

Dearest Diana, It's been a long time since I wrote you...over ten days. I hope you've had a fascinating Cmax at home and that you went to a marvellous party on New Years. Mine was very quiet, spend mostly in bed reading back copies of Observers and New statmen

(Started by going to play roulette on pay day...which is a bit of a bore because now I've had to pawn me typewriter again) and then had a quarrel with my landlady. That German bitch lets rooms at fantastic prices to miserable Spaniards, and the rooms are NOT heated. Just before Cmax saw a miserable spanish miner, running away from Franco's prisons, huddled up ~~in~~ in bed freezing. About forty years old with a photo of his wife and six kids hanging over his bed with all the Catholic paraphernalia of Madonnas and crosses etc. So I rushed down to that bloody landlady and threatened her police and all if she didn't give that chap some sort of heating at once. So she said "Of course I'll give him a heater" and went up to my room and gave him MY heater... so there.

Apart from that, those boys I go drinking with now and then and with whom I go bowling on Fridays, and whom I insult every now and then, gave me an expensive Cmax present...which touched me very much. New years we organised a Party at Herbert, whose mother has a hairdresser shop which she lent us for the party. Party was average nice and we went to bed at five promising to return at two next day to clear the stuff and clean up. We all drifted in tired and bleary eyed and started mopping up with a glass of champagne every now and then. Slowly, and without knowing it, we were getting stinking drunk and all in a wonderful mood. We started working on our faces with all the cosmetics in the shop and made false whiskers out of hair and made partings in the middle and Herbert went upstairs and fetched a chest containing his grandfather's clothes who used to be a dandy in his day, and we all dressed up in the twenties style and played the charlestone over and over again and then all started moving about only in jerks--reminiscent of the silent films. We were all having a magnificent time, when we suddenly noticed something wrong outside, somehow the sun had, prematurely, come up, and we hadn't even noticed it go down. We were seven boys and had drunk: twelve bottles of champagne, nine bottles of white wine, and Heinz had drunk four large bottles alone, and another five bottles of cidar lay empty, which no one remembered drinking but which we must have mistaken for wine. New Years day was lovely. I drove straight to work in that state, and was very gallantly send straight back home by the Capt. Strangest of all is, that to-day and yesterday have been SUMMER! Not a cloud in the sky and WARM. All the windows are open and people are walking about in shirts without even a pullover on. Amazing.

Being broke is actually good for me. I have started working, first on my room, and then on my papers. I've pinched files from here and am putting all papers in order and filing them, and then this silent feeling of wanting to darken my room with only a tablelamp and paper and pen to fill with writings and stories. Somehow, too, cheese and bread and tea, DOES agree with me. I have to write to my mother, to Ketty, to Samir to his sister Miha, to Miss Prudence, our dear Miss prudence who's always remained a true friend to me. But the only person I like writing to is you. Then I must write to Mrs. Uhde, to Iowa, to all the Frech Publishers (My requests, repeated to now about the copies have, of course, not been answered.) APROPOS, Dian dear, DO NOT under circumstances send a copy of my book to Ketty. Everything is censored and it might cause the whole family something dreadful. In fact, once that book is published I'll have to tell them, through Samir, NOT to write to me for a while. SO I have to write to all those people and its depressing even to think about it.

I hope, when you have time, I'll get one of those lovely letters from you with discriptions of Cmax with your family. I hope you've enjoyed this rare whisky you've received. A long time ago, I received a bottle called 'Old Par'...and whisky has never tasted the same since. All those Wat 69's and Jhonny Walker and Haig, are only an imitation of what they used to be (They're all distilled at same place, you know, and are not individual anymore.) And talking about whisky: We went to the seargent's mess just before Cmax, the whole office. What do I see as soon as I enter? A beautifully kept Snooker Table...I kept my hands off the sticks until the third double whisky, then I had a game with the Sarge...beat him hollow, to the surprise of all spectators 'cause he's considered one of the best. No, but this whisky business. There we were, everyone giving a ROUND of DOUBLE whisky's, and I, only Ten bob in me pocket. Well, I HAD to give a round and when I had drank enough I decided to order a round anyhow and touch the Capt perhaps for a quid or two to pay it. So I walk up to the bar, and order TWELVE DOUBLE whisks please; and took three at a time and dished them out and then went to pay but I had only ten bob as I said. How much? I asked, Six Bob he said. SIX bob for twelve DOUBLE Whiskys!!!!. thruppence a tot, Diana, thruppence a tot in the Sarges Mess;.

AAAAAH

An feeling rather sorry for Barbara and that whole set up downstairs. The chances are that the babies head will be alright soon. I've seen babies delivered in the most fantastic shapes, and they grow normal. So I hope she's not going to worry about all that. Oh, yes. I was delighted to see your name AGAIN in the Observer...one of the best books of the year. You seem to have completely mesmerised Angus Wilson. Have you met him? I am sure he'll propose to you if he isn't already married, and it would be VERY difficult to say NO. What happened to that Canadian chap?

I'll try and catch this evening's post and write again over the Weekend.

Lots of Love darling Diana, and thanks for all the presents you sent me.

thousand kisses,

Waguih