

WOLMER WOOD,

MARLOW COMMON,

MARLOW, BUCKS.

October 25<sup>th</sup> 1936.

My dear Philip

I expect you have seen this — from the Times — but I am sending it in case, by any chance, you have missed it. I presume that it was written by Marriott; it reads like him, anyhow. The point he tries to make, about "genuine art lovers always enlarging their horizon", is, of course, aimed at you; he implies that your view is narrow and that you do not move with the times. The point I am always trying to make myself is that the so-called modern and progressive "art lovers" are really reactionaries whose progress is backwards, not forward, and who, instead of enlarging their horizon, narrow it down by adopting a sham simplicity which is only a stupid affectation and a weak copy of the genuine primitive. The pictures of carved ivories, which I enclose, show rather well the sort of

thing to which artists with an "enlarged horizon" have reverted for inspiration — what sense is there in going back nearly three thousand years to find things to imitate?

How are you now? I hope that I can take no news as good news and that, not having heard ~~of~~ anything of your recent doings I can feel satisfied that you have been making steady progress and are by now feeling reasonably fit again. Where are you; have you been to Brighton or are you still at Hawley Place — or have you got home again? On the whole, you have had passably fine weather for your period of rest and there have been a good many days when you could get gentle exercise in the open air, so I hope you have been able to take full advantage of the quiet time.

I have been busy myself with the various jobs that I have had to attend to in the garden

and have got through a good many of them but  
I still have some to finish off and I am hoping  
that the weather will not break up just yet so I  
cannot do much out of doors if it is damp or  
cold. It is beginning here to look very autumnal as  
the leaves are falling fast now and the trees are  
getting bare — winter is not far off, I am sorry to say.

I have no news; we are all as usual. We were  
expecting the Kendricks for the week end but he is  
out of sorts again, with a bad chest cold — he does  
have rather a bad time with his chest.

Our love to you and Lucy

always yours

A. L. D.