

4.5.65

Hamersack St 34.

Dearest Diana,

Here I am - back in the office - will go swimming  
in a moment, in fact very here, but still utterly in  
London. Was very very drunk on Saturday - couldn't sleep  
and so left Wapick's at 5.30 a.m. still drunk and  
hangoverish. On the ship met Capt. Allen, a scottish  
boozer and so he got me drunk all over again.  
In Brussels looked up Titi, an old school friend - anyway,  
arrived home last Sunday night. My flat spik and span,  
with new Carpets and Curtains. It was nice to return  
to it, but how I wish it were situated somewhere N.W.3 -

I don't know how to thank you for having, as always,  
been so good and kind and generous. Not only to me, but  
even to all my friends. Thank you ever so much.

I was a bit, no, actually very much sad, I had  
been a bit nasty to SamSam on the eve of my  
departure. Don't know whether I should write to him or  
not. But if he starts losing the qualities I had so  
much adored in him, then I shall start to dislike him -  
how very sad and annoying.

I have two things I am looking forward to now. One  
is to finish the M.S. soon and send it to you, and two,  
Targi's job. I must live in London and shouldn't  
put it off any longer. Now I realized, this last time,  
how I was settling in this here place. But if I  
know that I shall return in some months time,  
then I won't fall into despondency and regret again.

will write soon in more detail. But in the meantime  
all all all my thanks for being so lovable and  
endearing

all my love -  
wagtail

xxxxxx  
xx+x