

Titel: BREV TIL: Louis Hjelmslev FRA: Elizabeth Anderson Uldall (1951-11-27)

Citation: "BREV TIL: Louis Hjelmslev FRA: Elizabeth Anderson Uldall (1951-11-27)", i *Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds*, s. 1. Onlineudgave fra Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds: https://tekster.kb.dk/catalog/lh-texts-kapsel_033-shoot-workidacc-1992_0005_033_Uldall_0870/facsimile.pdf (tilgået 30. juli 2024)

Anvendt udgave: Louis Hjelmslev og hans kreds

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Uldall, H.J., 51

British Council

3, Hanover Street

London, Nov. 27

Dear Vibeke + the Other Glossenagi-
cian -

It was nice to hear that you
had fun in Aarhus. What did
[ki] do with herself while you
were gone, or did you take her
along? Pats from us, please.

We are shivering artistically
in somebody else's attic
in Hampstead, with a near-
strike of the gas workers
on. Just enough gas to cook
with, but not for heating.
However, keep your fingers
crossed, as from Friday we
have a whole, if small,
flat all to ourselves, & then
we shall retire & heap up
our chattels around us &
growl as hard as any
Englishman in his castle.

we've never yet been actually
roofless, but we haven't had
a place of our own since we
left Egypt in June. Jonathan
can hardly be spoken to,
while I am surviving it
all in a haze of one grain
of Luminol per day.

That sounds rather
grim, & I don't really
mean it like that, only
from Friday we hope to
sleep slowly back to
humanity. In the best
artistic-garret tradition,
A.T. has only been able
^{to} get enough warmth & privacy
to work by going to bed.
England is a small hell
at the moment, in many
ways.

At Othervic we are in good
shape. H.V. & Anne are out
collecting a weed sent they
chose for her yesterday. I've
been for a walk on Hæupstead
path. It's still there & very
nice, & the gorse is in
bloom, so kissing is still
in season, or whatever it
is the proverb says.

If we ever do get to
Buenos Aires, it ought to
be fun. Also, if we
can just get out of this
country before the Income
Tax descends on us like
a black pall.

What a bloody awful
letter! Groan, squeak
— sorry. I've just had
to try five ways of
spelling [skwo:k] before

I could find one that
looked at all plausible.

I'll write a lovely
cheerful little billet-doux
from our Danish flat
for Christmas.

Much love to you
both.

Betsy