

33 Fitzroy Sq. W.
Dec. 3. 15.

4303

+

My dear Pippen I send you the prose poem that I
couldn't read to you. I wonder if you'll like it. I know
you'll say if you don't.

London's absolutely black & I don't come back too
soon. As staying in at Ashham I suspect so I'll be
alone. I wish I could have a game of chess with you
to-night.

Will you see Land & Water - the reproduction of
my things are atrocious but Desnoes's written very nicely
of me, & I have made my apologia. I think I showed it
to you tho'.

Oh Lad I wonder if at any time of life I can
learn to be self-sufficing. You do by sheer heroism tho' I
don't think it's your proper business - I am entirely unheroic
and can never make a frontal attack tho' sometimes my
diabolical impunity teaches me a way round.

If you stay another ten days (wh. you ought to)
will you bring my pots up as personal baggage. I'd arrange
to fix them to be packed & brought to you at Poole. Yours

Oh

horror

Probably have to pay extra on acct. for the Diary,
I'll let you know if you'd tell me when abouts you stay with.

Re: Au seul souci de voyage.

Kindly call Permet's attention to 'Comme sur quelque vergue bas'
vergue fern. (I've looked it up) bas Mrs. What's to be done?
Ep. abs. Chanson Chaussons bas. I have my thing I shid.

like Permet's I guess.

My dar - by little combination of potting business I
I certainly had a week of unattendedness, wasn't it?
great deal to advise ab. And it makes a lot of
difference that you are so implicitly good to me
Add - yr. Paper.

The Junction.

A303

+

That year the junction was not so crowded although it was summertime. A foolish little junction, pretensions & grimy, just a network of dirty human currents. We got out there for an hour before our diverse trains separated us and wandered into the insignificant country. It was at the moment when a first intolerable point of fear had just begun to make itself felt in my soul. She seeing my pain (ignorant of its cause) was strangely compassionate and as we lay among the rushes she gave me the illusion of infinite satisfaction. But when I was left alone on the platform the fear came back and I knew its point was the point of a wedge which would sever entirely our souls and was the illusory contact of bodies.

And once more I stand on the same platform, more crowded with the bustle of genial familiarity, familiar than before, but now I have no fear for its cruel accomplish hope torturing me to the last instant, teasing the nerve to insensibility — Hope has been put to flight. So I know that I am alone and only death can be my lover and not yet. Till then I am splendidly alone excited by the unforeseen adventures of this new comradeship with myself. A whole new world is mine to explore and there will be no dawn. And so I stand on the platform and do not mind the train being late.