29\textsuperscript{th} January 1968

Three long three or four weeks have been utterly mad, irresponsible and in a sense, strange. I have also met some very interesting and change people and have begun to discuss the utter impossibility of keeping in touch with all the people I know. But the change part, is my relationship with women at the moment.

31 January 1968

For two weeks at the beginning of the month, I had been having a multivalent, active affair with Carmen, Susan, and Ruth. Carmen does one here or there, but I would not lose her to Susan in the evening. Ruth would invite me for supper and next morning I would wake up straight for a date with Carmen. One by one they expired being of love, and each in turn I gently, unceremoniously, ungraciously, far or try, am convinced I have discarded. What happened was that Ruth suddenly took 2 weeks off, and we slept with one day and night, we'd wake up and go to the further - sleep in the afternoon, and off to the further again. As long as I was hooked up anything would be alright. But when I wanted to be alone. At first Ruth has gone back to work ... and I said I couldn't see her for some time because of work. To Susan I say are in the 'county' ed to Carmen, but I have to be at committees and things. Carmen I think is now respecting I am off her list, but I have told her she doesn't mind very much - I have the impression she is always in and out of such affairs as that so alright. Susan I gave up because she is terrible in bed. She masturbates while I am actually nothing due to her. Anyway I am always in the county so far as she is concerned. In fact I had Howard supper at his place on Thursday left with some friends of his when I can't really bottom to describe. She did look ashamed when I didn't remain behind when the others left. As for Ruth,
who is really the sweetest and pleasantest thing, I am snuggled off for the night. She is so nice and sweet in bed, but she disrupts me with all her fidgeting whenever she comes, which is often, and it disrupts me very much. I am pathologically fidgety when I am alone. She does not think things. Anyhow, writing in the winter makes me spend so much time thinking, creating and reporting.

But the last week I have also met some very delightful people. First, Mr. and Mrs. Jillian Hillier. He is an actor, and she is a woman of little means. Then, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Weiss. He is a very clever commentator, and his wife, Leah, is a very clever writer. Then, there is another C.P., Mr. Solomon, called Shimon, who is also a very clever writer. He is supposed to be writing for a newspaper, but he is going to found his own. More of it later.

On a large party at Bill Hillier's to whom I took Anna Coolsom, she is a lovely friend of David's, who were kind to me because of a place I had had in the history of Egypt. A most charming couple he and his wife. I am one of the fewest houses I have ever been in London. Then, Sarah Broadhurst invited me for dinner out of the blue.

Paul Aherman was there. Later we all went to a party at 3. I was astonished at Sarah holding me very tight and asking me whether I was in love with Ruth. Another woman there also practically helped me on my dancing together. I was just beginning to organize a date when she was whisked away from the party. Evenings of the Nunnabans, AKHU ORA, Peter and Helen etc.

I stay out right at the Nunnabans. Someone promised to pay me 30, but cheque was not yet arrived because I have already drawn it. The cheque, signed 1st of May, 1954, and signed by me. It is due today. Yesterday had to-day re-capitulate, not writing, owing to work for Henry (again) in order. Flooded with invitations now ad lib, and rather perplexed at it. Among its popularity I am
experiencing. Everything nice and sweet here at home, particularly
with Diana, except for last Saturday. I had been visiting
at Anne's for 2 days when she is in Paris. Being there
with Ruth, I came here on Saturday, and Diana suddenly
criticized me for not dipping at all and called me inconsiderate.
Well, a mood of hers, so I kept completely out of her way
from her path. But I know she has regretted it now. Lucien
doesn't seem to be paying me the same favor - when I
haven't yet given Diana afternoon tea all. She is paying
brunch to Mrs. Light Smith, of which I am sure the
half the reason. I hope to receive a 25.0 from Israel
soon. This also I haven't yet explained - so I might
be able to give her something good. I will try to
write regularly again. The North Vietnamese have
even completely misguided the Americans which leaves me in a
delirious related mood, a glow in me, and yet without fear
of what these utterly murdering and קנינכ American may
do in exchange. Already they want to Bomb Saigon
... it is unbelievable.

February 17th.
Last Saturday, going to Wofford's to spend the weekend,
I was involved in an accident. Absolutely my fault - no
doubt about it at all. I kept my head ... (or I usually
do in moments of extreme danger) calmed the two
drops in the car. One of them had a blood trickling
down his (her head) - calmed the other drop. calmed an
ambulance. Exchanged addresses etc. and prayed that
the police wouldn't come - which they didn't. My car
had landed on its front. In the forth mudstop was
mud was absolutely mashed in. But, miraculously,
the which was free the engine in perfect order, and
the car driven (or rather soared because of no
exhaust pipe) -- to Kent once more. But I was
badly shaken and terribly worried about it.
Wofford Mari and I were invited at lovely Margaret
and Peter. I got tippy enough to forget my troubles.
at I suddenly found absolutely sparkling. One fall of another and they were all roaring. It is very good when one is in this mood, not to let oneself run away. When I had nothing funny to say, I didn't say anything and sat quiet and then we exchanged serious conversation. I was slightly 'aware' of myself. I said 'Sanny Margaret' though, as I felt sure that if the opportunity arose 

... she must be lonely in bed.

I slept badly and cried and what I had a sleeping pill. Next day was little Jeanette's birthday. She crept into my bed the sweet little thing, threw her limbs across me and then her sister came and I couldn't sleep anymore. It was 6 in the morning. I was sleepy and averse. Throughout the whole day, I tried to push up the Creek and learn that everything was alright.

There were 13 girls at the birthday party and I enjoyed playing games with all of them. We all had a good time. I did have a few stiff drinks in the evening to calm me a bit.

Feb 12th Monday.

Phoned up Ruth from the beach. When I arrived at she took a taxi to meet me. We got drunk and then I spent the night with her. She is a sweet kind of pretty girl who always looks happy. She was very depressed and full of anxiety about the accident. The owner of the car is good and not necessary so we buy co-operative; but the other chiefs, the porters, seemed pleased with me up in wednesday ... to say he wants money for having knocked his head. I met him at it is a straight case of.

Blanche, we pick up me 10 pills of Ferralol of which I gave Barbara 3 and myself took one a night on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday should bring again ad went out to the Clinic Retreat with Bill Shilla, Peter ad Frank Chalk, AKI ad lemon.
a girl from America called Stella Foye whom I disliked, and Shunia Fizalov. So Ruth was waiting for me at the station at 1: we got dressed, then went to her place to make love. The week before Shunia had said "you treat me like a prostitute" and also, last week, Ruth said the same thing. It is saying that I am not romantic, sentimental, or happy with them — anyway, if they didn't like it, why do they cheat on me? I've been very vain as far as women are concerned at the moment. Camilla still frowns on many days and I keep positioning myself. I speak to Ruth and of course in the morning I was at the station again. The night before I had violently insulted an Israeli who was with one of Ruth's flat mates. In the morning I watched Cyrilne de Barenque with Peter and Simon. The lights were off and I could like read at the sad scene. I felt very ashamed of myself, but later I solemnly said "there are some emotional ways actually crying"... of Peter and said: "Don't be stupid, no one was crying."

Today, 15th, is the custom and excuse clear register of the car, a change man with a beard to work to read my book. Then to shovel from whom I learned. For the accident, then to Anne, for a few minutes, then to Lucifer (whom I am beginning to suspect of being crooked), then to bed with Bob at the station. I shall take a pill to-night and start working to-morrow.

Feb 13th, Tuesday

I gave the Greek a cheque for £5 to-day, with promise of some more next month. He is nice and told me not to give the blackmail anything at all, he would not dare admit to having had an accident. I am loaded off my mind. Yesterday one turned women; I was enough to make me sleep, so took two. I wonder how many, people are driven to drink through lack of sleep. No use for I am insomniac, but
The idea that now I lay my head on the pillow I shall sleep, would stop me from going out. He knew me to catch up with lots of things I haven't been writing about here.

One day, a Friday, there was a very large party downstairs at Barbara's. Many people I knew had wanted me to meet—such as Teddy Hodkinson, Michael White, Janine etc. But I wasn't invited. And I knew me very much. Of course Barbara wouldn't have wanted me to come but I can see Anthony saying "not useful"—this is alright but why doesn't she want me being sitting around there in my coat after a dance? I think it's disgusting. I have seen Kelly and at the through 'dorm'. The man I see here is more I think her looks. Diana has a temporary friend now called Sam and something she looks terribly attractive and musical. I do wish so much I could manage to give her some money. In fact I have two ordinary nights at the moment. To be able to go out and get my books, records and record money from Germany and to be able to give Diana a good living of money. I am struggling with money via a not peculiar way. The Bank manager asked me to go and see him because of overdrafts—I discussed well and was—so he decided to increase the overdraft. I borrowed £30 from Mohan, giving him a cheque for next month.

Thursday 15th Feb.

Have not been drinking since Monday and yesterday nothing more. Today I feel absolutely rotten—the reason being that I didn't sleep at all all night and that became a bad habit of sleeping pills. I never imagined one could be so quickly become addicted to them. Today baby—sitting with Adam, I would have thought if I was only to find he is becoming less smart as he grows older yesterday going sailing, Diana's
new home came. I feel very embarrassed thinking that she, like myself, is embarrassed making love while someone else is in the flat. I wish I were not so pathologically sensitive. Anyway, went downstairs and watched Sally in Sunny's room.

I have always taken the attitude not people of who join armies at sight are inferior beings - this might possibly be an 'attitude' - I might well have fought in Egypt against preachers if I knew I would have achieved anything. I mention all this because of his violent reaction I am experiencing about the war in Vietnam. A week, an article, a hint of anything pro-American made the blood suddenly rush to my face, my heart beat violently and I want to catch an American anyone, and literally wring his neck. I become furious, blood-thirsty. But this is not all - if I feel I would not really like to die fighting for Egypt, I wouldn't mind dying in Vietnam if I managed to drag an American to his grave with me. Naturally, it's just for an instant, I said Kingsley Amis defending America - before I knew it, I was standing two inches away from the next, I'm going to bloody it! I saw within drunk, pumped on anything. If I did come face to face with Kingsley Amis, I would have killed him then. It is estimated that one million children have died a long time now been maimed by napalm and American bombs. How can anyone be complacent about all this? How can anyone be 'kind', human, a gentleman, and not react violently to this murder? When I think of Israel, the Jews who have seen their families massacred in Germany, I support the murder of the innocents.

Monday, 19th Feb.

True true true... it is not entered my heart again absolutely and utterly... no more lusts, came...(stuck in the mud one). I am really worried...
about how not to hurt. She doesn’t deserve any unhappiness at all — it is all to unfair really anyway will try and make it as easy as possible. What happened was this. One Friday I was invited to Jill’s for supper. Shinnan Barbara had also asked me and I said I would go later after the dinner party. The dinner went off alright — Jill was very attractive, so was another girl named Jito. Anyway I decided to leave at about 11.30 and drove to Shinnan’s. Liz and David Nurnharm were there as well as a Japanese friend of Shinnan at a French couple staying for a couple of days. Sitting in the sun was one of the most beautiful girl I have seen for a long time. Very short dark hair, beautiful face and long of the most glorious neck ever. Shinnan and long like the rest of her body. Now and then I gave her a glance. She was so beautiful to go of. She was very being put up at Shinnan but the both had to leave the flat on Sunday. Shinnan to stay at the Nurnhams, and she, Diana, to place decided yet. So I said she might be able to stay in the spare room at the middle flat. Next morning I asked Barbara out of course she said yes. Saturday morning, the shopping with Diana I picked Shinnan and Diana up at 6 and took them to the pub. They stayed for a short time. She found out to be an intelligent, educated girl who worked as a Frenchist (we’re Israeli) but was writing, irregularly, on a novel.

That during I had a date with Leonidas, the Greek of the accident to take him out. I had drunk a lot of rum, and later played pool with Peter drinking vodka. Aberdeen train at 7, ate at when we woke up it was 9.30. I rushed to keep my date with the Greek. I could hear voices in Shinnah’s room. I though Leonidas would be pleased if there were some girls around. So stayed in all time, went.
I was with some girls in addition to Smythe and Miranda. So I took them all to the pub. We got drinks and I phoned Shunnie to ask if I could bring the whole group there. He half-heartedly said yes. We took two bottles of wine and went. The girls, Smythe and the four girls — one of whom, an Austrian, was really very witty. The Greek girl was well mannered, seems to be a delight. And I was dancing with Dina. Well, I don't know how it happened, but I got wetted on my arm, we kissed and hugged. I was a little embarrassed because everyone was watching. So we all went into the kitchen to make coffee and get food. Each other bright. I didn't say anything. She said “I am drunk” and I said “Oh, you are the most honest thing you said.” She understanding. Later, sitting on the floor in my arms she said “I am going to be very attached to you.”

Don't anticipate your feelings, I said. I was very careful. It is the easiest thing to have a beautiful woman become her charm on you in a party — and for you to find at next day that it meant nothing.

We left at about 3:30 myself having to drive various people miles away. Next morning to the pub and after that to Shunnie's to fetch Dina. A bit we, time, I helped clear the floor up and carried Dina's things downstairs. Not for instance, nor even the slightest suspicion on my part or on Shunnie's part they any particular intimacy between us. Not even a special smile. We came to slowly terrace ...

... religious. Not any. So I came and Shunnie here without paying anything. No. I also bring my ...
Anyway, I must be contented in the room; then we sat down for a while chatting, finally she went to the room and I stayed here and finished my letter which I had to bring to John. By 7 o'clock we went to a pub in Walthamstow. We drank a bit and then went to the theater. It was nice talking to her, as I rather thought, but the exact pleasant sort which perhaps a hint of our intimacy the night before and our discussion didn't quite fit in. I don't know but we had the exact same sort of evening, but we all knew our separate lives. On the way there was a great sense of her having the right man, as it were, the right kind of woman. Then we were driving back, and it was very nice yesterday. But our lives always be very careful about being presumptuous. The next day you might, as you went into town, have seen each other, and for me to pretend that my anything special between us would be a terrible imposition on you. Something I could never do.

She turned round and pressed her face against mine. When we stopped the car, she kissed me on the mouth.

The pub was empty except for John. He was changing — he was pretty funny, and he was accepted in the half hour we stayed there. Then we came home and I introduced her to Diana. Diana is being absolutely lovable. She has, also, suddenly blossomed into some strange beauty. Unexplainable except in terms of love. Same had spent the night with her the day before. She treats it all (to me) as "OK — one is sweet" -- to the point of the idea. If you can see complications later on, we're sorry for the waiting.

They fell each other all their infidelities.
But to return to myself. So I made us a supper while Dina talked to Piers. Afterwards we took the boy to the fountain and watched The Telly. The Telly plays an important part in his life, he watches films, she is completely addicted to the machine, which doesn't worry me. We sat on the floor, she in my arms and watched a terrible terrible film. Called The Suspects, it contained the goings on of Magnani and Bains. What a waste of three two actors.

After the film we lay in bed and she took off her clothes off. She is now beautiful. Then I asked her when I agreed. Oh, it is a dream. I came up to my room later. Thirty-five minutes later she will be fed up with the whole affair. Already preparing myself to retire with the greatest of dignities. But my door opened in the morning. She is as fresh as a daisy. She knew me as had already made coffee. The morning played chess with her and was surprised to hear him. He is supposed to be an excellent player. Dina is in town for her modelling etc.

Tuesday 20th Feb.

It is all rather dream-like. Yesterday we went to Salade and had a picnic in the most room, then we spent the night in town. She talks about me the same way I do about her. We slept till twelve then we went to town. She was wearing a maxi and everyone was looking at her. She was gorging on chocolate in the Sherlock bar in England, I had to do a kiss for breakfast. Indiscernible sitting beside her. I am spending very much, now which I hope to receive from Israel soon. Today we are going to stay at home and watch the Telly and eat chicken and fries. It is blissful.

Carmen phoned up today. She found out it is finished.
but we have parted friends Ruth hasn't phoned up since Friday - which I'm glad. I am sending her phone call.

Monday Friday 23rd February

She did phone up & wanted I read her group poem when I said "Ruth, I can't - won't I be able to see you for some time..."

"But why wasn't I why?"

"I am going away."

"For ever?"

"No, no - just to Germany & all that."

"OK ma'am - can't we meet before you go? When are you coming back?"

I said I'd phone her up - I hoped to see her very soon - what can I say? It never occured to me, ever, but then is something immoral enough to insist in a manner just simply to have as many affairs with men as he can - I am just forgetting Ruth's misery, I don't suppose she suspects that we shall must be lovers again - and I know from experience what she is going to go through.

The latest affair is growing ahead like anything. On Wednesday it was his birthday & we went out had a couple of drinks at the leather dresser. Dinner at his place & charming. Barbara the German girl was also there - well as Shimon Tzabar - the Israeli who is publishing on his own a paper called 'Imperial News' - an attack on Zionist Israel. It must be clear to everyone how we have lost Diva and I am lovers. That night we spent in Daniel's flat because I had to help sit all day for him. I had to look after Adam too - did the cooking we body rat at Aki's. A thing, mad, day. Driving to the leather on Wednesday, she said: "I have bad news for you."

"What?"

"I am falling for you."
We usually spend the night in her little room downstairs. Sometimes I feel myself a trifle ed a hypotonic. When I say "I shall never forget to get married." Now I am certain. Almost. She is a hint of arrogance in my past. The beautiful woman where everyone devours with looks whenever I run into her, now belongs absolutely to me... and I am getting older." What if? - or though I've always had the most beautiful woman at my beck and call... or though I am used to it.

How can I forget in August, my yearning my prayers, my willing for just such a love. It is no lie... and what am I going to do? Am I going to poison it?

Probably, probably. After a night of beautiful love-making, I was glad she went off to Rome on her own. I didn't even drive her to the station as I must have done. Nothing. Oh had, now me from his monochromatic tendency. I don't want it.

But I am happy. Happiness that I have been for years and years and years. I can also assure of it's happiness - and also, because of the inherent sense of insecurity. I am sure that some day I will completely snatch it away from me. I am also becoming productive again. Working, writing, and involved with people who's intellect I admire and respect. Ali - Atiba OBA is one of those enduring changes now. So is his wife.

Vietnam I'm still, inspite of my personal life, affecting me very much. I don't know what to do. Write to many others. The Americans are actually abbreviating a whole population. Only Germany under Hitler caused all such systematic killing. The Times coverage of the news is very good indeed. And here is no question on what's right. Their correspondents are. They have all been affected by the murderous American and their sympathy and feelings in the Vietnam keep through their articles.

A lot of people of my age often felt that there was no Sympathy of 36 during their adult life in which to fight for justice. Vietnam is my much
Spain and Republican Spain cat even nne y. At least
women and children were not being killed in this present
scale. My hatred of America has reached such a stage, but
offensive were my offensive for Anne Marquez has
bubbling off mostly now. Why do I hate American?
12th March 68. Tuesday
Things are still alright. Dina still here. Often I am
not too nice to her. But once I've had a cup of
drink it's entirely different. In bed - well, one I
had to keep. If I am in bed much with a person,
I am bloody well not going to start talking about
anything trivial... if look of all. But then we
are in each others arms and she talks about
"to many have gone to buy... etc etc.
It reminds me of Khary Miller's description of his
loss of the little girl. I am being made war
constructive at the moment. Last week I gone a
party... which we didn't. But I look forward
out of all hope from getting, beautifully drunk that
night slipping into bed with Dina. I was to go to
the pub on Saturday morning at seven away.

But a regular sex life suits me. I am not
often insatiatable at times. But be within
allowing me to arrive here by 5:00 P.M. I am
her...

27th March 68
Dina left the day before yesterday... Some Israeli's
have given her their home until they come back.
For the last week she was being up in my room.

Dine, to me, is simply a matter of sheer sex. I am
completely satiated, I am not in love anyone.
excited, I am full of love. I knew very nearly made up
these a few days. Nothing with her, because she is not
very sexual - I perhaps simply not over-sexed at all so
easily satisfied and I am frustrated. Last Sunday the
day before she left, we had washed up, still in our
pyjamas and had both coffee and eggs at 12 o'clock
then I dressed up and began being her lady. She's absolutely
beautiful. Her skin is insuperable. Not a blemish anywhere - not
a suspicion of a blemish. All smooth, firm, with rather large
breasts for such a small thin girl. I think he all over
not especially interested
Then I went to the pub.
To-day I am beginning to miss her - I am sexually
excited again.

One lovely rainy day last week. Coco Sophisti, my old
old friend, with whom I had lived for two years
when I visited her in the ages of 16 and 16, suddenly
came to visit me from America. Which, himself
and I, immediately created the mood of Alexandria
- the same with - this inexplicably warm length
as her so thoughts are encrusted - attuned. A suspicion
of a word was enough to make us roar with laughter
- we went (figuratively) for Alexandria... oh Alex
Alex - Alexandria. She is in America and
does very well (she stayed at the Savoy) which
invited us to supper at his house in the first day.
and two days later took us all out for a nouvelle
belle - all at his expense...

April 2nd.
A list of gloom and self-disgust again. For the last
three months I have been working on a rewrite of
a manuscript for which I was to receive £1000 pounds.
Now I knew that I wasn't getting the money. It was commissioned
by a mad paranoiac woman when I trusted - I was
wrong. I am left humiliated and despairing.
Wednesday 3rd April.

Last Wednesday I bought half a bottle of whisky, some beer, and came to stay at Dina's house. A beautiful home full of books and intellect - a twelve roomed wooden thing with a large garden. The 'dead' is practically on sale between us. It is as though we are two enemies trying hard not to give anything to the other. Perhaps, like me, she fears being an object of. She has a pronounced inferiority complex (mentally) and tries very hard to pretend to the intellectual level she imagines I belong to. This she does by trying to belittle me all the time. On my part I despise her taste - in clothes, food and films (none of which she believes she is a great connoisseur). We quarrel, but wake up in bed. She is clean and not much of all, taking minutes of minutes of hours of work each day. On Friday the old clerk came here for supper. Dina was sulky, uncommunicative and unpleasant. I lost my temper utterly and screamed at her in front of him all. it was horrible. But a week before, while she was still living with me at 7 Elsmore Terrace, I didn't speak to her for two days. and suddenly she burst into tears and I was very sorry.

On Saturday we went to a party to which I had invited. Half of the guests were Israelis - bright, broad, aquiline and showy. The other half were Golden Green-Peas. Young men with waistcoats, white gloves, in their faces were and young pregnant, heavily-veiled women - heavy-mind. There was an atmosphere heavy with self-superiority and self-confidence. We left early. I met two Israelis I had known who were on her cut me. I am beginning to dislike this very much. Not out of any racial reasons, because the integrated Jews are so different from their compatriots whether they be English, French or what have you.
The Golden Green gens...and practically all tracks...let's face it, AKI, Pooch, Shimm, etc. are the LC exception, and are even outcasts of their country.

I was in a sad, lonely, anomalous mood when we returned home. I went to bed at 10 while Diana watched telling stories. I slept, but woke up only, feeling her presence all my body. She turned me over and pulled me on top of her and she made love.

"I regret you yesterday," she said next day.

I returned to Clonsilla Thurs. or Monday. I've observed my line was resolved to make...to do nothing. But since I was getting up at dawn, unable to do a spot of work, concerned about the future, about money, about Diana it has been an absolute angel to me. How long can I ask her to keep on keeping me in her way? Up at home, fear of a depression...today I returned to Diana. She has gone to town for some jobs...a dinner—a shabby-night-club thing on which I didn't want her to go. She is late now and jobless.

But on Sunday morning I was invited to the Nutshells for supper and something very odd and unexpected happened. After supper she was having an argument with Pooch. She was rather heated and suddenly she entered the room and shouted at me: "I won't have anyone talk to my husband in that way in my home!"

This was very unexpected. I didn't know what to do with myself. I wanted to know the facts, but Shimm said it's to stay. I stayed for a while, very uncomfortable and finally Pooch drove me all the way to Wilmot (where Pooch's home is).

As I said, my life is at rest. To me it is like burying someone alive and as irrational as I try to be, I still find myself emotionally involved. It is standing in the garage entrance to this house. Last Tuesday, early in the morning, the bell rang. I was in the toilet. Diana
I went downstairs and when she came up again, she said: "This is a policeman to see you."

"Oh lord," I groaned, "now it all begins."

I wasn't really frightened, but now I was. I went down and there was a young f.c., who asked me if I had my case. He started asking me questions and whether I had the necessary papers etc. He willingly came upstairs, got on my bed, took a note book out of his pocket, and said: "I must warn you that anything you say may be taken in court against you," a sentence I have been trying to have quoted to me all my life (this harmless little incident on the co.x.).

Anyway, no use crying —

For the last three months or so, I've hardly been seeing anyone except Israelis. I wish I had some help, as I do now, before going one on my mission there. This is a cultureless military, American-farmed, mercenary, highly efficient, ruthless, conscience-less country, so to be quite right, government Zionism is the thin skin, smart, wise-cracking, confident, sting-pulling, high-class prostitute. The high-heeled new American—brisk, connected, heartless, heart-padded artificial eye. Last seeing pink-light when with a pack of gangsters driving off her and protecting her.

* * *

I spent the week-end again at Diana's — it last a lot probably. On Saturday she was going out with a chap called Gordon. She came very late at night and in a few moments I went through and remembered the agony I had experienced with Edith Seaman. I became terribly frightened — I vowed never allow myself to go through the inscrutable von missy again. Now—now. She planned working in some sort of cheap night club since Monday, so I haven't seen her anyone is home is in control of putting up. I dislike her intensely now — simply because she could be a
some 1 misery to me. On the other hand, although I do dislike her, I want her to belong to me. Not to look at anyone else - to be at my beck and call whenever I feel the slightest inclination for her. Nor terrible is to know it, since selfishness, meanness, inconstancy, ingratitude in me - to me it objectively and clearly, and yet be unable to do anything about it whatsoever.

But I have been having a 'hell' recently and now it is at an end. I have no one to blame but myself - my character. As I wrote earlier, I was braced waves and raising a family is absolutely beyond me. I need a home and a wife, and then I would surely ill-treat her. I expect my own to have identical tastes as myself - to dress in what I dress upon, to eat what I eat, to drink what I drink, to dress as I want her to, to eat with me, to move here to me - and to slip away and not be seen once I am satiated - and, while I am it is for her to be very rich too. Why not? Such mockery. No doubt.

I have no money and no hope of getting any. I am ashamed of being a Diana. Things are black-black again. No one is to blame but myself.

Thursday 14th

I am beginning to be enveloped with the thick, nauseating membrane of depression. I got drunk yesterday. It was terrible. I burst into tears again. I met a friend for a drink at noon. She bought me drinks, then took me home, gave me a bottle of whisky and cooked food for me - and while eating I burst into tears. I felt terribly ashamed of myself. I came home and slept for a while. Then walked in Camberwell and got mercably drunk. While I returned, I met Diana. - I told her about the money which is not coming. She was very much understanding. But she can't afford it, apparently. I knew it. This using a letter from the bank - I must pay them £30
on top of all this I'm breaking up with Dina. I'm not sure, really - I have no idea whether it is I
who he left her or whether it is she who left me. I am not scared to be the first step for
conciliation - a schaff would drive me mad. As usual, in my cowardice, I think of suicide. Let the
practical steps towards it can themselves
unaccomplished. How to do it without affecting Dina?
She would be involved near my ashes in her and
all that - not to do this to her doesn't keep thinking about, but this is sheer cowardice to think about
butting myself.

Tuesday 15th April.

Yes, the usual. Every thought is agony, every memory a
coldness. I am struggling very hard - my blood is boiling,
At last I have kept my dignity. It came to a
ceremonial climax on Friday - I was anticipating this - I knew
in me that it was going to happen. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache김

in that. We were all the
Nemache kim...
all my successes, nor through my mind indifferent – to 
look rear conditions the past.

I spent an hour with Claude Cockburn and his 
family on Sunday in the park. It was lovely and I was 
charming and funny – a prelude to two pages of 
epigrams which modeling seized me.

Why do I feel so much for this girl when I have 
absolutely nothing in common with her? She doesn’t drink, she 
has no taste in clothes, food, company or art. Most of the 
time we have not watching the belly. She is affected in her behavior. Do it not my dear. I have been 
relieved – suddenly? I was often glad to escape her 
Company. Why this frenzy of desire all of a sudden? Again 
it is a matter of passion, in the literal sense of passion 
an obsession again. Why am I so prone to these 
obsessions? This terrible disease which suddenly turns me 
ferocious with jealousy. I understand why women who 
goes to the psychiatrist – it is a mental deformity.

I have just been reading my diary for Feb of last year.

I started this love affair with Claire at exactly the same date 
as I did with Dina – and it also ended in Easter. What 
caused them, is identical to what I have just been writing 
now. It is absolutely clear. The full circle, the name 
(her name): "Alfred with dignity – a matter kept my 
igno-

Nelma the French, he asked me to go out with him 
and Barbara the German girl and another French girl 
called Jacqueline. I hesitated, but finally accepted. I 
remember last year (as I have just been reading) 
that I tried to get involved quietly, very quietly, 
with someone else (Dina – Claire Maud.) etc., 
...to be cured.

That evening at the Pink Room, I 
decided being alone with Dina later on; so I said 
"Dina ... if it is an aunt, will you not call me 
now ... now before we leave so that I don't care
with you?" She was rude and abrupt, we shall talk
at home and that is final. I submitted. There was a
reason why I wanted to end it then and then if it were
to be the last anger). Barbara quite openly said
she'd like to have an affair with me ... oh, she said, "you
can stay up late with me tonight ..."

Thursday 17th

Wednesday night Nissam took me up to dinner with
Barbara and another French girl - a biologist from Paris.
I was tired, uncomfortable and not happy. I woke up
yesterday with an unbearable yearning to speak to Dina.
... to telephone at least. I decided I would ... I was
suffering so much I couldn't see how it could end.

And now I come to the strange phenomenon. This
suffering, of course, is extraordinary - extraordinary in the
sense that it is a sort of mysterious illness - a non
normal functioning of emotion. A mental intercession which elevates you - usually
misread from the mundane functioning of the
brain. At this moment, where my brain is quite free to
speak, as though the feverish heat has expanded
my nervous system to a mysterious size and sensitivity,
a spark - a flash of utter clarity and perception,
bursting in more than a few seconds, suddenly seizing
me. At one I see that Dina is not one more than an
object - absolutely detached from me and from my
mind - That this state I am in has to focus on
something other than the case it happens to be. It
could be simply an object - a stool, a table - that
is how I see her in the sparks, on which my whole
nervous system is concentrated. I see the handle of
internal, emitted from my own brain into her, and
not, so would have been understandable, that it is she
who is radiating mixed onto me. To acknowledge
that the object of these intense observations is an artificial
object, only increases the state of helplessness in which
I felt myself.

However, as I said, I decided to phone up. It didn't seem to matter - I couldn't see how it could be better than I was at the moment, yet I kept on putting off doing it - making another cigarette - making a coffee - clearing the kitchen first. At eleven a clock for phone sang. It was she -

She was miserable, she said, and hated that I was in the night club and didn't know what to do. I comforted her - I was calm and friendly and she said she was worried about me and insisted I write to the woman about the money she owes me. She also wants to come and live here again if Barons Wont let her in the small room downtown.

I didn't ask to meet her or anything. I was just a matter of fact - each of us trying to find a solution to our and her financial troubles.

I gave a fantastic sigh after I talked and went to the kitchen and took a large sandwich. I've hardly been eating in three days. I am much calmer now and the Dina memory has taken second place to the money problem.

Although I have known for two weeks that the $1000 won't get to be paid to me anywhere, I couldn't bring myself to tell Diana. I did last week. She didn't say one word of reproach - she actually comforted me - and yesterday she came, so friendly and sweet, and watched tennis on the Tell with me. I am overwhelmed with affection and kindness for her. I remember when Dina was staying here, and Diana seemed to take joy and even participate in my happiness. She is continuing to look fresh and very attractive and she seems to be in a happy gay mood. This perfect it would have been me if I could pay her back some of the money she has spent on me - and which I am sure she could use so much. I dream of the
realizes it, that she has spent nothing like 1000 pounds on me. She has no private income, she has earned every single penny she has spent on me. I am often incapable of looking her in the eyes. I am now trying very hard to finish that novel about Ash -
and by good fortune I have the raw data for me. I know it would please her, as the idea that I am doing it for her and not for me impresses me.

Barbara's children have adapted - two girls, two delightful little human beings. She is in another world completely. I talked with her and Adam is friendly.

To day I am spending the night in Mildred's. Health into mining just I know how to launch myself in it. I hope she will return the afternoon with pride - what can I say? She has lost whatever feelings she had for me, that is all. I am quite one of her friends now and I could have been Akhi or Shomron.

Anyone else will I am dead inside and you want to die peacefully and quietly. She is just going off to work in the night club. The drapery in me is falling.

At about six o'clock I am writing for a reasonable hour, then to take two ladies out for lunch. I must select a thing that I am not hungry at all. I am trying very hard to write - to write, but I am just void of everything except in the yearning to die quickly.

Wednesday, April 29th.

That Saturday night, Gentle Akhi came and bought me two bottles of beer with him. He is the only really gentle Israeli I have met up to now. Sensitive and shy - mostly silent. For various reasons, try to be back. I took the two tunnels at about 11.30... I slept at once. At about two a.m. I woke up. I had hoped not to work on Dina's arrival from work. She was worried.
Sonomi decided to put the old machine on. The rolling machine was used when I took my medicine. I woke up in a terrible temper. Shouted again for her to stop making this bloody noise. To which vehemently, she replied "Sorry" and switched everything off. In my mad state, I took another tablet and vowed only not falling to bed. But I woke up in a good humor and we laughed about my anger. We drank lots of coffee and I got the modern urge to work. I hadn't been drinking all nice Thursday...mo, Friday. Thursday I was invited, together with Barbara and Michael, we of the Foreign Office. I got terribly drunk and on Friday morning went to join and got drunk again on beer.

Anyway, Sunday was the gypsy with wine. There was no question of me trying to reach her on anything like that we were very friendly, and she had come and put her head on my knees, on her apron. I took a hot bath while she was still watching the belly, took two more turinals and slept. But when she came up she woke me up and cuddled against me. She was naked. We kissed and hugged. But she said "You can't wake love me to night" (She was sick). I was certain to mingle my body to hers and slept nicely. (She's good for these pills). Next morning we stayed in bed talking...not (I kissed all her body...all over her back, her knees, between her legs...I adored her with my tongue...all over...all over...it was delicious...later she took a taxi to work and we parted...I was quite of course...I couldn't fell that in the bed. I was very depressed on Tuesday. Who came to see me and cheered me up a lot. She said I should go out to a psychiatric. She is seeing me at his time here a lot of good.

But I worked home until few days. Yesterday, Thursday,
I took me ad a South African for a Cinema (sleep & kites - a Swedish film which I liked very much) ad then to supper. She is having to wash & cook. I am full of tenderness, gratitude, ad love for film which makes me slightly shy in her presence.

To-day I tried hard to keep my thoughts away from Dina - although I did get a few bad attacks. In the afternoon Mike & Charlie came to see me while they were there, the phone rang. It was Dina. Asking me where I was yesterday - and with whom & that she was going to write a poem in my name. She was delighted. I felt a bit of gentle ad light afterwards.

I sent a short piece to the Times Literary editor & borrowed £10 from Anne Mannfield. Miss her more at this time pressure, again sent me 4 Tunnels, unless him too. I'm keeping them in one I am spending the weekend with Dina. They calm me down.

Saturday 27th April

I try very hard not to think of anything at all. I try to work on the novel, then get work on a short story, get stuck ad come to the Diary. I think of Dina ad Switch on the Bell & now thinking it has become engrafted in some unthinkability, basically ad other. No money food ad things yesterday I walked to the pub in halest sheet ad could get another impossible change for fifty shillings. On the way home at back I started seriously with suicide - to accumulate enough sleeping pills, pack my stuff, take the car from where I have dumped it (or mix it's playground), park in one day in, swallow the stuff, put the radio on, ad sleep it off - literally - my life. The thing about these thoughts in this... I feel much deeper into it. I tell myself: "Alright, your life is ended. There is nothing
in it very far you. And then fill myself, alike, your last everything at everything is hopeless. Why don't you simply shut again? Since your life is ended, why don't you yourself up somewhere, work in the depths of Hansburg and write. Write your diary. Write those phantoms you want. Since your life is ended, be absolutely excluded from life. I took little heart of this, and then I realize that my thoughts of suicide cannot stem from my despair— but in the contrary. From my hope it is my love of life which tempts me towards suicide, not my despairing situation. If I accepted my hope situation is hopeless, without having unanswerable dreams of a delightful life— I would not despair. Having decided on suicide, I discard Dina— my continual nagging of Dina's finances, I made up my mind myself: "But why die? Why not accept a symbolic death, you can't get what?"

I haven't been drinking recently, but yesterday I took a quinine of John's while cooking the dinner and then bought two quinines of quinine which I drink at home. Slept slightly ed after one of these unanswerless efforts.

I've been physically losing very well. The last few days of this also depressed me terribly. So much of my attachments— like, she didn't in no physical— it's so cheap and superficial...

I am supposed to spend the weekend at Dina's again. She won't phone up— but she won't up to me. It is best not a clock of perhaps she won't. Time weeks there are romantic. I dread them before. Drinking and after-meals daily on sleeping pills to Calm me down. I am drugged and helpless. Yesterday I took a sleeping tablet again. It made me feel so much calmer and better this morning, at I started working so soon as I woke up. It has also made me visualize Dina not planning with
much more easy-going than I would have had had I been all set up, emotional and nervous so I am usually calm in most situations. I have another three 'train' tablets, which would see me through the week and since she doesn't know.

She did show up at three in the afternoon. It is now Monday morning and I am in bed - the same bed we shared but did not sleep. This is a terrible cruelty in spending time with someone who has passed from you - I know that Ruth is going through the same agony. The colour supplement of the Observer was all dedicated to her this week-end. They were gems such as - 'The opposite of love is not hatred...it is indifference.'

My week-end was terrible - unbearable. I feel so terribly lonely again. I ran out of sleeping pills and emptied all the medication into one bottle. I took several glasses of brandy, a large dose of bicarbonate of soda, and any unlabelled thing I could. To be taken at night - hoping it is a sleeping pill.

I was also surprised at the things I read in the Observer - successful good-looking men saying life is hell - hell. There was a 'special' of people helping the reactions of the different people to love. I am what they call a 'love addict' (with which I agree entirely) - a juvenile romantic conception of love - imagining that one would perfectly remain on this ethereal platform - that thousands of years one would lead me is impossible. I know I would shrink - say it is dead - nonexistent (I am talking about myself and not the article). I also learnt the difference of 'love' and 'in love.' I have never heard her always been 'in love.' Love in the relationship between Diane and Barry - something very much beyond my grasp.

I phoned up with yesterday night. I also phoned up Susan Kennedy and took a date for tomorrow. I phoned up Carmen. I want to re-start our bunch-time love affair. I do not want to be lifelong; I don't want to go through all this again - Edith, Dinah, Brigitte - all within the
But you see, I had each of them grown on the other. And yet, I must have
been too old to remain myself. Faithful to each, I kept myself
contented and my life followed the normal pattern. I was wofish and
Marie of their two children. A man, many, security and, to all
appearances, an increase of harmony between them. On the other
hand, insecure, feminine and unstable; long the ambition
affairs. Moments of ecstasy, others, much longer, of utter misery. Yet
would change my life so that I wofish? Supposing, just supposing, my
intense romantic vision at the moment becomes reality. Supposing
had money at a home at once with my wife - faithful and loyal
- would it not, in hardly anything of all, at all, at all, like wofish? He,
what else, did marry for love. They were my work in love - passionately
so. How long did it last. I remember once years ago, when
wofish was urging me to marry one rich but unattractive
girl (differently) and I protested that I couldn't possibly be passionately
involved with her.

"Oh, he said, "rather bitterly, "throughy Passion. How long do you
think it lasts?" And I knew that he meant in the truth. The
mischievous horrible truth. No wonder these writers interviewed by
the young said life "was hell," literally so. They, in spite
of their perception, still sought the exalted plane and imagined
it could last more than a few months at the most. The I suppose,
is what makes a few people genuine artists. Perhaps they are
trying to reach the exalted plane through writing,
painting, music. Perhaps they experienced the plane
in some sort of uncultivated, fly, too interiorly needed
to be able to return to happiness, to once again, pathetic
vision, known as a normal life.

And my life will continue here is impossible to visualize. There
is no prospect of any money coming in - never of all. Diana, I
instinctively think, has given up. Given up in the same way
knowing she is too kind - and it will be against her
uninventive nature to put me at the door - her resigned to
leave me alone - pay the expenses which, as I said before, laps
her of all items of believing she is entitled to through her work
and writing - earnings. But only in her resigned to my
presence -- she makes it as acceptable as possible for both of us. She is charming to me, and my heart bleeds for her. What shall I do from here? I am not in a suicidal mood and I am even ashamed that I have written so much about it. Perhaps no despair I so often experience is something else; let's face it - heartbroken as I am again -- it is not the first nor the last time I have also had a fantastic amount of women recently. Not my first; I have had an affair with Ruth, Susan, and Cammy at the same time, but still was also in the Kếté -- and then I did have a wild affair with Diana. For me to think of suicide -- or to be in despair because of women or a woman in just simple ways. No, perhaps my despair emanates from the following -- I feel that I have a talent -- a genuine talent; but that it is untapped. Or the moment of writing, I feel my mind that this is the truth. It is untapped not my because of my lethargy (which itself is induced because of a sense of hopelessness) but also because I am lost as far as the material -- technical process of mining whatever talents I possess. Such things as to read what may be written -- the writing itself -- the actual act of it. Recently I sent a short piece to the Times Literary Editor. Two days later I showed it to Diana. She corrected it. I was appalled. Up to now I can't spell -- let alone spell. She even showed me, not to write "is" instead of "are", and to write a masculine gender with double 'I'm' at the end. I was disgusted with myself. Yet the piece I liked very much.

Tuesday, 2nd May.

This letter was written at 3.00 a.m. I was just awaked.

May 6th, Monday.

I have not been writing because it would just be repeating the symptoms of my depression. The moods and despair which have caused the last thousand pages in my diaries. I am fighting. My face is usual, immediately remarkable to the amount of the depression. My colour changes, my features seem to droop, my nose becomes larger and I become repellent. I've been trying to hide this from Diana -- she's away.
In a couple of days, Ben has come back from Canada. He was
seen in the city. At my next moment, I have been taking
the dark matter which helps not because too hot up emotionally,
so I am fighting hard - absolutely. Stepping up from
daydreaming. Deliberately going not to meet people no
matter how dead and unsociable I feel. I hope it can't
be a big time. I get the returning sense of emotional
diminishment and utter despair. But I remember what I went
through in Aalgeish and overcome and this helps.
Barbara's twin girls, which she had adopted two months ago, have
suddenly been taken away from her. It is terrible.

May 15th.

Nothing much to say. As I said, I shall not repeat the symptoms
of despair. She phoned up one day ago: "Can I still
continuously be valued with her?"
"Not really."

I was so glad. . . . Friends &c. I left it at that.

Nissam stayed here for two days. His girl Hedvig suddenly
decided to quit him. That when he was amazed to
have a flat boy and live with him and marry her. It was
an unbelievable night. His face, too, became darker. He slept,
he screamed up. He is 45 and it must he an unbelievable
shock. One day we got a rather I got no drunk I
posed not - which happened to me for a big
big time. When I woke up everything seemed so
difficult. I went to the pub again. Finally I said for
it yesterday evening. Huddled up in an arm chair
drinking. Then I saw 2 trains which with me pass
not of me. I am now amazed to go to Germany
leaving many from Mobilen ad from Anna. I don't
want to write the same. I don't want to think .

Tuesday Wednesday. 15th.

Am on the verge of a new affair. Deirdre Cunningham a
lot year medical student. Very pretty, emotional and...

frightened. She's pushing nine right of out of my system.
My depression is warning. The thing that has really helped
Things are much better.

Sunday May 19th

Lack of unexpected and change things recently. I am much better and we are able to work and write again. I have been seeing D. daily. Practically every day — a evening rather. One of the (to me) strange things about our relationship is that we suddenly started to like each other. We have so much in common in taste that just to be in her company is very pleasant. We have also read the same books and discussed them. She is a bookworm like myself and it is lovely. She is always 'like a quite sprite' — she is wearing a different thing practically each time I see her. Elegant shoes, stockings, always perfectly in order, different earrings to each different dress. She is also perfectly mannered (except when we have tea) and very charming at the same time. But we've had a few quarrels — not with words — I'd just have to walk home (2 miles or so) at either she or I would show up to apologise next day. The quarrels are usual — in fact always, about sex. She is pathologically frightened of having a baby. She does not trust sexual letters — but yet will want to sleep in my arms, both of us naked. Frustrating — to say the least. In fact I only made love properly to her once (and I turned cold). Since sex is not the dominant factor in our particular case (so far as I am concerned — my sex is still tied up with Dina's body). It is not poisoning our relationship. From her I learn something important about myself — that I am extremely sensitive. One evening she came here. Barry and Shumen Tzachen were also here. I was completely ad letting drunk...
but not in any way hind a demolition. Anyway, I felt - God
knows why - she was cool towards me. When it was time for
her to leave, I took her dance card and we walked around a bit
she just walked away. Well, I said, that's the end of that
affair (too). Next morning I decided that she was fed up with
me and started with the 'respect' back all over again.
Anyway at about 11 o'clock, I was so fed up (Hannover), I
didn't care about the 'respect' stint at all and just phoned up.
She said she had cried all the way home... that I had
been uncommunicative the whole evening. Later I went to
see her and we had a long walk on the beach and we
decided we were both ultra-sensitive.
Talking about the sensitivity, I must say what happened last
week... and how I was shattered as a consequence. Ah, off,
Bill Killie and myself were to give a talk about Israel
and Palestine at the I.S.E. on rather the school for Oriental
and Islamic culture. The hall was packed - with Israelis,
Arabs and the rest English. Just as they had closed the
door and the chairman was to introduce us, a chap from
the back rose and said:

"Excuse me please. Before you start I would like to
mention one important thing. On your posters you
advertise Wajhi Ghali as an Egyptian. I am a
representative of the Egyptian Government. Mr Ghali is
not Egyptian. He has defected to Israel."

I was completely and utterly furious - and yet the next
few minutes were the only ones in which I was elegant.
I wiped the floor with the chap... No one talking away
a piece of paper... my stomach... should thank I would
be another material in consequence... etc., etc. I was
bravely applauded at the desk left. But afterwards... while
the spoke (he was giving the main talk), I sat in my
chair... drowned in an incomprehensible roar. It
suddenly, after all these years, dawned upon me that not only
had I lied to him, since the age of ten or so, but that
I had also had no certainty if it was my own hat or not that
stood
me — and why it should affect me so much, I cannot say. But it did, very much. Whatever I had to say the rest of the evening was devoted to making fun of the Arabs present, as well as all the Arab Regents and particularly the Egyptian one — driving back in the car with Aki, head and —- Dina — I felt a new kind of loneliness.

Yes, and Dina. Because she was there with us. I was pleasantly melancholy towards her in the car, but she was certainly making a play at me. I took it all (a pretext to) in a joke. I was occupied in correcting some leaflets I was distributing, but she kept pressing her head through my hair and teasing me. Later, on the return journey, I was really engulfed in sadness to be angry but silent. Anyway, I made Aki drive me to Diederik — and I think, Dina seemed when I was going. But why should she care? Can or not, she phoned up once or twice — not being really friendly on the phone. I was invited to go to Annie's for a party she was giving last Tuesday. The day before I had packed with Diederik in a slightly unconscious way and was wondering whether I shouldn't call it a day at once — let me quote a poem by Dorothy Parker:

My heart went flitting with fear
lest you should go, and leave me here
To beat my heart and rock my head
And stretch me sleepless in my bed.
Ah, clear they see and true they say
That we shall weep, and we shall stay
For such is love's unvarying law...

I never thought I never saw
That I should be the first to go:
How pleasant that it happened so!

Oh, she has suffered dear Dorothy Parker. Suffered and understood, Helen.

Anyway, the day before the party Dina phoned up
and I suggested she come to the party "if she wanted to."

However, the day of the party I received a Picasso clown
on a postcard from Deirdre, and later a phone call — and
anyway I wanted to take her. I phoned up Diina, and when
she started being vague about coming, and when to meet,
I said "Forget it — there's a good film on Telly tonight
anyway," and I realized she wasn't coming too.

Deirdre looked lovely all in a fur coat and golden shoes
when she met me at Shawn's. At the party (where I drank
myself silly on champagne) I introduced Deirdre to the
Turnberns, who were there — and in fact I left Deirdre
with David for a while, while I explored the women there
(a disappointing lot).

Finally. That was Tuesday night. On Thursday Diina
phoned up to say could she come to-morrow (Friday)
between 2 and 4, since the people were coming to
vote the Telly. Why she had to be here remained a
mystery until I put (shrewdly) two and two together later
on Friday night. She was breathtakingly beautiful. She never
put on make-up unless it was "for" a interview, but
she was beautifully made up — with her long blonde hair
so silently composed a Horace ruler. Main. Main. — capital.

No chintz — null of gaily and telling jokes.

She "I bet you never believed I didn't come to the party" —

... she smiled. (She had had lunch with David the day
before — he had told her (and won) not hanging on
that. But am I not, at this present moment, hoping
Shirley — who usually meals Diina on Sundays, will tell
her what a pretty girl Deirdre is?? — yes).

"Oh ..." said deceptively (... I won't bore you with.

"I felt you didn't want to be with me ..

"Sueet heart ... I said ... I am above such things"

Indeed indeed.

Then she suddenly switched over to all her past
affairs ... ad infinitum being shared by two friends
ad the three of them were perfectly content. Not a sign of jealousy between any of us.

I agreed that it was lovely and exactly how things should be.

"Are you emotionally involved with this girl?"

"I like her very much, Dina. She's pretty and we have a lot of fun.

"I am so glad I like you better that way. You must let me meet her some day."

"Of course," I said — "in a matter of fact, we're going to the Cinema together today. Even if you wish."

And I actually phoned up Dicidu in his presence as we lay in affectionately over the phone. Later Dina and I walked to a Swiss cottage. She put her arms around me and beneath my shoulders pillows and laid her head on my shoulders. I continued my meandering, but we cannot help. She kissed me on the lips when we parted. "I like you so much now."

I met Dicidu at the Cinema. We saw the Italian film — partly good and partly too stretched. But I was 'enchanted', about my meeting with Dina. Later Dicidu and I went to Annie's for a drink, then a quick meal at Camellia Tower, then a platonic mingling of naked bodies in the bed till daybreak, then a hot — we will walk home. But never thinking of Dina the whole time.

To: Wired Dina is again supposed to come for the hills. But if she does, I think I won't be here. No. No. Much worse. I do genuinely prefer Dicidu's company.

I still need one more way to get to Germany and back. Write in London with me for postponing my arrival all the time. I have £10 and need another £20 or so. Terrible heights of Gambling.

Now £10. Dina is having a ball with men, India
Sunday, June 8th, or 9th

Yesterday I remember telling myself: Oh... I am happy... happy... happy again... and my God how lonely it could be to be alone... But the incomprehensibility of it all is, why should I be happy? Unnatural? Why should I be something I absolutely believe in completely... possible to exist? The theory is that you feel the way you think this is how it will happen.

Yesterday (just a day) Saturday, I went to the pub with [name], [name] and [name]. Left [name] there... Because she is staying here too. As I am working she is lying in her bed opposite me reading the papers. Anyway, yesterday is everyone is the pub... [name], [name], [name]... and my darling [name]. I was in the house next door... the living room. Boozed a lot the book... a really nice... [name] had made... they... spike and... spar... I ate them... had a short drink... then I shouted up [name] and we went to the shee's for a game of darts with [name] and [name]. I hanged out... the pub at about 10 [name], and [name] went to her place... when she had cooked a meal for us... we ate... dined... and then... slept... and I woke... to her waking... because she is on the pill now and... everything is alright... and I knew... felt... the love... at 3:30... I left... with... [name] and [name] was a light in my room... and [name] was awake... waiting for me... and I lay in bed... and [name] was... and then... he woke... at 4:30... and... [name]... was awake... and [name]... was awake... in bed... and [name] was... and it was... all... huge... The pub... [name]... the pub... in the evening... It was a huge... happiness...

June 27th, Thursday

And again, once more... my life has become... unusual... unrealistic...
made and very far from containing any suspicion of sexual possibilities. It is just like me to rush headlong into impossible situations. Aware both logically and instinctively of the unsuitability of the position - anyone in which I place myself. To passionately drive Diana to believe that I could live forever in the same room 'amicably' is such an utter impossibility, and yet that I become absolutely consumed of my vanity. Not that she - Diana - he made things easy. In her moments of 'affection' she will lie in my arms, ask me to caress her body - to lick her all over - to play for hours with my hands on every edifice. But at the slightest sign of actual sexual passion on my part, she makes me feel like utter heel. She makes me feel deserted with myself - a cheap flapper among the fact that she will be left to live in my room. I suppose that, at an relationship is tense and unpleasant. Trying to help her get a job, I introduced her to Michael Hasen, the head of an advertising agency to his woman Daphne and to a man called John Reids. Three times took for a day to brighten it was all disastrous. Diana, I felt in critical of my presence, ignored me at an unsuitably unpleasant. I felt she would have preferred me not to be there. It was an dry expensive house up I drank myself at no much silly but abnormalities. It was only next day, when she held me. But I relented how I had behaved. I belied me although I couldn't remember a thing. I knew, though, that I violently tried to make love to her when we arrived home. During the 'affectionate' period, I was on sleeping pills to calm me down ed to stop at affection. Then I stopped the pills and all the symptoms of withdrawal overcame me. I was drunk every afternoon with plans a nice Indian, who came to live downstairs for a while and on her often damn the case I couldn't stand life alone. Of course I was going to 'break' ed diet I get the pain in the head again at was enveloped in despair. I decided to stand by me. Dear me was ed one involved
with me. I often went and spent the night with her—drunk of course. To top all this Nissam, going through a depression because of unrequited love, has decided to stuff us with his presence. He just now called cane at house in the room downstairs, sipping of the fact that I had explained an various occasion for he had no come for a day or two. I don't know how to write him back as I don't have the courage to tell him point blank to go.

In all the Diana is being sweet, considerate and wholesome. She puts up with me, with Diana, Nissam's temporary presence. The camps, the going, the expenses. I find it indiscernible what she is putting up with. My only hope is that Mrs. Blaine pays me the money she owes me and to convince me to continue her work. In which case I could ease the financial burden on Diana. If Mrs. Blaine does not carry this thing through the position will be seriously suicidal. I cannot see anyway out whatsoever. I cannot know whether thinking of suicide is simple cowardice or actually the logical conclusion of my situation, my character and my unreasonable feelings.

Yesterday I went with Anne Mansfield to the Nissam. It was a nice outing and Liz was charming and utterly lovable. Talked to a girl from Nissam. My nice. Today Diana was moody and annoyed because she said, I hadn't taken him with me. Fact is, although I didn't tell her, was that Liz especially asked me not to tell her.

June 28th Friday.

Yesterday I met Deidre at the beach after which we went together with Mrs., Mary, her brother John and his lovely wife to a pub in Knokke town where they played jazz. It was very good indeed. After that we had an Italian meal and I went with Deidre to her place. I was slightly moody. Deidre was out with someone or other and I didn't want to go home because I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep until she returned and yet of the same time I didn't particularly want to write home to Deidre. It put on my shoes after a while and then looked at
her and then some tears in his eyes. She is sensitive and said
"Perhaps we shouldn't meet for a few days."
"Why?"
"You are getting tired of me." Her eyes watered and she put
her head on my lap. So I stayed and made love to her. She is
unable to sleep when I am with her. She comes, holds me,
caresses me, is helpful, loving and sincere in her
love. I pretend to sleep. I walked home at six in the
morning in pouring rain and arrived home completely drenched.
Diana invited us in. A strange, moody, unsympathetic
person. Observed with herself and goes on telling about the
sufferings she has experienced at which she finds
interesting. But she is so elusive. She was prompt to
look at her but is fundamentally Helen. I want her to go away.
Barry came yesterday and we all had a drink together with
Diana in my room. She - Diana, is becoming to look fresh
at your. She seems to live in a warm glow of affection, et al. surrounded by people who genuinely love
her. She also has this spark (which I very much lack) of being
able not to complicate her life. She is not prone to cheap
emotional outbursts, in natural and unhypocritical in her
true life. She is able to discern between sex and emotional
feeling. Between sex and complexes. Between sex and
the search for security. She loves Barry and the word
'love' is used in its proper sense. She does not
love him as a reflection of 'self-love', does not love him
because she 'needs' him. She loves him for himself
and when (as it frequently happens) she takes a
town for a night she is not a bit of two-twing
or being 'unfaithful'. All this which turn
into meaningful when applied to her. Now I wish
I were like her — a touch of security.
To-day Mrs. Blower is supposed to telephone me. She hasn't
yet. If I am not going to get the money then really
so no alternative but to ... logically and unnaturally
etc. etc.
June 15th. Monday
on Friday she came home to tell me to wait until Monday for an answer. I wanted. I have gone in bed but all the same. I feel better this way, calmer, less emotional, more detached. I am an excitable, volatile, emotional person which, paradoxical as it may seem, contradicts my very nature, or my character, rather. I like calmness; I like to be relaxed and centered, but my nerves, physiologically, are too sensitive and have to allow me to conform to my character. And hence the bedlam. I couldn’t sleep on Friday— at all—not at all. Dina worked late and I might couldn’t sleep. Tried and tried but it is impossible. She came after four but I still tossed and remained sleepless.

"You seem angry with me," she said in tones she can’t

"I’m not," I said.

"I am gay and happy," she said. "But then you are—you

"dampen my spirits. You pour cold water on my happiness."

"I explained to her, calmly, that my life was not dependent

on the mood—but I have troubles of my own and that if

I am troubled it has nothing to do with her.

"But I mean in that it dampens my spirits to see you

unhappy."

Well, that was nice, so I put off the lights and we slept.

But it was a bad night and I woke up companionably early,

and Dina’s way and had some shopping in Camden

Town for Diana. Later I went to the pub where I met

Denise. Tried to sleep when I went home, but again

it was difficult. Met Denise again at the Stable’s but I

left early because Dina was at home. And what happened

was that we watched "Fleabag" till 1 a.m. East. She showed it with me and I took all the clothes off and covered each part

of her body as she slept like a log and felt wonderful the next day. I have calmed down considerably about her now.

She is welling that I went all the time and this has finally

taken the edge off my desire for her. Also she is very
friendly and affectionate again and I am even glad she is here. There, at least for the last two days, seemed to be a flicker of the emotions and any love she may possess - a rather clumsy try to possess me. She is in all that way, she seemed with pleasure when I was covering all her body - but it wasn't personal pleasure.

We stayed at home on Sunday. She strangely relaxed, except for a brief interruption when she went off with one of her admirers and I went to visit Brenda.

To-day, Monday, I told Mrs. Shaw, schoolgirl, what I thought of her. I felt relieved, but it is also an act of despair. This woman has actually become appealing, now I know what to do with it. The idea of losing your appetizer is worth the catastrophe which you knew is consequently going to befall you. I am in quite a cheerful mood at the moment although I feel that it is only a matter of days and before I finally have to pay the price.

Bill and Sheila paid me a pleasant surprise. I did ask them to meet Brenda. She and Sheila are getting on very well together.

Brenda is a delightful person. Full of life, wit, charm and I was rather ill at a sudden change from Bill to Sheila. For no reason I was angry and disappointed - and I left suddenly, very angry with myself because she had an exam next day. But, of course, Pina was of how as that was why I wanted to leave.

Monday 2nd July

And so we met, until nine o'clock in the morning, half naked both of us because there is a heat-wave and she would cover my limbs and I many her head on my chest and I would stroke her - and all the time I had to listen to her stories. The only remarkable thing about them being that I was absolutely nothing remarkable about them. She is sitting opposite me at the table of the moment so I am writing this. Still, despite all this, there is something nice and then comforting in having her here particularly and so I have said, but I am suddenly

out of all energy. I have been reading Trollope's
Tuesday 9th July.

To-morrow I'm off to Paris... often too many years? Pain of 83 rue des Écoles et 326 Rue de Vaugirard. I am thrilled! I am going to walk the length of the old street one more. Have a drink at the Camp de France. If it still flies, have the boat ride and then left to St. Germain d'aix. Walk and walk. Jelaun is also coming with me. I am pleased because she is good company. Accept me in any form of each other. I would love your love if it were not for her. Divine musings and inexplicable tensions were getting utterly unbearable. She had been going out regularly with a man called John and I began to sense that her needs were dependent on whether he played a role. One evening, four days ago, she returned home at 2 a.m. I was, of course, unable to sleep. When she saw I was awake, she came out and said 'I am going to spend the night with John.'

She went away and I was going to start going through the unbearable, when somehow I don't know how, I pulled myself together. I might not go to start going through all this again. Remember that with his little pet Ruddy as rapidly repeat to be inflected with the agon. I took a strong dose of laudanum, refused until to that of her, and she duly slept. I gave her up nothing at all refused to that of her. Slept with Jelaun each day and overcome whatever madness I would have gone through. She spent the weekend with his man, but when she came she was spending time, I didn't stay with her. She is all cuddles and kisses and affectionate to me. She made in sort but was fundamentally aloof from her activities. I woke suddenly and had a long letter cut up delighted by how I could be calling her over the weekend. I am looking forward to her badly again. Let's keep close and the Hammers will eat the cheap and the the fine. I hope to borrow a car from Paris and drive up to Cambridge on Friday.

All this has been possible because Mrs. Glen has paid me £5.
Two days earlier I had also been to see Mrs. Mansfield. On Thursday I had my last lecture at the Royal Institution. I saw a very pleasant evening out to-day with rabbi Jaffe and suddenly found up on the blue card where we went to meet them. I met Reuven and we went to Tun place together. I could talk to her about the night, and she was very good company and to be with me in the lift with a boy.

Dundas Inf Wednesday July 15th.

Spent a delicious time in London August 4th.

I saw pain again; stayed in pain after an absence of exactly fifteen years. Mrs. Price had paid me a hundred pounds which she owed me together with Misses B. and Reuven, we left me Wednesday morning. There is no one I should have preferred to be with than Reuven. She was erquise. She walked and talked with me, shopped with me at all the bazaars, drank with me, went with me to the nice de luxe colour in which I had lived as a student and chatted with Misses P. and Madame Antoinette, whom I knew a long time ago. Boulevard St. Michel, Montparnasse, Place des Vosges, drinking, eating, all were lovely. We went in the Poblar where we walked all through the night and ate our dinner there, first for the first time in my life, I went out to eat with garlic and parsley, we played 8-Ball on the way out, in a car of drunkards, took two bottles of strawberries. Reuven was sparkling with interest alone to all the others, I was telling her, awake to my nostalgic stories of Paris. I looked up at the balcony and to sit at the table in my room.... memories of Illian... of all the Swedish girls.

I was lonely.

Jacqueline, a friend of Nissam (now in Russia) and - I suspect, swimming indiscriminately - left me here in London to go to Dundas. With Reuven I went to London. Friday and I drove to Dundas. Because I had to visit 20 others in Belgium, I had to travel about 700 miles. Dundas Inf - the
Maintaining a routine until bedtime. I slept at about eleven in the morning and arrived at Witten at four a.m. in the morning. Witten was strange. All the people there and myself had taken three years ago to teach her how to dress, how to make up, how to be attractive, had all been lost. She was not happy and later Peter explained to me why. Anyway, I woke up, she seemed unhappy... and I was indifferent to her. She had lots of Manuel Alt for me and things, and I didn't trust in. I was at 80 made love to her. But I was not as passionate as had been the year before, when I went to Madrid and later when I returned.

The next morning, Saturday, I saw Peter again. Oh, poor Peter: he was going through again and I think I shall describe why and how.

He looked pale and had lost a lot of weight. He looked

Mr. Peter, his smile broad; miserable in fact. Witten had told me earlier that he had broken with Ali his girl friend.

I had never considered her worthy of him. I had warned him about being emotionally involved with her... and he had agreed it would be disastrous, and anyway, he said, it wouldn't happen. I (in my wisdom of course) knew better. Well, she had two times him, lied to him, humiliated him.

"Tell her to take her to a pub," he said, "at least my very eyes she would dish out her telephone number to anyone who

is made or smiled at her." (I said I'd bring them back together.

"No," he said, "No..." But of course he wasingly to... and of course nothing gives me more pleasure than to get two lovers together.

August 22.

It is a pity I neglect the diary when I am content - which means that I am rather gloomy at the moment and therefore I have taken it up again. A lot has happened. Opposite me in the sitting room, I am sitting leafing through a medical book. I am terribly depressed this morning. I've been thinking too hard recently. I have thrown out something like 40 worth of cheques which I can't even - but most of all, I have literally thrown Dina out of the house.
last monday - end thur is killing me. i don't know whether the
torture of hating him here and hating her spend nights away with
other men is not to have her presence at all. anyway, she is gone for
good now. i do miss her - although i didn't like her intensely. how
inexplicable it was the moment i used to have her naked on my
bed...sitting all her body, which i pleasure in. decided spent
the night with me and after having made love to her, i slept ad
dreamt of curing Diana's body... and had a met dream. so, Diana
has gone and i am miserable. i remember her, two days
before she left, sat with Diane in the same - oh, i am
so content at the moment - and very quickly beechwood
... and also knew how sad it was for me to say something
like that. i remember this day in Alexandria, sitting with
my mother, and i told her "oh mother... i am so happy" at
then: "i know it isn't lost..." and it didn't of course.

i've had another affair... with an american called Susan
Backheart. but before i mention all that, i want describe
Diana. she is going through a crisis - i know it and feel
it... but can't do anything about it. she is involved and
very un-h her actually slightly aggressive, although she
doesn't seem to realize it herself. i'd love to comfort her
... but she doesn't seem to respond to anything like that. the
very few contacts i have had with her since her 'crisis',
she only - very much so, but again she is not, i
am more, curious conscious of it. she is hooked on a man
called clive (not his name), and suddenly her relationship with
Barry seems to have taken an unexpected turn. she was very
aggressive to him one evening when we had a dinner party
and actually humiliated him - but again she seemed
unaware of it. i tried to patch things up next day - but
i haven't seen Barry here for quite a while. all this must be
getting her down - particularly as she is apt to be a little
girl of truer indie of being so miserable etc. the appearance
of being able to 'cope' with his losses as well as being the
faithful woman to Barry too. that's split. i feel helpless
to be of use ad also feel that my presence is slightly
visiting at present. Just a feeling.

Around a week, last week I was having dinner at Anne Marfell with a few other people. I was taking to a nice couple, a half Chinese half Japanese woman and her man. On the other side of the room was a nice pretty blond and another friend of Anne's called Dan Greenwood. Anyway, suddenly the girl, Susan Buckhaidt (she Buckhaidt of Africa), bust into her after a political argument with Anne and disappeared. We thought she had left and Dan ran downstairs after her. In fact, she was crying in the balcony when I found her. So I took her in my arms and petted her ... and told her "You are miserable, aren't you? ... Unhappy in love? ... I understand sweetheart ... I know what it is. Don't let your emotions get involved with your politics ... There is nothing like the misery of love etc. tenant poverty, etc. He, as I am of heart. Well, she calmed down and "no, no now it's all right" and so please call me up. I did call her up a week later and decided to ask her here to supper with Barry, Diana, and Broadcasting. I asked Broadcasting because my conscience was uneasy — she would collapse with immediate need and pain, if she knew he did go on behind her back.

August 23. Friday.

Feeling slightly better today, but hardly any sleep because I've stopped taking sleeping pills.

Yesterday I went to Annie for drinks, a chat and a meal. Before leaving I had left a note for Diana, telling her how I hoped that she was alright and how much I loved her. She was in her bath when I returned and I was slightly put-off because she had not left any answer or said anything. But the morning she took the day off, was sparkling and charming. Barry is coming any moment now and so everything is alright I think.

That evening with Barry and Susan was very nice. I had cooked a rather quick prepared a lovely salmon tartare with lots of parsley in it — and we had lots of ketchup. When I
took Susan down to her taxi, she suddenly turned to me and
we kissed and took a date for next day. I took her out to
John's and then we had a meal at an Indian restaurant
(this we met a lovely Nigerian - an intellectual well-read
man working on the railways of course. Since we are usual
ly give him a pole worthy of his capabilities). It was all
very well. Then we took a taxi to Susan's place where
she suddenly shook her hair out and fell tearfully down,
very attractive and unexpected. We danced, kissed and
hugged and then after a moment of misunderstanding, we
slept. She wouldn't let me make love to her, but in the
morning I did of my own.

August 29th. Thursday.

Since Monday I have started to 'pull myself together' and
stop all my boggling and hopeless gambling. Susan has
left for the day', 'I kept on postponing the inevitable
hangover - dry drinking more and more, at times
stopped. Spent a terrible day, a rotten two, Sunday of
Tuesday - planning mostly for unattainable Diana, being
money towards Richard, utter despair. But finally I started
to relax yesterday and today. Worked and got money
matters, realigned, in better off without Diana (that is
happier) than with him. Borrowed money from Wolfich - £65
to cover my overdraft; Anne is going to pay rent for
me to Diana, as Bob Hardell is going to lend me
£50 to him on until I pitch in Wolfich's book. Diana
phoned up a couple of times; briefly 'like', at any rate,
S. Husain told me: "The trouble with her is that she is
weaker and will always be unhappy". He both agreed
that when she is loved she is utterly unbearable.

To day Benito came as we spent the whole day
working. Although I am off the booze, I can hardly
sleep without sleeping tablets and yesterday at the
day before I had to take 2 'cinchles' instead of 1, and
only have two left. I had purchased them from Barbara
Dunstan and I am worried about not replacing them.
Peter Schles is dead. He died on Friday the 13th and I was at his funeral on Wednesday. He was a poet and a great living when I last saw him here because he had already been infected by Tuberculosis disease. I flew over for his funeral but Saturday night. I am deeply affected. It is not an exaggeration to say that he was the nicest man I have ever known. He was 82 years old. This is the first time I am affected by a death as it is shaking at all inconceivable. He is a German, born in Dresden all his life, and yet it was not unusual more than anyone else knew him. A terrible void, inexplicable in walks without clothes, phonics, sentimentality,-entering a wandering. I am lucky in my gift for crying because it seems bearable. Everything else seems bearable and stupid compared to this deathful loss. After any warning, or sometimes in the most inconvenient places, my eyes suddenly swell and tears start rolling.

So, my Peterchen is dead. I had started to describe how when I was last here, I had become his ad at the hotel. The director entrusted to describe me to him. Two times behind him that very night. He found of his very eyes, his heart of him, in the same space.

We, as an ignorance joined, Aki saying she was his fiancée, she had promised his friends from coming to see him in the hospital, had lied to me over the phone about his state, told me not to come - as didn't bothered to tell me he had died. Now the shock near Peter's father, a man whom Peter hated and who never named his fingers to help him. One of the richest men in Dresden, who gave his son the cheapest of burial, for, his friends, new instinct or all his. It was terrible, cheap, and voluptuous and unforgettable.

With me I went to see his mother the morning. I looked at his library, his books, his collection, at again his over-shadowed by a terrible opium. But the world was yesterday night, in Witte's kitchen, when I broke into uncontrollable sobs. She, with, seemed to understand despite me for it. The mood feeling that no, he can't be dead, he will live again something else. So, can't it be? And then what's death? No doubt it is the common feeling in such cases. I am too full of him to think of anything else. I am thinking too, too much.
at our full of barbiturates. The feeling of insecurity and fear is 
beginning to affect me again and I am afraid of a depression. 
Mr. Smith asked me to stay in Peter's room, but I found the idea 
of sleeping in his room unbearable. I have been raging and dully 
and droning each day except that of the funeral. With the 
hour of his passing the emotions in the funeral, was over the coffin 
we are believed to be in, neither did he. And him his 
awful walk behind the coffin to the funeral place. His father, 
step-mother, and his sister, Gabrielle, were there, and me, his 
friends, Service of us, another, holding each other. and him 
the lowering of the coffin. It was a floored, cheap place in 
the cemetery, is near the edge of the flowers. And then 
we left them there, the water, creeping down on him, for away 
out the north end of the cemetery, all alone. I am amazed 
that now people don't go mad of such experiences.

To save money, I had to prevent in rich colleagues from seeing 
what a cheap place he had bought for his son, the father hadn't 
announced Peter's death. So, after the funeral, it was all 
mostly (as action) of revenge against the New School and 
several agents. Aki - we put an announcement in the 
paper, raging. Not me, his friends would not forget him. Then 
which at will cut, musk and cut, at one place 
and you cut explained Aki's real relationship to Peter (the 
bus already taken to watch, his wallet with all his possessions 
in the hospital - including a transistor radio while he was in hospital). And yesterday, 
sitting in the kitchen, the telephone ringing icy cold minutes, 
and with my mouth the joy of such news blew death 
either of Aki nor the father, I burst into tears of the 
impenitence of it all and I quarreled with little.

I invented that Bob became SME to the funeral and he died. The night 
before he had taken me out to supper and couldn't seem to understand 
with my grief.

I am glad I have already discussed my meeting - he 
said me from bitter despair, introduced me to write, talked 
books and politics with me, put my papers in order, saw about
my parent, made it necessary for me to go to England, so I went, and my life. And the first thing I came to Cambridge to see him. Always very gentle, he still blessed when he went to talk to me about his activities with the Pekingese about putting my life in order, he had written to his cousin, a doctor, about me, in which he keeps the copies of his letters he has sent for me to various ministries and insurance companies, etc. He has a similar cousin in India — who helped me up in his illustrious firm, looked after me, was his protégé, advised and supervised Godfather.

London Friday 28th.

I returned last Saturday. The last days in Cambridge were sad and miserable. Some letters were twice at length at Peter's library, which I tried, I couldn't hold my tears. Monica fell in love with me. She was very gentle and tender to her. I have already decided to go away. I find with Peter's passing away, there was absolutely nothing more between us and myself. She was kind and hospitable. She told me Peter had also been like her. Good for him. Both Peter's and Monica's lives run by the lovely bookish, it was brief, it was sad, and they were all dotted.

Captain Mary from Bob. That night I understood that Monica was in love with me. Poor lonely divorce.

I cried a lot. Today I took Peter's picture away from the mantelpiece because I couldn't look at it. I loved him absolutely. Very often I am simply incapable of realizing he is dead. I still believe he shall rise again.

When I returned, I was really sick in the funny and wanted to die. Monica was kind and sympathetic. She understood and fell asleep. But Diana was cold and asleep. I drank myself senseless the first two days — together with Delia and I met a girl of many together. Whenever I am alone I cannot think of Peter — of all he did for me, of my life when I was to see him. Could his death have been avoided?

I've stopped taking old pills, but I am busy and happy and living again.
Tuesday October 1st

My room is cozy, warm and homely in preparation for the winter. Now that I pay rent I feel more that it is mine - all my books, records, papers etc are around me and it is comforting and cheerful.

With less of Peter I have no connection with Germany at all anymore. My visa has been renewed for another year and my passport has also another year to run before I have to renew it at the end. My 'girl-friend' is nice. Deide, whose company and character I love very much. Physically though, I am not terribly keen on her. It is a pity. I am beginning to start looking at women again - I've even tried to get in touch with Ruth Watson again.

Saturday mornings I go to the park, drink tea and sit on the benches. Last week I went for a walk with Dean. Pete and Michael Scott. We had a picnic of something like 6:1 - the bars were closed of course and we had simply pocketed the quid. It made me fuming. I was hard pressed. Deide was with me. She bought me whisky and we ended up at the pub. But I didn't feel like making love to her afterwards. She felt disappointed and angry. Yesterday she got her final medical exam to celebrate, because she had done well.

Tuesday October 29th

A whole month gone by, without any constructive thing done, without any genuine piece of work accomplished. To stop myself thinking I gamble with borrowed money and drink myself senseless. Deide was in hospital for a fortnight for an operation on her leg. I visited her every day and brought her lots of goodies, and made her comfortable. Funny again this, not one other person visited her, except Diana and nice Julia. For a very short while. She came out last week and we don't fancy her physically any more. Not at all and it is heartbreaking. We are still the three together, she came to the pub with us on Saturdays, drinks with me when she wants, will do whatever I want, plays Trumble with me, is good company and an interesting and charming companion.
and was it is only so a companion that I want her. Often when I am very drunk, I think of what a perfect wife she would be to me. But then I am rich, my relationship is the way it must be overwhelmingly physical and I cannot stand the idea of sharing my life with a woman unless I want to jump on her every second.

But something has happened to me sexually - burning and rather frightening. I am not the randy, over-excited person I am anymore. I get brief and quickly dissipated sexual urges.

I miss having a car very much indeed - but in General there is no high price this month. It's been sold as a present - but I haven't bothered to convince her. Notice how sensitive she was. I feel guilty for having encouraged her. Apart from money, I am worried about her time. I seem to be her whole time of present. Sylvia Sine is in a dreadful state of depression and has come to me for consolation. I think Tomboy is taking her for a terrible ride. I am very, very close and being very kind in return. I am trying very much to do me with her.

Tuesday 26th Nov.

Home just been re-reading last year's diary of this same period. My God, I was having a lonely time. I wouldn't have had it hadn't had the car.

And I have been going 'steady' like for a long long time with Erica. At times, I have experienced before, the feelings scientifically in love. Is Tolly stupid or Capricious - when I go off her for a short while. She can't play. I break with me, does what I want the whole evening and then, if she has drink enough, we make love. There is a ritual and in any love making. It started of the beginning and has never changed. The room must be absolutely dark because she won't let me see her naked. Usually she is already lying naked in bed while I am in another room guzzling lots of still drinks very quickly so she build up more appetite for
her. (Some people are important when drunk which, I am glad to say, is the opposite case with me.) We were all in bed with her and she is in my arm, than she hysterically grapples with her mouth in my sexual organs. She keeps me down there avidly, on top, above me, frenziedly licking my legs, putting my balls in her mouth, holding my organ and gently sucking its tip. She pants and forgets when she comes and keeps on saying "Oh you lovely, lovely, lovely". Her tongue part of her body machine comes against my knee and it is all wet. The rhythm of her body machine comes against my knee and it is all wet. I rub my fingers against her breasts giving sign with pleasure, then takes it again and put it in her mouth, softly licking the tip, I am often worried about such moments because it excited her terribly and I am afraid to come. Finally I drag her up, turn over her, eat her screams with delight when I cannot her. "Oh orgasm, oh orgasm, oh orgasm", She goes on. I usually don't last long at all, but I think she comes quickly too. But I have no desire for her often that at all at all - because she is mighty in the slipping out of her mouth. I would have preferred her much shiner. She often breaks into tears at the near reality. Smiling, crying, always absolutely spark and span, post-draft clean and smellly nice and often I think how one day we shall part because I am a fool, cd not if I wanted to get married! Tho' I will never find anyone me suitable then she. But I am a romantic cd want to get married only for utterly frenzied passionate love. Oh fool fool fool.

One day last week I Deirdre had spent the night with me and was still here, the telephone rang.

"Who are you?" said the voice.
"I'm alright," I said. "And are you?" I wasn't sure who it was. I thought it was Anna.
"What are you doing?"
Wednesday Nov. 27.

In nearly two weeks now, I have been unable to sleep. I sit in bed reading and specially dig off at about six a.m. in the morning and sleep uncomfortably, waking up now and then to answer the phone, until two or so in the afternoon. I am tired and find it difficult to concentrate when I am awake. The change in my health when I used to take triennials, I used to wake up very fresh and full of energy. Yesterday afternoon, while playing cards with Berdie, he suddenly got into a tantrum against nothing at all, and I looked at her in bewilderment. She left home afterwards and left alone, I started working till two. But again, I was unable to sleep or read on well's papers edited by Sarah. I was fascinated till 6:30 a.m. and was written by Berdie's telephone, apologetic. So she is now painting away at a good thing I woke to early. Perhaps I will sleep tonight.

Amongst all the parties, I had been to the last two only, went two at Dony's Holland to celebrate her passing his exam in psychology. Once Friday we went to the theater. Dony's twin and myself. We begged with Peter Chalt and this went to his place for him. He and myself to play cards. He was drunk, no one was able to see the cards at all. We ended up playing a game. Peter suddenly stood up and started throwing his fob of my nose. I had never expected anything like that. I took a taxi home, speedy and with blood. I've seen him ill, treat his family when drunk and lying on the horses, but never expected it to be what he did. Although, I have met him since, am in large part in favor of him so I used to.

Tomorrow I am supposed to meet Akira and Colen. Bendit to take them to W&S house. The wife of first Eugene Levine the Spartacus leader who had been condemned to death at later 1940s he later married Ernst Mayr, chairman of the communist party of Germany. She
"I am doing what? Why are you doing?"

"I am at Nothing Hill gate..."

"What are you doing? Why are you? Why are you there?"

"Are you at once or twice or once?" she said. It was Paula Velig.

I borrowed Sydney's car, some money, and a suit, got nicely tipsy, and went to meet her at 7 at the college. She was staying at the Wightman's and I was to meet her at Nothing Hill gate station. I had admired eight minutes on no to early, so went into a pub and kept anticipating my meeting - the large smile on my face, the fun of seeing each other again, the satisfaction in resurrecting a nearly dead memory. Ten minutes later than I had expected, the child didn't turn up and I phoned up the Wightman's. She had her watch a stopped and for me to go and pick her up at an meeting was very different from what I had expected.

She walked very matter-of-fact to the car, and I drove to a pub and half an hour later was hoping she did not intend to spend much more time with me because she loved me still. She didn't look well at attractive, was mostly quiet and rather boring. I drove her to meet Charlotte both an ad she said she'd come to evening tennis next afternoon.

I was having lunch with Emilie Massenback next day, and woke up dreaming the arrival of Paula. I arrived home at 4 in the afternoon, hoping she had phoned and given me up - the fact she was downstairs with Barbara with whom she had had lunch in town. I went downstairs she as well as I were we rather aloof - she called a taxi ad departed. Rather sad.

Next to many parties of our lot of people, but these things must be written about quietly. Read - a tried to read Kafka's diary and was bored stiff by the depression (nice) man.

Financial situation unstoppable ad unprintable. Everyday nice ad lovely at home.
From Novices, Karmans, Buchairn, Trochty, Levin, and lived
in the Kremlin during some of the most historical times.

Friday Nov 29th.

It seems that that pleasant and Karmans's affair with Peodies
has come to an end. To me this is very very sad, it makes
me unhappy and full of regrets, but no energy of
miserable and no great emotional turmoil. The reason is
because I know she loves me, there is no question of another
man, and that I know that she is suffering more than I. If
most people feel as I do about such a situation, then there
is surely something fundamentally rotten in such relationships.

Why should the fact that she is miserable, lessen my
own unhappiness? If I am sad about an having parted,
it is because I am genuinely very fond and attached to her.
But if I am so kind of her, surely she would want her to be
at least happy, with or without me? It is inexplicable
except in terms of other selfishness and egoism.

I had started to really pull myself together and start working
but Sunday and told her so. She agreed it was time. I stopped
drinking, started putting my things in order, (bought the
diary up to date), finished Mike Black's mess and read it.
She came on Monday morning that I was working and when
I concentrated more on my work than on her, she flew
into a rage when we were playing Tanka. So we went
whatever, and left at once. She then asked me to
apologise, come with her to paint and things. I went and
she painted but she kept on a running commentary until
I told her, I could only do that up. Five minutes later she
left. I played up, she returned, we played Tanka, and
again because I was not completely attentive to her, she
left with tears in her eyes. Yesterday we were supposed
to go and have dinner at Vladimir. I phoned her up at
she said she wouldn't come. I was furious, since the evening
before just before leaving it was agreed that we meet here
at 7. I phoned up again and she absolutely refused to
come. I said that that would be the end of our friendship.
Perhaps I am not too miserable because I am not yet certain that it is really the end.

Yesterday I waited for Danny John Bendit of Stalk Farm. He came at 11 half an hour late, apologizing. We spoke in French as usual to Miss Levine yet next door in Eton College Rd. Aki was there which prompted, because I felt embarrassed. We went off skiing. He is going to be fat, a red head with a thick neck. I thought liked him. He was shy and quiet at the beginning but later, after having drank a large drink, he became more agreeable and I was slightly embarrassed, because he said that he was happy and he could make lots of money by making a film with Goddard.

Afternoon I didn't say much but did like him.

He introduced himself as 'Danny' to Miss Levine, who of no uncertain, declined him in his to make a revolution. I wondered idly if I was witnessing a historical event. I thought of myself particularly if he goes on studying in the jewellery (where he is unhappy), he told me.

I drank two large sherry's so had fetched the best. Went to the parlour, cooked a very poor dazed cheese for 5/- but it all except for 10/- lacked a house called that was too much, which came out of 100.7. No got 5/- back. But since was caught it call back ad 5/- out of which I bought a bottle of Scotch because I was feeling rather guilty about besides being unhappy and it was the 10/- she told me she wouldn't give me it was a favour.

I went through my address book and suddenly discovered I was woman - once again. Found that things come in waves. I borrowed $100's from Cumberland Terrace. The dinner of Khalid's was rather a bore. He cooked an unknown meal, enough for ten. So typically middle eastern, it's hard of course, chicken and rice in Egypt and fish. Chicken or rice is an expensive meal and how to show your house for your guests, you cook it?
but here it isn’t expensive, but I don’t understand. Rather

Drove back at 12. It was misty, and after leaving
the car in Cumberland terrace, I walked back across
Regents Park and then Primrose hill. I hadn’t slept for
a very long time, and was hoping to sleep well at last,
and to turn day into day again. I did sleep at
once, but the phone woke me up at 1 a.m. It was
Calvin in for Diana. I dozed off again, but woke up
through the hell singing, and couldn’t sleep till
they finally went to bed at about 3:30 or so. So I
woke up very late again. But I had slept well and
was full of energy. Went shopping ad, of course, but
30/- at the booty.

Saturday 30th Nov.
Contrary to my past habits, I haven’t gone to the pub to
stay up although it is Saturday. Trouble when one starts
working after such a long time, one suddenly realizes the
amount one hasn’t done. ‘Wasted’ people would call it,
except that it is living too and it is time one demolished
its cult, which is universally shared, that work is good.
Which is good only if you enjoy it, otherwise it is simply
an unnecessary necessity, and the best one has, one can
do of it, the better — provided of course, one is not
living on other people’s backs (as I am). This, in fact,
is what I like about the British in contrast to the
rest of the Europeans, up to here was a good many
years as little as possible and quite rightly too — except
of course, the bloody capitalist Spencer, who used to
die by the new — working of the rest of the population,
have created the myth of the ‘goodness of work.’ Fury
Not amongst the left-wing ad commie Gorgon this
aspect of things seems to have been ignored. The
Trotskyist movement here (which is gathering momentum now,
I don’t know why), tried to replace my membership. They
consider themselves the only inheritors of the Bolshevice movement.
so it will not end herein until destroyed by Stalin. This is something in what they say, except that I think Trotsky went ahead in the end, and I wish they had not told him so a symbol. In today's newsletter, their paper, they mention Castro or "Castro and his chateau bourgeois, cliché" makes life very difficult all this.

Tuesday Morning

Have been at my long drinking binge since Saturday evening. Bob Hunger and Hal Wells gave a lovely party Saturday evening. White wine and oysters (which I don't eat, but it was nice to see it given by ice). They drove us home early in the morning. As soon as I woke up I started drinking again (had 1/2 a bottle of Scotch which I bought on Thursday when I won the horses). Then I woke up with Reid who came along and also bought 1/2 a bottle of Scotch. We played table and it was very pleasant. Bill and Sheila came with more wine and we also drank that. Yesterday, Monday, went to the Feathers and breakfasted with Bob Hill in the evening, dining out post-dated cheques...

Wednesday Dec. 18th 1968

About ten days ago, the Wednesday after the last entry, or a matter of fact - I once again did what I have often done in my life - got drunk and went berserk and spew some deep in my, although undeserved, already often described lines. Then I wrote no I knew it will not be the last time, nor it will probably happen over and over again. Gambling seems to be replacing sex with me. The same thrill, but the excitement and the feel of an anticipated event, I was felt prior to a gamble at, like sex, I want it now and I am more daring, when I am drunk.

Last Wednesday we ate the me before the last. Anne had asked me to go to her place for supper. We had a few drinks and then someone (Dan Greenberg - a nice chap) plowed her up for a party at of course I told him to go. She had also asked a young pseudo-actor (Hopfenberg type) to come for
Supper, etc. I said I'd take care of the girl, and for her not to worry. Anne gave me £100 to pay two months rent with as to spend the rest. The girl, very young, and very pretty, with hair falling down to the waist came. Kindly we became. Anne went away, kind and I drank, got drunk, ate, danced and flirted. I had borrowed Sylvia's car for the evening. Anne returned with Dan, and kind and I drove here for a coffee. I drank whisky, and suddenly got the gambling bug. Drunk, took kind and drunkenly drove to the Mayfair, lost the £100. Returned home of about 4 a.m. with kinder. She slept but I didn't much. She woke me at eight. I drove her to the station, wrote a letter to Sylvia (I was still very drunk) — I was destitute, gave her a cheque, and asked her to find me the money. I gave her the letter, the car, and the cheque, and went to sleep. Thursday was a terrible day. Deidre came in the morning and I told her what I had done. Then Lucien phoned up — Sylvia had already told him. He said, bless him, to phone him up to 8 a.m. to go to his place of work. I phoned up for a taxi, went to the pub with Deidre, bought an impossible cheque for £5. Drank more whisky, lost another £2 in the basset, then, together with Deidre, went to Lucien. Brought a bottle of wine, ate something, went upstairs with Lucien — and burst into tears.

Oh lord, oh lord, oh lord. An orgy of despising myself.

Sylvia said she'd lend me some money. Collected down, checked once more, the once more with Deidre. Poor Deidre. Next morning, physically, mentally, and financially bankrupt. I went to Sylvia's parents to come for them. One look at Sylvia and [I knew she was taking back yesterday's promise. She drove we made, went with her 'advice'. It killed me, and up to the end I didn't know whether she is single minded on simply a hypocrite.

"Tell your bank manager," she says, "they like to help foreigners!"
"Tell him," I say, "that you'll cook in my parents' own ad then get paid for them."
"Tell him you'll be busy sitting..."
"Yes," I told her, "I shall." I leant her out the window. She
with what a quarter of a million ON HER OWN—
She left and I took her nothing can to do the shopping. The house,
in Cumberland Terrace overlooking Regents Park. Our looking?
IN the bloody park, is filled with: Picasso, Utrillo,
Chagall, Kokosha, one Matisse, one Degas, one Renoir
... and when I tell the waiter how I need some whisky to
cook with (to drink of course) she goes and opens a bar and
comes with a bottle of Maltell:
"Is this whisky?" she asks.
"No," I said.
Half -fleisch, miserable, hating myself, I spent six hours in
the kitchen and cooked them good food they never knew even
existed:
"What's that?"
"Couscous"
"And that?"
"CELERY"
"OK."

Gave me 7/5— for my work and I walked home across the two
parks (Regents and Primrose Hill) pondering whether really
it wasn't time I visited myself. Nothing but a monster, liar,
hypocrite, weak witted, spilt idiot. Friday I had a
bath, pinched on thrills from downstairs and slept well.
so... wrote note to refund, beat me. Saturday I quarrelled
with her. She was, no wonder, slightly patronising
cand (no wonder) rather despising. Told her, in after
words, to let her off as to leave me alone. This was my life
and she didn't like it so left it.

"By my life is involved with you " she pleaded.
"Well I'm not going to be converted into a deadly, middle-
class — meddler," I shouted back. Unfair, unfair. But
then I don't love her— again. Blot me.

Sunday I wouldn't see her. Monday I phoned up David
Westham. Monday I told Mrs Henry 'I was in a way
and she said yes for the work I am doing for her (more
eight late) - gave me a cheque for £ 20. Monday
Night I went to David's office then we drove to his place in Putney. Had supper there and he gave me a cheque for £110.

There is no moral in the story of course. None has been. I try pick myself up, want to take a few days, arrange things slightly, but I don't even desire myself anymore. The only morality which is correct, or for, c'mon enclosed is that it would be immoral to take all this from my friends, and also to be miserable or the same time. Yet would be terribly immoral.

Dickie said oh'd put him and I agreed it was right. I really am too fond of him to want see his life ruined. So she did leave me for two days but came back again and when we were making love the usual ritual she said she was promiscuous because although we had split, she was still sleeping with me. Oh well.

And last Saturday I bought a car. Oh dear oh dear oh dear. Yes, a car. Reg Greve gave it to me for £10. Nice little Ford. So there. I was invited together with Thomas to supper at Brenda's place. She said that nice Harry (of the price business incidentally, born under mean star around anyone) because Harry suddenly turned straight and hard work and became quite nice and there was nothing to none any more. Poor Brenda. She is mad. Anyway, although smell of Uganda was there, I was bored and DROVE back early to bed. Harry was being quite quite hard for me, afraid (when I must embitter or describe in detail to wonder). 67 6th December 1968.

I'm going to kill myself tonight. The lesson of the daily notes: "I must with the confuse I am do to kill myself". The time has come. I am, of course, closed. But the sense it would have been so difficult (I acknowledge the drunks with myself). But what else could I do? No way. Just is really really not...
apologies, because I said I would go too hypothetical. Of course I could not have left it in an
behind. But I am happy to report. I am leaving
very well edited. I will only write a few
pieces of literature. You might try it."

Heinz Jenkens (of Rheinl, Muller's) W. Germany

160

David Nussbaun $1,10 + 30/64

Dina Maurikl

Peter Miggel $280-

Wojick $100

Sire (of my left) Peter Check 26

It all amounts to less than $1,000. What
since you I have not been mentioned.

- whatever I hope post-earn is you,
with the hope that you will get it possible,

It had to happen, sweetheart. My life was only a
matter of post-date - put me off - off-off, and
really of best. I was thin, and rather confused

Diana to you. I do not have to write very much. You
understood, and of course realized that I had
to end up like this. I leave you my 4-5 years
last diary (my life) - while, obviously, you understood
I would not have to this person I love most — you.

Sweetheart of mine,

There are actual real tragedies in life and this obvious tragedy is that of demain. I have lived, spent, been sentimental, dashed at impossible dreams, but I have also, in spite of all this, sometimes been terribly kind and even very sincere. All the boxes, my flabby seams, your picture, belong to you and I am sure Diana will give them to you (except for one book which actually belong to Diana).

And the most dramatic moment of my life — the only authentic one, is a terrible let-down. I have utterly swallowed my death; I could vanish in it out of I want to. Honest of myself, I really don't want to. It is a pleasure. I am doing this not in a sad, unhappy way; but on the contrary, happy way. But on the contrary, happy way. and I have always loved, Sincerely —
Can: standing up 1st floor. The festival, please give to Reg. Street (or well in his hand).
Cud & Co (bottom man - to Cud & Co). (2 pages in the back of the case).