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## FRENCH LETTER

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Richard! At last, I am in Paris! Great God, man, how I detest you back there among the Rotary Clubs and the grape juice!

Last night I walked the streets until morning, content with just the feel of Páree, just the knowledge that I am in an intellectuel city. I shall never forget the surge of triumph as I stepped out of the gare (station) and realized that at last I was alive!

This morning I began a long poem called Regeneration. It deals with the human soul, first in blind groping, then in protest, and finally in triumphant self-assertion. No wonder I couldn't write back there in America.

But I shall tell you more later. At present all that I can say is that I have found myself, and that I tingle all over with the discovery. I can imagine you back there on the same old streets, getting your same old forty a week, and wasting your life... far from a city where there is something intellectual about even a charwoman or a taxi driver. En avant! En avant!

More later, poor Richard.

MAX

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## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

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MALCOLM COWLEY