

Letter from Frances Cornford to Eddie Marsh, 30 July [1918]
Cambridge University Library: Manuscripts MS Add.9280/16

Note: Typed transcript created for this project from a manuscript transcript held by the Manuscripts department at the Cambridge University Library.

{Add.9280/16 1918?}

c/ Mrs Archer

King's Langley

July 30

My dear Eddie. Thank you very much.

I am very grateful & very glad to have
the memoir from you. Thank you
once more.// As I read every thing
came back to me, as if it was that
first 23^d April, + I was glad to
have an empty day, on which I
could realize how much I loved
Rupert + I could just feel & think
[of him] as much as I would, un-
interrupted for a day. (A rare privilege
for anybody nowadays)
I cannot say strongly eno', how
much I think the Memoir improved.
above all by the letter to Keeling, (saying
so much that I'd dimply wanted
~~say~~ said, & in R's own words – Almost
too v[er]y good to be true it seemed.)
+ by the little bit on the whole duty
of an artist to the Young American-
-I should like to see all that letter-
+ by all the little grave & sensible
bits to his mother, by the wonderful

passage bit about soldiers being criminals
& priests (I can't find it How much you have
hampered a heathen who has never
learnt Roman lettering from the Psalms

[1 Verso]

cannot be experienced temperately on a
hot day, but I saw the point got the
rest of Christendom) + by so many little
touches, like your note on his
appreciation of Dr. Johnson! I feel
now that anyone who has ears to
hear ~~to~~ can now hear the essential
Rupert speaking thro' all his dazzle.
I didn't before, + I exaggerated grossly in stating it
+ was destructively critical instead
of constructively, - a sin for which
no one should be lightly forgiven.
I see now that it was my
passionate feeling for Mrs Brooke
that made me such a nuisance
+ got all mixed up with my
critical faculty I felt we ought
all to have stood on our heels for ten
years without question, if she'd
asked if (and I still do) This feeling
was all mixed up with my
criticisms & observations: If I could
only have disentangled it I might
have been some help to you & her.
I cried bitterly over the Heart cry
Triolet letter, (one triolet over which I'd

laughed so much, when R. showed
it me) It's not that I regret my

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detailed criticisms, but that I didn't
see what R. was after! & what a
great magnificent instrument
he was perfecting & learning, whilst
I – (and others) went self satisfiedly
on, with our v. small if sincere, penny whistles,,
I guess the other people in whose
sympathy he was disappointed were
the Raverats But after all their job is painting mine, in however small
a way, is verse, how could I have been so stupid + so blind.
However whatever ones intellectual
beliefs or unbeliefs may be
one always has the sense that the dead understand now
either big or little wrongs ~~one has~~
~~done them.~~

I like very much your few words
about Denis Browne. I cannot
tell how much it is having just
known him, but your words recall
his delightful presence + shining
hazel eyes, so vividly to me.

I think the South Sea letters
in the right proportion now And
I see how important they are

[2 verso]

as giving one more great touch to
his complete Englishness, that
romantic sense of travel (we've

just been reading aloud some of

Hakluyts [sic] voyages)

Thank you again

Yours ever

Frances Cornford

I will write all the small things

I remember & send them along

to you _ Ill [sic] do it presently

when Im [sic] stronger & shant [sic]

forget them. They are only very

slight things, but as you say

worth preserving.

I strongly feel Dent is

academically afraid of being sentimental

in his account of Comus. A worse sin

really than being sentimental I

would like to try to write about that better.'