

A letter from Gerald Durrell to Lee McGeorge, July 31st, 1978

My darling McGeorge,

You said that things seemed clearer when they were written down. Well, herewith is a very boring letter in which I will try and put everything down so that you may read and re-read it in horror at your folly in getting involved with me. Deep breath.

To begin with, I love you with a depth and passion that I have felt for no one else in this life and if it astonishes you it astonishes me as well. Not — I hasten to say — because you are not worth loving. Far from it. It's just that, first of all, I swore I would not get involved with another woman. Secondly, I have never had such a feeling before and it is almost frightening. Thirdly, I would never have thought it possible that another human being could occupy my waking (and sleeping) thoughts to the exclusion of almost everything else.

Fourthly, I never thought that — even if one was in love — one could get so completely besotted with another person so that a minute away from them felt like a thousand years.

Fifthly, I never hoped, aspired, dreamed that one could find everything one wanted in a person. I was not such an idiot as to believe this was possible. Yet, in you, I have found everything I want. I want nothing else in this life than to be with you, to listen and watch you — your beautiful voice, your beauty — to argue with you, to laugh with you, to show you things and share things with you, to explore your magnificent mind, to help you, protect you, serve you, and bash you on the head when I think you are wrong...

...not to put too fine a point on it I consider that I am the only man outside mythology to have found the crock of gold at the rainbow's end.

