

1925 ~~1925~~ Wednesday the 13th. ?

Dearest Florence:

*Handwritten: Spring? April?*

I am taking the great liberty of sending you an article which I have written, and I ask that you post it to the Atlantic Monthly, Boston, for me, and I shall try a shot there. I would send it directly to the Atlantic Monthly, but I do not know the address of said rag. If they refuse it--as they undoubtedly will--I did not want them to return here here to me in Germany and waste months before I can get it back. Then if it is refused, will you be good enough to place it in the hands of an agent. Gertrude Nafe used to have an agent who placed her things. Could you get the address through Ellen Kennan and give it to him or her as the case may be. And let me have the address that I may send other articles through that Agent.

*Handwritten: On Sergei Naidu?*

Now give me your frank opinion about the article. I am not much impressed with it and expect it to be refused. You see, I am simply a rag now. I haven't an ounce of enthusiasm or hope in me, and what I write is of the same stuff. Almost all that I write these days is returned to me, and I am taking more and more to teaching to make a living. I am simply smashed down.

You can change my article if you think it worth while. Cut out anything you want. But it will be too much trouble for you to do much with it. I could send pictures if any magazine wanted them. I've a picture taken of Mrs. Naidu last year in Africa, and one taken a number of years ago when she was a flaming beauty.

I think this is the last thing I write on Chatto's family. I wrote it hoping to make money. But they sicken me thoroughly.

I have heard from Mrs. Davis, to whom I sent my letter through you. It seems you have done a very fine job, for she wrote me a lovely letter and told me that although they can not cancel the debt,

I am to go ahead with my life and work as if the debt did not exist, and then when I make money, to give them the surplus. This I am very glad about, and of course such a debt as that is much more pressing than when people take a different attitude. But she was lovely. And you are lovelier still. Never failing friend. I suppose with you in this thing called life, one should not be so unhappy and discouraged.

I am not well. I have been in the analysis for 16 months steadily, but I am a mess, a wreck. I have reached a point where I can't go on with my doctor I fear. She treats me free of charge, but I can't talk to her. I don't know why. I don't suppose it is the doctor, but my own self. I have no hope in anything any more and the strain under which I live is so awful, awful, awful. And it is so useless, and it seems like years for me to have to remain here under this pressure. And in the meantime life goes by; and I'm 33. It is no joke. And in the meantime my life here is rendered absolutely impotent by these conditions.

I shall write again when I feel better.

My dear love to you,

*Agnes*

P.S. In sending my article to the Atlantic Monthly, please enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for its return. For it is sure to come back.