

Dear Waguih - you know that after you'd plunged off I, having simmered down, said I understand why you did it. Well, in fact I didn't understand enough. I'd done that thing of estimating another person's feelings from my own - attributed to you the kind of irritation and annoyance I'd been feeling about you, added an extra pinch because of your wretched position, and thought that was it.

I now know that this was underestimating. The explanation of my knowing it is simple. Came back on Sunday, wanted the Sunday papers as usual, went into your room to get them, saw open notebook on table, thought 'Good, he's been working at the novel or the children's book', had a peep - and then, of course, read on. For which I don't apologise since it's the kind of thing you'd do, as well as me (and most other people too, for that matter). And anyway, it's a good thing I did.

Because now it is quite obvious that not only were you right to feel that you must go, but also that you must go. The situation is simply intolerable for both of us. For you because you are in the nightmare situation of having to be disgusting whatever you do - if you behave and speak as you are feeling you are disgusting because of your disagreeableness. and if you don't you are even more disgusting because of your hypocrisy. And for me because it has now become impossible for me ever to behave naturally with you, now that I know fully, instead of sensing partially, what is going on in your head.

There's only one thing I want to take up - the car keys. I've never set eyes on the bloody things. Your notion that I'd recently been through whichever drawer it was you found them in is a figment of your imagination - haven't been through any drawer in the sitting-room since clearing one for you when you came. If they were there and have now gone again they are a bigger mystery than ever - but your having worked up to supposing that I'd been monkeying with them is a very clear symptom of how essential it is that this situation should end. It's making you too mad.

As soon as your £75 comes you must go, whether back to Germany or elsewhere, as you decide. If you want to go sooner I can lend you £20 on the £75 (haven't got more - sorry), but from my point of view it would be all right for you to stay a bit - it would be manageable if we left each other to our own devices and knew definitely that it was only for this short time. And when you go, you must go properly, leaving the keys and a forwarding address, but dropping any other contact - letter writing will be pointless for quite a while. What I hope - and indeed expect - is that sooner or later your mood will change and it will become possible for friendliness to go on again, but let's have no sham version of it from now on. I needn't say, need I, that I'll be glad

when and if it can exist again? I know that you can't help being how you are, however hard you struggle, and I'm still very fond of a good many aspects of you - it's just that it's absurd to pretend that the present aspect is anything but impossible to have around.

So let me know which version of going you prefer - when the cheque comes, or now, so that if the latter I can get the £20 for you. And I expect enough that this will all become ancient history sooner or later, and at least some of the niceness of the past will reappear, still to want to say

Love from

Diana