

14 AVE DE MONTESSUY (VIII)

Hôtel Antipolis.
Antibes.

Douglas dear:

Just got your p.c.

Nathaniel indeed! 10,000 of that book finished.
Several poems, & another of my perennial
waggoner at the origin of Greek civilisation;
a fruitful one this time, why I haven't half
the books I need.

Came down on the foot - Sparked with
Cuddy. Then ~~§~~ nearly a week ago, pitched
over on one of the infernal cobbles of the
old town & did in my knee. Am just
about to crawl again.

Had because, in a way, Nathaniel was
right. My last night in Paris, I thought
I'd do the rounds & lauded up in the Boat.
There was J. R. changing colours like a
well-managed stage sunset. Finally,
fell round my neck, with at his crimes,
& swore eternal devotion. Cash for the

kid' said I at length - Well, he
 swore there was lots coming, & I was ass-
 enough - he seemed so terribly sincere - to
 believe him. So, next day, I went round
 my quarter & shed solvency right & left.

Came down here with very little ^{in consequence} & waited
 for his cheque - And it hasn't come. And
 I hadn't the 500 francs for you, I had
 put away ^(spent in the wood & coal man to visit her) $\frac{1}{2}$ - wanted to see you awfully
 & was ashamed. Feb. 1st at worst.

Ever yours

May.
