and hope you won’t find fault with me as a writer. Let me know what you can find fault with text and pictures. I want to learn, and on criticisms, honestly meant, we can learn much.

I am happy to learn that you are trying to get my B. W. numbers completed. The missing numbers are:


The last number I’ve got is 24. If you could really get me these books, I shall have the whole book bound at the Academy in parchment especially designed and will beg off to the Academy Library, where I will do the honor to the creators that the latter deserves. I don’t know if a better place for your life’s work.

Sincerely, Nov. 24, 24,

Dear Tingling!

Heartfelt thanks for your kind letter, to which I am about writing an answer. As you are not without a steady address for New York, I am sending this 0% English, who we doubt will have the kindness of sending it to you. When you do get settled down, don’t fail to let me know where a letter can reach you directly.

In the meantime, several of my books (Gesammtiner Altei, Griigel Vergissmeinn, and Gingy videos Steinmuhle) have arrived at
Engelbert, and you will easily understand how anxious I am to have you look them over and to tell me, fair and square, what you think of them. They are all three of them, not as good as the proofs that I pulled myself or others, but they will give a fair idea of what is in them. It's always the same: in the edition runs, especially in the gravures of the play's catalog, the plates had to be given to several printers to get the publications out quickly, and some of the runs turned out badly. This is especially the case with one of the finest of the plates (the man sitting, with a goblet on the table next him) which the printer has really spoiled. But you will see that neither roulette nor burnishing has been used on any of the plates and in the plates of the Leclerc edition you will find nothing looking like restoration, although it took me 5 months to work up the negatives and etching some of the plates took as many as 9 workings to get them to what they are now. The editions of Greig (150), Leclerc (60), and Tintys (300) will probably not be sold and neither of the publications will reach. You will see more about them if you read the prospectus that I have sent along.

I also send you the text of the Leclerc - Portfolio, to let you see how we set up printing of this kind here at the Academia, where it was...
Leipzig, March 24, 1925.
Kraupitz, Th. 5.

Dear Thiegle:

My best friend and comrade has left me forever on the 21st. She will be cremated today. Although her end was to be anticipated for years, I am literally crushed, now that it happened.

With warmest affectations

Your old friend
Dear Riehl:

Engelhard writes me, that you and Georgia are bound for Lake George; so am I trying my best to have this reach you there. — Many, many thanks for your kind words, relative to the death of my good cousin. You knew her and know me, and that means that you feel and realize the awful rent that her departure has torn into the time that I shall have to live alone.

The many years of worry and anxiety that had accompanying her illness and the almost resulting crisis had completely prostrated me. It landed me — a broken man — at the Lauterkinz in the Sanatorium in Munich, where I took two months to gather myself together. — For what? Was the question always predominant in my mind. But at least, the recollection of the work that has for years been striving to bring to a head on that has been so long weighing on my mind and ripening there — that
book of mine, the details of which I have constantly been taking over with my Martha—broke the spell and a new source of health imparts has taken hold of me. It's the charm of building up a memorial for her stones if ever be finished, that imparts new life into me, and keeps correspondence away. Outside of that, it's a somber life for a fellow near 65! May my work be thoroughly nearly finished when the role is again called, and may it find me ready to respond with a bright and cheerful face!

You have often told me, how much new work you have done since we lost met, and Engelhart tells me, how very magnificent it all is! I wonder, whether I shall ever be able to see it. Many thanks for the C.W. Numbers! There are only 2 numbers missing now, to make it complete. If I could get these, I would have the whole bound in yellow (a state most of books they would make), and hand this over to the Academia-Bibliothek. These your work really belong, warmest hand-shake to you and greetings to O.K. from yours most truly.
Leipzig, Oct. 30, 1925.

Dear Mr. Fightly:

I've got all the numbers of Camera Work now and have presented them to the Academy für Graphische Künste und Braugewerbe in Leipzig, that is now binding them for the library. That, to my mind, is the place or one of the top-notch places where your work ought to be. I can have free access to it at any time I please and after you've gone, I know that it is properly cared for.

make up my mind to do this; but it's the only way.

Where may you be now? I'm writing the address of Cape George and hope that my letter will be forwarded to N.Y. through you have left. But I don't know your N.Y. address either. Please let me know, I may want to ask your advice about my book now and then. With best wishes,

in a hurry your old 

[Signature]
I hope you feel that this will be a beneficial way of spending a number of things I cherish most, because no one knows what will happen to such savings after a fellow takes his leave.

In the Special Supplement of April 1906, the print Rodin la Seneur is missing. Could you possibly find and send me a substitute to make the whole absolutely complete? Please try.

I shall go into pension about the middle of next year. The academic business takes away so much of my time, that my book will never be finished and I shall want all possible strength and freshness to make a good last job of it. However small the pension is and my expected, also slender income out of my father’s estate, I hope to pull through to this end. It wasn’t easy.
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
The Anderson Gallery Building
489 Park Avenue at 57.5 Street
U.S.A. New York City
Leipzig, January 30, 1926

[1926]

Dear Striegler,

Many thanks for your kind letter from New York. I see you are at it again with a new "J91" and wish you success with all my heart! You can't stop? Neither can I. But I'm sorry for one thing: you write about all the good work you do— but I never see it. For years I've been yearning to get some idea of what you are doing, but we are too far apart to make it possible for me to come into your Werkstatt. I'm really sorry for this.
because I'm sure that your ripened
deepened work would give me a lot of spur
for my book. — By the way, I've changed my
mind in regard to Camera Work. Now that
I have a complete set I again offered it
generously bound in vellum — to the Gallery
library in Dresden and they have accepted
it. It is now in binding and will be delivered there shortly. This, I presume, will please
you more than if it were in the Library of the
Academy here. Is it not so?

With most hearty good wishes for you
both.

Your old t.i.
am 30. Januar 1926

Mr. Geo. H. Engelhard
Counselor at Law
30 Pine Street
New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Engelhard:

I am hurrying this off with the document you sent me, signed by the American Consul and enclosed herewith. I wonder why they are continually pelting at me? The new lawyer of the Gemeinde seems to be even a "tougher nut" than old Bruno was. Well, I hope it will all turn out as you assume and feel thoroughly assured that you know best of them all.

Heartiest greetings to all the Engelhards and to Alfred should you see him. Tell him, that his Camera Work will adorn the shelves of the Library in the Kupferstich-Kabinett in Dresden as soon as the binding is finished. I pushed that through for him and believe it will please him more to know his work there, than if it were in the Library of the Academy in Leipzig.

With warmest handshake for to-day

Your old

[Signature]
Leipzig, Sept. 4. 1926.

My dear [Name]!

Let me thank you heartily for your good wishes apropos of my marriage this June. Nobody will understand a marriage at my age better than yourself if I tell you that I have found a Companion in spirit and in labor in my Martha, ever attentive to the wants of my deceased invalid as well as to mine, enthusiastic for my work, young and a staunch friend in the world’s widest sense. She is only 32 and in many ways still a child. Should my book ever be destined to appear, it will have to be credited to her unceasing devotion. Aren’t you and your Georgia and are here two pairs of a kind? The idea just strikes me.

I am enclosing herewith the copies of my correspondence with the Director of the Hupferstich Kabine in Dresden in regard to the endowment of your Camera Work to its library. I had the numbers beautifully bound with yellow covers, on each of which title and year is hand-written. Besides, I had the luck to get a closely similar paper to that on which C.W. is printed and was thus able to give each volume a couple of fitting fly-leaves, so that the whole
thing looks grand and the outer appearance is to some extent worthy of the contents. Dr. von Manteuffel is delighted and so am I for your sake. — Another thing: don't mind your contemporaries not understanding the value of C.W. — You once wrote me that one complete C.W. were installed at some renowned college, and now another is safely kept at the library of one of the finest print rooms in the world. So your "opus" is safe for posterity and that is one of the "big" things one is able to do in life, i.e., to help building the temple of culture.

Lots of love to you both from your old friend and this young Marentz.
Prof. Fritz Goetz
Leipzig, Kronprinzstr. 5.


An die verehrte Direktion des Staatl. Kupferstich-Kabinett.

Dresden A 1.
am Zwinger.


Herr Professor Singer schrieb mir darauf, dass ich das Werk, - das ich zuerst noch in 13 Halbpergamentbände binden lassen wollte, - nach Fertigstellung an das Kabinett senden solle.


Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung
ges. F. Goetz.

Staatliches Kupferstichkabinett

Sehr geehrter Herr Professor!


Mit nochmaligem Dank und dem Ausdruck grösster Hochachtung

Ihr sehr ergebener

ges. Dr. von Manteuffel.
Mr. Alfred Stieglitz
489 Park Ave
U.S.A. New York City
Lake George
New York
U.S.A.

May 25, 1926
Rose Rumon

Gretz

Mr. Alfred Stiegliitz
Leipzig, January 23, 1877,

Dear Thelkly:

We are both of us slow letter writers. I shall have the answer to your letter of October. I am read over Reels in a job now that has taken hold of me fully. The last, the final development: I mean of effect. I mean the meantime I am working hard at that book. I don't know whether you were wrong to say that it is develop along its own road and I believe that is the right way to do creative work. Don't mind about me. You say whether it would interest me to see some of your last work? Well, my dear Thelkly, that is one of the things Jim is keeping for. I say the boys, I say to you, that she is pushing that book ahead as much as she can. We both wish you two a new year of good health and of good work.

Affectionately, Your old
Ueberschrift auf dem zurückgesandten Packet der Aktstudien von Eugène:

Sendung wurde von Amerika als nicht beförderbar zurückgewiesen und an den Oberstaatsanwalt in Berlin zur Verfolgung unzüchtiger Bilder geschickt, der sie mit dem Bemerkens zurückgibt, ein Grund zum Einschreiten sei nicht gegeben.
Postcard to: Minadan, March 14, 1927

Dear Alfred,

I am sending you this postcard as a reminder of our first meeting at the beach. It was a beautiful day, and I hope to see you again soon.

Best regards,

[Signature]

Mr. Alfred Striegel

1489 Park Ave

New York City

U.S.A.
Lake George

U.S.A.