

29.11.63.

Dear Diana -

You did seem rather angry in your last letter. You know Diana, I love literature and dote on it, I love to poke at it and turn it up side down and sniff at it and criticise it and compare it and enjoy it. That is why I am not a writer - a feeble imitator at most. And that is why I take your stories and sniff at them and look for their method of composition and criticise them. You see, I am most most most INTERESTED in literature and those who produce it. As you probably know, I am a terrible book-worm and there is nothing I love more than to discuss books and writers and to throw away what I believe are phonies and support those I believe the real ones. And here you are, dear Diana, annoyed because I misjudged you writing or because I refuse to admire it without reservation. (Don't say you were not annoyed, you were) But I AM **NO** Authority on literature AT ALL of all, and what I like I like without any literary foundation for my taste whatsoever.

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Furthermore my knowledge of literature is very limited. My two great loves in literature are ; the single and beautiful (Chekhov - Gorki .. and the word - masters (Nabokov)

Gorki writes in his "My life" :.. (he returns with his mother to find his still young father dead. The whole family is lamenting, except himself, his Grand mother tells him :.

"Why aren't you crying?"

"I don't know"

"don't you feel like crying?"

"No"

"Oh, alright then". This "Oh, alright then" is to me the one of the treasures in literature.

But this, ~~is also~~ you see, is a completely private taste a rather pleasure, which, I am sure, is not applicable as a criticism at all. When I wrote that last letter to you, I wrote to you - you being a writer, about my own private feelings of your stories, not as a literary critic. But you are too trap sensible (not sensible) about all this. But one day (soon soon, I hope) ^{will} sit down with a bottle

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of whiskey, ice, soda and nuts - then talk and talk about all that.

I've neglected you this last week - not written. Lmax time is a busy time in this office and I can't squeeze any writing in between Relief Vouchers and Credit Vouchers.

The strange and rather frightening thing about working here is, that I seem to be an excellent office worker - clerk - civil servant, it is an entirely different picture of the one I have of myself. They've promoted me the next majors and I get \$45 a month now! I'm terribly conscientious about what I do, and it's really depressing me to be so servile to papers and accounts. My corner is not tidy here and I've even invented a neat way of keeping the books and yet my room is just littered with papers and things underneath the bed and all over the place. I don't even have a file. I can't understand it.

(4)

You are quite right about not making up
my mind up about business matters. Death
(or I have known) hasn't written yet, and
so I have decided to handle foreign
rights myself and shall write to Andre
telling him.

How many copies of your book have
been sold up to now? or don't you know
yet? I'm very interested to know.

Now first, you spring this surprise on
me "J.B. Priestly came to lunch!"
-- I didn't know you knew him at all,
and then you don't even tell me what
he said (I don't think of him as a ^{much}
writer at all).

And then those parties with G.G.
and Post and all, and your
descriptions are most welcome, although
delightful. But I know you can't
go on writing your biography for my

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our personal enjoyment. I wonder you
have time to write at all. You are
a dear.

Once again you've been working
for me, and my gratitude is a warm
glow in me - and I hate myself
when I am not very kind in my
letters to you. Shall I write to
this nice doctor? I feel he doesn't
quite understand the position; i.e. that
it has to do with working - permit and
not just a job. Does he know I studied
medicine? I don't mind working as
a driver at all and I shall write to
him. Thank you Diana.

When will you be going home for
Cmax? Aren't you a little bit
looking forward to this particular Cmax?
all the family with a copy of "letter"
tucked away & you're going to be the

⑥

the Queen of the Cmax. But I wish I
could now all they are going to tell you.

I haven't had a real gamble for
eight months now, and I have this terrible
'feeling' of wanting to go again to Bad
-NewsHR and place my chips on the
squares. It is very difficult to convey
this unfortunate sensation to a non-
gambler. Since my England journey
I've been too lenient with myself and
living it up too much. I mean I eat
very well again and drink my ~~full~~
and am dangerously eye-ing the shops
for suits and silk shirts and silk ties
and leather shoes. I haven't been really
well dressed for six years now ... I'm
getting so pale I see. Ah, Kitty, how
you would sympathise!

Samin has taken up with this
Moronic Sarah again (living with
her, I think) and I'm rather sad about

it. He writes about his ecstasy - and I understand but am rather sad all the same.

What's this letter Velis wrote to the Times? I do keep on asking you questions all the time. Fact is I am relying too too much on overworked you for the interest in my life. There is no such a thing as a discussion, conversation or whatever interesting here. It's just drinking and a few stupid exchange of sentences with all those I know here in Germany. Oh oh I must come and live in England. I must.

This Kennedy murder shook me very much indeed. It's only when he died that I realised how lucky the whole world was to have him leading America - and then the dist in Texas. If this Oswald did shoot

him, ~~at~~ he was ^{my} a part in an
 organisation. whenever I even hear
 this word 'Ruby' I want to smite
 ("Jackeline and the kids ... they lost
 their poppa" .. he says, this gangster.

But really, if the President's murderer
 is being supported by the Dallas police,
 what chance of justice has an ordinary
 person there? This Johnson is a most
 horrible thing to come (something like
 Nixon) One damn new saucer!

Love, love and love.

wagtail