







It seems to me that bending someone else to your will is the very stuff of sex, by force or neglect if you are male, by spitefulness or nagging or scenes if you are female.

Everyone is working terribly hard, shifting ten to fifteen thousand books a day, and only doing so by maintaining a kind of wartime hysteria, reminiscent of amber warnings, strong tea and small newspapers.

Larkin

Richard Cole (b.1942)

Signed and dated 1988, pen and ink, and monochrome watercolour, 12 x 9 inches. Reproduced in *Book Pages of the Daily Telegraph*, 15 October, 1988. I never remember my parents making a single spontaneous gesture of affection towards each other. When I try to tune into my childhood, the dominant emotions I pick up are, overwhelmingly, fear and boredom. Such attics cleared of me! Such absences! I never left the house without the sense of walking into a cooler, cleaner, saner and pleasanter atmosphere. It seems to me that what we have is a kind of homosexual relationship, disguised. I accept, don't I, and without private reservation or grudge, that you don't like me enough to marry me. You've been cavorting in my mind dressed in pink shoes and pink pop-beads and nothing else. All to the detriment of my typing. I don't like going about pretending to be myself I want to do both, write and be involved with people. Yet always I shy off when they come too close. ...a poet should be judged by what he does with his subjects, not what his subjects are. The girls in the library knew about Monica, but she was kept in a separate compartment, ... About love, if I could have said last September, 'I'm in love with Maeve, goodbye, I wd: as it was, I couldn't –perhaps too fond of you, perhaps not fond enough of her, perhaps just too cowardly all round. My prime responsibility is to the experience itself, which I am trying to keep from oblivion for its own sake. The impulse to preserve lies at the bottom of all art. He did like large, well-built ladies... the sort of lady you get in the thermal underwear catalogues. I'm sick to death of all the men I love and admire going off with other women, usually much better looking than me. The Faber Quartet (1969) : Douglas Dunn, Ted Hughes, Philip Larkin, Richard Murphy. The Faber Quartet (1969) : Douglas Dunn, Ted Hughes, Philip Larkin, Richard Murphy. This is the awful time of year — these awful speeches to students. (4 October 1974)

Dearest Old Creature

Oh dear, ten o'clock and nothing done again, and a letter to write to my mother to stop her worrying. When does one get rid of one's family? Just in the last few threadbare years? How pretty your last envelope looked – grey paper, green ink, orange and reddish-brown stamps. Letters are comforting assurances that I'm not forgotten, but meetings are too real. I need a lot of training in quick thinking and skilful blarneying, to match Brynmor Jones.

How sad to cease writing is.

I'm afraid if we were going to rush into each other's arms we should have rushed, long ago... As I lift pen from paper, depression rushes back... I must nearly have emptied this pen this weekend, for I've written home and also in my diary. One thing about home is the enormous amount of time spent on meals... It makes me want to live on toast and orange juice. What lovely postcards you have found from time to time! A series of vignettes of life along the bank, many you'll have forgotten, I'm sure. What lovely postcards you have found from time to time! A series of vignettes of life along the bank, many you'll have forgotten, I'm sure. The sitting room faces north and has grey walls with cream paint and ceiling. The bedroom faces south and has pale yellow walls, cream paint and lemon ceiling. The kitchen faces north and has pale blue walls, cream paint and lemon ceiling. The bathroom faces west and has grey walls, cream paint and a pink ceiling. Mother is always adversely affected by Christmas, and the routine of endlessly waiting for meals is very trying. Christmas is awful. To destroy letters is repugnant to me – it's like destroying a bit of life. Yet they mount up so. Of course one often wishes one had more time for poetry. In what spare time I have poetry has to compete with letter-writing, social life, reading, mending socks... and of course it often comes off worst.

So H.G. Wells is dead. He couldn't bastard write, he couldn't bastard think, what he could bastard do was write bastard good scientific bastard romances, the bastard.

Keeping one's life to oneself is a dreary business. Giving it someone else is a fearsome one. I've sent a typescript of 20 poems to the printers to be made into what I feel sure will be an ugly little booklet of ugly little poems.

If I had a black tie I'd wear it.

Depression hangs over me as if I were in Iceland.

Tell Kitty I now have the typescript of B. Pym's An Unsuitable Attachment. She said that my having a sister no doubt accounted for my virtues – a piece of reasoning I can't follow.

Someone once said that the great thing is not to be different from other people but to be different from oneself.

Pym's novels are powerful reminders of the fact that one of the great and proper concerns of literature is that motley cluster of small concerns that make up our day-today lives.

l entertained Philip on the beach, cooling my bare knees in the breezes. It will take some few days to get acclimatised after having been enclosed in trousers for thirty years.

To Maeve, who can read between the lines. ...the bachelor is constantly involved in a secret war with society.

...adolescents must be given every intellectual and emotional opportunity to break out from their introverted state of mind and respond to their surroundings.

I haven't given poetry up, rather it has given me up.

I am going to the inevitable...

Letter to my mind The library they are planning looks at present like a rejected design for a cinema. If it is put up it will be the laughing stock of the British Isles. Most Saturdays he would come bowling along on his enormous bike, the biggest I have ever seen, looking more than life-size as he pedalled down Hull Road, Hessle.

The building will be a freak and there'll be a lot of what-didyou-expect-witha-poet-in-chargehaw-haw.

We spent most of the day drinking

At last I am free of that foul futile mockery of a library. It is a clumsy, rather graceless building, lacking intelligence at all levels, but not without a certain needless opulence in parts. The minute, as an artform, has its limitations. Mr Wood's driving lessons continue and there is no sign of his being killed. ...I must tell him a good driver is a fast driver.

To Sir with Love

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH