

1006

WOLMER WOOD,

MARLOW COMMON,

MARLOW, BUCKS.

July 31st 1936.

My dear Philip

Have you seen the current number of the "Studio"? I had a glance at it yesterday and I saw in it a series of illustrations of modern works which would, I think, give you food for thought. There is particularly a Picasso that deserves your attention as a piece of absolute lunacy. I do not know whether the "Studio" is publishing them as modern masterpieces or as warnings of what should be avoided; I only looked at them for a minute and did not read the letterpress which accompanied them.

I was up in town for a few hours yesterday and I looked in at the

Leicester Galleries and saw the
Sickest portrait of the King; it is
a funny piece of work but not
the worst thing he has ever done
as it is less aggressive in manner
of treatment than usual and
not so dirty in colour as so many
of his pictures have been. But
I can see no reason why it
should ever have been painted.

Are you not getting tired of
this ridiculous summer weather?
I am, because it prevents me
from getting out to do the things
I want to see to in the garden.
Yesterday was the first really
decent day we have had for a
long time and I had to waste
it by going up to town. One
thing I did there was to have
a talk with one of the Currier
Brown staff and I suggested

as a matter for discussion the two books we have
so often talked about — one on your paintings of
children and one on your sketches and studies.
The suggestion was very well received so I shall,
within the next few days, go further into the matter
and send to Curtis Brown a more detailed scheme
for the two books. I will let you know as soon as
I hear what the possibilities are and whether the
idea is likely to appeal to a publisher.

How are you getting on with your work and when
are you going to have a holiday? I hope the bad weather
has not troubled you — though I expect you must have
been a good deal worried by bad light as so many days
recently have been dull and cloudy — and I hope
Lucy is well and enjoying herself at Wentworth.

always yours A. L. B.