

21 Fitzroy St. London. W.

Sept. 5. 16. 4338

Here, my dear Pippa, I am sitting in
such a mud-hole that the only way
to face the fact that I've got to clear up
the whole studio is to write to you. I
know you didn't mind my not writing &
really I've not had much leisure since
you left. First Farnham where we were
has a moment - then two days in London
when Vanessa was up and so I didn't do
anything but talk to her then a week and
at Ashham with the Wolers & here I
am back and have a million Omega
chores to do to-morrow & very little inclination
for 'em. I suppose it would be a good thing
once for all to learn to do one's duty then
perhaps it wouldn't each time be such a
horrible effort to be put off incessantly
till at last it can't be avoided. But
you see I don't learn it more or less

mechanically in by quarts and the effect never lasted at all. I suppose some people are born with no real moral sense at all - and it makes less difference than you'd think.

There's so much to tell you that I don't know I can begin. If only you'd be sitting here I sh'd. talk endlessly. But by day I must say something about your letter which was very dear of you to write. What I don't believe you quite understand is how much I wish I were otherwise. I'm always rather afraid to tell you how frightfully I should like to be in love with you if I had my choice in the matter and how much even if I can't be I would love to be very nearly always with you. I have really to tell you this because you must know all the facts and must believe once for all how much I really depend and rely on you. I think you begin to know it but don't quite like to admit it.

But as our wills have so little effect in this we must just take things as they come and be as simple as possible in front of the facts. I certainly don't mean to worry about you. You give me (perhaps an exaggerated

idea of your strength & security - It seems such an invasion of things to think of protecting you - whom I look up to as the strong one. Anyhow you mustn't mind my saying this much.

Pamela & I had a delightful journey to Fairland we stopped at Romsey & then at Salisbury & got to Fairland in the eve'ing having started at 7.0. It is an extraordinary pleasure to travel with her - she understands everything & loves getting & meeting about as much as we both do. There's nothing quite so nice as travelling with the right person just as there's nothing quite so horrid if it's the wrong one. She likes to see the sights but she likes quite as much the things that are not sights all the little accidental things & people.

Fairland was a great change from Bournemouth but we managed all right. I read a lot to my father who's really well again & his mind still wonderful. I get on with him now better than I've ever done since I was quite tiny. I think something of the moral tension has relaxed to in him, and his nerve power & let's his mind work more freely. We actually

read Shelley!

Ashham was delightful - Virginia splendidly well and immensely charming. I did a sketch portrait of her which is really very good as a likeness. I don't think it has much else to recommend it.

I didn't like coming back to my studio and feeling at the end of things with a worthy punch to look forward to. I think it was the effect of Ashham where so much the best of the worst things have happened to me. It put me back two years - I haven't been there for that time - and two years ago was hell still for me.

I finished Amber's book. It's odd that having put such a good theme she couldn't do more with it. The construction & movement are so bad and that bright sharp photographic touch. But I still think there's something there which she might pull out. She can see from inside people sometimes & that's a rare gift. Really tho' I read too few minor novels to know where to place this. It isn't really good that's certain, but it isn't hopeless.

Now I must begin to tidy. This is a longer letter than it looks. Tell me yr. plans & when I can see you again
Yrs. Roger.

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*Miss Philippa Strachey
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