

WOLMER WOOD,

MARLOW COMMON,

MARLOW, BUCKS.

Jan. 3rd 1930.

My dear Philip

I am afraid my note, which I hope reached you on Wednesday, was a very hurried scrawl but I had only a minute to write it as I was hard at work on my notice of the Italian exhibition. I was very sorry I could not get to see for Wednesday night but I had to be at the Pastel Society private view in the afternoon and get me that night as I had Thursday covered up with things I had to do here — I have had a rush all the week. I was rather disappointed with the Italian exhibition; perhaps I expected too much but it seemed to me heavy and yet at the same time a little weak. There is a sort of prettiness in Italian art and when you get such a mass of it all together this prettiness becomes rather too evident. I certainly did not think the show as impressive or as strong as either the Finnish or

the Dutch — my recollection of the
Finnish primitives particularly is
that they were far more serious in
treatment and far finer in colour
than the Italian. However, I would
much to hear what you think of the
exhibition so, if I may come to you
next Wednesday, we will have a real
talk about it. I hope you will be able
to have a look at it a bit before you
go abroad; I think it is well up
to the average and there is a fair
amount of good work in it — Terrick
Williams has some charming land-
scapes, Davis Richter a large and
ambitious picture of Paddington station
and Leonard Squirrell some very good
stuff; Cohen shows only one thing, a sketch
of a child's head, which is his best work.

I hope Patry was able to tell you all about
the R.T.A. position — I have not heard
much more about it lately, but I did
have a short chat, at the Academy
on Monday, with Littlejohns who
was one of the moving spirits in
the attack on Sickett's policy of
hanging by the tail. He is, I think, one of
your supporters but he did not seem
to be hopeful about you, or anyone else,
getting a really large majority, as the
Society seems to be very much divided
up into factions — that is always,

the way these things go, artists are such hopeless people when anything like united action is required; they never can agree even when agreement is obviously important in their own interests.

Over so many thanks to you and Lucy for the photo, which arrived this morning. I am delighted to have it and it is most nice of you to have thought of sending it. I hope Paul had got all right again before he set off for America and I hope sincerely that he will not have too rough a passage. I am afraid, though, that he is bound to get some bad weather as there seems to be still a lot of it about — it was a growing fairly brisk here today and we have had some heavy rain.

Best love to your my friend and our best wishes for the future. I hope this year will be the realisation of your picture — I am quite as anxious to see the picture as you are to paint it.

Our love to you and

always yours
H.B.