

Tel. Vos

Seuen.

This letter is largely repeats,  
which you must forgive.

10. 2. 33.

My dearest Aunt.

I can't tell you how glad I was  
to get your letter. And I'm asking you not to  
wonder if I write to you about our affairs again,  
or from time to time, for they are terribly on my  
mind, & I have absolutely no-one but you. Our  
can't say much, even to our closest friends, while  
even Gabriel can't understand as you do. It's not his  
family or his blood-kiss. He is infinitely good  
to me about it all, but I'd be a detestable wife  
if I went on about it too much to him. While  
you - there is only us two left - (but I know of it  
years since I last saw Aunt Agnes) - of our unhappy  
family, who seem to be something or to have kept  
something. Allow me to let off steam again.

After what Mother has done, the two remaining  
Gull's - are mixed, a mixed, I mean, as a family.  
Have you, land you, money you. 'Miss' you. It  
is oddly complete. Have you thought how complete

it is? I've only just realized it. Re-realise it <sup>2</sup>.  
Every other day or so, I feel queer. That has been the  
result of her thirty-odd-year-stewardship of our affairs.

(Graham says with a sniff 'let's what comes of  
giving women control of capital'. Not true, I think,  
but miserably exact in one case.)

As to Tony - he may make money by his  
painting, but like a set of ideas that what used to be  
called 'character' is lacking there. No can I tell you  
the latter experiences which led me to that conclusion.  
While if he makes money, he will spend every cent.  
- on himself.

Remains the Holbein. As you say - how could she  
have refused Dubce's offer? 'Break the picture' ring  
is dead! But, my dearest Aunt, do you know the

least about it? Do you know that, when it is sold,  
£ 2,000 go to Harry James for having told her to get  
it X-rayed. Fair enough, but listen. You know that

rather suspect, sub-society painter, Nico Jungman, who  
restored it? What you don't know probably is that  
she has signed a paper that is no legal getting out of

- (unless as Equi Wedell put it that she pleaded insanity  
when she gave it) to pay him, as restorer, One Third  
of the price it ultimately might fetch. (A restorer's  
fee is between 200 & 600 guineas.) Also she has

borrowed from either £5000 or £8000 from the <sup>3</sup> (who had it as security)  
Bank on the strength of the picture - (Barclays) & so you see,  
whatever the picture tells for about half will go before we  
touch a penny.

Nico Jungman is a detestable man. The sort  
of man, alas, I could have wished he <sup>if I'd known his</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~are~~  
common as blackberries to anyone who has seen anything  
of the world, (especially in Paris.) He was in a sort  
of 'Cambrian' like never quite fattened with Harry  
Tomas, avowed of Tony's Jew-boy friends. I've never  
quite made up my mind whether <sup>H.S.</sup> ~~he~~ is a bad egg or  
only an added one. [Exceedingly neurotic & detestable.  
(I'm keeping most strictly inside what I know to be  
fact, telling you no speculation, however plausible. And  
on some of the things so far done I can say nothing  
for shame's sake.)

What madness has got hold of her these  
last few years? N.C. who is a kind of fashionable  
sub great-lady's lap-dog - I've seen him kiss her  
hand with such sick protests of adoration as  
would have taken me in at twenty. I'd no  
idea that she knew nothing, nothing of such wretched  
thin bag of tricks: thought she'd been about quite

a lot, especially since she'd been living in London, <sup>4</sup>  
And the result of it is that the Guth family,  
for the first time in centuries, are not a blooded peer  
or a state of nobles, & hardly a penny of wealth.

Meanwhile, dearest Aunt, I have less  
written since & Tany's confirmation, in several letters,  
written last December, saying that our things were to  
be sold largely to pay towards the child's education.

Do you think it would be a good thing if you  
wrote again & pointed that out? I have written, as  
I told you, & have heard nothing yet. She hasn't ac-  
cepted my proposal as I think your proposal to her  
was very just, but, on the whole, too lenient. She  
could have her promise & she should.

(By the way, 'The Macedonian' will be out soon,  
& I'll send you a copy. I don't think you need be  
afraid of my books. Enclosed ( & let me have it back  
as the only that copy ) a review of 'Felicity Taverner',  
in the 'Statesman & Nation', one of our best weeklies.

Elbi Roberts wrote it. I don't know him, but let's con-  
-temperary of yours, looked for his profound & noble  
religious life. He also wrote to me himself, repeating  
his pleasure in the book.)

Galvud has been down with flu. I hope you have escaped it; & what with proofs & dilatoriness, I've had no time for anything. I agree with what you say, but, Camilla's character - my dear, there is one thing paramount, it seems to me, that is wrong with her, & that's her manners: Have you ever, in all your life, known a child so pet, so pushing, so self-centered? We found we had to come down on her like a ton of bricks, both of us; & leave help us, I think we made some impression. But at present, she's impossible. I hardly dare take her out. I tried all sorts of appeals; moral & unapologetic ones, pretty hopeless. Where I made some impression was <sup>to</sup> ~~also~~ purely snobbish lessons & the effect it was likely to have on her life.

That it is no fancy of ours, what happened in the village will show you: Everyone was excited about our her arrival, prepared to give her a glorious welcome. When she'd been a year, Galvud & I collected various opinions - from local gentry, jinking people & the 'between' folk. They all

Said: 'A hands one { young lady  
child, clever but how  
deceitfully, disgustingly, ill-mannered. And only the  
dearest of them ever want to see her again. It's  
miserably true. And we do so long to be proud  
of her. So, we've made one house-rule, which  
I'd be thankful if you'd adapt in any way you  
think fit, for when visitors call: if she comes in to  
the room, we either tell her to go. In which case, she  
must go, & not hang about or make herself heard  
in any way. Or, when she's said how do you  
do', I let her stay, she is to be her work or a  
book, sit some way off us, & not speak unless  
she is spoken to. Further, unless she leaves, at  
least not to make herself objectionable, there is not  
one person among our own great friends, people  
likely to be useful to her when she grows up, who  
would tolerate her for a second. Brains, looks,  
adventurousness - yes - these would all be expected.  
But vulgar, forward manners - never. I shall  
tell her this - that she's got to learn the behavior  
of a gentlewoman. Where does it come from?  
J.R. is not like that. Will write again soon.  
All love. The post goes.  
Your most loving - Jan.