

thursday 5th March.

(i)

Dearest Diana,

This a sad and despairing letter I am going to write to you ... you poor woman having to put up with all this meaning. But I have to write to you out of pure selfishness, ~~but~~ because sharing my terrible chagrin with you will, I know, bring me some relief. You know how it is when one is at bursting point, turgid with sorrow and dying to prick this membrane in me, tightly holding terrible misery. And yet more misery seems to enter one with no relief whatsoever and you are so tight with unhappiness it is actually difficult to breathe, to swallow, to hear, to see. You turn your head from side to side because the sight of everything is repulsive. The ~~slightest~~ slightest noise ~~is~~ rubs against your nerves,

(2)

even swallowing your saliva is repulsive
....

Edith became engaged last Saturday,
and on Monday returned to her rooms
with her man. You ask me in your
letter whether I really love her or not
... does it matter? I only know that
I am despairing, that in spite of sleeping
tablets I can't sleep, that the slightest
noise from upstairs makes me jump
out of bed in a sweat, that tears
have swollen ~~my~~ the glands near my
eyes but they refuse to be shed. I
don't know what to do, Diana darling,
I don't know. Food seems to refuse
to enter my body. It suddenly dries
in my mouth and I have to spit
it out. I went to-day to my new
flat and inquired whether I could move
in at once - or at least earlier

(3)

than the 1st of April ... but it is impossible. The only solution is to go to an hotel ... but this would be financially terrible, just as I'm going to begin to stand on my own feet.

My landlady has turned into a fiend, has turned into something which seems to be only peculiar to German people. She is in and out of my room ... "They've bought two bottles of champagne" ... "The lights upstairs are off ... although they are in"

"You mustn't mind the noise from upstairs ~~then~~ this week ... after all they are like a honeymoon couple" ... and she had the cheek to tell me I could go on living in my room for as long as I wished. I told her I would kill her if she uttered another word. She laughed. Suddenly

(4)

she started to clean my room and put my things in order -- something she hasn't done for months.

"It is lovely" she said when she finished "for two people to be in love and to be together in bed." And I became very afraid, because I realised that I was capable of murder. She must have realised it too, because she went away quickly. Heing cannot help me in such a situation. This is a position which he is incapable of understanding.

I feel myself helpless and also childish and like a child, like a child who is suffering and knows he cannot do anything, and it is all in the power of the other people to relief him of his pain.

Love? I donnot know. I know

(5)

I would burn everything I have, erase the publication of my book, burn all books, get married to her at once - if I could get her back. To call this yearning love or not seems to be utterly irrelevant and insignificant.

I don't know what to do next. I don't know. The idea of returning to my room (I am at home, drinking coffee - it is noon, I am unshowered and dirty, and yesterday drove my car with ~~no~~ one foot and slept in it) is an abominable thought. Dearie, what shall I do?

Because of my foot, I am tied to Rhenset at the moment. Utter despair, darling. Toward that I am, I knelt down and prayed yesterday, in the hope that God does exist and that he would take pity upon me. Many people are suffering and have suffered much much

(6)

more than I am at the moment. I only have to think of the poor Jews in the concentration camps But it does not help. If I were in London I would have come to you and you would have tended me, I know. Slowly I would have started to heal. But I am not healing at all at the moment. Continuously bleeding with increasing pain. I don't know what to do. I don't.

Lefkowitz hasn't sent the money yet. I suppose I shall have to get away from here if I receive the money within a few days time. It is a pity, because I had planned what to do exactly with those £200. Give Henry £60 you £30, £20 for our Easter together, £35 debts here and there, £15 insurance for the car, and the remaining £40 I'd buy shoes, Pyjamas ~~and~~, 2 shirts and a few

odds and ends for the new flat.
 I have all sorts of tablets at home from
 my student days. Benzodrine and
 actedrin and N.60 which cheers you up
~~and~~ artificially, but then they stop you
 from sleeping and ~~so~~ also I want to be
 careful and not wreck my health. Of
 course I shall eventually ~~gt~~ get over
 this business. I know and all. It is
 the idea of facing the next three
 weeks which is insupportable at the
 moment. What 'vitality' I experienced
 at the beginning, is now completely
 dissipated, as you said, I am now a
 sodden lump of flesh. Don't know
 what to do next. Eventually I
 shall get over it. I know I know.

Pauline Diana. Please don't
 comment on this letter or answer
 it with sympathy. Please don't. I

have written it for my own self. A form of relief. It is easier when one shares this, and I apologise for burdening you with it. Accept it as it is and forget it, please. Talk to me about my book etc. and Not about Edith, please.

Bring Samir and meet me in Easter It is my only cheering thought... to see you both soon.

An Israeli has written to me offering to translate my book in Hebrew (He is a writer, he says, called Michael Almoz, and strangely lives in Shaftesbury avenue). A literary agent from America has written ~~about~~ ^{inquire} about Rights for Scandinavia, I've received a letter from an Italian publisher. Samir told me about his new

(9)

plans -... I don't ~~to~~ know what his
parents will say.

I hope you've made up with
Barbara by now.

I wish everything weren't so
block at the moment. I have to
pull myself and go to my room now.

Love .. and I beg
you forgiveness for this stupidity.

wagih