

Burley Hill

Ringwood

March 16th 1916

4318

Dearest dearest Roger This is
too dreadful. Why can't I simply
step into a train instead of staring
at this piece of writing paper. Really
you mustn't be so hopelessly unhappy.
Be unhappy for this minute - you can't
help it - but not unhappy for all the
rest of time put into now. It is the
new hurting that is the worst + wakes
up all the old. If only you could stop
getting new hurts. When you do, the future
will begin to work by its own methods which
one hates to think of when one wants to be
faithfully unhappy always. But whether one
wants it or not feelings do get horny + stiff
& the hurting things do get weak + shadowy
at last. And other things do begin again
at last.

The future is safe for you Roger - don't
make things worse for yourself with a
phantom. Now is the dreadful time. Now
is the worst. Only think about getting through
the minutes that are here & things will manage
themselves later on. How truly wonderful of
you to be able to paint your room. I do
think you're a wonderful creature & the best
of battlers. It does make me like you so
much & care abt you so. I think you're quite
likely wrong in supposing that everything you do
& do leads to nothing. I think most likely
there's a state of mind there in that makes
everything but one absolutely & hopelessly outside
her existence & that no earthly thing can batter
in so long as she's in that state. But won't
the time come when she'll not be in it? Why
shouldn't you some day find her understanding
about you & looking at the room you're
painting now? Able to be friends with you really.
Roger dear I do believe you perhaps ought
to feel about her simply as though she

had gone out of her mind, because some
people when they get into that state do
really cease to be responsible & I believe
she is like that & that it's hardly fair
to deduce from anything she does now that
as you say she isn't all right - I mean friendly.
Oh dear how mixed. But I believe there's something
in it & that perhaps it wouldn't seem quite
so despairing if you could look at it in that
way. How I wish I weren't here. If I had
the spirit of a blackbeetle I'd go back
to London, but having ~~you~~ idiotically
committed myself to this ^{business} business
of trying to get strong I feel that going back
to London ^{just yet} would be going back on Pernel,
after all the trouble she's had. It does
make me so miserable not to be able
to hold out my arms to you to come.
But the child & her governess are
here & Thana comes back next week.
She wants us to stop on with her ^{1 week or 10} long.
I daily regret my stupidity in having -
I've said that before & it's time anyhow

Forrest Library
27 W. 4th Street
London E.W.S.

632

They away much longer! hope I don't dare to say what I want P.S.
If there's an opening for you here I'll telegraph
I don't dare to say what I want P.S.
Oh dear the clock's struck —

to be putting out my light though there's no one to see it under the door. It is exactly a month today since you came. It makes me too miserable to think of you by yourself in Fitzroy Street. Can't you go + stop with some one? Don't you visit Logan now that Alys is away? Do be sensible + go there + get a chance of sleeping at night. Of course you can't in your studio - + cooking your own dinner is so disastrous. Do go to Uncle Logy I'm sure he'd love it.

I don't want to stop this incoherent epistle because I feel as though you were less deserted whilst I ~~am~~ scribbling which is not very wise. So far as I go you're never very much deserted but I don't go so far as anything practical. Beastly. I am better + this time I'm not going to get worse again c'est que c'est. You needn't mind about me because I really am as well as I've been for ever so long + it's only this folly about trying to raise the standard. I shan't