

WOLMER WOOD,

MARLOW COMMON,

MARLOW, BUCKS.

July. 7th 1933.

My dear Philip

I was very glad indeed to get your letter and to have news of you now that you are home again from Scotland. You seem to be, as usual, very busy but I hope you are not overworking and I hope you are keeping fit and well. I expect you are looking forward to your trip abroad as it will give you a pleasant change and a spell of rest — if you do not rush about too much while you are away. I do hope that you will be able to run down here before you go away as I very much want to see you; I am afraid to risk a trip to town while the weather is still so uncertain and my doctor tells me that I am much better at home while there is so much "flu" about. I am really feeling pretty fit and I have got rid, I am glad to say, of the cold I got about the end of 1932, so

unblushing charlatanism as worthy of any sort of consideration? I have seen work of Sickert's that had some decent qualities and in past years he was not entirely contemptible but the stuff he is doing now is offensively ridiculous.

I am glad you have seen Whitley and to hear that you like him; I have known him a long time — something like forty years — and I have always found him eminently sane and sincere. I had a letter from him a day or two ago telling me that he had been to see you and saying that you and Lucy were most charming to him and that he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit — he has always been greatly impressed by your work. I wanted you to know him because there might be an occasion when it might be convenient for you to be in touch with a journalist who would be depended upon and whose art knowledge was sound; Whitley is certainly not of the Konody, Wileriski class and he does know what he is talking about — he was a painter before he became a writer.

I shall be anxious to hear what you have decided about an exhibition; if you have it at Agnew's you will have to limit the

I am doing my best to keep all right and am taking things easily. When you come back from abroad there ought to be some signs of spring and I hope I shall be able then to run up to London — I have not been there since, I think, the end of November so I am very much out of touch with what is going on at the moment.

Your portrait of the Archbishop sounds as if it had a very attractive colour scheme; I wish I could see it. But, of course, it could never be ranked with such a masterpiece as the Sickert portrait you mention — I have seen somewhere a reproduction of that — and you must never presume to ~~be~~ count yourself as the equal of such a genius as he is universally accounted. I hope that after seeing his picture you came home feeling properly humble and that you realised how far you fall short of the high standard that Sickert has established. Seriously, though, what can be the condition of mind that reckons Sickert's

number of pictures very considerably
as the gallery is a good deal smaller
than the old French Gallery but I ex-
pect you would rather not have
the trouble of collecting as many
pictures as you have in the park.
I hope I shall see the exhibition; I
suppose you would have it in the
early summer.

Peter is much better in himself
but his leg does not make any real
progress and the doctors all seem
to agree that there is no hope that
his knee can ever be usable again.
So he has decided that he would
rather have his leg amputated than
go on for the rest of his life with a stiff
joint that is likely to be very trouble-
some and painful. At the moment
the whole question is being discussed
by the doctors and if they agree with
Peter's idea of amputation the operation
will be soon — I cannot say that I
like the idea but if he wishes it to be
done I suppose I must not object; I am
very sorry indeed, though, that such a
thing should be necessary.

Our love to you both and please
thank Lucy for me for her letter which
I was very glad to have.

Yours A.L.G.