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<b>Title</b>	[Typed letter signed], [1951] April 16, Hotel Croix Blanche, Lugano, [Switzerland] [to] Viola
<b>Creator</b>	H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), 1886-1961
<b>Date</b>	[1951] April 16
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April 16  
---From April 21 :  
Hotel Croix Blanche  
LUGANO  
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1951

Dear Viola,

Thank you for your good letter. And thank you in advance for the paper which you say you have sent. Bryher tells me she too has heard-also, about paper, too. It is so kind of you. It may be late in coming, as if sent here, it will be forwarded on- but I will write again.

Perhaps I am not supposed to "know" about the paper- Bryher told me as I was moving on and some of my post is being forwarded to her to deal with. Anyway- I do thank you for the thought, even if the paper was not sent off. You have done far too much for us.

About that "press" for E; I found a report in Swiss( French) paper and sent it and they wanted more foreign comments if there were any.

I wrote my friends in Paris but evidently quite a lot was written in the Mecure de France, the best French Literary paper. I don't know if E. had copy of that. Anyway, I wanted it clear that I was just out for the literary comments- did not want to get mixed up, or get them mixed up, in the political side.

Yes- I did get a cutting you sent me, in fact, I sent it on to Paris as my friend Sylvia Beach who had a book-shop, said she would try to get a note in somewhere and she wanted details. Now, since the Mecure has had this write-up, I don't think she should take the trouble. Sylvia was part of the war, in a prison-camp, an American who worked for years at this shop and lectured in the Sorbonne. Naturally, she would be pretty or very anti-F. (I can never spell that word) and I did not want her to go out of her way- but she just took it from literary angle as I and Bryher have done.

I have sent no more( have found no more) ; had an odd letter from E. about Norman Pearson who has so much helped me. I cannot, in a letter, defend old and kind friends to someone in E.'s position, so I felt best to say nothing at all. Perhaps I will write again, later. I really wrote because I felt you had done more than your share and you said you sent E. news from my letters to you.

I am glad Maria is happy. I do not think I need write now ; I was only sorry to have seemed indifferent, but I was very ill after the London Blitz, when she wrote me.

I enclose on more rose. I enjoy all you write about your garden.

I am in a sort of state or suspended animation- several suit-cases have just gone to stay at Kenwin, with fur and winter clothes, one trunk I leave here, as I have taken the room on for next winter- or the "rooms" if you count my hall, bath and huge balcony. It is more like a tiny, perfect flat. I send off my own summer-bags a few days ahead, they do that here; it is much easier, but that means I am left with just my one small travel-case and my type-writer that I can't trust to travel without me.

So I ask you to forgive this rather dull letter. I did so enjoy hearing direct of you from Bryher and of hearing of Br. and Perdita from you. It is a sort of miracle to me that you should have got together there, in Tenafly, as they had heard and heard and HEARD about you.

We go to a lovely tea-room ; now they have a roof-garden ; it is crazy-pavement, fountain-pool, borders of tulips, pansies in which white and blue cushions; in the corners are rhodo-trees and azelias in great pots or jars. There is a bamboo screen or fence between us and the next garden. The next garden is on its own level but the roof of this place ( Mutrux ) is on level with the next slope; it is like that there, always a delight to me.

Well, my very best to you all, and I hope the children are well again.

Love

Ben  
Hill