To Harriet Shaw Weaver

May 1927

and trying to make out where the Hook of Holland was when he rushed at me. His master and I spent a chatty time afterwards groping on our knees in the sand for the debris of my glasses—now restored.

It is a majestic beach indeed. A very restful country too, it seems. The cuisine is funny, ginger with breakfast, cinnamon in the beans, nutmeg in the spinach, pickled cucumbers on sale on the strand, and allspice in everything. Very civil people too. Do you know Johannes Vermeer’s View of Delft?

P.S. Do you think the man or clergyman who wrote that pamphlet¹ would be interested to see t.¹² I am not joking. If so, I would have it sent. What is the local paper there? After all perhaps it might interest somebody somewhere sometime or another. I was going for the last time to explain the piece that Mr Hawk³ calls ‘disgusting, distorted rubbish’ but let it go.

To Michael Healy

1 July 1927

2 Square Robiac, Paris

My dear Mr Healy: We came back here a week ago driven out of Holland by cyclones in the north and those impressive exhibitions of celestial intemperance known as thunderstorms...

Otherwise we had a pleasant time in Holland. They have reduced work to a minimum there. They seem to be simple, polite and dignified folk. Well set up men and girls and women who laughed all the time, though perhaps my presence there explains their mirth. To see 600 of them in a Square eating silvery raw herrings by moonlight is a sight for Rembrandt. They put drugs from their Indies into everything—cinnamon in cauliflower, spice in spinach, curry which they call kerry—in the gravy and give you ginger and cheese (very good) as soon as they think you have your mouth open.