

Thursday, 6/11/36

I can only, after two months, make this brief note, to say at last after two months dismal and worse, almost catastrophic illness - never so near the precipice to my own feeling since 1913 - I'm again on top..Oh but the divine joy of being mistress of my own mind again!

Sunday, 6/21/36

After a week of intense suffering - indeed mornings of torture - and I'm not Exaggerating - pain in my head - a feeling of complete despair and failure - a head inside like the nostrils after hay fever - here is just a cool quiet morning again, a feeling of relief, respite, hope.

Tuesday, 6/23/36

A good day - a bad day - so it goes on. Few people can be so tortured by writing as I am. Only Flaubert I think. Yet I see it now, as a whole. I think I bring it off, if I only have courage and patience: take each scene quietly: compose: I think it may be a good book. Not so clear today. My brain is like a scale: one grain pulls it down. Yesterday it balanced: today dips.

*- Virginia Wolf
A Writer's Diary*