

Sep. 22 - 1916

Dear Witter

I am ill in bed. I came to Cohasset about two weeks ago with a wingless body and a weary soul - and now my sister and a good doctor are taking care of me.

This house is between the deep woods and the deep sea; but I have not been strong enough to sit in the green shadows or dip my pale self in the blue water. I fear, Witter, that I shall remain a soulless thing for a long while -

And how more than kind of Mrs. Saint-Johns to ask me to come to Windsor. Please thank her for me.

And may the Allah of Allah, the most human God, be with you always.

Ever yours,
Kahlil

Gibson

c/o
Mrs. Julia Manning
Cohasset, Mass.

M.T.G.

[1917?]

Bay End Farm
Buggard Bay
Mass.

Beloved Witter.

Your voice has just reached me. It was forwarded to this enchanting place in which I am having a much needed rest with the gracious Marie Garland. It is indeed a region for poets and singers - and I am sure you will love it.

But listen, Witter. What is happening now on the Western front has made everything else a side-show. Both the French and the English governments have refused, in the face of the gigantic drive in Picardy, to be interested in anything smaller. About three

weeks ago France recalled
an expedition which she
equipped, and even started,
for the East. It turned around
in mid-ocean!

Do you see that things
are not as we would have
them. And because they
are not, I gave myself
the freedom of coming for
a rest to these pine-hills:
otherwise I would have
remained in New York, waiting
and watching for a word
or a sign from France or
Egypt.

My love, with this, goes
to you.

And may the god of
Spring fill your mighty-
heart with wine and
fragrance.

Ever yours
Kahlil

(Lilian)

Thursday

Q917.133

Dear Witter - sea-hearted Witter,
bless you for the wonderful
letter. It did so much good.

It is a nervous break-down. Over-
work and the tragedy of my country
brought a cold, dull pain to my
left side, face, arm and leg. It
will pass away, Witter, and I shall
be well again!

Now I sit in the sun all
day turning the left side of my
body to its warm, healing rays.

And the left side of my face
is darker, much darker, than
the right side. The effect is
strangely green - not unlike
the jester of the XVth Century!

But if the sun strikes you
on your left cheek you turn
your right cheek also!

And the lovely poem. I read
to my sister, who is always with
me, and we both blessed you
for. Love and blessings from
Kathie

March 15 - 1918

My Dear Witter:

Our trip East is yet uncertain - and like everything else connected with the great upheaval, it remains in the hands of the Unknown. Everybody, including the Paris Committee, thinks that I have more than enough to do here. But I want to go East and be a part of a larger spirit. I know you would too - and if it is decreed, we will surely have a wonderful time helping others to understand their larger selves.

I am sending you some of the parables you like. But you have heard them so often that I should think you must be quite weary of them. The poetry society gave me a most generous reception and everybody was really more than kind. Yet our friend Mr. Marrow does not want to publish the little

collection. He does not think
the book will sell enough! I have
turned the mss. to the Macmillan
Company.

Did you not say that I
can always reach you through
some agent or manager in
New York? Please send me
the address. I don't want to
lose you!

And may the days and the
nights sing in your great-
and wonderful heart.

Love from
Ishbel

51 West Tenth Street

May 6th 1918

Most beloved Witter,

How good it is to know that you are coming back to us - to your own.

O how we shall sing and dance and laugh in the sun.

Here are two little parables which I read to one or two groups - and they liked them.

Do you?

And here is a poem for Whitsun Day. I hope you will find it good enough to read on such a holy occasion. And of course I shall ask Percy to send you something!

I am sending you, together
with this, my Arabic book,
"The Processions". I know
that you cannot, will not
read poetry from right to
left - but there are some
drawings in the book which
I hope you will like - from
left to right!

And may the Spring
ring in your heart always

Love from

Khalil

Nov. 24 1918

Rye, N. Y.

Willa

I love you for
writing "Prussia*" Cook
read it to us this
evening and we all
were deeply moved.
And you know just
what it did to a
Syrian from Lebanon.
It is a remarkable
poem - and true to
life - and true to
death. After you

(Afterwards Cycle)

publish it I want to
have it translated into
Arabic. I assume ^{you} that
it will find a place
of honor in the best
Arabic magazine. The
Syrian have a right
to love you — almost
as much as I have.

I miss you badly.

I Kahlil

51 West Tenth Street

Gilera

Beloved Witter:

A copy of "The Madman" went to you the very day it was published. Someone on the way must have stolen it enough to pocket it - may be be forgiven.

And I am sending you another copy which I hope will reach you.

New York is still empty without you. But we love you madly, and we long for you "even as the garden longs for spring".

With love and blessings,
Hannah

Feb. 24
1919

(1922?)

Dear Italo,

And so you have made the vast West your home? You have done well. This place is really getting too small for poets. One can no longer breathe without shattering somebody's window-panes. And one cannot pass through anybody's door without breaking his own wings.

I shall be very glad to see Mrs. Henderson and his work. The picture on the catalogue you sent me is fine - very Spanish in feeling.

Yes, I have many new things to show you. Perhaps you will see them on exhibition in the West.

As ever
Italo
Gibran

GIBRAN

Dec. 23 - 1922

Dear Ital,

You do beautiful things for your friends, but you would not let your friends know of the beautiful things you do. Is it because you wish to hide from one hand what the other hand does? That too is beautiful, Ital, but in this particular case it is so unchristian!

It was at the house of a stranger that I saw the "Book of Plays" with my name on the title-page of "Cyclops". I have been so

long and so much out of
the world that I did not
know the book was published,
and Knopf, for some
reason did not send me
a copy.

Well, Hal, how shall
I thank you? It seems
that you are too proud to
receive thanks; that is
why you veil your gracious
deeds with a veil of silence.
May life sing in
your hands always.

Ever devotedly,

Halilil

A. L. Loran

GIBRAN

G. W. Wain

April 14 - 1925

Dear Isaac,

I think "The Winged Serpent" is more appealing to the imagination than "Caravan". "The Winged Serpent" is really a remarkable title; "Caravan" has been over used.



Should you decide on "The Winged Serpent" I would like very much to make a drawing of it as a book-cover. It is such a beautiful motif.

Dear Hal, I am very glad
you are going to write something
about my works for the Knopfs.
Only a poet should lay a
hand upon the heart of
another poet. Professional
critics can never really
understand you or me!
They praise us when they
should explain us, and
they direct us when they
should reflect us. And
they are so peevish!

I am sending you to-
gether with this some biographical
notes translated from a French

"Who is Who". I thought you
might like to see them.

It is very hard for me,
Witter, to tell you what my
position is in the Arabic world.
The Eastern peoples like to
say that I have founded a
new school of literature. If
I had, I certainly was not
conscious of doing so. Writers
and critics like to repeat
two words; the first is "a Gibranite",
meaning a new or a different
person; the other is "Gibranism"
meaning freedom in all things.
But you know, Hal, that
peoples have a way of calling

you names simply because
your nose happened to be
shaped in a strange manner.
There have been many fights
about me in the East — and
always between the old and
the young. I think that I still
live because the young were
not conquered. Oh, it is
a long story; one cannot
put it in a letter — can one?

My love to you and
my blessings upon your head.

Always

Isabel

Witter -

And now that you
have filled your jug
with strange wine, and
your quiver with strange
arrows, will you not
turn towards us? Will
you not come back and
rest near us, we poor
lonely ones whose jugs
are wineless and whose
quivers are arrowless?
Will you not come soon
so that we may hear
in you the voices of
distant lands and
distant seas?

May the winged Salām
of Allah be with you
always.

Hubert