It is early in the morning, very early. I have been unable to sleep. I have been unable to sleep and have been thinking, too intensely perhaps, of my 'life' and of my ways and particularly of my emotions.

For a reason I now know, I am denied happiness, contentment, satisfaction. The reason is that I am made emotionally weak, my darling would not have been so bad, if the emotional lunacy were not coupled with a terrible mental sanity. To realize my behaviour, character, and particularly feeling is utterly abnormal, completely insane — to realise it, to see it, to be unable to do anything about it at all, that I shall never be happy a wish to look forward to another is a most terrible realisation. I am also not free. My deep, in a most horrible realisation. I am completely from doing what I should do — and at all. I am completely when metie, and I know how terrible it is for you to receive this letter — my I don't know what to do. As I said, I am too terribly mentally sane not to see the whole scene objectively. It is unjust to be so sane as married to such an insane state. Behaviour. It is no use mangling let you thinking central you behaviour ... it does, it does but it is 'controlled' behaviour. I act sane and normal. But it is only acting ... only acting. It would be so easy to be a pathetic drunk ... "No one understands me" alcoholic. But I have not been drinking for six days now. Not a drop, and my behaviour has been so normal and wise ... even going for walks and acting so sane like ... reasonable. Not too much coffee, not too many cigarettes. To bed at eleven, a shower in the morning, washing the car, trying to write, reading, polite and charming to my visitors, watering the garden ...
but they are not impulses. They are not the "behaving" doing anything out of desire to do it, I am doing what my mind tells me to do it, because although insane, I know what a sane behavior is and try to behave accordingly. OK dealing with shall I do. This is not a sudden departure, but a particular crisis, not an unusual thing . . . I am that way, I have been that way for a long time . . . and I don't know what to do. What a relief it would be to end it . . . how I look forward to an accident . . . and to life, acceptable to you, Samson and Kitty — I look and hope . . . for it each day . . . it is horrible . . . (Isn't worry, too? Then it is no question a risk of me influencing fate or it were. I am a careful driver and shall not die through a deliberate mishap.)

But writing this letter now, to you, embeds a new fear in me; the fear that my emotional insanity will eventually reach my thinking too. I know how cruel it is to write this to you and send it, but still I am doing it . . . out of a terrible despair dealing I don't know what to do . . . I don't.

I told you I cannot take my life, because of you, Samson and Kitty. The most horrible thing in all this is the fact that I have only met you about a year ago . . . but I only got to know Samson really only about the same time I met you . . . and a for Kitty, I hadn't seen her for about 5 years until last Summer . . . terrible, because at my age, my life hangs only on people who have crossed my life one year ago . . . all the other years, I have not annored
a lasting relationship with anyone, except a passionate one, like striking a match — burns quickly and leaves a worthless black residue.

What shall we practice, what shall we do.

Even to come to England at this time, does not particularly attract me anymore. I see myself as an emotionally pathetic and rather repulsive thing, which I myself want to get rid of, but since I am living with this thing (me) hanging round my neck, so it were. Perhaps all this is the beginning of a mad man's ravings. If so, it might bring me relief to live a ravaging man. I mean. But I am not Diana, I am not.

I am going away this Friday to stay with Bob Klein (I think I must write to you about him at some time in the next) at a beautiful house, with exquisite furniture and surroundings, in a hills and forests. The surroundings — with lakes to swim in. I shall return on Monday evening.

With you, my love, I have my second ... friendship, company, sympathy, money, help, encouragement, hospitality ... and in return, I have given you nothing, except such horrible letters as the one I am writing now.

Oh Diana, sweetheart ... such despair.
Perhaps to be at your flat now, curled up on your armchair would have done me good. O.K. yes, I am sure it would have done me good. To have you and Savir (Don't ever show him this letter or tell him about this, please) around, would have done me good.
I have just re-read these three sheets. I have written such an 'un-English' letter, such an 'ungentlemanly' one. Such a selfish, egotistical, repulsive letter, such an 'abusing of friendship' letter.

I cannot ask you to forgive me, because it would only be hypocritical ... (all I have to do is not send it.)

...But I am, of course, going to send it. Send it because utter lunacy; and, on top of all this, would be even more unbearable.

Oh Diana, Diana, what shall I do? Is this...

On what to when is even completely calms?

...as if I am mad (unpleasantly so -- not a pleasant madness at all ) ...what shall I do?

I have such a yearning for death. I shall not die.

Sweetheart, and perhaps the future will bring me happiness, but whether it does or not, I feel the tragedy of it all now... to yearn so much of my age for death.

Perhaps, also, this letter is only part of my 'theatrical' life, my intense desire to 'live' and experience all emotions -- both tragic and happy... perhaps perhaps...

Bye bye sunshine. I'll write you again next week. Don't worry about me. Just a mood of course. Don't worry. I'll get over it all my love...

Gay.