Dear Diana,

Two lonely long letters from you at Friday night just before I leaving, and sat. morning early we were off to the mountains. Pleasant 6 hour drive with good harmony and pleasant weather all round. We arrived here at about 2 in the afternoon and at 2.30 I was already whisking down the valleys on my skis, so I spent that Diana. The beautiful speed and the zigzagging here and there - a smile of happiness on my face and all troubles and/...

Sunday at eight o'clock in the morning I was already at the first run on the ski lift and there was no bearing me away from the slopes until sunset. Missed lunch and all the hotel so I don't think I gained any strength to edit the all day. In the evening, after a half hour nap, we went to a dance and twisted and tangled and fox trotted my way in a rotten atmosphere girl's affectation until 2 after midnight.

Driving back at 2 (about 10 miles) I was in a lovely hungry and started singing all my favorite old tunes: "Parles moi d'aimer", and "vouz qui posez sans me voir" and "J'attendrai" and "Yes, we have no bananas" and "I kiss you hard madam" and "Janner, a place for one only" (The Jean Sibelius wonderful maps) and "valentine" and many other songs of another generation to mine that to which I very strangely belong in an inexplicable way. Perhaps she came at Grandma's home when I was a child living with all my aunts and mother and uncle, these were tunes being played all day long an these pretty horned phonographs.
and, as I said, we visited, we chatted, in bed
with one long leg in plaster (very painful yesterday
— feels to-day very much better)
Monday morning I was again in the picture at
eight and someone took a flag away from the
most dangerous slope — a flag indicating
a break in the snow and on I jumped, on in
the air — a happy bird! Yesterday's song still
on my lips: I look beneath me — no snow —
it was vaila. 5 weeks - roo in plaster
by next year here, those two days were glorious
and I don't care.

A list of self-pity yesterday and a lot of hatred
— thinking again but to-day comfortable in bed
with a mare near my bed as being well looked
after by having and unkind and another assistant
and friend who also came with us. When the
doctor said we would not be broken, being face
dell more than nine, the poor boy
I am going to remain here until Sunday in
my room reading and writing. I don't know
whether my book has been reviewed or not
—and strangely enough I don't seem to care
very much; I've tried to re-read it, and
frankly I know I need all the encouragement
in it. I am not re-writing my second book.
There is a lot of rhinoceros in that book.

Most of what you say about the different ways of being
love-starved is true. Mine, alas never means away
so you think it would, unless my emotions are involved
with someone else (or I told you before about my mother
saying: One nail to drive off another) (as I am
writing this, being so pleasant here came up with 12 bottles
of champagne, one cage, one vodka — it's going to be
one of these nights, I'm afraid) of course my love letters
are nearly ready, but I am still in love, as suddenly
get pangs of pain until I'm in love with someone
else. True, we know I am an addict, and

...certainly my suffering is, in my way of bearing
it, much lighter than other peoples. And I am willing
to go all over I did the last week again, rather than
know that you are in a similar situation. Thanks god I
diminished the irritation and put my heart out and all
that theatre. I have discovered, a long time ago -- no --
not a long time ago, after my about 5 years ago, when
Esquire really struck me, and it was authentic then, as then
was then no theatre about it at all. I discovered, then, that
there is no benefit, no learning, no wisdom, to the
absurdities from misery.

* This last I had written on Wednesday in continuation of page
2, but I couldn't find anyone until now.

significant:

Yes, and here is this living wandle when I never
heard of before, giving me a lot of space and
the title and pride of place, and then writing some
very insignificant facts about that bean. Still I
was pleased.

What interested me in this critic, is the one about
'The Fugitive' by Pierre Gorcan (also Deutsh) and
pleased to see) who says apropos Germans: "a
combination of pondeousness, zeal, and short - lived
sentimentality, a people often given to fearful excess,
but whose principle talent was that of being boring"

-- this is perfectly so.

More people have come from Rhught to-day and
more to-morrow. Being has placed the bottle of
whiskey, nuts, cigarettes, radios and aspirins near my
bed and said he won't go to give me another
look the whole day, because if he did, he would
say. But he was very pleased about the nuisance.

Brilliant sunshine to-day.

Much later:

been trying to go to sleep but impossible.

Je commence a avoir le cafard again. I'll
probably go on the hogue -- although it means
I'll only feel worst to-morow. Oh, what a
it, not perhaps, so terrible as yours in similar circumstances. And I would rather go through that pain over and over again, than to know that you are in that situation simply because I know, for with my medicines, my disinfection, and extraction of engagement even from this intense misery, it is easier for me than for you who will let it grind at your heart in silence.

Wed. morning:

I pretended to nip my umpire while the two boys were getting roaring drunk, and quietly moved over and slept. I dreamt of her - the bitch, and woke up at three unable to sleep anymore. It is funny, though, I have no wish whatsoever to return to Rheayd. I don't want to see her - that house or my room anymore - I shall change my room or move, I promise you. Today, I feel, this going to be a kind of a heavy, heart, day.

The sun is shining outside, everything in white and glimmering with black dots moving up and down the slopes. If I have money, and my leg is in order, I shall ask you to come for a turn here in Wittingham.

Sundays. Two days.

I couldn't go on writing yesterday, low - although I did very much want to write, and today I have to hospital, suspecting and proving right, that the plaster was wrongly done - plaster cut off today, and the doctor simply refused to make a new one - insisting 2 go to my own doctor in Rheayd.

And how I loathe general - I shall bind myself with splinters - although the showed up my doctor as he said although I may Edwards, bandage it and apply splinters, I couldn't travel that many miles how. And I should go to the hospital in another town. To clear as yesterday, thinking of that hateful person Edith, and yesterday breakfast, someone got me Sunday's Observe, and there I was - pride of place and all ad I did think it would also please you. I didn't think the critic go in anyway.
terrible means. I'm getting to be.
I'll be in Rheugdt when you get this.

Don't worry about me, my love. Everything will be alright and I'll write to you Monday from Rheugdt to tell you how things are.

Lots of affection & friendship

[Signature]