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10th July 1947



My dear Agustin Basave,

How good it is to say something in which words , though words are always inadequate, build the bridge on which friends journey to meet each other. And what can a book do more than make friends, or increase friendship ? That is partly why I wrote Vague Vacation, and made an image of Pat Vert, who was only the symbol of an attitude of mind which is not prisoned in the narrow limits of language or convention. Please, if and when you read the other books I have written, do not feel for a moment, that because I happen to have trained my memory ( and the process was not easy to do, without demanding any special priveledge ) to register beyond the usual amnesia which, very naturally, most people find it convenient to acquire, that the past can be glorified by denial of the present, or that any sage endures except in the name of his , or her, humanity.

You say, ' I am going to miss your husband along its pages.' But what are a few millenia ? For ' Charles ' read ' Raki ': should you read other books , which pretend to be fiction, but in fact are serial autobiography; for Charles read Meri ( in Eyes of Horus, and Lord of the Horizon )...for friendship and affection are so



much more durable than we dare suppose.

A letter from you will always be a joy to me; and will be forwarded ..if you do not have an answer in two months, please write again, for on the complicated journey we begin next week it is always more than likely that the postal authorities, backed up by cables home, do not always send letters to the place where we thought we should be, but in fact are not, because a more subtle demand has caused us to go elsewhere.



In friendship,

Joan Beally

(forgive the blot,  
caused by an  
ancient fountainpen!)