

Rheydt.

19th January '66

My dearest Diana,

Sweetheart .. Sweetheart .. it has passed ... it has left me .. I literally feel I could float ... I feel so light. For over a week now, and I hesitated to shout with joy at once in case it was just a temporary relief .. But no, I know I am cured. Oh Diana, you can't imagine my joy at being a normal human again. To be able to laugh again, to be gay, to find life in essence enjoyable and to look forwards to more of life. I do not want to share this happiness with you. Poor you .. my God, how did you ever put up with all those miserable letters I sent you! ... But thank you .. most beloved of all.

I think it was the idea of coming to England which slowly started the cure. And darling, the idea itself has achieved its purpose, and if, now, I am actually unable to cure after all, I can easily face it (you know this thought which enters me once a day has been vanquished).

I have the feeling I shall be given the permit. But of course you realise, this proposition of mine was made in a period of actual madness, now that I am absolutely sane again, is the suggestion not still mad? .. to cure without a penny in my pocket? You realise I haven't been working for 2½ months? .. although I haven't borrowed any money and am not in debt, I have used my last £3. I expect £11 for a stay accepted, but that is all. (typewriter also in Heck) ... anyway, I want to enjoy this absolute relief without any

worries at the moment. You too must be worried about
my proposed sudden descent upon you with, if am lucky,
perhaps 3 packets of bags in my pocket. You are too generous and
kind to let me know about any misgivings you may have. I
know you Diana. As I said, it wouldn't bill me now if I
can't come -- and anyway, I would have the permit in my
pocket to use later. What do you think? Please please, tell
me exactly what you think is most logic and sensible in
your view.

How nice to wake up in the morning feeling relaxed and
happy -- dwelling in all the stuff I have to finish -- (that play
is finished -- I have to have it typed. But it is too anti-German
I now believe, to be accepted). All I have wrote during those last
4 months, may be useful later ... They are obviously products of
a depressed mind, and I find them interesting, although depressing.

Bless Barry for his Sympathy ... I think I love him too. But
he due back soon? I am looking forward to talking with him
again. (You see the danger of my coming -- I am already visualising
a huge meal of tansia and tahina and foul and oriental salad.)
My God -- inside of his most horrible period I've just gone
through -- I have learnt nothing. Not from older.

I'll write again, soon and longer. I have so much
to catch up with now.

Bless you darling.

all my love
Wagish

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