June 8/36

Dear

You will have arrived this morning. I knew you were understanding and sympa-
thetic about the book. It’s not going very well. I have four chapters written out of
It begins, but I feel the thing is in a
bit of a mess. I shall have to do a lot
of re-shaping and do not believe I
Can possibly get it done by July 1st.

You see, darling, I just haven’t the...
capacity to work long hours at a sketch. Really I shan’t only work in the
mornings and play in the afternoons, go off in Bacceto and lie on a hillside
and listen to the waterfalls falling and the brambles buzzing, perhaps find a
bit with a nice man. I have been trying to work all day but it just
won’t do so I have decided to ask the publisher for another month. If
he won’t allow it, I will do some
but I made up my mind to-day
That there were two things I want, I
was going to do. (1) make myself sick
over it. (2) put out a book I didn't
think good enough. and I shall
tell him so & he can do what
he likes about it. Now, I feel
better already. Just to tell you about
it.

I am sending to you
two articles re. the petition to the
Committee here. I thought they
were
like to know about it.

I am afraid to have you send it to Brian dearer, because I don't know about its English law. Wait till I have more leisure then I'll make inquiries here.

Nice to feel your dear + keeping sympathy. That is a very wonderful thing. A little note of letters now that is-won't keep it, but I get them even through the cold paper. It is little worry that comes from its rest in ICaz. What a memory to have.

It is wonderful to have done a thing like that. It means something to clearing somewhere.
I have just got to learn some members of a group who are working in betterment here. Such a fine man, who is the editor of an "Animals' Helper" paper, but a complete cripple. He has a good talk & he wants me to do some writing to him & to speak at a conference on National Parks - wild life conservation in Canada. But he is interested in the social movement, too.

If you will send me the date of next issue of The Bankers' Mag. I will get him to publish it widely over here.


Your last budget of Columns was very hot stuff. Sometimes I am almost afraid somebody will knock you on the head or
run you into pain. You are absolutely fearless but I suppose you know how to circumvent it.
A little law. R. B. B. often enjoy sticking a
little knife into you. I can see. But it's
shyly splendid, darling, to see how busy+
useful you are. It's a big responsibility
now, shaping public opinion.

As you say, a great deal of the best
thought one has is moving to socialism.
I am told Oxford is strongly socialist... so
secretly it is king. Someone who is very
well informed tells me he didn't want
it. Even at all but was only persuaded to
take it because he was made to. So he cares
really as much as king than any other
way. But he complained it wasn't a
man's job. (This isn't for publication)
but it may be true, if so, it's good.
Yes, I saw after I wrote you, that
you have changed the Benglan play
But the whole thing is coming more and more
intractable every day.

Here is a nice little bit about the King.
In his little play you spoke of. And B.P.
He tells the story in his last speech's brevity. He said he took him through the unemployed areas. I know he toured the Clyde before the last election & what the King said about the housing conditions was almost too strong to print. One Conservative
organiser remarked, 'Every time that fellow opens his mouth he loses us 100,000 votes.' In a few weeks the King (then P.O.V.) wanted to make another trip to the North. Influence was brought to bear to dissuade him but he refused. So the powers decided the next best thing was to keep the visit as quiet as possible. Not let the press know. However the
P.O.V. learned of this & he deliberately gave the
work as much publicly as possible & person.

Smith arranged that all the press men should
be here to take down everything he said
about the conditions.

It is a new era when a recognised
sovereign refuses not only a private bade
but even a private coach & horses down to
Sandringham in a 1st. Class carriage (wearing
a changing his own dispatch case). Later

a bit nearer to Plato's philosopher king

all this for Christ sake buy the fire, decently
while we are warming up. Time

how to slip into sick & release & lie
back & look at the fire together.

The wood well - lost. Ah! Those pine

not trees. What a lovely thing they were

in themselves. One could write a poem

about pine - Kesoto.
The lovely, cute cracklings + whip-snapings
& the wonderful architecture of the flames. heat
a lot of things we had. do you have wood
fires in B.C. or beach-fires. i can imagine the smell of red cedar logs burning.
and a bed of boughs in a little tent near
the sea. sort of lazy, all night long. smell
of pines, murmur of sea added. by beach
i do you know that it is 15 years this summer
since kay? it was a sort of great swede
moment, wasn't it? so was it for you. too.
like alice in wonderland or gondol to
italy. for a time all the rivers are
running north. then one crosses the
height of land and all the waters begin
to run south, towards warmth & light
& flowers. you could make a poem
out of that.
I can feel how your white silk shirt felt yet. It felt so cool, with the warm flow underneath. Your heart beating harder and harder. I didn't know what that meant then. It goes to remember that he counted most of his happier moments. That we didn't let many slips. That must be the bittersweet regret of age. To might have been. He smokes on ledge orange fairly dry of juice each time but there was always just as much rest time.

Past marvellous old words, wonder of life keeps anything like that hidden so to either we are done with it. I can always imagine so much more than is possible. But I can't quite get round to R. B. s... all we have wished, or dreamed or hoped of and shall exist.

Can you?

Oh love, dear love, why aren't you here then to lift me up and make me laugh.
Dearest

Your nice letter arrived this morning. I knew you would understand and sympathise about the book. It’s not going very well. I have five chapters written out of the eight but I feel the thing is a bit vague. I shall have to do a lot of re-shaping and as not believe I can possibly get it done for July 1st. You see, darling, I just haven’t the old capacity to work long hours at a stretch. Really I should only work in the mornings and play in the afternoons. Go off in Baberts and lie on a hillside and listen to the waterfalls falling and the bumblebees buzzing & perhaps flirt a bit with a nice man. – I have been trying to work all day & it just won’t do. So I have decided to ask the publisher for another month. If he won’t allow it, well I’m sorry but I made up my mind to...

that there were two things I wasn’t going to do. (1) make myself sick over it (2) put out a book I didn’t think good enough and I shall tell him so & he can do what he likes about it. Wow! I feel better already. Just to tell you about it.

I am sending on your two articles & the petition to the Committee here. I thought they would like to know about it.

I am afraid to have you send the Biron, Dearest, because I don’t know about the English law. Wait till I have more leisure then I’ll make enquiries here.

Nice to feel your dear & helpful sympathy – that is a very wonderful thing. A little ‘wind of kisses’ now & then would help, too, but I get them even through the cold paper, & the little bird’s feather that comes from the nest in Kaz. What a memory to have. It’s marvelous to have done a thing like that. It means something for eternity, somewhere. [Pen]
I have just got to know some members of a group who are working for betterment here. Such a nice man, who is the editor of an “Animals Welfare” paper, but a complete cripple. We had a good talk & he wants me to do some writing for him & to speak at a conference on Nat’l Parks - wild life conservation in Canada. But he is interested in the social movement too. If you will send me the date of that extract from the Bankers Mag. I will get him to publish it widely over here. I’ll write for the Ang. Cath. Pamphlets & other things you mention. Am sending you Vernon Bartlett’s new magazine The World Review of Reviews. It gives a good resumé of the international situation from the eyes of the other nations who don’t regard England with quite the lofty approval she accords herself.

Your last budget of “columns” was very hot stuff. Sometimes I am almost afraid somebody will knock you on the head or run you into jail. You are absolutely fearless but I suppose you know how to circumvent the Libel Law. R.B.B. would enjoy sticking a little knife into you. I am sure. But it’s simply splendid, darling, to see how busy & useful you are. It’s a big responsibility too, just now, shaping public opinion.

As you say, a great deal of the best thought over here is moving to socialism. I am told Oxford is strongly socialist & so secretly is the King. Someone who is very well informed told me he didn’t want the crown at all but was only persuaded to take it because he was made to see he could really do more as king than any other way. But he complained it wasn’t a man’s job. (This isn’t for publication) but it may be true, & if so, it’s good.

Yes, I saw after I wrote you, that you had changed the Burglary play but the whole thing is coming more & more unstuck every day.

Here is a nice little bit about the king for that little play you spoke of. An M.P. tells the story in the last Nash’s Mag. He said he took him through the unemployed areas & the Clyde, before the last election & what the king said about the housing conditions was almost too strong to print. One Conservative organizer remarked, “Every time that fellow opens his mouth he loses us 100,000 votes.” In a few weeks the king (then P. of W.) wanted to make another trip to the north. Influence was brought to bear to dissuade him but he would go. So the powers decided the next best thing would be to keep the visit as quiet as possible. Not let the press know. However the P. of W. heard of this & he deliberately gave the visit as much publicity as possible & personally arranged that all the press men should be there to take down everything he said about the conditions.

It’s a new era when a reigning sovereign refuses not only a private train but even a private coach & travels down to Sandringham in a 1st class carriage (reserved) carrying his own dispatch case. Looks a bit nearer to Plato’s philosopher king.

All this for chit-chat by the fire, dearest. While we are “warming up.” Time now to slip into silk & relax & lie back & look at the fire together. The world well-lost. Ah! Those pine knot fires! What a lovely thing they were in themselves. One could write a poem about pine-knots.
The lovely little cracklings & whip snappings & the wonderful architecture of the flames. What a lot of things we had. Do you have wood fires in B.C. or beach-fires. I could imagine the smell of red cedar logs burning and a bed of boughs in a little tent near the sea. Sort of Kaz. all night long. Smell of pines, murmur of sea added. My dearest do you know that it is 15 years this summer since Kaz. It was a sort of Great Divide moreover wasn’t it, or was it for you too. Like Alice Meynell’s essay on going down to Italy. For a time all the rivers are running north. Then one crosses the height of land and all the waters began to run south, towards warmth & light and flowers. You could make a poem out of that.

I can feel how your white silk shirt felt yet. The silk so cool, with the warm flow underneath & your heart beating harder & harder. I didn’t know what that meant then. It’s good to remember that we counted most of the happy moments. That we didn’t let many slip. That must be the bitterest regret of all “the might have beens.” We squeezed our little orange family dry of juice each time but there was always just as much next time.

Rather marvellous old world, wonder if life keeps anything like that hidden for us after we are done with it. I can always imagine so much more than is possible but I can’t quite get around to R.B.’s [[Browning’s]] “all we have willed, or dreamed or hoped of good shall exist.” Can you?

Oh love, dear love, why aren’t you here this moment to hold me up & make me laugh.

[Pen]