

April 6th

Darling Diana,

Another nice letter from you to-day. I think it is time I were in London now - Jesus, I am looking forward to it so much - well you know what happened to me? (because of course something must happen) - I got Juandice - all of a sudden, just like that. (well not just like that - I'd been drinking a tremendous amount lately) but I am quite alright again (Trach wood about me health - diseases, accidents, viruses attack me, but at once seem to give up fighting against my remarkable constitution). Next week I start labouring again, because I need some money for the journey and I shall come as soon as possible (May I suppose). Anyway it was snowing here last week and I'd much rather spend Summer in London (I doubt very much whether anyone will be able to drag me away from London before I spend at least 6 months here) - I went and bought this horrid fountain pen, which writes thru, not my writing at all - wait till I rub it against a stone and hope for the best.

I have such a lot to tell you, mostly nice pleasant things. I didn't want to write while I was still yellow (horrible, the skin is really yellow, and the eyeballs - a two spots of horror) - because I have promised not one little word to Diana for at least a year. I am still cheerful and happy and at one time was getting really fat.

Some months ago, through Bob Beine (that nice aristocratic Jew who has that wonderful house in the country) I got to know one Peter Schele. The only lovable and really charming person I have got to know here. A young lawyer, marxist, whose

mother is a sweet little eccentric woman, who was a communist, hid three of them in her home during the war, saw her brother being killed in concentration camp, and who now collects hamsters (little mouse-like animals which grab things like squirrels) and she hates the Germans as much as I do. This father has a magnificent library, and has read more than I have. He lives in Düsseldorf and I am often with him - I, also am having an affair with a girl there - but I am terribly fed up with her now.

I stayed up all night listening to the Election results... and cheered madly when Smethwicke returned a ~~lost~~ Labourite and when Henry Brooke was defeated. I'd have cheered up even more and more if I had known it were Janet's husband who'd ousted him... a nice man the Janet's husband. Met him now with Barry -

Yes, the T.V. play has been turned down (I loathe, loathe loathe the Germans so much it becomes unbearable at times) this is what happened. A man wrote, 8 weeks ago saying yes, it was accepted, but we have to talk about some small alterations. That was why I waited and didn't leave for London. Now I get the following letter :- Dear Mr Gholi, The producer who wanted to produce your play, is no more with us -- we are sorry, we are unable to produce your play as it doesn't fit in with our programmes!!! They are chucking out every shade of liberal or left wing influence in the T.V. It is disgusting. The play is interesting and good. It is called "Juan Castelliano's Son." Juan Castelliano being a hero in the ~~paper~~ Spanish civil war. He loses his eyesight fighting the Fascists, and is saved by two Germans. ALFRED & ANTON. Now ALFRED was fighting for the Republicans, But ANTON was fighting for Hitler, but lost his way in Spain and pretended to help Castelliano because he was scared the republicans would

bill him if they found out he was a fascist.

Anyway, twenty years later, Juan Castellanos sends his son to Germany to find out what happened to Alfred and Anton, his friends who had saved his life. So Maxim, the son, is in Germany now... and sees what happens to both of them. Anton a rich business man, and Alfred not a shred of idealism in him. There is also a girl in the plot & Alfred's daughter who falls in love with Maxim.

Now in this month "Panorama" (a monthly magazine, the only opposition paper in this whole bloody country) there is the following article by one R. Riepert: "... and (talking about his experience as producer in the German t.v.) ... a play about the Spanish civil war, was, after being accepted, turned down because it was against Franco, and then Schroeder is visiting Franco and Zolzer..." - R. Riepert was the producer who had accepted the play.

Wo Communist. Bugger his race. Do you know that they have a new party here now, called N.D.A. which is sweeping the local elections, and which has asked to be recognised as the legitimate heirs of the N.S. Party!! But wait, Peter Schels took me to the N.D.P. Headquarters in Pusseldorf... they have a picture of Hitler hanging for everyone to see. I am going to read the play to East Germany -

But lets change the subject. You never told me who or what your lodger is - this was the first I hear of Annie -- seems to be a bore by your description. Apropos, one week ago I had a literary comment here about a book this nice Paul Roth wrote, an excellent book apparently. Did you read 'The Quizer Man' by Douleany? excellent, a bit more consequent than Miller, and

The language is as colourful.

About the pick-up. It is a 'meuble' - radio-pick-up etc. I would get it if I weren't worried about the Customs seeing such a bulky thing in the car. Perhaps I will write the Customs a note and ask them. It would be nice to hear music while I am cooking - you wonderful meals.

I can't find anyone I can trust to take up the flat in my absence, so it means having to pay the mixer's £50 or so until I return - so you see, I can't come at once as I very much wish to do. And I didn't do a typical thing last week. I drew £17 and went gambling hoping to win £100 and come at once. Well I haven't come at once.

But I will, I will, soon

all my love

Wagib

X X X X X X X X