

Letter 373
Nuenen, early August 1884

Dear Theo,

I was glad to hear from your letter to Father and Mother that you intend to go to London on August 4, and from there will come here. I am again longing very much for your coming, and to know what you will think of the work that I have done since.

The last things I have done are two rather large studies of ox wagons, a black ox [F 39, JH 505] and a red one [F 38, JH 504].

I have also been working again on the old church steeple in the fields, in the evening, of which I made a larger study than the previous one, with the cornfields around it.

Rappard sent me back the book by Vosmaer which belongs to you; I started reading it, and perhaps it is my fault, but I think it awfully dull, and written in a regular academic, sermonizing tone. Perhaps you will think so too when you read it again.

Have you read Sapho by Daudet?

It is very beautiful, and so full of vigour, so “la nature serré de près” [nature pressed closely (to his heart)], that the heroine lives, breathes, and one hears her voice, literally hears it, and forgets one is reading.

When you come, you will also see some new weavers.

Nature is certainly very striking here; I am still much pleased with the studio.

When you come, we must visit some farms and weaver’s houses.

In October Rappard intends to come back here, probably he is now in Drenthe again.

Well, I am writing in rather a hurry, for I am up to my ears in my work. I work a good deal early in the morning or in the evening, and sometimes everything is so unutterably beautiful then.

Goodbye, believe me,

Yours sincerely, Vincent