

Dearest D. I'm not starting on a new line because I'm at the 'office' and a clear Dearest D' at the top of a line alone would make it clear I'm writing a letter. Haven't heard from you for about a week now. I hope it's because you're going to lots of parties and enjoying yourself most tremendously. A calm uneventful week has gone by. Bitch upstairs is now running after me again, and I just can't stand the sight of her anymore and as a result this last week has had a tinge of boredom. I really can't understand this business of passion at all. I have, for many years now, reached the definite conclusion that 'love' is a matter of mathematics and can be manipulated the same way numbers can be fit into pre-formed formulas handed to us god knows from where. I mean six minus two is always four, and this formula has been in existence at all times, and that's the one I mean when I say has been handed down. Love has also such a formula, perhaps a little bit more complicated, in the sense that multiplication is more complicated than simple addition or that finding the square root is more complicated than division... but the numbers being placed in their proper places, and 'manipulated' as I say, correctly the result would always be the same; having been so handed down as it were. Similarly, certain attitudes, behaviours, actions, like numbers, placed into the proper place of the Maths-Love formula, work also out in what (to me) is a most foreseeable result... as foreseeable as six minus two ~~is~~ is foreseeable without actually trying out, i.e. ~~not~~ taking away, in actual practice, two apples away from six, and discovering, without much surprise, that you have four left. (Why Apples is the most favorite fruit for maths, is a mystery of course. Particularly in Egypt, where Apples don't grow, and where many have never seen an apple in life and where apples in connection with addition and subtraction has always made school children feel that maths needs much more imagination than it actually does). This does not mean, of course, that anyone, behaving in such and such a way, adding charm here, subtracting politeness here, multiplying dinners here, in a correct and formulated way, would for certain induce someone else to 'love' him, no. The Problem has first to exist. I mean two persons must first of all be in the situation where there numbers are not NOUGHT. A multi-numbered man could possibly induce a one or two in a NOUGHT woman through prolonged attentiveness (Or rather taking it away most suddenly), but once this induction of a positive (or even negative) number has been induced, then the Love-Maths manipulation can at once be mathematically worked out to the satisfaction of whichever partner is working it out, if he or she knows how to work it out (I KNOW) and provided he or she has the STRENGTH AND WILL-POWER to carry it out. What an arrogant feel I am at times, fact is, last week I KNEW.

Darling Diana, I think Rewehlt or perhaps his Mr. Busch is being nasty, in spite of the letter, they have not yet confirmed either to me, you, or Knopf, that rights belong to me. And then, Diana dear, I have received a letter from Keshland which really made me actually spit. He says: We intend publishing Bear in the SPRING!... You remember how I sent you a bit of a sarcastic letter when you said you would publish in January? These fellows have had that book for nearly TWO years now, and you yourself had said you would both publish at the same time in January. What has happened? I really am furious with them. Do you correspond with them at all? André as you probably know has asked for 15 percent for the world rights, which I find fair enough, but what I don't find fair, is his stipulation that for my next book, he gets 20 percent of the American rights!

Why? He won't have to 'SELL' my books in America... Knopf would automatically take the next book. I don't think I'm going to agree. I'm becoming a terribly suspicious person altogether. (This will make poor André mad, I am sure. But after my experience with Rewehlt, I'm only going in with my eyes most wide open.) You haven't told me whether Phillip has, in effect sent that book to Engle. And, Diana, do you think you can send me a copy of the proofs? I don't know if this is possible or not, but if you can, please send one.

It's nearly time to go home now, and I'm the only one doing any work to-day or rather now. There is a book shop here, with England prices for the forces and I've bought an Edmund Wilson; Nebrakow AND Wilson should get the Noble prize of course, and you too, my dear, were it only because I like you so much. I hope I shall find a letter from you when I get home. To-day is mid-week because night for myself. I'll go home, eat something, have a nap. then up, a wash and off to the pub. I feel like beer to-day. Nice and slowly standing at the bar and pouring it in.

lots of Love,

Waguih.