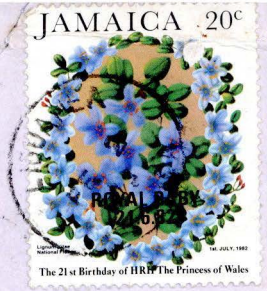
BUY JAMAICA

Mrs. Peter Abrahams,

"Coyaba."

Coopers Hill,

Mount Fraser.



Mr. Peter Abrahams

"Coyaba"

RED HILLS P.O.

II/17/'83

Dear Mr Abraham,

Last night, sorting you old papers, I found the original of this seating plan and thought that it may interest you. I'll ever remember you speech — the best of the evening.

Such memories make life worthwhile; I'm still in good health & going strong; may reach — D.V. — 80 on Oct. 10.

With my best regards to you and all yours.

As ever,

Claude M

I. C. L. A. DINNER. 1954. Oct.

25th ANNIVERSARY

Head table

Rt. Hon. E. Brown. MP.
Dr M. Read.
Mr P. Abrahams.
Mrs. Wilson.
Rev. H.D. Hooper.
Rev. T.A. Beetham.
Mr G.H. Wilson.
Mrs. Snow.
Rev. P.K. Dagadu.
Mrs. Wyatt.
Dr Goodall. Sec. I.H.C. London.

Rev. Mr Short	1	Mr Harvey
Mr de Mestral	2	Mrs Hunt
Miss Fisher	3	Mr S. Taylor
Mr Higham	4	Dr Dougall
Mr Stepney	5	Mr Joelson
Mr Crabb	6	Dr Clow
Mrs Ighodalo	7	Mr Sempebwa
M. Dubois	8	Miss Terry
Mrs Traill	9	Mr Pitt
Mr Thornberry	10	Mrs Moore
Miss Linstead	11	Mr Marker
Mr Ollman	12	Miss Sinclair Internat Review of Missions.

Mr CE Wilson

Table I

Mr Milburn	1	Mr Appleton
Mrs Coxill	2	Mr Don Taylor
Mr Neale	3	Dr McMath
Mr Sewell	4	Mr Bickersteth Hang n Rong Competition.
Miss Tarver	5	Mr Sulston
Mr Houghton	6	Miss Senior
Mr Otubanjo	7	Mr Ntiro
Mrs Clinton	8	Mr Swanzy
Methodist Recorder	9	Miss Sturdy
Miss Hewitt.	10	Mr Mogkatle
Mr Moore	11	Mr Ackroyd
Miss Goodwin	12	Miss Sheldon

Table II

Mr Watson	1	Mr Greaves
Mr Deane	2	Mrs de Mestral
Mrs Williams	3	Dr M.A.C. Warren
Mr Gregor Smith S.C.M. Press	4	Mr W.H. Warren
Mr Bennett	5	Miss Sullivan
Miss Burns Brown	6	Mr Shaun Herron. South British Weekly.
Mr Ighodalo	7	Mr Fubara
Rev J.V. Taylor	8	Miss Wall
Miss Ferguson	9	Mr N. Haynes
Mr Foy	10	Miss Sheppard
Mrs W.H. Warren	11	Mr Cooper
Mr Northcott Press.	12	Mr Ross.

Bishop Neill S. Christian Books.

Table III

Claude de Mestral
3914 Mentana
Montreal H2L 3R8

POSTES C
18
198
H3C

Mr Peter Abraham
Box. 20.
Red Hill. P.O.
St Andrew
Jamaica. W.I.

Air Mail Par avion

1318 Coollage Ave
Bronx 56 N.Y.
c/o Fitzroy
Friday May 8th 1959

Dear Peter & Daphne

I know you must think me awful for not writing before but I am just getting out of the dumps.

I got a very nice letter from you Daphne and I am ashamed that I have not answered before now.

The only news I can give you at this time is that I have been going around seeing lots of people but up to present date nothing is set up yet. I cant work until I am in training so until I get into a factory or a school I just have to hold on. Dear Peter I did give you a hard time. You ill never know how near I was to breaking point. If I did not speak to you, I just might have lost my mind. I was very bitter for days after our talk but I want you to know that now I can take it all in my stride I have not given up the idea of fighting back, that is the only thing that will make me feel alive How I shall fight I wont say yet.

How are the children? I heard that the flu has hit the Island hard I hope you all were able to keep from getting it.

As I write I can picture your home and envey you all that wide open space and ~~[illegible]~~ sunshine Yesterday was the first day we had nice hot sunshine

I went to Bear Mountain and spent the day Wednesday It is one of the most beautiful places I have seen It

was a pity that I could only stay one day. I also rode a horse and right now I am paying for that little gander I am in pains, but it was so much fun I would not miss it for worlds.

I should close now for I know you are both busy people. Have you finished the road yet ??

Peter I know a guy who knows everything there is to know about cars, so when you are ready to buy one cheap, but good, let me know. His name is Maurice Powell Happy knows him very well, and I have been feeling him out, he says it can be done.

So give my love to your children and take care of yourselves until I hear from you

I remain Always

Dorothy

'Coyaba',
Red Hills P.O.,
St. Andrew.
Jamaica.
February 18, 1965.

My dear Jean,

The other day Daphne said to me: "It is all very well for you to love your friends and to remember them and to talk about them; but you never write to them and it makes me feel ashamed that you never write". I said: "But every time I write a book it is a love letter to my friends". And I saw on her face, like a shadow that is there then gone, a flash of anger, comprehension, resignation, impatience - all the emotions that sometimes register at the same instant on a woman's face when she encounters waywardness in someone she loves. Mothers sometimes look in this way at naughty children: I still remember when my own mother looked at me in that way. So I tried to make a joke of it but made a silent vow to write to my friends. That was at Christmas time. And it is only now that I am writing the first of all those promised letters. I know I will not keep the vow with all my friends - but I am going to try hard with the special ones.
And how is it? And where do we begin? All the things that you remember are still here, still the same. Since you left we clebrated Naomi's ten birthday and then Aron's fifteenth and then Anne's sixteenth: we all argue and quarrel and get vexed with each other but it is still a house of love and so it is still united. At long last Daphne has done a considerable amount of work on her screen and it is beginning to to look really beautiful. I am being rather difficult with her at the moment but I am aware of it and of its causes and so it is a thing that will pass, as a stone disturbs the calm water then sinks out of sight and the water goes back to being calm again. I have been working very well until the last two weeks or so when the creative tension suddenly broke down; but it is building up again and I expect to finish the writing of my new manuscript by April. I plan to revise it later in the year. But before then I hope to pay a visit to Africa. I have just finished writing a special article for the New York Times on the problem of communication between the lighter and darker races of mankind in which I refer to Senghor both as President and poet and what I consider his role in this matter. They have not told me when they will publish it but I will send you a copy as soon as it is printed. I have now received the first printed copy of the book you read in manuscript. The Americans are publishing on April 12 and the British say their edition will be out at the end of March. I am waiting to see which one is the better looking

and oder them to dispatch that one to you. The American publishers are hopeful that they might have a big sale and make a little money. If that happens then it might even be possible for me to call on you in Dakar. I think that is all my news. Politics here have become ridiculous and I do nothing except my writing. I have not seen Elsie for a little while now but I shall make a ceremonial presentation of my book to her. She is wonderful, that one, with a really big heart, and I am very fond of her.

And how are things with you? And the family? And work? And I hope Africa continues to treat you with kindness: she can be very strange that Africa of mine, and I hope you are beginning to understand why she has such a powerful compelling influence over me even after these many years in exile. We were at a dinner party with Vida at U.S. Charge D'Affaires' home. We saw Roland and Zit just after Christmas and they seemed as happy as usual. Give Tedy our greetings and tell him the children hope that he is being happy.

Daphne joins me in sending warmest love.

The Observer,
22 Tudor Street,
London, E.C.4.
11 July 1959

Dear Peter,

I hope you got my telegram. I'm very out of touch with affairs in the Federation, having been in Cuba, St. Domingo and Central America, which, despite their geographical proximity, might as well be in Mars for all the interest they take in the English-speaking neighbours.

Monsieur Espinet, our stringer in Trinidad, provides us with news from his angle, maar die weledele hoog-agtige heer Pieter Abrahams nie skryf ons nie 'n woord nie, al sy he 'n beroemde boekskrywer. Shame!

D. Manley is at present in London, and taking very seriously the danger of Jamaican separatism (Jamaicaanse apartheid), and feels that both Poppa and Busta may overdo this angle and finally wreck the Fed. which neither of them really want to do. Apparently Ja is undergoing an industrial boom and feeling like going it alone. What about it, chum? Also, be prepared to cable a story for the Ob., as offered to Servob, on request, asseblief.

I hear from said D. Manley that you are now living in an enormous, inaccessible mansion on the top of a mountain, and that Daphne has become the Wanicsky of Spotlight and New Day. Valerie and I also have a new house, and I'll tell you all about it when you are good enough to communicate with the Old Country.

Beste wense vir die familie,

Tot siens,

Jock.

File

119A, Duke St.
Manchester Place,
Kingston,
July 16, 1962.

My dear Abrahams,

I should have written you before, but some unlucky breaks hindered me. First, one teacher took suddenly ill, having to undergo an operation. Then, the aged mother of another took in with her last illness. I had to carry the extra work, and that just when the term was ending! Right now I am working at getting out the reports.

Mr. Du Santoy was away, but they read my story and said that they could not publish it. They said that it was not quite suitable as an historical novel, and suggested that I do a story dealing with the present day.

However, it will be impossible for me even to begin thinking about it until I've had a few weeks' rest.

There's an unpleasant thing that I wish to bring to your notice.

You will remember that recently a list of schools was published and beside the name of each school was printed the number of pupils that the authorities intended sending refreshments for.

They estimated the number here at ninety. I was surprised to see how close they came to the correct number.

Yesterday I saw where this figure had been "revised" to fifty!

You can imagine the invidious position of a person who has to discriminate by picking out nearly half of the pupils to get their treat and ignoring the rest! I am writing to them at once about the matter, but feel fairly sure that they will ignore my protest. However, it is but fair to give them a chance to rectify the error. Should they refuse, then I shall be compelled to notify the parents that we shall not be having any celebrations, and explain why.

The whole thing looks suspicious. I have noticed that practically every other private school has had its figures revised upward.

I mark the attendance register twice daily; so it is easy for my books to be checked to find out the truth.

It is rather ironical that this should happen to one who has always carefully kept from trying to indoctrinate my pupils with partisan politics. I have always stressed that we are all Jamaicans, regardless

of racial origins or political affiliations. Here we have pupils from homes where the parents belong to both parties, and although sometimes during playtime they may tease one another about politics, it is always done in fun.

Perhaps this has occurred because right now the mother of one of my pupils is a prominent member of the P. N. P. and in the past children from prominent P. N. P. homes have attended here. On the other hand, I have had the daughter of a J. L. P. minister, and, as I said before, many of those now attending come from J. L. P. homes.

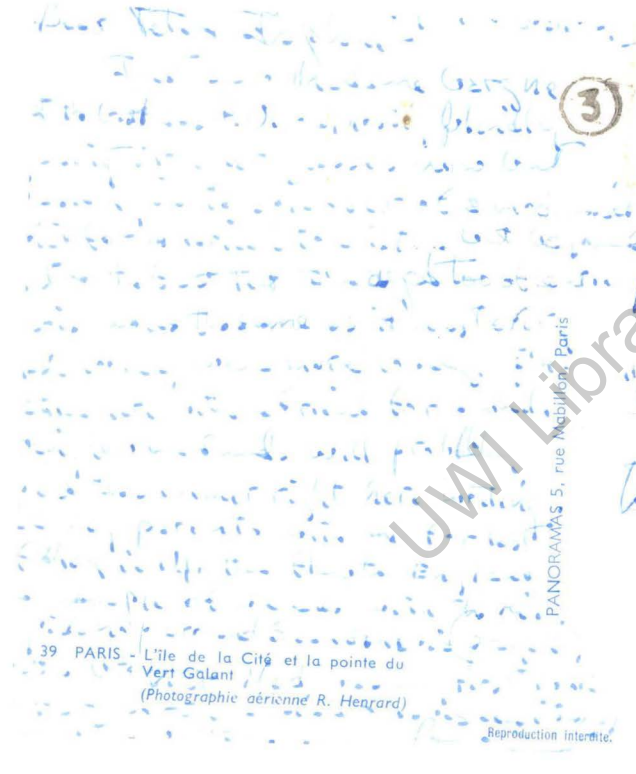
It is likely that this is not a unique case of injustice. So do you think that you could mention the matter early in one of your broadcasts?

Recently I have not been able to hear you most afternoons, because I have to be away from home, attending the drama workshop at the Mico College.

Keep well and continue the good work.

Yours,

Gilvie.



39 PARIS - L'île de la Cité et la pointe du Vert Galant
(Photographie aérienne R. Henrard)

PANORAMAS 5, rue Mabillon Paris

Reproduction interdite.

T506

Mr. Mrs. Peter Alexander

"Corpo" Kedah F.D.

St. Andrew

Jamaica W.I.

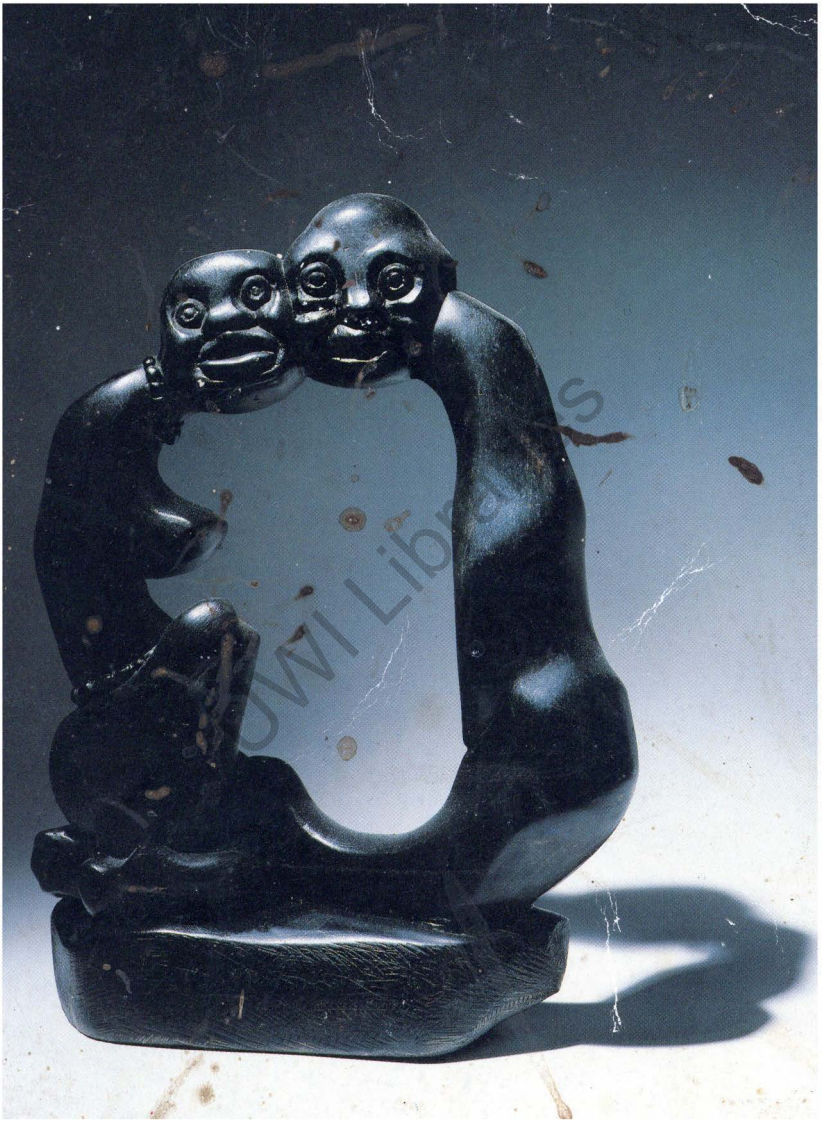
Greetings

A Present from an Original painted with the mouth by Arnulf
No. 133

With Birthday Greetings and Many
Happy Returns of the Day

Biddy

from: Sheila



AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS (ANC)
Postfach 19 01 40 · 5300 Bonn 1 ©

Hanau / Ems 8-10-87

dear Daphne, dear Peter

heartily greetings
from Germany
letter follows

Victor & Ruth & Ulrich
Thembe, Julia & Marcus

1912 – 1987 – 75 Jahre ANC

September 22,
1983

Dear Peter,

Please excuse the long delay in thanking you for reading the manuscript of my new novel and for giving me such an encouraging and rewarding first reaction. We were both of us very distressed to discover that we had imposed this additional chore on you at such a trying and difficult time, and we hope your Mollie is now fully recovered from that broken hip. These things seem to take more time to repair the older we get. I slipped and fell down our front steps in the rain two Christmases ago, twisting an ankle badly, and it took the best part of six months before it was fully recovered and I could walk without a limp. How much more difficult and painful a broken hip must be! Our best wishes are heartfelt for a complete recovery.

As you will know by now Fabers have decided to publish and have asked for world rights (especially access to the American market) because of the length of the book, and the matter of volume as a means of keeping the price within reason; this seemed reasonable to me and I have agreed; so now they are working out the details.

The real black church I used as model for Jacob's church is the A.M.E. Church (the African Methodist Episcopal Church) which was founded in 1816 and is probably still the largest black church in the world. As far back as the 1940s it had over 7,000 branches (churches) and had property and assets worth over $20-million at the time; and it did, and still does, have the Episcopal organisation you question. There are a host of other black churches, including the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church which also have the basic Episcopal structure, but neither of which are quite as powerful or as worldwide as the A.M.E. Incidentally I first learned about the A.M.E. as a youngster in South Africa, where it operated a mission station and school in a rural area. So there really are such black churches with 'My Lords' and so on, and basically for the reasons set out in the novel. I do not know if they will provide the longterm answer, but I am reasonably certain that somewhere in the future the great ideological confrontation is going to reduce itself to that between the values of Marxism and the values of the kind of Christianity represented by Jacob in the novel and people like Trevor Huddleston in real life. One of the difficulties of trying to rethink this whole business is the danger of getting rid of one set mould of thinking only to replace it with another set mould, what the Jamaicans so descriptively describe as 'swopping black dog for monekey But it has got me thinking, and I hope it will provoke others to try and think along 'new' lines. For instance, one of the most sophisticated people I have ever encountered was an old Kikuyu tribal chief by name of Koinange (Koinange) who was illiterate; and here in the hills of Jamaica I have found people as minimally educated as Sarah was owning vast property and being almost too shrewd in business; a bit like some of Hardy's people. And yes, the hill of the story is the same Coyaba on which we live. Peace and love to you both.

Jamaica Public Service Co.
P.O. Box 54,
Kingston
Jamaica
Aug.22, '56

My dear Peter,

Pardon the delay but I am really working for my supper these days. Enjoying it though.

Well your plans seem very definite, and I look forward to seeing you and the whole gang of Peters. You can rest assured that as long as my feet are touching the ground the right way up I will be coming to meet you. I must commend you on having settled one of your biggest problems before coming here. I refer of course to the matter of accommodation. To get something as suitable at such a give-away rental is nothing short of damn lucky.

You will probably be disappointed that really nothing has been achieved at your mountain up to the last time I saw it. I had arranged with Hemming to have the man clear the land and I would get the plants. When I heard from you that he had asked you for £5 I got in touch with him and asked him what was the deal and he tried to make out that his arrangement with me was for the man to clear a spot to put a house. Now, this is just shuffling, because I even told him at the time that he should not bother about getting plants because Sissie's brother has a citrus nursery and I could get a few coconut plants from Bustamante. He has promised to put the man on the job now that he "understands" but I will have to go look him up to make sure that something is being done.

Sissie has got her package of books (3) and she is very proud of them. She is making good progress generally and the whole family are naturally very keen about coming events. Last night I went down to a "bird feed" at May Pen and I didn't take her because we thought the drive and the late hour wouldn't do her any good. I was literally pushed out of the house to come back to Kingston by her relatives. Oh, a bird feed is a meal usually held at the end of the shooting season but Eric (Sissie's brother) has been having such a good season that he had his about two weeks after the season opened.

The Labour Party has lost one of its most valuable members in little Barrant. I do not remember whether or not you met him. He was quite a character, however. He rose from the banana fields and became a Minister during Bustamis power days. He was real honest kind who never pretended he knew what he didn't know.

I have had a bit of luck with my piece of property. The short version of it is that the Town Planner has rejected the original plan for the sub-division which provided for 13 lots and has reduced the number of lots to nine. Mine is one of those that has profitted most. I do not know when I will be able to build (for that matter when I will be able to pay for it) but I have a plan to borrow some money but until I get nearer the date of being able to build it is no use taking up the loan and having to pay interest on it, so I have only paid the minimum deposit to date.

Make certain you bring some good recordings with you, I have now acquired a "gram", the '56 version of Verona's with 3-D sound

system and all sorts of gadgets. It is our new toy and we play with it like a couple of youngsters.

About the new job. I am just getting to the stage where I am understanding enough to see the faults and if I am not careful I will attempt to do too much at once, because there is a hell of a lot to be done public relationwise. On the other hand I have a number of routine things, like opening a new collections office and opening a new hydro station coming up. It is also very urgent that I get at the Parish Councils and show them the facts of life before they begin to bleat about the failure of the company to run ten miles of line to serve some lone person in their constituency. This part of the job is really very important and it means that I have to be away from the office for long periods, which I do not mind particularly especially as it enables me to get in a swim at Montego Bay and so on. But having to mama sit with Sissie makes life a bit complicated and she hasn't caught up on my new tempo yet, so it is slightly difficult.

There was a rush on my telephone from Kings House and Drumblair on Monday morning to get your address. Don't tell me you are being sought after by the Footses and the Manleys! You will appreciate the fact that I am in social exile as far as the official things are concerned these days, but it is not a state to which I am particularly opposed. Besides this project has its compensations you know!.

AET has been getting staff in terms of numbers, but I do not think he is getting help. One of the things he needs most is somebody who can plan for him, and that he hasn't got yet. He is a good writer, within certain limits, but he is not a planner and believe me Peter in that job you have to plan or stagnate. The only way you can achieve anything there is to have it blue-printed and the political kilowatts clearly charted before it is presented to the powers. Anyway, I wish him luck, poor chap.

I have not seen Mrs. D since AET left her house and she called me in to tell me of all his sins, (which, by the way, make you an angel). But I shall certainly ask her up to the flat one evening and break the news to her. I do not think she should expect you and family to stay at her place. Apart from the obvious inconveniences there is the matter of what it would cost a man not drawing Government subsistence. Anyway it will not be difficult for me to let her know what the picture is.

Give my regards to Daphne and tell her I look forward to meeting the woman who spoiled you, even more than I look forward to seeing the spoiled man again. I shall raise a special brood of kittens for the kids.

All the best. Keep in touch, will you.

Yours unchanged

Hal

London Central Y.M.C.A.,
112 Great Russel St.,
London W.C.1.
England

24. 6. 60

Dear Peter:

Sorry you were unable to make it on Saturday evening, and I did not get a chance of saying cheers.

Monday went on till 3.00 AM Tuesday morning and even so I got away late for the plane.

The trip was speedy, exciting, interesting and enjoyable. I like jet travel. We did New York to London in 6½ hours.

I felt cheated of a large portion of my Tuesday night – it just disappeared – as we left New York, settling in for the night, and rushed to meet the dawn of Wednesday which was on its way toward us.

I am enclosing a couple of clippings from the Daily Herald of June 23rd.

My Programme here is getting heavy; but I am enjoying it.

Please give my love to all your end.

All the best.

Sincerely yours
Odel.

PRESS

Strike off bad journalists, says Primate

EDITORS and journalists who abuse the power of the Press should be "struck off" by the Press Council just as the B M A strikes off doctors, said the Archbishop of Canterbury last night.

Dr. Fisher urged that the Press should adhere to something like the doctors' Oath of Hippocrates, which enjoins secrecy on things "which ought not be noised abroad."

By
HUGH PILCHER

He was one of the speakers in a Lords debate on the Press. Peers agreed that something should be done to stop what they think are evils in the popular Press.

The **Earl of Arran,** who opened the debate described himself as an employee of Associated Newspapers. [He is a director of the *Daily Sketch.*]

After referring to Mr. Roy Thomson's acquisition of the Kemsley group and his Scottish television interests, Lord Arran said one man could control too many sources of public information.

GOSSIP

Lord Arran blamed popular newspapers for exploitation of grief, inaccuracy, taking photographs at gravesides, and what he called "the innuendo of the gossip columns."

But he summed up: "The newspapers are the people. If you don't like the popular newspapers, you don't like the people who read them."

He advised the critics: "If you don't like the popular newspapers, don't buy them."

Dr. Fisher said he had a high regard for the Press. But imperfections and abuses were obvious.

"Some of these imperfections and abuses are encouraged by deliberate policy, some by slovenliness, some by undisguised prejudice and a low standard of ethical truth," he said.

Lord Birdwood said the British Press had been "had for mugs" by the Communist Press.

He said the *Daily Herald* had carried a large advertisement put in by the East German authorities. The official East German newspaper quoted passages from the advertisement describing them as a leading article in the *Herald.*

Lord Auckland said many people were politically intolerant—"because they read the *Telegraph* and the *Mail* they think they must not read the *Herald.*"

He declared: "The leader of the *Daily Express* often infuriates me as much as the leader of the *Herald* sometimes does."

Lord Dundee, for the Government, flatly refused to do anything to control the popular Press.

COMPETITION

"Government interference to improve Press standards would be a far greater and more positive evil than any of these rather ill-defined imperfections which we all notice in our newspapers," he said.

"Many journalistic faults arose from competition between newspapers—which showed that we were far from anything like a monopoly.

"As for triviality and sensation, life would be excessively dull without trivialities and even without a reasonable number of sensations," said Lord Dundee.

WHO ARE THE BEARDED ONES?

MEET the newest and strangest underground movement of the lot. It is only two years old, but its existence was completely unsuspected until six months ago: Jamaica's coloured, long-whiskered Rastafarians.

They cloak the movement's real intentions under the title of African Reformed Church.

They have just made their real terrorist debut in Jamaica by shooting five lads of the Hampshire Regiment, killing one.

Recruits to the movement are taught to smoke marijuana—the drug that blunts the moral sense and weakens the will.

They are told that the aim of the African Reformed Church is to get all coloured people of African origin back to the homeland and live in isolation from the white world.

The bewhiskered Rev. Claudius V. Henry, aged 57, started the Church two years ago, went to Abyssinia for a month, came back, and preached that that country would take all comers if they were black.

When hordes come forward, he said the time wasn't ripe. He claims 10,000 followers. He has probably a thousand.

Anti-British

When the time was ripe, he said, they'd have to go back to Africa, even against their will. "The Church" would see to that.

Then Henry went to New York, and the American police tipped Britain off that he was in touch with a set that could always be relied on to give funds to any anti-British movement.

The Kingston, Jamaica, headquarters of "The Church" was raided, and guns, spears, ammunition, hatchets and a letter from Cuba's leader, Castro, was found. (Cuba is only 100 miles away.)

Then came evidence that simultaneous revolutions were planned in various Caribbean islands, and the Rev. Henry and nine of his stalwarts, all bearded, lank-haired and long-nailed because "the Bible says so" were arrested in April on treason charges.

Came news that a submarine had landed arms in Jamaica. The Hampshire traced the guns to hills near Kingston.

They were unearthing a sizeable arsenal when five bearded men attacked: men with matted hair, wearing green battledress and no doubt carrying the Bible to show that they were carrying out God's orders when they shot these young lads down so ruthlessly....

MAURICE FAGENCE

Daily Herald
Thursday June 23rd 1960.

37 Jessel Drive,
Loughton,
Essex. England.

February 1, 1955.

My dear Peter,

It must be about last August that you wrote me and if it had not been for Ken Herold getting in touch with me, you would probably not be reading this letter now. I suspect I am just a plain bad correspondent so it's no use making up excuses, except that I have been rather overworked.

Ken, as I said, got in touch with me and said you'd asked him to ask me for the twenty quid. Normally I would have done this, but for reasons that are purely personal between Ken and myself I am unwilling to do this without a very direct authority from you, so herewith my cheque and I am very sorry you had to wait so long for it. When you wrote asking me to give it to Ruth I was not in a position to do so.

News here is, first of all, that we have a new daughter who is three months old today - Naomi Ruth. She's a delightful little honey, happy and gurgling and most pretty and we are enjoying her immensely. The other kids are growing up fast and Daphne flourishes. I am putting on weight and am presently on a diet. Working terribly hard on articles etc for the American and Canadian press where there is now a quickened interest in matters African. You must know of the great influx of West Indians into this country. I did a broadcast on it and a series of major articles, with much fanfare, begins in the DAILY HEROLD today. The Colonial Office isn't going to like me after these articles.

You probably know our friend Kwame is going through a very bad patch in the Gold Coast. Tribalism is cracking up the united front and Joe Appiah has now become a key man. If he breaks with Nkrumah Ashanti will be lost to the C.P.P. and Kwame's troubles will grow even greater. I pray Joe has the good sense to see the issues involved and not to go after personal power and position at the expense of the unity and progress of the country.

Sou is the same as ever. I see her from time to time. Sam Morris, I hear from Sou, isn't at all happy in the Gold Coast and is now trying to scrape the money together to get back here. Multi-racial Africa, as you doubtless know, is continuing on its foolish road to disaster. If things work out as I hope I may go on a lecture tour to the U.S. to try and arouse opinion to the dangers of the situation there. The new Bantu Education Act is the worst blow so far suffered by the Africans in the Union.

My very best reagrds to you and Ruth, and Daphne asks me to include hers too. Do I deserve to hear from you?

Yours ever

Mrs. D. Eric Moore
511 Linwood Avenue
Durham, N. C.

December 20, 1955

Dear Peter:—

You are in England with your family. I assume and enjoying the privacy of your home — and what could be finer after a month's whirl in our country? Your visit to the United States is perhaps like a big pleasant dream. I hope every stop of your journey in the United States was as pleasant for you as your appearance in Durham and Raleigh was for us.

We are still glowing over the delightful experience of meeting you and having the rare opportunity of knowing you not only through your writings but as an individual. You were perfectly fascinating to all of us. We shall always remember your first trip to the United States.

many other things involved in the process of getting the book completed. It is always interesting to me to hear about the author's actual experiences. I also wanted to know the names of your children and your wife. I have been showing their pictures all around and I always add "another little girl has arrived since this picture was taken".

Yesterday I also received pictures taken some after your address in our library. They are very good, I think. I have asked the photographer to make more prints so that I can send you some of the best ones.

I hope your trip back to England was a pleasant

Mrs. D. Eric Moore
511 Linwood Avenue
Durham, N. C.

The people in Durham simply adored you. I am still getting kind remarks over the telephone and in person from individuals perfectly charmed over your brilliant and distinguished personality.

Today I sent under separate cover to you some sections, from our two dailies and weekly newspaper, which carried articles about your appearance in our library. I am sure Mrs. Abrahams and the little boy will be interested in reading about your appearance in Durham.

Your stay in Durham was indeed too brief. There were so many things that I wanted to ask you about — like steps in the process of getting a book published and the

one. It was beautiful here the day you were scheduled to return to England.

Eric (my husband) and Ricky (my boy) send a big hello to you.

Write when you have time and A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year from our house to your house.

Sincerely,

Ray N. Thone

Paris XVº, 5/XII/55
41, rue Lecourbe

My bestbeloved both,

You are quite foolish! Instead that I send a parcel to the children, you do send one to me, and I feel quite childish and delightfull and eat mouthfuls without any shame. I remember a child I knew, it desired for Chrismas "very much sweetings to eat without beeing observed". So it is. Thank you, my dears, for this sweet pleasure. Just I would write you that this time I can't send anything to the children. That is quite mad, because I was so rich in summer, I told you, I think, that I have got my rent. I have it always, but I lent much money to a friend who did not give it back how it was promised, and naturally in this moment I must pay my quote of reparation of the lift and a new installation of centralheating, and this is much more than I thought. I am not in great difficulty, but I cannot send anything to anybody, it is boring. My rent is just what I need monthly, it is silly.

I do a very interesting work now, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. A great Suiss chemical Concern, the CIBA, publishes ~~xxxxx~~monthlies on historical textiles, and so I shall make a number on the fashions of men since the french revolution. It is most funny and not boring at all. Only, I swim in too much books and publications on this matter, but I will pass through. I am quite ~~xxxxxxxx~~ esthonished what a gigantic importance the fashions had for men 80 years ago. You can't imagine, it was the most important question of all to be up to date, and there are legions of weeklies for fashions of men, in England too, exactly the same what it is always now for women.

Was Peter in Jamaica? And what does he write now? Will you never come to Paris? My flat is very beautieful now, you would be stroken down by admiration. The walls are paint, I have a good radio, hot water and several little things, not too much indeed, but compared with the dirth I had it is awfully beautieful. I have even a dish that I had not before, and if you would come you have two agreable seats. You see I do my best to have you here. Do your best too.

And the children? Do they always look like golden abricots? Aron was like a golden king. And Ann goes surely to school? Aron too, I think, it is hard to imagine that children grow up so quickly, but I think there are six years now that I have seen you. Much too long time, and if I will have finished this work in april, we must sincerely think it over how to see us. I am really belonging for you.

Kaethe comes each sunday and is always my best friend. She is wild and good, both, and I love her. I ask me if you understand my english until now. Reading it over it seems to me a little queer. And I must study english books now for my work, it makes me shy, but I must.

I kiss you allround, and I wish you a good Christmas and new

year soon now because I don't know how to get ready with all the letters I must write until Chrismas. And let me know how you are, please. You are still and for ever in my heart.

Yours Hanna.

CONSULATE-GENERAL
OF THE
REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA
AN DER ALSTER 15
HAMBURG 1

30 August, 1955

My dear Peter:

I know you must be having all sorts of ideas about me and wondering why I did not get in touch with you before leaving London. Please forgive me. I had so much to do and so little time. I wanted first of all to tell you about my trip back home, and I am not going to do so now as I expect to be back in London very soon, and I shall make it one of the important items of my business to see you. As of today it would seem that I will be coming over between the 7th and 9th of September. Please let me know where you will be at this time.

With very kind regards from Florence and me to you and Daphne,

Yours very sincerely,

Lenwood

Mr. Peter Abrahams,
37, Jessel Drive,
Loughton,
Essex,
England.

47 Rajpur Road,
Delhi 8.
India.

February 26th 1955.

My dear Peter,

I have most carelessly mislaid your letter so I find it difficult to reply to it adequately. First of all, very many thanks for the cheques. And secondly our warmest congratulations on the addition to the family - I am sorry the congratulations are so late, for I had heard the good news sometime earlier from Sou. I do hope you are all flourishing and that the Abraham tribe will prosper exceedingly. I hear Ken has secured a job and I am very happy to hear of it for I was most distressed that things did not work out as I had hoped in the hostel.

You must have been surprised to hear of my coming here to this post especially as I had recommended to the Government that it should be offered to you, who have far better qualifications for the job than I. However I do hope that at some future date we may be able to persuade you to come over for a short while as a visiting lecturer; would that interest you? The School is now beginning to take shape. I have two Readers now, both Indians, and a (Kikuyu) Swahili lecturer in the offing. We have to add two more Readers, and I hope they will both be Africans, and also a Hausa lecturer who will certainly be an African. Interest in the School is increasing - the Ethiopian, Egyptian and Sudanese Missions here are all interested and I hear that the Indian delegation will advertise the School at the Afro-Asian Conference so that we may get support from other Asian Governments. If we go about it the right way I think there is a very great future for the institute. I have been ordering thousands of books, and I have of course included in my list the works of a certain South African author, one Peter Abrahams.

There are a number of African students in India now and several of them are in Delhi, including some old friends from Kenya. It is interesting to note how these lads settle down in India. Many of them have difficulty in adapting themselves and lately a few of them have complained of their treatment by Indians. This complaint was taken very seriously by both Press and Government and most strenuous efforts are being made to put things right, which is a very healthy sign - I know in Britain Government never takes such an entirely sympathetic attitude. Actually the Africans are as well treated here as in Britain, perhaps more so, but they expect much more from India because of her policy and are disappointed when they do not get it, also the Indian way of life is so different from the African that they find it far harder to adapt themselves to it than to the British way, of which they already have some experience.

Ruth is flourishing and runs a very lowbrow and very successful social club once a week in our house for African and Indian students. Apa has gone off as Political Agent to Sikkim - a lovely place in the mountains. His parish includes Bhutan and Tibet! I expect he will be there for a year or two and will then be sent overseas again.

I met Kingsley Martin briefly when he passed through last week, otherwise I don't think I have any news of our mutual friends. Except of course an occasional letter from Shanta and Rameshwar from Accra.

With love and all good wishes from us all to you all

Ever yours

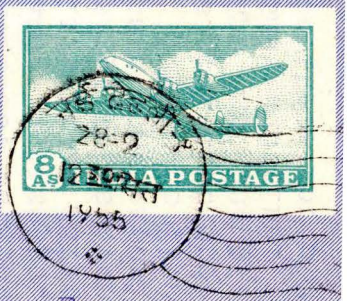
Peter

BY AIR MAIL

हवाई पत्र

AEROGRAMME

NO ENCLOSURES ALLOWED



Peter Abrahams, Esq.

37 Jessel Drive,

Loughton,

Essex.

ENGLAND.

CORR - 66

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Sender's name and address :—

The Catholicate College,
Pathanamthitta,
Travancore, India.

August 22nd 1954.

My dear Peter,

I should have written to you ages ago, but somehow what with work and many engagements and so on the letter has not got written till now. I was very sorry not to catch another glimpse of you before I left the more especially since you had told me that you would bring me a copy of "Tell Freedom" which I have not been able to get here as yet.

I should love to hear from you if you can ever spare the time to drop a line - to hear how you all are at home and what you are writing and whether you have any more globe-trotting plans, and how our mutual friends, especially Sou, are.

I hope you will not mind my mentioning the small sum I lent you last year, but if you could see your way to repaying it to me via my fiancee before she leaves England on September 4th (Mrs. Ruth Kris, 85 Hodford Road, NW 11) I should be most grateful and it would probably help her a bit too!

The wedding day is on September 21st at Bangalore - I shall be meeting Ruth the previous day at Madras, and after the wedding we shall have a week's honeymoon before coming on here.

Pathanamthitta is in the most lovely tropical country and as the Rains have been on ever since I arrived I have not yet found it uncomfortably warm. A young Kikuyu friend came and stayed with me for my first month and soon after Ruth comes a N.Rhodesian student, Kapwepwe will be coming too so we manage to keep in some sort of touch with Africa, though a very unsatisfactory one. I still hope that after my first two years here are up I may be able to get to West Africa.

I hear occasionally from Apa, who has just been awarded an Honour in India's first republican Honours List, and from Shanta and Rameshwar.

Life is very interesting here but far too expensive for my very slender resources - the cost of living has rised terribly in the last few years and I do not know how junior lecturers survive on salaries of £65 a year!

I have just received two issues of the West African Review and see there are two articles in it by you. By the way had you heard that a School of African Studies had been set up in Delhi University and they were looking for people competent to lecture on Africana?

With love and all good wishes to you all

Ever yours

Peter

BY AIR MAIL

हवाई पत्र

AEROGRAMME

NO ENCLOSURES ALLOWED

Peter Abrahams, Esq.
37 Tessel Drive
Loughton
ENGLAND Essex

Corr - 66

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To open cut here

Sender's name and address :—

To open cut here

19, Trent Shoe Mansions,
90, Charing Cross Road,
London, W. C. 2

17th January, 1957

Dear Peter,

Oh, well; it was nice to know that you are so happy in your new abode. And, on top of the ecstacy of sunshine, warm sea, and your own mountain top, you have the excitement of editing a paper of your own....can man ask more???

I have written today to Thomas Meadows asking them to collect your kit-bag next Tuesday. You do not say if you also want the paintings you left, too. I shall feel nervous about sending those as they may get damaged in transit however much I may "pad" them.

News of me? Well; you can easily picture the constant routine of visitors coming at all hours of the day and it so happened that at the beginning of this year I met four new people who now regularly call upon me. One from East Africa (via Peter Wright) one from Sierra Leone and two from Nigeria. The discussions are ever more interesting (as might be expected with international politics swirling about as they are now doing) and I find life more and more worth living.

Shame on the killing of Nxumula (I fear this is wrongly spelt).

I'm not going to fill this letter with all kinds of chatter that may bore you.

I am glad that all goes well with you and the family. May you long continue to prosper and be happy.

My love to you all.

Your friend,

Sou

BY AIR MAIL

PAR AVION

AIR LETTER

AEROGRAMME

LONDON.N.W.
7 15PM
17 JAN
1957

Mr. Peter Abrahams,

Public Opinion,

2, Torrington Road,

KINGSTON, JAMAICA,

B. W. I

Second fold here

Sender's name and address :

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

PUBLIC OPINION,
2, Torrington Road,
Kingston.
Jamaica. B.WI.

January 3rd, 1957.

Dear Sou,

A happy New Year - rather belatedly - from Jamaica! How are you? And what is news of you. We've arrived: we've moved in: we've settled. And we all of us love Jamaica. We are building up on that mountain of mine and we hope to move into our very own owned home by the end of January or early in February. Everything has gone completely right and we are tremendously happy. The sun is beautiful, the land is beautiful and the sea is warmer than body temperature.

I am assistant editor of the socialist weekly, Public Opinion, and take over full editorship at the beginning of march. At last a secret ambition is being fulfilled and I shall have a paper of my own with which to help shape a people's thinking. And I love it: the hard work and the responsibility - and Jamaica for giving it to me. Life is really good.

And Daphne and the kids love the place and are happy and thriving - as I expected they would.

This, Sou, is just a hurried note in a mountain of letters that I have not written since we arrived. Will write another, longer one when the pressure eases a little. This is just to let you know that we are fine and happy and that things are going even better than we expected - and to say hello; and to ask you to post the things you were sweet enough to keep for me to the above address. Come visit the Caribbean soon. It is a place to see, especially Jamaica.

Love from all.

Yours ever

Dear Peter & Daphne:

Here's a letter to the Editor I wrote some time ago, but Maribel wouldn't let me send it. Said Willo would wreck us.

Anyway you might get a laugh out of it.

Warmest regards,

Tad

EASTERN MONTANA COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
BILLINGS, MONTANA

After considerable study and deduction, I have come to the conclusion that someone on the Gleaner editorial staff is carrying out a clever and diabolical plot to denigrate our hero, Wills O., and the way this is being done shows the delicate touch of a master.

If one does as I usually do--take a quick look at the Gleaner when it first comes, reading the local news and the comics, and later at leisure reading the whole paper, he will notice that the heroes in the comics always speak in a terse and witty way. Their speeches are obviously edited, as who can imagine a man in actual life saying, while grappling with a seven foot giant who is trying to plunge a dagger into him (as Saint and Phantom continually do), "Oh, so you want to waltz..." In contrast, what happens to Hero Willo? The Gleaner people print his entire speech verbatim!!

Mr. Isaacs makes so many talks, he just can't possibly make them all cogent and witty. Although involved with eggs, he is certainly not an egg-head (but what comic hero is?) as was in evidence when he was caught out on Spud-nik and then tried to eggsplain all. But our nasty old Gleaner editors, instead of having him say something clever such as "Let's not prate of praties," again printed the whole sorry mess in full.

And what an awful thing about the threats! Can it be imagined that Garth or Flash would utter a foolish threat? No, they have good editors. But poor Willo: the Gleaner fiendishly prints ALL of his speeches, in which he incidentally threatens to take over the telephone company at one time, and later casually threatens to take over the tourist industry. This has the effect of reducing him to the stature of Pop, or Ferd'nand, or Dagwood, thus taking away his heroic quality considerably.

Now our poor hero is on a "holier than thou" kick, and the Gleaner editorial staff gleefully prints every word, every hem and haw. When he berates marchants for under-paying their white-towel workers, or the business men for not saving the world, the Gleaner does not leave out a comma nor an exclamation point. But the writers of Garth or Dr. Morgan would never think of letting their heroes' words fall in full on public ears. No, they make their upright men do deeds and keep their mouths shut. So we are left with only Mary Worth to compare to Mr. Isaacs, as her editors also allow her to go about uttering little do-goodisms.

Poor Willo! Mean old Gleaner!

37 Jessel Drive,
Loughton,
Essex.

September 19, 1956.

My dear Wilbert,

I was really delighted to get your letter of September 12 this morning and to know that you have found a ~~xxxxxx~~ place for us. Thank you, and I will not forget it later.

You will remember I told you I had asked a number of other friends also to look out for a place for me. Among them, Hal Glave (who also sent me a telegram today - but he had not yet found a place), and also my friend John Hearne, the writer. I would like you to do me the favour of letting them know you have found a place for me. You know where to find Glave. John Hearne lives at:

'Langley',
Mount James P.O.
St. Andrew.

They have tried hard to be helpful and it would not be kind to let them go on seeking, so please tell them. I will also write to Hearne to get in touch with you because he is a good man as well as a good writer. And I will ask him to let you have five pounds deposit because I have already closed my own account with my bank here in London and arranged to have my account transferred to a bank in Jamaica. In any case, you know you will get your money as soon as I arrive on October 14th so there is no need to worry over that. But thank you very much for finding a place for me.

There is so much that I have to do here now before we leave that I think it is best to leave the legal formalities about the mortgage and the house until I am on the spot. And it will be so much better to go into these things personally with you when we meet face to face.

I am sorry to hear that nothing has been done on the land yet. Still, I will be there very soon now.

My regards to you and yours

Pete Abrahams

30th June, 1958

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The bearer Irvine Brown has worked for me as house-boy and yard-boy for the past nine months. We have found him honest and reliable and recommend him to anyone who may require his services. While with us he has learnt to cook quite well and generally to run a home. He is particularly good with children and animals.

Yours truly,

Peter Abrahams.

PA/ss

Tosca 3/12/53

Beste Peter

Hier is n gedeelte wat ek vergeet het om in my jongste brief in te sluit. Ek dink daarvan baie lief sende radio praatjie wat jy destyds oor die B.B.C. uitgesaai het (en die teks waarvan Lewis lin die Pleiades toe in April 1952 aan my gegee het), het iets met hierdie vers te doen; daarom n skeure moeite uitgeoefen. Maar die gedagte woeker natuurlik al lank in my bewustyn of onderbewustyn (of in albei te gelyk.) Toe het jou gedagte geheel om myne na voore te bring, daaraan die gestalte te gee ... Laat my weet hoe jy ook die gedeelte gevraagde het.

How is the novel getting on? Like a house on fire, I hope. I have almost finished my new play. We go to Barcelona next week, then on to Madrid where I will stay for some time. My new address (which will always find me):

South African Legation,
1 PASEO CASTELLANA,
Madrid, España

Drop me a line when you have the time.

In case you don't hear from me this month. A very very happy Xmas to you & yours — & very thing of the best in the new year.

Yours Noel

Tossa. 22/11/55

My dear Peter - I was delighted to hear from you last week. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to forgive you. I'm always about 6 months (sometimes 2 years!) behind with at least 50 letters. In any case, I was sure I had only one chance in a 100 that I would still catch the Observer in time before they gave the Dream to a regular critic of them ... Most of the small number of British reviews to date have been very satisfactory. Brief (in some cases almost minimal) but full of praise. Especially the Manchester Guardian (Norman Shrapnel - who is he?) and Scotsman. * Only the Times Lit. Supplement was snotty. All they liked about the Dream was the children's story, the Lovable Shepherd. He has me hitch on to him like me. This

* As I remember the Times 2 years ago almost the 3 best in Britain. I'm quite happy

Young Bailey, for instance?

I have just written to Ludwig Bunge, our Press Attaché in the Hague, about you — asking him whether he could lay his hands on any reviews of your book or books in the Afrikaans Press. He goes thus at very carefully — & must have a lot of such files at his disposal.

Alles van die beste, lieveling. Hoogmagh have danke vir your letter warm, onverdeelde brief. My greetings also to your wife whom I've not yet had the pleasure of meeting.

Yours

(2) (2)

story I wrote almost 23 years ago, translated for a prize ~~to~~ in 1951 and I didn't want to include ~~it~~ in the book, only Dennis Lee of Collins insisted on it. Naomi Lewis (who is she?) gave it a para in the Observer, was, if anything, neutral — did however, concede a "sober distinction" to the title-story and Two Daumier. Am still waiting for a review in the "high brow" weekly. A Dutch poet gave the book 600 words over 2 columns in De Groene Amsterdammer (Holland's best weekly). Said it was "a very important book of which also the Netherlands should take notice ..." and that the Dream itself "is in its

Hope to finish it in three weeks time then go to Madrid. Will have to return to S.A. early next year. But will see you in London before then.

Why wasn't the Institute for Race R. happy about your new book? And what was the coloured people's grievance? I'm very interested.

Was very interested, too, in what you said about the Gold Coast. We must talk about it at length some time. What news from home about the race situation there? From

glorious a masterpiece." But in S.A. the book has had a very cool reception. How do you account for this? They either (in the 3 reviews I have received) snort, pooh, patronize or damn me with faint ~~praise~~ praise. In a long article in the Cape Times Lady Cope — one of my very best friends, God bless him — says that they've been waiting for seven years for a major work of fiction from me and now what do they get? He seems to imply that during those seven lean years I've

are planning. How has Return to Gods been selling? Collins sold 4200 copies of The Dream before publication. Houghton Mifflin are publishing it in the U.S.A. They are most enthusiastic. Have you read Nadine Gordimer's novel? If so, what did you think of it? I am keen to hear your reactions to The Dream.

I am ~~glad~~ glad your new novel is well under way. Frag dit-n great success was! Have written 40,000 words of a new play. Many of these thousands will have to be cut.

been sitting on my bum on
a sunny beach somewhere
confuding my starry-eyed joys
& griefs to a star fish or
hermit crab. He forgets that
during that time I published
about nine Afrikaans books
(I forget the sum total)
and wrote four or five more.
As for a "~~mag~~ major work
of fiction" who in S.A. (or
anywhere else for that matter)
has during the past decade
~~[illegible]~~ (shaped) enchanted
the wearily waiting world
with a major work of
fiction? Jack Cope will
be damned lucky if he gets "a

major work of fiction from me before 1968. Then I've also been accused of using the coloured man as a "funny stage extra". This applies to The Coffin where my "figure of fun" is, of course ~~my~~ the white man, my (poor) old (dear) grandfather. (May his soul rest in peace.) And Two Daumiers - The Coffin's counterpart almost 50 years later - is not even mentioned by this critic. What must one make of this sort of thing?

I would be very happy if you were to mention my book in the article you

HOUSE OF THE RESURRECTION,
MIRFIELD, YORKS.

24. 2. 52.

My dear Peter,

I was very greatly moved by your most beautiful and telling broadcast.

What struck me so much was that it was exactly what you wrote to me in your first letter from England — just after

your first white Christmas.
You said, "I have discovered
that I am a human
being first, and a black
man after that"; and
your broadcast is only
an enlargement of that
theme: the human being.

I am here permanently.
I left Africa just before
Christmas, after having
lived there for just over
30 years.

I miss it not at
all, but I care for

Sunday

Dear Peter, Daphne and all--

But mainly to Peter in apology for not seeing him off as promised yesterday morning. In abject apology, and not excuse, for I am only now sobering up. I only hope that I didn't put you behind waiting -- and particularly since I hold a secret happiness still that though it went badly I still didn't say good-bye the night before. It was such a thrill to see you, somehow saying good-bye would have been sad, etc... Anyway I should have been able to behave myself Fri. night being out with my priestly brother, but I'm afraid neither of us did, falling in with a convivial crowd at a newspaper bar (principly Walt Kelley --"Pogo"-- and the proprieter) who fell upon us for some reason plying us with Stingers, and we fell upon them right back plying them with stingers. I fell into bed in a stinger stupor about 5:30 a.m. and never heard the 7 oclock alarm, which I set in full drunken confidence at 5:35.

I hope you fared better, and gather that you did, since you after all did get away... Again it was great to see you -- and I hope you don't hold toounhappy memories of New York -- which I imagine you don't, now that youre again in the happy arms of your family --

Best love to all,

7/21/59

Dear Peter -

Last night Ruth Jett called me and told me of her wonderful visit to you and your fine family. After talking to her, I decided that I would send you a letter I wrote to you earlier - and also this letter. Actually, I didn't hold back for any reason other than the fact that I'm possibly the worst correspondent known to man. Even when I write letters, the question of mailing them often goes unanswered. And there's the well-known rub.

I've heard from Nadine Gordimer and she outlined the problems of the recent riots back home. She gave me a more graphic picture than any found in our newspapers. The Africans not only wrecked the beer halls. Man, they wrecked the movies, the stores, the etcetera and so-forth. In short, they raised hell. I think the Afrikaaners in your old homeland had better see the light of day, or they're going to be sorry. And in our lifetime, too.

Things have been happening here. I'm back at work, and it's an interesting job. I'm doing some writing for the Department of Welfare, and I like the job far better than I did my old one. But - and this is no complaint - it leaves me little time for my own work. I shudder to complain because somehow we just don't seem to make money from our work. I imagine that if many people had to create under our circumstances, there'd be no books written at all. But, we live and continue to sing and all the odds and the evils can't seem to silence us.

Speaking of writing brings me to the next point. Ruth tells me you're interested in applying for the Guggenheim grant. I'd encourage you to do so. I called the office today and asked about an application for you. You would fall into the category of the Caribbean Fellows. So, write to Mr. Henry Allen Moe, John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Ask for an application blank and tell them you are a permanent resident of Jamaica. They will then send you a blank. This form is to be filled out and returned, and there's a hell of a lot of work involved. By the time you get the blank - or when you get it - you write to me in a hurry and I'll send you my copy of the material I filed. In fact, you'd better send me along one of the copies of the forms they send you, then - if you won't think I'm being supercilious - I'll fill it out for you, mail it back to you, and you can go on from there.

Let me add now: The basis for my application was as follows: That I had two works I wanted to complete within a year, and that on my full time job, I could not complete them. I asked the Foundation for $4,500, and this amount relieved me of my work burden. I could then pour all my energies into writing for one full year. (Plus listen to Bill Branch, entertain Peter Abrahams, Nadine Gordimer, and a lot of wonderful people.) It strikes me that your application should have the same basis - namely, that you need to be released from your present work burdens so you can write a novel.

I repeat that this is a lot of work. Why? Because in one section, you must outline your career and early background as well as your accomplishments. In the second part, you must outline what you intend to do if you get a Fellowship and outline as best you can the work you want to do. I also included the fact that, despite

the notices for A LAND BEYOND THE RIVER, the economic returns were negligible, and I still had to work full time in order to maintain my family.

Well, I've talked so much about the Guggenheim that I haven't had a chance to talk about what's been happening. For one thing, I'm sorry I gave you that copy of STAR OF THE MORNING (the Bert Williams script that was my Guggenheim project) I'm sorry because I've just finished the twenty second re-write of the damn thing. We had a public reading the other night, and I must say, Peter, that I am almost happy with it. It will be produced off Broadway sometime in the Fall, I am told. We shall see about that. But, the present draft is radically different from the one you have. So, don't be too harsh about that one.

Helen and the children are well. Melvin - the baby - is with her parents in Pennsylvania. Tommy is in summer school. The beautiful Helen is still beautiful and still the best thing that ever happened to me. How is your lovely Daphne? Ruth tells me she is a dream. And Ruth is in love with those children of yours. . . Bill Branch is well. He is busy as hell, writing for Jackie Robinson who has a column in the New York Post. Most recently Bill wrote a pageant for the NAACP Convention here. It came off well. Bill Johnston - the tall white boy you met at my house who is involved with the Episcopal Churchmen for South Africa - called the other day and wanted to know if I'd heard from you. Johnston tells me Joost de Blank will be here again in October. Also, he was distrubed - as was Nadine - over the banning of Chief Lithulá back home. I suppose you know he's been banned. To a radius of some 20 miles for five years - because of his activities with the Congress.

Paris XIV°, le 12-2-50
19, Villa Duthy

Dear Daphne and Peter and all the family, without any histories sons fall from heaven like ripe apples, it seems to me. We are so glad that all has passed over so well and so good, and I propose to Peter to hang over the cradle of the son (what is his name?) a pencil, like a friend of mine, a mathematics-man, who hung over the cradle a ~~xxxxxx~~ triangle, a thing with three corners that uses mathematical people, to give him the inspiration to become also a mathematical genius. My english has not become better in the meantime, I feel. I would come ~~jxx~~ just on the birthday of the son, but then came a translation to do, the most boring one I never did; it is a guide for the holy year through Roma, and a bad guide with a heap of errors, but they do not want that I remark them. So I translate that number 603 in the Sixtina is a dying soldier and that you must take the Via S.Marta to arrive to the station or alse-~~xxxx~~ where, and that on sunday the prices of museums are lower than on the other days and so on. Eachtime I go asleep in translating, and that will go so on until the end of february. Then I hope really to inspect the son and the House and you all, and to do nothing than that makes pleasure to me. In march perhaps we shallfind the first violets, only the first ones smell so good, later on they don't smell at all.

What says Ann to her little brother? Was she quite esthonished? A little bit jalouse like notre cat? Take care with the cat, cats like to jump on the little children because they have it warm there, and they are too heavy for them, there have been accidents.

Kaethe had to work also all the time and also now. We are busy all the time, too much, I find.

Did you hear from Audiberti? He was sitting on my Manuscript a lot of time now, and I think he could answer. What do you think off? When I have finished the translation, I will send out again some copies of my history, but I should like to have the answer of Audiberti before. I tried to read some little articles of him in "Combat", but I could not; I found his language and his thoughts quite artificial, full of vanity, it seems to me, I did not like that. And what is with Peters publication by Gallimard? I should be so glad to read Peters books in french, because I can't in english. We have an english friend that knows Peters books and is most interested with, she is not really english, but south-africain, thinking like we all. I like her very much, and Peter must see her.

All my love for you all; but it is bad that I can't see you at each moment I want it to do. Your

Mama.

Dear Kids,

I was immensly glad to hear that H E has arrived, a girl and a boy, to beginn with, will match nicely, I think. Complimentes to Daphne for having it arranged so perfectly. How does the child look, resemblance to mother or father predominating? Or mixture of both of you? - Here, we are quite busy, as usual, but this time it seems to be lucrative business in some way. Some authority is distributing these last months some money which had been taken away from the Jews. Evidently it is the question of millions. The grater part of this money has been sent to Palestine, in France it is distributed to Non-Jews, for remaking an existence, buying of machines and so on. The moment we understood, that for once this has not been a dream, we alarmed all our friend Non-Jews and had until now the immense pleasure that one boy at least who is in a miserable situation will get the money. Let's hope that other will get it too. That's for to-day,

Some day I'll write for more, for now Love and kisses for all four of you

Your M.