

8 Windsor Court,  
Moscow Road,  
Queensway,  
London W.2.  
England.

My Brother,

What a way you depressed bad, man! The last letter talk loud 'bout you' worry-head. Sorry can't done for you. I know the way through. You yesterday, me today. So it go, nuh!

Marvellous conselation, Austin: all the good solid work you've done within the last few years! Think about that, and you'll see that it's time for a rest, even a month or two. We all know how the old imagination has a way of shutting and phutting and running itself clean out of juice: we all suffer from the blessed dry spot disease, now and then. It will come back, and with a great big dirty bang, Dad! Mark my words. It will knock you straight off your chair, like hurricane breeze-blow.

In the meantime, read like bitch. That's my remedy for the dry season. Read and see lots of people, bright ones and dull ones, and listen like mad. Long walks alone can be fatal, but the odd one with the wife can work wonders, late at night. Try it, man.

All you do, don't give in or up, one rass!

Now the literary scene in swinging London: Michael Anthony has something coming in February, a novel. So has V.S. Naipaul, a novel and a collection of short stories, I think, later than February. Donald Hinds has a book about the boys in London, coming in November, the first of its kind by a West Indian author actually. Then there are two little things of mine: one an anthology and essay for a secondary school readers in the Commonwealth, and the other a cute short novel, *The Shark Hunters*, to be published by Thomas Nelson and Son, for young readers at the top of the Grammar school and early University level. And of course, there's my last book in the series of children's novels for Oxford University Press: a thing call *Riot* which retells the 1938 riot of Kingston when we all began growing up politically in that shit house of an island, one I love dearly, but have no bloody illusions about. What else? I believe that George Lamming has a big book coming soon, like November, or earlier this year. And Wilson Harris has one too, from Faber and Faber. I think Sam has just handed in one to Macgibbon and Kee. And I was just sent this morning, *The Cloud with the Silver Lining* by C. Everard Palmer, a Jamaican living in Canada. It's a children's novel, and it looks good to me. Set in the country at home. Looking forward to reading it soon.

Strange co-incidence about you and the Guggenheim. Only last week I was putting the finishing touches to my second application for a literary project Fellowship from the old Guggenheim people. I had tried to scout out the deal last year, but I was too late with my letter to the Trust. Fortunately for me, the secretary remembered me and asked me to apply in 1966. I don't think I will be eligible to apply in your class again. So don't worry about the clash of applications under the Caribbean Fellowships. My thing comes under the heading of a Renewal Fellowship, so I was warned. I was also told that it is terribly difficult to land a second grant, but the secretary told me to go ahead nevertheless and try my luck. I have a

fairly good scheme, but I think that they might buck my wanting to travel in the West Indies. They are more keen on the Fellows from England, even though under the Caribbean aegis, spending their time in the States and sapping up States-side culture and shit and stuff. As a matter of fact, on my first Fellowship, they were sadly put out that I did not take the whole thing in New York. I used the bulk to go to Jamaica; I did visit New York, but only for six weeks. I don't think that this will apply to you at all. It all depends on where you apply for the Fellowship. You will be applying from Canada, and I think that they will expect you to want to go to the West Indies, hardly across the border to the States.

Take Care,  
Andrew