

My dear Theo,

I thank Jo very much for having written, and knowing that you want me to drop you a line, I must let you know that it is very difficult for me to write, my head is so disordered. So I am taking advantage of an interval. Dr. Peyron is very kind to me and very patient. You can imagine that I am terribly distressed because the attacks have come back, when I was already beginning to hope that it would not return.

It would perhaps be a good thing if you wrote a few words to Dr. Peyron to tell him that working on my pictures is almost a necessity for my recovery, for these days without anything to do, and without being able to go to the room they have allotted me to do my painting in, are almost unbearable.

(My friend Roulin has written me too.)

I have received a catalogue of the Gauguin, Bernard, Schuffenecker, etc., exhibition, which I find interesting.

Gauguin has also written a kind letter, though a little vague and obscure, but after all I must say that I think they are right to have an exhibition among themselves.

For many days my mind has been absolutely wandering, as in Arles, quite as much if not worse, and presumably the attacks will come back again in the future, it is abominable.

For four days I was unable to eat because of a swollen throat.

I hope it is not complaining too much if I tell you these details, but I do it to show you that I am not yet in a condition to go to Paris or to Pont-Aven, unless it were to Charenton. I no longer see any possibility of having courage or hope, but after all, it wasn't just yesterday that we found this job of ours wasn't a cheerful one.

All the same I am pleased that you have got the package from here: the landscapes. Thank you especially for that etching after Rembrandt.<sup>2</sup> It is amazing, and yet it reminds me of the man with the staff in the Lacaze Gallery.

If you want to give me great, great pleasure, then send a copy to Gauguin. Further, the pamphlet on Rodin and Claude Monet is very interesting.

This new attack, my boy, came on me in the fields, on a windy day, when I was busy painting. I will send you the canvas. I finished it in spite of it [F 744, JH 1802].

And truly it was a more sober attempt, mat in colour without showing it, in broken greens, and reds and rusty yellow ocher, just as I told you that sometimes I felt a great desire to begin again with the same palette as in the North.

I'll send you this canvas as soon as I can. Good-by, thank you for all your kindness. A good handshake to you and Jo.

Vincent

Mother and Wil also wrote me a very nice letter.

While I have no extravagant liking for Rod's book, all the same I have made a canvas of the passage where he speaks of the mountains and the dark huts [F 622, JH 1766].

1. Written in black crayon.
2. The figure of an angel.