

Taormina, Sicily.

July 3rd., 1912.

My dear Fritz,

Many thanks for your letter enclosing a gleeful mudbath of scandal from some prurient-minded old woman. If these lies are being circulated, it is best that I should know of them, so I am obliged to you for sending the letter. At the same time I must admit that, while I don't want to be impatient or untheosophical, I really am getting rather tired of this constant stream of filth, and I think it ought to be stopped. You see, these libidinous old cats know that our Theosophical principles make us very reluctant to prosecute them, and they count on that for immunity in their lubricity. But possibly, short of prosecution, something might be done to frighten them in a mild sort of way. How would it do, for example, for Mr. Warrington, as a lawyer, to write to this spiteful old backbiter demanding the name of the alleged correspondent from India who is said to have originated this peculiarly atrocious calumny, and warning her that if she does not give it she will be held personally responsible for the libel? Of course, for myself personally, I care nothing for all this lecherous gossip; I am well used to it; but I know it harms the Society, and when it begins to include Alcyone in its lewdness, it is touching a sacred subject and becoming seriously annoying.

We know that story about Lakshman, Mrs. Besant's servant, & it is amusing to watch how it has grown! Once he found me in shirt and trousers vigorously brushing Krishna's long hair, and retired in polite confusion; but he seems to have thought it a curious thing for a white man to do (acting as a kind of servant to an Indian boy) and talked about it afterwards, and so the story grew until apparently it has reached America in a very different form. It really is ridiculous to see how these poor fools distort everything to fit in with their preconceived ideas. Because we did not publish the fact that we were about to prepare people for an Initiation, they say that we fled from India; now when I return to India in the autumn I suppose they will say that I have fled from Sicily because of crime committed there! Is it not strange (and awful) to see how their salacious minds can never be satisfied without some sexual explanation of the simplest act? It might however be well to know who it is in India who sends these malicious falsehoods to America. You see, among Indians accusations of this sort are constantly flung about in every quarrel, and nobody pays any attention to them; but America probably is not used to lies manufactured out of whole cloth in this way, and may take them seriously. Please address me at Villa Cevasco, Cornigliano Ligure, Italy, as I am leaving here next week.

Yours ever affectionately

Fritz Kunz, Esq.
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