

FRIDAY. Darling, will try to write as calmly as I can. But after a week that seems to have lasted so long. I have so much to say, that I get all mixed up in the prospect. First, let me tell you that all the signs point to a charge being formally brought against us in this coming week. Your statements to people here that charges will be laid approx 1st Oct - sabotage, alternative to the British Organisation - and a summary trial without P.E. will be stated if possible about 15th Oct. It may sound odd but I sincerely hope that this is true - just so as to bring our uncertainty to an end, and also to give us time the prospect of another 40 days like this - a prospect which frankly kills me with such awful depression, and for that I cannot bear to contemplate it. Right now, taking the Yates statement as true - though it may well turn out otherwise - I feel almost excited at the prospect of enjoying God's love this year - the conditions of a normal country trial, proper company, conversation, books, music, etc. There is a vast difference between

2/ with a charge like this ahead. I try to prepare myself mentally to accept the fact that I may be imprisoned for a long time to come, and believe me, I have become fairly philosophical about that prospect. But still my obsession - Basil - just remains. I have worked over and over my case for bail, spent 77 days on it, and I know that a foreign case is virtually impossible. If on this case, bail is refused - well I think it means that bail on such a charge has been abolished. I know well what a slender chance there is, but yet I dither at this stage. Darling - for the last time - I beg of you. Don't let the lawyers tell you there is no chance, or treat it cynically because they don't believe. For this, please please please, whatever it costs, the way, best men, to argue with the lawyers, and if possible, to me this is in many ways, more important than the case itself. I know it will probably fail - but the chance there is worth so much to me. And give me some hope in

3/ these conditions where what little courage I have gradually erodes in loneliness, with no one else to sustain me. I WILL NOT MENTION IT AGAIN ANYMORE. Sometimes in this place, I see Benny's face and I shut myself away in my room - year in and year out. Because he is in the land of the living, at least, while I feel as though here I am down amongst the dead in the waiting dead. But really my main feeling there is a vast love for you and the children which is doing me breaking my heart, because I cannot see it as a human love, sorrow for my wickedness I have made it all your lives. There should be

7/ Please don't do anything that carries these risks. Not now, please. The strain of sitting here, but knowing from day to day whether you are safe or not, is breaking me up. I tell you this now because - when we know you, future - I will want to talk about it to you. If bad is granted, then we can really talk. But if it is relaxed - or worse, if nothing happens this week and I have to face a further period like this, please I beg of you think of this. I know it probably sounds rather cowardly, sneaking. Maybe it is. But damn I can't help it. I am not a very brave man, and it is the tears of the imagination rather than real threats that I am not fit to stand. Please! think of this. Don't let both of us make the same mistake of going on and on with a course of action out of sheer doggedness, and both finish in the same mess! Oh God, how I could have an hour alone with you, to talk!

8/ Personally, I feel now somewhat better than I did when I saw you, and when I last wrote. My nerves are still pretty jumpy, but much better than that awful period, 60/70 days, when I really thought I would not be able to see this through. Perhaps it is the news that changes are likely seen that has helped recovery. I don't know. But I am not now in the position I was 10 days ago, when really, well, especially at breakfast time, I used to sit at my stool so utterly broken and beaten that it took me all my strength to get myself to stand up.

of and face another day. I feel easier, less tense, but sleep less, wake earlier, and pace the floor more & more. Most days I am up and pacing half an hour or more before the 5/30 bell and lights go on. And today, for instance, have been pacing almost all day except for time at writing. But still relatively slow, controlled pacing, not the frenzied speed-gathering pacing of my worst days.

News from outside does NOT help me. I'm afraid. Or at least not the kind I get here. From cogs, I learn of Dennis Fort's awful business. Which just reinforces my ambition. I cannot stand to think of these things any more. After Dirks' one day head given me a half hour summary of the news as he remembered it - I felt like the dog in the comic strip I once saw, who was rescued from a desert island. Did you see it? He is taken aboard the rescue

boat, lies at ease in his cabin, turns on the radio for the news, opens the paper, and then jumps overboard starts swimming my track to the island again. He too has had enough of this bloody headbreaker world for a while.

Nothing, but all makes I write again tomorrow and please elaborate. All my love to you, now & always, whatever happens. Just hold thumbs for me please. And love to all the kids, big and small. How I long to see them. But not here. Please look after yourself, for your sake, theirs and mine. Please
if still determined, will continue on a bit, or if not, this correspondence.

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