

6 Belgrave Park Gardens

July 1st 1915

Dearest Roger Don't be so crushing to me about waste paper baskets & telephones. You know quite well that people like your boats & things better & that they don't find Tothill Street a pleasing exchange for the Tourrae. It is hateful for you to have to come back to it all but you mustn't come back for long - you must harden your heart to disapprovers & stay in the place where you feel at home & do the things you feel you can do. Nothing else will be of any good. And you must have me for immensely long visits in your castle & you must never be horrid about telephones any more - & there is your future mapped out for you & here am I completely out of breath with the effort - - What wondrous luck to find that man in that place. The only thing the café' pen conceals is his name. & He sounds a treasure & it is heavenly of him to like your painting so much. You said something that morning which struck me as intensely evil - something about your painting perhaps not being worth while - & I wrote you a long letter about it in the train on the way to Paris. It was completely devoid of art criticism &

full of reprobation & the praises of pessimism & it didn't
get put upon paper. Perhaps it will emerge some day in the form
of an automatic script. Anyhow I'm glad the man chose
~~the~~ art criticism minus the zest of it as he knows about
art. I wonder why he isn't mobilised & suppose he must be
reformed but it doesn't fit in with my conception of him.

This reminds me to say that you must on your holy word
not tell about our candle. Our lady of Legnet is so dreadfully
conscientious & how can I be sure what I was thinking
when I lighted her candle? Anyhow those two people seem as
if they had ~~finally~~ finally said farewell to each other.

The other day I got up at half past five in order to
conduct some people to Southampton on their way to Gorran &
watched them depart with feelings of extreme envy. It is fearfully
tempting to know that if I were to write three words on one
of the bits of paper lying round I should be gliding down
Southampton Water at the end of July. Please don't try to
imagine what Victoria Street is like. If you ever feel
inclined for my society mayn't I come & walk in those
nice places? That ought to be easy enough to arrange
you've got such numbers of patterns & I am just
exactly the very same person here — fluff & flat
but always, dear Roger, Your faithful

Pippa