Diaries
This business is having a terrible effect on me
... very very much more than you can imagine
... don't say "I know"... because you don't. I
shall try and explain that my diary is me
having cut anyone else reading it is entirely
different... there is no relationship whatsoever in what I am writing, and what would be
read by anyone else reading it. By reading
this diary you have prained and humiliated
yourself... but also by reading it, you have
automatically made me a monster and pushed
me very much towards what I have been
trying to avoid... desperately, time last is
years or so... towards insanity... you might
know... and whenever you repeat what I have
written, you are pushing me further towards
what seems now inevitable, mental disorder.

When I started writing this particular diary
was at the time when I realised that I was
abnormal... not my mentally, but we also in
another, sexual way... of this I shall explain
later.
But mental disorder first. I understood that my reactions to people was strange, often eerie — in fact mad. Mental disorder is often a product of, or a cause of, some remarkable intelligence. I had already finished school when I was not yet fifteen and in the University, living alone. Because my family did realize I was insane... or nearly so, and they couldn't have me... and, you know, didn't try to (except for Viet). Although I suspected there was something wrong with me, I wasn't sure until I started studying at the same time. I couldn't live in society. It was clean then. I couldn't live with anyone else, and my love affairs were heartbreakingly catastrophic. (They're always heartbreakingly catastrophic). I became a matter of cohabitation. So I knew something was wrong. I tried everything to become normal. Drinking - not drinking, sport, travel, reading, and being very diligent in my studies. I was good at all these things, but still, I would suddenly turn
against the very people who loved me, and became terribly unjust and unkind towards them.

... the most horrible thing was, I could see the injustice while doing a saying it, and afterwards ... how terrible it was trying to explain ... to say ... without mentioning it, that it was a slight case of insanity.

Anyway, when I started writing, I improved. Anyway, when I started writing, I improved.

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causes me realible mental deppression. In depression, my diary became helples, because it was reading it and writing it and seeing the way I sometimes am, which often used to cause this depression. (That is when I was going through my last attack, I wrote to you and not in the diary).

This diary then, this medicine, this dark and most truly innermost secret and of mine, is something I have created to save me from it and to suddenly have it exposed that way is enough to make me go berate. Your excuse for reading it should not have been "Anyone would have done it"... but "I didn't know what I was doing."

Anyway, to go on.

Remember Alfred Chester? The way he came to you and said "For heaven's sake Diana, why don't you leave me alone? why do you send me voices?"

Supposing instead of doing that, he was
in some strange way, aware that it is all madness, and so instead of coming to
you, we kept a diary and wrote, "that
witch Diana, sending me bloody voices
all the time"... and supposing that stopped
him in behaving abnormally towards you
... stopped him because he knew it was
insanity and yet he wanted to express
it, knowing it is better to express it in
it, knowing it is better to express it in
which comes from than to stifle it, he
expressed it in his diary. And him,
expressed it in his diary. And him,
again supposing, you must and need his
diary. What would you have thought? and
how would he have thought?

Let me quote from Diary"... she
started to invite me to a shooting point.
I say unconscious because poor Diana
of course, (or anyone else) has no ideaing
of what goes on in me at times... and
how the most innocent remark is apt
to be distorted in me, unfairly,
infuriatingly... signs of my insanity."

It is a pity you didn't read this Diary properly, thoroughly and truly. Because
Milton would it how insulded a pain
you... but only made you feel sorry and
you would have understood and, as I knew
you, made you even more sympathetic to
all my bloody messes.

Something that must have shocked you... shocked
you even in its brutality, must have been
where I wrote ... cringe at his touch.

Do you remember Bridditta and all I
told you? (And even let you read part of
a diary)? I wrote verses of it in like
that about her... at one time I said,
"lying on the beach, she took some sand
and sprinkled it on my back, and this
indirect touch, this symbolic him, made
me cringe to the very core of me." Do
you think I was writing this to be bleakly
about the poor girl, or how a demonstration of my sicknesses? Didn't I welcome her and cook for her and see her every day instead of what I wrote all the time? And later we became lovers, what terrible sickness we became lovers. What terrible sickness is this, then? A sickness. You're read, it's suppose, the last entry, where I gave its long mean about lack of sex for 5 months, why? I didn't lack opportunities or a responding partner. It is this horrible thing about being unable to do much or touch a woman unless I am madly in love with her. I have told you myself, very often drunk indeed. And yet I want sex, often drunk indeed. Biting. He was once all very badly indeed. But my, he was am and all of the same time, seems to end up by creating a monstrous fastidious in me - a sickness, as I have said, and anything the poor girl did, I found, a faced myself to find, repulsive.
The same thing has happened with you. You are not unattractive, in fact very sensually built. Because it is you, I can't get disgusted drunk and try to make love to you the way I would to another person, ad this wanting and not wanting has created this strange thing in me. But all this is my own mess. I can't do it in my own way at the moment, and so I am unusual in my behaviour, and everything. Do you understand me the difference in what the contents of my diary are to me, and so what they are to someone reading them?

I hope you will understand all, and feel sorry for you did, and never never let your friendship to me be impaired. ... After all, Diana, I have only you really, haven't I?

I'll leave as soon as possible.