

212. Boulevard Raspail.

Paris - XIV.

Dearest Douglas.

This is what happened, as

I get it.

- (i) Mr Davis wanted rooms unfurnished. I was willing to stay there.
- (ii) Letter from Hutson (in Feb) to say that he'd changed his mind & would consent to take them with stuff.
- (iii) He (my) wrote to Hutson & said 'right' will leave them there till I get a fresh place. ^{late}
- (iv) Found fresh place in 1 May.
- (v) Wrote Hutson, 'am removing furniture' (gave her some & some decent clothes).
No protest.
- (vi) Took place from July 1st on, signed Harrods estimate & said 'proceed'.
- (vii) Letter from Harrods to say that Boffin would not let the furniture go.
The point is, why didn't

he or Hudson object before? They had plenty of time, my exact address.

If he had treated me with decent civility, I would not have written to my lawyers.

It was unbusiness like of me not to be sure what Dr Morris thought he had taken. I imagined him pausing to be quit of my stuff.

Boffin's incivility passes all bounds. He writes my lawyers libellous letters — meanwhile I'm hung up in a fat night with a flat I can't get into. And the baby. And my work. And a generally complicated life.

Dearest, I consider it all bloody. I long to see you. I shall be in country outside Paris & will come up & dine with you joyfully. This address will always find me.

Try & manage the people for me. It's desperately important that I get installed.

All love.

Jany