

Bombay.  
F. 12. 45.

Forgive me, Dearest, but I haven't quite finished babbling yet. Seems to me, what with all this drafting business & other unsettling elements the floods of obtrusive have been let loose from me & all I can usefully do is sit down & - well - babble. It is, of course, a moot point whether all this writing is useful or not. From my point of view, to speak or write at a moment when the pen is a greater influence to me than it has been for many a moon, I find it essential to fill in the blue paper with any odd thought that comes to my head, otherwise I should most certainly pace the pathways until either I fell exhausted or they gently lead me away to dinner down in some padded cell. From that point of view this sort of penning is useful, & you, my friend, are the recipient, for to nobody else would I lay bare my soul (à la any romantic writer), & nobody else would understand the writing, or the need for it all.

As often related, my thoughts run in one direction - Westward Ho! And it has often been told how the mind's laser pinpoints the focusing down to a certain party, by name (Kaine). I often wonder if you've ever, at any time, doubted the absolute truth of that statement. You could think to yourself that, after all, the world is

bigger than a girl five feet something in her sheer silk stockings, + it might seem to you that a man with such a limited outlook might not be the best kind of husband to have. The man who succeeds in life, the man who's always the life of the Party, is a man who looks about him, appreciates the other influences that go to make up a "man of the world", + in general casts in many waters for fish for his Aquarium of Experience. Yet I say again, only one light shines for me - if I may be permitted a cliché - the love-light in your eyes. The whole question demands amplification + qualification - let's see where we get to - I can see myself wallowing in words for ever more.

When I regard you, (let me make this discussion a little more impersonal - I think it'll help me to write more clearly) - when I regard my wife from this distance, or indeed any distance out of sight, I see not only a woman but a whole panorama of relevant things in surrealistic patterns - these 'things' are animate objects, still objects that are related to the woman, + ghosts of the past that laugh or cry. I try to create my own panorama but sometimes I can't do it, sometimes a rich stranger will create it for me, + sometimes it's much more pleasing than my own - sometimes it saddens me - I saw Edgeworth there once. This view of my wife arises from my eagerness to see

all things at one time. To be practical for a moment, if I think about politics I must first sit down & get clearly in my mind what aspect of politics I want to think about - when I've done that I create an image to illustrate my thoughts, & lo!, the panorama includes, perhaps exclusively, a setting that is suggestive of my thoughts & I go on from there. But always, the central figure is Mrs. Westaway, for why should I bother about politics unless it is in some way connected with her? One reads a book, & unless one is a complete moron all the writer's words conjure up the scene in accordance with his descriptions - throughout the book you have in mind your own idea of the lady in the story & the men & everything. I can read a book & see you in every heroine - you'll be shocked to hear you were once imaged in a very villainous woman, for sometimes my one-track mind runs away from me. Everything in my life revolves around one woman - I can look about me but I have an eye in the back of my head & whilst I gaze on the Passing Pageant I also gaze upon that woman - I can appreciate all that goes to make up a "man of the world", but all H.O.T.W., so called, affect that pose for the sake of a woman, & whilst I appreciate I

I don't necessarily accept for my woman has found by now all she needs in me. To come back to the personal, & to my original point, you need not doubt the truth of my statement - that I look to you in all things, for every matter that I can think of has a string leading to you.

My lense is a very accomodating one. I don't have to include the panorama every time, y'know. Sometimes I want to concentrate solely on you without all the bother of considering the rest. That's when I'm really happy - say what you like, let the great-big world keep turning, granted that to be a M.O.T.W. she got to study nights, but with all that there's nothing so completely satisfying as the now, just you, & damn all else - except me, of course. And to come from the abstract down to the downright, I ~~be~~ tell you, my lovely as a full, that there'll be many days from H-Day ('Home' day) onwards when the world might well consist only of our little back room in Blessington Rd for all the notice we'll take of the rest.

Now all this has put a very pleasant host away & I feel considerably refreshed. I think I'll leave it at this, & you'll get some more later - poor darling.

Love a-plenty  
 J.S.

Mr Peter Lewis

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