

21 Fitzroy St. W.  
Feb. 24. 16.

4312

My dear Pippa

I ought to write my lecture  
but I'm lazy & wd. much rather talk  
to you. I forgot it was Thursday all the  
shops shut in my district or rather open  
but only allowed to sell one or two things  
so I had to hunt round for one so by 10  
I got home better & a purple clove but ended  
with a good dinner (at last my room's getting  
warm and I'm happy to think I like  
being alone.

It was nice of you to show me that  
thing you wrote it's made me feel  
very happy & certain about us. I don't  
know whether you can understand that

You see I'm not nearly so good as  
you — you know by now that this isn't  
modesty or absurdity of any kind but a  
plain a fact as that by hard's proof  
three years & in itself I don't know  
that it bothers me in the least to recognize it.  
Well I spec' that makes me a little afraid  
of your standard & not coming up to it  
and when I see that it is just your  
Extraordinary humanity to me (& that  
seems to me quite true) I know that  
your love of me doesn't depend on me  
but on yourself. & that seems a much  
super (& better arrangement).

My dear, you've given me days of  
absolute contentment & peace. I'll try &  
keep the feeling that you give me (that it's  
worth while) here in London if I can (& not

go down into the pit again

I do want you to know that our  
relation does seem to me one of the most  
entirely beautiful things that's ever happened  
to me (& I think it's entirely or almost  
entirely your making & I think it is so  
I can't bear the idea that by clumsier  
coarser and selfisher ways might spoil  
it but I get less & less frightened of  
that because I think I do have courage  
to be honest with you. The truth is I'm  
not really the least frightened of you I'm  
only frightened of myself in relation to you.  
Simply because I'm not so fine — that's what  
I mean by saying yr. pride is so terrible  
alarmsing.

I tried in the vain to think of a scheme  
for decorating a room I've got to do & couldn't  
get anything out (& now my pictures give  
their tiresome incompleteness at me  
I spec I ought to clear out of this

studio - its' w<sup>th</sup> too many terrible  
associations in it. But I haven't energy  
to plan a move. Praps you'll move me  
one day.

Adios my dear it sounds rather  
ridiculous to thank you but I can't help  
prattled by being a rather big part of  
my feelings. Yr. Rops.

P.S. I send you this in case you  
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