

I don't think
J.R. will want
to come Wednesday,
but will let you
know.

22. Charges St.

W-

Postmarked:

March 25, 1929

Written by RHE

My dearest Aunt:

Thank you so much for
your letter. Yes, I had a bad time of
fever - I expect it each spring, but
I used to have it every other week, so
can't quibble now it comes once a time
a year.

Since then I've been very busy, but
on Wednesday I hope to come down for the
day & see Miss Lawrence. She wants
Camilla & I'm sure I should feel safer
about the child if she was in a place
near you, near old friends, in a place
a climate I know. John, of course,
does not agree - His attitude is a perplexing

2;
a exasperating mixture of sentimentality about
me & a desire to have my blood. I've
dead-locked the situation until my mind is
made-up, which it isn't quite yet.

Anyhow, unless I hear, may
I lunch with you on Wednesday? I'll
bring the will back, was my solicitor have
a hold of it, & thank you very much
for the loan.

For the rest, my dearest Aunt,
I'm not a girl any longer, but a grown
woman - I shall speak frankly - the work
the done, the experience I've had give
me the right to now.

I love you very dearly & value you a great
deal. I wish I could persuade you how,
in a final analysis, we agree - we both
have a spiritual conception of the universe, &
in the teeth of every opposition have never
hailed that flag down. It isn't possible to
fudge, but I'm inclined to think that

3/ it has been harder for people of my generation
to keep that idea, a life according to any
same mysticism, than it has been for yours.

The war affected me profoundly, I'm exactly
of its generation; in my first youth I saw
everything that I valued ruined, one half my
friends killed & what is worse the surviving
half so often spoiled. Since ^{the war} I've not
lived in cotton-wool: I've been most
everywhere looking at the world in many
places learning to shirk with believe at
with love all that is to love. ^{knows/ab}
to the limit of my capacity. At thirty-^{six}
I count myself not wise but in love perhaps
with wisdom only. That I've not grown ugly,
cold-hearted, scared to death, crumpled
in some way, is only because of the spiritual
faith, & love of things of the mind you were
the first to awaken & encourage in me.
There is my debt to you — not to be
measured in terms of payment.

But if you long for me, my
dear, don't bother about my young men

4. my cigarettes dances adventures which
are ones distractions, refreshments & have been fairly
earned.

There is a rather beautiful bacchanale
going on for a few hundreds of us who
earn our play, quite as good as any
greek one - like all lovely things, we've
had to create it & keep it bright - The good
things of life in that sense can be no more
faked or unfairly got than scholarship or
art.

But pray for me that I don't lose
my courage, judgment above all my faith.

That faith is ultimately a simple thing, or
can be expressed simply. It is a continual
re-affirming that the good is the good, never

far of beauty & wholly inseparable from
truth: that ^{say} Plato & Aristotle some of the

saints, Shakespeare, Blake, John Donne
Dante, Clerk Maxwell, ^{Baudelaire}, Voltaire were

the conductors of absolute good for man:
his pledges for a spiritual universe - if you like, its scientific proof:
that when he senses his spirit to catch

what they heard he is beginning to live:
that when he refuses to do this or listens instead

5: to the loudest brutal or sentimental popular
shout, he is doing more than ruin & stultify
himself, he is helping to destroy that deadly
effort of man's spirit begun about 1,000 B.C.
we call European civilisation.
I have some historical knowledge, I can see it
as one process & hate more than casual
knowledge that it is fearfully threatened to-
day - A splendid diversity of genius built it
up - And, above all, as usual response
to pleasure is as much as possible for it as
courage in adversity.

There is no time now for side-issues: the
game will be won, if it can be, by the
re-formation of an aristocratic society - Plato
was after that, intelligently, using all natural
advantages - The 'movement' is oddly &
inevitably Hellenic. // To speak of myself
again I haven't the faintest interest in
being either a sensualist or an ascetic, or the
faintest objection to being either - It is purely
a question of what, having to do what one
has to do at the moment, best serves one's
turn: is the best means to the good.

b/ For the good exists & quickens like a spiritual flame, & the ways of getting it are infinite. The one sure thing that there is no one way.

For example

Any fool of a young man or woman can live in night-clubs, multiply the delightful pleasures in wine & dancing, music & colour & light. Until the lovely bacchanals becomes a tiring, sordid routine. And people of splendid intelligence, piety & love are notoriously liable to age quickly, over-specialise & exceed, in practically the same way, & with the same results.

In Paris, where God is never left wholly without witnesses, Jean Cocteau, a great poet, a great wit & something of a saint invented his night-clubs, now the most celebrated in Europe where go the great of the earth, & the writers & the dancers: ^{the chosen sals} ^{the painless the} ^{is the gold & the silver, the vain & the} ^{roy."} Several ^{of the world,} And they have become only fashionable, or professional or 'bohemian' without that mediating grace of his & of his friends.

7. Forgive this long 'Apologia'. It irritated
me when we lost wet - I felt tongue-tied
after such a long absence & feltted because
I could not speak frankly to you who
I love & respect, to who I love so much. Also
because all that's best in me is cut off
from free communication with you.

You've no idea yet, Aunt dearest,
that I am becoming famous, & I think,
I'm very much beloved: am considered a marvel
of strictness & far more compromised by
having married John Rodker than having
loved Sandy Nathand! You should
read what I write - you've a sharp mind
capable of real & not conventional judgment.

If we could be truly friends, we
could bring-up my girl to gether oldshon you
more of the essence of what we are looking
for than the people round you afford.

There, I think I have been wholly
frank. Ever yours
Dany.