Dear Diana,

You did seem to be rather depressed in your last letter. I know that feeling very well; the one of not feeling that you want to write, that one will never be able to write again, that whenever one has written one only been to put back, flecks in the pan, and, in any case, even when that 'uncontrollable itch' is there, I am unable to write. Anyway, the fact is, Diana, romantic as they are, to people like you and myself, writing comes in a season series. What I mean is, you free yourself as how the itch to write for a few days; well, you write a short story or so, and then you stop, which, if you are like myself, is catastrophic. You have to go on, at once, and continue writing and writing. I've had no beautiful years, when I just went on writing and writing. But the last year has been very bad indeed.

No, but that other feeling - I've woken up, warm, and snug, feeling a rather humorous: "Poor lady." etc.

I've had that feeling since I was 18; it comes now and then. It comes out of blankness. I'm still in bed, hardly awake, and a terrible view, and an adjective view of myself lying there, thinking: 'You're over twenty now, what have you done with your life? What are you going to do with it? Nothing, you're hopeless.' Then, it was praise; come 24, how terrible, and now over 22 etc etc. I used to think it came out of a sense of failure, but it isn't. I think it's a type of blankness and coupled with this blankness, a self-consciousness, I mean the type of blankness which requires of knowing lots of people etc.

This job I've got now is killing something in me; Diana, and I don't know whether it's killing something good or
hand. It's killing a sense of despair I've always had. You see, it's the first time I have been suffering from a sense of insecurity. I have received a letter from Uncle in Iowa yesterday; telling me he might manage to get me over to America if no one has an option in my next book! Rather a strange thing. Perhaps it's some other publisher, who wants to buy my next book and who is willing to pay my fare for the option. Nor

meaning at all. I'd hate to be committed to some publisher to finish a book on something like that.

And suppose you mind Dr. Abraham Hing makes us look like we drift away again from the sense of security?

But with the sense of despair and insecurity, was also some mental stimulation which I am afraid to lose.

Everyone here, the officers and regiment, are going to

England for Censor and talking about it. Actually I

don't think Censor would be a good time to come even if I could afford it. Everyone I know, including yourself would be home and scattered. Perhaps I should come when you publish my book. And then you and I

could go to literary parties if you invited to any, together, and have a hilarious time.

Very strange this book, baby affair. In fact, the whole relationship is strange to my oriental streak, incomprehensible. If I would get married, it would be to share my life with someone; but the business of being married and each leading his own life, perhaps

with some physical contact now and then, I find repulsive. Why am Earth get married, then? Perhaps

Anthony is not the only one at fault in this business.

I've bought a Penguin "one day in the life of Ivan

Denisovich" and am delighted that it was published
in Russia. It's very strange to bump into Russia with me. The very word Russia gives me a thrill. Perhaps because all my heroes have been Russian. Lenin, Gorki, Chekhov, Dostoevsky and Lenin once again. In the very midst of the Revolution in the throes of revolt, he finds time to write Maxim Gorki: "You must wear a scarf when you go out. Maximovich Gorki; it is very cold now." To me the most glorious of men ever men.

The Russians are the most human of humans, the most unpredictable, the most emotional. If I were a Russian I would not cite to "Mother Russia." Did you see Battleship Potemkin? No, but did you see Gorki's trilogy? ... No, they are Russian. One of the most beautiful things in existence - Man. One would read all Dostoevsky's historical novels, one would read all of Russia's historical literature, to be able to understand why 'Russia' is in the heart of people like myself. I think I told you...

... the heart of people like myself. I think I told you...

... the Egyptians in Egypt, are very much like the men. The Egyptians are in Egypt, very much like the men. We've had a playwright in Russia of Dostoevsky...

Egypt, Nasser, ... Rihani, ... oh no. I can't start on my favorite theme now.

There you are, I get in to this state of thinking...