

Dombay

8/11/45.

My lovely, I'm bothered tonight with an uncontrollable feeling that is pleasant yet disturbing. I've just finished reading a book - so forgetful am I, so lazy am I, that I don't know its name or author & I'm too weary to get up from this comfortable chair & find out. But it doesn't really matter about those things, I mention the book because it started all these emotions I'm talking about. Frankly it was a little on the pornographic side & I read it because I had nothing else to read - honestly. Usually literature of that kind bores me because it never really opens out to anything, blatant or breathtaking - you know how it goes - the hero's in the heroine's bedroom, she slips smoothly to her side, & her gown slips smoothly to the deck, & then you get a lot of dots! Curtain! That sort of thing. One feels that having gone to all the trouble of salving one's conscience in reading such stuff, one at least expects a gun for one's money - but does one get it? One does not.

The result of tonight's adventure into the realms of Passion has been a hangover - a sense of repression - a feeling that, accepting the necessity & sublimeness of lovemaking, unless I can let the imagination run riot, the pulse heat quicker, the blood surge around me like a mountain torrent, I shall burst something. I'm not ashamed to report, Honey, indeed

I take pride in it, that one time I gazed long at you in a swimsuit but this time, instead of just thinking in the abstract, I reacted more directly to your picture & I believe my nostrils twitched, whilst my hands became hot & sweaty. What were your thoughts at the time ~~when~~ you were photographed, Baby? I suppose you were too occupied with the technique of posing to gaze beyond the studio to the Far East - but tonight I've possessed you with passion & desire, all the better to fit into my own mood. The pose in which you stand looking to the side was taken in the bedroom & your swimsuit has gone - your hair is just right, for what good would a sophisticated style be ~~to~~ in the forthcoming tussle with a love-starved husband? You are waiting expectantly & perhaps a little impatiently - but I don't come! Where on Earth can I be? The scene changes & I switch to the other pose. You are sitting on a rock clasping one knee - the sea is pounding the beach in the background - there is a wonderful stretch of beach right up to this little cluster of rocks under the shelter of a cliff. Except for you & I the place is deserted - it has to be for, once again, you're lost - your swimsuit, & we're both as naked as can be. I think you're a little piqued at being rushed from a bedroom to a hard rock but, just the same, you smile at me, lower yourself to the sand & stretch ^{out} that slim, vital & altogether lovely body in a manner that can only lead to one thing.

All that imaginative play occupied a full

half hour & was only part of the evening's performance. I'm alone in the cabin tonight & can make any Grinnace I please - I can pace the deck away from your image in an endeavour to cool this ardour - I can cross & re-cross my legs to try & rid myself of ants in my pants - I can do anything I please.

Was it all the fault of the book? I fancy it was for I usually keep myself in check. These emotions I'm feeling now are of the commoner type experienced by any visible male & are easily conjured up by suggestive remarks made by anybody. My intenseness can be explained by the reading of the book coinciding with an evening when I'm particularly receptive to passionate thinking, & by the knowledge that I am the lover of a gracious woman who is far enough away to make it impossible for me to be with her tonight. I wonder, my Angel, if you're to any degree repelled by the realisation that at times you ~~are~~ are & only, whose purity of love you can have no reason to doubt, sometimes regards you more in the fleshly than in the spiritual light. You might argue, & here I would agree with you, that we two have spoke of this many times before & have often acted up to the principle that love can be kept in the physical plane with a great amount of pleasure experienced on both sides, but tonight, Precious, is one of those occasions when I must confess to a feeling of what can only amount to lust. Let me hasten to add

that the lust is all centred around you - or does that make the matter worse? I won't defend myself any further, for, (a), I'm not so certain I'm at fault in view of the perfect naturalness of such feelings in my case, & (b), I'm still less certain that you take a dim view of me wanting you for my passionate embraces & requiring you to stoop off at odd moments of the day & night.

The point covered by (b) above leads me to another discussion which fits in beautifully with my present mood. There are hidden depths in you, sweetly, altho' come to consider, they ain't so hidden after all. Was it entirely my pleadings that prompted you to have your picture taken in a swimsuit? Or did you realise, as well as I, that the sight of your figure ~~was~~ with an outline unspoiled by clothes would bring joy to these tired old eyes? I think you know your capacity for sinuous, sexual movement & posing, & the devil in your lovely eyes tells me that with the advent of a period of love-making undisturbed by the thoughts of war & the actualities of doodle-bugs & partings, you will come to the fore as a woman who, in vulgar parlance, knows her stuff.

This could last all night, but it's now 'Pipe down' When you read this letter I shall still be looking at you in the bedroom, or on the beach - & you'll still be nude.

And I ain't apologising for none of it.

So there.

Lee.

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