

Dear Jane Heap;

I'm back since only two days, and I found your letter waiting for me here. Please excuse the delay.

About the exhibition I don't know what to say. I'm in rather a mess not only with Rosenberg but with a N.Y. gallery with which I've a conditional agreement.

When can we meet to talk things over?

Sincerely
Eugene MacCown
5 rue Campagne Paris

December 14th

Dear Jane Heap -

Don't think that I have been casual about sending you the things you asked for in your letter from Southampton. The wretched photographer has kept me waiting all this time for my reproductions.

I saw Pierre de Massot the other day. He volunteered - naturally I should never have asked him to do such a thing - to write an article in case you should want one for the Little Review. I told him that I considered this highly problematical, but he persisted. Wanted I dare say to get it off his minute chest. I enclose it.

Do with it what you will. (If you use the photograph, Berenice asks that you give her name.)

Crevell's book is out, but as yet few reviewers have dared mention the fact. He has become most professional after a series of lectures in England: London, Cambridge and Oxford.

Here real London weather. The light is glacial and soupy. And inspirations are still-born. I long for a change.

Sincerely

Eugene MacCown

5 rue Campagne Première.

Dear Jane -

At last after infinite complications
the reproductions are satisfactorily made,
the article completed, and I forthwith
dispatch them. If you do not use them
all, give the extras to Walter Shaw with
instructions to turn them over to 'Arts' as a
substitute for the former ones.

In case you should want
titles for the pictures, I have got a few of
the best literary minds of Paris to work.
The result is on the back of each.
Use your judgement. I don't care.

As to the article, it seems to
me so exquisite a piece of writing -
it is that I should regret having it
translated - which I am sure could

be done only to its detriment. And
since 99 per cent of your public reads
French, why not keep it as it is?

Please send me 3 copies and
one to my poor father, W. H. McCann
501 East Green Street, Clinton, Missouri. (!!)
And send me the bill.

I enclose a prickless account of the
funeral of the late lamented Anatole, also
in case you haven't seen it, a copy of
Un Cadavre.

Most inspiring.

Affectionately

Engene McCann

à me Campagne Première
Paris (4?)

Dear Jane -

You will probably be furious with me, but I've postponed until the last possible moment writing to you. If that proves to have been an inconvenience to you I shall be miserable.

The sad sad truth is that work has been a complete failure since the autumn when I last saw you. As fast as I finished a picture I popped it into the fire. The result is that I have nothing.

The first of the year I rented my studio and fled to Toulon, thinking that a complete change would bring about

the desired miracle. As a matter of fact
work is going better, but so slowly.

Dear Jane, I do appreciate the
interest you have shown and the
opportunity you've offered me.

How is the gallery going? I should
like to have news of it, and of you.

Sincerely
Eugene MacLown

Hotel des Négociants

Toulon, Var.