Dearest Diana,

First I'm very sorry indeed to hear of your friend Suegie's death; it is a terrible thing for someone so young to die - I can imagine how much she had suffered; and then to think of her husband George and son - I HATE (as you know) thinking about such things. And now the problem of marrying George or not. Please don't marry him out of KINDNESS or GENEROSITY; this is a very funny habit in you - offering your whole self out of kindness and helpfulness - you don't seem to realize what a precious person you are - and yet you seem to offer this Jewel of Diana so easily. Kitty always used to tell me you are one of the most beautiful persons she met - and she has wonderful taste. I remember when you and Barbara came to lunch, Kitty later said to Samir and I "I suppose you two idiots think Barbara is more beautiful than Diana... well if you do, you're just idiots" - and weeks later, when we all drank at Nancy's house, and you were sitting, your back very straight, charm and interest oozing out of you, from that beautiful blue armchair you were sitting in, Kitty couldn't help tell me "Men disire - femmes elle belle cette femme!". I'm telling you this because you don't seem to realize it, and I don't understand why you shouldn't marry someone you love and also have as many children as you wish from him. Enfin, I don't suppose this problem of marrying George is pressing at the moment. I do hope I shall see you before you have to say yes or no. I am also wondering if I, unusually, am not afraid of losing an intimate friendship with you if you get married now.

Scotland is, of course, one of the most beautiful places
in the world - real deep, sensitive beauty - and I cannot help thinking that somehow the Scots are worthy of this beauty - I cannot see Scotland introduced by Germans or Greeks or Flemish French. I've tried two hands in my life, and somehow there was something very 'stag-y' about them. They did seem to belong to the nature of their country, tartans and all. A tartan is certainly more becoming in that landscape, than a miserable suit and tie with horrible stupid trousers.

But I'd have given two years of my life to see in E.D. on his petch - just to watch them. I don't want to participate in to know them socially, but just to watch this swothing-in-tartan majestic uneckle and his petch - oh I love to see such things - and when I meet you next, I'll pestie you to relate all possible scenes and discoveries you experienced, what was he frightened for? ... and what is his wife like? Petch, of course, would be worth travelling to Scotland for - if we could have him say 'Oh, I am so used to this,' as you describe.

Winter has suddenly descended upon us - just like that, while I was in the swimming pool actually. Started very sunny and warm, then the wind changed bringing deep patches of darkness and extreme cold - and a large slice of this cold seems to be within me now, trying to get out, in sprouts, from my lungs.

Shall I send you a reply to your letter 12/10 for your files? I am sorry about Anwoolst as I have already told you. You and Diana, I think there fully prepared to accept the 33/3% ... I just wanted to haggle a bit out of fun - but he is naive Anwoolst and doesn't seem to accept people's characters at all - it was when he boasted about
being richer than English publishers etc etc - because he is such an excellent business man, that I got angry. I also have a feeling that he never expected me to be able to raise the £500.

Have you seen him this week? He said he was going to London. If you do see him, please try and explain that I am very grateful to him, and that I do like him very much - but that he psychologically handled me wrongly. I don't suppose he does realize that money is not so important to me - I have sacrificed a small fortune because of certain principles of fairness and honesty, and if he had handled me in a different way, I'd have even accepted 50%.

You yourself, have only to order me to quit him 20% as I would gladly do it, he came I know you are not a money grabber. Anyhow, I shall send him his advance back, but I am waiting to know whether I should include your £50 a not. And then, although I have a copy of a contract with you, you have not signed it. Shall I return it to you for signature? or do you want a business letter addressed to Russell &l, about all this? Please let me know. Which foreign rights? Diana darling? France perhaps. I think it is Gallimard who owns the book of Formentor and I'll write to him after publication in England. I'm going to write of Paul Zsolnay of Vienna and see if he is interested in the German rights.

You must be very busy now after your holiday, and I shall quite understand if you haven't much time for letters. How I'd love to look at all the new MSS. How I'd love to work for you - when I'm publishing, as you say as I felt, is not so interesting as it sounds. I hope Janet Stewart
in still with you. I wish I could be secretary to you — but it would be impossible, you are too kind. I like dreaming of things like that. How is your new lodger —?

Please do tell me about the Belize. Apropos — read some reviews of Smith's (Bachar's husband) book. Fantastically successful it seems. How is getting on with his queries?

Life is boring here, loving Diana, you can't imagine. I read a book a day and wake up in the morning uttering phrases; it's very funny. I also talk to myself a lot which means I want to write another book. It is Saturday and I have nothing to do ad no petrol ad haven't changed the oil in 5000 kilometers and I'm really ashamed to keep that car in that fashion. I'll be glad when I start working on Tuesday and it's very pleasant writing to you, although I always wonder how you can find time to write back.

BARRY = Barry, how is he? "two negro playwrights," says Kenneth Tymer. This patronising idiot. How did Barry like his conference?

I tried to read a "A Bunt at Coe", G. Green couldn't finish it, bored me stiff. Only one theatre in Deutschland would put Rolf Hochhuth's "The Representative" on (in Frankfurt and I have enough money to see drama and see it.) A real play, this.

I'm going to try and get rid of my cold in the swimming pool.

A thousand pieces of love to you

Diana friend.

wequita.