

[4-3-16]

I'm sorry my writing paper
is so very degraded.

Burley Hill

Sunday

My dear Roger

Before I forget it I must at once tell you that all the natural history I gave you about Amber Reeves's offspring was false. I had a sort of sensation that I was telling lies at the time & have now made investigations & discovered the origin of my slanders. So you must rub them out of your remembrance & rearrange your conceptions of the ~~story~~ as you had them before.

*Your train letter came yesterday. I should be in a very bad way if you really thought you had to be forgiven for talking about yourself so it's a good thing that's only a polite gesture. I don't only like your niece that you know, but I like the creature that according to my mind & in spite of your horrid philosophies lives inside it. So that I'm glad to see his shadow projected - always glad. I don't think I need make any sage remarks about what you say - Except perhaps one which is that I think it is really the situation which is overpowering. Supposing her character were different & she

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[2-3-16]

were able to give more attention to helping. I still
don't believe you'd find yourself suffering less. It seems
as if small differences would make things better but I think
there'd always be other ones until one got what one
really wanted. I suppose things might really be much
worse than they are but you ~~don't~~ ^{can't} consider that & I
believe you'd find you were just as unhappy ^{whatever steps you were on} because you
never could consider the steps below & would only always
feel you weren't on the right one. I suppose two people
might conceivably carry things through in the way you
hoped but for you two to do it in your present states of
mind I think not only her character but yours too
would have to be different. This seems rather mixed and
I think I'd better turn off the tap. I've gone & missed
that unbearably early Sunday post anyhow. I've not been
very well & I am beginning to feel slightly discouraged.
Pernel has gone to spend the week-end with Virginia, & Ray
is here instead. What a mercy my conceited idea
that I was the only person capable of appreciating you
& each turned out to be mistaken! I wonder what
the *Oxford Socialists were like & what you preached
to them. I can't imagine them anything but a gloomy
set either. Goodbye my dear. Yes affectionally
P.S.

* See letter
of
March 2
1916]

* [See letter
of
8.3.16]