

#61, St Stephens Gdns
London W 2.
3-11-52.

Cher Maître,

Ta for yr two letters. I'm sorry I couldn't write as we were dam busy moving. We moved into here about a couple of weeks ago. Everything O.K. now, thanks.

I heard of the G.K. catastrophe indirectly. I was shocked and I strongly impeach our countrymen for vandalism even though the thing may have been an accident!

Yr development miraculous, marvelous tho it be ~~is~~ has its humourous side. Today you're worried about a drop of water spoiling your delicate fragile landscapes. In the old days you used to paint in the heavy monsoon and keep ~~your~~ ^{them} landscapes out in the rain (at least it looked like it) to get the ^{beautiful-dirty} monsoon effect and the messy Yellow-hammer look.

I had been numbering the days for our Ex., to get the dam thing over with and bugger out of here. But I suppose the Ex will have to be postponed after all, for surely one can't ex without

sufficient ptgus, can one?

Everything here is like a dried up fart. Something of the ~~Eliza~~-Regina-vaging-Britannica is being coronated in June by a bunch of ermine clad dull witted albinos.

Akbar will be returning to Paris this month I guess. Tell him to write the moment he gets back

yours

Newton

All the best, and boy, look after yourself.