

Monday 18th Oct.

Sweet heart Diana,

I really suppose if it weren't for you, I'd have gone and taken my life. I turn and turn, wanting to stop from writing another, yet another meaning letter, but this unbearable loneliness, despair and sadness makes me come to you again and unburden myself again and again and again. I try so hard to live it silently and alone and mutually and like a man, but I am not made of that stuff - I can't imagine what I would have done if you - sensible, affectionate, comforting and clear-minded, weren't there for me to lean against and to absorb your affection and most important of all, your understanding, absorb it indirectly through your letters as go on breathing again, knowing it shall all pass -- pass -- pass and life will start again.

I've put my life in some sort of order, I have my car on the road and I am physically very fit. But there is this terrible euphoria, this absolute deadness inside, which suddenly thrusts me terribly with a stark realisation of the misery I am making of myself and my life. I yearn so much for happiness but it always just brushes past me, reminding me it is there, and leaves me steadily perplexed and amazed that I seem incapable of grasping it

Another week-end has gone by. Every minute of it as heavy as lead - and again the battle to keep my sanity, worried lest all this will not eventually affect me ~~permanently~~ permanently. Already I am beginning to believe that I shall never be happy, and this in itself is worrying me, because I know it is lead to think that way, and that of thinking that way, I shall be evading happiness.

I have re-read a review of your book, where the reviewer says that you, to forget your own troubles, took on the burden of other people's miseries. I am not unaware of my selfishness in sharing my depression with you, but as I said when starting this letter, if I didn't or couldn't, I'd go berserk. Bare with me darling. I know it shall pass -

It is a relief to write to you Diana.

At times like this, I suddenly think of my family, particularly my mother, with intense loathing and hatred .. including Kelly and all. My mother has repeatedly written, and even written in German to the Mixes, but the idea of writing to her gives me nausea. Or all sounds dramatic and stupid - but there it is.

I am thinking of going to Amsterdam for three days on the 30th of October. I don't know if I can afford it. And the days will pass I suppose, as they have in the past - oh dear, everything seems so banal, stupid, meaningless. Typical symptoms of a depression. But it will pass.

Forgive me all this, Diana dear
all my love

Wendy XXX

Wednesday.

Dearest Diana,

After writing the enclosed, didn't want to send it. But here it is, anyway. Can look more objectively now, and see how pathetic it all is. So have pulled myself sharply up and taken certain decisions. There is no point in day-dreaming about leaving this place at the moment, so I shall remain here. Those periodic depressions and low-sicknesses and idiocy to me very linked with the fact that I haven't written anything worthwhile for a long time, and I can't go on relying on my 'surroundings' to stimulate me. I am going to live another year here, change my mode of life, not look forward to leaving, and try and force myself to work very hard and not think about anything else. I feel much better for having at last decided, and for seeing things as they really are. I've already started working those two book days and can even look forward to a profitable year. Don't worry about me sweetie. I am alright.

Love and love.

Virginia - x x x