

21 Fitzroy St. ^{W.} Tuesday [14.3.16]

4317

My dear Pippa It's very late but I must
write to you. It is good of you to tell me so just
what you think & so kindly however hard it is to
bear - to admit that all these years of suffering are
to lead to nothing, nothing at all is difficult & so I suppose
I keep throwing good money after bad - no it's not
so fine of me to people as I do. It's a queer kind of
loyalty to the past - whenever one's firm something of
one's insidious soul one can't help that at least I
can't. Well I must tell you I've been heroic - of an
absolute cheerfulness even when I've thought I couldn't
hang on another instant - of a complete impersonality
& detachment & yet always ready to take up
any point - but a sign I swear that it's Cook's receipt
And never a word of any 'her' due as she always
does once a week. It made her ask me to tea on
Sat. but with a cold since & oh my dear I can't endure
the torture any more. I didn't sleep at all till 3 o' my way.
It'll drive me frantic - why have I got the Dean so
tardy. My dear write again. Help me somehow say it
will pass that I can get well - that I'm not doomed
to go on for ever like this - I've never felt worse than

to-day I get the lot all sorts of chances - I'm
having passed a room - I think it's very good & get
nothing come nothing any good. I can't feel she cares
enough for me to say me word.

Pippa do ask me down to be with you
or is it too difficult. V. is going to live with Dancer
in Suffolk next month. Shall I not try to hold up
just you in altogether (see what I can of her on
any terms for this little time I know that that will
probably be the end. Oh if only you were here.

And how selfish I am I want to know how
you are. Forget me by day I know you well.

Yrs. Roger -

LONDON W.

9. 45 PM

14 MAR 1888



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