

Amice Rappard,

Herewith a few more poems by Jules Breton; if you don't have them, I feel sure you will be greatly impressed by them. Today, or rather during the past few days, I painted a study of the weaving loom of which you have the sketch. ¹ I am also trying to find the colour of the winter garden. But it is already a spring garden by now; it has changed into something quite different.

Goodbye,

Ever yours, Vincent

You are now in for a little scolding – that is to say – when I was with you last winter you were opposed to “enthusiasm” – I mean, you said that Jaap [Jacob] Maris said that enthusiasm was I don't know what. But he, that is, Jaap, didn't exactly put this into practice in his own life – even though he may have said something like that, applying it to some special case – since he himself continued to paint under all circumstances. If it were so, then birds would stop singing and painters would stop painting if they were forever asking themselves whether or not they were too ardent.

And now read “Les Cigales” [The Crickets] – and – I am not going to add another word.

1. See letter 363 to Theo.