

9 August '39

Dear People,

*Just got a nice letter from pop. Thank you, pop.*

*At this point I'm beginning to enjoy myself hugely à Paris. I never was passionately attached to the place, and I don't think that I shall ever be, but I am beginning to understand how many people can love it enormously. Without a doubt, the best institution in France is the café. It is a superior product, a place where one can solve all the world's problems over a Dubonnet or a Pernod or just a plain 2 fr. café crème, and stay all evening without an official murmur. What is more there is no doubt that Montparnasse is the section of Paris. It is only reasonably respectable, it*

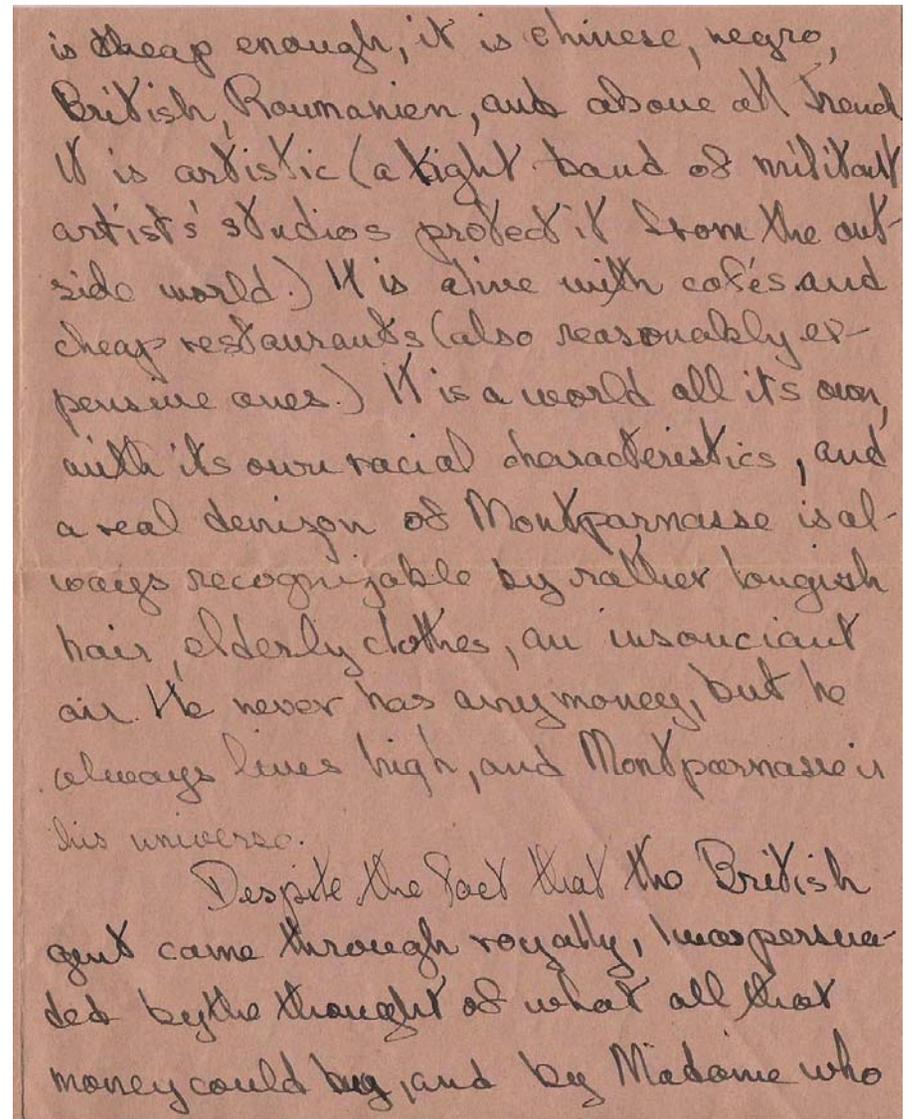
F-04  
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is cheap enough, it is Chinese, Negro, British, Roumanien, and above all French. It is artistic (a tight band of militant artists' studios protect it from the outside world.) It is alive with cafés and cheap restaurants (also reasonably expensive ones.) It is a world all its own, with its own racial characteristics, and a very real denizen of Montparnasse is always recognizable by rather longish hair, elderly clothes, an insouciant air. He never has any money but he always lives high, and Montparnasse is his universe.

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Despite the fact that the British gent came through royally, I was persuaded by the thought of what all that money could buy, and by Madame who

didn't want to be left alone, and by my various gentlm'n fr'nd's who felt the same, to stay at home and not go to Newcastle.

And that brings up the subject of Mme. She has completely reformed. I need only say that her latest words of advice were these: "Laura, you must go to the Opéra and the Folies Bergères before you leave." She asked me did I have a good time, a few weeks ago when I came in at 3:30 AM!! She is an angelpie as ever, though, and mends my stockings.

Roger left for good yesterday as cut up as ever. I have never seen a boy of 21 so sentimental as he is.

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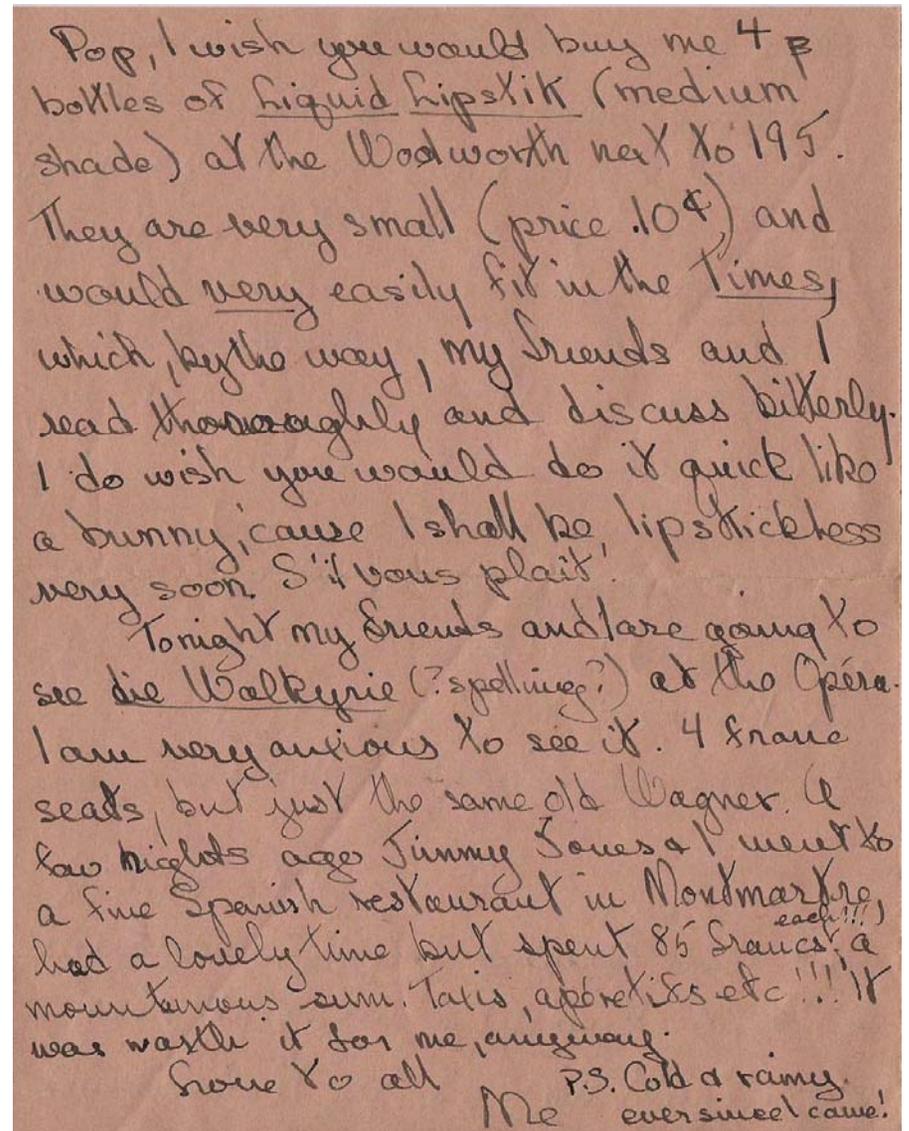
Pop, I wish you would buy me 4 bottles of Liquid Lipstik (medium shade) at the Woolworth next two 195. They are very small (price 10¢) and would very easily fit in the Times, which, by the way, my friends and I read thoroughly and discuss bitterly. I do wish you would do it quick like a bunny, 'cause I shall be lipstickless very soon. S'il vous plaît!

Tonight my friends and I are going to see The Walkyrie (?spelling?) at the Opéra. I am very anxious to see it. 4 franc seats, but just the same old Wagner. A few nights ago Jimmy Jones & I went to a fine Spanish restaurant in Montmartre, had a lovely time but spent 85 francs (each!!!), a mountainous sum. Taxis, aperitifs etc. !!! It was worth it for me, anyway.

Love to all

Me

P.S. Cold and rainy ever since I came!



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