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Monday

Dearest Diana,

Thank you very much for your letter I received, together with a 20 page letter from Brenda having on Saturday morning. I felt well, then, on Saturday, and decided to go and spend the week-end with Bob Beine and his wife - I had told you about him, a beautiful home in the ~~center of a~~ middle of a beautiful Forest.

It was a marvellous sunny day - I've never seen such an Autumn yet. The road is little roads, going up and down mountains, with trees hanging down from both sides of the road, nearly touching the roof top - for two hours I drove, with the roof open, and mendelszoni - tri Italian concerts on the radio. Every time I reached the top of a mountain, I was met with a new surprise of light brown leaves and beautiful valleys, with little streams. I was cheerful for a while,

and when I reached Bob Benin's home, I
turned back and drove the way again
.. I was happy and wanted that brief
happiness to last. But the concert ended
and I started to feel lonely, to yearn for
someone to share this scenery and this
short happiness. Bob was pleased to see
me, he and his wife (Madeline Mann
Von Bohne - her father Hitler's Brigadier)
and their newly born daughter. They asked
me to stay the night (which I had wanted)
but at 11 p.m. I felt 'it' coming again.
a seizure of absolute death, and much to
their perplexity, I drove home at that
hour. How I yearned for someone, someone
like you - with some sensitivity, and an
understanding, a feeling for this inner
death. Not to be so utterly alone with
this deadening feeling. But there is not
one person ~~and none~~ I know here,
who can understand anything like that.
And yet something funny happened while
at Bob's. There we sat, his wife

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missing, the child playing, Bob comfortable
and happy, and in my present plight, that
scene would have made me yearn for
something similar, yet, strangely, it didn't.
- I find the scene stifling. I didn't even
look forward to something similar happening
to me. I arrived home at 3.30 and
went straight to bed. Next morning, I
woke at 7, again a sunny day and I
drove away, remembering a stream I
had found last year at the same time.
But I couldn't find it. I tried to go
on with my novel, but couldn't. And
then, between 10 a.m. and 12 a.m.
I battled. I shall go to Dusseldorf
-- I can't afford it with that trip next
week - yes, I shall go. So I drive
towards Dusseldorf, then suddenly return,
expecting something at home (what?) -
nothing. Alright, I shall go to
Cologne, I drive towards Cologne,

but again, all of a sudden, I turn
back at Home. Nothing. Euphoria. Once
again, at 2. p.m. I decide to go
to Cologne and do. I walked and
walked, till 9. p.m. at times nearly
cheerful, and then a sudden spasm
of utter despair - which drives me
towards my car, but I continue
walking. Then I think of having a
couple of beers, but I decide I should
better keep dry. This matter of a couple
of beers has become something terrible -
like a toothache, I know that with
a couple of beers, things will look
rosier and optimistic, but I know that
half an hour later the despair will
be quadrupled ... as it is a fight,
whether to get rid of this pain for
half an hour and then pay for it

later, or to continuing paying in installments now and so save the quadrupled pain later?

I went into a pub and had a couple of beers -

At ten a'clock, I went to my car. It was surrounded by a crowd and the police. Someone had tried to break into it - my wallet was on the seat (with 80 marks in it) and could be seen through the window. And who tried to force the door open? - a negro. A young man of 25 or so, with tears streaming down his eyes. He looked at me with utter misery in his large eyes. I said I knew him and that it was alright. The police left him, not really believing me. Then the negro went

to ⁽⁶⁾ lean against a wall, ^{lean} ~~back~~ against it, and started crying.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I've got nothing - nothing ---"

I gave him the 80 marks I had. Not out of goodness, or generosity, not even out of a 'theatrical scene' -- just out of utter despair. 800.00 wouldn't make me happy, and if it did him - then, in my eyes, they are worth 8000 marks.

I had to stop on the way to Phaydth ... and I vomited. This scared me very much, because I've never reached that despair before. I felt a bit better afterwards - this physical convulsion, like a burst of tears, calms the nervous system.

I've become terribly ~~heavy~~ 'heavy' all of a sudden - in the way I walk

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.. I stumble sometimes stupidly, drop things
~~in~~ from my hand, and this morning
I nearly had two accidents, only at the
last moment being aware that I must
put my brakes on. Food, also, seem
incapable of going down my ~~throat~~ throat
as to-day I was unable to play
tennis or swim. I almost mindfully
missed all the balls. But I am physically
fit. I've lost a lot of weight, but
it seems to do me good if anything.

I take this - I mean this letter, as
a clinical manifestation of a disease,
of a pathological case. I shall not
apologize for telling you about it. I
would be a hypocrite. It relieves
me too much to set it down on
paper, and to know that, however
indirectly, I am not alone. In ordinary
circumstances, I would have wrote all
this in my diary - But I am
unable to face my diary at the moment

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It .. (my diary) has become hateful
to me. It is "I" as you realize,
at the moment I hate myself intensely
-- I loath moaning whimpering persons
slepped into self pity.

It is again a beautiful day to-day.
I dread that time, again, between
5, when I reach home, and 9 -
Otherwise I am working on my writing
- better than usual, although I realize
I shall have to go through it again
when I am more optimistic and when
this despair ends. It will, of course
end - and even now, as I am writing
to you and am very low, I realize
that this is not life. I have a feeling
that this time it will last even
longer than it did last year. but
it shall pass. Although I am dreading
Cmax time already, as much as

I dread the week-ends.

So, no Amsterdam this week end, but
will perhaps go to Bob again. I
don't see anyone here at all.

well, it's off my chest now. Put
me silently on the hand sweet heart.

all my love,

Werguh X