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New York, July 7, 1918.

My dear Naimy:

Thank you for sending me your book, which I shall cherish and from which I hope to have you read some day. This letter is not likely to reach you in camp, but I hope it will reach you Somewhere 'Over There.' And will find you in excellent health and spirit, ~~putting the same eye every time you are~~ profiting by your experience.

Much as I love you, Dear Naimy, and fear your loss, Allah forefend! and the loss of your talents to the Syrian nation, I am really glad that you are in the service of Uncle Sam, fighting for a greater thing than Syrian liberation, for world democracy and for Civilization itself. I envy you, my friend, I truly envy you. For despite the hardships of trench life and the dangers and horrors of war, I deem myself most unfortunate that I can not, for a physical disability, show my gratitude as a soldier of this great nation and a beneficiary of its democratic institutions.

Every Syrian should be proud to fight under the Stars and Stripes; and the best way of serving our own native land is by serving Uncle Sam to-day. President Wilson is the champion of the small oppressed nations of the world not only in word, but, I am sure, in deed as well. And the day will come when we shall realize that not only France the Mother of Freedom, but America too the School of Freedom, in which we were taught, are the two true and great friends of Syrian liberation.

You must have read of the great 4th of July pageant. It was one of the greatest demonstrations and the most inspiring procession of the nations of the earth, all aspiring to liberty and independence, that any one of this generation has ever witnessed. Nay, Rome in the apogee of her glory and power could not have assembled under her flag such a loyal host of the world's peoples and nations. Indeed, we have Rome beaten to a frazzle, as we say in Gotham. And we rise above Rome in that we accord the foreigner the right to become an equal of the native born citizen of the Republic. It would be, therefore, an act of base ingratitude if those who have been taken into the bosom of American Democracy do not fight for her or serve her in one way or other to-day, when she is threatened by the descendants of ~~the barbarians that~~ destroyed Rome.

thou who

And you as a Syrian-American are making a sacrifice which your Syrian and American brothers and fellow citizens will recognize and honor. You are one of the Stars on our Service Flag, which already counts 7,200, and which was cheered by thousands of Americans that lined the Avenue when the Syrian floats passed by on Independence Day. We made a splendid showing and we are to get the second prize, an honor-medal, awarded by the Art Sub-committee of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense. I write you this because I know it will delight you to hear it as it delighted me to witness the greatest pageant in history in which the Syria played a distinguished part.

Good luck to you, my dear friend and brother. And may you be among the legions that return to tell of our victory over the Huns.

And be sure to write to me in your spare moments.
Your sincere friend,

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

AMERICAN RED CROSS



NAME

L. Corp. M. J. Naimy,
Co. B, 2^d Div. Inf.,
A. E. F.

Sept. 16, 1918.

My Dear Rihani:-

on this side
Your letter, addressed
to Newport News, reached me
some time ago. I have not
been able to answer it sooner
owing to some limitations on
the number of letters we
were allowed to write per
week. That limitation has
now been removed, and
we can write as many letters
as we want. But censorship
restrictions, as to the matters
we can discuss, remain
as rigid as ever, so that
to be on the safe side
with the censor one must
confine ~~to~~ oneself to
generalities.

Your description of

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the 4th of July manifestations
in New York was so vivid
and thrilling that I could
almost visualize the whole
picture. I was especially
pleased with the news that
the Syrians made a patriotic
demonstration which entitled
them to the second prize.

You observe, and very
truly, that Rome in her
glory was never able to
assemble under her colors
as many nations as were
assembled under the wings
of the American Eagle on
that day - nations gathered
from the four corners
of the Globe, animated with
one common purpose
and attached - body & soul -

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to the flag under which they
were marching. The picture
must have been very
thrilling, indeed. Yet more
thrilling and more inspiring
to me was the picture of those
nations, amalgamated into
one and inseparable whole,
and sailing over the deeps
of the Atlantic to a strange
continent, - sailing silently,
grimly, determinedly.

That is the America I
saw on the day of Independ-
ence. There was nothing
bombastic, nothing chauve-
nostic about her. No shouting
crowds, no picturesque streets,
no ringing of bells, no
floats, no empty oratory -

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nothing but the immense
deep, the constant murmur
of the waves and a flotilla
of transports and their convoys
skimming over the dark-
blue waters of the ocean
and steadily moving forward,
forward, forward. It
was America "on the sail".
Aye, it was the spirit of
America floating over
the deeps and constantly
advancing towards the
Frontier of Freedom; it was
the spirit of a nation, born
in Liberty and dedicated to
its ideals, moving forward
to where Liberty has been
slain, there to fight

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for its restitution and to
safely place it beyond
the reach of the bloody
Suns.

Yes, my dear Friend,
it was my fortune to grasp
that vision of America, the
true America, the Big Ame-
rica which I never knew
before. That vision of a
peaceful nation, rising in
arms for the defense
of its ideals of peace,
has followed me ever
since. It is before my
eyes at this very moment.
The hall in which I am
sitting now is crowded
with young soldiers from

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all over the States of the
Union; rather from all
over the world! Just to
look at them, to listen
to their chats, to see
them sitting and peacefully
playing different games -
would convince anyone
that they are not a mili-
turistic lot. Even in
uniforms, with full mili-
tary equipment, they
do not look as though
they knew anything about
the art of war. That is
because war never was
their business, and will
never be. Yet, once on
the battlefield, they

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are unmindful of danger.
Death holds no dread for
them. They are powerful
but magnanimous enemies.
And the Germans have dis-
covered that. If there
were any doubts in their
minds as to the qualities
of the American fighters
of ~~the~~ the recent St. Mihiel
drive has dissipated all
that doubt. I can
imagine what a thrill
the news of that drive has
sent throughout the length
and breadth of America.
Yet, this is only the beginning.
And Germany, realizing
that, is beginning to

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manoeuvre for peace.
Even her Crow Prince put
on a new mask and began
to speak in melodious tone
about his love for peace,
about the horrors of the
war; he even admits now
that the "world is large
enough" for all nations
to exist. What a won-
derful transformation!
I suppose he and his
"august" father will make
many more startling
admissions before they
are forced to relinquish
their power. They may
even admit that "Deutschland",
after all, is not "über alles".

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I wrote to the Dr.
sometime ago; also to
Nasseeb. I hope they
received my letters. At
least I hope that one of
my letters to New York,
if not all, will reach its
destination, so I can
get some news of our
New York "circle" of
your political, social and
intellectual life.

Write me whenever
you do not feel too lazy
or too busy to write.

My best regards to all - :

Nasseeb, Dr., Abdul-Mas.,
Abu-Madi, Gibran, etc.

Your Sincere Friend,

M. J. Naimy

cc, me

JP
Roosevelt Hospital 1918
September 19-18

Dear Mikhail;

Once more in the hands of the doctors. They are drawing on my arteries and my spine for evidence against my apparent good health. An elaborate and painfully scientific examination preparatory to another experimental so-called-cure-for my neuritis. So here I am in bed with punctures in my spine and my artery, an empty stomach, a dizziness and lurch and none the less a desire to write you a letter. I've given the docs a sample of my urine — I must pause here to give them a sample of my "feces" (is that how you spell it?) (1) Pardon the euphemism scientific. "Help me, Traubel —"

It is the essence of the self consciousness of
 "And don't mistake it with anybody else's"
 "To the Laboratory? - Yes. of "subliminal Down-
 rushes" -

To you Mikhail, a sample of the "subliminal
 uprush" - and my sanity - Please report
 on it soon; for I am now confronted with
 two great fatalities - the Cure and the Draft!

I have registered of course. And I've given my
authentic birth day and year. So, if I am
 cured of my neuritis the Draft will of a certainty
 get me. In any event I'm not a very attractive
 proposition to a Life Insurance Company - am I?

In the name of Allah I accept religiously
 both the Cure and the Draft. If it is ordained
 that I die tomorrow no medical science or
 skill or stupidity can help me. If it is not,
 neither the Draft nor the Trenches nor No-Man's-Land
 can hasten the hour and the day. No, I haven't
 profited much in the Land of Light and Knowledge -
 have I?

My Orientalism is dyed in the wool.

How are you faring in the ~~light~~ opacities of your cosmic consciousness? Are you not reconciled yet to the Irrational, the White Way, the War and Woodrow Wilson? His latest is a sentiment signed and framed, too Zionism! Which should restore him to your esteem and respect-!!

When are you coming to the City? Did I write to tell you that we have moved to a flat, which we are furnishing in the most ~~astounding~~ outrageous extravagant manner? As I work now, Bertha at home is busy hanging up the silk curtains and cementing antique pottery ~~which~~ said to be dug up in the ruins of Carthage. We have become "bourgeois" mon cher - bourgeois in the ~~best~~ ^{worst} French sense of the word - that is of the respectability - And billah! I fear me I am fast becoming a snob. Which is worse than neuritis, Mikhail, or any of its Cures. My soul is flashing S.O.S. signals already. Come, Come quickly to the rescue. You will

find me 7 ~~ft~~ stores high 43 X 27
East of the 5th Meridian -

(43 East 27 St.)

Come, a su casa as the ^{lying} ~~of~~ Mexicans
say. To be modern & painfully exact
one room in the flat is Mikhail's,
when he comes to the City. And it isn't
transferable or negotiable.

Here is Bertha - I read her the last paragraph.
And she sends you her love with her approval.

And here is 'Traubel' come for another
specimen!

Salaam and the blessings of Allah.

As ever,

Ameen

My Dear Ameen,

It was very kind
of you to remember me with
a copy of your "Chant of
Mystics". It came as a very
pleasant surprise. I have
been wondering for sometime
as to what you have been
doing and how you have
been faring; for I have not
seen you or talked with you
for over a year.

And now the secret

of your long silence and seclusion is before my eyes. You have been producing such delightful poems as "Lebanon", "The Wanderer", "Chant of Mystics" and others! All glory to the faithful Tailors in the only field worth Tailoring in; and all pity on those of us who are forced to strangle their imagination in business offices in order to earn a petty livelihood!

I find it very difficult to make "Dry Goods" rhyme with "Poetry", or to think

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of "Philippine Underwear"
in literary terms.

I received the book this
morning and have been able
only to glance over some of
the poems in it. Of course,
I shall read them all more
carefully soon.

Let us hope that this
"Chant" will be followed by
many other Chants. And in
the meantime do not make
such a total hermit of
yourself;— let us see
and hear more of you.

Sincerely yours
M. J. Wainwright

Jan. 27, 1921.

بکتا ۱۰۹ تب ۱۵۰۰

عزیز این

لقد سخرت بي ظروفي فخرني الاجتماع بهم اس
وذلك لان دعوتك الائمة نداء الخسيس لم تهني الا حين
حتى الباطنة - الاعداء - ولم يغيري النزول الا بسكت
الا بعد العلم فوجدت ان الوقت قد فات وان
لا تغفر حتى نراهم نتعرف

لئن تعدد ذهابي اليكم وزهد قدنم الي
انت وشفقتك واهين الودعير واروس - اذ ايمان لايران
لا يزال عندك . وان لم يكن لك من افاق
فان ارضيت ورفوت بنفسك العزيزة لا غير
ان اليكم في بسكت فتدني نفسي عهدن الزن في
احضن عهدن وضيع عن العلم وعن النفس

تم نشره مع والدته وشفقتك الكريمين وكم
موفقا وصادقا

لا غيب

بنی این