

Tebel. Vos

Seuen.

17. 12. 72.

My dear John:

I have just heard from Nollis that you are labouring under the delusion, or some such expression - that Kralui is a new Nobel of mine is meant for you. You are - I hope I may still call you that - the idea is utter nonsense.

If you would like to hear it - this was the genesis of Kralui. I met some years ago, in Paris, a rather well-known man of your race, who gave me an indelible but almost unbearable impression of soul. So much so that I took care to avoid him. Some time later, I asked a French woman who knew everything about everyone about him. She broke out into a series of horrifying stories - (the obscene ideas, or heavily, was one of them,) including the mysterious & dreadful death of his wife. That, he had away somewhere, gave me the idea. Except, & here blame me if you must, your

