

q<sup>n</sup>-tsb-18



Dsarsat Maria - A very  
short note from you  
written from the Tross  
Tross — but you had  
a headache, poor dsar,  
so must be forgiven.  
I have just been salve,  
a war Tross "Bath Buns",  
a water sawdust affair  
in comparison to the  
Bath Buns of other days!!  
I have had very little

breakfast, cup of coffee  
small pieces of dry bread,  
butter is also becoming a  
thing of the past!

Curious how much one  
talks of food when it  
has become difficult to  
obtain - It is 1.30.

→ our lunch is at  
2. p.m., but it usually  
only means biscuits + lettuce  
of bread + oil + butter,  
with an occasional raw  
carrot, + if we are

Thirsty & weak, we  
have coffee again - tho'  
it's against our better  
judgment - to drink  
at meals -

There is a wild wind  
blowing but the sun is  
out & the scent of Spring  
is in the air - The trees  
in Kensington Gardens  
have taken on a new  
aspect - ~~not~~ not a leaf  
to be seen yet, but  
they are full of expectation

- quite a different look  
to what they had a month  
ago - the birds, the  
little busy sparrows -  
how full of joyful twittering  
"O Primavera vivis" ---  
as I'll read to us  
yesterday from Carducci.  
She has been ill, a bad  
chest & throat, brought on  
by these days of thick  
yellow fog - She is better  
but not quite herself yet.  
17<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Raid warning  
has just gone - so tho' it  
is certain there is no war

join to bed as ours couldn't  
sleep with the noise - We  
had a Raid last night - They  
are unpleasant things, ours  
can only stay quiet &  
trust to luck that a  
bomb doesn't come in this  
direction - If it comes any  
where really near this street  
I believe these little old matchbox  
houses would collapse upon  
us - A whole family was  
killed in their house in  
Chelsea last night near the  
old Piusoners Hospital -  
There is to be a great  
Air offensive this Spring, &

London is sure to be their  
objectives -

I generally amuse myself  
by ~~reading~~ reading Alan Soper  
Maktoob -

"Maktoob! 'Tis written!..."

So they think

These children of the desert,  
who

know its immensities  
drink

Sours of its grandeur too."

Within the book of destiny,  
whose leaves are times, whose  
cover, space

They day when you shall  
cease to be,  
The hour, the mode, the  
place,

Are marked, they say; & you  
shall not  
By taking thought or  
wisdom with  
Attire that certain fate ensue  
lot,  
Postpone or conjure it.

Learn to drive fear, then,  
from your heart.  
If you must perish, know,  
O man,  
'Tis an inevitable part  
of the predestined plan.

And, seeing that through  
this stone door  
one & only you may pass,  
& must  
of those that have you  
through before  
The mighty, the slots —

" Guard that not bowed  
nor blanched with fear  
you enter, but serious,  
strict,

As you would wish most  
to appear  
to those you most respect,

I have been writing this  
during the bombardment  
which has begun. It is  
not exactly helpful to  
letter writing — the distress  
sounds rather fearsome  
when used, & the comfy

feeling that a bomb  
may come this way at  
any moment. Besides our  
is tired & therefore  
our usual more irritable.

We were up till 2. a.m.  
last night -

Ailunfu has been writing  
you out Carducci's "Versi Novis."

She has a sore chest tonight,  
& what with that & outside  
that is not feeling v. fit.

I hate the Raids more  
when she is here, because  
I feel worried about her.



18<sup>th</sup> 1966 -

Wss job to bsd about 2.30 am.

I hadnt a good night & feel  
tired Today! There are bound  
to be Raids all this wssk.

I think I will post, THIS

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(Vere Novo)

Compendo il sole tra i suoi bianchi  
a l'azzurro

sovrano e chiama - O primavera vicini!

tra vergicanti poggi con mormorii  
placidi il timore

scanta a l'aura - O primavera, vicini!

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O primavera vicini - ridice il poeta al  
suo cuore

e guarda gli occhi, balzo pure tuoi.

today - It is a bright but  
v. cold morning -

There has been sounds  
of distant guns -

much loss & foginess

dull later -

write soon.

Is aptly

marginals