

Read this
carefully, it's confused
with hair = sea noise.

3/1/28.

I

RUE DE MONTLESUY (VHS)

Hotel Antipolis

Antibes.

A.D.

My dear Jimmy:

Sorry you wouldn't come to lunch. It upsets me too, but it seems we might as well bear it. That evening I shot down here & am writing, lying in bed, opposite Vaubani's flat like all the best ships that ever were, & the sea is making its agreeable noise & driving out the hair.

Three friends called already & with difficulty driven off, that I might write to you.

Jimmy, dear, it's seven years you've had to be angry in. And as I showed you, as had to that first night, my feeling for you has remained pretty constant. And for seven years you've rather taken it out on the bird.

At least, everything that has been done has been, mostly, arranged by me.

And there is still something left between us. — I wear away apart from her — a love that exists, a sort of real relation.

There is no getting out of it, so we might as well accept it. Whatever you like to believe, I've not been a bad worker & a little helped by you, should be a much better one. I only need the chance. It really all goes with you. I want your company & help in her up-bringing, to share her with you. And at the moment, crippled as I am from her illness last spring, I can't do anything at all. (What devil possessed you to send over D.C.H. to insult me, pay the least she could?)

It isn't that I don't believe in your difficulties: rather, it is you who don't believe in mine. But you can believe that I'm down here, with 500 francs in my pocket, nothing for her & some owing, no more coming in till February & that's not enough. My future is planned pretty well, my prospects fairly luminous, my debts small. It is these present matters which are quite impossible. Anxious prevent \$ me from working, at least they do me.

(Don't think that the young man you met is rich any longer, or able to do more than he did when she was ill, when he cabled his family in an emergency. He's a dear & my close friend, but

14 RUE DE MONTESSUY (VII^e)

I'm not the sort that's kept, least of all by men young enough to be my son.)

Darling, raise \$25 for me, spot cash

the end of March, e as much off Mother as you can. Pull her a year, mix her of the sob-stuff, e the snible truth that if she wants to be a grand-mother, she must act like one.

(She paid about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the moving home, not a cent of the surgeon's or the specialist's bills, a Cuddy's carabancere, e Tony sent me about \$20 later on.)

Do something for us this time, Jimmy, e do it quick. I want to take the little flat I've found her, whose rent I must pay in advance; throw myself in my best book, have the babe for week-ends, e a little 'home-life' together for us. I have admirable friends down here e I want to widen, civilize the circle of her life. Every cent I can get helps.

If you want to do this, because you can't, or because you prefer cocaine - e - regret - stains about me - (You should hear some of the party games that float across about you -)! who we here, so that I shall know the worst. God knows what I shall do, but shall have to beg, borrow, steal probably - something quick. ^{I have no idea how} If you can or will help, it would be better, in so bad a situation, if you sent

FRANCE

14 RUE DE MONTESSUY (VIII^e)

it to me not through my lawyers or bank,
which means weeks of delay, but here, in
note, quick. I will give you a receipt.

7 years, Jimmy, is a long time, & much
of our separation & unhappiness a phantom of
your brain - But I'm not a phantom in the
child, & she's pretty glorious. Yours as much as
mine.

I need we ^{of} Berne's address. I want
him to see her ^(that should settle the matter) all done very best. Have a
little faith that if you stand by me now, I shall
find something you want for you also.

Love to you.

Mary.



LIS B PARIS
FRANCE

DUALIS