

October 31

Peter dear; This is not another thank-you but an Observation which I forgot to make in my last letter. You do realise that Frank is the real Russian, don't you, the real 100% Slav-White Russian Grand Duke, unsuited to Paris in the 20's. And that Tania is a bright little English wife who will struggle on and do the Right (and always Exhausting and boring) Thing forever. And he will talk and think of suicide, Russki-like, while she giggles bravely. But in the end, who ever knows. In any event I was so thrilled with this discovery that I had to tell you.

He is a damn sight more Slav than most Slavs I know. Very interesting.

Also I have just finished "~~Pomp~~and Circumstance" by Noel Coward and am much elated. Dear Noel wrote this skillful bunch of solid goo and hot air in the first person singular, the said first person being a well bred young middle aged wife and mother. I am glad to say that in my worst hours, writing with my feet, I can make a more convincing man than he can a woman; and am greatly cheered.

It has been a lovely footling day; I was too idle even to swim, and Kimoyo killed a snake in the tree by my bedroom which is either a boomslang or an impostor boomslang. It is quite possible I will never do a damn thing except enjoy myself. And you know, enjoying oneself is a form of public service, when looked at thoughtfully. The trick is to discover how one enjoys oneself. I cannot get over my amazement that this is my way.

Sleep well and have lovely Big Deals and dances and all, *Martha*