

This letter I started, but
was interrupted

Nov. 24th 64.

Dearest Diana,

Thanks for your letter, sweetie. Actually
I owe you much more than £44. In fact, £10
you sent me a couple of months ago. Furthermore,
the Penguin I asked you to send me, together with
'A Turk'.

Then you are, worried about your friends again.
Funny his Business of Brian Moore. I read his
book "an answer from Zimbo", apart from anything
else that that book, never, for an instant, did
you have the feeling that the hero was capable of
writing a book. But the picture of Brian Moore
looked nice, and with your descriptions of your
enjoyable visits to them in America and their
harmonious life, I was surprised he ran away
with another woman. I feel sorry for you and
also his wife. By the way, I attribute all this
to America, where, it seems, and I get the impression,
that to publish a book is really something, and you
are at once a "literaire" and become the centre
of attention of lots of minicorps etc. I mean I
think that it is very rare to publish a book
in America and still lead an ~~an~~ ordinary
uneventful life. I don't know - perhaps you
will tell me whether this is a fact.

I hope you've had a wonderful trip, sweetheart. I'm
starting to miss seriously now for the last two days. All
the Limeys are complaining about it - I really don't know
why - I love the snow and everything white and shiny, particularly
the elegant leafless trees all white. I don't know what
I'd have done without that duffel coat, although I can't cycle
to work anymore. I'm going to be again like for Cmax
- but I really don't mind at all. Darling, please, please don't
send me a Cmax gift sweetheart. (I can't even send
Cmax cards) But I am not worried at all and in
fact rather looking forward to that period. Brenda, as you
know, is coming and my landlady has invited us upstairs
for Cmax. Furthermore, Herbert Zader, Edda, Kent,
Rolf, Silla etc etc (the you have had glimpses from
my letters and part of my diary) are throwing a large
'wild-west' party at Edda's pub, which is going to
be reserved for us, so there'll be lots of fun and
discriptions later on to you about it. I do hope you too
while have an exuberant time. Where will you be
for Cmax and New Year's? But honestly, Diana, I
don't know what is the matter with the Limeys nowadays.
They lead such a boring and dull life here, it is
unbelievable. Figure to yourself (as Agatha Christie's
Poirot would say) I know a bunch of school
teachers and here. well, they're all got rooms in
a delightful mess, with a pub, and whisky at
12/- a bottle and gin at 6/- . There they sit,
each in his room, not even reading a book,
bored and dull. They don't throw parties, they don't
have get-togethers, they are a miserable looking

lot. Have been running about with a girl called
Maisy Chapman - a so-called school teacher who
doesn't know what or who Postle is (she
read 3 books in her life, she admitted). So I have
an entry in the Men (this cheap whisky attracts me
like a magnet - a ~~Double~~ Double whisky for 9d in
the bar). But the place and the inmates are so dull
it's nauseating. The officers clubs are all cemeteries -
-- honestly, how can they be so bloody stiff and affected
all the time? and will the women never have any
taste in clothes? The Sgts mess a bit better, but
the only place where there is some life, is the
W.R.A.C. Sgts mess. Unfortunately you're never seen
much an ugly lot gathered together in the whole
of your life, and anyway 90% are lesbians.

Actually, Diana, I am a bit of a prostitute, cause
the only reason why I see the Mary (absolutely platonic)
is because of the cheap booze and imagine, getting
petrol at 10d a gallon. Yes, 1/10 a gallon!!

I am sending this letter now, with the post,
because it's Friday, but will write again
over the week-end.

lots of love
Wagtail