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<b>Title</b>	[Typed letter signed], [1949] January 24, Monday, Hotel de la Paix, Lausanne, [Switzerland] [to] Viola
<b>Creator</b>	H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), 1886-1961
<b>Date</b>	[1949] January 24
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Monday, Jan. 24

HILDA ALDINGTON  
HÔTEL DE LA PAIX  
LAUSANNE

Dear Viola,  
Thank you for the two lots of cards, and please thank Sue and the others; I went over them all and enjoyed it; I cut off writing when I send, as a rule and I snipped out some of the names, it does not spoil the cards. I am now taking them to the Post Office, done up in two envelopes. I use the thick stick-shut one the first lot came in, re-addressed. Thank you for all news. The Sitwell clipping is interesting, too. I do not know who the "artist" is that E. speaks of. The one to whom I am so devoted is Sulamith Wulfing; she is <sup>is</sup> Brit. occupied Germany and cannot even get to Switzerland though I have been making inquiries through her agent here, for some years. That card of "The Heart" I sent you is one of her rather fairy-tale drawings. I sent E. one of the cards and he seemed to like it. I would write you direct if there was anyone due over, whom I thought you might like. Bryher tells me that she MAY be over, but she makes so many plans and often changes at the last minute. No, I am not coming this year. I will keep you in touch. I should like you to see Bryher. You do not know how we used to scream over your letters in my London flat; it was like a play to us, to hear of the tress, the veg., the various ups and downs, the radio, the news from your angle, and those years—often with gun-fire outside, the wierdiest comment on everything. The "Lady Artist" is in touch with P.; or at least, I tell P. all there is to know; I had thought P. might get some of her things set up in US, but there doesn't seem to be much hope; Madame Wulfing must have only the best printers and set-up; ordinary reproduction ruins her work, she writes.

Please do not mention to P., but I had a great shock about friends. I crossed in 1911 with a very dear friend, my most intimate with the one exception of Bryher, a sort of alter-ego. Ezra knew her, Frances Gregg. She married, <sup>in England,</sup> had two children, divorced Lewis Wilkinson; her mother came to be with her. They were pretty hard up but always fa

fascinating to me. I loved them but saw little during the last years. I thought they had gone to US before the war. But they had not. The boy Oliver is in the Brit. Navy; he was last heard of from Iceland. But Frances, my friend, her mother and her daughter, Betty were all killed in one of the raids on Plymouth. I hear through a friend of hers whom I met from time to time, before the war, Andrew Gibson. Andrew wrote me and asked of news of Ezra. I think he thought that E should know of Frances, though I do not think that E had given her a thought for years. Frances talked much of the old times to Gibson (a younger man) and I suppose she probably spoke of Ezra. You need not tell E this, if better not - I just wanted to tell you. Better not mention to Perdita. Perdita's name is really Frances Perdita; I named her for my friend Frances.

I have been re-typing old stuff and have got rather snowed under with all the years. I kept a sort of rough account of the first two war years and I have been tying out some of it, destroying some of it. I have this friend at Yale, who is making a collection of my MSS for me; it is good to tidy-up things; I have really been very lazy, leaving old stuff and rushing on to new. But I think I told you, I call this my Sabbatical year and instead of a rest, I am grinding away seven times as hard at the old stuff.

I would write more - I love all your "chatter" as you call it. I just get too darned TIRED with the type-script - a writer is the worst sort of letter-writer often. So forgive this - and do see Bryher if she comes. She will surprise you. She seems quite remote and detached and she is just busting inside with all the little affairs of life; I know no one who has enjoyed the Jordan Letters as much as Bryher. I except myself as they are letters TO me. But Bryher just loves that house and that family.

All blessings on you & yours  
Hilda