

16th Sept.
1933.

AL/3322

L'Arme
de Morte

17th Aug 33

Dear Lady Curine.

I was in London for only
a week last month, & asked after you, &
heard from the Diviers that you were ill -
I was so very sorry to hear it, & how
that I am here in the part of the world
which you love, I feel I must send
you many good wishes of recovery
from my Mother & myself, & also from
all your pinewoods & seas & skies
which are as lovely as ever they were.

I have been a wanderer these last
four years, nearly always in the East -
learning languages & enjoying the variety
of the world. Most of the time was spent
in Baghdad, & the Arabian, - which
you & Sir James were so kind & encouraging
about in its beginning - now carries
me ungrammatically but successfully
when I like to go - I reached the
Caspian & wandered about among the
Persian tribes along the borders, & I
am beginning already - after only
6 months of Europe - to feel homesick
for it all again!

Paris with l'Arme looks very
neglected & dilapidated. My father is

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busy with a little weaving school &
factory near Venice, & we are hardly
ever down here; & there is a feeling
of great instability on all this frontiers, with
fortifications being pushed on all
around us - Spies in disguise are
now tunnelling under the Belvedere:
they took a bit of trouble & put on
blue navy-shirts to deceive the
guards by, but forgot to alter their
military trousers!

My mother asks to be remembered
to you & we both send you so many
good wishes -
Yours most truly
Freya Stark