

A. E. COPPARD  
Kimble Wood, Skirmett  
Henley-on-Thames

TELEGRAMS:  
KIMBLE WOOD  
TURVILLE HEATH

12 " 28

Dear Clark

I was (as usual) completely tipped by your letter of (what is commercially described as) the 27th ult. By the time I had negotiated all its twists & turns (like a maniac on a bicycle made of putty) I was wrecked, dishevelled, marooned; I was (pardon me) a cricket without a hearth. (You see! I have become infected by your damnable parenthetical style!)

Also. Will you now stop your groveling, & write as one good chap to another — or must I kick your behind while you are making a leg?

The poem about the dog has some quality but I don't think it comes off. The 3<sup>rd</sup> section is not good, but sections 2 & 4 are all right

Monopolylogue: (Almighty God, what a word!) is no good. Look at it — & blush.

I can't decipher much of "It is a pleasure to sit down"  
but I differ very dogmatically & most magnanimously  
from the argument it seems to propound, & so I should  
refuse to believe in the poem even if I could make it  
out!

Homo Sum has ideas, but how you have  
maltreated them! Of course poetry is difficult  
to write.

I think this is a bad selection this time. There are  
possibilities about Who tells his love, but your  
rhymes are out of order & the last stanza is a  
turgid mass out of which you ought to drag 2  
verses

Well, you began telling me about yourself:  
up to now I gather, or seem to gather, that you  
suffer from rickets, & that you muffed your  
schooling in London. Go on, I'm interested.

Yours

A. E. Coppard [A. E. Coppard]

A. E. Coppard  
Kimble Wood, Skirmett,  
Henley-on-Thames

12- 11- 28

Dear Clark

I was (as usual) completely biffed by your letter of (what is commonly described as) the 27th ult. By the time I had negotiated all its twists & turns (like a maniac on a bicycle made of putty) I was wrecked, dishevelled, marooned; I was (pardon me) a cricket without a hearth. (You see! I have become infected by your damnable parenthetical style!)

Also. Will you now stop your grovelling, & write as one good chap to another - or must I kick your behind while you are making a leg?

The poem about the dog has some quality but I don't think it comes off. The 3rd section is not good, but sections 2 & 4 are all right.

Maropolyogue: (Almighty God, what a word!) is no good. Look at it - & blush.

I can't decipher much of "It is a pleasure to sit down" but I differ very dogmatically & most malignantly from the argument it seems to propound, & so I should refuse to believe in the poem even if I could make it out!

Homo Sum has ideas, but how you have maltreated them! Of course poetry is difficult to write.

I think this is a bad selection this time. There are possibilities about Who tells his love, but your rimes are out of order & the last stanza is a turgid mass out of which you ought to drag 2 verses.

Well, you began telling me about yourself: up to now I gather, or so seem to gather, that you suffer from rickets, & that you muffed your schooling in London. Go on, I am interested.

Yours

A.E.C.

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