

47 Wellington Square
Oxford.

18 May 1942.

querido Luisin: Dos letras para decirte que la semana que viene me marchare a Leeds para hacer mi exposicion y dar mi conferencia. te escribi hace unos dias u te decia lo del cuarto de la senora Arteaga, que hasta fines de Junio no tiene nada. Si deseas venir antes yo podria encontrarte algun cuarto, pero dimelo inmediatamente, porque yo me tendre que ir. Ahora se me ocurre que quiza si me contestas con toda urgencia y te interesara mi cuarto. yo podria hablarlo con la senora de la casa, antes que lo alquile a nadie. Yo pago dos Guineas con desayuno. y me marche de aqui el jueves que viene, tu tendrias que venir ese mismo dia o uno o dos dias antes, para coger mi cuarto. Dime si te conviene o no para obrar en consecuencia. Y tu libro sigues en la idea de publicarlo. Cree que te conviene muchisimo, muchisimo, el papel se acaba y si mas adelante quieres hacerlo ya no podras.

No te fuerzo ni te digo nada, porque eres un hombre dificil, solamente te digo que lo pienses bien ahora que todavia estas a tiempo. Despues con solo quejas no adelantas mas que amarrarte la vida.

Me supongo que tus ultimos poemas de bon de ser maravillosos. La muestra que me enviaste del Andaluz, me entusiasmo.

Te quiero y abraza

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The bull-ring with the crowd,
calañés and tall peinetas,
rotated like a zodiac
of white and black laughs.
And when the great Cayetano
crossed the straw-coloured sand
with his apple-coloured suit,
embroidered with silver and silk
.....

In this ~~is~~ ballad the green, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxfoundxxxx~~ the poet's favourite colour
can still be found, but ~~xxxxxxxat~~ at equal terms with the other
colours.

Following the poet's preference comes red, although it is very remarkable
that he ⁱⁿ ~~never~~ ^{hardly} mentions it by name. But by implication his obsession in this
colour is frequently recurring: "I come bleeding", "this wound of mine, from
the throat to the chest", "Ah, my poppy-coloured thighs", "fountain with
five jets of blood", "manly carnation". The examples could be multiplied.

Next comes yellow, which like a pious veil unconsciously covers with
its gaiety that great and deep wound that from his first book of poems to
the last, deepens until death overcomes him tragically. A death which he
somewhere in his poetry, which he wrote, loved to his beloved