

Paris, 10th Sept. 1953.

Dear Husain.

I must say, I awaited your letter anxiously. Only a couple of days back, I sent you a line, along with two of your letters to the address of Mr. Nispet. Herewith, I am sending two more.

If I could meet Mirza Galib these days, I am sure that I would make him sing in glory of 'Bread' in the same passionate & understanding manner as he sang the beloved or God. Actually the cosmic centre seems to be in the 'Boulangerie' on Boulevard Jourdan & it is from there that all truth radiates.

But Galib has lived & sang. We have his verses & we have ours to write. They must be written in spite of 'tangdasti' or 'fragdasti'. I neither like one nor the other, but I want at all cost to ~~shape~~ shape my 'hasti' which is escaping between my fingers.

So much, not by the way, but to remind you that at times certain things have to be done. Writing a letter for instance. In fact, I shall be asking for more.