

(1)

Sweet Luu -

Just this moment returned. Thank you for your letters, and all the trouble you're taking over me. You are a most lovable person. I bought the New SATISMAN from Düsseldorf and the review (because of its position) did make me a bit afraid - well, dreading a complete fiasco of this book after all, and then, on top of the other things, a felt gloom. I was rather gloomy, hobbling up the stairs and my room in chaos and me rather immobile. Also nearly feeling trying to go upstairs, inspite of a thousand promises to myself, not to spy on that Bitch. She is not here, and hasn't been living here for a while, thanks God. I shall look for a room as soon as possible.

AFTER reading your letters, and then having a look at the Telegraph review: (Lussendruckenes Good, Aliens left - bad - that; it seems, is all the John Mission 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 (I am now in bed, but in rather ambivalent position - so please, again forgive horrible writing). Trying to be absolutely objective, I feel that the reviewer (I have a feeling it is a woman) has read the book from end to end. The others, I feel, have not - and I can't blame them if they have to read 5-6 books a week for reviews.

Darling Diana - Laffant have sent me a contract to sign - and say they will pay £200 or more

as ~~contract~~ signed contract reaches them -

Diane, I thought all novels get reviewed. Don't they?  
You forwarded me a letter from David Higham Associates, wanting  
to be my agents ---

You're such a sweetheart.

I did get a hangover, as you predicted. But I was expecting  
it and everything did look most 'orribly 'orribly black and  
... hopeless. Stayed in bed. Took one aspirin (best thing  
for a hangover. Take it before sleeping) Read Chekov again,  
and slept. Next day I was alright, thanks God.

Am feeling much less gloomy now than I did when I just  
arrived, In between Herbert came with a hot meal in  
a casserole which Mrs Mother sent me. And I am thinking  
of our Easter-meeting, and cheering myself up. Tomorrow  
I have to go to Hospital for a new plaster, and officially  
I should not work for the next four weeks. But I think I  
shall.

The strangest things seem to happen to you. I mean this  
man whose wife committed suicide - and left him, you book-  
Really your book seems to have made a tremendous impression  
on people. Are you going to read her diaries? And this  
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 and I give advice  
full of logic and sense ... with a little bit of arrogance -

Guenter Simonski, my next room neighbour, came  
in while I was writing to you, and poured out his heart to  
me. He is suffering, he says - from lamour his woman

has left him, the poor man. Now this Simowski, 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) is in and out of prisons, and once hid under my bed and then jumped from the window after the police left (didn't see him for 4 months after that — I paid his room for him because the landlady was going to chuck his things away — and he paid me back as soon as he returned (dressed a Lincoln continental) Enfin, this Smorsky comes yesterday and pours his 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 eat his food unless it was threatened by another dog. I told him just simply not to think of her, to ignore her if he did, not to speak to her if she even addressed him.

"If you see her walking towards you" I was telling him --- When suddenly I heard a familiar step on the landing. I grabbed my two sticks and hobbled as fast as I could to 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 are you 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 Sirowski "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~~ enjoy. The pain, as Graham Greene once said, comes later.

Wednesday -

To-day, or rather now, I'm in a very good mood. I had Herbert drive me to 'my office' (as I know 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 Brigadiers and Lt/Col's and then Herbert came to pick me up. (I ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> officially not to work for 5-6 weeks or so.) So Herbert came with my car (we turned one front seat seat round to form a most comfortable divan) and we drove towards home. It was about 4 in the afternoon, I decided I didn't want to return home, so we went to loose, and Frank Loose (Edda) gave us two Cognacs free of charge, and we both ordered a beer and we sat talking about ski-ing etc. Then Edda mentioned she had a business woman, 'cause

she's such a good middle-man for flats and rooms etc. so I told her I wish she had something for me, because I must leave my room.

"well", she said, "there was a chap here to-day, a friend of my father, has a flat to let - but I haven't got his address. just then a man came in, and Eddo said "oh, I gave him the address to-day" he did have the address on him, the flat was too small for him. So Herbert and I decided to go and have a look at it -

Darling, I have the <sup>nicest</sup> ~~best~~ living-place I've ever had since I left home. + two pretty rooms, central heating Shower & toilet for £10 a month! I am Delighted sweetie. I move in April, thank God! - Herbert lent me £10 to pay the first month of rent. You can't imagine ~~how~~ how pleased I am. This has made my day.

Yesterday My leg was very painful so returned to the Doctor (It was plastered again on Monday) - (I don't mean beezed, I mean plaster on my leg) and then bought a book. By John Steinbeck, ma chere, intitled "A Travelling Woman" Oh dear, oh dear oh dear. Diana, if ~~ever~~ ever something like that comes into my hand to be reviewed, the author would probably owe me. Oh what a BORE that chap is, oh what bloody nonsense, what stupid ineffectual phrases. And He is supposed to be one of the contemporary writers. Read it my sweet so that we can both sigh at its emptiness

together. Her He tries <sup>(6)</sup>, and probably believes, he is effective - Quelle meraviglia

Have received a letter from you just now. This sinologist sends just my cup of tea person. I do think, when I am reading translations of old China, to read 'skein of silk' than a thread of cotton. I adored Ernest Bramah 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 house-wives favorites I think - it's 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 blooming hard voice - no nonsense about it, reads:

Moses "well what the hell am I supposed to do?"

God chuckled at <sup>the</sup> word hell.

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

Of course will meet in Easter, Sweetie. Give me the exact time and day of your departure, and I'll tell you soon where would the ~~rd~~ best place to meet be.

27th Dec 63

(7)

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 Statmans. 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.

sorry, have ran out of paper. Above was a letter I started but continued on another sheet, I think.

(7)

Am a bit disappointed with the Guardian not reviewing my book. > thought Mr. Webb would see to that. Did you send him a copy? &

Pauline, please do not send Ruth a cutting. and when you mention me, mention me as Toucou, not as Woguit, please. (I was Toucou 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 things here behind me. and I am not feeling depressed or sad at all now.

Love and thanks for everything.

Woguit