

105 Oakley St

Sunday.

My dear Douglas:

I hope you didn't expect me at the Fitzroy last night. My cold was bad, and Gabriel's was worse. He is in bed to day, and callers came last night, and I've been writing like mad.....

I shall never forget (my God, what typing) last Friday evening, nor what you said and let me say.

I will go and see the bogus people either Monday or Tuesday, try and plant a work on them, (the main idea being to touch their funds and get them to do a port-folio of Gabriel's)

I'll come round to the pub about aperetif time on the chance of finding you directly I have any news.

Good luck to you, my dear.

Love always

Nary.