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Title: Letter from Allen Tanner to Margaret Anderson

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From your letter
(gathered)

Darling: I ~~suspect~~ ^{gathered} that you had
 not quite ~~clearly~~ ^{understood} just
 why I sent the silly little bottle of
 sachet! It was because ~~the~~ ^{the} order
 what you ~~used~~ ^{always used} - in those dear
 old days - when you would
 come "nattering" ^{down} the corridors
 of the Fine Arts Bld - leaving a
 sizzling line of it's ^{charming} ^{trailing} ^{behind}
 wake!! I just happened to run
 across it one day here while making
 a purchase in a store & was ^{with} ^{sweet}
 immediately assailed - with ^{with} ^{sweet} ^{memories}
 As I remember - it then came in a
 small tubular shaped bottle - and you
 always kept it in that enclosed
 wash-band - with the medicine chest
 mirror - don't you remember? I can
 see you now - in the tailleur you
 always wore - the ruffled blouse -
 and the Skunk toque - the incarnations
 of beauty - and of course ~~we~~ we
 who were your disciples had to have
 our little bottle of it too!! Still
 all find it ^{rather} ^{peculiarly} ^{attractive} - after
 the gamut years of Coty - Guerlain - Chanel
 Carné - et al!! - don't you? Ah! Yes!
 My dear those days when the edge
 of life was so sharp that it often

apparently

Impressions
Darling - I write - a definite
as soon as I am accorded
a breathing space - but for you
dear little - I get the impression that you
do not remember - precisely - just why
I sent that funny little sachet (by the way
of the way I find rather attractive - do you?)
It was the sachet you used in
those dear old days - I can see you
wore - in that "tailor" suit - The blouse
with the full - and the stunk-trimmed
toque - a rose in your lapel - and leaving
a trail of that scent sigling up &
down the halls & elevators of that
dear old Fine Arts Bldg - I wish - yes -
still stands - by the way - Mr. Greene -
was still there - when in the 40's - but
died - suddenly - one day - the little fountain
is still there - but now - and I caressed the
now part of some club - with that door
sealed off - but still there - I caressed the
door knob & the glass panel - and of course
all those memories - & many more
No - I am never broken - her stance
remoteness acknowledged the first of the
prayer - & heave - Mary (at her best) once
was in her life. That would destroy her
(cultivated) shan - the remoteness
you may have had - pointing, frustration
that would take what it up - in old friend

of my calibre - & category? But of course you will recall how she always practiced ^{ways} of the tyrannies of one who ^{adorned} imagined herself as Messianic. Also to write to us would be (for her "weird psychology") "losing face" and you know how much importance she always attaches to that! I still want to see that you help ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{document} that ^{you} ^{gathered} ^{back} to mama (or was it "Papa"?!) after

Georgette's death. However, so much for her - or was many years ago that I detected certain traits in her character that one can only describe as.....

"unsavory"

Can't wait for the book - how can I on 97. Be most carefully careful of that dear - and sacred - heart of yours - and don't climb steps + hills - if you can avoid it - in spite of ^{the} Doctor's ^{has} ^{sworn} ^{an} ^a medicine

Are you kidding? Sweetie - I haven't next a ^{real} ^{valerian} or or many years I wouldn't know how to behave on me!!

No studies? To study was I thought was