

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS  
ELAGAMONT, LONDON.  
TELEPHONE NO  
WHITEHALL 3081.  
3 LINES

VISITORS ROOM,  
9, WATERLOO PLACE,  
PALL MALL, S. W. 1.

June 8/36.

Dearest

Your nice letter arrives this morning. I  
knew you would understand and sympa-  
thize 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 do not believe I  
can possibly get it done by July 1<sup>st</sup>.

You see, Darling, I just haven't the OS

capacity to work long hours at a stretch.

Really I shone only work in the  
mornings and play in the afternoons -  
go off in Baskets and lie on a hillside  
and listen to the waterfalls falling and  
the humbees buzzing + perhaps find a

bit work 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-day

that Nān were hūo Nūngp I was. &  
going to do. (1) make myself sick  
over it. (2) put out a hook 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 on your  
two articles on the petition to the  
Committee here. I thought they would

like to know about it.

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

Nice to feel your dear & helpful  
sympathy - that is a very wonderful  
thing. A little home of kisses now &  
then would keep, to, but I get them  
even through the cold paper, & the little  
birds feather that comes from the nest  
in Kaz. What a mercy to have,  
It's marvellous to have done a thing like  
that. It means something for clarity, 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. He has a good talk & he wants me to do some writing for him & to speak at a conference on Nat<sup>l</sup> parks - wild life conservation in Canada. But he is interested in the social movement, too. If you will lend me the date of that extract from The Banker's Mag. I will get him to publish it widely over here.

I'll <sup>write</sup> ~~say~~ for the Aug. Cath. pamphlets & other things you mention. Am sending you Vernon Bartlett's new magazine The World Review of Reviews. It gives a good resume' of the international situation from the eyes of 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. never 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 socialistic + 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 Bengaly play

But the whole thing is coming here & here  
instruct every day.

There is a nice little bit about the King  
for that little play you spoke of. An M.P.  
tells the story in the last trashy mag. He said  
he took him through the unemployed areas, /and  
& 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 here 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 1<sup>st</sup> class carriage (reserved) carrying his own despatch case. Looks

a bit nearer to Plato's philosopher King

All this for chat chat by the fire, & death, while we are "warming up". Time now to slip into sack + relax + lie back + look at the fire together.

It's wood 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 hood  
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 Kay, all right long. Smell  
of pines, murmur of sea added. by dearest

do you know that it is 15 years this summer  
since Kay. It was a sort of Great Divide  
moment 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 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 & 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 been". We squeezed on little orange  
family size of juice each time but there was  
always just as much rest time.

Paster maveillions old world, wonder of  
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 round  
to R. B. 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 & have me laugh. Pen-

**MB Williams to AB Buckley, June 1936**

**Transcription / Additional Information**

[Letterhead]  
Telegraphic Address  
Elagamont, London  
3 lines  
Telephone No.  
Whitehall 3081

Visitors Room,  
9, Waterloo Place,  
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

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