Dear Diana -

you did seem rather angry in your last letter. You know Diana, I love literature and dote on it, I love to poke at it and turn it up side down and miff at it and criticize it and compare it and enjoy it. That is why I am not a writer - a feeble imitator at most. And that is why I take your stories and miff at them and look for their method of composition and criticize them. You see, I am most most most INTERESTED in literature and those who produce it. As you probably know, I am a recitile book-worm and there is nothing I love more than to discuss books and writers and to throw away what I believe are phonies and support those I believe the real men. And here you are, dear Diana, annoyed because I misjudged you writing a because I refuse to admire it without reservation. (Don't say you were not annoyed, you were.) But I am NO authority on literature AT ALL at all and what I like I like without any literary foundation in my taste whatsoever.
Furthermore my knowledge of literature is very limited. My two great loves in literature are the simple and beautiful (Chekov - Gorki) and the word-makers (Nabokov). Gorki writes in his "My Life": "He returns with his mother to find his still young father dead. The whole family is lamenting, except himself, his Grandmother tells him:

"Why aren't you crying?"

"I don't know"

"Don't you feel like crying?"

"No"

"Oh, alright then."

This "oh, alright then" is to me the one of the treasures in literature.

But this, you see, is a completely private taste. a matter of pleasure, which, as one, is not applicable as a criticism at all. When I wrote that last letter to you, I wrote to you - you being a writer, about my own private feelings of your stories, not as a literary critic. But you are too trap sensible (not sensible) about all this. But me day (soon soon, I hope) sit down with a bottle
of whiskey, ice, soda and nuts—then talk and talk about all that.

I've neglected you the last week or
written. Max time is a busy time in the
office and I can't squeeze any writing in
between Debit Vouchers and Credit Vouchers.

The strange and rather frightening thing
about working here is, that I seem to be
an excellent office worker—clerk—cabinet
servant, it is an entirely different picture
of the one I know of myself. They are promoted,
now! I'm terribly musical about
that I do, and its really depressing me to
be so service to papers and accounts. My
corner is not tidy here and I've been
invented a neat way of keeping the books
and yet my room is just littered with
papers and things underneath the bed and
call over the place. I don't even have
a file. I can't understand it.
you are quite right about not making up my mind up about business matters. Death (or other motives) haven't written yet, so I have decided to handle foreign rights myself and shall write to Andre telling him.

How many copies of your book have been sold up to now? or don't you know yet? I'm very interested to know.

Now first, you spring this surprise on me: "J.B. Priestly came to lunch!"... I didn't know you knew him at all, and then you don't even tell me what he said (I don't think of him as a writer at all).

And then those parties with S.G. and Post and all, and your descriptions are most reassuring, although delightful. But I know you can't go on writing your biography for my
I am very much engaged. I wonder you
don't come to write at all. You are 
a dear.

Once again you've been writing 
for me, and my gratitude is a warm 
glow in me - ad I note myself 
when I am not very kind in my 
letters to you. Shall I write to 
this nice dear? I feel he doesn't 
quite understand the position; i.e. that 
it has to do with working permit and 
not just a job. Does he know I studied 
medicine? I don't mind working as 
a driver at all and I shall write to 
him. Thank you Diana.

When will you be going home for 
Christmas? Aren't you a little bit 
looking forward to this particular Christmas? 

all the family with a copy of "Let's" 
tucked away? You're going to be the
the Queen of this Empire. But I wish I
could now all the one going to tell you.

I haven't had a real gamble for
eight months now, and I have this terrible
'feel' of wanting to go again to Bad
-Newark and place my chips on the
squares. It is very difficult to convey
this unfortunate sensation to a non-
gambler. Since my England journey
I've been too lenient with myself and
living it up too much. I mean I eat
eye well again and drink my fill
and am dangerously eyeing the shops
for suits and silk shirts and silk ties
and leather shoes. I haven't been really
well dressed for six years now. I'm
getting a paint once. Ah, Kitty, how
you would sympathise!

Samuel has taken up with this
Moronic Sarah again (living with
her, I think) and I'm rather sad about
it. We write about his story, and I understand but am rather sad all the same.

What's this letter Veliz wrote to the Times? I do keep an eye on you questions all the time. Fact is I am relying too much on overworked you for the interest in my life. There is no such a thing as a discussion, conversation, a whatever interesting here. It's just clicking and a few stupid exchange of sentences with all time I know here in Germany. Oh oh I must come and live in England. I must.

This Kennedy murder shook me very much indeed. It's only when he died that I realized how lucky the whole world was to have him leading America - at then the dirt in Texas. If this Oswald died about
him. 

And he was only a pawn in an organisation, whenever I even hear 
it and 'Ruby.' I want to drink 
"Jackeline and the kids ... they lost 
their poppa," he says, this gangster. 

But really, if the President's murder 
is being supported by the Dallas police, 
what chance of Justice for an ordinary 
man there? This Johnson is a most 
horrible thing to come (something like 
Nixon). Are their names names?

love, love, and love.

wagwili