

Monday 26th Oct 64

Dearest Diana,

It is so pleasant to receive your letters. I make myself comfortable, with a cup of tea and some nice music before I start reading them.

I am wondering what has happened by now with this witch-author. Of course, the same way I used to attract disasters (notice the word USED) you seem to attract people with amazing problems and have them on your hands. I hope you have some peace now, sweetheart, particularly when I remember what a burden I have always been to you. Bless you my darling.

I write twice a week to Ketty, poor woman, who seems to be on the verge of despair, utterly and completely. I spoke to her on the phone some time ago and she was incoherent with emotion. I am so worried about her. But I admire her for insisting on sparing Samir all this. My mother and brother haven't left her for a moment and this is a great relief (Particularly because my mother can't be sad for very long...I miss her very much all of a sudden). My brother Rami spent two weeks with me here, and I grew terribly terribly fond of him. You would have adored him, Diana. He is a bit like Samir, but yet humble and shy. Every day when I returned from work (how lovely it was to know he was waiting for me) I was always greeted with: "J'ai une surprise pour toi, Toutou" And this surprise WAS always a surprise...fixing my pick-up, papering a wall, having a meal ready for me, putting all my papers together and in ORDER and even filing them. I grew very attached to him. He also had this physical activity like myself...such as swimming even in very cold weather with me, and playing tennis with me. (I usually play with Kurt, so when Rami came with us, I asked him whether he played well, and he said no. So Kurt and I played...we are what is considered very first class and are of equal strength. So Rami was given a racket 'just to amuse him' and he first beat Kurt hollow and then me, but gently and not arrogantly, and I was so proud and delighted with him, I wanted to hold him in my arms and kiss him. Everything he did was so correct and near perfect, I used to suddenly shake myself when I was drunkish, because I would suddenly catch myself watching him with the tenderest of love. I adored him, and so did every one else here, particularly at Edda's. Where everybody gave him a present before leaving, and even Edda's mother, a miser, took him out for dinner which cost her £5. I drove him to Cologne to take his train to Venice. An hours journey where if I had so much as opened my mouth, I would have cried. So I had taken our good friend Herbert with us. Herbert is a wonderful alcoholic who has, a long time ago, somehow placed himself under my patronage. So Herbert and I and Rami waited for the train and when it did come, it was packed to the brim. Herbert rushed up with one of the bags, and found a place in a compartement near a delightful looking girl of eighteen or so. Rami and I had tears just waiting to roll down at some convenient time. Herbert, in his drunken way, told the girl "Look after our young brother for us and see that he gets to Venice alright" and sort of put everyone in a good humor. And if ever there was love at first sight, it was what happened to this girl. She gave Rami one look, and she was completely transfigured. I ran out quickly to the platform, watching from a distance, 'cause I couldn't tell Rami Goodbye. Herbert stayed for another couple of minutes, kissed Rami, then joined me. We watched for a while from the window, without Rami noticing us. There he sat terribly sad and silent. The girl not taking her eyes off him, then she started talking to him and after a while he started answering and slowly, she took his hand and put it in hers and he smiled gently...I went away feeling very happy at that scene. During all his stay here, I never showed him I was getting so attached to him. I don't know why.

Big scandal here in Rheydt. In which I had to be involved of course: Bubi Reuther's father used to be mayor of Rheydt just after the war. When his father died recently, I helped Bubi and his sister move to a smaller flat. We came across a book, written by a Dr. Orth, present mayor of Rheydt and we put it away somewhere. Bubi then went to Berlin for his studies. Some months ago, at his place, we came across that book again. It was entitled: The German blood and law. So we read it. The author, the present Mayor, (Oberstaddirector actually) wrote: A pure blooded German has the right to condemn to death anyone of lesser breed etc etc etc. two hundred pages of absolute filth. This Thesis had netted him his 'Doctorat'. So Bubi and I wrote an article about this, phoned up Helmuth Breuer our friend, a journalist and student, and told him to have it published. But no newspaper would publish it (German Democracy). So we decided to publish a paper ourselves. It was financed by advertisements which Helmuth procured

without telling the advertisers what the paper was about. The paper did come out, and first caused a sensation, then a scandal and finally insults. Insults from the population if you please! Edda's became the centre of an underground movement, if you please, and both Bubi's and Helmuth's car were stoned. By order, according to Helmuth, of Dr Orth himself. The local papers insulted Bubi and Helmuth for criticising a thesis when the author was ONLY twenty eight. They were all insulted at Edda's. All that is, except myself. At that time, in fact only a few weeks ago, my German passport and residence permit expired. And who renews it? Dr. Orth himself. So I betook myself to the Rathaus, knocked at Dr. Orth's door and walked in. His secretary took my passport, and told me to come in a weeks time. Just then Dr. Orth walked in. "Ah, herr Gali, what can I do for you?"

"To renew his passport," His secretary told him "I told him to come next week." "But no, no" he said. "Please Herr Gali, come into my office. " I went in, he gave me a seat, took my passport and started writing things in it and stamping it with all sorts of things. 'That's it' I thought. We won't have another boring moment now, I told myself.

"Here you are Herr. Gali, he said. I have renewed it TWO years instead of the usual one." He shook hands with me and walked me to the lift..... Three days later I returned to him, at Helmuth's mothers request. Bubi and Helmuth had, suddenly, under some 'technical clause' lost their stipendiums to study in Berlin.

"Herr Ruether and herr Bruer have lost their stipendiums" I told ~~him~~ him.

"Have they? A mistake I am sure, they shall have new ones." And they did, are now in Berlin, and fin de L'Histoire. Except that the 'Speigel' wants to look into the affair. Somehow I feel a bit of a traitor. To both sides actually.

I am most utterly and completely broke, but I don't care at all. They've increased my pay to £50, from which I'm paying the major £10 a month. It was him, bless him. paved those £100 for me. He is leaving in February, and I am desolated. The Office has now become an ~~institution~~ institution in the H.O. People come just to listen to the repartees of the Major and myself, with Captain Ayton as Maitre de Cermonie. The Labour Victory naturally put me in a wonderful mood, and there is some delightful leg-pulling between the major and myself, in fact in loud voices which passing colonels and brigadiers can't help hearing:

The Major, Freddy to his friends, tells Bill, Captain Ayton, the following, but looking at me:-

"I was hoping some capitalist would invent some lotion or other to grow my hair again, Bill. But now, with that Labour party in power, there is no more hope." Myself: " I don't know, sir. They might have some ground nut scheme for your head." Large laughter from both WO 's, the sergeant and particularly Capt Ayton. And then Capt Ayton can't serve the customers anymore (They pay bills there) 'cuase he's wriggling with pain-making laughter. This goes on the whole day. The German staff just hate my guts. And the maj totters laughing into his glass enclosure. No sooner has the laughter died, than he is back again.

"What? back for some more punishment, Freddy?" says the Capt.

And so it goes on the whole day. I love that office. The German staff have complained because I leave early to play tennis and swim, and the Maj hates their guts because they complain about me.

I am not friendly with some English families and have been neglecting my German friends. Did you hear that record by Peter Sellers etc. called Fool Britania? It is not allowed in England, 'cuase it is all about Margaret . Phillip and Elizabeth. I nearly choked with laughter, There is also another long playing record by the ex-goons, which you MUST hear.

Darling, I miss you very much, and do hope we'll meet soon,

All my love,

Waguih.

X X X

Have you heard from Samir? He is in London now. He hasn't written. Please tell me how he is if you have seen him.