

Apr. 8. 16.

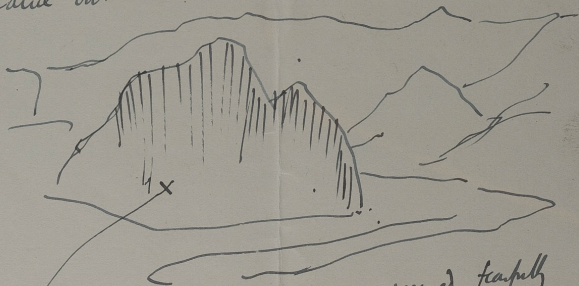
DURBINS,
GUILDFORD.

4326

My dear Pippa.

I read your very charming letter while I was waiting to be executed at the dentist's this morning. I've not recovered ~~at~~ altogether yet - He got through most while I was what's called unconscious (I'm now really quite) and then had to finish up after and I'm a horrid coward about pain now at all like you I'm still a wreck after doing ineffectively most of the day only I like to mander

to you [you won't mind. I'm so dumb I had
your dream but I didn't also bring
it back with me from sleep or else it got both
delayed in transmission [changed, for last night
I was in frightful pain (or what I call that) and
waking every hour with it but in between I had
a very wonderful dream. I was in Greece where
I've never been I think it was called Dodona
anyway it was a celebrated pass in the
mountains or rather in the valley where it
came out



I remember this rocky mass seemed *terribly*
romantic.

DURBINS,
GUILDFORD.

and then suddenly I was in
 a country house there which
 belonged to a very splendid old man. He'd
 been a great paper something of Gautier (something
 of W.S. Lander and something of Dr. Matthiessen
 He's got rather fine poor old things but he was
 so splendid one didn't mind (his daughters
 who looked after him were delightfully rivalled
 about him (yet immensely kind. He seemed
 pleased in his vague wandering way to see me
 & then he showed me a sort of museum full
 of archaic Greek bronzes. You know I don't like
 Greek art much but any one (then it seems
 to suggest something better than almost anything
 (then came up to what it ought to have
 been (I then (then recounted all that I
 said against Greek art. I'd no idea I said

that such things existed & alas no more
they do. So you see your
Mediterranean dream took effect & I was
so delighted to have this in the middle of the
pain.

I'm a distorted & deformed being all one side in
the face & I shall have no teeth until
I can get artificial ones on one side. It
makes me a decayed gentleman & is the
beginning of dropping piecemeal into the carts
I wish you slept & hadn't such pain. And
won't you see Gray. As for me for
the moment I'm all inside a physical
ache nothing left to speak of outside the
swelling on one side of my face.

Adieu you are a dear

Yrs. Roger.

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