

[redacted] Hobell Circuit
 St Clair NSW
 Australia

Thursday 25.12.97

Dear Geoff

It is with indescribable ~~own~~ sadness that I write to you + Hope tonight. Yesterday I spoke by telephone with Glynis + Nick + I assume that by now you have received the terrible news that Jane Rose was murdered last weekend. The funeral was yesterday.

I am writing this on a train between Gordon (the station, not Sharp) + the City, at 9.50pm on Xmas evening. My life has not been tidy or well organized for a year or so (ever the mistress of understatement) + I am carrying a lot of emotional baggage, so please forgive me if I ramble + carry on. And I might swear a bit. If my handwriting is erratic it's partly because of the movement of the train, partly because of grief + partly because I have these stupid fucking acrylic fingernails on.

Geoff, I may as well come clean with you, I'm sick of dissimulating. You may prefer not to know any of this but I'm way out there at the moment, unhinged by horror not only at the fact that Jane has gone forever, but by the distinct possibility that I was responsible, however indirectly. I'll get to that later. In the meantime I need to tell you about me. Egoism ran rampant.

As you are aware, I've had what is

euphemistically termed a drinking problem for some years. It got totally out of control late in 1996 & I left work & embarked on "the rehab shuffle", which means I spent periods ranging from a week to 3 months in a series of detoxification & rehabilitation institutions.

Drying out has never been my problem, staying dry has. Invariably I busted & in the end decided (this was only a month ago) to do it my way rather than the recommended way.

Now I still attend AA meetings, & NA meetings (Narcotics Anonymous) as well, seeing as how my first addiction, many many years ago was heroin, & I speak with fellow alcoholics & addicts, & try to practise the 12 step program, but I have done a major geographical (AA talk for relocation in an attempt to ~~avoid~~ evade/avoid one's problems) to the western suburbs & have taken a job of sorts. I'm working as a hooker in a parlour in St Marys (nice first line for a country music song)