



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

The Hunt Institute is committed to making its collections accessible for research. We are pleased to offer this digitized item.

Usage guidelines

We have provided this low-resolution, digitized version for research purposes. To inquire about publishing any images from this item, please contact the Institute.

Statement on harmful and offensive content

The Hunt Institute Archives contains hundreds of thousands of pages of historical content, writing and images, created by thousands of individuals connected to the botanical sciences. Due to the wide range of time and social context in which these materials were created, some of the collections contain material that reflect outdated, biased, offensive and possibly violent views, opinions and actions. The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation does not endorse the views expressed in these materials, which are inconsistent with our dedication to creating an inclusive, accessible and anti-discriminatory research environment. Archival records are historical documents, and the Hunt Institute keeps such records unaltered to maintain their integrity and to foster accountability for the actions and views of the collections' creators.

Many of the historical collections in the Hunt Institute Archives contain personal correspondence, notes, recollections and opinions, which may contain language, ideas or stereotypes that are offensive or harmful to others. These collections are maintained as records of the individuals involved and do not reflect the views or values of the Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation or those of Carnegie Mellon University.

About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

67 rue Madame,
Paris VI, France.
2 Jan., 1931.

Carissimo :-

I finished the 2nd movement of my sonata yesterday, so today I am writing letters instead of music.

Our Christmas was very pleasant. Helen, Betty & I had breakfast together in Betty's room and opened our presents before a cosy wood fire. The family had sent over a lot of things, & there were both laughter & tears, - you know how emotional the Tufts sisters are. Of course, in comparison, I am a wooden Indian.

- I forget that you & Helen Tufts have never met. In speaking of you to Helen with me present, Betty calls you

"the perfect George", because, to date, you are the only human being whom I can stand day in & day out & not get tired of! I say it is, first, because of your beautiful disposition, - second, because you leave me alone & don't pester me when I'm busy or tired. There is a third reason which I keep to myself, which is that I love you better than anybody else on earth. - Helen is curious about you, she has heard so much of you. She will like you, - she always liked nice young men, - & you will like her, because she is a unique personage, very much alive & very sympathetic. A ready talker, and always jam-full of eager interest in life, in human beings, in books & art & nature. She is not so fine a character as Betty, nor so aristocratic. Her grain is coarser. She is lazy & rather more self-indulgent than most of us. She hates hard work & never has done any when

she could avoid it. She has the health & endurance which Betty has never had, so much that she constantly abuses her strength, sits up till all hours of the morning reading, smokes more than you or I, plays Bridge for hours on end, can eat anything except oysters, & at sixty still has a kind of titanic energy which reveals itself in everything she says & does. I wish you could hear her speak French! The rules of syntax fly to the winds; the present tense, - first person, present, - does for everything; gender is no trouble at all; diction is complicated by the fact that though she can say *ü* in German she cannot say *u* in French; yet she sails gaily along, tells long & involved stories about her experiences to the non-English-speaking Frenchmen at the Pension table, entertains them with unflagging animation, & is always the life of the Party, everywhere & in any language.

When you meet her, which will probably happen in the next year or so, you can judge this amazing woman for yourself. You will find her immensely stimulating, & the only word of warning I need give you is to be on guard against her curiosity, which is insatiable. You tell her about yourself just what you want her to know & no more.

Paris is having few days of sunshine this season. It drizzles rain almost every day. We are thankful for our open fireplaces, though we need them for cheer quite as much as for warmth.

Christmas morning we went to St. Gervais to hear the famous choir. They sang a mass by Roland de Lassus, a motet by Victoria & one by Namini, & a lovely Gregorian Alleluia, all, of course,

unaccompanied. It was beautiful music, & it was so good to hear it in a big Gothic church.

Christmas night we had dinner with our friend Elizabeth Leach at the Hôtel de l'Université, with sparkling Touray wine which we prefer to champagne, & turkey & plum pudding. But the best course was inalienably French: Filet de Sole à la Marguise, with the most indescribably ambrosial sauce compounded of eggs, cheese, tomatoes, mushrooms & Heaven knows what other mysterious elements. I could have made a good dinner off that & the Touray & nothing else. The plum pudding was brought on in a conflagration of brandy, & at the end we had the Bûche de Noël, - a kind of cake baked in the form of a log, with bark made of chocolate frosting all molded to

imitate real bark, knots & all, & twined round with lovely little ivy-leaves in green frosting. It looked so charming, it seemed a shame to cut it.

We received your card a day or so after Christmas, & your newspaper clippings came in your letter several days before. Did Morris review that concert, & if so, why didn't he send me his review? — How like H. T. P. to make catty remarks in print when he knows more than he'll tell. Betty said, "Well, it won't be long before Howard Hanson overreaches himself. Even Rochester won't put up with him forever." How she does detest that man & his music!

There was a bitter disappointment connected with Christmas. Last summer at Concarneau, Betty sat for her portrait to a M^{me} Darbour, a painter of

some ability. She wanted to surprise me. The first part of the disappointment was that the painting had gone to the framer & was not ready on Christmas Day. The second part was that when it came, I vigorously disliked it. Oh, I would give a great deal if I could even tolerate it, but I can't. It isn't badly done; it does achieve a kind of likeness. But it seems to me so false to the real Betty that I just can't stand it. I won't have it, & that's that. Of course, we all felt & feel very badly about it. I'm so sorry Betty commissioned it. To sit to a painter & then, when the portrait is done, to buy it if you like it, is one thing. But to have to pay a lot of money for something that may not please is, to my mind, folly. But this I've not said to Betty, poor dear. She wanted so much to give me pleasure & I was anything but pleased, alas! Fortunately, Helen likes it & will now have it.

We have heard quite a bit of music, - had the luck to get to two performances of Honegger's Le Roi David the week before Christmas. The first one was superb, under Sionhan, with a "Récitant" from the Comédie Française who sustained & intensified the mood of the work & did the scene between Saul & the Witch of Endor so as to make the chills run up & down my spine. The music lived, & I know of nothing since Wagner which has so moved me. At the second performance the composer conducted, but the "Récitant" was, I think, a Swiss, with a vile French accent & no sense of the dramatic. As a result, the whole thing fell to pieces, tho the chorus was the same, & the soloists & the orchestra were better than at the previous performance. - We also heard Honegger's Ju-dith, which I like very much, & a whole evening of

Prokofief, with Monteux conducting, the only well-trained orchestra I have heard in Paris. The piece Prokofief wrote for the B. S. C. was performed here for the first time. It struck me as uninteresting material cleverly orchestrated: not much music in it.

Well, my dear, I must put an end to this long screed. I miss you every day & think of you often & very affectionately.

Your

Donald

67 rue Madame,
Paris VI^e.

24 Jan., 1931.

Carissimo :-

Your letter of Jan. 11th with its enclosures brought some joy to a forlorn & suffering pair of friends in Paris. He been ill for twelve days now with an insidious form of influenza which doesn't seem to want to get completely cured. It was several days developing, during which I hoped I could check it. I tried everything that had ever worked in the past - Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets, Inhalations, hot grog before retiring, all to no purpose. I haven't

been so sick in years. We had a doctor from the American hospital, but he didn't seem to be much good. I really wanted him for Betty, as she's been suffering from a terribly sore spot in the middle of her spine! I engineered things so that she had to go out to the hospital for an examination + X-ray photographs. The verdict is "chronic arthritis," + the treatment recommended is "red rays," which she will have none of. But the doctor did not take the interest he should have in her case, + I think we shall have someone else look at those pictures. Betty is thin beyond belief; she eats next to nothing, because so few things agree with her. I'm at my wit's end to know what to

do with her or for her, for, as far as I can make out, she has no particular interest in getting well. She quotes Mme. DeCaux (of Rochester), who, when they remonstrated with her for making no attempt to learn English, cried out! "O, laissez-moi mourir tranquille". Add to this that she has an economical streak that amounts to a mania where doctors' bills are concerned, & you will comprehend the situation. —

She has a bone to pick with you. It seems she has never received any acknowledgment of the Florentine change-purse which she sent to you by me last Spring. I have assured her that it was most unlike you not to have written, & suggested that the international postal service is to blame, — not you, — but still she is not satisfied. She is unreasonably exigent about such things, so you'd better get busy & make your peace with her.

Dear Boy! This is just to enable me to put my arms round you in imagination & hug you close. What a comfort it would be to see your blessed face! — I can't write any more, — my eyes get so tired, & my whole mask, — you know, forehead, eye-sockets, upper jaw, — aches like all possessed. They get me this time & no mistake! With my deepest love, Donald

67 rue Madame,
Paris VI, 1931.

25 Feb '31.

Carissimo:-

Of course the reason I've not written is that every available ounce of energy has had to go into the sonata, which was finished Feb. 22nd, then had to be gone over with Macas, then the last movement copied & taken to be photographed. Miss Bauer of the League of Composers cannot receive it before March 10th or 11th, but I shall send it to her just the same, as by some lucky chance they may be able to perform it. If they don't, I shall not greatly care, as I've not set my heart on that. I have not heard one word from Miss B., tho I wrote her a long letter at the time I sent her the first & second movements. I haven't even heard that she received the music, which is careless of her, to say the least. Of course, if they do perform it, I shall come home, probably on the Westerland, which sails from Boulogne or Cherbourg

March 21st & is due in New York 10 days later. If they do not play it, I shall remain in Europe at least another month.

I shall begin work now on Alice. Please tell Hilda, in case I haven't time to write to her, that my Alice is a ballet, & could not well be used as incidental music for a play. What I wanted to see Miss Fiebus about was her arrangement of the book, as I have to make my own arrangement, one suitable to dumb-show. My music is partly of satirical intent, partly sentimental, - exaggerated gaiety on the one hand & bathos on the other. It is, as I now conceive it, to be full of tonal frankness, - good old Anglo-Saxon formulas dressed out in modern harmony, turned upside-down & wrong-side-out, merriment of a kind no one has yet attempted in a long work. Perhaps Debussy's 'Gulliwogs' 'Cake Walk

comes nearest to it, - good fun, but good music all the same. I shall use English folk tunes + give the whole thing the atmosphere of a Victorian child's dream, with Tenniel's drawings as an additional inspiration over + beyond the delectable text of "Lewis Carroll." It ought to be lots of fun, + if it isn't, it's no good. We shall see.

I was quite sick + unable to go out for almost two weeks in January. Then, when I took up my work again, there were, as Mrs. Feiltebaum says, the "after-effects." I was just plain miserable, + the weather was bad beyond belief. It is not yet much better, just a glimpse of the sun now + then. I have thanked Fortune for the open fireplace in my studio.

Betty is much better than she was when I arrived in December. She has found a medicine called Total Magnésien which seems to help her a very great deal.

I made her go to the American Hospital + have an X-ray examination, which revealed what they called "chronic arthritis" in the spinal column. Since it wasn't a cancerous or pre-cancerous growth, it served my purpose, as I suspected she thought it was from the way she talked. This Total Magnésien is a food that supplies certain salts of magnesium in combination with Fluorine, Chlorine, Bromine, + Iodine, - our old chemical friends, - and it is claimed for it that it will prevent cancer. The French seem to have a lot of medicines that we know nothing about. For example, I have found some serum that comes in a sealed ampoule from the attenuated ends of which one saws off the glass + then affixes a nozzle of rubber at one end + a bulb at the other. It is called Corylase. A few drops of this up one's nose, and all congestion due to a cold vanishes

like magic. The action is not that of a nasal douche, but is supposed to stimulate & concentrate the white corpuscles or phagocytes. After you prepare the ampoule, it is easier to use than a spray or douche, and ever so much more effective.

I have not found time to read very much. Betty & I are reading aloud the Letters of Henry Adams, which we find most entertaining. My own reading is principally in French. We read a good novel called La Bonifas by Jacques de Sacretelle, which is a keen & thoughtful study of the homosexual temperament in a woman living in a French provincial town. I found it recommended in one of Joseph Collins's books. Also we found an interesting book on La Musique de l'Orgue au XV^e siècle, & another on La Chanson Populaire et les Ecrivains Po-

mantiques" by Julien Tiersot, and a remarkably readable version of La Chanson de Roland, done by Joseph Bédier.

A bolt from the blue came from Hilda yesterday, which you have probably been told about. I have just written to her to explain my cabled response, so you need not trouble to give her any additional message. (It is now March 3^d)

I hope that all is well with your grandfather & that your family are not having too hard a time. If he goes, or if he is completely incapacitated, you will be more than ever needed at home this summer, I reckon. At any rate, do your best to save me a fortnight. I miss you more than I can say, but I don't let myself think about it very much. If I come back this month, I shall of course have business in Boston as soon as possible after my arrival. And if my sonata is performed

in New York on April 7th, I wish you could be there! I would gladly pay your expenses for the trip if it were at all practicable.

Now I must close & get this into the mail-box so that it will surely catch tomorrow's boat. Many thanks for the clippings you have sent, — wasn't F. H. delectable on the subject of "Sir Edward" — + for writing to Betty. With my deepest love, —

Donald

67 rue Madame.

6 March, '31.

[Paris, France]

Carissimo:-

A letter from you yesterday. The envelope was practically slit open wide, but the contents - thank Heaven! - seemed to be intact. Yet you had enclosed but two reviews & the Bach Festival prospectus. Is your letter-paper being adulterated?

This is only a little continuation of my previous letter, to take advantage of the return-trip of the Bremen.

Your news of Günther supplemented Hilda's cable very satisfactorily, but we await specific details from her. I shall be returning alone, in all probability, so that there is no anti-German emotionalism to be feared. Humanity is humanity to me,

whether an individual is born in Henschen-
hagen or in equatorial Africa. I only ask
that he be clean + of a reasonably good
disposition. I suggested to Hilda that
Günther might share my cabin, but on sec-
ond thought, if he's "nervous", I'd prefer
him elsewhere. I shall want to read late
at night + sleep well into the morning.
But the voyage is impossible to plan be-
cause as yet there is no word from
Miss Bauer in New York. I shall give
her a chance to look at my third move-
ment, which she will receive about March
11th, then I shall cable her asking for
specific news. If it is in the negative, as
I think it will be, I shall remain over
here till May. You may conclude from this
that I'm no longer interested in a "job".
In fact, the more I think of it, the less in-
clined I am to accept any teaching position.
I prefer to live very simply on the little
money I have + to compose. I know

better, now that I've given myself a fair chance, what I can do, + I prefer to be free to do it as long as I'm not obliged by sheer necessity to earn my bread. In the long run I may do that too, but not through violoncello + sonatas! This probably means that Betty + I cannot afford to live in the United States, so the sooner you capture a Traveling Fellowship, the better! Golly, what wouldn't I give to have you over here so that we might take some walking or cycle tours together!

In your previous letter you spoke of the effect of Dr. Mumthé's book on your attitude toward life, but you did not go farther + say how + why. I wish you would. Not had I previously suspected, from anything you had let fall, that you had found any inspiration in Joseph Collins. You're a funny youngster — you don't express yourself readily about the things that affect you most heavily. You did tell me that you couldn't read T. E. Lawrence, but then, you haven't yet had a glimpse of the Arab world, + you don't know what a difference that makes. The "Arabian Nights" put you to sleep, + I fancy you've never yet known what it is to be fascinated by the East. Lawrence has an amazing eye. It is that power of observation which so delights me in Revolt in the Desert. I foresee that we shall have to read him together. But meanwhile, do tell me about Sau Michele.

I am amazed to hear of your grandfather's recovery. As long as he doesn't suffer + his mind continues to function, what remains to him of life will not be hard to endure. And when he goes, he will go swiftly, which is best + most merciful.

The books I gave you for Christmas I wanted to read myself! So please be ready to ship them on to Danbury when I get there. Mother + Father went to Pasadena

Feb. 14th ^{to} stay six weeks. Mother writes
dithyrambs about the sunshine. Here it
is still gray & gloomy day after day.
It has been the most consistently un-
pleasant winter I have ever known.

Now I must stop & write to Mr. Vas,
who hasn't had a letter since before Christ-
mas. — With a heart full of love,

your
Donald

1/2 Bankers' Trust Co.,
5 Place Vendôme,
Paris I, France.

7 April, 1931.

Carissimo: -

This happens to be the date of the League of Composers' concert in New York, where I had hoped we might meet. That would have been a doubly joyful occasion, but I am quite content to wait for the sonata's sake, as I am as confident in its worth as if I were the world's most insufferable egotist. I shall do my best to bring it to the attention of Mrs. Coolidge this summer, & I have great hope that she will like it & will consent to put it on one of her festival programs. If she does not, I have yet other cards up my sleeve.

We are going to Spain for a month's trip between April 20th & May 20th. On May 23^d I shall probably sail on the Westernland from Cherbourg for New York. She is a slow boat and she calls at Halifax, so it will probably be June 2nd or 3^d before she reaches New York.

The line is the Red Star, & I shall hope to find, as I did last year on the Bremer, a letter in your handwriting awaiting me at Quarantine.

Spring is already in full swing here. The parks are beautiful with the tender green of new leaves on trees & shrubs, almonds have been in bloom for a week, & there are "parterres" of fragrant hyacinths in the Tuileries gardens that smell sweet & are a mass of color, tho personally I have no taste for what we call carpet bedding or for formal design for gardens in general. It has always seemed to me a grave aesthetic error to use flowers for their color only, with borders of trimmed box & centres of one kind of flower & of one color only, as if the individual plant had no value. Thank Fortune we in America have taken our cue from the English gardener who, in his "herbaceous borders", seeks to take advantage of Nature's own waywardness rather than to create an effect directly counter to her habits as they do here in France.

It was all very well in the time of the eighteenth century kings, when ladies in satin & gallants in silk & velvet walked in these gardens. Everything was then formal & artificial, from white wigs to manners, so that gardens laid out like oriental rugs were a proper setting for a generation so far removed from the natural. But the art of creating gardens to be lived in by modern people has passed to England. Nevertheless there is a certain cachet, - an elegance, an aristocratic charm about these French parks, with their rows of trees, their allées of horse-chestnut & sycamore, their terraces & balustrades & fountains & statuary & flights of stone steps, that gives them distinction & distinctiveness. It is only the use of flowers in this elegant ensemble which seems to me unimaginative & monotonous. I admire with reservations instead of giving myself with joy to the place, passing under its spell with real elation, as I do at Hampton Court near London, or in the very different

gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, near Rome, where the warmth of the Italian temperament triumphs over so much cold water (there are said to be a thousand fountains), & one feels that trees & flowers are loved for their own sake & not for the sake of a design imposed from without. After all, it is the mind which reigns supreme in France, in her literature, her music, her painting & sculpture, her architecture since the Middle Ages, even in her parks & gardens. And it is almost true that one has to have some French blood in order to kindle to the things which Frenchmen consider beautiful. You remember our talk of last summer when, in discussing Joseph Wood Krutch's pessimism, we tried to penetrate to the indispensable qualities of a great work of art, - of that product of man's creative activity which all ages unite in terming a masterpiece. We tried to do this unphilosophically, in everyday language, & the conclusion arrived at was something like this:

The masterpiece of art must have three qualities, or spring from three factors, all of which are indispensable, & which ordinary persons commonly term mind, heart, & spirit. These three factors show themselves as thought, warmth, & sympathy. Granted that a human being has artistic impulses, or, more simply, that he is an artist, that he knows how to handle the material of his art, what he writes or paints or moulds or composes will be what is called "great" if it shows forth, to a marked degree, characteristics intellectual, incandescent, & sympathetic. compassionate.

I have often been tempted to develop this conversation of ours on paper, because, the more I ruminate & reflect upon it, the clearer certain criterions of judgment seem to become. Mind, heart, & spirit are words so common, so often in the mouths of everyday

people, that by seeking a positive & definite idea to correspond with each of those three words I think one might arrive fairly close to a working-basis for the evaluation not only of art but of all modes of life. (It might not edify the learned & attain the prestige of a "system of philosophy", but the academic have their own delights & we may leave them to bow before their particular idols.) Not only of art, then, but of all modes of life, perhaps better still, of life including art, because there is such a thing as the art of living, & the person who creates within himself a great character is as much a masterpiece of human endeavor as is the work of a tragic poet.

Many might opine, at first glance, that our three indispensables overlap. For us, mind means thought or what is done by thinking; heart means warmth, or the glow that comes from loving; spirit means sympathy, or the insight that comes from understanding. One can both think & love without

understanding, as we all know to our cost; one can understand without thinking - what is called intuition, - or without loving, as when a man comprehends evil and all that it implies without warming to the evil-doer. In such a case, sympathy does not imply love; his spirit is active, but his heart is passive.

I have purposely avoided the usual antithesis between thinking & feeling, between mind & the emotions, between the intellect & the imagination, between "classical" & "romantic", not because I think this way of looking at life and art unfruitful, but because I think it does not go far enough. It is another point of view, to my apprehension less complete. You will remember that Neilson, in his superb book on The Essentials of Poetry, has still, after elucidating this antithesis, to account for the vitality of the masterpiece, which he does by adding to mind and imagination a third element which he calls intensity.

The parallel between his three elements and ours is complete, for his mind is our mind, his imagination is our spirit, & his intensity is our heart. Well and good. But does not "spirit", the idea, connote a more rich and varied matrix than does "the imagination", & does not "heart" describe the essence of a quality better than the word "intensity"?

"Imagination" is a useful word, especially in relation to art, but one may so easily have imagination without having greatness. There is plenty of imagination in Baroque architecture, in the tales of Mrs. Radcliffe, & in madmen. The simpler Greek sculptures, like that head of an ephobe in the Acropolis museum, or even the Hermes of Praxiteles, are certainly not distinguished for "imagination" - the word is too special & too weak. To call the genius who produced the porch of the Caryatids of the Erechtheion "imaginative" would be quite beside the mark. Useful as the word is, I cannot feel that it helps us to go to the core of the problem of

the masterpiece. What constitutes the huge difference in value between the Greek temple & the Baroque is not a matter of imagination but rather the more fundamental, more essential, & perhaps inclusive matter of spirit.

And so, in place of intellect, intensity, and imagination I prefer to use simpler words which have, beside their simplicity & their commonness, a certain penumbra of implication provided by their very frequency of employment in the mouths of unlettered persons, — mind, heart, & spirit. Mind "with all that that implies", heart & spirit ditto. The collaboration of these three, when each is present to a degree sufficient to enable it to work its own particular magic, produces what we call "greatness" in human beings & in their creations.

It is mind, of course, which builds the structure of works, thinks out relationships of part to part, eliminates inessentials, sup-

presses redundancy, reasons out developments, forms conclusions, adheres to the "Nothing too much" of the Greeks. It is the mind which determines what we call "style", for it is by the operation of conscious choice that certain forms are selected & combined, certain colors or tones or combinations of them are employed to the exclusion of others, or a certain design in words or ^{tones or} materials is held to in preference to others.

As to the heart & all that it implies, its operation in the creation of a work of art is far more difficult to describe than is the operation of the mind, because it is less obvious, just as the possession of what is called a warm heart is rarer in human beings than the possession of a good mind. We use "warm-hearted" to describe persons brimming over with love for their fellow-men. They care about their friends; their natures are affectionate and radiant. No question here of the miserable confusion between love & sexual passion. The latter is an appetite, or precisely

the same level as the craving for food or for alcohol, except that it is directed toward the human body. When without a "heart", - when heartless, - sexual passion, for all its driving power, is a very terrible thing. Most human misery comes from heartlessness.

In art, the absence of the warmth that springs from the heart is perhaps easier to perceive than its presence. For example, the Parthenon is a masterpiece because love went into it. It is evident that the spell which that building still exerts in spite of its desperately ruined state is due, not only to the purely mental calculations of Iktinos, its architect, but to the fact that he cared deeply for the lines & the contours of his building. Compare the Church of the Madeleine in Paris, which has much the same general plan. The building is cold; splendid enough at the end of the vista from the Place de la Concorde, it still fails to achieve greatness because neither its designer nor the artisans who worked under him cared enough about it. Hence the absence of warmth in the edifice which they erected.

Spirit, the third indispensable factor in the composition or creation of a masterpiece, is still more difficult to make clear to the critical perception. I have ventured the statement that it shows itself as sympathy or understanding. Many people are under the impression that understanding or comprehension is a matter of the intellect, that is, that we understand with our minds. Yet persons mentally acute are able to stand before canvases, statues, or cathedrals & fail utterly to comprehend what the artist had to "say". They find themselves utterly out of sympathy with the work, incapable of sensing its significance. And so we have lectures & books on the "appreciation" of art. Intellectual brilliance is quite compatible with absence both of warmth & of spiritual insight: witness the plays of Corneille, Racine, & George Bernard Shaw. Incidentally, ~~no one~~ ^{no one} would dream of denying that these three dramatists ~~lack~~ ^{have} "imagination" in the usually accepted sense of the

ability to "make up out of their heads" a world of fancy which has artistic validity; yet I think most people, in the long run, are going to agree that Le Cid & Phèdre, for all their grandiose rhetoric, & Candida & Saint Joan for all the fascination of their scintillating dialogue, do not deserve the rank in the hierarchy of dramatic art which we accord without reserve to the three Greek tragic poets & to Shakespeare.

The soul of a man has its speech & its gestures. He may be small & mean, like Mrs. Pargetter in Masefield's Nan; he may be ambitious & disloyal, like Iago; proud and narrow-minded & fanatical, like Greco's Grand Inquisitor; gentle & tender & innocent, like Dostoevsky's Prince Myshkin; - but to his spiritual essence the master artist probes, be it ethically admirable or the reverse. Here is where the faculty of sympathy comes in. To represent, yes, to represent the soul of a character, the artist need not

judge it. He need only be faithful to his perceptions. If he have sympathy, i. e. spiritual understanding, no moral criterions are involved. Iago's final downfall, the discovery of his villainy by Emilia, splendid though her outburst is, is unnecessary to the tragedy of Othello & is added almost negligently, as a concession to conventional ideas of morality. It is this ~~sort of thing which shows that art~~ ^{sort of thing which shows that art} & morals are independent. I do not say that art has no repercussions in the field of ethics, but I am quite sure that the artist has no concern with morality. This is what Matthew Arnold had in his consciousness when he enunciated the dictum that the artist's business was "to see life steadily & see it whole". I claim that he can "see" only with the eyes of his spirit, & I might surprise dear old Victorian Matthew by interpreting his "steadily" to mean "without forming a moral judgment." I have myself used the word sympathy to describe the operation of spiritual perception, & perhaps this is open to misconstruction, because, to many, "sympathy"

implies agreement and approval. In my own experience, I have, ~~on~~ on one or two unfortunate occasions, been misunderstood because I ~~have~~ said to certain persons that I "sympathized" with their point of view. What I meant was that I understood their policy, and behind that, their aims or ideals, but not that I approved their policy or subscribed to their ideals.

Yet "sympathy" is the best single word I can find to stand for the operation of the creative spirit, because "understanding", which one would think might serve, conveys no idea of the irradiation that accompanies sympathy. One can understand, & remain insulated, surveying the world from within oneself as from a tower of ivory. But the presence of what I like to call "spirit" or "spiritual insight" in a work of art (or in a human being) is possibly the most profoundly communicative thing about it (or him). Persons with this power are magnetic; they make friends with everybody because they understand and do not judge, they sympathize & make no demands. Works of art with this power reach out innumerable tentacles of affinity & touch us in our inmost recesses of sensitivity because they are made with a comprehension of the values of life and yet without insistence that one set of values is better or worse than another.

I hope this disquisition has amused you. It has been simmering in my mind for so long that I'm rather relieved to get it down on paper. Now perhaps you will perceive better what I meant when I said that the mind reigns supreme in France, — and I think this has been true ever since the Middle Ages. In other words, I seem to find a deficiency of heart & of spirit in the most important men who have done creative work here since about 1500 or 1600. The products of French thought are admirable in that sphere, but they have never obtained universal sway as unquestioned

masterpieces, because of an absence of warm-heartedness and of spiritual insight.

There are, of course, the well-known exceptions, - Balzac in literature, Rodin in sculpture, Molière in drama; but there seem to me to be few other names that will resound through the ages, names of geniuses who were unmistakably & entirely French, unless we stretch a point for Chopin and César Franck in music. Debussy seems littler to me at every hearing; enchanting as his work often is, I still admire with reservations.

To have produced a Molière, a Balzac, a Rodin, is of course sufficient for a nation; one unquestionably supreme genius for each century since 1600 is no mean achievement. And to have done so well in the second rank, to have had so great a crowd of geniuses who just miss the topmost pinnacle, leaves one with no doubt of the vigor of artistic productivity in France.

Well, I must terminate my essay, & all I ask of you is to preserve it long enough for me to get home & copy it. I might make a magazine article out of it one of these days.

Having, with your admirable excess of discretion, refused to write me a private letter to 67 rue Madame all the winter long, I am hoping no Spring Fever will have prompted one, because I am giving up my studio today. If, however, a letter should come here, I shall probably receive it, as I shall ask the concierge to hold it till I call.

Naturally, you will have now to write % Bankers' Trust Co., & my next letter to you will probably bear a Spanish stamp.

It seems that the Westernland takes normally $8\frac{1}{2}$ days to make the trip between Charlbourg & New York, including the call at Halifax (it would be rather fun if you

would write these rather than to New York, - please do!) - and so, with my luck, she ought to dock in the Head-on June 1st, but the Grand Banks off Newfoundland are often foggy, & that means reduced speed.

Please tell me what your plans are after June 1st. I shall of course go direct to Banbury from the boat, but I'd like to motor down to Washington before the swarming summer weather begins down there. One you needed in Providence, & if not, could you go with me to Washington? There is nothing definite about this plan, & if it so happens that you can spend only a limited time with me this summer, I should prefer it to be at the farm.

With my love, always,

Ronald



Granada, Spain. 28 Apr. '31

Dear Georgie Porgie P. + P. :-

I have been looking at this church all winter from the Cafe des Deux Magots (Chinese Mandarin) which is just opposite, & where one gets the best coffee we were able to find in Paris. I want to tell you at once that I received your letter written to 67 rue Madame & was more than glad to have it. I also wish to report that I had my first & only bad dream about you last night. ~~You were somewhere in a hospital,~~

+ I awoke with a curious sensation of anxiety. Nothing in the way of "telepathy" has ever happened to me except once when I had a polyp removed from my nose & was very miserable from the acute discomfort that ensued. Next day arrived a letter from Betty - she was in Cambridge & I in Poughkeepsie - asking if all were well with me, as she felt a very positive but inexplicable sensation that I was very ill! - If anything unpleasant happened to you the evening of April 2nd / 3rd, it would be most interesting.

PARIS.. EN FLANANT

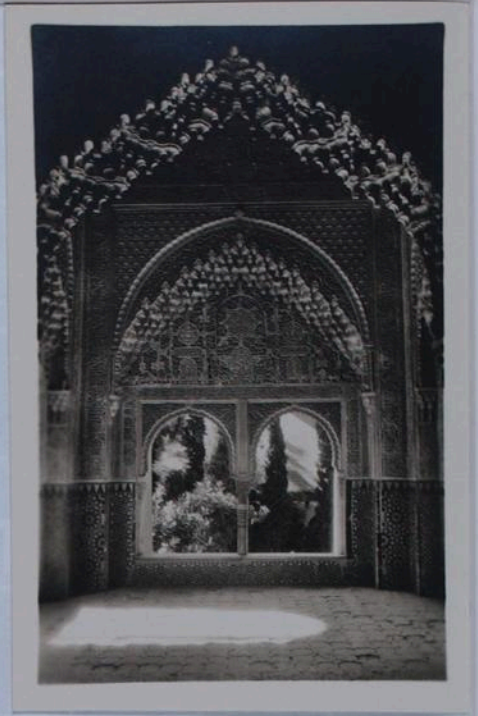
L'Eglise Saint-Germain-des-Près
Saint-Germain-des-Près Church



81. GRANADA - Alhambra - PALO DE DARAL-
ISHAQ'S COURT.

We are now in Granada, our far-²
thest point south in Spain, + one of the
most beautiful spots on the face of the earth.
We came down here rather rapidly, with
two nights at St. Jean de Luz, a sea-
side town on the Basque coast, one at
Valladolid in Old Castile, where Columbus
died + where Cervantes lived + wrote Don
Quixote, + one - my birthday - at Madrid.
This haste to the south was for the very
good reason that it is still cold on the
central plateau of Spain (Madrid is over
2000 ft. in the air, - a strange fact when
the surrounding plain is as flat as a pan-
cake + the city is on only a very little
hill.)

In Granada one has something like the
situation + climate of Santa Barbara in
California, - snow-capped peaks in the
background (the Sierra Nevada) but, at this
season, trees - big ones - in full leaf, ~~the~~
birds singing all day + nightingales all
night, roses in profusion everywhere, a
sun hot to the body but an air surprisingly
cool in shadow, - altogether an earthly
paradise which fills us with delight.



As for the Alhambra, which is what 3.
we came frantically to see, it begs a description. These two cards will have to serve as a slight & slender take-off for your imagination. If what you have read of the Thousand & One Nights has left any impression whatever, you can guess what this Arabian palace is like when I tell you that it seems like the background of those tales, still existing, the Shihrazade & Shahriar have long since passed away. I find Arabian architecture seems at its happiest here, - in the fashioning of an exquisitely ornamented series of chambers opening out on courts where the fountains still play, where cypresses wave & flowers bloom, & where doves fill the air with the cooing of their courtship. In spite of its size, it is always intimate, - a romantic setting for a highly poetic way of life.

As for the "Revolution," the only sign we have had of that is that everyone from small boys to washerwomen seems to be whistling or singing the Marseillaise, with variations à l'espagnole. Spain is utterly fascinating & we love it. - Faithfully yours
R. Field

Seville, [Spain]

3 May, 1931.

Dear George: -

We came here from Granada last Wednesday, it taking nine hours and twenty minutes to make a trip of a little under two hundred miles! There was a pleasant young Spaniard in our compartment who commiserated us & was gravely apologetic for the tempo of the Andalusian railway. He offered us cakes & we offered him chocolate & Helen conversed with him as far as her limited Spanish would allow. I find the Spanish very sympathetic, immediately responsive to a smile or a word of courtesy, very like the Italians in this respect, - I think it springs from a trust in humanity.

The countryside hereabouts is semi-tropical. Olives are cultivated largely, & there are not a few palms & eucalyptus. The mountains are sterile, but the folds of their lower slopes contain more patches of verdure than is the case in central Spain. The donkey replaces the Ford of America, & the whole tempo of life, - even that of the trains! - seems to be scaled down to the pace of the ass.

Seville is a fascinating city, teeming with life & color. Our hotel windows look down upon one of the principal squares, & the tumult is nerve-wracking.

Between automobilists who blow their horns ten times more than is really necessary, newsboys who yell at all the intervals afforded by the yells of vendors of lottery-tickets, - by all odds the chief business of the cities of Spain, - and the stamping of a long file of cab-horses tortured by flies + the inadequacy of a stump of a tail, - repose at any save the small hours of the morning is an unachievable state of being.

The animation of the narrow, tortuous streets which wind in all directions from the spacious, leafy plazas is a wonder to contemplate + a dismay to worm through. Travelers have justly celebrated the beauty of the women of Seville. It is rare to find the common people of any city distinguished in features + in bearing, but those of Seville, - especially the women, - have these two distinctions, - which would seem to point back toward an antique state of civilization of no mean level. And the costume of these women adds tremendously to their natural charms, - the famous costume with the dress covered by a richly embroidered shawl with long fringes, the head heaped with high-piled hair + topped with the hieratic comb six or eight inches higher, over which the lace mantilla is draped, to fall in delicate folds about the head + shoulders. We have all seen this costume in a good production of Carney, but it is still here in the life, as fascinating has Merimee found it, incomparably more dashing + splendid than any other local costume.

that I have ever seen. The men are all modernized except the peasants, whose stiff sombreros + wide, high-colored waistbands are still worn, though the trousers have lengthened to the ankle.

Seville Cathedral is the most sumptuously magnificent church I have ever been in. The interior is vast, with a giant forest of pillars, + an incredible array of chapels, many with superb grill-work closing them in, and great lamps of chased silver suspended from the vaulting. Its treasures are rich enough for Midas. Among them is a cross studded with emerald jewels made of the first gold that Columbus brought back from the New World. 1492 has become much more significantly real to me than it ever was before. In our school histories, Columbus (Cristobal Colon to the Spaniards) is more a figure of legend than of historic reality. But here one realizes what a student he must have been. One sees his books of mathematics + astronomy, with marginal notes in his own handwriting. One realizes also what a superb moral character was his when one considers the terrible stupidity + bigotry of Ferdinand + Isabella, - nightmare figures those, compounded of cruelty, fanaticism + cupidity. It took courage of a magnificently heroic kind to back the ~~first~~ revolutionary notion, - the heretical idea, - that the earth was round, + it took acumen to perceive that the only way of equipping the expedition that was to prove the truth of that notion - was to forget the cruelty + fanaticism + appeal to the cupidity of the "Catholic sovereigns." All the school histories that I have ever seen sentimentalize the relation of Columbus to Isabella. The tragic outcome, when the Navigator failed to bring back enough gold to pay the cost of his equipment, is generally slurred over, though it is richer in human interest than any other portion of the drama. Paul Claudel, the present French ambassador at Washington, recently collaborated with Darius Milhaud on a musico-dramatic work on the subject of Columbus, which has been produced amid much critical astonishment, not to say dismay, in Germany. Claudel, a rather misty mystic to my way of thinking, may perhaps have understood one side of Columbus's temperament. I must have a look at his text. But the Navigator had his rewards, - he had his great moment when, after three months of sailing westward, the shores of Santo Domingo (wasn't it?) came up above the curve of the watery horizon. Justified in his own indomitable spirit, it is possibly unjust to call his later misfortune tragic. He lived through the climax he was born for. What more can any human being ask?

One should come to Seville, of course, during Holy Week, or during the Feria that follows it. Or during the festival of Corpus Christi when the choir-boys of the cathedral do their traditional

dance before the altar, - the last remnant of ritual dancing to remain in a Christian sanctuary. That would interest me extremely, & possibly I can manage the trip next year. We talk of spending the winter in Mallorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands, & of another visit to Spain after our sojourn there. All this is, of course, dependent upon what may happen to me in a professional way. If I do not think up some novel way of earning a living between now & September, it is most likely I shall re-cross the Atlantic then, spend the Fall in Paris, & leave that city when the weather begins to be inclement. Mallorca is now one of the cheapest places in the world to get three meals a day & shelter, & it is beautiful to the eye & beneficial to the lungs. Corpus Christi occurs in June, so I should not reach home till later than "usual"!

We witnessed a very impressive ceremony this morning at the Cathedral. Today is the festival of the Holy Cross, & a fragment of the "true cross", which Mark Twain declared to have been made of a whole forest of trees, so many are the venerated relics, were carried in procession with great pomp. The dignitaries

of the church were all robed in "arterial crimson", - identical with the present Harvard red, and the archbishop wore a magnificent embroidered chasuble of that color, which we saw yesterday, along with many other splendid ones, in the sacristy. First came the Host under its canopy, with choir-boys swinging censers before it, then the clergy in reverse order of rank, then the reliquary mounted on a raised carriage supported by four dignitaries who pretended to carry it, but the real means of locomotion was revealed by several pairs of plebeian feet which shuffled along underneath the canopy. Last of all came the archbishop in his resplendent raiment, the train of which was held by two priests almost as gorgeously robed.

I will say for the organist of the cathedral that he has a fine sense of the dramatic, & that he improvises magnificently. The procession left the church in silence, chants were intoned outside in the street, where a short tour was made, then the cortège came back through the northwest portal, & the organ began gradually to build up a sea of sound that rose, wave upon wave, till the sacred reliquary was finally lodged before the high altar on a tremendous welter of harmony that reberberated through the vast edifice with thrilling amplitude.

To the cathedral in the morning, - to the Plaza de Toros in the afternoon, - that is the proper Sevillian Sunday. Yes, my dear, I have at last seen a bull-fight, & I think my first will be my last. Betty & Helen went too, & I thought we should expire with nervous excitement. - I must reserve a description of this peculiarly horrible form of sport till I see you, because I think I can never forget any detail of it. But I'm quite sure I never could have made an ancient Roman nor a modern Spaniard. The infliction of unnecessary physical torture on man or animal, for any reason, is wholly repugnant to me. Bull-fighting is a vile form of sport, but it is easy to understand its fascination. I might remark in passing that the crowd was more than 95% composed of men. The women of Seville were conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps in time the women of Spain will stop bull-fighting.

We are going back to Madrid tomorrow, & I hope to find there a letter from you, forwarded from Paris. In Madrid, we shall chiefly visit the Prado gallery for the sake of its paintings. Then we shall visit Toledo, Segovia, Avila, Salamanca, Leon, perhaps Santiago de Compostela, Burgos, & then return to Paris by way of Bayonne, arriving in the French capital May 20th, exactly one month after our departure.

Please don't forget that I want you to write me a letter to be put on board the Westerland at Halifax about May 29th. It will be the only thing that will reconcile me to the delay caused by putting in there.

With my love always, & a lot of it, -

Faithfully,

Donald

7 May 1931
Toledo, Spain

Carissimo: -

I feel very badly because your father & mother have this affair of Wilbur's to go through with. That is what I call real trouble. - I hope, however, that your father isn't going to feel that it is incumbent upon him to pay W's debts. Let W. go into bankruptcy & start fresh in California or at some such distant region. Bankruptcy is no dishonor in these days, & for a ne'er-do-weel, the best discipline would be to withdraw support entirely.

I am so glad your grandfather is enjoying life again, & I feel as you do about letting him do as he pleases.

Donald



St. Toledo - Vista general

Toledo - Uno generale

Toledo, 7 May, 1931.

Dear George: - Just as I hoped, I received your letter of April 15th on my arrival in Madrid, & you may wager I was glad to get it. I love to get letters when I'm on the move, - much more than when I stay put, but your letters especially, because I miss you so much & long for your companionship always. - I shall be in New York in three weeks & three days, if all goes well, but it seems very far away, & it will probably be twice as long as that before there is any possibility of seeing you. Be sure to tell me when you expect to finish at Cambridge & what your plans are for the summer. I don't know about Washington, & things are rather hung up for me anyway. I'll have had a talk with my father, who seems to think I ought to rush right out to Rochester & see about my house. It is much more on his mind than it is on mine!

TARJETA POSTAL

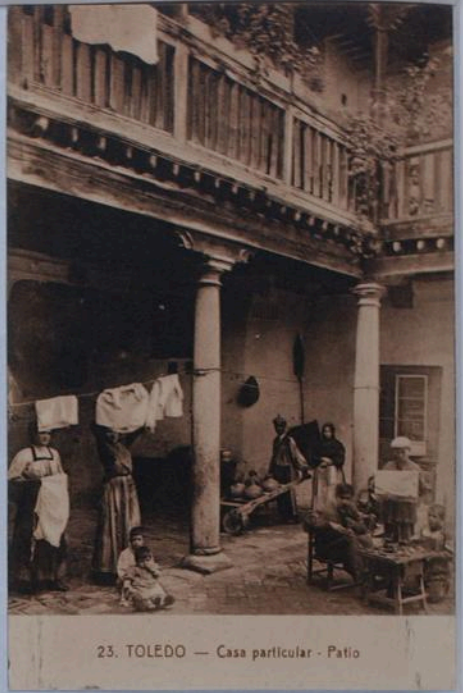
We hated Madrid. It is a very commonplace, noisy city, & seems ill kept & squalid in comparison with Asheville. There is perhaps but one sight there worth

21. TOLEDO. — Puente de Alcántara.



traveling far to see, & that is the Prado art-gallery, which has rooms & rooms of superb paintings by El Greco, Velazquez, & Goya, to say nothing of more good Raphaels, Titians, & Rubens than I have ever seen before in one collection. One has to go there to understand the greatness of Velazquez, just as one has to come to Toledo to comprehend El Greco, for the churches of the city are full of his work.

We are fascinated by Toledo, & are able to spend three precious days here. It still has the aspect of a mediaeval walled town, as Greco painted it in the picture you said you couldn't "get" in the Havenmeyer Collection. The bridge on the other side of this card is the same that is seen in Greco's view of Toledo. The Moorish remains, in walls, gates, & churches, are extraordinarily in -



23. TOLEDO — Casa particular - Patio

treating; — what those fellows
could do in the way of decoration
simply with bricks, or with bricks &
tiles combined, is a lesson in archi-
tectural embellishment which I wish
a few of our highly paid master-
masons could see & understand.

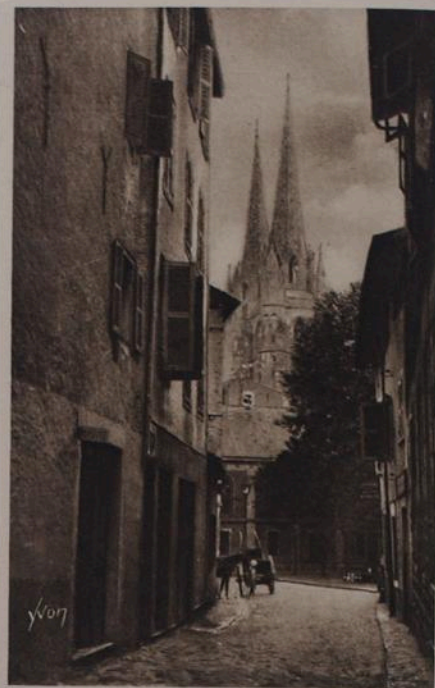
TARJETA POSTAL

The patios of even the ordinary
houses have great charm, as
~~this card shows~~ —

We are seeing Toledo bathed
in gorgeous sunlight. We have
had great luck as to weather,
which has been clear & bright
almost every minute since we
crossed the French border. Betty is
enjoying herself to the utmost, as
she adores to travel.

With my love, always,

Donald



Poitiers, 18 May, 1931.

Mon Cher:- We have returned to France, and are on our way back to Paris, which we shall reach tomorrow. This will probably be the last opportunity I shall have to write to you before sailing, as my three days in Paris are likely to be full to the brim.

We gave up the long trip out to Santiago de Compostela, not because of the revolution, but because of the necessity of making ~~two~~ ^{two} all-night journeys by train, which I felt the interest of the place might not compensate us for.

We decided that we would at least see Segovia, Avila, & Burgos, which we did, & then fill up the remainder of our time by visiting Bayonne, Angoulême, & Poitiers, which were on our route north, & none of which B. & I had ever seen. Segovia is so beautiful, so romantically picturesque & so superbly situated, that we were sorry we had not allotted more time to it.

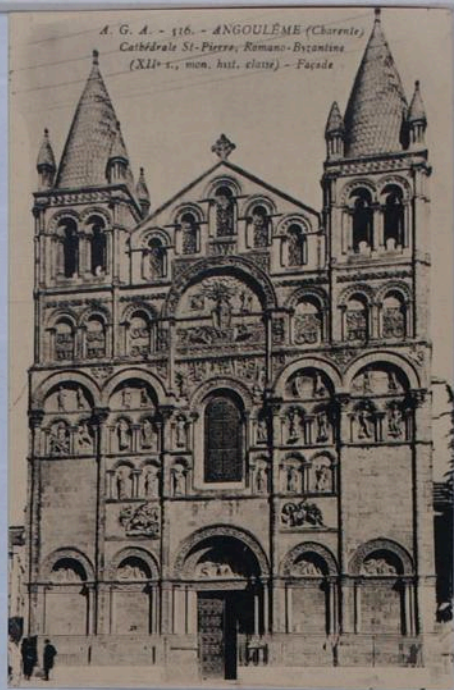
LA DOUCE FRANCE

BAYONNE

Calixtine, rue d'une vieille rue

Li

Li



It is one more place in Spain which we hope to be able to return to, another year. — Avila is a town which retains its high mediæval walls almost intact, & like Segovia, contains several remarkable "Romanesque" churches.

CARTE POSTALE

Burgos was a disappointment; its cathedral is an architectural mess ruined at almost every joint by bad taste.

We had what might have been a nerve-wracking experience at the border if we had been pressed for time. My passport had a French visa which ran till July 10th. + I had supposed B. had the same, as I obtained her visa on the same date in 1929. But it transpired that neither she nor H. had proper visas, & we had to go back eleven miles on a train to San Sebastian, stay there overnight, & get the proper formalities performed at the French Consulate.



Notre-Dame la Grande : Poitiers .

[1 May 1931]

the next morning. You can picture for yourself B's ire at "being treated like an immigrant."

Bayonne is a charming old town, with arcaded streets, + a big river flowing by (the Adour). Its cathedral has the best pair of spires I have ever seen, + there is a Musée Basque which interested me very much because of the marked resemblance between Basque folkdance customs + the English Morris. - Angoulême has charm, too, + its cathedral is a marvel. The preceding card is wholly inadequate to give you a proper impression of the facade, but this card is much better as a representation of its rival at Poitiers, which is a small parish church, a little gem. - The more we see of Romanesque, the better we like it.

I shall write you from the Westerland after I get your letter at Halifax. Betty joins me in love to you, + I send you my special love, always. Donald



ON BOARD S. S.

Westernland,
30 May, 1931.

Carissimo: -

Here we are, at Halifax, & here was your letter, waiting to greet me. I'm sure I don't know why you thought it would take more than forty-eight hours to reach the coast of Nova Scotia. At any rate, I am very deeply glad to have it, and it does prove, as I expected, a solace, a compensation for the time lost in coming in to this port.

The siren has already blown for our departure. The cranes have deposited many dozens of boxes of liquor on the pier, & I suppose much of it may be over the border before we reach New York! There seemed not much cargo of any other description to be unloaded here.

I think of you today as sojourning in Rockport, - which I conceive to be the obscure place in Massachusetts & not the Maine resort, - with my cousins. I hope you are lying out in the sun with not many clothes on, in a state

of relaxation & repose, tho if Hilda is anywhere near, I fear that neither of those desirable states is possible. Poor Hilda! It is terrible to be gnawed by the worm of eternal unrest. It is like being a soul in Hell. I am inexpressibly sorry for her. - And what if Raymond weren't the dear angel he is?

This ship is excellent for the money. I have been on a dozen Atlantic liners, going & coming these 27 years since my first trip on the old Cunarder Aurania in 1904, & I have never found anything to equal it. The cabins are all right tho not luxurious, plenty of air & light, running hot & cold water, & an electric heater that functions satisfactorily. I have slept my fill, often remaining in my berth till ten or eleven, or even twelve the first couple of days. The steward has had little to do for me save bring me my breakfast when I didn't get up in time to have it in the dining saloon. The meals are fair, - English cooking, I judge, with good beef & plenty of ice-cream, so I've been nourished! The common rooms, lounge, drawing-rooms, & "smoke-room" are all commodious, comfortable, & well-serviced. The beer is good, the Benedictine is delicious, the port wine warms the cockles of your heart. And the fare was about \$115., - Tourist Third being top-class on this boat. I don't see how the Red Star

line can afford to do it! The Westerland is not slow, either. She will be in N. Y. harbor tomorrow night, as Guarantue is, for her speed, 36 hours from Halifax. This is better than the French "One-Class-Cabin" liners like the DeGrasse + the Lafayette, or which similar accommodations cost about \$200. I shall certainly plan to sail on this ship or on her sister, the Panland, as long as they are in commission.

Of course I shall manage in some way to see you between June 12th + July 3^d, if I have to come to Cossackie to do it!. But of course it would be preferable if you could come to Danbury both before + after your summer session. My mother wrote me that Marguerite wants to go up to the farm with her family in June, but how that is to be managed when the Public Schools do not ordinarily close till round June 20th or later, is a fuzzle to me. If the Bigges are at the farm, however, I shall probably go up + stay with them, as soon as I have persuaded my obstinate father that it is useless for me to hurry out to Rochester. He seems possessed by the idea that I should lose no time getting out there + "tending to things". How I could possibly manage to do any better with my horse than the agent in whose hands I left it is a mystery my father will have to explain to me. I am dis-posed to be patient + to wait until the business affairs of the country come back to normality before selling, + an agent can rent more easily than I can. As for repairs, there is no hurry. They can be undertaken in July + August, or I might go out with you later in the month of June + make the necessary arrangements for re-papering the living-room + the room above it. We could take army-cots + sleep in the house, wash in Witch Hazel, + use the "4" or the "R. of C." for more thorough ablutions. Or we could have the water turned on for a few days, which would probably be a good thing. At any rate, there are things more important to me than losing a little money on that house, + I shall have to scrap it out with my father. If the Bigges + their two maids are at the farm, I shall doubtless have to sleep in the Log Cabin, + your big bed there will be waiting for you. I will let you know as soon as possible just how things shape up. Perhaps you could return to Cossackie via Danbury, with the help of the Parcels Post to carry what you could not manage yourself, tho I should meet you at New Haven or Bridgeport.

I am at this moment drinking your health in good, biting beer. May the day come soon when we are together again! With my deepest love, Donald

1734 Cambridge St.
Cambridge 38, Mass.
July 9, 1931.

Dear Donald,

Well, here it is, at last! At
any rate the beginning of it,
for I'm so tired I'm not sure
I can finish it tonight. Every
day at home was filled to
the brim, - never did I sit down
until ten or after in the

for moving before Saturday
night. My old landlady at
22 Shepard St. wants me to
come and stay there this
summer absolutely free of charge.
She is to be away most of the
time and my only return will
be to take care of her cat. I
shall have a much cooler
second-floor room with a
bed instead of a cot, on a
quieter street, and the view
of the house as I couldn't
resist going there. My present

the evening and then I was too
tired to do more than read a
chapter before going to bed. So
I saved my letter until I
should reach Cambridge hoping
I could sit down and write
it after my parents left on
Tuesday. But that day I drove
as far as Rockport with them
and stayed with Raymond &
Hilda over night. Yesterday I
was so exhausted I could only
sleep and today I had to
start packing in preparation

landlady didnt seem to care
much so I paid her for three
sevenths of the rent and she
was glad to let me go. Just
now it seems quite a job to
pack everything up but when
I get settled again Saturday
I shall feel cooler and other-
wise more comfortable. I
shall store most of my stuff
in the fraternity house taking
only a few books besides my
clothes.

We had a very pleasant
trip over Saturday, with

the sun behind clouds making
for coolness. There was very
little traffic, most everyone
having already gone and
not yet returned. We came
by way of Hartford driving
straight across northern
Connecticut. Western Connecticut
certainly is one of the most
beautiful spots that I have
ever seen, in fact, I think
the most beautiful. And
everything looks so clean and
ship-shape - we could tell

where neither of them had been.
As in my two previous attempts
to see the south shore it
rained all the way!

Classes started Monday morning.
My own had only fourteen in
it that day but has doubled in
size since then - you can see
how my fame spreads! I thought
they were a rather intelligent
looking lot of people but mother
and father, who attended the
class Monday, thought they
were a pretty stupid looking

the difference immediately on
crossing the boundary. (Guess you knew
that all the time, didn't you?).

Sunday afternoon we drove
around old and new Boston
for my father had never seen
any of the places of historical
and other interest here. He and
I climbed Bunker Hill monument
likewise my first attempt. I
suffered no ill effects but he
had sore legs for the next
two days. Monday I drove
them down to Plymouth

bunch. After reading their first set of papers I'm inclined to agree with my parents - some of them don't know even how to spell or the difference between +1 and -1. Well, that's their lookout, I can't teach everything in six weeks. However, there are some interesting ones and on the whole I expect to have a fine time with them. I could see a number of them were taken back by my appearance of youth, but I guess I've

already shown them I know
more than they do.

Well, then, I've managed
to write something and after
a few words to Maria to
find out where he is I shall
get to bed, though it's only
nine o'clock.

I had a fine meet with
you and enjoyed every minute
of it. Life always seems to
be so wholesome and full of
interesting things when I'm
with you. I wish it could be

often. And I don't overlook
everything your family does
to make me happy while in
them. They're a bunch of deers
and I send them my love,
with a big pardon for you.

George.

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn., 1 July, 1931.

Carissimo Giorgio:-

I have sworn a swear to write to you tonight; - it seems ages since you left us + we missed you every day + thought about you a lot. We also thought about us. I am not at all satisfied with the conclusion that we finally came to, because I don't feel that it was fair to you, + I'm not sure you are happy about it. Your contentment is the chief thing for me, - not for any short period, but in the long run. Will you please regard nothing as settled, but wait till we can meet again, - then I shall have reflected in a way that I could not when your trouble first came to my ears. J'étais vraiment bouleversé, et si profondément troublé moi-même que je ne savais que faire. Et vous étiez trop près de moi pour qu'il fut possible de réfléchir sagement.

I got seriously to work as soon as you had gone, + Alice is under way. It will take a long time because I work so slowly, but I think it is going to be good

stuff. As in Paris, I work from lunch till supper, & keep my mornings for odds & ends & my evenings for reading & writing. The garden is now at its best, with all the larkspur in full bloom, the madonna lilies superb in their corner, & the hollyhocks majestic against the stone wall. I have transplanted almost everything except the Salpiglossis, which doesn't seem to come on as it should. But how I wished for your keen eye when it came to moving the Ageratum! Usually, my own eye is pretty good, but those seedlings are so like the weeds we left in their row that I'll bet we set out as many of one as of the other.

It has been hot, & the pond has felt good after gardening. We have had bathers here the past two nights, - there being moonlight, - till the small hours. Today Father & Anne arrived for good, & the policeman is on duty, so we hope there'll be an end of wanton disturbance for the rest of the summer. Dad was down looking them over tonight. Some of the men had turned in the button-strap of their bathing-suits. Dad told the cop he didn't like that. So the cop said, "I'll fix 'em", & stepped up to them & told them to "put up the awning on the other side." They did. But what would my dear father

have said could he have seen us taking our sun-bath in the garden! I'm afraid he was not "brought up proper."

Mother, Annie + I went to New York yesterday. It was devilish hot. I went to see the publication agent at Schirmer's + took him my sonata + the Gluck transcriptions. They cannot, of course, afford to print the sonata: if I were a well-known composer, they might do it from sheer goodwill, but under the circumstances it is a matter of clarity. I am going to send it to the Society for the Publication of American Music, but meanwhile I wanted Mr. Engel to see it, + wrote him a note to that end. He is Editor in Chief, + as such is not easily accessible. Then I called up Marion Bauer + got an appointment with her for the afternoon. We had a nice visit, + I played her the sonata through. She still says she wants it for the League of Composers. Today came a disappointing letter from Mrs. Coolidge. She says, among other things, that she cannot at present make any plans for using the sonata in any forthcoming programs, for those which she is personally sponsoring have "already long ago been arranged." This is the polite way they let you down in these days. She wants me, "sometime," to make her a gift of the M. S. with its dedication inscribed. "I should add it to an already distinguished collection which I have made in the Library of Congress + should hope, at some future time, it might be possible to have it photographed + to include a performance of it on one of my own programs. Such a plan as this, however, has to be made long in advance, as I have great numbers of original dedicated manuscripts + can only hold them for future possibilities."

May I say, for your private ear, that I think this good woman is somewhat obtuse, or else she has a mania for collecting Mss. dedicated to herself. You know what I wrote her! — that I had not intended to be explicit about the dedication till she had seen the sonata + liked it, + till it should find a publisher. I dedicate no unpublished Mss. to anybody. (Of course, I have no reason to be high-handed, + I shall not be. But a dedication, for me, is not a mere gesture of homage. I am grateful to Mrs. C. for the inspiration her chamber-music concerts have been to me, but I have no wish to inscribe to her a work which she has no idea of, + which is not yet in print.)

Don't forget to give my love to Morris + to tell him that, tho I did not receive his letter written in March, I shall write to him one of these days. And, of course, my best to Raymond + Hilda.

My dear, I wish you could be with me all the time! There is no one who is so entirely sympathetic to me as you are, + you have made a place for yourself in the hearts of the whole family, from my father to Mr. Hayes. I send you my deepest love.

Faithfully,
Donald

Annie sends her best regards!

R. D. H - Danbury, Conn. 11 July, '31.

Dear George: -

It was a relief to get your letter.

But I am seriously anxious about you. The more I reflect on your physique & your powers of endurance, the more perturbed I am.

I do not think you are sensible about living. Why don't you sit down & plan how to get more rest & sleep, & then stick to your plan. Take your summer sessions easy!

This is all I'll say, but it isn't all I could say.

* * * * *

I am having a perplexing attack; whether it is "rheumatism" or "heart trouble" I don't know, but my whole left side is lame, for no ascertainable cause except the abominable weather, & I feel as if someone had hold of my heart & were squeezing it. I've cut out coffee except for one cup at breakfast, & I've cut down smoking. If it keeps on, I shall have tea for breakfast & cut out smoking entirely. If that, & more sleep, doesn't work, I'll see a doctor. But I'm so used to being well that all this pain is very fuzzling & I'm impatient with it.

Betty writes that she wants to come back & live in a small apartment here in America. She's fed up with Europe. I might run up one day to look at apartments near Boston. I think for many reasons I'd rather live in Boston than New York, though New York is nearer Danbury. I must look at all sides of this matter. Our income has been so much reduced that I don't quite know where I am, especially since I haven't yet sat down to figure it out!

I am working regularly every afternoon. Of course I am exceedingly slow, but the time goes very fast, nonetheless. I have quite a number of pages of scoring finished for Alice, & just lately I heard through Shute that the Natl. Broadcasting Co. is going to give some very considerable cash awards for "the best" short pieces for orchestra, not to exceed twelve minutes' playing time. So what I think I'll do is to use two or three of my dances & send them in to compete. That won't interfere with the integral performance of the ballet when it's finished, & if I'm successful, I'll probably be "in" more cash than the ballet as a whole will eventually bring.

I've skimmed through a little more of Princess American Tragedy, than you read, judging by the worst pages. (But I mean "skipped" because, in my opinion, it simply isn't worth careful reading. The style is that of a journalist (with apologies to Moravia) & the point of view is as commonplace that one gets no real illumination of other life or human character. I'm sorry about it, George, but you know I told you I gave you the book so that I might follow it from you, - likewise the other. I think I shall like that better. I've read a couple of chapters, & already I begin to sense what it is that fascinates people. He has that feeling for "le mot juste" (almost Prague) that characterizes a good writer, & I'm anticipating a little more of a treat with the Red Badge of Courage than Prize were able to provide. ~~the~~

I miss you every day & you are often in my thoughts. I read your letter to the family, - Mother, Anne, & Father, - & they all three made it plain that they are very fond of you.

Don't think you must write long letters. I just send me a little one every few days, to keep us in touch. I'm glad you're to be in a coterie & quick service. Take advantage of it & get lots of sleep! - Mother sends you her love, & I miss.

your Donald

R. D. 4, Daulbory, Conn. 29 July, 1931.

Carissimo :-

Mother & Annie departed last night for Squirrel Island, Maine. Of course they'd be bound to pick out the hottest night of the summer (thus far) to spend in a sleeping-car. I heaved a theatrical sigh of relief when they drove away from the house, just to see what Father would do. He promptly heaved another, more sincere than mine, & we looked at each other & grinned. We shall have a few days of respite before Marguerite & Jim & Jimmie come up, to remain till the Maine sojourners return. But ~~not~~ neither of us minds Marguerite, who is what one calls a sensible woman & keeps her emotions well under control, - better than either Father or I can, for that matter. There are times when I feel that marriage is a terrifically difficult institution. I have seen so many unhappy ones, beginning with passion & drifting into mere tolerance of a yoke or else into petty bickering. Many persons of both sexes are temperamentally unsuited to marriage. The older I grow, the surer I am that what is called a happy marriage is founded on sexual compatibility. By that I mean simply that the desire for intercourse on the part of both husband & wife is about equal, that they love to lie in ~~each others~~ one another's arms, that there are no reserves

on one side that are not shared or, at least, sympathetically understood on the other, likewise, & most important, not carnalities or sensualities. Granted this basis, and granted that the sexual desires of both husband & wife remain in a state of equilibrium, I have come to think that all other conditions such as similarity of tastes, beliefs, & intellectual attainments are secondary. That is why I think Judge Lindsay's idea of "companionate marriage" is probably right! With our present mores, a man & a woman can readily prove each other as regards those similarities I have referred to as secondary, but they cannot tell whether they are sexually compatible till they have slept together for a year or so. If you will read that book I lent you on sexual education, you will see why at least a year is necessary, especially if the woman is a virgin. Many men & women love their mates without finding them sexually compatible. Their sacrifice becomes necessary in some form or other; one member of the couple has to adapt himself to a condition which he could not foresee, & which is of prime importance. It can be done with love, because that implies unselfishness, but otherwise it is impossible.

It is too bad that we cannot become more easily accustomed to the conception of marriage for the sake of the Family, with a capital F., & more tolerant of sexual experimenting outside of marriage when men & women

are too young or too poor to undertake the responsibilities of the Family. But, by and large, we exaggerate, we Northerners, the importance of what we term "infidelity" in marriage, & "libertinism" previous to it. We are brought up with so many inhibitions & prejudices, and the welter of emotional disturbance that can well up over the conception of monogamy, "faithfulness", and, worst of all, possession, is tragic enough to make one heartsick. I am sure of only one thing, that the unique solvent in all this complexity is that good old-fashioned thing called love. When one person really cares for another, will cherish that other, make sacrifices, spend time & strength to insure that other's greater comfort & peace & happiness, then, to my way of thinking, there are few problems that cannot be solved. And if a thoroughly happy marriage is impossible without sexual compatibility, marriage can still be a richly satisfactory partnership when both partners love. But also, to my way of thinking, sexual intercourse outside marriage is completely justified by love & only by love, as long as there is no likelihood of procreation. I am not enough of a socialist to hold that the state can ever be a satisfactory substitute for loving parents, though nothing is surer than that almost anything would be better than to have unloving ones. But Nature being what she is, most

same parents love their children; as for the insane, they should unquestionably be sexually sterilized! As far as I can observe, the Family is as natural an institution as a bird's nest, & exists for the same purpose. If there are children, they should have parents & shelter till their wings are grown & they can face the world on their own. But civilized man lives far from a state of nature, tho' still subject to his animal instincts. Since we have sexual capacity far in excess of our expectation of having children & providing for them, we must either turn our vitality into other channels or else yield sensibly when the pressure of the urge to procreate becomes greater than we can bear. People who can do ~~it~~ ^{either of these things} easily are very fortunate. People who repress their desires & worry & feel ashamed are victims of our whole system of living. What is called "solitary vice" would be, on the whole, beneficial, if, psychologically, one could take it sensibly as a safety-valve. At least the only danger I can see in it is the danger of all self-indulgence, - that, like eating & drinking & ordinary cohabitation (within marriage as well as ^{with} but, forbidden!) it should become excessive and obsessive. And that goes for all extra-marital sex-relations as well. It is far better to be what puritans call "sinful" than to be psychologically twisted by repression unless one is oneself a puritan! when the sense of sin will

do a lot of twisting on its own account. The poor, pitiful puritan falls between two stools: if he succeeds in being chaste, he is in danger of suffering from the stifling of his natural instincts; if he fails, he is invaded by shame. In either case, he is bound to become morbid. A ~~conscientious~~ ^{conscientious} puritan is apt to be a cold & unloving person, for whom temperance & moderation & chastity are easy because his desires turn low. As for the hypocritical puritan, his name is legion.

To look at this problem with a scientific eye, there is no more danger to the body from sexual intercourse than there is from the exercise of any normal function like digestion, or than there is from athletics or exposure to the sun. There is more danger to the *psyche*, because the exercise of the sexual function is tied up to all sorts of sympathies due to the desperate efforts of organized religion & the romantic imagination to impose the custom & ^{inculcate} the idea of strict monogamy. Over-eating taxes the digestive organs & may well have psychical repercussions that are yet badly understood because the glutton is so unattractive & subject of study. Over-indulgence in alcoholic liquors also taxes the digestive organs, but it is the stimulative effect which alcohol has on the whole nervous system

sions, uncompromised by fear of social reprobation, a problem for the individual to decide for himself, rationally, sensibly, in accordance with what he knows of his own nature & the circumstances he is up against. And that, to me, is the goal of civilization: to achieve a state of being & a condition of society where the individual is free to act according to his own judgment, provided he does no violence or harm to his neighbor, & provided he leaves his neighbor as free from compulsion as he himself wishes to be. In short, we come out at the Golden Rule!

George dear, you don't mind my ranting on in this unconsciously garrulous fashion, do you? You know, sometimes when I get on a train of thought, I have to take a little joy-ride!

Your letter mailed yesterday came today, very promptly, & hit me when in the writing mood, hence all this ink. — Regarding dressing for class in hot weather, I should certainly remove my coat, Harvard formalities or no Harvard formalities, but should take care to have a scrupulously clean shirt & collar & a neat tie. And I should not wear knickers because trousers are cooler & admit more air. No sensible person can object to a clean shirt, but many women object to shirtsleeves & almost all to suspenders. By shirtsleeves I mean with vest but no coat: you mean plain shirt!

You are right about invitations. If people won't take the trouble to ask me for a definite day, I have learned to leave them alone, in general. But it depends on the people, & how they issue their general invitation. If they say, "Look here, dear boy, we want you to feel free to come to us at any time; we can always make room, & you will always be more than welcome; I can't be bothered to write notes, & you can't be sure when you'll be free; let us know a few hours ahead of time, or, if you want to chance it, come unheralded & take pot-luck," — then it shows they really want you, & it also shows that probably you are a discreet person. — Raymond & Hilda will ask you definitely before you leave Cambridge, & so will Morris. I had a fine letter from him yesterday. He wrote "Much to my regret the house was full last week-end, so I couldn't ask George down. I hope he'll drive down with me before long."

Hilda may have the next shot at Hinds's book. The Danbury Library has finally provided me with a copy which Mother has read & Father is now reading. As for our reading anything together, how dare you suggest it when you are as likely as not to fall asleep! Many thanks for the Philip Hale clippings: I saw Olin Dobson's article in the Times. And many thanks for you being you! I love you.

Your Donald

R. D. H., Danbury, Conn. 30 July, 1931.

Mon cher ami: -

Conversation between A. E. T. + D. N. T. at supper together this evening:

A. E. T. (Apropos of nothing at all) Did you say George had gone back to school this summer?

D. N. T. Yes, he's teaching at Harvard during the summer session. What made you think of him?

A. E. T. I wondered why he wasn't here.

D. N. T. Well, you don't expect him to stay all summer, do you.

A. E. T. I wouldn't mind if he did: I like to have him round.

D. N. T. (Remarks deleted by the censor for fear of boring my correspondent, besides, he's heard their feud before).

A. E. T. Well, he's one of the few people we have here who appreciates Annie, whom she can be at her ease with. She likes him.

D. N. T. And he likes her. - By the way, I've just had a letter from him. Should you care to hear it?

A. E. T. (Who hates having letters read to him) Er - umm - what does he say?

D. N. T. O, I'll read it to you. (Finds letter, + begins)

"Here I sit in my birthday suit." —

A. E. T. Golly. I don't blame him; I'll bet it's hot in Boston.

D. N. T. (Continues till the part about the books).

A. E. T. He expresses himself very well, doesn't he.

Speaking of birthday-suits, I was taking a sun-bath in the garden the other day, stretched out naked below the terrace wall, when I heard the drone of an airplane that seemed to be coming pretty close. So I grabbed my bathing suit & had just got it over my middle when the plane came in sight over the apple-trees, going north. "Good Lord," I said to myself, "no privacy left." He was pretty high up, but I left the suit on, rolling it down to the belt line. Pretty soon I heard the motor getting louder & louder, & blast if he hadn't turned & was coming back much lower down. He sailed directly over the garden & waved his hand to me. I waved back, much amused, & wondered whether my charms had effected an impression at that distance. Twice more he crossed above the house, once toward the pond & once back, waved again the last time, (I was weeding the flower-bed by then), & disappeared.

Two days later a man stopped Father as he was driving

out of the yard to go down town after supper + handed him three photographs. They were aerial snapshots of the farm, + one had been taken showing the garden! A minute white speck at the edge of one of the flower-beds represented my rheumatic back. I breathed a sigh of relief to find that it was quite unidentifiable. — Father knows this fellow over at the airport + had asked him to take the pictures, so it's all explained. But the aviator most certainly had me guessing for a few minutes.

I am very much better, but not yet completely free from pain. But Dr. Kauffman, the osteopath, has limbered me up considerably. The sun-baths help a great deal, too. But my, don't they heat you up when the air is still! I never realized how much one could perspire when naked + motionless. I now take them down by the studio, underneath the shelter of that clump of scrub maples. I have an old dressing-gown down there, + can see anyone who starts down the path. Besides, I have Bob with me, + he barks in time to allow me to observe the proprieties. I have been very careful, but, nonetheless, got slightly sunburned the day of the airplane. I expect that by the time you get here again, I shall be a beautiful, uniform bronze.

You asked in your letter if I have Watson's Behaviorism. Yes, somewhere, but I have looked through the books here + am unable to find it. I don't think, myself, that it's worth your troubling about. To my mind, at least, Behaviorism is an absurd theory + a futile philosophy, tho, as far as its method is concerned, a person starting with a behavioristic bias or who should rationalize according to the behavioristic dogma would find plenty to confirm him in his folly just as Episcopals or Fundamentalists do. It is about as scientific as Christian Science + less psychologically suited to human beings. And, as ~~is~~ thinkers, John B. Watson + Hazel M. Stanton are about on a par. But don't mind me!

Would you like me to mail you the big Vermeer print so that you can take it to the framer's this summer + thus have it ready for your new study when you go into it at the end of September? There is a good framer on the square in Boston where the statue of Lincoln liberating the slaves is located, on the south side, toward Tremont St., but if you know of a good one in Cambridge, don't take the trouble to go way in to Boston. I want the frame to be part of the present, please.

And will you send me my letter about the essentials of great art? I have just had a surprising confirmation of the ideas expressed there in the introduction to Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, which book I am reading for the first time. — I send you my love, + a lot of it.

R.D. 4 - Danbury, Conn. 24 Aug., 1931.

Dear Georgie Porgie :-

I had it all planned to swoop down on you at Coxsackie this afternoon - Monday. My agent ~~wrote~~ from Rochester that she had secured a tenant for the house, but on calling her last night over long-distance 'phone I learned that his present landlord had offered him a month's rent free if he'd stay where he is, so he's staying. Such a disappointment!

Mother & Annie are just back this last Thursday from Maine. Apparently they enjoyed their sojourn.

We are all hoping you can come here after Labor Day. As you say you want your father & mother to take a holiday that will include Labor Day, which is the 7th of September, we shall expect you as soon thereafter as you can make it. We

have guests coming the week-end of the 5th. I may go down to New York that Saturday to meet Ralph Eaton, who is due in from Europe. I don't know whether he will be able to come up to Dandbury with me, but I'm going to ask him to come for a week-end after Betty gets here, which I hope will be around October 1st, or perhaps before that if she can secure passage during the most crowded month of the year.

I don't remember whether I've told you my plans. They are, first of all to get Betty back here, & then to remain here at the farm till the cold weather drives us out, about the 1st of December. That will enable me to continue at work & will afford us plenty of time to decide what we shall do during the winter. We may come & live from December to April in or near Boston, preferably in, unless Betty definitely prefers New York, or unless New York appears, on examination, to be the less expensive & the more strategic location. I expect Betty will have to do the cooking, but this is an easy house to take care of. I don't know yet whether Helen will come with Betty, but if she does, that will make the problem still easier while we are here, & after we leave, she can go visiting

or return to Paris if she wishes. So that, for the present, is how we stand.

I was going out to Rochester alone to see the tenant about wallpaper + paint + all that. I should have wished to take you along with me, but my exchequer is in so reduced a state that I could not have afforded to invite you. Of course I realize that you might not have been able to go, + it would have been rather slow for you, anyway, though you never seem to mind (Thank God!) whether you are 'entertained' or not. — I may still have to go, if Mrs. Merchant really lauds a tenant, + of course it is of immense importance to us that she should. If I do, may I plan to stop over with you on my way out, without more 'notice' than a telegram? Of course, if you happen to be doing the cooking, it would be doubly a pleasure!

Your check came very fast. I put it at once to very good use, + am grateful to you for it. I sometimes wonder, myself, what would have happened to you if I hadn't (!), but, then,

there is a destiny that shapes our ends, + I was but a chance instrument of destiny. If you had been less intelligent + less lovable, destiny would have taken another turn. But I feel that I should have been the greater loser then. I regret nothing, — on the contrary, I exult in everything I've been able to do for you + with you, especially since I know you will never allow yourself to be influenced by the chance that I was able to give you a financial boost. The time may come when you can save me from the poorhouse, but I shall never ask you to!

I hope that, after your pains, you will be satisfied with the Vermeer. I should have felt dubious about shellacking it, because it could never have been unshellacked had the effect been unsatisfactory.

I've been working at the article based on my letter to you of last winter, which I shall call 'The Masterpiece', + have struck some rather promising veins. You shall read + judge.

And Alice is progressing. And I'm better, tho' still not free from aches. And I've seen the finest movie I've yet seen. It's called Tabu, + you mustn't miss it if it comes your way. — My best to all your people + my love to you, always. Donald

Coxsackie, N.Y.
September 16, 1931.

Dear Donald,

Just a few words to communicate
our conclusions about the tree.
From the specimens and from
what I remember we seem to
think the tree to be a black,
cherry, or sweet birch, (*Betula*
lentata). The young bark is aromatic
containing oil of wintergreen, the
shape is ovate, which this certainly

and 5 feet in diameter. According to the forest commissioner of Maine it grows 60-70 feet high and 17-2 feet in diameter. Rather different proportions I should say. It inhabits the banks of streams or moist rich upland soil. "It is widely distributed but not of a very common occurrence."

So there - I shall expect to find a forest of black birches enclosing Ball's Pond when I next see that happy spot.

is, the leaves are double-toothed, the trunk bark, dark to black, with horizontal lines like those of a cherry tree, etc. etc. The only disturbing characteristic is the length of the staminate catkins (those of light green color) which according to Matthews should be $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches long, while those we secured were scarcely more than an inch long. However, there may be larger ones which we didn't see. According to Matthews it grows 45-50 feet high, (higher in favorable situations)

I believe I forgot to thank you
explicitly for driving me up to
Caracas yesterday. It was good
of you to thus neglect more
important labors.

With my love
George.

Stoughton 24
Cambridge 35, Mass.
October 29, 1931

Dear Donald,

Your letter telling of Betty and Helen's arrival was very welcome. I think of the three of you sitting around the fire evenings, reading, writing and talking and generally having a grand time in this, until now, glorious autumn. And I look forward to the fire which will burn on Beacon Hill.

\$50 per flight or \$5.00 per
hairsting thru the window. As I
remember 20 Jay St. the stairway
is too small and crooked to
permit taking a piano thru it.

Well, the above seems to sound
as if I were saying "no" to the
proposition, but I say "yes";
if Mrs. Fields consents, and I shall
find the cash somewhere. Living
in expectation of future "wealth(!)",
for I shall be not quite so poor
next term, may have its advantage
but they aren't very apparent
and future returns don't pay

You know I would be only too
glad to have you put any of Mrs.
Fields' furniture "they mean" if that
will help you. I had practically
given up the idea of having a
piano for I knew that until
February I should be too poor
to have one put in. Even with
a rent-free piano I'm afraid the
necessary cash for moving and
reconditioning it couldn't be
scrapped together until before
February and that would be
too late. There is a man here
who will move it for \$6 plus

present hills.

The N.B.C. awards look most attractive and I wish you all success in hauling down the largest one. Since you are so well advised I want proffer any more advice - really I should like to know what kind of advice can be given.

Marris came to lunch the other day and afterwards we saw "Karamagor", the German film version of Dostoevsky. It could, of course, show only a small fraction of the plot and centered round Dmitri's infatuation for Gneschenka. It quite upset my own conception of some of the characters, but was worth seeing.

My love to all of you, George.

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 27 Sept., 1931.

Carissimo: -

The bound music arrived safely + I am delighted with it, pleased at the neatness with which it is done + more than pleased that you wanted to do it for me. Thank you, my dear.

I am also beholden to you for chasing that Beethoven quotation for me, tho it is not yet caught. I am pretty sure I have it right from memory, + that "Vom Herzen: möge es zu Herzen gehen" is correct German, yet B. might have written mög. I shall send it in tomorrow, - the essay, - just as it is, + when I find the quotation it will be easy enough to correct in proof, supposing we ever get that far. The Danbury library was no help: they have none of the works I wanted to consult except the Fuller! Maitland + Grove's Dictionary, in which George Grove's original article on B. is still printed 'with additions': I thought that might help, but it doesn't.

I had a letter from Prof. Martin Schütze enclosing a copy of the draft of the prospectus for the Byrdcliffe School which I will bring with me to Boston, as I want your comment on it. In my reply, I spoke of you, though not by name, + suggested that when they get ready to pick their secretary, he allow me to send you to him, possibly

during the Christmas holidays, if he comes East from Chicago.

Your keys have not turned up here. I hope you have found them by this time.

At present I expect to be with you on Thursday, probably late in the afternoon. In case I have to change my plans, I'll telegraph.

Blessings on you + love to you!

Donald

"Paudemondium" says you ???

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 20 Sept., 1931.

Dear George:—

I suppose you are asking yourself, 'Where has the summer gone to!' It hardly seems, to me at least, as if you had had any vacation, & I'll wager your family feel that way about it too. I'm afraid I was responsible in great measure for the fragmentary nature of your free season, but I feel very certain that it may be a long time before we can be together again as we have just been. And yet I have not had half enough of you! There were so many things I should have liked to do with you that we didn't have time for, — reading together & walking together, for example.

I want to go to Boston before Betty returns, so as to be informed on the kind of place we can get for what we can afford to pay, and as the family propose to return to Danbury on October 1st, I propose that date for driving up to Cambridge T

taking advantage of your offer of a bed. I shall have plenty of work to do, so if you will allot me a table + a chair + a lamp as well as a bed, I promise to be very quiet + preoccupied. You are not to feel that I am a "guest", - but we will take advantage of the hours when we can be together, without inconvenience to either of us. And if I can help you in any way in making your new abode livable, you know you have only to let me know how.

With regard to your curtains, for instance, if you want to put off their selection till Oct. 1st, I will see what your room is like + we can discuss what would look best. Mother says this material here is theatrical gauze. She got it at Lord + Taylor's in New York for 40¢ a yard, and got the black fringe extra. She says this stuff comes in a wide range of colors, + that she will make your curtains for you if you will send her the measurements + the material. She would love to do it for you.

Many thanks to you + Eva for the research that resulted in the naming of my tree in the Housatonic Valley. Perhaps I can't afford one if the nurseries know anything about them, or perhaps we can 'collect' a specimen. - And many more thanks for

binding my music so beautifully + efficiently, + for the trying of the essay. And I'm not a bit sorry that I ~~forgot~~ ^{forgot} you typing when I did, and gave you a chance to show a little spirit!

Would Raymond know of a place where I could keep my car that would not be quite so expensive as the Broadway garage? You know I am hanging on to the furnace for dear life.

I have finally got in touch with Maria Rowant, the "cellist" of the Musical Art Society, + am taking her my sonata this Tuesday afternoon. - Behaviors do not about my Gluck dances, so I shall try Boston next. - I'll bring the sonata to Boston with me + get Arthur Hadley to read it with me + invite Maria + Saunders + the Sprague Bridges, - if Arthur is willing! I'll send it to him in advance. - Mother + Helen Rider have read my essay, + both are enthusiastic about it. I shall send it in to Stanford just as soon as I can check that Beethoven question. Just it modeling that all my own books in which I might find it are packed! The Row-bury Library is a fortune hope. Will you look it up for me in Cambridge? It should be in the full score of the Missa Solemnis.

My best regards to all your family, + my special love to you, always.
- Donald

Daubury, 10 Oct., 1931.

Carissino: - I was touched & much pleased to have your letter this morning, for it has never happened before (has it?) that you followed a visit of me to you so closely by a letter. So know, as they say in him, that you have 'acquired merit'.

I grieved that you could not have ridden back to Daubury with me. I have never seen the the swamps & hills more gorgeously panoplied with scarlet & gold. There was vista after vista of beauty, maples like trumpet-calls, & glory all around.

I could not drive very fast as Fritz II slithered & jaggzed all over the slippery road if I but touched 50 m. p. h. Now he had the tires blown up to 35 lbs. pressure, & he is much steadier. I should have tried this simple remedy before, but everybody assured me that 25 lbs. was ample with those puncture-proof tubes. Dark came on soon after I got through Hartford, & the last hour was very trying as I met

scores of cars coming away from the Danbury Fair. I didn't reach home till after seven, so my unseasonably haste in parting from you did me little good after all. I should have started before 11³⁰ & lunched on the wing, but it is impossible to dam the tide of Chalmers Clifton's discourse once it starts flowing. He is one of the most persistent & insistent talkers of my acquaintance. — You needn't have thought I would omit to distribute your love & good wishes at home, but your letter, while unnecessary for that purpose, was more than welcome all the same. — I'm sorry to have missed a good talk with Beatley, but I never would have dreamed of starting that particular hare myself. If you wanted to discuss the aims & methods of college instruction à trois, why didn't you throw the first stone?

Mother is waiting to have you send her the material for the window-curtains. She was

much interested to hear about the 'great open spaces'. With regard to your bedroom walls, she has a few French railway posters, well-designed and brightly colored. We have no place for them, & if you want them, we should be glad to send them to you. They will fill up space, - in fact, they will 'decorate' the room & make another place of it. No doubt you are familiar with the type of thing, so, if you would like them, you have but to say so, & no bones made, please, if you do not want them.

I found quite a sheaf of mail awaiting me, - two letters from Betty, who should be on the sea swirling along homeward tonight. Helen is definitely coming with her. The Masterpiece came back from Harper's with a rejection-slip, - I shall make a collection of them, - & will soon be on its way to the Atlantic. I had a letter from Marion Bauer stating that she is still steadfast in her wish to make a place for my sonata on the League program. If the place can be made, - she says it is not always so simple a matter as it sounds, - the performance will take place at an afternoon recital in January, February, or March. - I also had a letter from Professor Martin Schütze about my harmony book, - the best letter I have yet had from anybody to whom I have sent it. He took the trouble to look it through before writing, which is more than any of the musicians or theory teachers to whom I gave it seemed to be able to do. Even Goetschius, to whom it is dedicated, while he wrote me a lovely letter, admitted he had had time to read carefully only Part I! Schütze is much pleased with the method & arrangement & makes intelligent & appreciative comments. I have been so little praised in my life that I think I can stand a good deal of it! Therefore I glow with happiness when I hear the rare 'Well done!'

You shall have the prospectus of the Byrdcliffe School when I can remember to send it! - You were a dear to keep me a week without complaint. It was a precious privilege to be with you under yours & Harvard's roof, & I am grateful with all my heart for it. Faithfully, Donald

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 22 Oct., 1931.

Carissimo: -

Betty + Helen never got in till Tuesday morning, having been held up by fog + by grounding on a sandbar in Southampton Water upon which the ship had to remain till the next high tide floated her off. Charles drove the big Packard down to the pier that morning, + we came directly to the farm, where we are now installed + shall remain perhaps till after Thanksgiving. Betty looks thin + very delicate + eats little. I hope the good air + the lovely weather here will benefit her. — She is perfectly satisfied with my having taken the Beacon Hill apartment, very content to live there, in fact. We are going to try to wrangle the 'storage' of certain items of Mrs. Fields' furniture chez vous if you are willing. For instance, the piano. Betty thinks I ought to have my good piano + it was not hard for me to be persuaded to

take it, in spite of the extra expense. Now if Mrs. Fields will consent to have her piano sent to you, you will get one rent-free + will only have to pay for transportation + re-conditioning. The Poole piano is made in Cambridge, so they ought to be able to send you someone from the factory who can 'voice' it + put the action into good shape again. Will you meanwhile inquire what the transportation charges should be for a regular-size upright, or let me know at once if you prefer to rent yourself a better piano than that one is. You could send the piano back on June 1st, I should think, as we shall surely be out of the apartment again by that time, + I know you cannot keep your 'chambers' during the summer months.

I have been to the National Broadcasting Co.'s studios on 5th Ave., + obtained the necessary information about the orchestral awards. To my delight, I find there is nothing in the conditions of the awards to make me change my plans in any way, + nothing to prejudice the integral performance or publication of the complete ballet later. There are 5 awards: \$5,000; \$2,500; \$1,250; \$750; \$500.

I should not turn up my nose at any one of these! My three dances can be played in a little under 9 minutes, with a 30-second interval between the numbers, so the 12-minute time-limit is also observed without any cuts being necessary. All the N.B.C. asks is the 'broadcasting + television rights' for one year, or till Feb. 22, 1932. The announcements will be made on Feb. 21, 1932 + the 5 compositions played by an N.B.C. symphony orchestra. The piece receiving first award will be played over combined nationwide N.B.C. networks on Feb. 22, 1932 - the bicentennial of the birth of George Washington. My father is very much interested in the contest + is giving me plentiful advice! I should like to pull down an award more for his sake than for my own. He would be so pleased + proud.

I was taken to see Angna Enters dance in New York. I was much impressed. It is not dancing that she does so much as it is 'miming', as H.T.P. would say. The only person she can be compared to is Ruth Draper, but, since she is silent, her art has not the scope of Draper's. However, she is a thorough artist, + one is sure of her from the first moment, - sure she will always do something distinguished + significant. Don't miss her if she comes to Boston.

I also went to see The House of Connelly or Conolley - I don't remember how it's spelled, - + I suspect this is a 'great' play. At any rate, it seemed uncommonly fine to me, + a better performance might show it forth at its true value. The company is earnest + devoted, but I feel they miss the best of the drama by more than a hair's breadth. This also you must see if it comes to Boston.

Do let me know soon about the piano + about the French posters. Betty sends you her love + is looking forward to seeing you in Boston. - And when are you going to send your curtain-material to Mother? -

My love to you, always,

Donald

2 Nov., 1931.

Carissino :-

Just a word to tell you that so much time has elapsed since you told me the length of those curtains that I've forgotten whether it was 5 or $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft. I remember that you wanted a hem of 2 inches doubled once, - allowing 4 extra inches. So if you will drop Mother a line giving her the length, she can begin making them.

We are having a glorious time here & the country is marvelously beautiful. I'll write more later in the week, but I'm about to start for New York to attend a meeting of the Bohemian Club & come back on the midnight train. We not yet heard definitely from Mrs. Fields about the piano. Betty joins her love with mine. Donald

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 15 Nov., 1931.

Carissimo:—

You have been much in my thoughts even though I've not found time to write. I've been copying my orchestral score for the "Three Dances from an Unnamed Ballet," and when I'm hurried by the nervousness that accompanies the copying of music, I am quite unfit for other activities of the pen. I get so that I cross my i's + dot my t's + no effort of composition will put sentences together. But now it's done, tho I must still go through each part with a fine-tooth comb to be sure the proper accidentals are in + the improper ones out.

We have spoken of you frequently, + to say that we are looking forward eagerly to seeing you in Boston two weeks from tomorrow is to put it very mildly indeed from my point of view. We plan to go up on December 2nd. You shall have details later.

About the piano, Mrs. Fields writes that her daughter has decided to take it after all. I threatened dire things

if it were not sent to you or else removed, & apparently the threats were sufficiently intimidating. So that's that. But I have not definitely decided to take my own piano. I must find out what freight & cartage charges would be, & look up motor-truck rates. Possibly rent for five months plus local cartage would be cheaper, though I might not be able to afford to rent anything like so good a piano.

We have had wonderful weather here so far, mostly mild & sunny. Last night's gentle rain was the first in many days, & today, thank Jupiter, it has turned into a regular East Wind storm, tho intermittent. I walked round the Pond this afternoon with Bob, & we reached home again perfectly dry. The ground needs much water before the real cold weather comes, & I hope that, in spite of the disadvantages of country dwelling when it rains, it may still rain & rain & rain.

Betty & Helen are doing their best with the cooking & housework, but it is a little too much for Betty. You will be shocked when you see her, she has grown so thin & frail-looking. We have a woman in to clean once a week, & Helen spares Betty all she can, but still there is much more to

be done than Betty's small store of strength is equal to, & it puts her not to have things the way she wants to have them. I'm sure I don't know precisely what is the matter with her. She has never been robust, & I imagine her nerves make her spend more of herself than her physique will stand. We had an X-ray examination made last winter at the American Hospital in Paris, but they could discover nothing more serious than chronic arthritis, located in the spine, & recommended 'red rays', which she said she couldn't be bothered to go & have regularly applied. There seems to be some anaemia & some heart-trouble. I can't & do make her eat liver twice a week, but I can't keep her off her feet. She says she'd rather die than give up to semi-invalidism, & of course as long as we are here, there is so much to be done in the house that 'taking it easy' is practically out of the question. I think what we shall have to do in Boston will be to have a cook to come in by the day, as Mrs. Jefferson used to do at 14 Arnold Park. She came in in the middle of the afternoon, dusted, swept, & did the daily tidying up, then prepared dinner, served it, cleaned up, & departed between 8 & 9 P. M. Thus Betty had not more to do than she could manage. This 'system', I think we must put in operation at 20 Joy St.

I wish we might have you here for a week - and before we go to Boston, but it would not be wise even if you could come & would come, as a guest would mean that much more effort for Betty. But you would love it here now! The leaves have at last left the trees, seemingly with much reluctance, & the hills are beautiful in all the changing lights of the short November days. Father bought a lot of evergreens the other day; some nurseryman from Long Island shipped them to Danbury, but couldn't collect from the purchaser, so shopped round till he could get cash for them, & of course Dad was the best bet in town. The trees look to be healthy. We have made a planting of the greater part of them right smack in the centre of the driveway circle. I think in time I shall get used to them, but anyway I am glad to have any trees put between the house & the road. - I took a walk down in the valley woods a couple of days ago & found a young & beautiful Betula lenta growing right on our property. Also a fine young sapling beech. Both these trees will be moved up near to the house next spring while they are yet dormant, if I am still living & in my right mind.

I found an excellent account of *Mr. Betula lenta* in 'Treds', a book by Julia Rogers. Here its popular name is given as 'The Cherry Birch'. Linnaeus gave it its botanical name. Julia says, 'The cherry birch has dark, irregularly checked bark like the wild cherry, but the oval, pointed leaf, the catkin flowers, & the cone fruits of its family. Birch beer is made of its aromatic sap & wintergreen oil is extracted from the leaves. Indians shred the inner bark & dry it in the spring when it is rich in starch & sugar. These shreds, like vermicelli, are boiled with fish & form a nourishing dish. The wood is heavy, hard, & close-grained, valuable for the manufacture of furniture & implements, especially wheel-hubs, & for fuel. It is one of the handsomest, most symmetrical, & most luxuriant of all our birch trees, & a worthy addition to any park.'

Mother is working at your curtains, & will send you two pairs (at my suggestion) before she sends the other two. Thus you can fix up your living-room at the shortest possible moment. The posters we got out & examined, & she found them so beautiful, she was loathe to part with any of them, though Heaven knows where she expects to

put them all. I regret to say, therefore, that you
may not get even one!

I send you my love, + Betty hers. She says be
sure to save Philip Hale's review of Maude Adams
+ Otis Skinner in The Merchant of Venice!

Yours ever,

Donald

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 24 Nov., 1931.

Carissimo:—

I have been alone at the farm today: Betty + Helen motored over to Hartford with Mother, so there was peace + quiet in which to ruminate. Helen is a great help physically, but her nickname in her own family circle was always "judging-stick," — she keeps things well stored up. To me she is a great trial because she torments Betty so with her willfulness + her heedlessness. She is just the same now, Betty says, as she was when she was a little girl. Her intuitions are of the best, but she cannot fit in to a household which another has the running of. I have lost my temper with her already several times; I itch frequently to spank her bottom, +, to say truth, physical force is almost the only thing that will make her listen to what is called 'reason'. She is unique, + she is priceless. No other woman her age that I have ever known compares with

her for sheer self-will while yet entirely unconscious that she is so pig-headed. She is very likeable - you will like her at once, I think, for you will see her best side, which is very compelling. But I cannot live under the same roof with her for long, unless it is a hotel or a boarding-house roof, for when she has anything like horsework to do, she spreads psychic discomfort all about her. For this reason, my foot has been put down. She shall not sleep at 20 Joy St. For Betty's peace of mind, & for my own, this is imperative. There is room for a biddable person, but not for her Heleusship. So that's that.

You will note, - you will have noted, - that I was somewhat astray with days & dates in my previous letter. We are coming to Boston on December 1st, which is a Tuesday. We shall arrive at 20 Joy St. about the middle of the afternoon, I hope, as I want to get there while there is still daylight. Mother is going to drive up with us, taking Charles & her own car, so that we can pack the rear seats of both with our goods & chattels. I am anxious to take as little as possible, yet there must be book-cases, for there are now

none in the apartment, & a couple of small tables, & all the pictures we intend to put up, & I must try to take Betty's desk or else make shift to provide her with its equivalent.

There is a lot to be thought of between now & next Tuesday, & I only hope it will not be too trying for Betty. She is in very delicate health, & I only wish I had the means to spare her all the ardors of this move. It may be that I can simplify things by sending all the pictures to Boston & unpacking them there, & by refusing to touch the other packing-cases. But there are certain items, like her coffee-pot, - the three-decker, - which she so much wants to have, etc., etc. Truly, possessions are ever a responsibility: the more one owns, the less free one is.

I have only one word to say about us, & I think I had better say it now, before we come. Betty thinks, tho she has not ever put it into speech, that it is only me you care about. She knows of course that I care for you very deeply, but, though she would be wroth to have me put it in words, she is, wife-like, a little jealous that you should be so important to me. Now you will not suspect what I am going to say next! - I want you to be frankly affectionate with me, always, & freely & openly to show that you are fond of me. But I want you to show, also, that you are fond of her. All women like little attentions, & Betty is no exception, - rather is she most susceptible to them. So, my dear, you have only to be yourself & you will win her to like you wholly for yourself & to understand, with full sympathy, why you are so important to me.

I leave it to you to come & see us as soon as you will, - we shall be right busy the first few days, & I shall not attempt to run over to Cambridge till we are somewhat settled.

I shall remember, I think, to speak with you about Exeter & what you said of not caring to teach in a place like that. - How I grinned over your exciting afternoon with J. B. There's a screw loose in that girl somewhere; she's a bit daft, as the Scotch say.

Betty sends her love & I mine, & I hope we shall see a great, great deal of you at 20 Joy St. - yours ever, Donald

26-27 Jan., 1932.

Midnight.

Carissimo:

Arriving at your door at ten this evening & finding you occupied with what seemed to be a tube, I concluded there must have been a misunderstanding. It came over me that I might, for some inexplicable reason, or just out of mental confusion, have said "Thursday". I then saw myself saying "Thursday" at the door when bidding you Goodbye last Saturday morning, the Tuesday was the only possible evening. As I was in that usual state of moisture from folk dancing & as you seemed to be *in medias res*, as the Latins say, also *quae cum ita sunt*, I forbore to interrupt you & went disconsolately back to 20 Jay St. to take my bath.

Something has been said about Helen

+ Betty joining us this Saturday morning & all going out to the 'Arboretum' to look at trees. It depends on several factors, - weather, naught else intervening, feeling 'up' to it.

Therefore, will you come in here on Saturday morning. Even if B. & H. do not go, you & I might!

Je t'embrasse de tout coeur. -

Donald

Sat. 19 Mar. '32.

Mein Liebstes: -

I'm still see-sawing between health + sickness, - not quite well + not quite ill. The Grippe is an insidious thing, not to be trifled with. I found that the removal of a tooth is frequently followed by spells of fever, - i.e. abnormal temperature, - so that explains what surprised us last Sunday.

Will you come over in the morning, if it is a nice, sunny day? I want to go out a short while if there is sun, but since I'm trying to start another cold, - I mean, to stop it! - I shouldn't go out for long.

The Sinfonia fraternity at N.E.C. have kindly invited Arthur + me to play my sonata

to them on Thursday evening of this ^{new} week
(the 24th) at 8.30 If you'd like to come,
I'd like to have you.

We just received the news of the death,
probably by suicide, of Sylvester Stevens.
He had a wife + two small girl babies.
It seems a great pity. You liked him, I remember.

As for G. E., his suicide is com-
prehensible, + I most certainly approve of
it.

I hope the sun shines tomorrow.

Tout à vous,

Donald

20 Joy St. 20 Mar. 1932.

Dear George:—

Your telegram came yesterday afternoon, & I regret very much that a wretched bronchitis makes it unwise for me to run over to the infirmary & have a look at you this afternoon. The best I can do is to send you the enclosed verses for your private delectation. I read them to Arthur Hadley on Thursday night & he thought they ought to be published! So I'm sending them to the New Yorker under the assumed name which they bear. I hope they won't shock you too much. I'm keeping them a secret even from Betty for the present, but if they are printed, I shall let her in on the joke.

I hope your indisposition is nothing serious, & that you will be all right again tomorrow. Naturally I'm anxious about you, but I want to avoid telephone booths for the sake of the other fellow. So write to me or come in when you feel better, & come to the Conservatory on Thursday evening if you can. Proceedings

are due to start at 8³⁰. If you want to have dinner with us first, we should both like to have you, & we dine, as you know at 6³⁰. But if for any reason you can't manage dinner, I'll meet you in the lobby of the New England Conservatory at 8²⁰.

Best wishes & my love, always. —

Donald

Danbury, 31 March, '32.

Carissimo :-

Jim Biggs called up the N. B. C. studios in N. Y. today & found the prize program has been postponed to May 1st! so that hasn't to be thought of, which fact simplifies things for us quite a little.

We have a letter from the Vasas saying they think of coming to N. Y. for the concert. We shall tell them we are at the Barbizon Plaza & shall save some time for them immediately after the concert. As far as we know now, we shall be able to go with the Van Schaacks to Reunion in Vienna

P.S. Will you bring you copy of "Among the Madhaks" on Saturday evening & I shall run over to the Beck's Theatre for the tickets early Saturday afternoon. Look us up at the hotel as soon as you arrive. If we are out, I shall leave a message for you and your tickets in case we have to meet at the theatre itself.

I am quite a little better, but how this bronchial business does hang on! The Coda is longer than the main movement.

I want to tell you now, in your private ear, how happy I am that you are to be somewhere in the hall

"next Sunday." I shall feel more confident because you indulgent ear is among those listening & I appreciate from my heart the friendliness which moves you to go. I loved the Easter helps just as much as Betty could have, & I'm sure I love the under still more.

I hope you're all well again now, & ready for a good time during your vacation.

I'm practicing hard, & while this concert is a specially difficult ordeal for me, I think Arthur will pull us through, as he's as steady as a church. The family all send you their love & will be glad to see you on Sunday, as will your devoted Donald

M. B. VAN SCHAACK
ELMSHADE
COXSACKIE, N. Y.

April 5, 1932.

Dear Donald,

I have just read in today's Tribune
the review of Sunday's concert and feel
that I have been "personally" slapped
in the face. I say I have just read it -
I have just read it several times and
find it hard to believe my eyes and
my knowledge of the English language.
When I consider the other "things" performed
on Sunday I have to put J. D. B.
down as a fool and an unreasonably

M. B. VAN SCHAACK
ELMSHADE
COXSACKIE, N. Y.

as - so there, I feel better.

Let me tell you that I thought the whole program over several times on the way home Sunday and concluded that only Tark and you sounded both serious and mature, and of the other three only Beregovsky is serious. You cannot name of the things J. D. B. says it is - it probably isn't as problematical as he would like to hear but that's none of his business - 'is it a piece ^{of music} is his question - and I can answer it for

M. B. VAN SCHAACK
ELMSHADE
COXSACKIE, N. Y.

him - it is - and that's enough.

Well, I know you don't need all this championing from me, but I'm just as mad I have to say something - I do hate upstarts - they get my goat.

So far vacation has been beautiful. I had a nice wash yesterday, and today I thoroughly limbered up and then stiffened my joints by cleaning up a part of the yard - arising other things meaning what seemed to

M. B. VAN SCHAACK
ELMSHADE
COXSACKIE, N. Y.

he severely taxed of saved though it
was only a dozen wheelbarrow load-
fuls. Most everything in the garden
is getting some sort of a move on but
it is clearly ^{oh, oh!} ~~clearly~~ the season is
much later here than in Boston, - the
tulips here are just poking thru the
ground. It's too wet to do much in
the garden but I hope at least to
get it fairly well cleaned up.

I do hope Betty is feeling much
better and that I shall find you
back well & happy next week. With
love to all your family,

George.

Danbury, 7 Apr. '32.

Dear George: -

Your letter of the 5th arrived this morning, & cheered me as I know you intended it should. Of course, reviews, either good or bad, are to be read with one eye only. The other I has to be steadfast on eternity, so to speak, because only time can determine whether ones work is good stuff. (Now that I glance back, I'm not sure whether it were better to use two eyes or two I's, so take your choice!) One writes for oneself, & it will take a deal of cold water to dampen my ardor for composition. I will not complain of reviews, - I should rather, for the sake of my career, that they were discriminating, & certainly prefer a good, honest slap to numbling politeness. But a review is one person's opinion only, & with conditions what they are in journalism today, perhaps we

tend to exaggerate the importance of the review. I felt that the program on Sunday was too long + disjointed, + certainly it is difficult in that hall to get so many performers on + off the stage + run the numbers off at a normal pace. With but one "three-decker" composition in the list, it was bound to assume the proportions of a whale among porpoises. And the day was hot + the hall was stuffy + the intermission, thanks to me, was a long time coming. I hope at its next hearing, the sonata can be put where it belongs, - as first half of a 'cellist's recital-program, or as middle piece between two string-quartets.

All the 'cellists, - five of them, - who have played over the sonata with me have liked it, + if it wears as well with other 'cellists as it has with Hadley, it will be played, because playable 'cello sonatas are rare. Of

course, I must now do my utmost to get it published, & Henry Hadley says he thinks he can help me. I went to his concert in the evening. It was a sad occasion. They presented him with a wreath & an illuminated scroll. He is retiring, as you know. I sat in a box with Arthur & Mrs. Henry & Ethel Leginska & Laurette Taylor, & reflected on the difficulties of a career in the public eye. Henry has made his, I think, through great personal charm & unremitting hard work. I realize now how much tact & unquenchable zeal one needs to attain even to the conductorship of a third-rate orchestra. Henry's ability is real, - he is an expert in his way. It is his taste that is shoddy & his force & magnetism as a leader are not first-rate, but of his competence there is no possible question. His program, - Beethoven's *Equant*, a suite by a rich amateur who had, so Henry frankly said, bought out half the house, a scene from *Foroull's Romeo et Juliette* sung by a young soprano & tenor, the *Prelude* & *Liberated* from *Tristan*, & his own tone-poem, *Sucifer*, represent the heart-breaking equilibrium he has felt obliged to maintain between artistic ideals on the one side & money, influence, & personal ambition on the other. As I said, it was a sad occasion.

Betty only managed to last through the afternoon concert, during which she was threatened constantly with nausea. We went to the hotel after bidding farewell to the rest of the family, & there she took one of her "cachets", - her French remedy for headaches, - & then we went to the Vas's hotel for tea with them. But the tea wasn't good for Betty, & though she held out long enough to have a good talk with her beloved Sándor & Elisabeth, anything more was out of the question. So we had supper in her room & I went alone to Hadley's concert & cut out the

supper-party at the Maudells' which followed.

Next day we rose late + came up to Down-bury after an early lunch at The Alps. What glorious weather we have had this week! I went for a walk with Bob directly upon reaching home, dropt in at the Piders for a little heart-to-heart talk with Helen, + sat up late that evening reading William Beebe's Non-such, which is a book you would thoroughly enjoy. On Tuesday I spent most of the day at the farm, likewise yesterday. We aerated the mulch on the flower-beds, planted certain seeds in the cold-frames, inspected everything but the studio, which I shall have a look at today, + revelled in sunshine + fresh air. All trace of my bronchitis is gone, + it is a boon to be conscious again of thorough well-being. - The birds are back earlier than ever this year. - bluebirds caroling, song-sparrows piping, meadow-larks scolding

their notes of pathos. The flickers are flashing over the lawns, a phoebe called to me in the garden, + while I've not yet heard a wren, I expect it will not be long before they arrive. Narcissus + tulips are up from 2 to 4 inches, scillas + chionodoxas are beginning to bloom, the perennials all show green under the light mulch, + lilac buds are swollen big. Pussy-willows are downy in the swamps, the hockadishus are hockadishing, + Father has put Hayes to helping the carpenter build a five-foot barbed-wire fence entirely round the North + West sides of the farm, so that he hasnt time to do anything else except the milking. By which one may know that Spring is here!

Betty + I will return to 20 Jay St. tomorrow. Do come to us for your evening

meal on Sunday evening, if that is when you will be returning. If you will write me the time of your arrival, I will ~~not~~ ^{not} inform you with the Cloughs, you can say with us, + I will take you + your bag over to Stratton afterward. If I do not hear from you, it's all right.

Please remember me warmly to all your family. All here send you their love, - Mother says you are the only person she is willing to have visit at the farm this summer! - + I must say again how good it was to have you in New York last week-end. -

Yours ever,

Donald

Monday morning.
(11 April 1932)
Pottsville

Caro Giorgio mio: -

I was at Paine Hall this morning
& obtained 3 tickets, the third to be
offered to Morris. You will have noted
that the concert is in Sanders.

Then I polywogged (not hockadished)
to the Hollis & got 3 orchestra seats
for Wednesday matinee at \$1.50 each
since the first row Balcony was gone.

(I have decided that the trouble is
that they teach \bar{e} -conomics at the
B.S. + \bar{e} -conomics at the college.
And it is is vol-cân-ic.)

We'll meet you at the theatre, then.

fore I enclose you ticket. I foolishly
didn't find out what time the play
begins. so we'll all have to
consult the newspapers.

Till Wednesday. then —

Donald

R.D. #4, Danbury, Conn. 2 mai, 1932.

Mon cher Georges : -

J'ai fausé à toi hier soir, quand la cinquième pièce jouée par l'orchestre de la N. B. C. a été annoncée. Sais-tu les mots réconfortants que mon beau-frère m'a dit? - qu'il était très content que ma musique n'avait pas à figurer dans une liste de compositions tellement dépourvue de distinction, sauf la dernière, que nous avons tous considéré comme vraiment magistrale.

Eh, bien! ~~de~~ ces affaires, c'est toujours une question de goût. Naturellement, j'ai des regrets, mais on fait ce qu'on peut. C'est l'œuvre qui m'intéresse, et je peux dire tout bonnement que je ne suis point motivé par

l'espérance d'un succès populaire. Au point de vue de ma carrière de compositeur, c'est un échec. Mais au point de vue de mon oeuvre, je suis aussi libre, et aussi avide, de le poursuivre qu'auparavant.

Mon cher, tu me manques, et combien!

Tout à toi,

Donald

Voici une lettre de mon amie Mrs. Byron, qui doit beaucoup t'intéresser. C'est d'elle que je t'ai parlé vendredi soir. Je te prie de me la renvoyer quand tu l'as lu. (Quand tu l'auras lu' doit être plus correcte!) Je t'embrasse avec tout mon coeur. —

D.

Staughton 24
Cambridge 38, Mass.
May 4, 1932.

Dear Betty and Donald,

I sat down at eight with
the purpose of writing you
immediately. Directly, of course,
a friend came and an hour
soon passed in a discussion
of O'Neill's latest and its psychology.
Then, on clearing my desk, I
found a sheaf of blanks to be

I have then the whole shameful
proceeding Sunday evening
wondering at each instant
what the next might bring and
after it was all over I felt
as Jim did. It's a rather sorry
commentary on the judges in
American music that such a
competition could bring forth
nothing better than that. You
can, if you wish, call #5
'magistrale', - I call it the
'Randall Thompson' of that concert.
Had it been, however, even the

filled out with scholarship
recommendations, and since
that delicate job is always
hard for me whether harm
is now gone. But I cannot
let another day pass without
writing you something - in
fact despite the pleasure
your letter gave me this morning
I felt somewhat piqued to
have it arrive before I had
got my consolations off to you.
But Monday & Tuesday were
too full for written words.

most sublime music, I think the judges should have ignored it, thus offering what rebuke they cared to the kind of a mind & person who would stoop to such a bid. He bid and they bit! What can we now expect in the next competition?

I'd wager the judges would have capitulated to the name 'Alice in Wonderland', so to be with them. So I shouldn't feel that my career has suffered an 'echee', but go right ahead & march into Radio City.

I witnessed 'Maurice Bessie
Electra' last evening. I have
not yet recovered from it -
in fact I dreamt about it
all night and again this after-
noon. My cup of horror has
run over. I don't call it great,
but it is gripping. Tremendously
it hangs together, but I don't
find Greek fate translating
very well into the consequences
of Puritan vice. I don't know
a great deal about Greek
drama but I have always
imagined one feels some

last play, where she must
grow more and more like her
mother, she suggests Nagimova
to an amazing extent, though
never so beautiful in form
and action, the feeling of the gestures
is there and the inflections
in the voice are almost unerring
at times.

A thoroughly horrible spectacle
which I shall probably never
see again, nor shall I probably
ever read the book. It is
much too long I think, certainly
for the average person - the

pity in ~~them~~^{it} for the puppets
of the gods - I felt little last
night, though it is true these
characters didn't seem to be able
to save themselves.

Nagimova is as marvellous as
ever but, it seemed to me, a bit
out of place. It took me the whole
of the first play to forget her
accent. Her acting in the second
was "up to the hilt", her face
particulary emotion to a degree
which seems incredible to me as
I remember it. Alice Brady does
a fine job also, and in the

audience was average, and most of its members gone out long before the end, laughing at the most gruesome parts. I think most of them would have been better off had they stayed away. An English tutor here is reported to have said, "The Greeks had fewer words for it".

Thank you so much, Douse, for letting me read Mrs Byron's letter. It's a treat to get such an intimate glimpse of

a personality so sympathetic
and appreciative. What a
teacher she must be - and
stuck away down in Florida -
well, probably they need her!

I had a nice ^{letter} but a rather
unreadable ^{one} (in a handwriting
sense) from Helen this week.
The mystery of 'This Believing
World' is now cleared up -
she took it with her.

I envy you down there in
the country - I know you are
enjoying it to the full. 'Gif a lark'

at it for me once in a while.
My love to you and to all
your family.

Grace

P. D. 4, - Danbury, Conn. 6 May, 1932.

My dear :- you cannot have two consecutive letters in French. It would tax my poor brain too heavily, & besides, I have so much to tell you that you would doubtless lose patience at having to distinguish between N's and V's. (It is a curious fact that, in running script, scarcely anyone has the patience, or, rather, the capacity for taking the necessary pains, to differentiate between those two letters of the alphabet.) And while I got through that former letter without recourse to the dictionary, - because there wasn't a dictionary handy! I seldom manage a letter to my non-English-speaking friends in France without some trouble over genders even when my vocabulary happens by good luck to be adequate. But, since you wish it, I shall try to write a brief French letter occasionally, only you must not take it for granted that my grammar & my idiom will be above reproach!

Your reaction to last Sunday evening's broadcast was positive, certainly. I think that, in spite of my being 'interested', I was fairer than you as an auditor sitting in judgment. #5 is much better as music than any of the other works. It has ideas, vitality, real humor, + it held my interest + fed it + lured it on from point to point. So we disagree! If Tandler Thompson wrote it, I'll take my hat off to him, but I've never heard any music of his that gave any indication that he was more potent, artistically, than a eunuch (H.B. U's + N's), + this piece had, in my opinion at least, plenty of virility. I must hear it again on Sunday evening, to see if it stands up in as masculine a manner on a re-trial. As for your objection to the 'subject', I think you must have forgotten that the judges were not, with the exception of Dawrosch, radio professionals. No composer could have objected to the personnel of that committee.

Conductors should be good judges of orchestral music, + Stock, Sokoloff, Stokowski, Serafin, + Dausroch, are all men of wide experience + should recognize good stuff when they see it. However, I never yet set my heart on the outcome of chance (tho when I play Bridge I may seem to!), - + now I am eager only to get my score back + to see what a few conductors will say to me about it. For I intend to peddle it round now + get it played if possible, and without having to copy the parts myself!

Betty + I are at variance over the interpretation of your remarks on Mourning Becomes Elektra. She thinks you 'enjoyed' it, + I think you didn't. Of course, it seems to have affected you profoundly, + I don't doubt that it held your interest. But a play of that sort cannot be justly evaluated when it receives the inestimably stimulating impetus of superb performance, unless one can be sure true reactions were due as much to the author's work as to the actors? Nazimova is a great actress, + well do I remember the eloquence of her facial expression + bodily gestures in Turgeneff's A Month in the Country. yet I am sure I can dissociate play from performance. I am not so sure, from what you write, that you can do that with the O'Neill play. What say you?

One of the things we must do, when + if you + I are together long enough, is to undertake the reading of some of the great Greek tragedies. O, what a world that is! Certainly we have to look up, as well as back, to the Greeks of that age, for even in translation those plays are a soul-shaking experience. Tho his detractors say that Gilbert Murray has made a Victorian - Tennysonian hash of the originals, yet their ecstasy + their sublime power come through, + one is translated to a realm of being where one is in touch with the gods. The English tutor whose witty

remark you reported had, in order to be witty, to ignore the fact that brevity, while the soul of wit, is not necessarily a virtue in itself. I believe the Greek tragic poets generally wrote trilogies, & that the Athenians sat through, not only the trilogy being presented, but through the comedies which were played between the ~~parts~~ parts of the tragedies. But the spiritual level of the plays of Aeschylus & his two conferees is high because their philosophy of life was exalted. They occupied themselves with the heights to which human beings can rise, rather than with the depths to which they can sink, - their whole orientation with respect to human problems was different, & unquestionably finer than O'Neill's. And while they dealt with murder, adultery, incest, & other crimes of passion & violence, it was never with squalor. No one has equalled them save Shakespeare: he & they speak the same language of the spirit, & one sees

again how the true poet can soar aloft & spread wings of yearning & compassion, tho' the 'plot' from which he takes his flight be as sordid as that of 'Measure for Measure' or 'Othello'.

We had a beautiful ride down from Boston. The trees, especially those in the swamps, were, & are still, full of delicate color, all the more beautiful because their forms are as yet unobscured by developed foliage. The naked tree is a thing of loveliness in mid-winter, but even more so when the rising sap gives to trunk & limbs that mysterious vibrancy that betokens life, & the tiny leaf-buds swell & take on harmonies with a blur of overtones, like Chopin's & Debussy's.

We stopped in New Britain to interview our prospective cook, & I went over to fetch her on Tuesday. She proves to be not so good a cook as we had hoped, but she is 'willing', - a good worker, - not long on

brains, + certainly very nervous + unused to the situation in which she has asked to be put. But she may work into the job all right in time.

We are now getting settled at the farm, + I hope to ~~resume~~ my interrupted Alice early next week. Father, to my great astonishment, has actually put the direction of the farm into my hands to a much greater extent than I had believed possible. I had a heart-to-heart talk with b'jee, + he was somewhat upset at learning we were not altogether satisfied with him, but has since proved as tractable as I could wish. We have got the vegetable garden entirely planted, asparagus, raspberries, + strawberries weeded + cultivated, corn-patch plowed, old chicken-yard ploughed + lined, - (there are no more chickens) - certain trees transplanted, beside the flower-garden work, which I have done largely by myself, + believe me, I'm conscious of it in every muscle! Father is very much pleased. The simple truth is that b'jee

is not a good planner. He needs a boss on the spot, + he works better when the next day's tasks are thought out the evening before. Now if I can keep Father from interfering, I think we can get a good start before the new fence along the pond-side of the road has to be built. The lawn will be an ever-recurring problem, but I have persuaded Father to consent to a cutting down of the area to be regularly mowed.

Just at present I am harassed by the problem of how to maintain an oil-burner (in the kitchen-stove) in a state of glow. I have just spent three quarters of an hour relighting it after forgetting to change the reservoir.

But the hills are as comforting as ever, the house is full of daffodils + narcissus, there is a peach-tree + various cherries in full bloom, + the air from dawn to dusk is full of birds, 'singing in counterpoint', as Mr. Das once said. This morning we had a chorus of bobolinks, eight or ten of them sitting on the top of the clipped garden hedge + performing miracles of whistling, tinkling, + coloratura all together. To hell with politics!

Donald

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn.

7 June, 1932.

Mon cher: -

I had somehow an idea that you were to leave Cambridge early in June for Cossackie + that you were to accompany Eva to New York. Then, if conditions were favorable, you were going to show up here about the 10th, driving yourself. From what Morris said when he was here, I judge that my recollection was at fault, for he seemed quite sure you were not to quit Cambridge till after the middle of the month. However, I shall send this letter to Cossackie + let them forward it to you if you are not there, as I must let you know my plans if you are coming here the 10th. If you are not, it doesn't so much matter.

As you may recollect, the 10th is Betty's

+ my wedding-anniversary, so there will be festivities. We thought of going to New York but gave it up as too expensive in our present circumstances. Marguerite + Jim have asked us there for dinner + the evening, so, in case my memory has not gone utterly astray, + you do come, I wish you would telegraph or telephone (4169 ring 4), as they would most certainly not mind your coming also, but it would be better if they knew ahead of time.

The next day, Saturday the 11th, we have to go over to Poughkeepsie to the ceremony of the unveiling of a bas-relief of Professor George Coleman Gow, which happens at noon. I have not seriously visited Vassar since I taught there, but Professor Gow is retiring this year, + it would seem to be an act of duty on my part to respond to the invitation to do him honor.

Under the circumstances, you perceive, I am sure, that the 10th - 11th would not be a particularly favorable time for us to have a

visitor, even when the visitor is so nearly a member of the family as you are, therefore I rather hope I am mistaken about the date, + that you will be coming later in the month for your first visit. But should this be the only time you are sure of getting here, then come along by all means.

The days race by, + I am very busy, + often so tired at night that I do not sit up late to read. I enjoyed your last letter immensely, but did not enjoy the interval which separated it from its predecessor. However, I know how it is. This time I determined that I would not obey that impulse to sit me down immediately + reply, + you perceive what has happened!

I received the Whitehead book safely, but have not yet had time to look at it. I've been trying to read Glenn Frank, but there seems to be so much thunder about it that Dawn is indefinitely postponed. The man is a poor writer by the side of Tristram Adams + Stuart Chase. He

My head to floor + my hand to my forehead + my eye to eye!
has not the polish + scholarship of the one nor the force + vividness of the other. A further irritation is the ingrained professorial, lecture-room habit of listing things under numbers. By the time he gets to 6) or 7) I begin to growl. But in pecking away, for once in a while he hauls off + hits a significant nail squarely on its head. I can see why Raymond admires him so whole-heartedly.

What a pathetic comedy of errors goes on in this land of the Free-to-do-as-the-Majority-say-you-should! My only sustaining thought is that things are bound to work themselves out in the long run. Meanwhile, each one of us who has a conscience must perforce be content to do his own job as well as he knows how + to refuse to be distracted. More of this when I see you, or when I am sure of your whereabouts. It is a consolation to feel that you have a centre, + that your orbit is not disproportionate to that centre! Love from Betty + from me. Donald

G.
B. VAN SCHAACK
ELMSHADE
COXSACKIE, N. Y.

June 7, 1932.

Dear Donald,

This is just a note to let you know where I am and what I'm doing. I'm too tired and things are in too disheveled a state hereabouts for me to write a letter.

My grandfather became much worse about a week ago so that I came home immediately after my exam last Friday. He has come to his last illness but he may linger

for a long time yet. He is wasted to
a skeleton & is strong enough only to
move his arms, but his heart is
as good or better than it was before
he went to bed. He has always dreaded
a lingering death like this & now it
has come to him. Fortunately he
suffers little pain except when
we have to move him. He rather fears
he may linger as your own grandfather
did & then go from the same cause.
It seems too bad, will not humane
enough to make it easier.

I'm afraid we shall have to pass
over any extended stay of mine with
you before summer school. As long as

my grandpa's lines I must be here
as much as possible and should be
die before summer school I should
have to stay here while mother
& father went off for a rest. They
are both worn out and must get away
as soon as that is possible.

Eva was to have sailed for Jamaica
on Thursday but has postponed her
leaving until the 18th when I shall
be able to be at home again I must
go back to Cambridge on Sunday for
a few days.

Hope you are well & happy, & though
I have no confirmation of that hope at
hand. My love to Betty & yourself,
George.

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn.
10 June, 1932.

Dear Georgie Porgie: -

Your letter from Coxsackie which crossed mine to that place proves that there is something left of my memory after all. I am concerned to hear of your Grandfather's plight. For it is a plight, a predicament, which we 'civilized' + 'enlightened' children of an Age of science have not yet faced in the temper of the age. Barbarians + primitive peoples have done better by their aged than we dare do. The truth is, we are soft-hearted sentimentalists in theory + cowards in practice. We can slay men for political reasons but not for humanitarian ones.

When my grandfather was suffering from the infection of his remaining leg, he called me one day to his bedside + asked if he could not be brought to his end. He begged me to do something to help him. I have always thought that I failed him, in a way, but it was difficult to talk the thing out because we were both too full of emotion. Had he, while he lay there, planned his own death, either by his own hand or by chemical means, + sent me definitely for pistol or drug, without telling me what he intended to do, I could have helped him without knowing the truth, tho I suspected it. But I do not myself know how to go about death from chemicals other than Cyanide of Potassium, + how does one procure that? Could you have filched it for me from the Harvard Chemical Laboratory? Carbolic Acid takes a will to suffer agony, + illuminating gas takes time + means (there is no gas in my father's house save in the kitchen) + freedom from possible intervention. So grandfather had to live out his time with his senses deadened as far as possible by morphia. I suppose an overdose of that would have done the trick, + if I had found out which were the morphia tablets + told him to take them all when no one was by, I should have done him a grateful service.

If there are books on Birth Control, why not books on Death Control? There are medieval treatises on poisons, + I am sure some morbid Frenchman or Fleming has written

a book on ways + means to end life. Certainly we should relieve suicide of opprobrium, for few are fatuous enough to think seriously that this life is so desirable, ~~this~~ world so perfect that it is criminal to scheme to leave it.

You are perfectly right in putting off all thought of coming here till a time when you are less needed at home. If you drive Eva to New York for her departure on the 18th, then return to Coxsackie via Danbury + let us have a little time together then. After summer school, perhaps circumstances will be such that you can come for your real visit.

We are not yet certain of our own plans, though we have several invitations. I am disinclined to go anywhere save to see the eclipse. I am determined to be eclipsed! The copy of the Alumni Bulletin reached me safely, + interested me much, as you, bless you! knew it would. The afternoon of August 31st will find me somewhere in the path of totality, + I hope you will be able to be with me.

What will happen is that we shall probably plan to see the eclipse either on the way to or the way from Wiscasset, where we have a standing invitation to stay with Betty's cousins, the Welbs. Betty wants to make them a good visit, + whether I shall go for the full extent of that visit or take her up there + then go for her again remains to be decided. I fancy she will want to spend most of August there, so that August 31st will mark the end rather than the beginning of her stay.

If you are ~~in~~^{at} Coxsackie during the last week of August, you might plan tentatively to drive up to Maine with me, coming here before we start. I will make my visit to the Welbs when I take Betty up to Maine in the first place. Then we can reach Wiscasset the 30th + start back on the 31st, leaving early in the morning, picking our place of vantage as soon as we get near the line of greatest totality (or choosing it on our way up when we shall have more time for prospecting) - + proceeding south after the eclipse, stopping overnight wherever Betty chooses. There is likely to be enormous traffic. I must study

the matter out thoroughly beforehand, so as to avoid the Boston-Portland road, which is sure to be jammed. Would you like to do this, & have you any suggestions? (We might take Raymond along to pay our expenses!)

I think I could convert you to Paeonies if you were here now. We have many of the single varieties, & I think them far lovelier than the doubles. The bed for which you made a plan is unchanged, & the plan is still extant. Those plants are full of huge buds, but only three have flowered as yet, - the great globular white Le Lygne, the garnet Martin Calusac which is having its first good year, & the dark red Adolphe Rousseau. This cold week has held all the plants back, but they are so eager to burst forth that the first warm day will give us a show worth seeing.

The rest of my flowers are beginning well. Just at present there is a lovely group of Iris just beneath the terrace, unusually tall Orientals in the centre, encircled with a dwarfer yellow whose name I don't know, but the combination of violet & canary is perfect. On the south side, the Columbines & the red Valerian are in bloom, with an edging of pansies & a few of the Mountain Cautarea. On the North, there are Pyrethrum & Lupines, & the Hollyhocks by the wall are just forming their spires while I combat the rust on their lower leaves. I spray them now with Ammoniacal Copper Carbonate, which doesn't show as distressingly on the leaves as does Bordeaux. The West beds are full of transplanted seedlings, Zinnias, Calendulas, Cynoglossum, while a row of California poppies is just beginning to bloom. I have worked 'Peach Moth' as B'jee Hayes calls it, into the surface soil of all the beds in the old garden, & now I wonder why I never did it before. It makes an enormous difference in 'workability', for this clay soil does bake.

Our German cook from New Britain has turned out rather well, a good natural cook though not distinguished for brains. She's a much better cook than Ida, but she hasn't Ida's head. However, she can clean to suit Betty, and, all in all, we were very fortunate to have secured her.

My father is in the doldrums. His business is almost nil, & I think he is getting scared. Under the circumstances, I feel that I must resume teaching. I go to New York next week to swirl at an agency. None of my personal avenues of approach to employment is likely to ~~lead to~~ any definite engagement, tho I shall continue to keep them open. There is a whole raft of letters to be written to what the business men call 'prospects'. I am not proud, however, & I don't intend to sit & wait for something to drop in my lap when the trees are so bare. Certainly I do not face a disquieting alternative. But I feel unsettled now, & I think Betty would be more contented if she had her own home somewhere, - in fact I am sure of it. Meanwhile there is time for me to finish my ballet, which is going along fairly well in spite of interruptions.

Mother seems fairly well this summer, less nervous, tho not what could be called a person with a centre. She comes up frequently to see us & takes, as always, a great interest in the garden. Marguerite & Jim & the children are all pretty well, - they are going out to Colorado again in August, - the whole family, - to enable Jim to escape Hay Fever. His mother is financing the hegira, else it wouldn't be possible. Small James had his tonsils removed on Monday. Somebody gave him the idea it was going to be a 'picnic', & he was so outraged at the variance of experience with anticipation that he would not speak to any of them for a whole day afterwards.

We had Charles Anthony + Katharine Harrington here last week-end. He has gone to the right place in choosing K. H. for a landlady, for she takes an immense interest in him (quite impersonal,) - + was full of intelligent comment on his situation, which is worrying him a great deal. As a man, Charles is a clear, a striking case of the infantilism Freud says so much about. As an artist, he is mature + very greatly gifted. As a teacher, he is excellent. My feeling is that he should get back into teaching just as soon as he can, + in a place where he will feel that he can do his best. He writes well, but not perhaps well enough to attempt to change over into the profession of authorship. He played to us while he was here, + he plays greatly. You know I am not likely to enthuse over piano-playing unless there is cause. But I have never heard a more beautiful tone than his, more varied nuance, + he has ripened enormously in his grasp of musical structure + his ability to convey the content of the music he plays. How I wish you might have been here to hear him!

But how I wish you were here, anyway! I miss you every day, + you are so often in my thoughts that you live with me in a way that would never be possible except in imagination. I love you deeply, my dear, + take joy always in the thought of your sympathy + the warmth of your friendship which is so much more than any other relation life has yet brought me.

your
Donald

R. D. 4, Danbury.

Sunday Evg. June 19th 1932.

Carissimo: - It was good of you to get your note off in time for me to have it Saturday morning. Had I not heard from you, I should have been expecting your voice over the 'phone all day today. That happiness being denied me for cause + with forewarning, I rose late, breakfasted alone at ten, weeded all the patches of daffodils + narcissus which hadn't been touched since last Fall, had dinner, went to the studio + finished skimming 'L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur' of Marcel Proust, - skimming, because I simply haven't time to read every word of Proust + find that really a surprising amount of cream can be obtained by the mere process of cutting the pages + dipping in here + there + everywhere. When we get you educated, you really must read Proust 'in French, of course!' Till then, I counsel you, as I would counsel any budding economist, to read the autobiography

of Lincoln Steffens. Here is a book for Americans
to read + ponder. I feel ten years advanced
toward maturity since I began it. I under-
stand myself, I understand my country, + I
understand life better, having seen through
his most observant + realistic eyes. Your
father would appreciate this book. When I
began it, I hadn't the least suspicion that it
would develop as it did. I didn't know who
Steffens was nor what he had done, though I
had seen his name, but what's in a name
till association gives it magic? Now I shall
always think of him gratefully. For, patiently
+ persistently, he has worked out a diagnosis
of the ills from which this country suffers
which impresses me as probably 90% correct.
He shows me the how + why of things I never
understood before. - the relation of government
to politics, of politics to business, - with all
the details that only a keenly intelligent reporter
could give. One gets inside dope on Tammany
+ the New York police, on city bosses + why they

flourish, on the motives of such men as Boss Croker + Teddy Roosevelt + Woodrow Wilson, - one finds out why reformers fail to reform, why the underworld goes relatively unmolested, why the merely good carry no weight + only the strong, be they good or bad, get their way. The net result is the achievement of a realistic point of view, which is indispensable to the study of human phenomena from any point of view. Men are thus, no matter what they 'ought' to be; institutions, communities, politics, are so + not otherwise, + as they inimitably are, so must they be surveyed + dealt with. The whole view is achieved with a minimum of sitting in judgment, of taking sides. Not 'Is this good?' 'Is it bad?' - but 'What is it? How does it work?' Not 'I believe in this, - I abhor that', but 'I find such + such a condition to exist?'

Of course, this is the French point of view. Without knowing it, Stiffens has achieved the attitude toward life + the institutions of men which is the great virtue of the generality of Frenchmen. Don't let this deter you from reading him! I think no one of intelligence, you least of all my acquaintance, could fail to find his eyes opening wider + wider on the world as he reads through this testament of a genuinely inquiring mind.

I have just got Middletown out of the library, + I expect to read it with profit if not pleasure. The librarian told me there had been very little call for it, which surprised me a little, because Stuart Chase's Mexico is constantly 'out', + those who read that book ought to have their curiosity about Middletown roused, I should think. But perhaps the Ph. D. - thesis style repels them. I haven't yet read far enough to get an idea of the contents.

I want to take this opportunity of telling you how deeply delighted I am that after your several ventures into fields where your capabilities might have been developed (except in music!)

you are courageously fronting a new terrain where I am more sure they will be developed! It was not for me to try to dissuade you when you acquainted me previously with what you thought you wanted to do. You were not obviously unfitted to be an engineer or a chemist or a mathematician, as far as a layman could tell. But I think I may venture to prophesy that, as soon as you begin the serious study of economics, you will become a contented person. You will know that this road is the right one.

I am the happier about it because I feel you can take me with you. I must perforce have been left behind when you penetrated into regions bristling with technicalities, where you babbled a jargon incomprehensible to uninitiate me, — not that you ever did, since, thank Heaven, you don't take after your redoubtable maternal aunt, — but in matters of science I am & must remain a baby. If economics

is scientific, it is so merely in method, + its language is not too special for an ordinary intelligence. So I look forward to the comfort of being able to talk with you about your work ^{with} at least as much satisfaction as you can talk with me about mine, + that is a large item on the credit side of our mutual ledger.

My father has been elected president of the City National Bank + Trust Co. of Danbury. He really didn't want the job, + if business were as it was, he wouldn't have considered it possible. But now he is a Banker with a capital B, + I expect he will remain so for the rest of his active career. It will do him a world of good, because he will now have to meet + deal with people who want money, all sorts of people, + his horizon will inevitably widen. I am very glad for his sake that there was no other man both suitable + available for the position. Do you know, mother, I think it would give him a very real pleasure if you would write + congratulate

him. He thinks of you, I am sure, as the kind of son he would like to have had. He is very fond of you, + he is fond of few people, indifferent to most. Therefore I, who have watched him + pitied him these many years, - I who am not at all the kind of son he wanted to have, - venture to suggest that a word from you would tickle him to death.

Betty wants me to tell you that you will be welcome here whenever you can find it possible to come + for as long as you can stay, no matter who else is here. We expect Professor Gardner Anthony, Charles's father, + his second wife, who is not Charles's mother, over this coming week-end. I think you would like Mr. Anthony, père. He was the Dean of Tufts College for years + years as well as head of the Engineering School, + was much beloved there. A genial nature, warm heart, + a good though not a catholic mind, - I mean there are certain subjects he will not discuss because he will not think about them, - you would like him certainly + would find him interesting + perhaps stimulating. So telephone us if you can't tell when you might arrive far enough ahead to write.

I had a rather distressing note from Hilda yesterday. I decided that she was cold to me the last time we met because I hadn't taken up her suggestion that I play for a friend of hers. It was just one of Hilda's little ideas, + as I hadn't met this young woman (I judged she was young) + didn't know whether she had any voice in the matter, I did nothing about it. Hilda's note is a study in psychology. My apologies (for I wrote a polite apology) were entirely superfluous. If the explanation satisfied me, it was entirely + absolutely adequate as far as she was concerned. I would not have withheld a chance to give pleasure by any deliberate intention. Then, - "Fortunately I was able to make (it) up to Frances in numerous other ways. As you know there was no dearth of excellent music in Cambridge + Boston this year!" Hilda is like an amiable tigress. Just a playful little tap with a negligent paw, + the concealed claws draw blood.

Naturally, I am anxious to know how you find things at home. I hope there will be a swift & peaceful passing for your grandfather, & that you will find means of sparing your mother & father in ways that they will agree to, whether or not your grandfather's turn has come. And, while doing all that can be done, I hope you will still be able to rest, to sleep away your fatigue. At any rate, take things easy & make that sweet little brother of yours do the running round. I hope he's available. If he isn't, he ought to be.

And don't write to me, don't take the time, unless you need me as a safety-valve. You can write 'freely', and to me specially, whenever you want to, but I don't want you to have any chores that involve me, especially in these days when relaxation is your greatest need. I love you more & more as time goes on. I love Eva, too, because she is so like you. Give her my love, - nothing less, - and tell your

father + mother that I think of them often + wish them fortitude during these difficult days.

I enclose an article about the eclipse from today's Tribune which may have escaped your notice. And I want to remind you to look at the final article in the May Geographic for your friends the hockadishes. Also to tell you that your black vase is just the thing for peonies. We have had it in constant use ever since we returned. Now we are having a plague of rose-bugs. There never were so many, + they eat everything, even green apples in June. Drot 'em! They've ruined all the peonies + roses that we couldn't manage to bring into the house. Fortunately their day is short, but how they do enjoy it!

I hope with all my heart that you can come here next week-end, + will 'coöperate' to the best of my ability. Just give your orders! Donald



200

THIS SPACE FOR WRITING



Sold by Union News Co. New York City

POST CARD
THIS SIDE FOR ADDRESS ONLY



It didn't mean to let my letter
go without thanking you for
us both for your wire on our
anniversary which warmed
our hearts!

D.W.T.

Mr. Geo. B. Van Schaack,
Cossackie,
N. Y.

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 23 June, 1932.

Dear Mr. + Mrs. Van Schaack :-

George's letter telling of the death of his grandfather reached me today, + Mrs. Tweedy and I want to send you our deepest sympathy in your bereavement. You cannot, for his sake, be sorry that he was taken and thus spared more days of certain suffering, but the mere fact that he was a member of your household means that you will miss him sorely, I am sure. I liked him very much. One does not need to see much of a man to know what kind of a human being he is, - and I felt that in him the old New York Dutch stock lived up to its reputation for backbone and character. I think he had a good life, + I admire his grit in not giving up till he had to.

As you know, we expect George here tomorrow, + we want him to stay as long as

he can. But naturally he will have you on his mind, & we don't wish to keep him beyond the time you are willing to have him stay. I feel that he probably needs a complete rest, for he doesn't know how to spare himself any more than his grandfather did. My wife says it is better to wear out than to rust out, but we both know that a teacher worth his salt gives of himself so generously that he must sometimes stop for spiritual provisions & physical repairs. We hope to give George a thorough rest while he is here & send him back to you in better shape than when he arrives. It is always a pleasure to have him here, & there isn't a member of my family but is glad to see him arrive & sorry to see him go. But we realize that you need him especially just now, & we hope that the necessary curtailment of this visit may be made up for, later in the summer.

Faithfully, Donald Tweedy

R. D. 4, Danbury, Conn. 5 July '32.

Giorgio mio caro: -

What a magnificent day for you & your father & mother to start off for Cambridge! We have been on the road, too, for this morning we took Käthe & the boy bitten home to New Britain & left them there. We went the usual way, Danbury - Newtown - Thomaston - Bristol, but, coming back, I wanted to go through Washington, where I went to school when that I was a tiny little boy' or, 'a little tiny boy' is probably righter, but I've no Shakespeare in the studio. We branched north after Watertown (Conn.) & got to Bethlehem. There I first looked at the road map, & found no direct state road to Washington. So we ventured a country-road, & while it was beautiful, it was rocky & curvy & very hard driving. My old school is all changed, hardly anything left but the old village green for sentiment to cling to. The old 'gunnery' was all architectural horror & a fire-trap, but I could still find my way round it in the dark. I was deathly homesick there, for I was only in my ninth year & exceedingly shy & sensitive. There were three of us little boys, & we were too little to play games with the older ones & had classes by ourselves, with a couple of day-pupils. I was lonely & neglected, & the impression went deep. I needed affection & there was no one to give it me. Mrs. Briismade, the wife of the principal, was a regular motherly hen, but with from sixty to seventy ducklings (some ugly & some not!), it wasn't possible for her to mother me as much as I needed to be mothered. I well remember the day my music-teacher came back after an illness to resume giving us piano-lessons. She stuck to her job & was never demonstrative with us, but I was so glad to see her again that I could have kissed her. Instead of doing that, I stifled all emotion, & did my stint at the keyboard as best I could. Quite unconscious of what was the matter with me, I bore up till the school-bell rang for the end of the hour, when I suddenly burst into a perfect desolation of tears. She was unequal to the occasion, poor soul. How could she have known that I was over-brought at seeing her again, - I had probably given no sign, & her intuitions didn't go that far. So she asked concernedly enough, 'What's the matter? are you afraid you'll be late for class?' And, since she had missed the

true import of my outburst, I seized upon that suggestion + escaped from the room. Her name has just come to me: it was Mrs. Farrand.

À la recherche du temps perdu! Now it all comes back, all the heartache + the shocks that flesh is heir to. And, thinking of Prout's major preoccupation, homosexuality, we little boys were quite untouched by it in that school. But one morning in late winter when I had got up before the rising-bell + was prowling on tiptoe along the second-floor corridor, I passed an open door, looked in, + there were two of the older fellows in bed together, one atop the other, + the convulsive agitation of the bedclothes left no doubt of their occupation in my already precocious mind. I can see now that it was characteristic of me that I never dreamed of telling on them. I was so afraid of their discovering me that I cat-footed quickly to the stairs, tingling with excitement + enlightenment, + escaped into safer territory, locking their secret tight within me. I have ever felt that people's sexual experiments are their own business exclusively. Not for me to join the hue + cry against 'the woman taken in adultery'. To begin with, I am not without sin myself, and, further, I actually believe in sexual experimentation because so much sheer, sound knowledge of human nature comes from it. It takes wisdom + self-control not to make a fool of oneself, but laxity + looseness are one thing + liberation from stultifying repression is another. And where there is actual love in all its scope, from the beloved body to the kindred spirit, I hold that it is sheer idiocy to abstain from it because of tribal laws, whether Biblical or modern.

I am practical enough to opine that where the Family exists, the tribal laws should operate to the extent of keeping husband + wife together till the children are grown. I admire Fred Saunders whole-heartedly because he postponed his divorce till both his children were mature in spite of an intolerable domestic situation. Intolerable for him, mind you, not for them, because his never-failing patience + gentleness saved them from any suspicion of how wrong things were. But of course that was an unusual case because he is an unusual man. I know of other cases aplenty when it would be humanly unjust, actually inhumane, to insist that because of the

sanctity of the Family, children should be forced to grow up in an atmosphere of dissension. It is a vexed problem. But, by & large, the Folk are right when they immemorially war against desertion. There are thousands upon thousands of popular songs that deal with infidelity. It is the great Folk-tragedy. Principally, in the Western world, it is concerned with the betrayal of maids before marriage, but the betrayal is socially consequential only, of course, when the maid is got with child & therefore the Family comes in question. Seldom do virgins bewail the mere loss of their virginity. It is their abandonment by the lover that they cry out against.

The Folk attitude toward adultery & the so-called 'double standard' in marriage is equally interesting, & for the same reason. A husband's 'infidelity', as long as no child results, is ~~heard~~ never heard of unless it is with a married woman. But a wife's 'infidelity' is grave because the child of a man outside the family may be brought into it. That may be the reason for the inheritance generally passing to the eldest son, & the rejoicing when the first-born child is a male, because first-born children are pretty sure to be 'legitimate.'

Of homosexuality, so far as my researches go, the Folk never sing, at least in the West. The Arabian Nights contain many poems, love-poems, of men to men, but the song of amorous passion in the Western world seems to be overwhelmingly by man to woman or vice-versa. I have a theory that physical relations between members of the same sex have always existed at all stages of civilization, especially when either males or females were segregated, because it would be unnatural that they should not exist! I mean, simply, that sexual pleasure is so much desired that no two individuals whether of the same or of different sexes can sleep together without sexual curiosity, which needs only

profinguity plus safety from observation in order to be stimulated. As soon as we come to written history, this theory is amply sustained, from the Anabasis on till Christian prudery draws a veil over the outspokenness of commentators. The Arabian Nights are frank on the subject of harems, where the women, jealously guarded from any other potent male save their lord, + living a life of indolence + of dedication to sexual pleasure, would certainly find it difficult to abstain from physical demonstrations among themselves. And you have only to inquire of chaplains who have served in the navy to ascertain the inevitable result of ^{the} segregation of men for long periods of time, during cruises + between widely-spaced ports.

But if we rule out the inevitable results of polygamy + of segregation, we still have the possibility that the folk in normal Western conditions, though eagerly singing of all manner of 'crimes' because of their tragic potentialities, yet choose to ignore homosexuality because it neither affects the family nor offers tragic material. I fancy that among the peasantry, physical love between two men or two women has not been a subject of curiosity. Were it to become ~~socially consequential~~, ^{socially consequential}, that is, were claims of person or of property to be based upon it, it would instantly ~~develop~~ ^{develop} an emotional entity which would ~~also~~ find an outlet in popular expression. On the other hand, it may be that we can rarely, in the West, rule out the results of segregation. The institution of monogamy + the economic requirements for the foundation of a family are bound to dam up tendencies that will break through where they can. The sensible thing is to grant them a reasonable outlet + to aim always at understanding them before deciding whether to apply the tribal laws.

You will be next year at a boys' school, where segregation will and must have sexual consequences. You will be able to keep an open mind, but you will have colleagues who cannot. I wonder if it is the policy at Eton to submit these cases to

student juries? It has always seemed to me that the masters' first duty is to range the boys according, roughly, to physical maturity, + then leave them to settle these questions for themselves. Of course the old English flogging system is rotten, manifestly unfair to young boys + to new boys. But put ~~new~~ boys among ^{their} equals + then let them work out their own salvation from the system of segregation.

When I was at Andover, there was just that liberty. There were very few room-mates, - for the most part, each boy had a room to himself to sleep in, even when several shared a study. In the group I knew best (I was in a private house with three other boys and two sons of the landlady who were also registered at the academy), we were all 'new' boys, + pretty much of an age, - sixteen to eighteen. Each of us had a room to himself for study + sleeping. There was no supervision. There was no attention paid to us by the Principal till one day our house had a snowball battle with the house next door + broke as many windows as possible. I was down town, so they chose my room as a base of operations, putting my rugs over the lower half of the window after letting down the upper sash!

I was then playing organ in chapel. After the service, 'Al' Stearns stopped me + inquired 'Did you have anything to do with that fracas yesterday?' 'Not beyond the fact that it happened in my room', said I. 'That's all I want to know', said he, + dismissed me courteously. I suppose the boys who were in on it paid for the damage, pro rata, + took whatever 'demerits' the authorities decided were deserved. 'Demerits' were for absences unexplained, + for infringements of rules + of good order. I think you were expelled if you rolled up fifteen, + suspended from all 'privileged', such as going to Boston on Saturday afternoons, if

you exceeded ten.

There was always a coterie that visited a certain house of prostitution near Essex + Washington Sts. regularly on Saturday afternoons. They were, for the most part, 'wise' guys, but they bragged a little for the benefit of the rest of us. We learned from them how to avoid venereal disease, + occasionally they imitated the speech + the mannerisms, provocative or otherwise, of the women who served them. But, while the nefarious business of prostitution has always filled me with loathing for every aspect of it, then + since, they were free to go their own gait as far as I was concerned, and, I think, the school authorities may have known about these Saturday afternoons in Boston but chose not to interfere.

What is called 'smut' is another form ^{of psychological sexuality}, sometimes very imaginative but, I think, dangerous because it grows by what it feeds on, + its pastures are anything but clean. I have had to listen to a great deal of it, first + last, but even in the army it was not as foul as it was among adolescent boys at Andover. Dirty stories were a favorite means of torturing the clean-minded. Personally, I should applaud a group of the clean-minded who banded together to 'get' a dirty-story-teller. My suggestion would be that they tie him so that he could not move + then force him to eat dung.

By + large, to be busy, to keep youngsters so on the move that they have precious little time that has not its program, - that is the best remedy the school authorities can think of for the condition of segregation + its attendant embarrassments. Yet one hears of curious exceptions. Do you remember Ralph Robbins telling us that at Hastings College, there has to be 'time for courting'? The only trouble is that 'courting' doesn't quite fill the psychological bill, though it may fill time that might be less wisely employed.

Sensible head-masters should always write their autobiographies. I hope you can persuade Dr. Perry to write his, + to write it for a mature reader. And perhaps you will not be too busy to write your own, or begin it with your beginning at Exeter. It doesn't need to be carefully written to

be valuable. Steffens's book about himself is a book of recollections helped possibly by notes in diaries, too hastily jammed together & certainly no literary classic, but its sociological import is great because he was a trained reporter & because good reporting is one of the sources of a true view of any age, possibly the best.

I haven't time for autobiography, but I think I can occasionally send you a letter which, like this one, is full of the sort of stuff I might put in an autobiography. What do you say? Shall we do this mutually, holding the letters absolutely private, & seeing what comes of it?

Passing through the little village where I went to school as a 'little tiny boy', coupled with the recent reading of Frost & Steffens had made me want, somehow, sometime, to tell my own tale, to dig up my own past & examine it in the light of my present state. When we are very young we are often puzzled & the puzzle does get solved, little by little, as we mature, provided we are not victims of 'arrested development.' I can imagine nobody but a fool or a sentimentalist wishing 'to be a child again.' My own childhood was far from unhappy, but nothing, if wishes could come true, would tempt me to wish my years away. I am far yet from a sage & solemn elder, but I seem to see clearer as I go along.

I am somewhat astonished at the fact that I regret nothing except what was due to my own ignorance of human nature, the hurt that I have caused through lack of wisdom. Now, I would be like the devil to keep from hurting people I care for, to prevent them from contact with facts which would distress them too cruelly, to protect what they cherish, even their illusions. This in spite of the fact that I am by natural inclination a truth-teller, & prefer whenever possible to be what is called 'open & above-board.' I can suffer patiently from this propensity when I think it proper to give it free rein, as I did in Rochester tho' I knew myself liable to be penalized. But people do not like to have their idols broken up, & if you attempt it, they will turn & rend you. The

self-constituted missionary has to tread with caution, has to persuade rather than upbraid, & by & large we all have to learn to take people as they are & then search for a smooth modulation between their tonality & ours. As Ernest Bloch used to say, illustrating musical modulation, 'To get to the street, I can either use the stairs or I can jump out of this third-story window.' It takes time to learn how to use stairs & to keep from breaking one's neck. Now the baring of the naked truth is often like that third-story jump. You take somebody by the hand & jump with him, & you both get hurt. The part of wisdom is to proceed by degrees or else stay where you are. Human relationships, above all things, cannot be forced, & when they are well enough, they should be let alone, though it take a lot less than the whole truth to keep them there. But this is, of course, the 'wisdom of the serpent', the earth-creature, the being that seeks to prolong its existence here in this place. Perhaps it is craven not to want to hurt or to be hurt, but it is a very 'pragmatic' philosophy, & it only comes with maturity. So I would not be a child again, for when I was a child I was too easily hurt, & too ready wantonly to hurt others.

As we grow older, we can arm effectively against random shafts, against everything, I think, except our own loves & desires. Only those we love, only those who interfere with our desires, have power against us. We never become invulnerable to those we love. Therefore we should try to realize our own capacity to wound those who love us.

July 6th. The day began by being gray, but the sun set in splendor. I have just been for a walk round the pond to work off spleen. I don't know why I make any pretence at having learned anything yet about human nature, for I am sure tonight that I know very little about handling my own very difficult & unlovely self. Let me confess my sin to you. Father was out, therefore the radio was silent, & Mother called for a little 'real music' after supper & after

a rather trying request to supper when Bob lifted that great paw of his & spilled Father's after-dinner-coffee all over him & the seat of Mother's best chair, lately brought up from Terrace Place. I sat down at the piano & Mother sank on to the couch with a sigh of relaxation. I began to improvise, as I usually do when I've not decided what I shall play. This moment, which is always a crucial one with me, when I'm doing my best to 'concentrate' & get into a mood, coincided with the moment when Betty remembered her box of candy, so, tho she had sat quietly reading till then, she rose, went upstairs, came back with the box, opened it with all its crackly waxed paper, offered it to Mother, who refused, & offered it to me. You can guess what happened then, I fear only too well. Of course I did not forget that the last time I started to play, when you & the Anthonys were here, she went upstairs & came down again, then sent you on a hunt through the room for her glasses, & I also recall that evening last winter when I wanted to play for you the gist of Tristan. So tonight I was again both hurt & puzzled, both because I love her & because she prevented me from doing what I desired to do. Now I've got over my ill-temper & regret, as usual, that I didn't prevent it from exploding, but I still do not understand why she does not yet know me well enough to realize that I have to be helped when I am going to play, & that unnecessary distraction or movement or disturbance destroys that sympathetic milieu which an artist must have if he is to be able to perform. I must think this out, & I must have it out with her. I can say this truly, that never has she helped me do my work except by remaining out when I shut her out. When I have finished something, she is

interested + ready to comment, but I verily think she has no conception, not the remotest, of how to aid + abet an artist who is 'in labor', so to speak. This, however, I have learned not to expect from her. I benefit, in the long run, from the fact that she is such an interesting person in her own right, so absorbed in her own thoughts + emotions, which matter so much to her + constitute her vividness, her singular intensity of opinion, her unique individuality. I have learned that she is superbly selfish, as a goddess might be selfish, conscious of her divinity, wise beyond human attainment + therefore keen in her judgments, but imperiously keen. ~~But~~ Nevertheless, there is one thing she will have to be brought to comprehend, + that is that when I sit down to play the piano, I have a few divine rights which even goddesses must observe. They are the rights of the interpretative artist. I make no claims as to the quality of my performance, — that is as it is, + I could bear it if she didn't like my playing + excused herself before I began, left the room, went away out of sight + hearing. But if she stays, she must learn to help + not hinder, + that's that. What beats me is the amazing ridicule why so generally sympathetic + understanding a person, so well brought-up, so accustomed to musicians, so sensitive to artistry, should need instruction on this point.

I am writing in the studio by candle-light. Since Father + his radio arrived, I am not sure that we can remain here. If you hear that we have gone to Wiscasset, you will know why! — We may solve the problem by both escaping to the studio of an evening. But Betty's eyes need a strong light, + it's apt to be too hot here with a kerosene lamp. Since you left, however, we have had a succession of unseasonably cool days,

+ some very-much-needed rain. The garden looks well, but blight has laid claim to the hollyhocks just as they burst into bloom in spite of my dousing them with ammoniated copper carbonate. I sprayed the globe thistles with an oil-nicotine spray, + I think they are going to come through all right, tho' I'm ready to take your advice + cut them back if they look too badly. I pulled out all the Bachelors' Buttons + threw them away. It is evident that they will not resist blight with our soil + our humidity. The Japanese Iris are pretty good, but the foliage has a brownish tinge which is not normal. The worst of the rose-bug plague is over, + now we have discovered a multitude of big velvety black caterpillars who have a taste for the Dutchman's Pipe + are eating the leaves. I'm afraid I must feed them arsenic.

I had a nice letter yesterday from 'Doc' Davison. I am hopeful of a teaching-position, if not this Fall, then later, but I'm determined to try every possible avenue + I'm pulling wires all over the place. 'Doc' has certain definite institutions ~~under his~~ where he acts in an 'advisory' capacity. He has promised to let me know of the first vacancy which I might suitably fill.

I must not close without making sure that you tell your mother, please, that I received her good letter + appreciate her taking the time to write it, with all she had to do just then. Perhaps it would have been more considerate to have begged her not to acknowledge my letter, + certainly I would have understood if she had just sent me a message through you. Now I hope earnestly that she + your father will have a grand vacation.

You have my love, always. — Donald