

A lovely letter from you today, Sweetie. Already read it twice. Things are a bit ~~not~~ as you know from yesterday's letter - I also must leave my room for various reasons - engine things are a bit low and sad at the moment, not that I think it will last long. It seems we won't be going to winter-sport after all, because there is no snow. I've written to Editions Saffont of France, accepting their offer if they send me the advance within a month (£200). And then we'd meet as soon as possible. If I come I'd just like to -- oh but I can't, can I? I mean I'd like to come for a week and just have a quiet time in your flat, reading and cooking and talking to you. At the moment that's what I want most, but of course you have this nice lodge and I'll probably have to stay with Bob Huggell.

Yes 'My life' is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Did you read 'Hesse with the Marseilles?' another gentle thing of genuine beauty. I remember the last sentence -- 'where are you, maninskha' I forget her name now.

Darling, I really wish you hadn't bought that duffle-coat. I am not being stupid now, I haven't got a coat and I need one badly and I could have bought one last month instead of gambling and I did not want you to buy it for me it all now. Everything strikes me as sad now and I am sad that I cause you all these expenses. You are always sending me things and lending me money and it makes me sad that instead of being a delight to you, as you are to me, I'm just a bloody burden and I'm always asking you for things and all and all and yet I'd love to have Constance Garnet ~~now~~.

No, enough of this enough of this boring sadness. - Come, we shall laugh together :-

(2)

you know who is responsible for my ^{present} state? It is that
bitch upstairs (and when I say bitch, I mean it, literally)
I didn't take her out of on New years - I went and enjoyed
myself in that party I told you about. I didn't take her out
because I don't love her, I find her unattractive except
for sexual intercourse. She was a bit angry (quite
correctly) for being left at home on New years. A week
later we were together in her flat upstairs when I said
I'd go down and buy some beer. But I couldn't
find my shoes, she went herself. She didn't come
back - she met ~~somebody~~ someone in the pub and
went off with him. Just like that. I was disgusted.
(I am as disgusting as herself, I know I know), I
didn't see her for four days. But I knew she was
upstairs. On the fifth day she spent the night out,
after having come down to tell me she'd be back straight
after work and to asking me to buy some food. She
didn't, as I said, come back at all. Next day I
went upstairs and hit her - two-three
four slaps on the face. It is no use saying this
is not like me - since I do it, it is me. I also
warned her not to bring a man up to her flat.
She said she wouldn't, and I left it at that and
that was the end. Two days later I noticed a strange
car downstairs and torture - noises from upstairs. She
did have a man. I went out. When I returned,
I saw him leaving. I rushed upstairs, she had locked

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her room and was hungrily pushing tables against it. I kicked the door open to screams of 'Help' 'Help' 'HELP'. I caught her and gave her a tremendous wallop. Landlady, Her end from postcard and the whole house rushing upstairs. She hasn't been back, except to take some things and change, I suppose. (I know through sticking papers in her door) for the last 8 days. The Landlady has given me notice to leave.

What can I say? I have no excuse, I do not love her, I am mad, I am unfair, egoist, rowdy, killer of women, scum,

But I suffer.

psycho psychiatrists have always iiked me with their systems :- AHA, you stammer because when you were two years old, a mouse jumped on your father, and your mother buried herself under the snow." Very well, you say, thank you. ~~Now~~ now I know why. But I still sttttammer —

I am, as you said once, acting like lichee, who wouldn't eat her food except when it was threatened by someone else. I know. But what I can do about it?

I suffer.

Anyone who hits, particularly women, is, to me, an abominable

person. After I do it myself (4) (although I never dreamed of ever
doing that to a woman before, this is the 3rd time I assault her
this hitch)

A type of madness. To be sane again, I have to
leave this house at once - But it is difficult. I have to tear
myself away. What a terrible joke all this is.
I'll get over it, soon.

Not sleeping bags or tents, low. Good lord.
We'd both die, I of exposure, whatever that is.
This Heptibah is it. You can't cope with such people.
I am sure if she had been kind to you, you would
not have wanted to take their silver away, even
if you say the you wish the Irish girl would that.

will post this now as I
have to do some office work.

Love and thanks, Ilse.

Weepah

Didn't post it after all. I feel like going on writing
to you. Diana, please try and let those 6 copies
be paid from eventual Royalties (if any.) You
must not pay more money for me. Apropos, Krumler
has send me a bill for about £ 8 - of course
I never received those 13 copies (Rowlett did) I
shall ask Krumler to debit this £ 8 against
me, but why he didn't ask Rowlett to take
them off the £ 150, I don't know.

I don't eat at all, but keep on vomiting all the time. It is very strange this, it runs in our family, at least in my generation. I remember the orgies of vomiting, through amou-perdu, which used to take place at Grandpa's house in Cairo. My cousin Noguie, his brother Babu and even Tiya (my cousin whom I loved passionately from the age of 6 to the age of 13) we all vomit when we have heart trouble. Noguie, a wonderful cousin of mine, with a marvellous sense of humor, used to suddenly break into a sweat, and spurt all the contents of his tummy out, and start laughing at himself. L'annou Ibrahim (IBRAHIM is my maternal family-name, and we are all Ibrahim and have always disregarded our father's name and family). Then he used to cry out, and laugh at the physical agonies of L'annou - IBRAHIM. Tiya his sister, then about 16, was also vomiting because of a lost love, and I, 9 years old, used to go to the bathroom and emit a miserable piece of vomit ~~for~~ because of my love for Tiya. Everybody used to tell her that I loved her --- and I did. One day I gave a small vomit when alone in the garden. I didn't notice there was anyone behind me. It was she. "why, you do love me", she said, then

It was a marvellous time all living at Grandpa's. Grandmother who used to adore laughing. Grandpa, whom

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we all ~~of~~ called Grandpapa, even my mother, ~~my~~ Kelly,
my mother, tante Eva, tante Blanche (mother of Nazim, Baby,
Teya & little Ketty) → Uncle White, Uncle Fido (Mofid)
and Uncle Fares (adventurer, wit, lovable person (went
to Abyssinia during the Italo-Abyssinian war to fight
the Italians) - until he married a horrid French woman
who tried to make him pompous.

Furthermore, there was Fraulein Friedle, a German
Gouverness who was sexless and who's voice was like
a man. Miss Moffit, another Gouverness, who used
to emit horrible smells all the time, Amina, who
used to bake our bread (every other day in the garden
→) Omran Sad our aged cook, her son Amin,
a fantastic cook, Said the Gardener and his son
biloo, and Saleh our amazing servant.

There we all lived together in Grandpapa's
house at Zeitune in Cairo. The main
thing, our daily duty, was to laugh and make
laugh. laughter and laughter and laughter.

One by one, they got married and left. At the very
end, I was quite alone with Grandpapa and Grandmother.
And then they too, left. Dying.

How stupid it is of me to be theatrical about my
nonsense ... when I think of all that noise and laughter

then . . .
feel very much better now.
bye, love. waqif