

Paris, 6th Nov. '60.

My dear Krishen.

Just a word - before I go to sleep. I know that your letter will arrive tomorrow - or any time now, & may be this letter could have been longer & more interesting. But it's so much better to write when one really feels like writing.

This morning a telegramme from Bal from Rome informing that he is arriving tomorrow! At long last. A few days back there was a letter - short one - but very nice, from the plane just before his arrival in Cairo: inform all pokras that Phatang is coming... I dozed it... etc.

Needless to say how anxiously I am looking forward to meeting him. I spent the afternoon looking for a room - with bath - in a decent hotel. Yes, there are his requirements. I will go slow, but here is another case - of real interest - & I hope to convert him to the cult where the bourgeois habits need to be abandoned. I am all for cleanliness, but it will be reasonable that he learns to stay in a cheap hotel - & gets used to going to the public baths. He should gain the carpet of his room - also - with an added patch of colour. But then, I will go slow. First he must be initiated in to the problems of texture - in all their significance. The rest will follow.

In my last letter, I did give you my feelings. It all grew since you left - though I had vaguely talked about it. I have a feeling that Bal has to give up the gallery, and concentrate on painting. I hope to verify my views. But I promise I will go slow. As you know, I am patient - as is proved by your own case.

It's late in the night - or rather early in the morning. I have been working on a big canvas - 100 figure - the second one since you left. Feel very much & want very much to work these days. It seems to go on well. This one is in grey greens. The inevitable reds are there, but just occupy small surfaces. I will not be surprised if

they disappear in the next. After all, all colours are good, if well used. Good night Old Krishen. Love -

AMH -