

Dianna

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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 by my diary is me
thing and 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 pained 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, those last 15
years or so ... towards insanity as you well
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 only mentally, but ~~it~~ also in
another, sexual way .. and this I shall explain
later.

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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 realise I was insane ... or nearly so, and they couldn't ~~have~~ me ... and, as you know, didn't try to (except poor Betty). Although I suspected there was something wrong with me, I wasn't sure until I started studying at the Sorbonne. It was clear then. I couldn't live with anyone else, and my love affairs were heartbreaking catastrophes. (They're always been) .. catastrophes as ~~long as~~ soon as it 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 those things, but still, I would suddenly turn

against the very people who loved me, and become terribly unjust and unfair towards them. ... the most horrible thing was, I could see the injustice while doing or 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 a lot, and then I discovered my salvation -- a combination of salvation and writing. My diaries. As I mentioned already, I'd know that I was starting to become unjust and strange even while being so. So, I'd sit down and write -- give vent to my feelings in writing, instead of in talking or behaviour. This would run me down, and I'd become normal again and often shake my head at the strangeness of it all. Often, of course, I didn't have time to sit down and write, and there would be a surprising outburst. But it wouldn't last long. You know of course that all this

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causes me terrible mental depression. In depression, my diary became hapless, because it was reading it and writing it and seeing the way I sometimes am, which often used to cause this depression (That is why 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 terribly innermost secret world of mine, is something I have created to save me -- and it has, but to suddenly have it exposed that way is enough to make me go berserk. 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

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in some strange way, aware that it's all madness, and so instead of coming to you, ~~we~~ kept a diary and wrote "that bitch 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 whichever form than to stifle it, he expressed it in his diary. And then, again supposing, you went and read his diary. what would you have thought? and how would he have thought?

Let me quote from "Diary" ... she started to irritate me to shouting point. I say unconsciously because poor Diana of course, (or anyone else) has no inkling of what goes on in me at times ... and how the most innocent remark is apt to be distorted in me, unjustly,

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infamously ... signs of my insanity."

It is a pity you didn't read this Diary properly, thoroughly and slowly. Because neither would it have insulted or pained you ... but only made you feel sorry and you would have understood and, as I know you, made you even more sympathetic to all my bloody messes.

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

Do you remember Brigitta and all I told you (and even let you read part of a diary)? I wrote nonsense of things 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 kiss, made me cringe to the very core of me" Do you think I was writing this to be bitchy

about the poor girl, or ~~be~~ as a demonstration
 of my sickness? Didn't I welcome her
 and cook for her and see her every day in spite
 of what I wrote all the time? And later
 we became lovers. What terrible sickness
 is this, then? a sickness. You've read, I
 suppose, the last entry, where I gave the
 long moan about lack of sex for 5 months.
 why? I didn't lack opportunities or a
 responding partner. It is the horrible thing
 about being unable to so much as touch
 a woman unless I am madly in love
 --- or, as I have told you myself, very
 drunk indeed. And yet I want sex. Often
 very badly indeed. Brigitte was around all
 the time and this wanting and not wanting
 at the same time, seems to end up by
 creating a monstrous fastidiousness in me
 -- a sickness, as I have said, and anything
 the poor girl did, I found, or forced 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 disgusting drunk and try to make love to you the way I would to another person, and this wanting and not wanting has created this strange thing in me. But all this is my own mess. I combat it in my own way and the result is that I am normal in my behaviour and everything. Do you understand now the difference in what the contents of my diary are to me, and to what they are to someone reading them?

I hope you will understand all ^{this}, and feel sorry for ^{what} 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 -
Wagih.