

Villa Coustille
Col-de-Villefranche
Nice, A. M.

Jan. 17, 1932.

Dear Emma:

Unable to make out the name of your street so that I could write to you, I had to wait until I saw Sasha this morning and get him to make it clear to me. We talked of you and wished you were here in this marvellous sun! Instead of which you are in dreary Paris, and going to other countries. Here we are attempting to get back into the routine of work.

It was nice to see you even in those few breathless moments in Paris, and after coming back from London the two days left to us were filled to overflowing with moving out of that filthy studio and disposing of all the things. Laurence managed to rent the place for the three remaining months to a friend, and this will be a part of our many expenses cut down. This place seems so wonderful to us after the rain of London and Paris that we never want to move.

Maria Jelas told me that she was going to telephone you. I am sure you will like her even better when you come to know her. She is a strong and lovely woman and my dearest friend. It is very possible that she may know of someone who would be able to offer employment to ~~you~~ the young woman you spoke of in Germany. Do talk to her about it, at least.

Last night I read that marvellous part in your book when you go to see Sasha after his solitary confinement. It is very beautiful, very heartbreaking, Emma dear, and you have written it so simply and well. I am very proud to know you.

This letter bears you our love and all our wishes for a safe and good journey and great success. You must come back soon for we all love you here.

Yours with affection,

Kay