

Εφα Εφιδ

αφιδα κυπριακή, κιν ανακλιση
ακ Λαυσειος κιν Λογια
Μεινατη κφι κιν αο Ται/ον κιν
Νοδινον

Emma Smith

30 Comondale,
Putney,
London S.W.15

Tel: (in case of emergency) 01-798-4497

10th June (or something)

Elli - this is just to say, very quickly - message received and understood - hurray! Marvellous! Terrific! Yes, I'll be at Heathrow, unless some extraordinary catastrophe intervenes (I put that in simply to propitiate any of those sneaky gods who may be eavesdropping...You know how it is? - one should always cross one's fingers when making any definite statements of intention) However, all being well I shall be there, on the 7th of July, to meet Flight No.SU241 - and I look forward to it so much. It will be lovely to see you again.

You ask if there is anything you can bring me from Cyprus. Bring me a shell from the beach, if you can - or a pressed wild flower - I'd love that. And bring photographs of your son to show me - don't forget. And if there should happen to be a small handy pocket sized (for your sake!) history of Cyprus, I'd like to read that - but it would have to be in English and so it probably doesn't exist at your end, so don't bother about this last idea. I'll see if I can't find a history of Cyprus in a bookshop here. There's so much I want to know. And I shall want to know all the current situation from you, so prepare to talk!

I'll see if I can fix the weather by then. Until now it has been absolutely APALLING - cold and rain every single day, like winter.

See you soon - what fun. Lots of love,

Emma - XX

EMMA SMITH
ΣΥΓΓΡΑΦΕΑΣ

By air mail
Par avion



Be properly
addressed

POSTCODE IT

Elli Peonidou,
P.O.Box 544,
LIMASSOL,

Cyprus.

Emma Smith,
30 Comondale,
Putney,
London, S.W.15,
UK

By air mail
Par avion



Ellis Peonidou,
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Limassol,
CYPRUS.

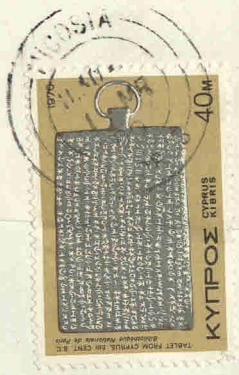
Emma Smith,
94 Cheyne Walk,
London, S.W.
UK.

10



94 Cheyne Walk, London S.W.10 (← skin!)
(moving to 30 Comondale, Putney, London
end of March - I had to postpone ^{S.W.15} _{at the} move)

Dear Elli - lovely to get your note and to hear that you and your family are coming to England this summer - what fun. I shall really enjoy seeing you again, and meeting your husband - will your son be coming too? I hope so. I reckon I shall be in London in May and June and probably out of London in July and August when London is perfectly horrible. I think I shall be painting and papering my new house in May and June. I have been almost out of my head the last few weeks, and months, working on a book to finish it for a deadline, and I thought I couldn't do it, and I was working 17 hours a day, literally, and I am now so tired I hardly know what I'm doing. I've finished it but I am in the middle of typing it out, it will take me a couple more weeks I think, then I shall be free and able to go to bed early and sleep and sleep! I am so tired. But your letter has been a ray of sunshine - I really look forward to you coming. Tell me more of your





Eli Peonides,
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Emma Smith,
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London, S.W. 15
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Written in 1975 when
Vietnam was the war against USA
; when Bram Fischer died on Robben
Island; remembering all
revolutions & revolutionaries
including our own
Kett's Revolution
circa 1550

Millions lost
Cannot have known
From them what host
would grow; ~~has~~ grown.

Seen advancing
Under song
What hordes, dancing,
Now sweep on.

I will ~~stand~~ smile,
And I will sing
Though all the while
I am dying.

Days are few;
I promise this:
My work to do,
My love to kiss,

Some time or other
Days will be few,
My sister, my brother,
For you, for you.

Those before,
And those ahead,
Sang as they went to war;
Sang, dead.

for Ellie who lives from
10-6-79 Emma -

Sam Smith



It was lovely to get that
 postcard from you and the
 Aldridges, written on a bus -
Thank you! Am now
 camping beside this
 beautiful (icy-cold!) sea,
 in a field, as I do every
 year, - and enjoying and
 marvelling at this beautiful
 world of ours, and hoping
 with all my heart those hopes
 we all hope - that it will
 be here for our children,
 grand children, great grand children
 - for ever - Love to you + Paras -

PHOTOGRAPHED & PUBLISHED BY JACKI SIMS
 ISLANDS GALLERY, ST. DAVIDS, PEMBROKESHIRE



Ellie Penides,
 P.O. Box 544
 14 M. Parides Street,
LIMASSOL,
CYPRUS

19. View from Solva towards Ramsey Island,
 Pembrokeshire.

Emma x x x (30 Commodale, Putney, London S.W.15. UK)



CONSTABLE: BRIGHTON BEACH WITH COLLIERS
By courtesy of the Victoria & Albert Museum, London

By courtesy of the Victoria & Albert Museum, London. Oil on paper.

JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). This sketch is inscribed on the reverse: '3d tide receding left the beach wet—Head of the Chain Pier Beach Brighton July 19 Evg., 1824—My dear Maria's Birthday Your Goddaughter—Very lovely Evening—looking Eastward—cliffs & light off a dark grey effect—background—very white and golden light.' Although Constable disliked the 'din and tumult' of Victorian Brighton, the beach inspired some of his freshest outdoor sketches.

Ellie and Panos,
 - I'm afraid I missed
 out on Christmas cards
 - had very bad 'flu,
 and this and that.

But it seems to me
 I can still wish you
 and your family a

→ happy and
 hopeful 1983 -
 there is still quite a
 lot of it left -!
 I send you both
 love, and warmest
 thoughts -

Emma -



'TRAMORE: CHILDREN ON THE STRAND'

Mildred Anne Butler (1858-1941)

Private Collection

Reproduced by courtesy of the artist's heirs

Mildred Anne Butler was born at Kilmurry, near Thomastown in County Kilkenny, Ireland, where she was to live for most of her life. She studied art in London in 1886 and, in the early 1890s, became a pupil of the animal painter, William Calderon. In the summers of 1894 and 1895 she worked with Norman Garstin, another Irish artist, in the fishing village of Newlyn in Cornwall, and through him she probably learned of the benefits of working out-of-doors, directly from the subject, though her own outdoor studies were often annotated and completed in the studio. In 1897 the *Atheneum* praised her ability to 'make good pictures out of simple and indeed trivial material', most of this material being taken from the local Irish countryside, fields and farmhouses, her holidays on the coast at Tramore in County Waterford, and, above all, the tranquil gardens at Kilmurry. She exhibited regularly from 1890 at galleries in London, the English provinces, and in Ireland and was elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours in 1937, after she had ceased to paint due to arthritis. Queen Mary purchased one of Mildred's watercolours, and a miniature for her Doll's House at Windsor.

C.M.B.



7 Grafton St. W.1.
Printed in England

S-U141



Ellie and Pavos, - and your
children (- I've just been looking again
at their photographs -) Thank you very
much for your card - lovely to hear from
you - I think of you both more often than
you might imagine - Yes, indeed - 1984 -
let us wish each other with all our hearts
peace - and the happiness and productivity
and progress that goes with peace -

Much love - Emma -



ST. PANCRAS HOTEL AND STATION FROM P.C. 1622
PENTONVILLE ROAD

By courtesy of the Trustees of the London Museum

JOHN O'CONNOR (1830-1889). Born in Ireland, he enjoyed a double career as theatrical scene painter (at Drury Lane from 1848, and the Haymarket from 1863-1878) and landscape artist. He travelled widely, and his European, Indian and London views were exhibited at the Royal Academy, the British Institution and other London galleries. This picture, dated 1884, shows the skyline of St. Pancras Hotel, built 1868-74, and designed by Sir Gilbert Scott.

30 Commandale, Putney,
London S.W. 15. UK.

My dear Elli - this is
just to acknowledge your
m-s - I was away for
Christmas - then away
up north on a teaching



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Printed in England

Job - Just back -
and sorting through
mail, etc - Blue read
the first 2-3 pages &
like it very much - I
don't think it looks as
though it needs anything
doing to it - a word, here
& there, perhaps - not more -
I'll finish reading it this
weekend & then send it to
my children's publisher,
The Bodley Head - will
write again when I've read
it - thanks for sending it -
Much love - Emma -

Lam Hamlet ở Việt Nam
ETRE HAMLET AU VIETNAM.

Hamlet, si tu étais au Viet Nam
tu ne caresserais pas un crâne posé dans ta main
Nixon n'aime pas ces crânes philosophiques
Quand il détruit - il détruit tout
il ne laisse pas le moindre éclat d'os
Ce n'est pas par hasard, si, à un pôle de la spéculation,
il a inventé la bombe de sept tonnes
l'autre pôle, il l'a rejoint par la bombe à fragments -
la bouche est bouclée -
Nixon n'aime pas les orbites qui ne se ferment jamais
il n'aime pas ce rire railleur aux dents trop blanches
qui pose trop de problèmes
la vie ne traîne pas comme dans les drames de Shakespeare
là on creuse des tombes pour un homme, ici, Nixon, lui
détérre des faubourgs entiers
O Hamlet! malgré tout tu es un homme du Moyen-Âge
comparé aux contemporains, à Washington, tu n'as aucune
aujourd'hui encore, tu continues à ressasser valeur
"to be or not to be" "être ou ne pas être"
qui donc va t'écouter?
le temps où les nations hésitaient, comme toi, ce temps là
est résolu
ne garde pas sans fin dans ta main ce crâne blanc et
métaphysique
nous avons compris, inutile s'interroger
voilà, la vie est verte, comme l'herbe sur la berge
et s'élançe comme la force du Fleuve Rouge

eux détruisent et nous sommes
eux détruire et nous être
Pour vivre, comment faire? on ne peut vivre
qu'héroïquement.
rendons la cendre aux défaitistes
nos combattants nient, leur rive résonne, ils tou-
rent les batteries dressées
vers le ciel, terre contre néant.

1972.

Ush

Ghep lai ở New Delhi
ngày 25/3/80 tang yang
shinhan báo sẽ hơn hiep
tuy chi Elli Péonidor

A la poétesse
Elli Péonidor

CHE LANVIEN
VIETNAM.

30 Comondale,
Putney,
London S.W.15

15th May 1982

My dear Elli - I'm afraid I've been a long time writing to you about your Hip Hop manuscript, but this is mainly because publishers themselves take a long time to respond, and also because I was ill for quite a long time - weeks - with a very bad attack of 'flu (okay now). Anyway, here now is the latest report of the situation:

First, I sent Hip Hop (which I like very much indeed - and to which I made only a few corrections, a word here and there) I sent it to my own childrens books publisher, Margaret Clark, who is a Director of The Bodley Head publishing house and in charge of the childrens department. The best thing I can do is to quote you the relevant bit of her letter when she sent it back, which explains itself:

".....Although there are signs that the recession is over, so far as the market for children's fiction is concerned things remain very difficult indeed. I think it would be fairly difficult to find a publisher in London who would take on this kind of translation in the present economic climate.....I think the most likely person to look at the project favourably would be a paperback publisher. I suggest you send this to Caroline Sheldon who publishes a series of children's paperbacks called Sparrow at Hutchinson."

So, on Margaret Clark's advice, I have sent it to Caroline Sheldon (I don't know her, C.S., personally) - but I haven't yet heard from her. She has had the manuscript for some time, and I think that perhaps such a long silence is a hopeful sign and means that it is being considered really seriously and is being read by several different readers. As soon as I hear anything concrete I'll let you know.

I can't believe that it's almost a year since I was meeting you at Heathrow airport - how can the time disappear so quickly! I do hope you are both (all, I mean really!) very well and very happy. I'm hoping that perhaps there is a chance I may see you in September? That would be lovely.

Lots of love from
Emma - X X

I can't find your new address - so I do hope
this old address will find you all right - .

By air mail
Par avion

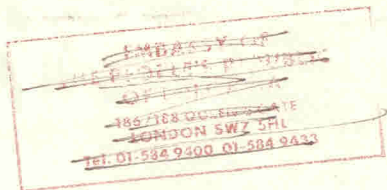


Be p
addr
POSTO

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Emma Smith,
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22

~~Miss Emma Smith,~~
~~30 Commondate,~~
~~Putney,~~
~~SW15~~

Ellie Peonidou,
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Be properly
addressed
POSTAGE IT

Be properly
addressed
POSTAGE IT

Tel: 01-788-4497

30 Comondale,
Putney,
London S.W.15
UK

19th May, 1981

Dearest Ellie (I mean, Elli!) - just got your note. So glad to know you're really coming to this country soon. If you can get here on 8th July I mean to be here then and for a few days at least after that. I don't know anything about your plans or how many million friends you have in London, but if you are able to, and would like to spend two or three days with me to start with, at the beginning of your visit, it would be lovely for me, and I could pick you up at the airport and drive you here. If you arrive at Heathrow airport I live on that side of London which makes it easy. My house is very small, rather like a doll's house, but if you don't mind that, we can all squeeze in for a couple or so days. Anyway, let me know - I am longing to see you again, and wanting to get to know your husband because I only spoke to him for a second, but I admired his speech. I shall put this little note quickly in the post without waiting to write any more - I've just come back from staying with my daughter while she was taking her final exams to be a teacher and feel as exhausted as though it was me who was taking them! I never believe when I post a letter at this end that it's really going to turn up in Cyprus in a few days time, but I suppose it does, though I shan't know for certain, or believe it, until I hear from you again.

Lots of love,

Emma -

W

I am writing such a bad book, and finding it so terribly difficult,
I am in DESPAIR.

P.S. Dear Elli - do you understand my English?
I don't make any concessions to it being
a foreign tongue for you - I just rattle on
and hope you can work it out somehow!

30 Comondale,
Putney,
London, S.W.15

22nd April, 1980

Dear Elli - this is just a very short note to apologize for being so long answering your last letter, and to explain why. I've been moving house and it was the most exhausting business, especially as I was working like a lunatic flat out until 5 days before I had to move, so as to finish this very very difficult book I've been struggling with for the last year and more, with a dead line I'd over-run twice. I did it but only just and only by working 17 hours a day, more sometimes, so was exhausted, then immediately had to start the physical business of moving house, and it wasn't just my flat but the whole house was sold, and had to be emptied, 8 flats. It was a very strange surrealistic time, funny in a lot of ways, but extraordinary too. Anyway, its over now, at last, and here I am, and so thankful and grateful and glad to be here. I love it, and it's going to be a very good place to work in, eventually, when I've got it in order. It's still in a muddle at the moment because it's very small and my son Barney has dumped on me all his extra stuff, because he has to wait another 3 weeks before he can get into his new flat on the other side of London. So I'm surrounded by boxes, and unpacking them, and trying to find where things are. And at last I've cleared a space on a table, and got my typewriter on it, so life feels a bit more normal, and I've found some typing paper, which I couldn't at first, and I've found the box with my own books in it, and by this same post under separate cover I'm sending off to you two of them - one is my last children's book, No Way of Telling, which I think is really my favourite, and the other is my last adult book, The Opportunity of a Lifetime, which is due to be published in America this coming July. I hope very much you will like them. I look forward already to hearing what you have to say about them. I'm so glad you asked for them, because I very much wanted you to read them, but I didn't like to press them on you for fear of being thought pushing - if you understand me! I'm so looking forward to seeing you again and meeting your husband in September. There will be so much to say, I know. I just hope we shall somehow have the time to say it all. When you come, bring photographs of your son - sons? - of all your family. I love photographs and it does so help to fill in the picture round you. And I hope you'll meet Barney, my son - probably not my darling daughter Rosie, though, because she lives in Norwich - doing a teacher training course. Actually - I have just this moment thought of it - you don't happen to know of a holiday job she and her cousin Isabel - who is a children's book illustrator - might be able to do in Cyprus. They want to get a holiday job in the sun, don't care what they do. They're a couple of really nice darling sweet girls, I don't know any nicer.

Anyway - I'll see you in September. Let me know if the books arrive, because the post is awful at the moment. Love from
Emma -

P.T.O



Dear Elli - how lovely to have a
card from you - It reached me while
I was staying in the country with my
daughter and we sat in our dressing-
gowns on her doorsteps together in the
sunshine sipping an early morning cup
of tea with a rural English scene in
front of us (herd of cows, and bull)
and enjoying the temple of Apollo Hyalates
together - while I described bits of
Bulgaria, and you and Kolya, etc. to her.
Now I'm back in London, and I keep the
temple of Apollo Hyalates propped beside my
typewriter to inspire and encourage me in
my work (I need it - work is being even
more than usually difficult) - And I look
at that lovely, lovely photograph of that
lovely place, and I can actually feel I'm
there - it's so real. I can feel the sun & put

Chinese Handpainted Scroll: Ching Dynasty
Flower painting on silk by Sung Kuang-Pao.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Chester Beatty Library
and Gallery of Oriental Art, Dublin.

my hand on those stones and feel the
warmth of them, and I can feel the
dry rather brittle grass with my bare
feet and smell the flowers - I bet there's
always a bit of a wind blowing in
that place - Thank you for sending me
this card - it really transports me
out of beastly, smelly noisy London -
Would you believe it, my suitcase with
just about all the clothes I possess in the
world in it (all my favourite clothes,
anyway) never arrived in London off
the aeroplane - gone! - everything! -
awful! The curious thing is that it
got lost in Sofia too - was found -
and now, gone again -

Well - this is me, keeping in
touch, as you say in your card.

Love from -

Emma -

I did think of sending you a copy of
my last book, but then I felt pessimistic
about the post, and thought it would get
lost, like my suitcase, and didn't!

By air mail
Par avion



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