

Sevens

Tuesday

My dearest Aunt.

I have, as usual, been meaning to write; only here we have the piano in, the spring-cleaning, from room to room as they finish, the weather which beats all records for awfulness, & a mountain of mixed work.

Also, at last, I'm to have a holiday - going up to Larder, & then to join up with Gabriel. A complicated set of arrangements, but anyhow it's escaping from his appalling complications of health - (in which our entire financial future depends -) & we can meet & console one another & make our plans.

Then, with 'Chopatis' just out, I'm exempt to do in Larder. Apart from all the friends I haven't seen for so long. And, very likely, a visit to Knole, for I'm becoming great friends with the

Sackville-West.

So I really feel I've saved it, after these years here all hard work. And a friend who is really good at it has made me some lovely clothes!

So I'm off! For ten days, a fortnight at most. But on Saturday I'm to see the great Clair Procassian from Betty Tatgawery's house at Windsor, which is just opposite the Castle gates.

It will be rather exciting to see London again, tho' Heaven forbid that I should ever live there — in the fact I've travelled so much that I've worn it out, but how a journey promises to be exciting!

The house too will look rather lovely for Salind — when he can get back, poor dear! Our room, a very clear, pure yellow; the passages, as well a kind of shell-green, the one facing the same kind of rose. The 'sala' a kind of sea-blue, the studio grey. The bathroom a clear, light green. Then Camille's room, graceful and that she is, as I will tell you a little later!

I left it to her, a her choice, when made. ~~these~~ horrible. So, as our Trustees are doing all this or would not buy any more paint, I bought enough

extra paint to re-do it, myself, & I hope she'll be <sup>3</sup>-pleased. It does look rather pleasant now. Only not her own choice.

Dear Aunt, I think she has received a letter - to you. Of all the children I have ever struck, she writes the most ungracious letters. "Dear Mother - - - yours, Camilla" is not exactly charming, especially when she wants something. All the board for weeks was a note to that effect, asking for cash - (which I had previously promised her.) I sent it immediately, all ~~right~~ <sup>she asked</sup>, but have had no acknowledgment. That is really bad. Wouldn't you whisper to her that we must always acknowledge the receipt of money? At once. Not just demand a that satisfied, silence. "Yours, Camilla" ! to her mother. Well, I'm

blessed!

Other wise my book seems to be going very well. The Observer gave me a wonderful notice. So have several Scotch papers, as they often do. My new book, also, is nearly written itself. (I don't know if I told you. It's about my

own childhood. No how I failed to write, at <sup>4.</sup>  
some length, what I owed to your goodness &  
understanding. At least the kind of express my  
gratitude for all you did for me.

(The great difficulty is — how not to hurt  
Dorothy too much. I can't, without falsifying the  
whole story of my youth & distorting it, look at  
certain things that happened, & her part in them.  
I often thought of asking you to look at  
the MS, & telling me what you thought, or if I  
had gone too far.)

Time was for the post.

Always your loving

Ray