

Tebel-Uos

Seuen.

16. 3. 33.

Oy dear Douglas.

I'm so glad you like 'the Macedonia';
but just you wait till you see my one on Cleopatra I have
simmering in my head. But really & truly, I was over-
-fired by your letter, & to know that you think it
good. It is good, Douglas, the best thing I've done so
far. Bless you about the book. I know you'll do
all you can - as you always have done. I'm a hundred
will prove the turning point in my career as a writer.

Let me know how far you have with the Book
Society. I too wondered why they did nothing this time,
because Hugh Walpole said in an interview last
winter that he thought my work a loss. Elected
Nagle, by the way, nearly got pushed off the Feminist
Committee for pushing me! It's a new world.

Pure domestic life here too, no history
The 3 inch biller we acquired after you
so happy.

left, it has a hive-mouthed Tan in all his
glory - fierce & still full of fog, with teeth like white
spears & whiskers like bow-strings, a lion's tail
to dogs of all sizes. (While the gulls beat him as a joke)

You would both adore him. While we looked
heath is gradually turning in to garden, real garden, &
then growing on our lettuce & radishes & meadow & grass
so that there's no escape for Bahad - - - - - or for you
when next you come.

At Christmas, Camilla & I joined up again,
now for all holidays. She adores Bahad who he is
wonderful with her. She's a very clever child, a
lass of parts, really & truly. All that side of things
seems to be shaping right.

I wrote some more short-stories, & have fallen
in love - by a correspondence - course for the better seen him -
with a Mr Weston-Edwards, that unknown classic at
Heinemann's, (who I thanked in the preface to 'Alexander')

Lots of small jokes. There is Mr Goldsmith,
the retired ex-Royal-ex-s lockkeeper, who came to
Tubes can for the shooting & has settled for good, in the
big stone studio just beneath us. His stuff when it

arrived was like a removal-day at the S. Kensington³
Museum. I helped him polish & arrange; & he gave ^{us} ~~me~~
four Chinese plates, good ones, & 1/2 doz snuff bottles - one
of moss agate & coral with an ivory spade, the other of
Sapphire glass with the same hummingbird. I took them
to bed with me every night. (No, Douglas, I got
them for housemaid's, not what you think.) (Tho'
if the ropes of sin had been his whole collection, &
not just two specimens, - I mean I really can't say -
I believe I'd do most anything the Devil could offer for
a payment in objects d'art.

In odd moments, I'm writing a fantasy as what
the Moon saw'. 12 Seven moons, & we draw-in for
luck.

I wish you were ^{here} ~~say~~ ^{say} ~~Sophisticated~~ ^{here}. There are several
new ways of beating Babiel, & the Polchies have a
new baby, & Baby ~~has~~ is descending to East & Last for
Chops, - coming round to Louis Wilkins' - as when
he peace - opinion that Chops is the better man. Wife is
always light ~~was~~, & his wife makes our hearts ache,
& that Rankin cut is always there, blue-eyed & with a
three days' beard. There is something really Baudelairean

about the place & it doesn't suit Seamus.

If you write again, dear Douglas, be such
an angel as to tell us a bit why you liked 'Alexander'
or what like.

Our deepest loves to Mairin, to Paddy
& to yourself - always -
as always -

Jary