

21 Fitzroy Str. W.1.

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4359

My dear Pippa For in a dirty sheet I've a fit of
ecstasy & yet I must write to you in yr. Paragatario
Lad if there's any justice in the universe you'll have
such a heaven & I know you'd wangle me into it
wldn't you - no it wld. be no good - only the people
whom I came it wld. understand it. Well you will.
I've just discovered that we are vieux jeu and inscript^{ly}
XIXth Century by that book of Halley on Péguy - You see
it all seems to me equally good the point. Péguy the
beautiful lovable medieval Christian - almost Franciscan
no stigma only the real positive virtues of Maumus the
brutal blood thirsty Dominican: it's the 13th Century
over again & all this was in France before the war
& ~~it's~~ that's the world that will begin afterwards &
we who belong to the scientific age will watch it
in helpless bewilderment. We shall watch them patting
in pure chimerical hypotheses about human & divine
nature & think it all wish & they will be inspired to
real love & hate & and will kill me another
& ~~return~~ for equally mythical abstractions & will
strive us mad for believing in evidence & fact.

I see the whole horror of being a modern surviving
into the new middle ages. Pamela [Julia will be
in it - will I shall scientifically commit suicide &
have myself dissected by the last man who cares for
facts. et après cela le Diable. & we won't come to life
again for another 500 yrs. But of course that's of no
importance if you take a bit cough virus.

Only it is important that meanwhile we shouldn't have
too hard a time & you poor dear have & I feel so
horribly sorry for you - only so glad so immensely glad that
we didn't miss that delightful week end for it was
to me almost pure pleasure so you can't have hated
it or I shouldn't have enjoyed it so. You see this a
real Epicurean & I think you can get a bit of ~~the~~ actual
pleasure so much to the good, just a little bit snatched
out of the chaos. Well it's a queer world & a sad
one but I've had her interest & tho' it's sad as
one goes on it does get more interesting. That's the only
consolation: one doesn't get dead if one suffers. I almost
think it's contented happiness (which are all by far
& more so) that kills. A happy marriage for instance.
I go to my little purgatory to-nights - pray for me
& perhaps write to Fairland House, Fairland, N.
Bristol. Couldn't you pin the lady as a card?
No don't it wd. be too noble. I shd. feel uncomfortable
in the presence of such heroism as that wd. mean.
Yrs. Roger.