

10.4.2015

I hope you are in good health and walk with your happy dog every morning at 5 a.m. The year happened to be quite crazy as all our life. I did go to Sochi to Paraolympics. When you look at those brave sportsmen mutilated and blind you forget about your piles and age. It was around \$100 at the 5-star hotel with a wonderful swimming pool. But the main impression was not sports, but transformation of the hole area. A beautiful embankment from Adler to Sochi (a new modern airport), little cozy hotels on the way (big ones too), the mountain resort better than Zermatt, plenty of Western shops. In Sochi once we had lunch with Sancere, when 5 bottles were emptied they apologized and brought Pouilly Fume (you dissipated me in your Tregiffian!). The euphoria at the Olympics was so great that one could incorporate not only the Crimea, but England too. I think the havoc in Ukraine only starts and EU will have many troubles with it. The sanctions consolidated the nation around the beloved president, people are happy that the rich are mainly hit, though inflation is high, but not critical. Obama is hated, where is a Soviet love for negroes?

Me anti-memoirs "A kind of chef-d-aevre" are to be out in autumn. I cannot write anymore, eager to become a guard in SVR. But young! After a year of brakes on the film Soul of a Spy Bortko, director and co-producer (with my help in the media) got the film through and May 13 we'll have the first night. It's not my cup of tea, as the main hero is a handsome fellow (the silly girls will applaud) and non-intellectual. But other characters are well played, especially Malcolm Macdowell, who plays your MP, our agent. London is shown strikingly! I'll send you a disk, when it is out. We are going to Cyprus at the end of May. Where will you be? Perhaps a secret meeting somewhere in the ancient ruins?

Best regards from Tanya and me to incomparable Jane.

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Dear David,

A good piece, no objections. Only delete about Rufa Philby's book -- I made a preface and was surprised when Hayden Peake put my name on the cover (Rufa was even a bit hurt). No my relation to the text, it is actually boring. It's a pity you crossed off a wonderful piece about parliamentarian wives. It brings some fun (with my letter of course). You cannot imagine how much effort was thrown on finding a Firebird! I went not only to different parties, but to dancings (sales and laundry girls there, no cipher girls!), to nightclubs (whores!), once I contacted two FO girls in a pub, I went after FO people in lunch time going from Downing St... But as soon as they learnt that I'm Soviet they fled away. Once I introduced myself as a Swede (I knew Swedish a bit), but a man proved to be... a Swede. So MI5 was right to kick me out, no claims!

Please specify what do you expect me to write about. My work in GB? Our meetings?

We are in a worse economic situation than Greece and more concerned with football. I havn't built up a cliff yet, but it's unusually cold, we cannot swim in our Pirogovo reservoir (our dacha is there, 25 km. from Moscow) and collect cherries in the garden like Chehov's Ranevskaya..

Wish you well

Truly yours Michael

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[Quoted text hidden]

On 15 Jul 2015, at 09:51, михаил любимов wrote:

> Dear David,

> A good plot. A Russian spy Misha is crazy about parlamentarian wives and fucks them one after another. It creates a havoc in the House of Commons -- the wives refuse their husbands, the gvt is shaken. MI5 holds a secret conference. MI5 head: I never knew our English wives are so whorish! How to neutralize a sexual maniac Misha? He meets only parlamentarian wives and avoids men. And MI5 decides to throw him a bogus bait: Head of Communications Departement of FO. A lot of homosexual pleasures of the couple...

> But frankly speaking (not English way) I was just married and in love with my Kate. The son was born (in East End, of course). Besides most English ladies didn't attract me (exept Vanessa Redgrave). I was boringly faithful. The real life began after England!

> Best regards to Jane.

> Yours truly Michael

Best,
David

On 13 Jul 2015, at 16:11, михаил любимов wrote:

Dear David,

Glad to hear from you. Write what you want about me (I'm sadomazo and probably would have served at de Sade). At once I will start scribbling about you to have the honour to get into your memoirs. I remember Nigel West rose his eyebrow disapprovingly and said: "You know Le Carre? It's not good for you!" I'm proud that I'm also disliked by "them". The other day speaking in Russian Freedom the Great Gordy confessed that he dreamt to work for GB since student days. Poor man! How he suffered until 1974 when he became a MI6 agent! This kind bearer of the Queen's decorations still made a thorn in my side saying that I tried to help him before his runaway. Indeed I did! But he "forgets" to say that I wanted to help a friend, I didn't know he was a spy. It adds something to a visa refusal. When they get quiet? They tried to recruit me in 1964, Peter Davis tried to do it in 1978-80 in Copen (with his red-nosed chief who presented me with a book on Turgenev, I didn't accept it in a calculated anger), many Brits "interrogated" me on why Kim fled from Beirut (white spot!) and a CIA chap whom I had known in Copen invited me for a lunch to Moscow Raddison in 1996, said that he retired and ran a weapons sales firm (a nice change for a CIA man!) and offered me to work for him. Idiots! Can I see the Night Manager? Is it in Internet?

Yours truly Michael

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Конец де Карре

The England I loved is mostly destroyed, and that which remains is despised. They are dreadful, this new political crowd, "inarested in 'ospitals and Edukayshun". Aren't we all.

Re the great le Carre's politics. I think he has always been a man of the left, which makes him likable but a bit untrustworthy. But I think his recent lurch leftwards is partly disillusionment with Blairism, but mostly unworldliness. He lives in Cornwall, for goodness sake, surrounded by people who have so much hair between their toes they find it difficult to pull on their mud boots! He is polite and treats them well, even with affection, but wouldn't dream of inviting them to dinner. (Horrors!) At heart, he is probably more feudal than I. (Although nothing to touch your Moscow Colonel Blimp metamorphosis.)

I remember our lunch in the House of Lords with Lord Denham:

Sacha (to Bertie over cocktails): "Where is your constituency?"

Bertie: "Oh, don't have to worry about that. None of the inconveniences of elections in this House."

Later at lunch:

Bertie to Michael: "Tell me, do you ride in Moscow?"

Michael (mishearing 'Ride' for 'Write'): "Oh yes. Several hours a day. I start at ten every morning."

Bertie (visibly impressed and thinking these commie chaps aren't so bad after all). "Jolly good!"

That truly happened.

Anyway, send me emails. It's fun to receive them. My best to Sacha.

Yours, aye,

Chris

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