



LETTERS FROM:

Martin Amis | [Norman Mailer](#) | [George Plimpton](#) | [J.D. Salinger](#) | [Camille Paglia](#)



Dearest Britney,

I was mesmerised by your latest video and, watching it, missed an appointment at a local shop to sign my new memoir, "Experience: A Memoir." I notice you have a memoir of your own, and, at last count, no fewer than seven biographers (which is, my dear, more than Nabokov and Bellow combined). We share a history, you and I, having survived similarly traumatic childhoods (I having been raised by alcoholic parents, and you by unfamous ones), and I should like to write a profile of you—a loving portrait, a *billet-doux*—for Tina Brown's Talk. I shall call it "Spears of Influence," for surely I am within yours.

Julian dislikes you. He prefers the Spice Girls (but then he is famous for his awful Britishness, isn't he?). For a long time, Julian and I didn't speak, and you, Britney, were the reason. Salman thinks you are keen, but it seems his current crush is Christina Aguilera (who, compared to you, Love, is nothing but a modern-day Charo, a kootchie-kootchie girl for the Harry Potter set). You must alert me straight away if Salman writes. After all his years in hiding he pens terribly seductive letters and, although they say the fatwa's been lifted and Salman now dines in New York's best-illuminated restaurants, when you attend theatre with him (perhaps seated in a row with Judi Dench) you always suspect you'll be machete'd to death at intermission. It really is quite stressful.

Do you know John Travolta? I do.

I hear you've been jousting with the tabs over your alleged breast enhancement. I endured a similar row with Fleet Street when I had my teeth straightened, an event that scandalised literati on both sides of the Chunnel (I'm sure you read of it in *The Economist*). Nevertheless, I think your American-made breasts are brilliant, and (like my picket-toothed critics in London) the flat-chested American media are only jealous of your sudden and precocious bounty. In bloom, you remind me of Ann-Margret, who knew

Elvis and adores me.

The moment you feel ready to accept my love, I shall leave immediately whichever wife or girlfriend to whom I am shackled at the time. Although your virginity is celebrated (and revered by me), and I am certain your heart was left wounded by your epistolary romance with dull Prince William, know that I will always wait for you, and that I hope to be the man (someday, and at last) who is able to put the "Brit" in Britney.

All my love,

Mart XXX (TO INFINITY)

Martin Amis | [Norman Mailer](#) | [George Plimpton](#) | [J.D. Salinger](#) | [Camille Paglia](#)

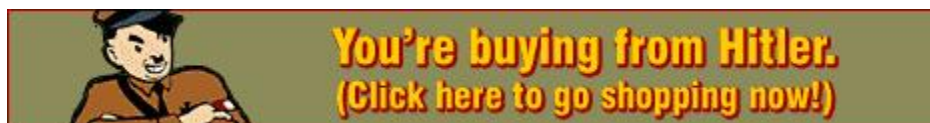
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