Dear Doris,

It’s such a relief being able to write to you — and having you to write to. A most miserable few days have gone by — an affair de Coeur — a lost love — sleeplessness — tossoy — all night and the weighing of facing a new day. This exhaustion, all night and the waiting of facing a new day. This exhaustion, the heaviest of the heart as if it were wrapped with one feels, the heaviest of the heart as if it were wrapped with one feels, the heaviest of the heart as if it were wrapped with one feels, the heaviest of the heart as if it were wrapped with one feels, the heaviest of the heart as if it were wrapped with

me.

- I can’t help myself with my mind on hand, on hand — I can’t help myself with my mind on hand, on hand — I can’t help myself with my mind on hand, on hand — I can’t help myself with my mind on hand, on hand.

I told my mind to be with you, I told myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell myself I’d tell yourself.
You wish it to sleep, suddenly no without drama or theatre. Just
sleep, sleep.

Back to the pub, a couple sit holding hands, you look
out again to another pub, this is closing down.

Everyone is closing down. It is two a clock after midnight.

Three sleeping tablets.

It's too early to go to work, but I go all the same.

I drove home and read. Then I drive away to the train
station to have a coffee and one cigarette after another. Oh,
the pain. Back to the office. The small, petty things which
used to amuse you, don't anymore. You've made bigger, older
items that. The usual talk about the state of the Roads or
which Debut vodkas went where in all us rugby clubs to
think about. You don't know what to do after the office.

You can't start your room anymore. You hate it.

You become suddenly very gentle - with everybody,
your answers are all quite and a bit dispirited, and despair
without being dissolute. It is death and you watch
yourself die. To pine - pining and despairing as Nabokov
would have said - or pining and were pining.

You don't want to speak to anyone, you don't want
anyone to speak to you, but if they do, as I said,
you are very gentle in your answers.

You begin to regret your desire, believe in
God, you want to believe in him. To plead with
him to cry out to him, exposing you pain in the palm
of your hand, stretched out to him to relieve you of all
you will be left a holy man and serene - but you

don't believe.

Day after day

In your wriggles to seek relief you extend your
whole self to some person, the one person I feel closest to
- you my Inclined Pianist. Forgive me for letter 15th,
believing me now than before.

For the love of all.

W. A. D.
Yes, darling Diana, that's how I feel.

If I didn't have you to write to I'd have gone mad.

Editions Robert Laffont of Paris have made me the following offer for my book £200 advance.

8% to 5000 copies
10% up to 10,000
12% over 10,000.

Shall I accept it? I mean do you think it's good (£200 would be most handy of the moment).

In the horrible state in I am in now, if I wrote a proper letter it would only be even more boring than the enclosed love-rick one.

Beau Base with me for another week or so, sweetheart.
when are you publishing my book?  
Do you need photos?