

to write. Whatever you decide is best for you will be best for me. And you must not picture me as desperately despairing, or existing feverishly from day to day, only in the hope of hearing from you that I am forgiven.

It is true, that when I let you go, all personal happiness for me went with you. But long hours of calmness came, and I hope to find something like real peace in Venice again. I am going back there soon, to the place where I "found myself." And I tell you once more, I am a thousand times better and happier for having you in my memory, like a picture over an altar, behind a curtain.

When I think of myself, though I feel—often, not always—that intrinsically I am not worthy of such a man, frankly I am not sure that I would have been as good a woman as I am, if the cloud-shadows had never darkened the lagoon. It is not that I hold the belief, already as old-fashioned as the "new woman" of many years ago, that a woman has a right to the same experiences as men, without being questioned. It isn't that. It is only that I am not sure about myself. And I have a strange conviction that to the heart of the Real Me the black shadow never reached.

I want to be my new self, to shut the door on the past, and live in the present and future. But I can see, oh so plainly, that there is little reason for you to want even that new self at its best in your life. Search your own soul to decide. Yet I think, somehow, that now you will *know* without reflecting whether we are for each other or not.

You will not be "spoiling my life" by keeping yourself out of it. There will never be any other man in my life. There never has been any other who counted, in my heart. But while sunrises and sunsets throw their