

4285
Hotel du Commerce
St. Maxime Var. June 16. 15.

My dear Pippa. I'm in the train leaving Calbe
Loquebroune going to St. Maxime where I stay a
little with Mrs. Crompton but I feel sad at leaving
all that, just that piece of life which somehow
I managed to shut off from all the rest of which
was in its way so complete & so infinitely more
tolerable than anything we know for a long time
(that thanks to you. I had to go to Menton yesterday
to get money so I got up early & went by the red
sand & found the way wh. we missed & did a little
dramatic of the tiny ravines, bathed at the place in a
rather smelly & infective sea. All that valley from the
Williamsons to Menton seems to me to belong to you.
I thought in my sleep, early morning fashion of how
extraordinary you are. Yes you have got rooted my
deep somewhere which makes it so pleasant to hear against
your trunk in the chequered shade, my dear 'subsidary
doin' her' But I don't think you know quite how
extraordinary your face only is, giving so much the the
usual air of someone who gives one a lift for one's
cigarette. Cost per barrel the said. Anyhow I know

that you gave me a kind of new birth in myself.
In my power to create life around me which I thought
was gone altogether. I don't feel with you as though
I was a useless encumbrance of the earth.

This servant must go as it is so I shall miss
the post. I think I'll write again soon. And please
you will go from your office. I try to imagine you there.
Goodbye & thank you. I do not let time
your. Roger.