

Nov 7, Box 9804, Mombasa

Peter dear man; Greetings of the week. It seems far more than a week since I left your kindly bed and board; but I think it a good idea to thank you like an alarm clock, at regular intervals.

How are you?

Is it not pleasing that the American people showed themselves for once to be firmly un-halfwitted and unvicious, and voted that miserable fellow Goldwater and his loathesome crew into oblivion? The strangest side effect of all this is that the Republican party, which has always been as interesting as cold posho, now does become interesting; it will be absorbing to see whether they behave like the Phoenix and rise anew from this foul lot of ashes, or whether they lie down and die. I have actually bought two newspapers this week and mean to buy a third; for me, this is a breathless state of excitement.

Tomorrow is my birthday and for the first time in living memory I am wholeheartedly glad to be alive and unequivocally delighted to have been born. I tell you this, in the way that an explorer sends back news in a cleft stick. Happiness has come upon me rather like a disease; I am engulfed in it. There is no reason, which certainly proves the stuff is genuine. Just suddenly (or very slowly?) I find the world so beautiful that I want to do nothing but admire; I find my days -- my static, solitary, silent days -- perfect; I think everything that has ever happened to me must have been right, since the end result is this state of quiet joy. (Tell your dentist that this, too, can occur.) Two days ago a youngish man came to see me, as he is planning

to write a book on Africa and wanted tips and pointers. I discovered that he had just been divorced after 15 years of marriage; not a heart-breaking business, but a taste of ashes. And decided that perhaps I will set myself up as a cheer-counsellor to the newly uprooted, saying to one and all: wait, it will become better and better, until you can hardly recognize ~~yourself~~ yourself.

Also, I do not want a cook but realise that the fact of Kimoyo was another revelation. I am becoming quite a good cook for my own purposes and see this cooklessness as another freedom. It means I shall never again give parties, and need be on no one else's time wave-length. I look forward to a long happy life, unleashed from cooks.

Dear Peter, thank you for past blessings. Always,

*Martha*

← First fold here →



Peter Warrlian, Esq.

P.O. Box 30221

NAIROBI

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address: .....

.....  
.....

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE ; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

