

Henry, "you are going on to more adventures."

Right now.

Right now. Henry is dead. I knew when I got home. He fell off the cliff into the sea. He is lost, his books are unwritten. We never had that conversation we wanted to have. I always always wish that he is somewhere.

Bob found his happiness. His friend of eight years. She loved him I knew. And now they know they know they love each other. & are married. They ~~wright~~ He writes of his perfect happiness and hope and faith in the goodness of living.

Paul is in the high peaks of the Himalayas paradoxically wishing for the world.

Sal cheated me again on a dash of hers through L.A. to Hawaii.

I came home and found that stenographic job. My dad is happy to have me here and I help him with his work. No adventures very quiet dull. I guess I spent my spark for life.

And Jean. I don't know what happens to him. He writes me little letters now and again, charming with beautiful pictures. But I am no longer waiting. I know now he really left me that day long ago before I went to England. That is knowledge

Paul Brunton project

There is no charge for the color copies. We used your request to experiment with a new color printer and the Brunton letters were good test subjects.

Jean Charlot Collection
University of Hawaii Library

Burton letter 622c

One Sheet, lying
on both sides

Paper yellowed in original

Wrote
soon

c/o Thos Cook & Son
4 Kashmir Gate, Delhi, India
April 15

My dear Zohmah,

I have had your charming letter of November by me all this time, but I had been as busy as in the West, with the additional disadvantage of an enervating tropical heat to combat. My life has been work, correspondence, many short journeys, giving dozens of interviews and also some University addresses. I am fairly well known in South India where I have been the past 6 months and although I was staying at the Maharajahs retreat crowds of folk came to us. At last I have got away and am writing this in Central India, en route to the North.

I felt very deeply moved by your most affectionate letter and am so glad you feel nicely about me because one has very few real friends in this world, who have the courage to express their inner feelings.

I know what you have suffered but trust that the healing hand of time is making things a little easier to bear. None of us can escape this initiation into suffering and there is nothing I can say to comfort you except that by self surrender to the divine will it becomes slightly more tolerable. But keep up hope, dear Zohmah, something nice must come along sooner or later to compensate, because I believe in the law of compensation. When it does come don't forget to notify me, so I can share your pleasure.

My American editions have not succeeded, with the result that the publishers, E.P. Dutton Co of New York, are holding back the manuscript of "Secret Egypt" till the end of this year. It is a disappointment, because I had hoped that if my books sold well in U.S.A. I could then go to America sooner, in fact I want to go to the States within a year.

I have had some great troubles this winter, too, but they are now over fortunately, but the suffering has made me even a little cynical, so that I have lost some of my old desire for the Yoga life and become a little more worldly. No longer is it my ideal existence! Nevertheless, paradoxically, I am just on my way to the Himalaya mountains and Tibet, where I shall spend the summer amid ice and snow and dangers in utter solitude, meditating on the inner things and wandering along mountain trails. I will get all mail through native "runners" so don't hesitate to write me, my dear.

You will be glad to hear that I have definitely cut myself aloof from the Spiritualist movement, as I regard it as dangerous; also that I shall write of no more psychic experiences in the future: only the spiritual truth but not the ghost world "truth" No more mediums for me!

I suppose Sally is successful in her acting work, is she? Do you ever hear from her? I had a letter from Bob saying he has married "Charlie" I believe you know the girl, don't you. He seems happy. I do not know her.

I wish I could give you a job as stenographer to me: it has been very trying doing all my own letters and copying and clerical work. What does a stenographer get in U.S.A.? Perhaps I will offer you a job when I come there! I shall certainly have to have a full time one there. It would be so nice having you around too. ...The dear old Maharishee is preparing to "die" and I have been translating all his writings in English, for posterity.

I have made one mistake, about which I cannot tell you till we meet. Anyway, my dear Zohmah, know you are always in my heart and I invoke the divine protection for you.

With all love,

Paul

Permanent Address

Paul Brunton,

c/o Thos Cook and Son

Postbox 171

MADRAS India

Feb 15. 51

My dear Zohmah,

Thank you for the two letters (May and July) you so nicely wrote me last year. Alas I have such a mass of unanswered correspondence over my head that a bulging file lingers on for months, yet I love to hear from my friends! Write me whenever you feel like it, but always don't worry about receiving replies! I have no secretary and work very very hard still at writing my ideas on paper, and in this tropical climate my energy is soon exhausted so that correspondence is difficult. Still I am sorry this is so late. Thank you for the photo with your delightful cheery smile! I wish you could teach me the secret. To keep smiling always in the face of life's opposition, as you do, is wonderful and I need that sort of thing too but can't attain it - with all my philosophy. I have had a gruelling year in 1936 with every sort of opposition. Great troubles have scarred me as well as illness and escape from death in the mountains. Great trouble still lies ahead but I know that God is with me still and will not desert me; so I can support it. I shall now harrow you with details.

Just now I am back with the Maharishee in South India but next month I am off again to the State of Mysore.

I note what you say about your news and I am so pleased you have got work and some money now; above all that you are in California, which is my dream to go to and live in for a year or two. Yet I do not like leaving my dear Maharishee as I feel he will not live long in our world. However I shall probably have to return to England early next year in connection with some legal trouble.

Bob has not written me for nearly a year -- in fact ever since I wrote him a letter intended to give him sound advice about conducting his marriage but unfortunately, with my usual tactlessness, I made some observations on the fact that marriage usually contains more troubles than bliss and is a risky undertaking awarding more blanks than prizes. Why I said these foolish things I don't know but perhaps his wife read them also and was offended. Anyway I sent my best wishes and a present, but there it is. He deserves happiness and I hope she is a good sort, you met her but I did not.

Did you get my Christmas card? How do you like my new seal monogram. Isn't it just cute? The word on top is Sanskrit language, "AUM" meaning God. The word at the bottom is Tamil language meaning my master MAHARISHI. The sun setting behind the mountains indicates my favourite time for meditation on divinity - sunset. The mountains are the Himalayas, to which I shall retreat one day and pass my delining years in peace and solitude and beauty.

Mr Barber sent me a nice letter last month, but I am now quite sure that Spiritualism is a dangerous subject for ordinary people and is only for scientific investigation. There is much evil in it. I will not go near it when I am back in the West. Why trouble with it when there is the beautiful holy divine Spirit of God?

I note you are in the real estate business. Can you tell me how much a small house costs to rent in California. And whereabouts is Compton, I have never heard of it before. Also I want you to ask the Southern California Tourist Development Association in Los Angeles to send me their free literature. I want to plan ahead you see. I am getting tired of India but stay on for the sake of my Master, otherwise I would to Cal. U.S.A. where I hope that a young lady named Z.D. will be able to give me a nice cup of tea when I visit her. I only know I shall be delighted to see her cheery smile again.

Well, my books are still being pushed in America. The E.P. Dutton Co of New York have released SECRET INDIA, SECRET PATH and other works

They have published my SEARCH IN SECRET EGYPT, A MESSAGE FROM ARUNACHALA and I hear next month they will publish A HERMIT IN THE HIMALAYAS. But the sales are poor and my royalty so microscopic that I can't earn enough to pay my expenses, which are very heavy on this research work. So I am still as poor as ever but people are kind to me and wherever I wander there is always some nice person who smooths my path a little: but alas I have enemies too who have made much trouble for me.

Never mind, my dear how I miss those happy Hampstead days now! Alas they are gone and my youth with them. I feel 99 1/2 years old now (you will remember that I was only 9 1/2 then). I am now a very wise Yogi but alas doing such stupid things still! What I do would like is to have some of those nice cakes and tea and chocolate biscuits we used to share, but in this wretched barbaric place I can't get them! I have a good time on the Himalaya Mountains and the Tibetan border, where I travelled with a horse and lived in the mountain forests. Nature there is superbly beautiful and so peaceful, that I could not imagine going back to city life again. I brought back 4 cases of

TEA which is grown in plantations at the foot of the Himalayas: it is the best kind and I have enough with me to last for the next three years! I take it wherever I travel because life without tea would not be worth living.

I am sending you a snap in exchange. It shows me with a wild monkey which I am feeding. Can you pick out which is the monkey and which one is Paul Brunton? The hut was one I built but now I have deserted it for a house in the village, with a cook-servant.

Well I must close now and send you, as ever, my deepest wishes for you happiness, both material and spiritual, and remain,
with affectionate regards,



c/o Thomas Cook & Son (Bankers) Ltd.,
Berkeley Street,
London, W.1.

29th November, 1937.

Miss Zohmah Day.

My dear Zohmah,

I have your letters of September 12th and April 13th. Life has been so strenuous for me this year, what with the second journey amongst the Himalayas and in to Tibet, tropical illness and a return to Europe, that I had to send my letters to you through telepathic post; I hope you got them. They consisted mainly of very kind and very loving thoughts.

I never hear from Bob now that he has got married. I know that his wife has changed all his ideas; he has become a communist and a materialist. It seems a pity, but they have both such fine characters that it will be all right in the end.

I wish you would send me that short, funny story about England which you wrote; I would like to read it very much.

Yes, I should be very glad to meet the aunt of your friend Prudence, but that won't be for another year. I have got a lot of work to get through in Europe, and if I can finish it within twelve months - as I hope - you may expect to see me in the States. I am coming back there in any case. *by January 1, 1938.*

I hope you did not get into jail for refusing to refund the money to one of your Father's tenants, but anyway jail is not such a bad place after all; you get time to rest, which few American cities give you nowadays.

My new book, entitled "The Quest of the Overself," will be published by the E.P. Dutton Company of New York City, on January 1st.

I have taken a flat in Hampstead, not far from Swiss Cottage, but I never go to visit the land-lady of that house in the street whose name I have forgotten, who was so unkind to you.

I have had a successful tour amongst my students in Central Europe on my way back to England, visiting Vienna, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Switzerland and France. I learnt what I was looking for in India and have finished my researches there. I have no more desires to return there, but I have had to pay the price and my health is no longer as good as it used to be, in fact I cannot "rough it" any more.

I do hope you will write me a long letter with all your news, especially about the funny side of life, for you have such a wonderful

gift for seeing that. I wish you would take me as your pupil!

Yours affectionately,

Paul

P.S. We have been having the most dreadful fogs every day in London, so much so that I would just love to be in California, and I would go if duty did not keep me here.

Brunton letter to D2c



91, FITZJOHN'S AVENUE,
HAMPSTEAD, LONDON. N. W. 3.

April 18, 1938

Dear Zohmah:

Following on my post card of last week, this is just to tell you that I have your letter of March 24th and that I am sailing in two days for New York. After a couple of weeks there, I hope to proceed to California. My health is not too good and I need a good restful time up in the mountains for some months, where I can work on my new book. So please do not advertise my coming, except with two or three people whom you think I must meet.

I am not coming on the Quota, as you ask, but on a visitor's 6 months visa, for which I shall ask an extension later. I know I shall feel quite at home in California and look forward with pleasure to meeting you again. My address in New York will be C/O. Thomas Cook & Son, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, and I arrive there on April 25th.

Best wishes and affectionate regards--all the news when we meet.

affectionately
~~Sincerely~~ yours,

Paul

Stationary in
yellow than
this ↓

One sheet; typing
on both sides.

← shiny
silver
on original

BARBIZON · PLAZA · HOTEL

101 west 58th street . . . central park south . . new york

May 26

Dear Zohmah

I have your letter of the 9th. My health has so vastly improved that I have stayed on in New York to do some useful work here. However I leave in four days for Chicago and shall arrive in California about the middle of June, if not earlier.

Yes please do not misunderstand. I should have been delighted to have stayed with you. But there are several factors which made it advisable at present to stay at the Roosevelt Hotel, Holloywood, for a two weeks, during which time I shall be driving out to the interior or coast to find a likely location to write my book.

Certainly as regards the cults and cranks I want to give them a wide berth and have nothing to do with these crazy people.

I am grateful for your offer of secretarial help I shall send you a note after arrival and we shall talk things over then. Dont get triste. I look upon you

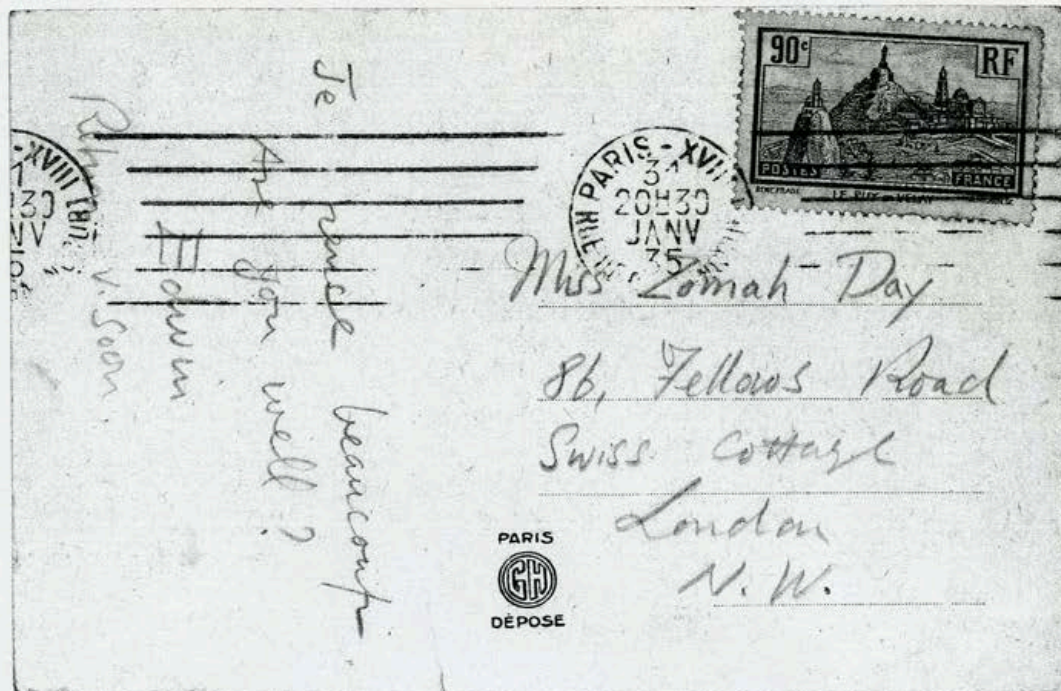
cable address "barbplaza" telephone CIRCLE 7-7000

as a real friend always and although my arrival in California may make my time very pressed, because my publisher in New York has instructed his West Coast representative to publicise and boost it in order to help sale of my books, which I cannot very well help, as soon as I settle down and get away from the many interviews I must give, I hope all will go nicely between us, apart from work.

It is not such fun being a public figure after all as ones life and time no longer become ones own. But you know you have a warm place in my heart, Zohmah So do not misunderstand, make allowances, and be my friend forever I shall appreciate your help, too

with love and blessings

Paul



Post card (back)

Post card (back)



— Par ma foi ! voici le plus
beau gibier que j'aie vu de
la journée !

— Oui dà ! Mais, justement,
aujourd'hui, la chasse est
fermée !

21

Post card (front)

Good-bye Zarah for the
moment. Off to Spain
to-day.

Don't run away in the
meantime. Love Edwina

Post card

Post marked St. John's Wood

? APR 1935

↳ too faint to read date

May 4th
1938

(p. 1, from 4)

Alhaurin de la Torre,
Malaga, Spain

Zomahling,

what a delicious surprise
for me! your letter is more
beautiful than I can tell you about
Spain.

It is dated April 5th, the day we
sailed from London. It has
taken a long time to get here.

I have subtracted myself from my
companions, or rather they subtracted
themselves from me, because I
refused to go with them to East
of Spain on a donkey. I expect
they are having many thrilling
adventures together. But I am
not here for adventure. I am
alone here in this village. I
speak very little Spanish, but I

(p. 1, back)
I am learning gradually with the help
of various grammars and dictionaries.
But it's rather hard work.

There are many goats here. I
like the goat. It is pretty, playful
and quite tame, and shows a
certain fondness for being scratched.
All round are mountains, but not
in the sea which is in front.

The earth is red, perhaps mars red,
and there are fruits here which
come in the spring—now.

I am noted in the village for 3
reasons, but the last is the chief one
I am English, a painter, and I
smoke rather a long pipe.

I think they are rather afraid of it.
The sun beams a lot; I believe
the heat is due to the rays, but
it may be the other way round.

Are you leaving Fellow's Road? What
a bright idea, but now you will
be far away from me, and I will

never be able to take you home again!
Instead ^{of me} you will have Lambourn &
Henry and the 'artists' to talk to.

Don't go away Zomah. A rose dies
in a day, but I will bring you
back something that will die only
when I die. For Zomah.

Beware of the artists! The babblers
on art are the most to be avoided.
Write to me again Zomah and forget
the artists.

I must go out soon and face
nature in the raw.

I want more music from you.

Edwin



July 17th
1935.

(front)
35, Cochrane St
St John's Wood N.W.8
London.

Dear Zarah,

I will write to
you again. I have your
letter from America.

One thing you must know.
Henry is dead. Drowned
bathing in Cornwall. His body
was found 9 days later.

This was while I was still in
Spain. I have been back
about 3 weeks now.

Perhaps you read about it in the

(back)

the papers. But I thought
I should tell you in case you
didn't.

How are you Zama?

I'm alright. We all came
back from Spain by different
ways. Steve Pipe first, me
second, and the others very
soon after.

Your letter was a joy to get.
Not so brief as usual.

I will write again. This isn't
a letter. Good-bye

Zama

Love from Edwin.

Dec.
1935

35, Cochrane St

St John's Wood
N.W. 8

Dear Zomah,

from the past a phantom
wishes you a Merry Christmas
Stove-Pipe lives still at Redcliffe
Road, Chelsea. He is purposing
to visit Germany in the near
future. I am revolving also
whether to quit London in favour
of Paris; it is very probable
I shall.

I miss you Zomah.

Good-bye Edwin

(pastel green stationery)

35, Lochrane Et

Dear Zarah,

Some time I hope
to see you again.

Man dien I hope we will.
My life has not been my
own for several weeks.

whose fault is that? My own
perhaps. Yes, that's the
horror of it.

~~Anyway~~ Anyway not
seeing you is perhaps better
than breaking our pact.
Edwin

(front)

Jan 25th
1836.

189.

Rue Ordener

Paris LVIII

Little fluttering birdie dear Zomah,

I'm here you see. But I have to go
to London very soon. I shall return again
to Paris in about a month's time, but
not just here. I say all this, but
it means just nothing whatever to me.

I am very close to your church of Montmartre
(I suppose you mean the Sacré Coeur?).

The view is abrig^{at} from up there, but
one can't see all round as that damn
church is in the way.

originally one piece, but torn
down the middle (from being folded?)
and taped together (not by archivists!)

It's very nice of you to still think about me
and my future; what do you? I can't
control my destiny, tho' I may be able
to foresee what it is to be. From
experience. Whatever I do, I cannot
change my fate - which I believe is
that of a - let's change the subject.
Perhaps Stove-Vipe might react to your
suggestions more favourably than I do.
I've got no ambition. No drive! I
just drift with the current, ~~then~~ take
the direction of least resistance. Curse
it! This is boring.
He's gone and got a son; he is strong,
what am I to do? Teach him Welsh

TELEPHONE
HOUNSLOW 0206.

* for food, i.e. food for
you!

CAMPION HOUSE,

OSTERLEY,

MIDDLESEX.

Dear Lomah,
I've got leave to give
you 5/.* Wish it was more.
We are not allowed to use
money as our own.
Tom paid for that meal
I gave you.
I was most interested in
the books, though I do
not understand many of
the pictures.
Thank you so much for coming
to see me.
- - - - -

To take yr father's advice.

Next week.

H. J.

CAMPION HALL,
OXFORD.

We crossed again,
A course.

H.J

I find yr letter
charming A course.
Especially about the glittering world.
and the analyses.

Post card
Not addressed, no postmark
or postage stamp

P.S. Come to "Faust" (Ballet) Matinee
at Sadler's Wells 2.30 Sat instead?

Yes - if there are any
decent picture shows. London
Group - or I'll Nov 12, I'll
see, a ring you.

Yes, steel from - even if

'90-ish.

Why didn't you come out Sunday
blast you.

H.

Post card

Postmarked London, 7 Nov 1934

TELEPHONE:
HOUNSLOW 0206.

CAMPION HOUSE,
OSTERLEY,
MIDDLESEX.

Dear Zoma,
I'm going into hospital for a few
days - a very minor affair - St
John & Eliza Beth's - near St John
Wood Station.
See you later.
I'm afraid I'm very stupid & all
that you know.

H. John.

Post card
Addressed, but no post mark
or postage stamp

after 28th.

Campion Hall.
Oxford.

Anon.

The poem interests me.

Feed up.

H. J.

Post card

Postmarked Torquay, Devon
24 JULY 1934

1111 Take the books Bournemouth 0206.
I may don't like there.
Dear Z Office you being my at W
Unless I ring, will you come
to 28 Mallord St (off King's
Rd, 2nd turning, on ~~right~~ looking
~~away from~~ left looking towards
Sloane Square if you stand
down at the bottom of King's Rd
where it swings round left, i.e.
2nd turning after the garage & new
Beaufort St. Rms parallel to King's Rd)
as soon after 6.0 as possible Tuesday.

Post card
Postmarked Hammersmith
16 Jul 1934

c/o Lambton CAMPION HALL,
OXFORD.

~~How~~ How are things?

See you when I can,

but very full up.

All the best. So sorry

you can't go north. H.J.

Post Card

Post marked London 14 Aug 1934

43 Ernest St
Stepney Green

Dear Zohmah,

~~Am~~ ~~in~~ Will you allow me
to say how much I respect
your unique independence of
character? (It is not cheek to
say so?)

A bientôt

H.

I will ~~keep~~ be sending
you a book or 2, I hope.

Remember me to Gr Seals.

6 Stadium St. World's End.
SW 10

Dear Zohmah,

Forgive me for not answering, but when I got yr note I was on the point of dashing away to North Wales on a mountain-climbing expedition (Snowdon).

Of course I am questionable. I am about the most questionable individual you can imagine Absolutely dubious..... My "intentions," for example, are always very "questionable"..... Etc.

Well, you come and question me whenever you like. Some evening ?
When do you get back from work ?

I hope you have joined the Chelsea or Fulham Pub Library ?
I may have a few books you hav'nt read ! I shld join the Brit Museum, if I were you --- Fiction Department !

Yrs questionably,

H.J.

Δωπιδά.

Be in me as the eternal woods
of the bleak wind, a not
As transient things are - quietly
of flowers.

Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.

Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter
The shadowy flowers of Dreams
Remember These.

Ezra Pound

March 14th, 1935.

Prue darling,

How happy I am to have a letter from you, it seems really a long time since I heard from you last 'til now.

I am really thrilled about Helen, really there is no one like Helen. I hope she does get her house and orchard and ten kiddies (kiddies is what the English say for brats, like silly asses for saps). I have wanted to write her fifty times; I thought it was sweet of her to come and say goodbye to me the morning I left; she really has my admiration, she makes something so nice and pleasant out of her life.

And what news to have Basha married again! But is one ever surprised at Basha? May be I will see her some day in Claridges or Cartiers -- or more probably at the entrance coming out. I see West End London from the street. But the East End! I live by roaming through the custom's houses and the docks and a hurry past the fish markets and a linger in the by-streets.

I think you would adore the names of places here as much as I, half the fun of the funny streets and alleys are their names, and even if a space happens to be left between two buildings, no matter how small, they name it some crazy name: Pennywell Road, Elephant and Castle, Cowcaddens, Mincing Lane, Laurence Pountney Hill, Eastcheap. Whatho!

I'll wander about and see if I can find a map for your mother. I suppose she wants a nice old moldy one, preferably of England, or is it one of London she wants? Wish I could buy you some books too, with a little looking you can find beautiful books cheap.

Speaking of books, I returned the spiritualistic soul stuff that were given me and got the new one by the Yogi, only I gave it to a friend of his who is sick, but for myself I got a Roget's Thesaurus, what fun I am having looking up words. I'll be able to write you fifty times as many letters because I'll know so many words. Are you sorry, maybe I had just better send you the Thesaurus?

I am pleased about my things being packed with yours in the beautiful pine box. I wish you had my other books and things, I am afraid they are being eaten away in that Peck Drive closet. I wish if you ever see Albert or any of my family, you would ask them to put in some moth balls and stir the stuff about.

2 to Prudence
9/4/34

p. 2 of 2 sheets

I am getting experience, and I may be able to get a better one.

Dorothy writes me that she is working too.

Sallie has been to the seashore for the past week. While she was gone I went to Hampton Court on the Sunday, the other days I cooked potato chips for our Turkish friend did the washing, and one night went out on a wild party to see Jean Harlow in 100% Pure.

You would like Orhan, he is studying to pass the bar examination, also works at the Turkish Embassy, also likes "Of Human Bondage" very, very much. He says he feels like that boy, and, funny, he goes to the same college as Somerset Maugham's character. We have somethings to talk about besides Sallie, and he adores potato chips.

Soon, though, our "family" will be broken up. Orhan has to go back to his dormitory, Yogi starts for India in a few weeks, and as usual I thought Sallie was sailing by the next boat for America. Now, for the first time, she is rather settling down to stay, I am very glad, but probably now, just because she says she is not, she will go. You have no idea how nice she is to me, she even cooks my breakfast which is probably true love seeing how difficult it is for her to do it. What wild times she is going through, subjectively, for she is going out very little, but she stays at home with the wildest ideas. I would be worried if her sincerity about Spiritualism wasn't really beautiful.

Hampton Court, quite the most thrilling place I have been to -- Henry the VIII's great hall, and Wolsey's lovely panelled apartments, and all the hundreds of State rooms and the huge wine cellars and kitchens. Many people still live here by grant of the king, but much is open to the public, fortunately not all the thousand rooms for I went through all I could twice, and then through the maze and the tilting yard and the gardens and then along the river.

I am so anxious to hear from you, and have news about Ginger. Is it a boy or a girl?

Then, will you be going back to school?

Have you had a perfect summer, not even thinking of it. I'll be glad when you are through, jobs aren't fun but they do something for one even beside the money.

As this is the end of the page, goodbye for now. Do write. I love you dearly,

Friday

Porch House
Brooke,
Norfolk

In a small corner of the world,
from the crowding of men,
I am,

Thus speaks Yogi, with much
takings of many deep
breaths. !

(He isn't a Yogi, they tease m

8

Thus spake Yogi into Zomah:
Sweet Zomah, born of the
woods in Utah!

(Iforgot I told him that)

All Hail!

May many Honeysuckling
blessings twine thy brow!

All Hail!

Come to Norfolk for pure Air!
and inspect country but
there are no mountains!

In Brooke there is
a cordial cordial welcome
welcome very very

waiting you.

When cometh you?

Trains may be changed during holidays so make
enquires of Liverpool Street
Station, London North Eastern
Railway, ring enquires.

Welcome

Welcome

Welcom, the little birds
sing, and I yell Halleluya!

Isn't that sweet beyond words, that is my ~~red~~ red
bearded artistwriting, he says he is going to ask Henry to
come too I wonder if he did. He lives in a house 400 years old
and has three little red headed children, and he is going to
paint my picture draped in leaves, if I let him. He is really
nice, he and Edwin another son of Augustus John came and took
me to dinner last Sunday and to the Cafe Royal for coffee and
he said then that he wanted me to come, oh, I hope I can, I
long to get out of the city, if only the fare isn't more than
ten shillings and the ten shillings is my lunch money.

Which reminds me I have a dinner date next Friday night
with Tom's sister and her husband, but Sallie is going and they
like her, and I hate to meet lots of strange new people at a
dinner party when with Sallie for they all like her and I like
to be liked too. Best of the people here, I've met I love
my Tom, he is Jean's book publisher friend, and Henry for he
is truly sweet, I think I will kiss him he never has been and
he is dear (he reminds me of Owen, though not the unkissed
characteristic) and my red beard and Margaret Tom's sister, but
do they like me?

November 14th

1934

Dearest Prue,

The third time must be the charm. This is the third letter and the third day I have started writing to you.

Did you have a nice birthday, I hope you will write and tell me about it.

Charles' sounded much fun -- the cake! And Charles, the darling, how nice for him to be eighteen.

Your letter and two from the family and another all came together, I almost fainted with delight. No letters for such a long time, and then so many, and all happiness with such pleasant news.

I really do laugh when I get your letters. Owen and I are the funniest after you. But why are you feeling so unvariable. Is that the wrong adverbial, but you are feeling something different?

Anyhow I must like you, to try and write another letter after the millions I've done for Mr. employer to-day.

Too bad we can't get Sammy and Dwight together. Take them to the play ground or something else thrilling. May be you could borrow Dwight!

I think you are really quite clever though to be taking care of an idiot and a spirit and a good woman.

This letter is assinine, do tear it up, all I wanted to say is that I think you are sortof nice, and I'm glad you are getting good grades without the study, for you must be very busy besides, taking care of Sammy and going places with Owen.

Oxford

Albert writes that he thinks I am getting very English, I write back and say, more like I'll be a proper Cockney.

But nothing much has happned here. Last night, big treat, I went to the newsreel cinema with my landlady, only I have to go without my lunch to make up the shilling.

My friendship with Henry is progressing rapidly backwards. The funny part is I find him quite interesting. He is something like Owen and something like Bud Leland with a dash of pure impossibleness.

I haven't the least idea what he thinks of me, and don't care, only that he thinks I am very funny, and not amusing,

only that he is amused that his brother has a crush for me.

I saw him the other night, after several weeks of silly correspondence from me and midnight visits from him to leave books on the doorstep (The landlady has decided the younger generation is going batty), and then we didn't have anything to say.

He is taking a correspondence course to develop his muscles, so all the time we were supposed to be having tea he was practicing his breathing exercises and arm bendings.

I think I am going batty, what with Yogi always talking about breathing for developing the spirit self and now H. breathing for his muscles. Incidentally, in the midst of all of it, I take deep breathes for calm.

My problem is why I write him such impossible letters. I say things like 'the fat conversational bat flaps', and 'curved embraces'. Oh it is awful after I put them in the post box, but I suppose I am quite lonesome at times, and he is such an amazed audience.

The Yogi is leaving very soon now. I'll miss him, I thought him impossible for such a long time, but he has been so impersonally kind to me that I'll really miss him, and also for his amusing talk, and because I've grown to like him.

Oh, if I would only hurry and be a success in the lemon-peel business I would buy you the diamond studded Virginia lamp-post.

I think it would be nice for Priscilla to meet Charles, he is a nice boy.

Please don't write about avocados. I haven't had one since the one in Win's lunch -- how good. People haven't even heard of them here.

It is awfully late, almost six, so I'll close and go home ----

November 5th, 1934

My dearest Prudence,

This to wish you a very happy birthday, though it will be late. Luckily, poor dear, my employer has a headache on Saturday and we left an hour early, so I could rush to the West end and get this piece of Irish linen. It doesn't look so hot finished but I love you anyhow, I think the filet lace is too heavy. Blow your nose, however, and hope you have a scrumptious birthday cake and fun.

There is material for two, but if a boat is leaving tonight, I'll send the one and finish the other later. Time simply flies. This week-end has gone in a rush. From town Saturday afternoon, lunch, typing on the manuscripts, and then something important happened.

I told you I was typing the Yogi's new book for him. We were working Saturday afternoon and then had tea, when he asked me if I would help him contact the spirit world as a certain Persian doctor was trying to contact him, and if we tried we might get some table wraps, anyhow he had a strong hunch to try.

We sat for a long, long time, and I hate this sort of thing, I never go to seances, and I am not interested in spiritualism or mysticism and I don't see why I have been thrown in the midst of it the way I have been.

Really a long time went by with nothing happening, and I was getting tired and the whole business frightens me a little too despite my sceptical attitude. I want to tell someone about this, so I'll tell you if you don't mind. Finally the Yogi said my mother wanted to speak to me, he was surprised, but I couldn't, couldn't so I said you give me the message, now I am sorry I didn't let him go off into a trance but anyway he got the message for me - that she is trying to stay with me as long as she can for she knows how sad I have been, but that I am to try not to be sad and that she is doing what she can to make things easier for me financially and then she told me of an important event that will happen soon and a choice I will have. I said please tell me how my mother is, I truly didn't care about hearing of anything else, and she answered to say she is peaceful. I was in tears, and then the Yogi did go off into a trance, and the Persian doctor whom he was trying to reach spoke, I couldn't listen to much of what he was saying, only before he spoke of the Yogi he said to me that I am to be more trustful of life; he said, "it is beautiful to see you weep for your mother, but you mustn't for she is peaceful and wasn't sorry to lose her earthly body."

The rest was all instructions about healing and spiritual teaching, I was too emotionally tired to care. Don't doubt the Yogi's sincerity, he isn't a spiritualist himself and unless it has direct bearing on his work never uses his clairvoyant powers.

This book I am typing for him, is enough to drive me crazy, but one part of it would especially interest you for it is about Christian Science and a message he received from Mrs. Eddy. The two things seem to be much mixed up. I'll try to send you one of the books.

The other most important thing that has happened to me is a letter from Jean. I wrote him saying that Sallie has gone, and in answer he says if I am getting along badly to come to New York and I can stay with him while I look for a job. It was really a beautiful and sweet letter, he says that he has been having a most difficult time, but that he wants to help me all he can and that if I have sold my boat ticket that he will get money for another as soon as possible. I ~~am~~ really love my Jean, and most touched by his kindness, but I really begin to believe in fate, I could get to New York and to be with him but myself won't let me go. I can't give up my job until I have another especially to inflict myself on Jean. I would love to go to New York, why can't I, I have a ticket?

If only you would come. Do stay with your aunt. You would adore New York. And even if I don't think of a way to get there, you could see Jean, and the Empire State Building and Radio City, and have such fun.

Besides New York is 3000 miles nearer here than Los Angeles is, we could practically be neighbors again.

My popularity is picking up ~~again~~, it must be because of the recipe you sent me. I had just received it when I began to get messages from all my men. Yesterday both Edwin and Henry phoned to say come and have dinner with them at their aunt's, but I said I have a cold, true, but I have to type, type all the days. So they came in a taxi with wraps to put around me to try and get me to come out, this was yesterday, but I said no and stayed home and did millions of typings and then got into bed and sewed on your handkerchief.

What a joke you will be twenty-five and I'll only be twenty-four, the only trouble is that I look twenty-six and feel fifty. (This is rather true, I feel much much older than when I left home, when ever that was, six or seven months ago.)

I have been thinking a good deal about Mrs. Taylor. Will you give her my best wishes, and let me know how she is.

Also love to Helen and Ginger and everyone. I really appreciate them.

And Owen -- no word, no messages ever from Owen, but you can tell him I still manage to like him.

For you, love,

3

Your Selby Ave. worries me!
What ho.

17 October, 1934

Darling Prudence,

Did you receive the letters sent to the other address you gave me, was it Marlyland Street, I know it wasn't Selby.

Nice getting your letter, collected from the hall table on the way down to breakfast, and read in the marvelous combined warmth of hot morning tea and an open fireplace, and digested with porridge and coddled egg -- your letters are the excitement of my life, that is all the mental excitement.

Otherwise nothing happens out of my routine of work that is going smoothly, and meals that are delicious and keeping my few things in order. I feel contented, quite happy, with my little independence and the comfort I earn with my own typing fingers. Absolutely all I do is type and eat and then sleep, but despite aching shoulders I feel comfortable-- new experience feeling comfortable, I've never thought about it before. I don't know what I shall do if I start thinking ^{there} again, but now I work until I am too utterly tired, and then make elaborate preparations, fixing hair, washing face, and arranging clothes stuff, and then get into bed with hot water bottles and under downy covers and sleep the heaven sleep of a peaceful one.

Our Italian packer just came into the office. So handsome!

I shouldn't be writing this I have so much to do -- the Italian reminds me I should be thinking of lemon peels.

18th October, 1934.

The office is being painted, and I have to be switched all about, just now I am in the private office practically sitting on the boss's knee, that is I would be if he had arrived, the place is so crowded with desks and chairs, but no one comes to work in England until ten or eleven o'clock unless one is a poor clerk--or a painter (who are busy at it in my office.) It makes me a little homesick all that smell of paint.

Urge me some more not to go off with the Yogi, he is a magician too and might put a spell on me. He is certainly kind to me though, and a nice person. He says he fears he got onto this planet by mistake, and I rather think so too, but as he insists this is his last reincarnation he is sticking life out with good grace.

Do my letters make sense at all, I don't know, for certainly half I hear doesn't make sense to me.

October 10th, 1934.

Dearest Prue,

Everyone is ready to get out their old mildew uniforms today, just because some old moldy king is shot.

What a bore
If we have a war
Just when I'm in Picadilly
Feeling like acting silly.

A little tiny bomb would be a diversion though just this minute -- our offices are being painted, and we are all crowded into a corner ready to start our own international complications, only I like my boss so I write you a letter and pretend he isn't here.

I was most pleased to have your description of seeing Howard, I would like to myself. Maybe you have seen Priscilla too by now and I am so anxious to hear about it.

And I don't believe you are really a skinny. Send me a photograph but maybe I won't even believe the proof. I'll have to write Owen to ask about the waist measurement.

The most news from here is that Sallie has gone. I should say Sonya, she has changed her name and gone to live at Crystal Palace with a medium. My emotions are mixed, but I am mostly glad though she left with most of the nice things she had given me and all my nice things too. Let her have everything, at least I am free of the responsibility I was feeling towards her.

I'll stay where I am for awhile. The people are sweet and kind and I can have my breakfast and dinner with them and stay on in the studio for the same price as I have been paying for just the rent. I can manage, though shampoos and silk stockings are rosy memories. if rosy was the right colour.

My one friend now in London is the Yogi. he took me to dinner last night and I wept into a huge plate of curry and rice, the tears weren't for Sal but for my green suit, gone.

My popularity letter was a false alarm. What really happened is too awful. I went to see H. where he lives in some marvelous slums in a tiny room that wasn't dreadful at all for he had killed the wall paper with newspaper placards and the exact touch of green. He was cooking me a huge lunch with stuff all over the floor, and he looked simply beautiful. He is just back from the sea looking very brown and strong and he had on a dirty but perfect blue sailor sweater. I wondere why I had had such aesthetic ideas about him, in fact I was so amazed that I kissed him on both cheeks between eating all the

onions and chops and stuff (chestnuts too) he had cooked for me, and he kissed me back on my cheeks, and I was too happy being with some one I liked, most of my days are so very lonely. It was so lovely that I suddenly said I hated him and rushed home -- he said such nice things to me too, that I looked like a Chinese Jewess, and had nice actions -- then I felt sorry, for he must be shy in a way.

I wrote him saying to hate me but not to eat ~~all~~ the cake before he invited me again. My sense of humour must be very perverted ~~XXX~~, or his, for I haven't seen him since though he delivered me a cake. I wept big tears.

If you think it is any consolation, the cake is simply huge and delicious!

Oh, well do write me soon, and say what you think of your Zohmah being in London alone, or rather alone with a cake,

And love for you,

Zohmah

P.S. a card from H., when I got home. He says will I go to an "all-in" I think that is a wrestling match - I trust a purely impersonal one

xxx

done in America, but from the perspective I get from here a Mexican Renaissance certainly seems right and wonderful. Though my belief was all ready strong in the movement's greatness it is more so now when I see the modern painters here still balancing cubes and arguing on the exact spot for a spot.

I tried to cut off the end of my finger, and Sallie fell down stairs, but otherwise everything is going rather well here. What in the world is happening in Los Angeles, can't you please forgive me all you have to forgive and find time to write. I had a dear letter from Mrs. Taylor, but otherwise no news. How are the Falls, how is Owen, and your family, and the Frys. What a life, that is what I say when I never get any letters.

Even if you hate me, I love you --

Z. S. Zerkow

P. S. The Yogi says he is going to try and get me a job working for a stage clairvoyant, I hope he does, for that isn't exactly spirits and I am rather tired of spirits though I should be most grateful for they found me this job, which incidentally I've got to get to work at now.

June 5, 1934

Dearest Owen,

I haven't written you for I haven't your address, but as I give up hope of receiving it I'll do the logical thing and send this care of Prudence and hope the Falls will forgive me for using their address as a general postoffice.

No letters from me to you, and no letters from you to me, so where shall I start explaining after all these weeks, shall I write you a book or are you a busy man who would just like a skimming of the surface of events. Personally, I hope you will write me a book, but as Prudence has no doubt told you all (famous words) I will say what I can think of that is new.

Let me see, for one thing I am starving, fortunately tea, that beautiful national custom, is something that forms a part of all engagements and I manage to keep alive and cheerful though not polite in the quantities I imbibe. Then too we have a kind friend who comes to see us once a week to see how we are existing, last night he arrived just in time to take me to dinner and renew my strength, the only trouble he is a vegetarian and I have to forget my desires for a large juicy steak (now why did I think of that). He is a Yogi, did Prudence tell you about him, and he says he will take me to India with him, I am a little frightened for he is a white magician too and may cast a spell on me, only he is really a kind person.

Then the caretakers of the old Disraeli house whom I see where I go to take down spirit lectures in shorthand (to sell) are trying to find me a job, if I don't find one I will be back in America pronto or my ticket will be sold and I'll probably never get back. This may all seem very strange to you, but it is just that I am going to be independent at all cost. That is my motto now, independence.

if they have really visited me even of some artist and that I see, would

I am doing much running around on behalf of a show for Jean. To galleries and to openings, and Sunday between a picnic and the spirit lecture I had tea at the home of some museum official to show him the lithographs, however the place was full of other artists and writers about art and the whole world seems very confusing, but he did give me the name of a man who administers a fund for buying prints to whom I have written and I hope I sell him some.

We had a seance in our room, and quite an amazing afternoon I spent listening to the revealing of the lives of the thirteen people present, one an Austrian princess with an amazing past, and our Yogi and our landlady (yes, I am surrounded with spiritualists). They were told very true things about themselves, but he didn't tell me anything, not a thing only that I was going to get an appointment that I would like and after that he said he couldn't tell me anymore probably because I didn't want him to.

Still the person I like best here is Tom Burns, he is one of us, but unfortunately for me he is very busy and I see him very little. Then I feel sad that I have deceived him to thinking that I am a wild and sophisticated woman, you should see the legelant (I mean elegant) clothes of sallies which somehow he has always see me in; and he goes to more trouble about me than I wish, for I know he is going to find out that I am just simple and homely. What a life, I just wish I would wear my old coat and big shoes to lunch with him tomorrow instead of dashing clothes and a velvet hat!

But then may be if you had seen me in this pink dress here and a hat with a feather you would have written, and may be if I wear my old coat he won't help me find a job which I so need. These lessons of life are very hard. Really.

Write me anyway, even without seeing me in my London disguise of sophistication. I have really felt sorry you haven't written, you

P. 4

we live near Hamstead Heath and go there for the day, lying in the deep grass for hours and hours. Sallie thinks about the good wood fires and I think about lunch.

The one thing we have got is clothes. It is fun to dress up, even if I have to go out alone.

Next week we are going to a picnic on Whitmonday with Lady Carey (I haven't met her yet, it seems she dislikes me, oh oh), then we have to have the girls from the hostel where we lived over one night. Some of the English girls are the most charming creatures I have ever seen, they speak and act so adorably. Also I have asked Burns for dinner one night, and there is the Yogi's dinner. You know, as I told Edward, I think I am terrible to spend time wondering how to amuse myself when really I should be taking care of Jean or at least having children or working harder. I truly deserve to go hungry even more days than I do, to come so far to be in such a mess and to cry when I have nothing to do. However, I hope there will be much work to do with the show, and if today is an example, I can help Sallie a lot with typing letters.

Also there is so much more to see right here in London. In away I haven't seen anything yet just glimpses, and of course long walks through the winding streets. One reason is not having carfare. The museums are great treats, but I feel so social these days I hate having to do so much alone. If only you were here or Owen. Give him my love.

Remember them stout another night, I

will make it another letter soon. Love to everyone.

P 1

May 17, 1934

Dearest Prudence,

I just arrived casually back to my little old room hovel and there on the hall table was a big envelope from the United States Line with all my boat mail. Two letters from you, how can I tell you how much I appreciate such beautiful letters from you. There was a darling one from my father and one from Priscilla, and two from Jean that say nothing that I can understand and a dear one from Edward and here I haven't even written him. I thought I was tired when I came home, but I think I will sit up all night answering and answering.

There is a letter already started to you. I was going to say I had just written to Dorothy telling her all the odd things I had seen in the stores and the strange way drug stores are called Chemists, and subways are tubes, and candy is sweets, and cookies (people perish with mirth when you say the word) are all biscuits. However I was going to spare you some of these gory details, unless you like them. May be I am just sparing myself repeating.

I am so glad to get your one letter, that I will write you daily diaries if you want me to. Thanks a million for all your kindnesses, etc., etc.

May 18

Another day, and rather late too. The Sallie is on a big campaign to try to find work here before she goes back to America,

One sheet folded in half

and her campaigns are strenuous affairs. She is really rather marvelous, I go moping about but she doesn't, I think she has been truly happy these weeks living quietly and studying her spiritualism, but "White Hawk" told her she should look for work so she is making every possible effort, not because we haven't any money, but because this spirit said to go ahead.

I went with her to private sitting because she wanted me to take shorthand notes. I almost jumped out of my skin when the spirits came. White Hawk said why did I come, and I should be more friendly, also he said I had a dark blue sapphire aura changing into a light blue sapphire one. Mostly he answered theological questions for Salile for I didn't ask him any questions. He did say though that I liked a man. He said did I not marry him because he was all ready married, for he saw a barrier around him? He said if I did marry him he would need a lot of taking care of! Also, the most interesting thing to me, was that he said he saw this man achieving fame between the ages of thirty-five and forty rather unexpectedly because of something to do with a ceiling, I'll like that old spirit if Jean does get a ceiling to paint.

Did I tell you about our Yogi. He isn't an occultist but a mystic. He is nice. We had him to dinner and he stayed most of the night telling us of Indian mysteries, and on towards morning he even took off his shoes and sat before burning incense and meditated -- I thought of how I would like to go to sleep, but then I guess I am not an old soul.

He has invited us to dinner next Tuesday, and I must not forget to mend the holes in my socks.

(Yesterday I was out walking about the city and I had worn a polo coat and brown oxfords with yellow socks, just very Californian, and the effect was sensational, it seems no one ever wore socks here before.) (I had stockings on to, of course. Don't misunderstand)

Incidentally all this stuff will probably drive me nuts. Salile has even decided to give Sceaances in our room! She is really sincere and studious about the matter. You should see the amazing speed she is learning shorthand just to improve her concentration. She is so spiritual, that I feel base and physical these days just to brush my teeth.

There are a million things I should be doing. This afternoon I am going to tea with a woman whose son we are going to see at Oxford tomorrow. We are going for the weekend, spending money we shouldn't, really we live on dried beans, but I don't know when I will get a chance again for next weekend we probably won't have any money. Now Salile's sables are pawned there is only my ticket to sell, and we are trying to save that so she can get back to America.

This all must sound exciting to you in that far place of California, but most of the days are exceptionally quiet,

October 4th, 1934.

Dearest P P P P P P P P P P P S o p h i a ,

I am so pleased and amused to get your letter that I am breaking almost all my latest rules and writing you one right back again.

Your special living place sounds so grand that I wonder you even speak to your friend in a studio garrett, and though I could weep for your tired feet (poem) I think feeling independent is worth some suffering -- and you are so rich. By the time I pay for my room and food, I haven't a tuppence, and you are all frills, what with books and trips to the country (Westwood!) every single day. The people you stay with must be dear, too, and when you can make a pie please send me an avocado one.

And you know I think Sophia is a cute name. And so is Prudence. Dear Prudence.

Priscilla and Howard will be at U.C.L.A. this year, I hope you see them sometimes for me. I am really most homesick these days. If you see them write me how they look and what they say.

I got a lovely book letter from you too, which I read fifty times from cover to cover, and I am so very happy for Ginger and Helen not to mention Dick and Ray and Judith and Robert.

Speaking of changing names Sallie has changed her's now to Sonya. She is leaving the end of this week for Crystal Palace to live in this huge, horrible old brick house with a medium whom she helps with her classes. I hope it works out well for Sallie. I'll be lonesome when she is gone, but she will probably be glad in addition to her happiness about the work for I have felt disgruntled many days lately, and also poverty is difficult for Sallie.

I don't know what I shall do, probably I would come back to America if I could think of a way. I wonder if I can find a job long distance so to speak.

As a matter of fact I have found another one here to do in the evenings. I type manuscripts -- typing letters in the daytime and the manuscripts at night. What a life. Dispirit my £3 a week, I don't seem to get out of debt. I did a mad thing, I bought three huge, ugly pieces of china. Two are men riding on white horses, and the third is an amazing creation of lovers sitting in a swing or something, silly expressions. I have them hid away, and live in terror least Sallie will find them. Also my coat and fur are still away, away. Also the rent is due again. Did I say what a life?

I am sure I explained to you remorsefully that my enchanting popularity had utterly finished. Maybe I am mistaken for Henry and Tom phoned me yesterday, and Yogi is really asking me to go with him to Arabia, however I am more pleased about going to the cinema with Henry. He is an amusing boy; now he isn't going to be a priest he goes about in a rough blue sweater looking like a sailor, however that doesn't exactly explain why he is amusing, I think because he is trying so hard not to be intellectual. Take warning, don't be frivolous about books, buy 18 dollars of red cotton underwear instead.

examine me for 10.
This letter reminds me of the green cheese moon.

I received Jean's school's catalogue. Why don't you get one: The Florence Cane School of Art, Rockefeller Center, 1270 Sixth Avenue. Reproductions of Jean's pictures and some "literature" that reads like S's spiritualism sounds.

Incidentally if there is anything you want to know about the secret doctrines just ask me, I am getting educated to little drops of consciousness and Seven Planes of existence, and having Shakespeare tell me he is a violinist not a writer on the otherside but really not believing that part for it may be a nature spirit impersonating him.

Anyhow I like your vibrations.

Say hello to Owen if he still speaks to me.

Love to you too,

John

all the news in this letter sounds so stale, I think I'll wait and get a fresh start.

To finish about the yogi, he told me of seeing and speaking to spirits face to face, but saw also horrible things of earth bound spirits, how he gave it up to meditate in India, of his great Indian teacher. Strange man, he is going back to India soon — also he writes books.

also I went to Oxford, saw the boat races; fun running through the old streets with handsome Oxford men; sherry parties; theater, and S. & I had a room in an ancient tavern that is the best place I have seen in England. Only I had to interest myself in history for of course all the sweet boys liked ballie. Also they are Eton graduates, and drove us down to Eton to see the old Chapel.

then I have had a crisis in my

Don't forget the photographs
you are to send me -

Don't worry about me, I
really feel most capable.

Last night I went to spiritual
services and took down the
spirit's lecture. I maybe able
to sell it for a guinea.

Today is Sallie's seance -
14 people coming. I hope
I am not frightened of
the spirit of Abraham Lincoln!
Sallie hopes she is helping
prevent the great war the
spirits predict, having these
political seances.

Much love my darling Prudence.

Your good friend
Zephaniah

[Undated; In file "Up to 1935"]

Corresp. between DZC + Prudence
(Pue) Plowe, DZC's lifelong friend

Darling Prudence,

You know I have not had one single letter since I left Los Angeles only a short note from Jean. I have no idea what happened to boat letters, and I am more than anxious as to what has happened. No letters from the family either, but they must have had conscience feelings for Sunday I got a cable from Albert, which practically made me faint completely away before I could get it open and find it was just pleasant conversation. Boats are tricky I suppose, may be I will get a whole stack at once, for it seems you should just be getting letters from me.

The nicest event since I did write was meeting Tom Burns. He was in Egypt and just came back, and now he is here I don't know what to make of him. He adores people, and collects them even more passionately than I, but then he likes everybody. Really he thinks up questions so he can stop and make conversation with people along the street. When we go out, we make conversation with our waiter, the busman, everyone, and needless to say they all like him too, and tell all their private thoughts in almost a minute. He is unusual looking, he is half Chilian and half Scotch and has the most beautiful English accent I have heard yet. He is quite ugly and handsome.

He says he thinks I am most extraordinary (that is however just a favorite term he uses often), and he can't make me out, and I have a harder time explaining to him why I am in England than explaining to Dad why I wanted to come. He has decided I am dishonest, which I think shows a great improvement in my behavior. No telling what all strange conceptions he has, for he makes me feel very gay, and besides he has only seen me in some of Sallie's very best dresses. What else? -- he is only twenty-eight, and he is extremely serious about books, being a publisher (he gave me one), and he loves a girl in New York which he considers a lot of trouble but that at least is something we have in common.

He has taken me to meet several very nice people, and I fell in love with their houses. One very old house with big English garden and the inside all painted white and the furniture white and big fireplaces and strange English pictures. Also the people nice. One man is head of the Tate Museum here, another a writer on art and the women nice too, and another man we picked up accidentally at some tea party was one of the Shan Kar drummers. Also he took me to an English pub so I could see it and so we could drink and drink. (Incidentally all the time we were seriously drinking we talked of you, he wants to meet you now.)

One more thing, I think he was joking, he says if Sallie goes back to America would I like to stay with this friend of his who has just had a nervous breakdown, may be I will surprise him and say yes. The friend is now in Egypt, but he sounds nice, and he paints interesting pictures, I fear he would be amazed though at the idea of my staying at his house.

Send all the news you can.
I am so anxious to hear
how you are and what
you are thinking.

much, much love to you

3

letter he said he advised I should
write him a letter about a week ago and I had

about note from him. I am staying his address as the
old one 38 West 57 St NY

July 19 1934

Dearest Prudence,

I can't wait to write you, though as usual I am dreary with sleepiness, but this seems to be a big day for me as far as getting letters is concerned, I haven't had any for weeks then tonight for the 9:30 mail I look down the stairs casually and there are whole heaps of letters and the one from you that I haven't been looking for for ages, not only "it" but multiplied into two. How glad I am to hear from you, but most worried about your accident and all the things that are happening that I can't talk to you about in person. Please write oftener now. I don't know why I didn't write anyway, but everyday I kept hoping for a letter.

Also in the mail I got a letter asking me to come and meet a man who is a jeweller. This girl I met some crazy way wants us to know each other. Also a package from Tom with a his Roman Missal for me, with a note saying it is larger than Sallie's umbrella but not to mind that it is more useful -- I confessed the last time I saw him that this darling umbrella that folds up into my pocket and he likes so much is really not mine. I didn't think he would like me anymore but I guess he still does. I am his fifty-first girl friend, he has that many at one time.

So much has happened that I never get any sleep, I am in a terrible state, I should stop this now and go to bed. Did you hear the terrible fate of mine, that I have a job and if I don't make more than ten hundred more mistakes I may not get fired, I have even been given a rise but that was before some of the mistakes. I hold my breath ever since I through the soap down the wash stand and cut the Governor off an important phone call, and sent a client a memento instead of a memo.

Thanks for all the news about everyone, now I'll probably not be able to sleep I have so much to think about. Precious sleep, I practically never get any. Did you know that practically everyone we meet comes and rents rooms in our rooming house? Even if I don't go out just the general "family" keeps me talking most of the night. The family being Sallie, the Yogi, the secretary of the Turkish embassy and myself not to mention the landlord and lady, and all the nurses that fill up the other rooms (they don't speak to us much though since I blew one of them up with the hot water heater, and Sallie used one of the others eggbeater).

The Yogi is very nice, his book is just published and causing quite a bit of comment, also it is to be published in America: title, "Search In Secret India". As a last resort, I can always go to India and live with him in a cave because he thinks I have a funny face and an assinine giggle, which he considers amusing though he speaks to Sallie about high subjects like the soul and their wanderings on the astral plane. I really must write you a letter just about Spiritism. What I know about it.

The other night I was with Sallie at Lady Carey's to a meeting. A woman spoke on the great cosmic regions and the four M.P.s present took it most seriously, and when Sallie also gave a speech saying how she sees fairys they were most delighted, seriously of course.

The biggest event of my life though lately is the friend of Tom's I met. He knows this Jesuit student who wanted to meet a girl and find out what they are like, so he started by having us both to tea, I don't think I was a good one to start with-- I took the boy walking in the park and told him about art and living generally and he didn't think I was at all smart, but I think he is, very, and sweet. Well, then they invited me to a party given by an Irish Lord and some red bearded artist wanted to discover me and paint my picture, so then he and the boy, his name is Henry, took me to dinner together and demonstrated some more of our strange American customs (I spilt the peas on the tablecloth, but I said that also was American). Then last Sunday Tom came and got me from church and took me to lunch at Jack Straws Castle and then we slept on the Heath until Henry arrived on his bicycle and we all ate icecream out of one dish and giggled.

But here is the terrible part, they arranged a party that I should come and meet Henry's father who is the most famous English painter now, Augustus John, and does nice things too with lovely color and sort of the dash of VanGogh, and so I went after work. They have an amazingly unEnglish house in Chelsea with a great studio and funny rooms with tile walls. But who also should come to the tea but Nijinskys daughter and she was quite marvelous and completely captured Augustus from under my nose, and of course they were he was most interested in me abstractly for I am the first girl Henry has brought to meet him. But La Nijinska was marvelous -- I haven't seen Henry since, I hope he isn't to disappointed in me, but sympathize, you know how hopeless I can be. Henry especially wanted his father to like me so he would paint my picture for the Royal Academy and save me from starvation which point I reach every week just before pay day. Two pounds isn't much.

My eyes are swollen with tiredness. Tom, he insists on being my uncle, takes the privilege of saying I look terrible. Also he says I should cut my hair. He has nice sisters. One of them is coming with her husband to have lunch dinner with me next week.

If only I didn't have to work my head off I would have some fun, but as it is I go about in a perpetual state of sleepiness.

If I stop this moment I will still have strength to read your letters over, and there really is much news to digest, though I could weep at your suggestion of summer school. Though if only I knew some of things you do I wouldn't have any problems at all. If I could have even told one joke cute like you do, Nijinska would have sunk through the floor.

I haven't written to Jean, some days I think I must and then I think better not too. I have had two notes from him saying he wants to hear what I am doing, but I can't tell him about the hungriness and the tiredness of the things of my life, and he was most casual about the pleasant letters I wrote. What to do? My darling Jean, he tells me nothing of what he is doing, so I think I have a right to do the same.

More later--

I didn't reach the chimneys about
 red beard, Tom, and Henry,
 finally they all took
 me to dinner as sort of
 a committee and they had
 great fun talking together
 and I ate my dinner like
 a good little girl. They say
 I must get fat -

More about Henry. He
 is something like Owen -
 very dear.

I should tell you so
 much more and I can't
 think of everything at once.
 Love you much though.

Dear friend Gogi has
 just come in so I hunched
 and he said he would

mail this letter, thus the
hurried finish -

More love

Love for Helen
" " Ginger

and many kisses

for Owen

and make him like
it!

Johnny

August 13th, 1934.

Prudence dear,

This is the start of a letter, I have just written four and feel I won't get through another, besides I should wait until something more happens to talk about, and nothing much has at all these past weeks. My popularity has sunk to a low level.

Glad to hear from you this morning, umpteen pages and lots of news, and the leaves I cracked joyfully into little bits.

I knew I wouldn't get anywhere with this letter, and I'm not, I just sit here reading yours and giggling.

In this mornings mail, I also had a letter from Jack asking about lithographs. All I think I have in Los Angeles are the proof prints from Picture Book. They are in one of the silver candy boxes.

I'm very thrilled about all of Ginger's dishes and stoves, not to mention her baby. Maybe she has one by now and surely when this reaches you. That will make you an aunt three or four times over. What ho, my friend. I do hope she writes to me.

A Bowker-Perry should be the very nicest baby.

From your letter you evidently haven't received the last ones I wrote you.

I told you Sallie was in the country. Friday night I went to dinner at one of Tom's sister's house. They said if I wasn't going to the country would I come with them to another sister's. So some handsome young soliciter dashed me in his car to get my clothes. This was the start of the trouble, I spoiled his illusions, gathered during the evening of my being social, by tripping most ungracefully over my suitcase. Then when we arrived at the country house at three in the morning the girl wasn't at all happy to have her husband arrive at three in the morning with myself even accompanied by her sister. They put me in the attic.

In the morning even the flower garden and old green apples didn't make me happy. The husband flirted. Then I asked where I was and found it was Kent, only some miles from Sallie. So I phoned, and said would she come and get me. She and the Countess arrived in grand style and carried me away in a flurry. They got me home and I went promptly to bed until I had to get up to go to work the following Monday.

Since, I have explained and explained to no one's satisfaction. I don't even know myself now what the real explanation of my actions really is. English people are so terrifically polite too.

Anyhow, I was lucky to be with Sallie and the Countess, they gave me all my meals in bed and gave me plenty of sherry and roast beef and love, and sent me back to London with arm loads of flowers and boxes of eggs. So I was happy if no one else was, and no one else was.

Maeve has a grand old house, with fireplaces in every room, and one you can stand up in, also rather good pictures that her father painted, and five little black dogs, and gardens and orchards.

August 15th-

This letter is going to be a long time getting finished. ramble, ramble. However I feel much happier than when I started it, for no reason at all. I am not quite so blase yet, though, that I don't have fun watching the ships unload when I go out at noon hour, or sitting in the sun in the Cathedral yard, or watching the bark peel off the trees in our street and leave nice big yellow patches. Sometimes, at noon, I think I would trade the view up the Thames for a steak, and when I remember, Dwight seems very nice mixed with suppers of avocados and stuff!

More news to write about, I had a card from my dear Henry who has been disappeared into the English country for weeks now. He writes, very "thrillingly", that he would see me but he is very busy! In the meantime Red Beard phones that Henry is wandering about the Eastside sleeping in 8d rooms at night. Red Beard is taking me to the dinner (visions of roast beef) and the zoo tomorrow night, and maybe he will explain more; I have good reason to believe that Henry is leaving the Jesuits and is about to launch himself about the world. I want to see him and persuade him to go to New York and California to start with.

Did I write you that I am knitting. I am in the midst of a pair of socks for Jean. It is going to be a fine present for him, if I can ever finish the darn things. I had another note from Jean, but very short and really no news of him at all. I really know nothing of what he is doing or has done since being back in New York.

What other news. Sallie had a letter from Countess Maeve this morning saying she was going to come and live with us for a week. I don't know how we will amuse her, having no automobiles for her to take apart or no soil for her to till.

Work is very dull these days, I wonder I don't get the sack I am doing so little. Oh, oh maybe I will, surely

August 17, 1934.

Dear Prudence,

A letter from you last night, which incidentally I tore into little bits, but it was a nice letter anyway. I like what you tell me, and about the Bowl this season; and Van Gogh, I hope I will remember the name of the book you want me to read.

Great news, I hope it is true. When Red Beard and I were coming from the zoo last night, he said you must promise not let anyone paint your picture until I have, for Augustus Jean is going to ask you to sit for him and I want to paint you first. Isn't that thrilling, I would love to stick my tongue out at Jean and say my portrait was hanging in the Royal Academy, besides Augustus J. is sort of a darling, and Jean would be amused.

Fun at the zoo, as usual I loved the penquins and the diving polar bears were marvelous, and I adore gorillas.

When I wrote to Jack I said that I couldn't have any of my prints exhibited for Kistler has more or less exclusive writes in Los Angeles, anyway I don't think I have anything that would much interest Jack, most of my stuff is here. However, I wrote Jack again today to be certain he understands that. If he does want to see the proofs I have, I hope you will repack them again so carefully.

Thanks a million for taking care of my things so carefully.

You are too sweet, thanks awfully for I love my little

pictures and papers and letters.

I hope Jack will not be disappointed that there is nothing that will be of much use to sell, and that I can't have them taken away to galleries.

Red Beard says Henry won't come to see me for he doesn't want to fall in love with me. Instead he is learning how to drive a car and walking up and down in front of shop windows making complicated notes of everything he sees. He wants to know the names of everything in the world. I feel I should protect him, but Red Beard says no he must get into all sorts of trouble and do everything to excess if he is to learn how to live in the world. At the moment he has gone off to the country to stay with his father, the Augustus.

In the meantime Tom is having a wild time, mentally, protecting me from Red Beard and Henry from me. It is all most amusing, mentally.

Actually days are rather dull, I am simply prisoned in this office all day, without enough to do, and when I get out I go home and eat and go to bed.

Tonight I am having dinner with Tom's sister. I haven't seen her since my country spree. My godfather!

Oh I forgot to tell you that Henry is also making great extravagances by buying dozens of cheap old clothes, and he lives down in the slums, probably eating terrible food. Also he says he is going to Afaganastan.

He reminds me some of Owen, however not for the actions above.

Do write soon, I do love hearing from you. When I don't hear I don't feel like myself.

June 18, 1934
to Angeles - Cal

Zoharah dearest

Much to dismay, I found that a letter I had thought to be mailed a long time ago is still here in my desk. Really, what a muddle my mind has been in that I should forget anything so important! I am awfully sorry really. Your cue now is to ask me certain questions you want answered. Because I quite forget what I say from time to time. So do you obviously, and much to my delight repeat yourself. I like it much the same way you like my jokes over again.

For example, I liked your telling me twice that I am not wondering why you don't write. But Zoharah - is your love becoming pure honest? And, anyway, what is pure love. And you don't know any better than I do, — and I would suggest you stop listening to see that monkey-doodle, and go to church when Sally is having seances. I think you like to stick around to see what the ghosts will say about

Sean. And it may be making his digestion bad again to have Yogis talking about him.

Sure you are an old soul. And I have often seen you take your shoes off and meditate before a fire. Also sleep. The aura is quite right. Don't you think mine is blue too, with perhaps a touch of green?

Anyway that is fun about what the old man said about Sean and a ceiling. I hope it didn't mean that he would be hanging from a chandelier.

I wouldn't be having you way off in England, and nor know what is happening to our United States. There is a movement afoot which has very noble plans, and I have a very good idea things will happen because of it:

To wit I went to a meeting of the Utopian Society. Now it is like this. (Goodness knows where the thing started, for there is a certain amount of secrecy about it.) There is a national organization

as could be. I was terribly curious if you'd told him any secret you hadn't told me, and he said how absurd it was to entertain such a thought; but anyway, I won't sure you hadn't sent him lots of hugs & kisses. First thing you know, you will be getting ideas into his head.

Tell Tom Burns you have a boy friend called Phillip. We will play a joke, and I will write you a letter that Bernard Shaw wrote Ellen Terry (remember it?) and ~~say~~ address it to Zohuah and sign it with Phillip. Show it to him and see if he will recognize it or smell a rat. And don't fail me and tell him ahead of time, because it will take a long time to write it out, and I will want to know if it worked. I always wanted to use that letter for something. It is so crazy.

I met Owen's nephew René. He is a beautiful baby, with a square lower lip like Teddy W.

4/1/35
Pudman to Z
Sheet 2 of 6,
Side 1

(3)

real piece, because the man who found the stones has a secret mine, and it would be like winning Irish Sweepstakes money. For him, of course.

About these birds around the port - what I can't understand is why they fight so savagely over food - because people never stop feeding them. Seagulls are the hungriest. Some ducks just pecked at my shoe in passing. I can hardly believe that birds are as close to the snakes as the evolutionists say.

Barbara Ballinger has some Mexican sandals much like yours, but her's cost \$2.50 Her funny little ankles look so strong & sturdy in them.

What you say about Epstein surprises me. Well, I thought all the uproar over him was a dim echo now. Because when people are really raving about a person I never know about it until I have picked up a 8 months' old Time or something. Red B. is sopping up all he can find about Ep. Did I tell you this - that since Ep. wrote somewhere that his work was the result of 10% inspiration.

Sheet 246,
Side 2

and 30 % hard work, Red figured he could supply 90 % in that case, & that in case 10 % were missing, at least 10 % would be only a negligible quantity. So he is rolling merrily on his way, toward bigger & better busts.

Sunday morning Mother & John Fall and I went for a walk, & ended up at Helen's. While we were standing in the driveway looking at pictures of Bobby Kimison, a negro came up on the front lawn, and stood looking at us, funny-like, and then asked us all to accept the Lord. Helen told him we were all Catholics, & wouldn't be interested. I think Helen said the wrong thing, because he acted as if we were just his meat. He talked straight to me all the time. He was very handsome, with beautiful eyes. He said the Catholic and all other churches had fallen about 300 years ago (I think that was the time) and that now the Christ was on his way to reinstate the true church, and that all the churches were only buildings which would be used for kindling for the world.

Poor Helen was so embarrassed. She made Ray send him away.

April 17th, 1935.


Dearest Prue,

I am going to tell you, because when it actually happens it will probably be so disappointing and I'll act so tongue-tied that I won't be able to tell you or even think of it. But I am thrilled now, I'm almost ill with surprise, but I just got a letter from Jacob Epstein asking me to come to see him on Saturday.

You know when I went to see his show, I spent the money I was saving to go to see Greta Garbo in the "Painted Veil" and was so lonesome to come home and have nothing but work to do that I spent the evening writing Epstein just what I thought of his work, and now, today, I get this reply (and I had made myself such promises that I wouldn't call myself all sorts of a fool for writing fan letters and that I would forgive myself, for I knew I was lonesome with my cinema money spent -- I certainly never expected to get an answer), but he says he has been so busy that he hasn't had time to write before but will I come to see him on Saturday evening!

If I don't recover from the shock or if he throws me out of his presence on my ear for the things I said about his sculptures, well, goodbye,

I love you anyway, and Owen (Is he really sending me a belt??) Write soon, Z.



One sheet
Side 1

$\begin{array}{r} \text{H} \\ 11 \\ 3 \\ 7 \\ 5 \\ + \\ 2 \\ \hline 28 \end{array}$

To late to type -
Like the picture of Owen - Thanks
For sending - hope I can have one.

Goodbye, darling Prue, thanks for your sweetness to me. Write when you can more about your family and Bobby and Red and everyone. Don't tell me thought that the Jabberwakkie's drink, it hurts my ideals and that sort of thing.

I'm amused and pleased about the dates, for I know Jean would enjoy them. I did ever so much. X X X X Z.

I had a wonderful time -- not with the archbishop -- I saw John Gielgud in "Hamlet". Truly I enjoyed it more than any performance I have ever seen. I was rather unconscious for days after, whether from marveling or a physical reaction to holding my breath from the first to the last act. It was really beautiful acted, and "Hamlet" is the best play ever.

You remember the boy who broke his head, he is the one who took me. I rather like him better now he is all scarred, maybe I disliked him so heartily before because he looks French. Tonight he is taking me to hear Bach's "Art of the Fugue" and I wish so much that you were going. I feel that I am filling up space at a performance that should be for you.

I hear from Sal that she has had several screen tests, and expects a part soon. She sent me a piece of film and it looks quite good.

Your card from Jean sounds as if he was pictorally slaying Owen. He didn't send me a card, and the flowers were just sent after he got my Christmas card, the last I heard from him was a note on the back of the catalogue of a show he was giving and that was in October or the first of November. I'll certainly be glad when I begin to hate him.

Didn't go to the country, no money or more probably I'm in such a rut that I can't get out of it. I'm having dreams though, like you my dearest, I woke up after one I can't remember feeling that I was a sailor. I was really sure I was a sailor, and without opening my eyes I stayed curled up under the coverings of the bed wondering why the boat wasn't rocking. Finally I was very frightened, and I thought, if I'm not on my boat where in the world am I, I thought and thought wanting to remember before I looked out of the covers and I thought so long without being able to remember that I fell to sleep again, and when I woke again it was time to go to work and shivering in and out of night and day clothes I knew only too well where I was -- am.

Redbeard finished the portrait he is painting of me. It looks like I would look if I were beautiful. I was quite pleased with the pink cheeks and the curls down my forehead. He said what do I owe you for sitting for me, and will you let me paint another? I said, will you pay me ten kisses, which he promptly did. I was some surprised, but quite enjoyed it, it is so many months since anyone has kissed me. Sally's goodbye kiss is the last one I guess. No kisses, let alone anyone to hold hands with.

I am thinking about him for he just phoned to ask if I would come Tuesday night and take notes for the Archbishop is coming to come through.

He really is a nice person though.

Also nice, fortunately, is the girl who now works in this office with me. I said, while writing for my contest, "What was your biggest thrill?" And she said winning a scholarship to a secretarial school. She says she can remember every moment of that day, and how her teacher sent her home at noon to tell her mother and as she had spent her bus fare on sweets she had to walk, or rather she walked one block and ran the next and so on. When she arrived home she was so excited that she told her mother she hadn't won. I loved her story for it was that secretarial training that got her this job and she has worked in this office for twelve years, most uneventfully, until she got sick last March and thus left the vacancy that gave me a place. Now she is better she is back here again, living the very quiet life that her big thrill brought her. She is really a nice girl, quiet and very conscientious, and nice to look at with ginger colour hair and pale amusing face.

She and my various employers are the only people I see whom I know, and my landlady, but I am avoiding her these days she is so scolding and I get tired hitting her on the head. Though I stay home working every night and live so quietly, and she knows it, she won't believe that it is true. She has decided against all evidence that I am an awful flirt and a dangerous vampire -- really she won't leave me alone with her round little grey-haired husband! I think she is annoyed because her nephew gave me a pink box of Dutch chocolates.

Henry sent me a book for Christmas, but otherwise he has disappeared from my horizon. Strangely, it is his brother who ever does invite me to tea or a cinema. The other night he and Redbeard took me to see Mae West in 'Belle of the Nineties' which I thought a very disappointing picture.

If I wasn't kept so busy working I would feel very dull indeed, especially after the excitement of Christmas greetings from so many people at home. Also I would like so much to be with Triscilla for these months before she is settled into domesticity.

I loved the picture of you and Owan standing with the Santa Clause. Don't still forget though to send me the snap shots.

Much love to you both and many thanks,

As ever,

Zedoaichemayeiaich

Henry writes that he is sending me a present of a serious nature, so I guess Christmas isn't even over yet. The girl I met in Rock Island sent me some money and one of the sweetest letters I have ever read. I think I'll use the money to get my hair cut, it is so awfully long now and I look awful. Dad also sent me five pounds, such a huge amount, but there were things I absolutely had to use it for. My employer also gave me an extra pound whouch I used to give my landlady something extra and the maid and a winy present for a little girl. Anyway, Christmas has been a very luxuriant interval.

Next Saturday I'm going to a girl's house to a party. She is a cute girl, about eighteen, and really nice. She is the granddaughter of one of the M.P.s. I'll write you about it later. Also I'm going to invite her and the John boys and a Scottish girlfriend of hers over next week.

Did I write you about Redbeard painting my picture, and also Henry's brother?

I got a letter from Sallie. She seems very happy to be back. She ~~makes~~ says, what fun to go in a Chemists and call it a Drugstore and get a malted milk. And she acquired such a very very English accent and she says now she is home she can't help but say O.K. to everthing.

Of all things, I had a dream about Judith last night.

Hope I get a letter from you soon. I would love to see you, and see my family. I think often of coming home, but I don't know exactly how to do it.

I sent the boy who broke his head a print for Christmas and he seemed happy to get it. Also I gave Tom one, for I want to sortof repay him for all the dinners he took me to. Strangely he telephoned the other night, after a long time, he says he had a letter from Jean asking if he ever saw me. He says will I have dinner with him next week but I say NUTS. I had a cable from Jean on my birthday, very dear of him.

Has it been a long time since I wrote you that I seem to have so many events to write about? Or am I repeating myself? I think of you so often, and things to tell you that I'm not sure when I write them and when I don't.

Have I written you since your birthday letter, thanks for the leaves, I'M not certain but then I've been drinking port.

Where you and your family all together this year -- it is so much bigger than last. Write and tell me all news.

You are as bad as I am, having a new address every single time you write. It is quite puzzling I'm so used to writing "732"; only with some practice did I mange the Shumacher, and now I am dizzy trying to keep track.

If you must move some more, move to me. I wish I had been you yesterday, so I could have really useful instead of just enjoy ing myself. What fun I would have if only you were half of me, or if you were hear.

It is so dark I can't see. Only four o'clock, but that is winter in England. In the summer it is light at four until ten, but in the winter you are lucky if it is light by ten and it is always dark by four.

(Will put the history lesson in the next installment. For instance all lavs cost a penny a turn -- even in theaters and shops if they happen to have one. What ho.)

Goodbye for now. Do write.

As ever,

I was visiting in London with a friend, Sally, -now divorced from Ben Gimbel-who was working with "The Spirits." We got a small apartment together, and. "The Spirits" helped me find a job with an importing firm.

My friend, Jean Charlot, had given me a letter of introduction to a publisher, who brought me into a different world from Sally's. Henry John was my favorite in this new crowd. Henry took me to meet his very famous father, Augustus, at his huge mansion. There was a large platform in the center of the studio floor, where his models posed.

Henry thought his father might want to paint me and hang it in the Royal Academy and then I would be asked to dinners and not be so thin.

Unfortunately, that day the lively daughter of Niijinsky was also there and Papa didn't even look in my direction.

However, I had a big Adventure. When the Sculptor, Jacob Epstein gave a show, everyone in town was expressing an opinion. I thought I might as well give him mine especially as I had spent my last shilling to go see it, and was sitting in my room with nothing to do but working or weeping. I liked the sculptures and wandered about London to see everything could. His secretary answered my letter kindly inviting me to visit his home.

TELEPHONE WESTERN 5723

18 HYDE PARK GATE
S.W. 7.

16 April 1935

Dear Miss Day,

Could you look in on Sat. night at 6:30 if that is convenient or after Easter Sat. 4th of May if that is better for you. Mr. Epstein has wanted to put you on his list of future models since he had your letter of 15th March but he never had time to write.

Sincerely,

Jacob Epstein

John McPherson
Secretary

I burned myself on the bathroom heater and broke out in pimples from excitement, and arrived at his front door sort of a wreck of a person. My ring was answered by a butler so shabbily dressed that I thought this must be the artist. No, I was ushered into the drawing room. There was a woman and a young girl and statues grouped about the room. It looked like quite a social occasion. No Sculptor.

The rest of us, not the statues, sat down to tea at a large living room table covered with a red-checked tablecloth. I was noting this when the woman, who was the Sculptor's wife, complained that once a writer had gotten entrance to their house and had written that she served tea at a table with a checker table cloth. I was glad I wasn't a writer. I would have made the same mistake! I liked her; she had fascinating memories of interesting places and people. We talked for hours. I didn't want to leave at all.

Margaret Epstein invited me to come again for lunch:

8 May

"Dear Miss Day,
Come in Saturday afternoon 11th at 4:30 and have a cup of tea with us. How's that? or at 6 if you cannot get before but he goes out at 6 but I shall be here. If you come by 5 or before you could then probably see some of Mr. Epstein's own work & tell him & me about MEXICO land of fortune & murder & sculpture & beauty & horrible cruelty."

Aurevon - In haste,
Margaret Epstein

This time I got to meet the Sculptor. He was a great artist and, like artists, a man apart from life, so busy with marvelous creations that ordinary living was something difficult. He was shy and nervous and very kind. After a delicious lunch he bought me icecream when the icecream man tinkled his bell outside the house. Then he showed me his collection of modern pictures and ancient sculpture, regarding them so lovingly.

We went to the studio and saw his own marvelous work. I looked at the portraits and felt I had never known any people so well. He let me stroke their noses. The feel of the modeling was as beautiful as looking at the character and beauty of composition. I wished to be beautiful, or able to stand on my head on his gatepost, so he would think of sculpting me in green bronze, a forever perfect thing. That would be reaching truth.

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It got late and I realized I must go, no matter how much I liked being with them. The Sculptor lifted a bunch of great red tulips out of a vase on the piano and gave them to me for a goodbye.

Winds were blowing winter away. I got blown down Fenchurch Street when out on errands. Blown down Borough High Street to the bank. Spitalfield Market full of flowers.

So soon now that I would be going home. The last Sunday morning, kneeling in church, I saw Henry walk far up the isle and stand against the wall. At the end of Mass he left hurriedly; I ran to catch him by the entrance. Almost at once we both said "I've been wanting to see you--about those letters." Then stopped. Outside of the church I said, "I would like to have my letters back again."

"No, I want to use them for my play," he answered, turned and walked down the street so fast I didn't even have time to say, "Won't you walk with me by the river?" He seemed subdued and worried and I wondered if he was finding it hard to get along in the world?

But he came to see me. We went to a movie and looked at each other. I told him about the Sculptor, and going home.

"But you can't go, I always think of you being near." He frowned, and wasn't pleased either to hear about the Sculptor. He wanted to meet him too and it seemed fairer that he should have had first privilege, as his father and the sculptor were old enemies.

He came the morning I was to sail and helped me close my trunk.

I asked if he remembered when I came to the hospital and that I was happy that afternoon. He quizzed, "Because I was sick?" and smiled, and then went riding off on his bicycle.

We had sat there on the trunk for so long I was almost late for work. Then I was almost late for catching the boat train, doing my typing and saying goodbye to Mr. Importing Firm and Miss Smith. I was nice, though, getting off from work early even if I had to go to America for an excuse.

When I got back to California, I sent Jacob Epstein a beautiful little statue that I'd gotten in Mexico, and he sent me the following letter:

TELEPHONE WESTERN 5723

18 Hyde Park Gate
S.W. 7

3 August 1935

Dear Zomah,

Thanks for the little Mexican figure. I like it very much and it came marvelously all that way quite safe. Digging and finding the old things would be a fascinating thing to do. I'd like to do that myself. However my business is to make new ones; I daresay they sometimes resemble the old things which I sometimes think are the only good sculpture. About exhibiting I'll have to think that over. It takes a lot to move sculpture unless I make them up to the size of your Mexican piece and to move myself that's also a heavy affair for my people. My present plan is to work this summer through the next winter and hold a show if I have enough new things. I also have some portraits to do to earn bread and butter! California seems a tremendous distance away and yet that little figure coming here makes it less of a distance somehow. Tell me news of yourself if you do anything.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Jacob Epstein

I read in the newspaper that Henry John had fallen over the Cornwall Cliff at Land's End.

