

Rheya
Dec 28th

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My dearest Diana,

Thank you darling for all you have done and forgive me for not having written sooner. As you know, it was simply impossible to write. I have been a terrible struggle without doubt, if it had not been for you, I'd have given up. At one moment I hated everybody except you ... and if it weren't for this you I think I would not have survived. I don't want to think of the past five months because the memory is so horrible, worst of all was the fight against insanity, fringes of which did touch me .. and I looked at it as a monster trying to grab me and I was so frightened as though it were actually a physical monster with red eyes. My doctor was very kind .. and strangely understood and gave me some sort of drugs which helped me over the critical periods.

I am on my way to being cured now ... but you can imagine what this disease has left in its wake. No job of course, not one friend and a physical and moral exhaustion. But it is nearly over now. There is a lot of comfort in the thought that I was able to overcome it. I have taken to sleeping during the day

and being awake at night. classical music helped a lot and then long walks at night. A certain calmness has entered in my soul now and I think it is nearly over.

I've managed to write a play for the German T.V. It will be finished in two weeks time and I have a feeling it will be accepted. If so, and if the home office will be generous, I can look forward to a spell of happiness at last....

The only thing I could look forward to without distaste, was to be living in your flat.

If the home office refuse ... don't worry too much. If I have money I shall come for a month or so. I don't know how to sell my car just yet (it wouldn't bring me very much anyway), but I am glad I had it. It took me to Berlin, to Amsterdam and Munich. Those drives in the night, of twelve hours or so, all alone, with the engine purring at the back, did often save my life.

Funny how I used to build a little world all of my own in it, and suddenly to stop just even for a pack of cigarettes and to go out of it.. in the real world, used to be hateful. Une Maladie

...
Sain has written me a pathetic letter. I haven't given him or his mother a thought. Funny,

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I am not even looking forward to seeing her.
It seems Sarah has left him. I feel sorry
for him, but feel a lot of respect for Sarah.
Ketty must have poisoned her .. he doesn't seem
to realize that. I suppose this depression
business is inherited. There is a sad precedence
of it in our family. Leila's brother, a
handsome, charming and beautiful man, with
like Samir and myself, literary and musical
leanings, shot himself. And tante Fatia's
brother, Ketty's cousin, who wrote beautiful
books in french, ~~all~~ also killed himself. I've
hardly known these two, they died when I was a
child ... and I often thought of them lately,
suffering at the thought of those two, having
the agony ... the lonely agony of these two
who finally succumbed to this despair. With
no one, in this terribly rich family,
understanding anything. You realize, I suppose,
that you have raised my life ... by just being
you ... kind, generous and full of sympathy for
things which would only revolt other people. I
can never pay it back (what a horrible cliché
phrase this is) .. but if Samir ever needs me

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as I have needed you, I hope I would not
let him down.

Bye my sweetie.

all my love

we again

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