

Saturday

Peter darling, 'oy oh joy. The plane leaves here at 4 or 4:30 p.m.

and gets to Nairobi at six I should imagine but please ~~soon~~ ^{check}. YES

I long to be met, all the ~~knickknacks~~ trimmings. We will only go to a

movie if there is a good one; I won't waste precious time with you at

a Sinatra and after all I am returning to the movie center of the world.

Maybe I'll be leaving for Italy that same night -- 1 a.m. -- as first

planned; but plane space not yet sure. Otherwise leaving Sunday night

at six p.m.

I am slaving to hear all your news. What did those ~~crayons~~ ^{ways} tell

you about me? In advance, I am sure they ^vvented. I want to know

exactly why you threw out the loathesome old Year.

Hands shaking with fatigue; just got back from Fangan; drove down

yesterday, back today, had an idea it was needed colour locale for my

novel; I had invented a village on the Tanzania shore as setting.

Fangan is so much more horrible than anything I imagined that I am

stunned. My hero, poor sod, could not have survived in such a spot

for 6 months. The roads are incredible horror, two hours of

okablike slide-wise skidding in deep dust; the air comes from a

hairrier. The journey has had one salubrious effect; I am sick to

death of Africa and cannot wait to leave. This is better than going

off droopily. I go with a joyous heart. My God I cannot wait to

plunge into every comfortable foul facet of civilization.

I'll have the first draft finished when I get to you; but

since you were absent I got J. Nazer to read the first seven

chapters, to make sure my man was not a fairy.



BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME



Peter Marrian, Esq.

P.O. Box 30221

NAIROBI

Second fold here

Sender's name and address:

First fold here

To open cut here

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

J. said he wasn't and the book might have been written by a man,
which is too much praise; I could not pretend to get so much inside a
male skin. But it is unreadable muck and if I later decide there
is any value in it, it will take six months hard rewriting. At that
point, I shall submit it for your veto. I wrote it with malaria
the whole time and the tone is unremitting gloom.
Can't wait for next Saturday. I'll be dressed for the
evening and ready to swirl off in any direction.
Love, and you're sweet to be so happy about my self-
invitation.

M