

10.2.16

My dear Pippa

I can't get off this Sat. I have to plan so many things an address at Oxford - the poetry, my people, the Poet Laureate, a visit to Girls schools etc. and I'm so lazy & incapable of writing. I've been what Lytton calls 'deflated' quite badly. Really I must save myself or I shall sink into a stupid melancholia. I keep thinking that V. will do something to pull me out but I know quite well she can't even bother to feel that it's wanted. I never knew anyone so helpless to help but it's no good thinking of that but I do feel it press round in a vicious circle in my mind. I stoned myself last night & went to the Opera Hoffmann's Tale, alone & wasn't really amused. It's not much good. I paint a little and I suspect rather well but I've no zest for it & no liking for it when it's done. You're so good to me my dear that you'll forgive this and won't blame me for being absurd - tho' I do blame myself but that don't seem to help.

But the point is when shall I get to Bury - 'cause that'll do me more good than anything. By the by I've got to visit Julian on the way so I must find what day suits him.

My general idea would be to come about Wednesday
Perhaps stay the night at Pethersfield & get on to you
in the afternoon though I spec it's an almost impossible
journey.

I'll bring chess.

Please don't give me up as a hopeless job. Your letters
help me you know & knowing your there & are
fond of me.

Yr. Roger.

33 Fitzroy Square. W.

Feb. 10. 16.

LONDON W

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10 FEB 1866



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