

Tübingen.

Freiburg.

Baden.

19. 5. 22.

My dearest Aunt.

I was glad to get your letter. You & I are really fond of each other, & we ought not to be separated. I fear our differences are irreconcilable, but affection ought to be worth more than disapproval.

Let us try & find a common ground on which we can meet.

It is difficult for me to realize what you feel. When you saw me last I was camouflaged as convalescent - really I was at the utmost end of my tether. I had had nearly ten years of work & experience, nearly all of which had been in great isolation & disappointment. I had just had a child - nerves, courage, physique were completely

were out. I had the will - in Kipling's
celebrated advice 'that says to you, hold on!
Nothing was

I could give you an autobiography for this but
that would exceed any respectable letter.
I will go on now to the brighter side.

It has taken nearly ^{those times} eighteen months, but I
can say was that ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~over~~ ^{over}. I am getting
my health back, my talents, my nerve &
courage. I am happier than I can ever
remember to have been. This love to Cecil
Naitland - He has comforted me, taken
care of me, taught me how to help myself,
analysed the dark patches in my mind, praised
me, believed in me, loved me as no one has
ever loved me before. We are as likely to
separate as two steamers that have run into
one another.

You say that this is wrong because the
Hampstead register had me up in a civil
contract with a man I was silly enough
to marry, because I wanted something to love.
(It is a long story why I married him, a
most misguided piece of idealism.)

You undoubtedly joined us, but very little
of what I mean by God - There was some
of that on my side - absolutely none, at least
after the first elation, on his. I found that out
soon enough & put a hypocritically good face
on it. I lied to my friends, to the world, for
time to myself.

I don't blame John ^{much} - he was all in a muddle
about his values, & I was wiser than he had
bargained for. I live in affection, sympathy,
a quick exchange from mind to mind. I did
not then get from him what the stupidest
husband gives, support & a position! What
love it became a horror & I got ill.

This reads like a too little complaint, but
when I think of those years & the ones before
them, I remember too much.

I am very fond of John. In a few years
we shall be friends again. Meanwhile
he has a flourishing business, I polished him
up, I am responsible for his child, & there
is now no one to make demands on him

that are outside his nature. (You should
have seen the girl he chose as my successor.)

That is how I see it. You hold that our
contract was sacred. I cannot agree
either in theory or in this case.

I may say that what I did has not
cost me a single friend, but my mother &
yourself (the Aunt Agnes whom I miss.)
My mother would have nothing to do with me
anyhow, not even when Camille was here,
& you are both specifically 'religious' women
- I mean the word very respectfully - but
you are bound by a set of formulas that
falsify your independent judgment in this
case.

Everyone else I know looks at it as a
matter for very private decision, then holds
the former to be exceedingly respectable.

One of the oldest & wisest said: 'My dear,
when you married him we hoped it
might be a success. We only guessed it was

a failure & was sorry. Now it is ended
we congratulate you. It is up to you to
still stop jelling & start again?

I took the advice - it was not always
easy, with results I am beginning to enjoy.

I know that you will not understand
this - differences of generation & training &
probably of temperament prevent it. But I
will meet you half way if I can. I will
divorce John or let him divorce me, either
so long as I have Camilla's custody, & that
I will marry. We are so suited I would
risk it again with him.

If I had time to tell you the story of our
life together - especially the incredible
'Sicilian Expedition', you would know that
it would be impossible to separate us.
We are each other's life & well being, &
by our happiness I don't mean only a temporal

essential joy, but a peace of soul.
You don't think I ought to have it, but
it came.

Put it another way. If a 'temptation' came
that suggested I should leave Cecil for someone
else, I should know in yielding it, I had
committed a real & great sin. I could
say 'lead us not into temptation' then.

This letter is outgrowing its
strength. It is very late, a black, slating
night. I am writing a great deal & must
not be kind to myself. I have to take
~~my~~ care of myself, & have certainly
written quite enough about myself for
me & she. ~~she~~

In Freiburg today I bought five
Chinese paintings of birds on nice paper,
old ones, & very beautiful for about
2/9 each!

Good night, my dearest Aunt,
& love to you - I would like to be friends
again, then with mother! The result of
then yours. happiness.

Jany
