

Dearest Douglas:

I chased you round yesterday
missing you by a few minutes at the flat, &
had dinner alone in the restaurant hoping
you'd come, with box of needles in bag - I
had a wire which made me rather late.

Anyhow, will you & Nalin come to an
evening eat on Friday to meet my great
friends, Phil Casell, the old man's nephew &
Ursula Thomson to composer? They're looking to
see you & Nalin.

All love -

J.

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