Dear Edw.,

Just this moment arrived. Thank you for your letters, and all the trouble you're taking over me. You are a most lovable person. I bought the New Ethiopic now from Bemis of the review (decline of its position) did make me a bit afraid — well, dealing a complete fiasco of its book after all, and then, on top of the other things, a spell of gloom. I was rather gloomy, hobbling up the stairs and my room in chaos, and we rather immobile. Also nearly falling trying to go upstairs, inspite of a thorough prune to myself, not to say an Act Bitch. She is not here, and isn't seem living here for a while, thank God. I shall look for a room as soon as possible.

After reading your letter, and then having a look of the 'Telegraph review', ('horrificities Good, Ailiens dept. — but it seems, in all this John Hissen deduced from this book') — well, I said, Diana is writing optimistically just to cheer me up. But the T. L.S. — was really cheering and good (!) am now in bed, (but in rather ambushed position — so please, again forgive horrible writing). I try to be absolutely objective, I feel that the reviewer (I have a feeling it is a woman) has need the book from end to end. The other, I feel, have not — 0-0 I can't blame them if they have to read 5-6 books a week for reviews.

Darling Diana — last but home rent me a contract to sign — and say they will pay £200 as soon
I did get a hangover, as you predicted, but I was expecting it and everything did look most 'nicely, calmly, black and hopeless. Stayed in bed took one aspirin (but they
in a hangover. Take it before sleeping) Read Chekhov AGAIN, and slept. Next day I was alright, thanks God.

Am feeling much less groggy now than I did when I first arrived. In between Hermit came with a hot meal in a casseole which his mother sent me. And I am thinking of our tennis meeting and cheering myself up to. I now wish I have to go to hospital for a new plaster, and officially I should not work in the next five weeks. But I think I shall.

The strangest thing seems to happen to you. I mean the
man who committed suicide and left him very much.

Really your book seems to have made a tremendous impression on people. Are you going to read her diaries? And then Canadian, whatever happened to him? What do you feel when people just suddenly come and offer you their complete lives and histories like that? When such a thing happens to me, I become a bit too sure of what they should be told as a piece of advice full of logic and sense ... with a little bit of sarcasm...

Greyneth Simonopoulos, my next room neighbor, came
in while I was writing to you, and poured out his heart to
me. He is suffering, he says - from cancer. His woman
has left him, the poor man. Now his Simonski, about
the only colourful character I have met in Germany, is
a hard-boiled, strong-willed character. He is also a
Robber (once with violence) in and out of prisons, and
once hid under my bed and then jumped from the window
after the police left. I didn't see him for 4 months after
that — I paid his room for him because that the landlady
was going to chuck his things away — and he
paid me back on loan as he returned (driving
a Lincoln Continental)! Further, this Simonsky comes
yesterday to Paris to heart out to me: "Perhaps
I shouldn't have hit her?" "I shall kill her
if I see her with that other man." "I can't sleep"
"I am going mad," so I told him he did not
love her at all — it was just jealousy and hurt pride.
I told him about a dog (which you know) who wouldn't
to eat his food unless it was threatened by another dog.
I told him just simply not to think of her, to ignore
her if she did, not to speak to her if she even
addressed him.

"If you see her walking towards you," I told
him ... Suddenly I heard a familiar
step on the landing. I grabbed my two sticks and
rushed on the landing. I grabbed my two sticks and
rushed on the staircase. There
stood Edith. We stood looking at each other
"What's the matter with your leg?" She asked
"Broke it."
silence for a while. (4)

"when am I coming back?" I asked.

"I am finished with you." she said.

"alright." I said, and hobbled back to my room, shattered.

"if you see her walking towards you." I continued to Shirovsky, "just turn round and walk away".

"I couldn't," he pleaded.

"One is either a man or one isn't," I said.

Then I lit a cigarette. There was some sort of beauty in this incident, some terrible human truth, which, in spite of a very heavy heart, I wanted to enjoy. The pain, as Graham Green once said, comes later.

Wednesday-

today, in rather we, I'm in a very good mood. I had Herbeau drive me to 'my office', can I keep in what a mess

they'll be in. I stayed there for 4 hours, put some order in
debit and credit vouchers, arranged some letters to Mieschens
and the like, as the Herbeau came to pick me up. (3)

any officially not to work for 5 - 6 weeks or 30.) So Herbeau
came with my car (we burned an hour seat next road to
form a most comfortable dinner) as we drove towards home.

It was about 4 in the afternoon; decided I didn't want

to return home, so we went to some small trailer house
(Edna) gym to have coffee free of charge, at we both

ordered a beer as we sat talking about skiing. ski.

Then Edna mentioned she said he a business woman, 'cause
she's such a good middle-aged woman for flats and rooms also
so I told her I wish she had something for me, because I
wasn't here yet.

"Well," she said, "there was a chap here to-day, a friend of
my father. We a note to eat. You should get his address.
He had a man come in. I asked "Oh, I gave
just before I went home, the address to-day." He did have the address
him the address to-day." He had have the address
on him, the flat was too small for him, so he went and
on him, the flat was too small for him, so he went and
 decided to go and have a look at it.

Darling, I have the nicest living place I've ever
Darling, I have the nicest living place I've ever
Darling, I have the nicest living place I've ever
Darling, I have the nicest living place I've ever
Darling, I have the nicest living place I've ever

Shower & bath in £10 a month! I am
Shower & bath in £10 a month! I am
Shower & bath in £10 a month! I am
Shower & bath in £10 a month! I am
Shower & bath in £10 a month! I am

Delighted meantime. I came in April (toads God!
Delighted meantime. I came in April (toads God!
Delighted meantime. I came in April (toads God!
Delighted meantime. I came in April (toads God!
Delighted meantime. I came in April (toads God!

This has made my day.

This has made my day.

This has made my day.

This has made my day.

This has made my day.

Yesterday my leg was very painful so returned to the
Doctor (it was plastered again on Monday) - (don't mean
Doctor (it was plastered again on Monday) - (don't mean
Doctor (it was plastered again on Monday) - (don't mean
Doctor (it was plastered again on Monday) - (don't mean
Doctor (it was plastered again on Monday) - (don't mean

...and the doctor's report was: "A travelling
...and the doctor's report was: "A travelling
...and the doctor's report was: "A travelling
...and the doctor's report was: "A travelling
...and the doctor's report was: "A travelling

book. By Johnson, the atheist, entitled "A traversing
book. By Johnson, the atheist, entitled "A traversing
book. By Johnson, the atheist, entitled "A traversing
book. By Johnson, the atheist, entitled "A traversing
book. By Johnson, the atheist, entitled "A traversing

woman." Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if
woman." Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if
woman." Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if
woman." Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if
woman." Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if
together. He has tried, and probably believes, he is effective - quale mensurando.

I have received a letter from you just now. This numismatist sends me my cup of tea again. I do think, when I am reading translations of old China, to read 'skein of silk' than a thread of cotton. I added Ernest Branca when I first discovered him about 10 years ago.

You know there is a five minute sermon from the B.B.C. Light service just before Prussian favorite. I think - it is usually a short story with a bit of a moral & Christian moral attached to it. Well for the last week it's a continuous story of Moses in Egypt, and the way it is read and delivered I found delightful. A full-blown hard voice - no nonsense about it, needs. Moses: 'Well what the hell am I supposed to do?'

God chuckled at word hell.

'I'm telling you right now, Moses, you'd better go at once and tell your people about this law.' Otherwise I'll be terribly angry - he flung his foot impatiently (God), Good old B.B.C.

Of course we'll meet in coast Esmitie. Give me the exact time and day of your departure, and I'll tell you some where would the best place to meet you.
Dearest Diana, a short after-Cmax letter. Well, they're through and I'm not sorry to see them go. Spent them in bed with a hot-water bottle and no heating, but with a bottle of Whisky and your lovely nuts, lots of Observers and New Statesman. Went gambling as I said I should and it's a bit of a bore because I have to pawn the typewriter again, blast it. Those boys I keep on insulting all the time and telling them what horrid German bores they are but keep on meeting all the same, well; they bought me a Cmax present last Friday when we were playing ball, an excellent leather wallet (I don't use wallets and such things) and also a leather case for the car papers, I was very touched. I had a terrible quarrel with my landlady, the bitch. She keeps on letting rooms to miserable Spaniards at fantastic prices WITHOUT any heating. I saw one, just before Cmax, huddled in bed shivering, a miserable miner from Spain, about forty years old, with the picture of his wife and six children together with all the Catholic paraphernalia, crosses and Madonna etc. stuck over his bed. So I went down and gave the landlady hell telling her if she wasn't going to give him some sort of heating at once I'll call the police etc. etc. So she went up to my room, took MY heating, and gave it to him. So there.

Am a bit disappointed with the Guardian not reviewing my book. Thought W's web would see it hot. Did you send him a copy? &

Pauline, please don't send with a cutting. and when you mention me, mention me as Touno, not as Hwaquit, please. (I was Touno until I left home). Does she tell you whether there is any chance of her coming to Europe this summer?

Please don't worry about me anymore, Diana, dear. I'm dying to go to my new flat and put all the horrible thing here behind me. And I am not feeling depressed at all now.

Love and thanks for everything.

W. Guth