

Tendrest love to Nakin,
bless her brave heart!

Telhel Vos

Sunday

My dear Douglas -

Please forgive me the time I have
taken to answer your glorious letter. My dear, I'm so
glad. Glad & excited & proud. (I've left all these days
partly because it's holidays, partly because next spring
wind is blowing about round B.C. but after that
Antony's going on round Tarsos. 'Cleopatra' will be a
wonderful long book & it ought to be in now & it still
not finished. You know. While, just as I was sitting
down to write, days ago, a friend of ours here
died suddenly. A very young man, & the bereaved was
in such a state ~~that~~ I spent the time holding up their
heads -) However - Douglas, it must happen. It's
your job, & it will be a real living thing in your
hands. It's what we need, what we want. It will
have power & sense & wit. I wish I could be
of real help, but if there is anything I can do, be

sure that you will have the very best (I'm capable ²
of. (Let me review for you a bit, anyhow, or perhaps
if I have a Great Thought of suitable sort & length I
might send it you.)

Truly, we are over-joyed. I always
saw you in an Editorial Chair, & long for you to
kick the backside of some of the beastly little cats
about just now. I can see this paper having real
power - appealing to any number of persons of some
good-will who are voiceless at present, & distressed at
the destruction of things they care about, & have no
focus like for their will or their discontent.
Of course there must be a good deal of ca-
-Ven tional Journalism about it. I quite see that. Only the
a hands that you want let that stand in your way of
making the thing alive & representative, with the right
kick & the right passion.

Bless you, my dear. Our choicest blessings.
Really, I would articulate with delight. For your
promise not to have developed itself, your career
not to have become the shapeless thing that was inherent
in it would, for we, have been something like a

final defeat, a dreadful reversal of something used
in nature - natural laws, if you like. I could never
endure to think of it.

So, if our prayers are any use to you, you
have them. Let alone any work.

Another hurdle comes over me, but with this
opportunity, the long friendship that there is between us might
result in the hatching out of some really great thing. Some
superb idea which might begin, at least, to find its ex-
-pression through the medium of ^{you} ~~his~~ paper. This is clearly
said, but you see what I mean? I don't believe

affection is forbidden, while in our love of England our
country side our minds are together; & with this medium
of expression - well, something might shape which
would make them all sit up.

So Heaven be with you & with it & with what
we love.

As ever & always

Ray

'Your old college Chem' dips you in the ribs & bangs you
on the back & drowns you in beer - & whatever it is
happens in the Great Open Spaces below the New