

Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> 1931

AL/2268

52 Tavistock Sq. W.C. 1.

Dear Mr Russell,

I haven't yet heard from Mr MacLean, but I'm sure she would not be more flattering & tempting than you are — & even to you I fear I must say no. I can't tell you how I hate public speaking — it is different from writing — I can't get into the mood — I waste weeks — what I produce is as dry as old biscuits — & for weeks before & after I am



incapable of rational thought or  
conduct. So, for many years

I have given up the attempt.

Honestly, I think the Gradualists

had better not hear me or see me,  
or you wish them to think well of

British fiction.

But I am

greatly flattered by the invitation,

I would have answered before

but that I have been in bed the

last week & incapable of writing.

Many thanks & apologies

— I please believe that this is  
not ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> idle excuse, but one  
forced on me, <sup>reluctantly</sup> by  
incapacity.

Yours sincerely  
Virginia Woolf