

The Fourth Stein

There are often two of them, both *women*. There were two of them, two women. There were two of them, both women. There were two of them. They were both women. There were two women and they were sisters. They both went on living. They were very often together then when they were living. They were very often not together when they were living. One was the elder and on was the younger. They always knew this thing, they always knew that one was the elder and one was the younger. They were both living and they both went on living. They were together and they were then both living. They were then both going on living. They were not together and they were both living then and they both went on living then. They sometimes were together, they sometimes were not together. One was older and on was younger.

Stein is writing a “creative memoir” about her experiences that she hopes to publish in the next year. In the meantime, she continues to work with people in the LGBTQ community struggling to come out. She also hopes to use her unique lens, as a newly presenting woman, to engage in activism that supports women of all kinds grappling with issues like harassment. “The fact that I’m terrified now to walk on the streets after 10 o’clock at night when, while presenting as a male, I never had to think twice about it—I don’t have words for that,” she says. “Nothing could prepare me for what it is like to be a woman in New York City.”

Stein brought with her three little Matisse paintings, the first modern things to cross the Atlantic. I made her acquaintance at this time of general upset and she showed them to me, she also told me many stories of her life in Paris. Gradually I told my father that perhaps I would leave San Francisco. He was not disturbed by this, after all there was at that time a great deal of going and coming and there were many friends of mine going. Within a year I also had gone and I had come to Paris. There I went to see Mrs. Stein who had in the meantime returned to Paris, and there at her house I met Mrs. Stein. I was impressed by the coral brooch she wore and by her voice. I may say that only three times in my life have I met a genius and each time a bell within me rang and I was not mistaken, and I may say in each case it was before there was any general recognition of the quality of genius in them. The three geniuses of whom I wish to speak are Stein, P and W. I have met many important people, I have met several great people but I have only known three first class geniuses and in each case on sight within me something rang. In no one of the three cases have I been mistaken. In this way my new full life began.



Stein began to accept and define her pseudo-masculinity through the ideas of The World's Poetry Archive 11 Otto Weininger's *Sex and Character*. Weininger, though Jewish by birth, considered Jewish men effeminate and women as incapable of selfhood and genius, except for female homosexuals who may approximate masculinity. As Stein equated genius with masculinity, her position as a female and an intellectual becomes difficult to synthesize and modern feminist interpretations of her work have been called into question.

"My dear **Stein**, what I have to tell her is not easy for me, but it is must be." A looked at Stein sternly.

"Her dealings with G exceed all conventions, which require even the greatest friendship. What good is that for?" A asked sternly.

"I'm asking for forgiveness, but I did not think anything bad about it. I just could not resist the stormy friendship of G. I do not know why I, of all people, deserve so much interest from G."

"Am I to believe her?" replied A with a sneer in the corner of her mouth.

"G is not a fool who does not know exactly what he wants."

"Yes, of course, but what can I do if he has chosen me as the confidant of his heart?"

"She can even do a lot. It will do something about it in the future, that's an order. Did you understand me, my dear Stein?"

~~"Very well, Excellency," replied humbly.~~

~~Some tears rolled in shame but even more sorrow over her cheeks. Now it was finally over between her and G. She could never break a Duchess's order.~~

"I say to a lot of people who struggle with coming out, they're always afraid how it's going to affect their family — and to me it's always family is really important, but there has to be a 'you' that can be part of a family. If there's no 'you,' you can't be part of the family."

We had a delightful *time* and Stein at that time wrote *The Portrait of Mabel Dodge*. She also wrote the portrait of C that was later printed in *Geography and Plays*. Many years later indeed after the war in London I met S at a party given by E for Stein. He spoke of Stein's portrait of C which he had read in *Geography and Plays* and said that he had first become interested in Stein's work because of this portrait. And he added, and did you know her and if you did can you tell me about her marvellous voice. I said, very much interested, then you did not know her. No, he said, I never saw her but she ruined my life. How, I asked excitedly. Because, he answered, she separated my father from my mother.

FROM ARTHUR C. FIFIELD, PUBLISHER,
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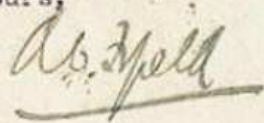
Dear Madam,

I am only one, only one, only one.
Only one being, one at the same time.
Not two, not three, only one. Only one
life to live, only sixty minutes in one
hour. Only one pair of eyes. Only one
brain. Only one being. Being only one,
having only one pair of eyes, having
only one time, having only one life, I
cannot read your M.S. three or four
times. Not even one time. Only one look,
only one look is enough. Hardly one
copy would sell here. Hardly one. Hardly
one.

Many thanks. I am returning the
M.S. by registered post. Only one M.S.
by one post.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Gertrude Stein,
27 Rue de Fleurus,
Paris,
France.



"And *family* is nothing?" one member of the L WhatsApp group wrote. "The lowest scum of earth live with deficiencies with lifelong pain not to hurt their family. I saw your father today in synagogue, he is going to die of the shame you have caused him."

The person continues: "No human in the world puts his pleasure in front of the pain of his loved ones. What kind of animal are you?"

Another added, "It's all the devil, the evil inclination that says there is such a thing a man can be born in the wrong body."

But Stein said she's prepared for the backlash.

"My main goal is to get people to talk about it," she said. "I don't care how hateful the reaction might be within the Orthodox community."

Stein added that many of the Orthodox people she's heard from are in "denial" about transgender people.

"For most of them, they don't even know what this is, they have no context for it," she said.