Diana dear, I hope you're engaging, being in the front page ½, also would very much, and am, however, distant. Enjoying your success.

I've been having terrible passionate troubles again with that bitch upstairs. I told you about once. Then, I go up now and then and spend the night when I want and just ignore her most of the time. She's too sleeping with another man lately, and it drives me nuts—mad because of what she's doing. Damn her. The petition of it all, and I laugh at it myself—sarcastic grinning baffle of laughter. There, I'll write minute pieces of paper in her door to see whether she's returned at night or not (they fall not & where she opens her door, so that I watch the paper at night ad)
before going to work next day, I go up and see whether it's fallen in a nest, bloody horrible carrying on, entire now, I enjoy all this in a masochistic way. (If the paper is still sticking it means she's spent the night with someone else.) I've told her that if she brings him to see anyone I shall book her and hit his face -- and she believes me the stupid bitch. (I did hit her me, very hard indeed. Can you imagine?" It goes something like this:

"What is it to you if I bring a man here?"

"I don't want it!"

"Do you love me?" and she looks at me, half meaning

"I just don't have it"

"You've brought a man here," which is true of course. Once last year, when she was carrying on again; I asked my faithful friend Brenda Woodgate, who saved my life once in Hamburg when I was in hospital (I told you about that, I'm sure), to ask Brenda to come over, and she did, aliens her faithfulness. She is very pretty and attractive (although we're grouse off each other physically) and she came home in her nightie and stayed a week with me in my room. A real nice time, reading as she sleeping in her sleeping long me night and I the next, and laughing and talking. And I forgot all about that little upstairs. Except that she (the upstairs bitch) seemed to become pale and pale whenever I accidently met her on the staircase. And then from Helblingen, the landlady, told me that Mr. Furl Seaman was not going to work with anyone and what's the matter with her? Brenda and I drove to Munich for a week to stay with Hulga at had another nice time and until we quarrelled quarrelled (we always have fantastic genuine quarrels which my deeper our friendship, and returned to Rheingau. And when I returned, Mr. Seaman made me understand that she asked me, was shipped me as would die for me -- but I didn't care about her anymore. Until
she went with someone else. And again I pretended Brenda
was staying with me and again the table was full and we turned
this time in the 40th of three circles, and now I'm still suffering.

Please don't bear in mind, I'm really very sorry about it, but tell the men
of Egypt about me and all that. Don't worry about me at all,
because here is, at the moment, nothing to worry about. I've got this
nice job and life is going to be an enormous adventure, but not
unbelievably. I'm trying, slowly, to write again and

write a few short pieces and then go on to my book
again. Everything is alright - so don't dare speak any of
your parts in thinking about me.

How is you book selling? Are you going to be terribly rich? I
hope so; anyway because it's going to be better before I came within
right of returning what I owe you (don't worry, I'm not worrying
about it). In fact to-day I'm not worrying about anything. It's
beautiful outside, magnificent sunshine and as I couldn't

buy the Sunday papers yesterday, I'll buy them at lunch time

and sit in the garden. This H.Q. is a very pretty place. Built

all built in a forest, by the English after the war, and it's all

green and trees. we have 300 as a whole house for lunch. I'll

and for lunch and write a bit more this afternoon.

Back from lunch. Nothing much in the papers. Another letter

Wilson, whatever he is, he is not lazy... I don't know what.

Katy's having a terrible attack of scurvy and having paid my

back to Germany money in a coat... how am I to know

Cherie... comment 9ans je vous souhaites... and etc. Quelque uns

nous morsons de faim ici... je t'envoie tous courage la

en a besoin... je n'en reste pour toi, je ne pens pas

vive sans toi et sans... Bless her overflowing

heart. Still, I remember her slaving away in the

kitchen to cook for me and cooking for you, before having


met and been chummed by you, was also for my sake. Ieally love her very much. I'm sure she'll be delighted
if you sent her a short letter. - 6, Rue 43 43 (3) paper
books, and we are only six people here. I, of
course don’t know why I am employed at all, except
perhaps to stand a desk. What a difference, Diana, between the
muddy Brits and the horridly Germans. Here they come, Brigadiers,
Captains, Generals, shy and timidity and polite; and with now
I look out of the window and see a German Col. oh how
are bearing the seas.

4:30 I go home or at about 5:30 I have a cup of tea and a so, then
then woke up and gotten about for a couple of hours. Clean my room
here. Either perhaps a cove radios; and then I am to the Pulk
for a few beers - eggs oh no, I'm also check up papers
in Ship Leam's door, I forgot; So, having shuck them, I'm
all the same off to the pub; then Home at 11 - 11:30, in
bed and read up to 2. or 2:30 and no sleep. Fridays I
go and play balla (bouncing) with all the chaps I said I
didn't want to see again, and at about 1. 8:30 we are
all very drunk and have had two or three different
quarrels with different people. So, I have a terrible headache
until now and then usually meet thing ... (please paid
£500 to Romaloo) - I don't understand why people
trust me that way) ... at thing and I am two
stupid girls go to Brussels perhaps for the evening.
on Sunday -- oh, but just thinking of the stupid way I spent
my time will about depress me.

The last letter I received from Paul Angle was months ago,
and he had asked me to send him a copy of the book. do you know
whether Phillip did send it to him? There is of course no
choice in the matter, and if they'll have me and also pay
my fares, I shall HAVE to go. Oh, why can't I just come
over to you flat on Primrose Hill and buy a lot of salted
nuts, perfectly almonds (I try and camouflage my spelling
mistakes as much as possible, but I'm sure you see through
me now) at air with you and gossip away about all
and everything.

No, I didn't say anything about Anne smooth at all
-- never heard of him. I also didn't understand the connection
between him and Hor Heinrich ( or is it Friedrich? ) you
say in one of your letters. I haven't got you letter with me.

But to go back to your flat, to air and drink and talk
-- a propos, I was wondering if I could come over for dinner
(you would probably not be in London, I suppose) But of course
I can't come; it's just wishful thinking again.

It's time to go home. Love to you and B and
everybody else I like.

Wausish.