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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.

Wigglesworth Lab. 21
Cambridge, Mass.
August 10, 1933.

Dear Donald,

Your letter yesterday was very welcome. I had already seen in the New York paper that your dances were to be played tonight. I have looked regularly every Sunday morning and was beginning to wonder if Sokaloff was going to keep his

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to bear rain on the beach for hours but Morris doesn't like to do that sort of thing so our trips were all too short.

Miss Cummins has asked about you several times and wants to be remembered to both Betty and you when I see you. If you would like to see her when you come next Tuesday I shall invite her to lunch. I have already taken the liberty of inviting Morris.

I look forward eagerly to seeing both of you next Tuesday. Love to all.

George.

promise. I hope he won't murder them, as I know you fear he will. I wish I could be there in the body — I shall be there in spirit.

I spent last week-end with Morris in West Harwich, going down on Friday and back on Monday morning. The weather man was very gracious, and produced two marvelous days, with bright sunshine but cool air. I dipped my B.B.B.S. twice in the Atlantic. The water is just about the same temperature as Ball's Pond - just right to suit me. I should have liked

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Higglesworth K-21
Cambridge 38. Mass.
July 25, 1933.

Dear Donald,

Your letter came yesterday but it was too fiendishly hot here for me to have ambition to answer it. But today it is mercifully cool again and here is an answer.

The summer school closes on the 16th so I shall still be in Cambridge when you are on your way to Maine. And I see no reason why I shouldn't leave here with you on the 15th. I would

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Dunbury then for any part of that time and can conveniently have me I would be most glad to come, and publish your books, (or rare copy music), in compensation.

Two of my weeks are up - I think that three more days will see down on paper everything I shall have to say. I'm getting damnably tired and nervous over this thing - I try to think this is because of the time requirement rather than the subject - I shan't have to think I couldn't work seven or eight hours a day at least without feeling over.

With much love.

George.

be very glad of seeing you both again and of having the chance to look in on the Webbs and the Sales.

One of your sentences is "If you could come with me, well + good". Do you mean if I could come with you to Dunbury? Well, I couldn't go on to Dunbury just then because I shall still have my final clearing out in Exeter to take care of and must, as I wrote you, spend at least two or three days with my parents at Ocean Park. That brings us roughly to the 23rd or 24th of August after which I am re-commuted for two whole weeks (think of it!) If you want me to come to

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RWH

Thursday. July 27th. 1933.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

Carissimo:

I was & am very much delighted with both your letters. Betty recently asked for news of you, & there was so much of it in your missive of last Saturday that I am sending it over to her. But I couldn't for the life of me make out 'what kind soifaces' your minor thesis was supposed to be about. However, even if the word were clear, the idea would probably not be.

The Phillpotts book arrived safely, & of course Mr. Bookworm read it in a couple of sittings. But I think it's bum. It doesn't begin to compare with A Voice in the Dark, which was the best 'mystery' I'd read since Sherlock Holmes passed on. Phillpotts hasn't much literary quality, & his style in itself is dull & colorless. This book pretends to be more a novel of character than a tale with the emphasis on plot, & as such it strikes me as about fifth-rate. But I haven't said this to Mother, & you will doubtless hear from her when she has read the book for herself.

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With regard to Father + Beveridge, he says he would like very much to read it. He is now at about page 600 of Anthony Adverse, + has 700 more to go. I never dreamed he would like it well enough to plough all the way through it, but it seems to have captured his fancy. There is therefore no hurry about the Beveridge, but he will welcome it.

I feel some consolation at having advised you so passionately to go to Exeter when you tell me that the fascination of mathematics has taken hold of you afresh. There is no doubt about it: you were going stale. So, even if you didn't get the trip abroad that I desired for you, you have had a sufficient change to come back with new zest. Thank Heaven!

Eva's scheme sounds practical. I shall ask to hear more about it when I see you. I hope she will take a thorough rest this summer.

The Baptist summer community sounds horrific. And what will you do in that galley? Play the devil? — Still, I suppose even Baptists are human, + if Ocean Park is a park on the ocean, you can lie on the beach in your baby blue bathing suit + commune with infinity if all else fails.

Mother + I will leave here on the 15th. + have lunch with you in Cambridge. Then we'll push on to Bath + leave Mother there to await the steamer which will take her to Iguirel Island in the morning. You + I will go on to Nisscasset after dinner, + the Webbs will have us, we'll stay overnight with them. Next day, the 16th., I must spend with the Vases, as they leave Newragen the 17th. + perhaps I can take them a part of their way, tho I do not as yet know where they will go from there. I could certainly take you back to Exeter, + you may count on that if it suits your plans. We could call on the Beatleys, + of course you are to modify these tentative plans in any way that seems good to you after we leave Mother. On the 23d or 24th you will come to Ball's Pond. And that's how we'll leave it for the present. You know, without my telling you, how profoundly I pray I am that things promise to work out so satisfactorily. + I am most content with life when you can be with me.

Please take extra special care of yourself during these days when you must work so long, + get out in the sun for as long as you can. I should think the eighty Stadium would be a wonderful place for sun-baths, — up on top, out of sight of casual visitors.

With my love, always. Donald

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6 Aug., 1933.

Carissimo:

The summer seems to be skipping away with great leaps + bounds + soon it will be autumn + will Alice be done or wont she? By God, she's got to be! She's hung on long enough.

I thought of you with pity those sweltering days, + I'll bet you thought of Balls's Pond with longing. There were days when I went in three or four times.

You will see by today's paper that Sokoloff (not Sockoloff!) is keeping his promise. If it doesn't rain, there will be a hundred or so of my native tourists who will hear music by me for the first time. That is a grave matter. — As for me, I shall be listening to hear how well the orchestration carries in the open air. Let's hope the whippoorwills can modulate from A♭ to D.

Today we motored to Camp Francis, a Girl Scout encampment, where Peg + Anne are spending two weeks. You remember that turn between Warren + Kent where we took the right? Well, you take the left to arrive at Camp Francis. It is the most beautiful site I have seen in my native state, a high hill (1400 ft.) facing south, with a long vista down a broadening valley, a corner of Lake Waramaug visible to the south-east, + hills + hills + hills. You would have loved it.

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I've bought a sun-chair for you to sleep in when you make what Annie calls your Second Advent, or rather, I persuaded Father to buy it. It's what we've needed for a long time. So while I'm plugging away at Alice, you can be getting tanned + slept-up at the same time.

I'm planning a party which I hope will happen while you're here. Guy + Lucile Harrison expect to be visiting that friend of theirs who lives over Newtown way, + I'll make them the guests of honor + we'll combine swimming with music.

I hope your work is going in a way to suit you, + hope you'll find time for a line to me before August 15th. — With my love, always, —

Donald

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Balls's Pond,
11 Aug. '33.

Carissimo: —

The concert didn't happen, because it rained. Many people in Danbury were apparently disappointed, — their curiosity was great. I got more sympathy than I needed, because I didn't feel half as badly as they thought I must! The program is cancelled & none of it will be played at either the final concert tomorrow night or the extra one on Tuesday. Programs are sacred things to Sockaloff: each one is a 'creation', as modistes say of hats, & one plume awry means that the whole thing must be scrapped. So that is that. Anyhow, we got those extra parts copied!

I should be delighted if you would invite Theodora the Ostrogoth to luncheon on Wednesday, if you want her. I like her, & I'm sure Morris will. As for Morris, he is in Our displeasure. Not a word has he penned in Our direction for months & months.

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And months.

I'm writing the Webbs, & shall telephone them from Bath. I suppose you will want to see the Beatleys on Wednesday, & that will fit in very well, as I can leave you there or at the Webbs' while I go to Newagen. The Vases will drive back to Wiscasset with me from Newagen, to see 'Lisbeth & Henry & you. They say they will return by taxi.

It takes 4½ hours to drive from Danbury to Cambridge, & we shall start at 8 D.S.T., so we ought to arrive about 12 30. Better say lunch at 12 45, & I'll park the car near the Square & come to Wiggleworth unless I hear otherwise from you. Choose an eating-place where there is a ladies' room, s.v.p.

A little girl friend of my sister's bought forty young roosters, one month old, at 5¢ apiece. She then went to the feed store to get them some special feed. The name of the feed was 'Lay or Bust'.

I'm thinking of stopping at Rockport on Friday after I leave you at Exeter. My cousin Grace Tweedy is there now, & Helen Rider went up there today. But the persons I should really want to see would be Raymond & Harold. Will you call Raymond for me & tell him I expect to drive into Rockport on Friday afternoon, — that is, call him if he is in his office, — don't call Rockport. Ask him first if he is going to be there, because if he isn't, I'm not going. I ought to come straight back to Danbury from Exeter, & what you tell me of Raymond defends my decision threefold.

By the way, I hope you haven't too much luggage, because we decided to go in the Chevrolet. In any case, I'll bring some rope!

With my love always,

Donald

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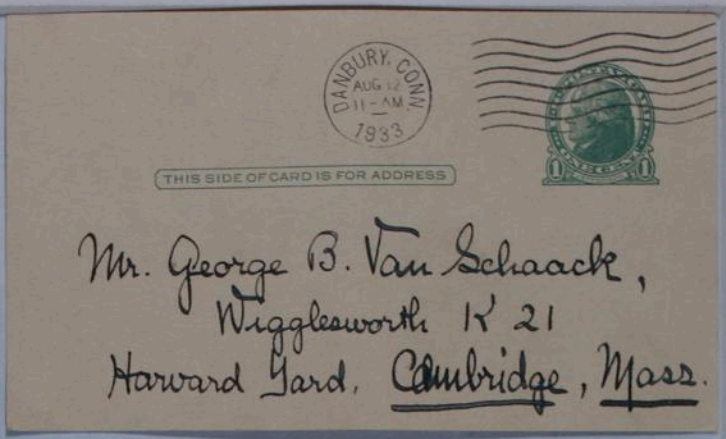
DANBURY, CONN.
AUG 12
11 AM
1933

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
Wigglesworth K 21
Harvard Yard, Cambridge, Mass.

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Sat. A.M.

Of course I meant

Tuesday

not

Wednesday.

And for Rockport, Thursday not Friday. Everything goes a day ahead, as I think (or hope) I explained to you in the first place that Mother must be on Sq. 9 a. the 15th ∴ we start the 14th

L + K

D.N.T.

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Saturday P.M.
[12 Aug 1933]

Another Brief Brief :–

It looks very much like rain, – not more showers, but a thoroughgoing storm. In which event, Sockaloff will have had to cancel three concerts this week, & we wonder whether he will be moved to reconsider the matter of the cancelled programs. Since you take the N.Y. Tribune, you will know about it as soon as we do, & if by any chance my dances should be billed again, I suppose I ought to stay here on the chance of hearing them. Yet it might rain again!

At any rate, keep your weather eye peeled, & I will telegraph you if there is any change of plan. We arrive Tuesday the 15th at about 12.30 if you hear nothing further.

Dein dichliebender Donald

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Monday Morning
(11 Sept 1933 postmark)

Carissimo :-

You know that my thoughts & my blessings will be with you especially on Wednesday. I wish that you might be here, so that we could give you a real birthday-party with one of Amie's cakes & how many candles? I suppose I might reckon up how old you are, but Pooh Pooh Henry! I can't be so mathematical so early in the morning. At any rate you're old enough to know your own mind, & I hope you'll take the occasion which a birthday gives & make a few determinations concerning the course to be sailed during the year to come. It looks to be going to be one of your most crucial years. It is what you do with the serious problem on your hands that may largely determine your future contentment.

You know my counsel: sit down face to face with your mathematics. Take your tutor's recommendation (do they call them tutors at that stage?) as to a subject for a thesis. Then simply come to grips with it. Make a brave try & don't let go. It'll be a battle. Whichever way it eventuates, you can't be licked in spirit if you won't be licked. Just fasten your teeth on the throat of the problem & hang on. It's my guess that you'll be surprised how

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almost magically ways + means open up once you actually get to work. Dogged determination can accomplish a very great deal, + if you're not a brilliant scholar you can at least be an indefatigable worker.

And, all the time, nourish your heart's desire. You may find yourself temporarily in Purgatory, but there's Paradise to come after! Work out your freedom, — buy it with patient slavery. Always be on the lookout for new friends + cultivate those you find sympathetic. Don't be too shy to talk about your ideas, your ideals, your hopes. Show people when you like them. And break the Harvard + Cambridge self-righteousness + self-sufficiency with all your might + main. They think much too much of 'family', of 'position', + such things. But they are all human beings, + if you have a centre + keep your own balance-wheel in equilibrium, you can smile privately at the gods of the hearth + the market-place + make them respect your intelligence + like you for yourself if you choose to go that far.

It is a simple fact that most advancement in a career comes about through friendly intervention. The people who know you and like you will do things for you. You have found that out already. It is not necessary to be mercenary, but it is necessary to prod oneself occasionally into keeping in touch with friends who are busy + whose orbits don't intersect yours

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unless you intend they shall. If you want a job, + if you desire not to be obliged for very existence to take the first job that turns up, then you must know people + people must know you. Whatever you can do toward that end is of worldly advantage, + a point of vantage in this hard world of making a living is essential unless one has an unassailable source of income.

I wish you would write up, some time, or at least write out, that plan of education which you outlined to me that night I talked with you about going to Exeter. I have never heard or read anything like it, + I should like to see it developed in theory to the point where it could be used as a basis for practice. Could you do this for me before you go back to Cambridge?

I have a birthday gift ordered for you, but it hasn't yet reached Danbury + I'm afraid it can't reach you on time even if it comes today. So this at least will tell you to expect it, + will bring you my love, which you know you have + will have always.

We had the Grand Party + it was a success, thanks to the united efforts of the whole family including Marguerite + Helen Rider + not forgetting Louise. Thirty-two people sat down to supper. We used card-tables, four each at four, + the remaining six at two tables placed end to end. The big room was gay with gladiolas. My violinist (Ruth Breton) brought her husband, her daughter, + a house-guest who is the brother of Professor Paul Sachs of Harvard. My 'cellist (Marie Roemer) brought her husband, Mr. Rosanoff. There were the Sperrys, father, son, + daughter, + Carleton Sprague Smith, who is to marry the daughter. Mr. + Mrs. Elser brought three house-guests, a painter named Burges, his wife, + an Italian physician, Dr. Previtale, just arrived in America + a most interesting person who talked (and ate) prodigiously. Mrs. Brownlee came sans husband, + there were six of us. I didn't hear from Emily Roosevelt, + Mr. Sperry told me she is in Peru for the usual purpose! Nor did I hear from the Balabans or the Cliftons. But we had enough! We played the Brahms Trio, my 'cello sonata, — which Mrs. Rosanoff read masterfully, — + the Mozart G-major No. 6, as planned. Everybody seemed to have a beautiful time, + while I was too excited to play well, the music went passably. Afterward I went for a two-mile walk with Bob, then I went for a storm naked in the moonlight, then came in, drank a glass of beer + ate two pieces of chocolate cake, + called it a day.

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Today is a marvel, & I wish you were here to go for a walk & a sun-bath. I must stop now & get out in the sun, for I'm half-frozen here in the house.

Mother, Annie, & Dad all send their affectionate good wishes for your birthday. Certainly you are beloved in this household!

Please give my warm regards to your father & mother, & a cordial greeting to Eva when she returns home. I hope she'll be there for your birthday.

I'll answer your fine letter more in detail as soon as I can make the time.

With a hug for you specially,

Donald

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Sept. 13, 1933.

Dear George: -

I hope you didn't happen to buy this - & that you will read it even tho you didn't buy it! It brings you my birthday blessings. I can't afford to send you the complete work all at once, but as the 3d volume isn't out yet, you won't mind waiting, especially as the first volume contains much that you wanted to be informed about. I've had time only for a brief glance, but, apart from an occasional Teutonicisms, the work seems sound, & is extremely interesting.

Donald

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Wed., Sept. 20, 1933.

Carissimo:—

Your letter of 'yesterday' came today, & since you don't mention what date you're going to Cambridge, I'll try to get this in edgewise before you depart. I want to reply to several things in your letter of the 6th

In the first place, I'm glad to find that there's a kind of novel that intently interests you, for I've not perceived yet that you respond to any fiction with gusto. The social implications of 'Three Soldiers' are disheartening enough, & I can vouch for its verisimilitude, tho I think Andrews showed little common-sense. He knew the army was not organized by Sunday School superintendents. If he had deliberately bucked the system, he couldn't have come out worse, but his disregard of it when he belonged to it was nothing short of foolhardy. Believe me, boy, I walk chalk in this world when I know somebody has the power to punish me physically. If I'm free to walk out on a boss, I can take any amount of browbeating, but if I'm not free, — & nobody in the army was except Perking himself, — then rules are rules & one disobeys them at ones bodily peril. Of course one sympathizes emotionally with Andrews. The army is most emphatically Hell for finely touched spirits with a creative gift & the itch to exercise it, especially in the ranks. I hated Plattsburg because of the enforced close quarters with a crowd, tho I liked individuals in the crowd. The training did me immense physical good, but the rules & regulations & lack of personal liberty fretted me devilishly. And my fellow-prisoners

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were officer-candidates + therefore supposedly intelligent. Some were + some weren't. But authority, I learned, — what is it Shakespeare says about a man 'dressed in a little brief authority'? — power over others instantly reveals a man's character, + according as that inclines to the side of the brutes or the side of the angels, so will those under him be cursed or blessed. That Andrews didn't find it possible to conform to the dictates of an army, — which is a whole pyramid of absolute monarchies in itself, — put him very terribly at the mercy of men who, tho unfit for authority, yet were in positions where they could wreak desperate injustice on all non-conformists. Had he had more sense, he would have purchased a small music-note-book + jotted down the Queen of Sheba + John Brown's Body in his hours off duty. But, of course, the book gives you the philosophical view fairly squarely enough, + had Andrews been able to achieve it there would have been no tragedy + no novel.

I'm not sure that real wisdom can ever operate in such a way as to change human nature wholesale. It is natural you should immediately consider how unfit mathematics is to ameliorate social injustice, but there is this to remember: as a student + a teacher of mathematics, you are privileged to be in a position where you can influence the thought of young men. You are obliged to teach the technic of mathematical processes, but you are not obliged to limit yourself to that subject in all your contacts with your youngsters. You will be the better teacher if in addition to what you are expected to teach you make them more thoughtful about the chief problems

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of civilization. If this cannot be done in the classroom, it can be done at meal-times + in your own study. I think you should deliberately try to make bridges between the island of mathematics + the continent of living reality, + to import as much of the latter commodity into the island as it is in your power to do. At the outset, I think you will incline to say it can't be done, — i.e. there is no identity of problems, no relationship, + mathematics is always + necessarily in a separate sphere. But you are dealing with men, you are teaching mathematics to human beings, + their problems as students are not divorced from reality. If you study them + their needs, their defects in the processes of approach to mathematics itself, their mental characteristics, habits of work, quality of workmanship, you have there, within your sphere of influence, a human problem which should attract you if you are, as you think you are, a good teacher. Treat your students as [redacted] personalities capable of growth, + help them to grow in every way possible. You can broaden the field of their thought to include much more than mathematics if you allow yourself (or develop within yourself) sufficient scope. The teachers we remember in after years are those who were not pinned down to their subject, whose discourse was illuminated with light from all sorts of delightful angles even when the subject was technical + our chief job was to develop habits of good technic. They could be pedestrian, but occasionally they took us for a joy-ride. At any rate, when you are not in the 'shop' you can discuss anything you like, + I should certainly make a point of drawing my students out whenever I could afford the time.

I read your letter to Mother, but, while she most certainly enjoyed hearing it, I noticed she did not comment on your offer to lend her Mary Austin's Autobiography. Betty wasn't keen about it. She wrote that the woman, as a writer, has no charm for her. If you think I'd like it, I'll take a look at it the next time I come to Cambridge, but there is so much to read. I know you'll be interested in Hermann Schneider. I spent half a night over the book before I sent it to you, + I found it fascinating, tho it needs a bibliography or a reference-index, + the Teutonism + self-satisfaction of the author is occasionally irritating. But there you will find the study of the growth of religious thought that you desired, side by side with philosophical thought, literature, the plastic arts, architecture, music, + the other accompaniments of man's endeavor to master nature. — Would you like the first volume of Elie Faure's History of Art to serve as illustration? I'll send it to you if you say so, tho I'll want it back fairly soon, as I use it frequently.

Please give my special regards to Eva, — she must come here with you sometime when she can, — + remember me to your mother + father.

With much love to you,

Donald

P.S. no. 2. — How about your theory of an ideal education?? When will you write that out?

P.S. I finally had a letter from Morris! — and I hope you'll write that autobiographical sketch.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge 38, Mass.
September 26, 1933.

Dear Donald,

This is my last night of freedom and I have ~~had~~ spent it on a three months tour of Russia. I have just had the pleasure of entertaining, or rather being entertained by, the 'Nazi scum victim', Rolf Kaltenborn. I put up a notice the other day asking

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with astonishment, 'No, I was there only five days!' It seemed incredible that he should have seen so much in so short a time. But he lost no moment + spared no ingenuity. To get a look into private life he learned the Russian for 'Does Mr. Smith live here?' and then went from door to door with that question, — to find, of course, that Mr Smith never did live there but to see how the people who were there did live.

The notice of which I spoke all the residents of Hallin to call on me at their earliest convenience, and he is the latest victim. He is one of the most enthusiastic youngsters I have ever met, wholly + completely unspoiled, even by his recent notoriety, which he scoffs at. He told me, to begin with, that he had been in Russia but five days, but after listening to him for an hour I felt so strongly that I myself had been there for at least two or three months that I asked him if he had learned any of the language, to which he replied

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has brought very good results, twenty-five out of thirty-one already having responded. I should say that the group as a whole is a very fine one, at least half of them being some desirable combination of intelligent, charming, enthusiastic, etc. Among them is a son of Prof. Edgell, who paid me a long call, and a godson of President Roosevelt, who, though a Groton boy, is anything but a snob — a high average, well-balanced, intelligent fellow. There is a

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half-dozen I pass among them, some of them genuinely objectionable, + inclined to be amiable, but I think I know, better than two years ago, how to show them the door.

The whole experiment has been one I know you would appreciate, and though I have to say it myself, I think I have been successful in getting shortly rid of those I knew I didn't want, and keeping + drawing out those whom I found out I did want. But it has taken time - I have had a minimum

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in the city for several days - I haven't felt so rejuvenated since our notorious one-bath walk.

Mrs. Coan met me as scheduled last Wednesday. She had my phonograph, records & pictures which we brought out here unloaded. Then I took her to dinner & a mystery play, at which she had all the proper thrills at the proper times. My other goods came down by truck the next day & I had them unpacked by evening, but some of them still remain to be sorted out & put in their places. I have put my bureau in the lavatory & time to myself since Thursday afternoon when my Exeter friends started coming in. ☺

I must except Sunday morning, which I had until five o'clock. I didn't get up until noon. After dinner I put on some old togs & took the bus to Belmont. I had a fine back along and I spent two hours walking in the woods back of Belmont & heavily identifying trees & finding several wild flowers I didn't know, only two of which I was able to identify when I got back here. It's certainly a great thing to get out into the woods for a few hours after being cooped up

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closet and arranged hooks, bars, etc. in it to make a very small but very efficient dressing room. As I may have told you there are seven tiers of built in hook-cases. My books fill three of them & like number have had the shelves removed to make a shallow closet. In front of ~~the~~ these & the remaining tier I shall hang crash curtains & thus have sufficient storage space out of sight. The extra corner in this room, which in my old rooms was occupied by a closet, makes this room seem very much bigger than the

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old ones. While in Boston today I bought another large & small rug of the same size & manufacture as those we bought two years ago. With those & the curtains which are to come from home my room will take on a comfortable aspect. I have only to ask a cat of same kind before I ask you for your date of arrival.

I have seen Morris twice - the same old Morris but in new quarters, 'luxe but not 'grand luxe', in the City Club. He had me over there for dinner last

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and be a tutor, this time of juniors & seniors. Well, that wouldn't be so bad, & I relented to the point of saying I would take his advice. He then said he wasn't sure I ought to bother myself with it but he wanted like to feel he could fall back on me if need be. My advice to young men is "Whatever you do, don't let people get in the habit of overestimating your ability."

Well, I could go on & on & didn't feel that I must get to bed sometime before morning, and that can't happen until I have

evening after which we saw "The Emperor Jones". I do not think it is by any means a great or phenomenal movie, but it wasn't rubbed the wrong way by it & I thoroughly enjoyed it. Paul Robeson is a striking figure in every way, and he has a most expressive voice & face which he well knows how to use.

I saw Prof. Mann for the first this morning. He was again most cordial. He started out by lamenting the fact that the department had lost in me a good tutor, and then asked if I wouldn't change my mind

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written another letter. Your good letter came yesterday. Thanks for two pages of good advice. Thanks also for the gift of Elie Faure, but since my reading must from now on be irregular + slow you'd better not send it. I'll get something from the library. I'll feel the need of it.

I couldn't possibly write out the educational outline you asked for when you asked for it. All aside from the fact that my manuscript isn't yet ready to deliver, I can never do any work at home; moreover Eva was ~~there~~ there, and I spent all available time with her. I will write the autobiography

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sketch but that too much work for the present. However, I have put my un-(sub) conscious to work at that also and I've been amazed at the number of things that have come into my mind since doing so, that I hadn't thought of for years.

Love to all of you.

George.

P.S. Have you noticed any strange birds about Danbury recently? I read in the paper today that the storm in August had brought to New York State several isolated

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birds which are not ordinarily seen there, among them a species of albatross and an egret. This explains our finding at home on a pond near us two perfect perfect specimens of the great white egret which is now extremely rare all over the country.

J.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass
September 29, 1933

Dear Donald,

Well, I must spill over to someone, and you're elected. I'm already, this early, in another, or again the same, mental dilemma. I guess, on second thought, that it's another. I'll lead up to it as it came about.

On Tuesday morning I saw Prof. Huntington, and he asked me, as I had feared he would, to do for him again what I had done two years ago, namely take

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added, - so far as I could judge only 10% jokingly - that he wished I would also take the job of writing a text book in statistics, under his guidance, of course. I was so stunned that I refused at once and our conversation ended.

The impact only began to take effect after I had slept over the idea. You may remember my telling you that when I went to see him last spring and let drop a hint or two to the effect that he might have something along statistical lines that he would let me work on, ~~that~~ I got no response from him, - he had said, two years before, after I was the job of correcting papers in his course in elementary statistics. I was not sure, at that time, exactly what my duties here were to be, - it was possible that in place of teaching two courses I should teach but one and make up the extra time correcting papers in some large advanced course. Under those circumstances I should not have wanted to take on his job. So I deferred answering him until last night after I had found out definitely that I am to teach two sections of mathematics A. When I called him on the phone last night I told him I would take the job, more because of my affection for him than because I wanted it. He replied that he was delighted, and

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tied up with Marie, in the beginning, that he would have to let to have me work in statistics. Consequently, last spring, I concluded that the idea had died in his mind. But what he said last night revived it in mine, and it tormented me until I saw him again this afternoon. I then went straight to the point and told him quite frankly more or less what is already known to you regarding my disaffection with mathematics, as such, and also was quite frank about the epistole last spring, as I should have been then.

He seemed to grasp the situation at once and said that if I felt sincerely that I have had a change of heart he could think

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of nothing more deadly than going on, or better trying to go on, in such a highly abstract and deathalized branch of mathematics as that of Prof Marre. With respect to last spring he said that he was so astounded at my dismissal from Exeter that my hints went unnoticed and that it had not entered his head that I had considered working with him. As for the book, he was not joking - he definitely wants it done + wanted be glad if I would do it, though of course it could not lead directly to a doctoric degree; and for that reason he is not sure that I ought to do it now - he, himself, minimizes the importance of a degree, but he realizes there is a premium on it and that it is a sort of master Key. However, writing the book could but

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wholly different field and with a wholly different aim + purpose, is itself a distinct change and seems to me to be a big step in the direction in which I seem to be tending. Prof. Hemingham feels that if I elect to change now, although today in mathematics, there is no real reason why I should not approach statistics to a large extent through economics. If I did so I should have made a distinct step indeed.

We left the discussion there for a few days with the understanding that both of us should think it over, and that I in the meantime should seek advice from Prof. Schumpeter of the economics department. I can't explain to you in a few words his technical position in the borderland between economics and mathematics. fail to lead to several well-defined theses subjects and would furnish a royal preparation for further work — but it would take two years. He has no problem just at present, but is certain of a host of them waiting just around the corner. If it is true,

He went on to say something which, I wish I had known last spring, but of the truth of which I am not wholly convinced, — namely that my part time instructorship does not obligate me to work for a degree in mathematics. Had I known that I might have been able to settle upon another field and through this year's work prepare myself for securing a part-time instructorship in that field. But I ~~hesitate to~~ make such a vital change without due consideration.

Staying in mathematics, but in a

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suffice it to say that he occupies the position most intimately connected with both. I went to see him directly and found a very dynamic but still kindly & sympathetic person with an incurable & rather charming foreign accent. I told him as briefly as I could the significant details of my math career since leaving high school and tried to indicate my present state of mind as you know it.

His first remark was that a person who has the habit of such changing interest as I have can scarcely be sure of himself in any new interest! His next was that if I took an interest in mathematical economics I stood in a most advantageous position at a most opportune time, having a fairly

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thorough grounding in pure mathematics and approaching the subject when all sorts of problems are open. But, he went on to say, I should still be dealing with a science, and therefore not directly with 'life'; 'Whatever science touches, that it kills'. However, he admitted that the subject matter dealt with came from life and the results obtained could be applied to life. He gave me the names of two books which could give me a rough idea of what mathematical economics is, and very generously offered to give me another interview in a fortnight, as well as inviting to a seminary course he is giving.

So much for one side of the dilemma. The

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personalities, Marsé's in particular, that makes me hesitate. ~~His~~ He vowed he the first to bid me god-speed always another course if he could realize that it were better for me, but he won't open his mind to the possibility - he has set his heart on my doing a certain definite work, which I find no actual interest in. There's nothing to do but pick up my reins + tell him so, but I hate to do it.

I'm not sure that I shall wait to hear from you before coming to a decision, but I should love an answer from you just the same.

I want to go back for a moment to Prof Schumpeter's first remark. I have often thought about my habit of other requires less narration. The kernel of this part is that at no time since ~~I resigned~~ April have I had a moment's enthusiasm for going back to analytic situs. I started studying again a few days since, but my mental attitude while studying that subject is not unlike that of a member of a chain gang - so many minutes till freedom. But the convict is in one respect a step ahead of me - his sentence is definite, mine indefinite.

Well, what's the use of writing any more? My own mind is clearer than it was when I started - that's what I wrote it for. Leaving personalities out of it I can't see any greater danger in changing to a field of interest than of staying in a field of non-interest. It's exactly

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of changing interest. But I think I have not rationalized in coming to the conclusion that by and large my changes have been progressive, tending not so much to a different interest as to a broader interest. Had I spent my first twenty two years in an environment of active interests I might well feel that I were truly thirty, but it was only at twenty-two that I became exposed to interests, and these last eight years have played the part the previous eight might and ought to have played.

However that may be it's after midnight and I must to bed. I reach for the first tomorrow - I have my two sections in succession here - and I'm all primed for a big thrill.

Lots of love, George.

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P.S. We came down here on Friday, to my intense regret.

2 Oct., 1933.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

Dear George: – your letter has just come, & I'm not letting the grass grow under my feet before I assure you that you will (probably) be an unmitigated ass if you don't grab right hold of Huntington & hang on tight.

I know neither Huntington nor Morse. My own hunch is based on what I have observed to be your reactions to them, & upon the patent fact that Huntington's subject is nearer to your heart's desire than is Morse's.

Decisions are always difficult when they involve re-orientation. I think the only reason you hesitate at all about this one is that you have once before made an unfortunate one. As for Professor Struwelpeter or whatever his name is, don't worry about what he said to you. Some men are 'faithful' to one woman & some are not, & that goes for 'interests' as well. In this connection, I refer you with a grin to page 520 of the current Harper's. In section III of Miss Wylie's discussion of Our Pernicious Virtues, you will find fidelity laid out flat. Not that I wholly agree with the lady, but I'm certain she is right in pillorying the sticking to a thing for the sake of sticking to it. And before you put down Harper's, for the love of Mike read De Voto's article on Pareto & tell me what you

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think of that. Talk about society + statistics! That ought to give you a beautiful boost.

I am so excited over your situation taken in connection with the potentialities of following up Pareto that I want you to find out whether the seminar on Pareto's Traité de Sociologie Générale is being continued this year at Harvard, + if it is, whether there's any chance of your sitting in on it. For it seems to me that there is the sprouting kernel of what may prove to be a world of thought as important to human culture as any we have yet had. And your mathematics + economics + statistics all contribute to your possible comprehension of it. At any rate, don't put off reading DeVoto's exposition. If it hits you as it has hit me, I venture to predict that it will help you make your present decision against analysis situs and for statistics, whether from the mathematical or the economic angle.

As for Morse + analysis situs, I know you will take leave of him with tact + assure that, even if he does not agree with you about your own aptitudes, he understands that the decision must rest with you. If you put it on an absolutely impersonal basis, he cannot justly take offence nor can he blame you. But don't be a Timid Soul with him. Grin at him + give him the works.

Really, George, I don't see but what this is an awfully lucky break for you. you get a chance to write a book, + that always gives one a certain weight in academic circles.

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And if you do write it, I know you'll do it well. But vastly more important is the change from mathematics in a vacuum to mathematics in relation to human problems, — for it seems to me likely that you can bend things round to that in the end, tho I speak as one ignorant of both mathematics & economics. As for old Struwelpeter & his 'Whatever science touches, that it kills', — that's bosh. It all depends on who's doing the touching. Think of Julian Huxley in biology, & Henri Fabre, & Marconi; — take old Struwelpeter down to the M.I.T. buildings & let him read the names cut into the architraves there, & ask him, 'Did those men kill what they touched?' It would be a German who made so stupid a statement. But because professors & scientists can be dry-as-dust is no reason why science & teaching should be so considered.

Before you plump for the approach via economics, be sure to take Pareto under consideration.

As for your Ph. D., what does it matter how many years it takes you to get it, provided that meanwhile you are merely increasing your fitness for it? You have let the consideration of time count so little with you till now that I should'nt think it would trouble you at this late date. Only I think you must be reasonably sure of the tenure of your instructorship. If Huntington O.K.'s you; if he considers you are worth your salt, then he will see to it that you stay where you are. And since you are free from family responsibilities, you can afford to take your own time, can you not? But you don't need me to tell you to keep an eye on the feed-pipe.

All told, I'm elated over what has happened, & I think you're likely to come to an acceptance of the 'way out' that Huntington offers you.

Yesterday we all drove over to West Point via Mount Cliffs & the Bear Mt. Bridge. And the scenery was magnificent. The foliage has not yet achieved its greatest brilliance, but here & there a maple blazes out like a trumpet-call, & the Hudson from that bridge & the Eastern approach to it is superb. It was Annie's first trip along that route, & she was full of Ohs & Ahs. There was to have been a parade at West Point at 4.30, & we were all set to take that in, but to our great disappointment it was postponed till 5.15 on account of some late-arriving French veterinaires, & we felt that was so near dusk that the drive back would be a strain in Sunday traffic. The car was a new Packard eight, & I had the thrill of driving it home.

Today has been glorious, & the Danbury Fair is off to a good start. I voted in New Fairfield this morning, — a very split ticket, — & then went to Ball's Pond, where I sedulously poured manure water on my very promising chrysanthemums, then stripped & sprawled in the sun-chair on the terrace in the most brilliant sun of the whole year thus far. Then I went swimming, using my bathing-suit as camouflage in the way you know of, & then I had lunch, largely on milk. And all the time I wished you were with me. Yours with not too much fidelity, Donald

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21 Oct., 1933.

Carissimo: —

I received your reply to my late adjurations with unmixt pleasure, I assure you. One doesn't, if one is wise, give advice (even when it is specially asked for) in order that one's friend may follow it, but rather that he may use it as a moral prop if he needs one. You had a decision to make. The odds were, or appeared to be, that you would tend to declare for Morse + the status quo simply because you have already made so many changes of direction. I put my weight in on the side of the new path in order to counterbalance the pull of the old. I felt that if you were to decide to make another change at so late a date in your career, in your chase of the Ph. D., you would totter on the brink + get all stirred up inside unless you felt that your old, fat, bald, + generally superannuated friend was willing to see you take the chance. So, that there should be no doubt, I urged you to take it. Whereupon you got busy, looked into both sides as thoroughly as was necessary, + made your own decision on the basis of your own data, which action pleases me very much indeed. If you had decided for the new path, I confess I should have blamed myself a little had it turned out unfortunate. But now that you

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have declared against the trend of my counsel, I confess my entire satisfaction. So much for that.

My! wouldn't I like to attend that Pareto seminar! I envy you that opportunity, & I hope it proves a vein worth mining. I know you will need much time for your thesis, but now that you have someone to do the drudgery of correcting papers, perhaps you will feel that you can spare the necessary two hours a week. You are a tenacious person when you are really interested, & I can see your smiling face turning up at Winthrop House every Friday afternoon from now on.

I want terribly to see you, because I have myself a major decision to make, but of course I know I must make it alone. I can tell you, however, that it concerns my marriage. I have made the proposal to Betty that we give up all idea of ever living together again. This is the outcome of a series of happenings of which the decisive one was Betty's refusal to come & live at the Pond this winter. My father is going, or was going to instal a steam heating-system. But Betty said she would feel 'trapped' there & was therefore unwilling to consider it. Betty countered with the proposal that we take a certain furnished house in New Hartford with Helen to pay half the rent & live with us. Not only that, but the son of the owner, (a woman we all know & who is spending the winter in Paris,) was also to live with us & have his meals with us & 'take care of the furnace.'

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I cabled 'No' to that fantastic scheme, + wrote the hardest letter I have ever had to write. But before she had received my cablegram, let alone the letter, Betty wrote again that she felt they were committed to the New Hartford woman, that they had decided to take the house anyway, + I could, if the idea didn't suit me, come over + see them week-ends. The very next day she received the cablegram, but that didn't alter their plans, + she wrote again to say how much of a blow it was, though she had 'felt intuitively' what my answer must be. They are sailing for New York on the Minnetonka which reaches port the 5th of November.

This was, as any man would, I think, immediately understand, – this was an ultimatum, + I accepted it as such. There is nothing else that I can tell you in a letter. I have long felt that we should not have married, but I was determined to go through with it as long as it seemed possible. You are one of the few persons who knows what a struggle it has been, + though you have been discretion itself, I knew that you knew. It is no longer possible, – I am completely discouraged, – I haven't the heart to go on. I shall, of course, continue to provide for Betty to the extent of my means, but I think she will agree with me that it is best we should no longer live together. She has Helen, she will not be left alone, + I am sure she feels a responsibility for Helen, who is all she has left of her immediate family. They understand each other very well, + though they quarrel, it is just a clash of temperaments, not anything stupid or spiteful. Nevertheless, it was always nervously exhausting to me, + I couldn't possibly have considered living in any house where Helen was more than a guest. Betty knew this perfectly well, + that in spite of that she chose to take the step she did seems to me to show that she must have reached much the same conclusion that that step brought me to.

Please keep all this shut up tight in that curly head of yours. I shall myself tell the friends who really care about us when the time comes for them to be told. If anyone asks you about either of us, you may tell them that I expect Betty + Helen back on the 5th of next month, but beyond that, please avoid answering definitely.

Of course everyone will say that it is the difference in our ages that has brought this about. I do not know what 'psychological' influence that difference may have exerted, but it has never seemed to me greatly to matter. The difference in physical stamina did matter, but it was no more than many men with delicate wives have had to reckon with. What people say has never troubled me very much. I married Betty because she was the finest woman + the most understanding friend I had ever known. I proved once more that one cannot marry with impunity on a basis of friendship. I wanted to be in a position to take care of her. It was Quixotic. And now I think it is going to end, – I hope without disaster. But she is a strong character,

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+ I have every reason to think that she will release me courageously. It will not be painless for either of us. There are moments when I dread seeing her again, but I am going ahead as valiantly as I can on the basis of my real + deep feeling for her, thoroughly convinced that she + I will both be happier apart.

I am going to stick here till Alice is done. In spite of my perturbations of spirit, I am working along steadily. I finished the 250th page of the score yesterday, + I ought to finish altogether in another month or six weeks. I want you to come here during the Christmas vacation, – all the family want you. We can go to New York for a spree. If only you could come down for a week-end soon, this next week! It would be a great boon to me, humanly speaking, but I won't urge it, as it's expensive + I can get along. You are busy, + so am I. But how I'd love to be able to talk with you + not have to put all these things on paper!

Sunday the 22nd

What immediately precedes looks like a cry of distress coordino. It isn't. If you were accessible I should go to you, but since a trip to Danbury would cost you almost as much as your two volumes of Pareto, don't think of it.

I have been enabled by two of the young peoples' societies of St. James's church to start a magnificent

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class of country dancing. Last Monday we had twenty couples, + such nice youngsters! A few chewed gum, but I'll stop that as soon as the dancing begins to take hold. I agreed to teach for nothing provided I was given absolutely everything else I asked for, — a good pianist, a good piano, dance-floor ready + chairs set, lights on, + the authority to exclude non-conformists + cut-ups. We had a good first meeting, + the boys + girls are just the right age to work with, — sixteen to twenty or so. We shall have an experimental six to eight weeks + then take stock. My older group I have deferred till after Christmas.

Wouldn't you know that Raymond + Hilda would get themselves into something like social service work! I can picture Hilda managing everybody else's life in the whole South End. Well, it's all right, + she needs anything that can take her out of herself. I'm glad to know where to reach them.

I have been for a number of good walks in the autumn woods. The foliage seems exceptionally beautiful + brilliant this season. I've been three times to our Bare Mountain, each time for a good sun-bath. A week ago yesterday I explored the mountain-top more thoroughly than you + I did. It extends much farther to the East before it drops down to the valley. But there will be no good view on that side till the trees have lost their leaves. The woods below are full of good smells + gorgeous color.

I've also been to New York, where I made some professional 'contacts' + saw a play, Men in White, which is most interesting. It is a dramatization of the self-sacrifice necessary in a surgeon's career, + it achieves actual thrills. It gives a most convincing picture of the interior of a big hospital, together with a glimpse of the politics involved between surgeons + interns, + between the governing Board + the sustaining millionaires. The acting is uniformly good. Except for the principal woman who has an Ethel Barrymore sulking + a wooden. I could cheerfully have strangled her long before the final curtain.

I suppose you will be seeing Eva de Gallienne's Alice, + her Juliette, which N.Y.P. (corresponding to the N.Y. Times) thinks worth his while. And 'Let 'Em Eat Cake' would doubtless divert the Mathematical Mind, only I'm sorry I can't be along to laugh with you.

Give my love to Morris + tell him that of course it won't be two years till I write to him. And also to Raymond + Hilda when you see them. And also, in fullest measure, to G. B. Van S., M. A. (only it's B. M., I believe).

The family send their love.

Donald

Danbury, 29 Oct., '33.

Carissimo:—

It is going to be harder than I thought. Betty wrote in answer to my letter of the 9th that of course she might talk, but she really had no intention of living in New Hartford if I were living in Danbury! From which I conclude that, in very bad German doubtless, das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns bei der Nase herum. Only I don't intend to be led, by the nose or anything else. I have really lost heart, & I intend to be free. It is hard, because I know she really loves me. She didn't marry me on a basis of friendship, she loved me & still does love me. That is why she has never been satisfied with our marriage. I have been as devoted as I could be, have made many sacrifices for her sake, many more than she realizes, — have done everything for her that I could think of & given her everything she wanted that was within my means, but, for us both, there was always something lacking. I could not cherish her & speak to her as a man who really loves a woman does, & less than that has not satisfied her, does not, & never will satisfy her. She wants tenderness, warmth, demonstrativeness, & while I have done my level best to be the loving person who is her ideal of a husband, I have of course fallen short. How could it be otherwise?

She mentions the letters I wrote to her before we were

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married, when she was undecided whether to take so hazardous a step. They were love-letters. I wrote them to the wife I thought she would be. But when it came to the test of living under the same roof, I was fully as disillusioned as she. For in spite of her love for me, she was + she is a spoiled child, + when my way was different from hers, she wanted her way with such tenacity that we were sometimes estranged for days. Little things assumed tragic proportions.

For instance, — we lived, the first year we were married, in the apartment which had been her parents' home, at 3 Dana St. in Cambridge. The living-room had been furnished with the objects the Tufts had brought from a big house in Lexington. The walls were crowded, the mantels, the tops of the bookcases, even the lintels over the doors, were covered with small objects in plaster, china, + metal-ware, + there was as much furniture as the room would possibly hold. There was no repose in the room, just as there was no repose in the family. It expressed them perfectly.

When I came to live in all that welter of small objects, I felt not unlike the proverbial bull in the china-shop. I begged + begged to be allowed to rearrange the room, to eliminate this object or that, but I was told I had no sense of what was home-like, of what created an atmosphere, of what gave a place charm. My wife told me that. Once, in desperation, when she was out of the house, I removed a picture I disliked, + rearranged

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the wall where it had hung + the objects on the bookcase underneath it. My idea was to 'demonstrate' that the wall could look better if the arrangement were simpler. Then I left it that way, + went out, myself. When I got back, Betty (and Helen, who was with us at that time), had restored everything to its former place, + I was taxed with having tried to put one over on them while they were absent. I had made the place look 'conventional', + taken away all the charm. Well, what if I had? I didn't argue. — I was too hurt to do that. — but my point was that it was now my house just as much as it was Betty's; I was paying the rent, not she, + if I could have no say as to what my habitation was to look like, — if it were not to express me in the slightest degree, — then the fight was on. It was on. I had my own room. I fixed that the way I wanted it, I took my own friends in there when people came who wanted to see me specially, + I sat in there evenings to read + work, leaving the unalterable living-room to Betty. She never gave in as long as we lived there, but she learned her lesson. When we went to Rochester, we arranged our rooms, first at Arnold Park + later at Girton Place, together, + I never heard another word of how conventional I was nor how insensitive to the charm + livability of a room.

But Betty had done a very dangerous thing. In the first year of our marriage, she had obstinately persisted in hurting my pride through disparaging my taste, as a result of which I withdrew into my shell, (I have one, you know!) — and I have never been able fully to come out of it since then, in her presence. Of course I say what I think, + I defend what I think + do, but I do not feel toward her as I did before that happened. All direct rancor has of course long since vanished, but I know that I feel differently toward her since then. — Then there is the kind of thing that happened when I wanted to play you Parsifal, — that is symptomatic of a trait in her which has caused me many painful moments.

In short, I have found that my marriage keeps me under a strain which often becomes really oppressive + prevents me from being the person I am, for instance, with you. With you I have that absolute trust + confidence that you will not willingly hurt me, that you will not willingly blame me even when I am at fault, that you will smile when I play the fool + chide me gently when I need chiding, — in all things + under all circumstances you will keep the thought that we love each other uppermost in your consciousness, just as I do in mine, so that nothing harmful to the almost complete + wholly blessed sympathy between us is ever let come to a head + no point is stuck to at the cost of serious disagreement because it wouldn't be worth it. — that trust is what I expected to find in marriage. When it was destroyed, I girded up

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my loins + decided to live it out as best I could. I had no thought, till Betty's cable came saying she would not live at the Pond (she says now she will!) but that I could go on. A month ago I fully expected to continue with the struggle, to put up cheerfully + with a good heart with the second-rate relationship that I had taken upon myself. But after her cable came a letter, + after my cable to her came another letter, + it seemed that she was determined to do as she wanted, not as I wanted, in spite of the fact that I support her + I have a career to think of + plan for. It was not a suggestion, it was a declaration. When she got my letter, she realized she had gone too far, + she retracted in a letter I received the day before yesterday. But it is too late. I know now that I cannot go on. During the days between her cable to me saying 'No' + my cable to her saying 'No', I fought the thing out with myself + decided not to continue to try to live with her. And as soon as I had done that, I experienced so complete, so permeating a sense of relief, such a cessation of strain + anxiety that I confronted my soul with amazement. Until I realize that I cannot go back. I have been hard enough to live with when my determination was to make a go of it somehow,

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– now I feel that we made a great mistake in marrying, + I perceive that it won't do to continue. What there is that is fine + noble + enriching in our relationship we can preserve better as friends than as man + wife, + tho there will be no divorce unless I want to marry someone else, I regard that as so unlikely a possibility as to be negligeable.

I know I am right from her point of view as well as from my own. She has found me an unsatisfactory husband when my will was to remain with her, – what happiness can she expect when I have lost that will? No. I wouldn't subject her to that agony. I know how it would be. + if I know her at all, the last thing she would desire would be to have me stay with her through pity. And now is certainly the time to make the break. She has been away from me for a year, – she is not dependent on me for anything but her income, – + she has her sister to make a home with. And with every day that passes I know she will be happier + I shall be happier if we do not feel we have to live together under the same roof, + that gives me courage to meet her + to tell her so as gently + as lovingly as I can.

She + Helen have been transferred to the Manhattan because the Minnetonka had so bad a booking for the return trip out of New York that they cancelled her Westward sailing. The Manhattan is due on Friday or Saturday of this week.

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Henry Hadley sent for me to come to New York on Friday + play my ballet to some gentlemen who are thinking of starting a new ballet + organization. Present: Mr. Jacob Altschuler, a German-Russian, brother of the conductor (Modeste) of the now defunct Russian Symphony Orchestra of which Sokoloff used to be concertmaster; Mr. Kahn, not Otto, who was at one time publicity manager of the Boston Opera; Mr. Wyzanski, member of the Petrograd ballet + prospective choreographer of the new organization; Mr. Barber, a very pleasant + quiet young American who is to have charge of the ballet personnel; Henry + myself! I gave them a sort of exposition of Alice + played them the parts of the music I can play best! I was rather astonished to find that they all four thought it was good stuff. Mr. Kahn said he was no musician, — he represented the 'damn public', — but he made the only discerning remarks that were made, + I agreed with his objection to the middle part of the Rose Tree dance, — that it was dissimilar in style to the rest of my music + suggests the East rather than the Anglo-Saxon West. I know why, — it's the mode + the use of ornament. It could perfectly well be British, as far as the tune goes, but the harmony does suggest Rimsky-Korsakoff + I am not egotist enough to be sure I cannot be wrong! And since George Barlow Penny, the old idiot, accused me of having got ideas in Cairo, I decided that the offending passage in the middle part of the Rose Tree dance, + I shall rewrite it. The principal thing is that none of them felt the ballet was too advanced in idiom to fail of immediate appeal, + they all said frankly they were pleased with it. Mr. Altschuler said it is a beautiful piece of scoring + will sound, wherein he agrees with every conductor who has seen it. Mr. Kahn said twice, 'I hope you are going to let us have this ballet, Mr. Tweedy.' But I gave him no answer. I refused to commit myself in any way, because I yet know so little of their plans, + I know they haven't any money yet to start with. When they are ready to talk terms, I shall be ready to tell them what mine are. Meanwhile, I shall see Bodanzsky at the Metropolitan. — It was Kahn also who remarked that there was no element of what the French call 'maladif' in the score. He said he was sick of the sickliness of composers + this stuff seemed to him forthright + sound to the core. And that, of course, pleased me very much indeed. So we shall see what we shall see. They expect to begin work in December + be ready for performance in February.

George, my dear, your letter was a help + a comfort to me, + I'm grateful for it. With a great deal of love,

Donald

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Sunday Eve., Nov. 5, 1933.

Carissimo:—

I am weary tonight, but I'm at peace. There isn't much to say. When I actually saw Betty, I said to her what I felt I had to say to her, + saw that she did not in the least want me to leave her to live out her life without me, — naturally I couldn't do it. There are so few people to whom one's existence matters one way or another! I mean really matters. And we are fortunate indeed if it matters vitally to anyone save ourselves. My existence doesn't, apparently, make as much difference to anyone on earth, including myself, as it does to Betty. She made mistakes, but they were only mistakes! How can one punish a well-beloved person tragically for mistakes of impulse + misconception? I felt I should be a consummate cad. So, having hurt her as much as one person can well hurt another in the morning, I let my emotions rather than my mind rule me, — or rather, they ruled me without my letting, — + by the time we had got to New Hartford, I knew I did not want to do what I had said I thought I must do. I stayed with her the night, + I comforted her in every way I could, and we are not going to separate.

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Of course you know that, tho I may have written you in very positive terms, + tho everything that I said was the simple truth from my point of view, I was full of misgivings. Had we parted in New York, perhaps the breach might have been irreparable. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends. Now I know that the actual human dearness of her is too great + too precious for me ever to dream again of ceasing to cherish her. No aspect of the freedom I might gain is attractive enough to compensate me for what she would lose. I do not mean that I in my own eyes am intrinsically of such vital import, but I am in her heart. And that is a very sobering reflection.

And I take back what I said of our marriage. For, in spite of everything we have ever done or said to hurt each other, we do understand each other in the things that matter most. No one else can know the quality of her as I know it, + I tell you, my dear, that if you want to test a person's quality, then create a situation such as that that had arisen between Betty + me. I have no words for the fineness of her, the sheer beauty of her spirit. And I am content not to step out of the frame of marriage that contains her + me. I am humbly proud to remain in it as long as we both shall live.

It is a comfort to me to write this to you. My heart contains you, too, always. Perhaps we should be thankful that a friendship, even one so intimate as ours, can hardly get caught upon + torn by the snags that marriage is exposed to. But I don't fail to credit the ultimate satisfaction of our friendship to the lovely qualities of your nature + disposition. It strikes me that I am a fortunate person in being twice blessed. With such a wife + such a friend, life has been better to me than I deserved. —

With my dear love,

Donald

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11 Nov., 1933.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

Carissimo :-

In spite of everything, this has been a good week for Alice. I'm only concerned lest she grow too big for her clothes. This afternoon I'm off for New York to dine with Emily Roosevelt, who has returned from Reno a "free" woman. Then she & I are going to hear the Schönberg concert & meet him at a reception given by the League of Composers afterward. On Wednesday I hear the Philharmonic in her box at Carnegie Hall. Tomorrow I drive to New Hartford with two trunks of Betty's. I'll stay overnight & be back here at work on Monday afternoon.

I had lunch with Eric Clarke last Friday, - the day before Betty arrived, - & he made several stimulating suggestions with regard to the production of Alice. I was much interested in the way he took hold of the problem. He is afraid that Hadley's scheme won't work, & he reminded me of what I already knew: that Hadley has botched every enterprise he ever engaged in, & that his reputation is very dubious among musicians. He has unquestioned ability, but both his taste & his character are distinctly second-rate.

Then Clarke proceeded to consider other organizations, those actually in operation in this country. The Metropolitan? A poor house for a delicate score, & a poor corps de ballet for a work so unlike in style what they are accustomed to perform. Chicago? Finished. West Coast? Nothing. Philadelphia? Neither of us knows whether they have a capable organization there, so that must be looked into.

Then he came to conductors, & advised me by all means to show the score to Bodanzsky & Stokowski & any other conductor

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who might make suggestions if the music interested him.

Then he came to personalities in the dance-world. He asked me if I had had any dancer in mind as being suitable for a leading rôle in the ballet. As a matter of fact, I had not, & was rather surprised that I had not. But I thought then, at that moment, of Alicia Evtera. She would be ideal for the rôle of Alice, because she could give it the girlishness & the humor it needs. So I mentioned her, & Clarke said I should see her, not for anything she might personally be able to do — she is a solo recitalist & has no organization, — but because 'like begets like', & she might know somebody who knew somebody who would be just the person for me to go to.

He himself thinks that I shall not find a suitable organization in the United States. So he ranged over Europe. England has the public but not the dancers. Paris? The dancers are poor & the public would scarcely be interested in so Anglo-Saxon a subject. Vienna? Too bound by tradition. Milan? Ditto. Brussels? An unknown quantity. There remained Berlin & Stockholm, & from all he could see, Stockholm was the place for the première! There they have a ballet organization which has classical training but is not averse to the production of homelier works.

As you may guess, I was very much stimulated by this talk. It was really an education for me, since Clarke set himself my problem, put himself in my place, & showed me how an executive mind considers all possibilities, eliminates those manifestly unpromising, & goes systematically at the remainder.

Betty brought back & put into my hands your copy of This Believing World. When I can, I will come to Cambridge with all your books & records. My love to you,

Donald

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17 Nov., '33.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

I'd rather like to have you receive this tomorrow, so I'll scribble some sort of response to your good letter which greeted me at breakfast this morning.

But first + foremost with regard to your previous letter. Be assured that I understood it + loved you for it, even if I've not yet referred to it. You hesitated to admonish me in spite of the fact that I have never hesitated to admonish you when I felt strongly + thought I thought straight! The real reason being, probably, that when I feel strongly, I speak out (to you!) whether I think or not, + that you have to feel very strongly indeed to overcome your habitual reserve. I can only tell you + that whenever you have an impulsion to tell me what is in your heart or your head, it would be better for us both that you give rein to it. It is a simple fact that I love you too much to be estranged by complete candor, + I do not believe that I love myself to a degree of egotism that would prevent my perceiving your intent to help me even if you threw caution to the winds, tho that is an action you could scarcely be capable of when writing a letter. Had we seen each other, you might have said to me what you wanted to say, because you could have felt your way + because one thing leads to another. At any rate, I did guess, from the fact that you destroyed one letter and were so desperately non-committal in the one you replaced

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it with, that you were guarding your pen from the danger of saying too much. It's all right, my dear, but next time let go + give me the works. I can stand anything from you.

I suspected from DeVoto's article that if one took fire in any degree from Pareto, one would become very skeptical of much that masquerades as history + science. Your author, Elliott Smith, seems not, from what you tell me, to have reflected that human beings are human beings whether or not they ever had any cultural contact with Egypt. I should say, superficially, that the mainsprings of human behavior being necessarily the same all over the world, there are bound to be cultural similarities + parallelisms. If we go behind religious symbolism to that character in humanity which gives rise to it, it would be extremely strange if there should be dissimilarities so great as to show no relationship. I am not yet very learned in folkways, but no one can read The Golden Bough + remain ignorant of the fact that the most primitive savage in the most remote corner of the world has curious cultural affinities with the Pope of Rome + the President of Harvard University. The savage still makes a hell of a racket with bells or drums to frighten off evil spirits before the performance of a sacred rite, + I presume the President of Harvard has not yet silenced the chapel bell before Sunday worship. It strikes me at this moment that the Egyptians had few drums + fewer bells, but I do not doubt they made a respectable noise with trumpets + sistra before beginning a religious ceremony.

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I am surprised that a Nordic blond + a Nudist to boot should be so critical of Herr Schneider's addiction to the solar myth. After having seen the stone circles of Dartmoor, I am quite willing to admit the exceeding power of the influence of the sun in the worship of inhabitants of the extreme North + South of the globe. But Herr Schneider raises so many doubts on so many subjects + annoys me so much by making assertions for which the evidence is not disclosed, that I cannot read him without constant mental reservation. He covers so enormous a field that it would be surprising if he were able to document it satisfactorily, + there would then be more footnotes than text, — but some indication of sources there certainly should be. When he gets to the Egyptians + Hebrews, he is on more familiar ground, + I think his analysis is valuable tho I should prefer a historian of culture to be neither a German nor a Christian, for if there is anything more fuz-headed than the one, it is the other.

I'm sorry you've been so miserable with a cold. The old household remedy for a sore throat used to be molasses, salt, + vinegar. I tried it last winter, with palliative results. For me, the most effective treatment has always been Laxative Bromo-Quinine plus inhalations but then one should stay indoors till the cold is better, + one should begin the L-B-Q as soon as one suspects the advent of a cold. For inhalations, you remember, I used Baume Bengué in very hot water. But I've never been able to stop Influenza.

I've been to New York twice during the past seven days, going to the Schönberg concert + reception last Saturday evening + to the Philharmonic with Emily Roosevelt on Wednesday. About Schönberg, I am quite decided that much of his music is sheer dogginess + what remains is not very interesting. He has pointed roads to freedom, but he himself is a baffled + perverse soul who hardly deserves the name of artist. His music is like all the extreme modernistic stuff. One couldn't live with it comfortably any more than one could live with furniture that was all metal + angles.

At the Philharmonic we had a new work by an old man, — David Stanley Smith of Yale, "1929 - a Satire", which began well but slumped dismally in the middle. Economic slumps one must endure, but artistic ones? And as for satire, I found none. Then we had a piece called "Birthday of the Infanta", by one Schrecker, but I had to conclude that this particular Infanta must have been born at Frankfort-am-Main, as there was, in spite of two guitars in the score, an inescapable flavor of stale beer about the whole procedure. After that we had some music, a good reading of Beethoven's Seventh, especially felicitous in the last two movements, which Walter takes fast enough to suit me.

Betty's address is Oldwell, Town Hill Rd., New Hartford, Conn. It is her birthday on Sunday, + I go over tomorrow morning to spend the week-end. She will be there till I finish Alice, at any rate, + I'm working faster now than at any time previous.

My love to you, mon vieux. — Your Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
November 27, 1933.

Dear Donald,

I really ought to be working at critical points but I'm scarcely in a state of mind for such work just at this moment. I have just sat for two hours in the New Lecture Hall at the feet of Lincoln Steffens. I had a marvelously good time and wish as much

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by the end of the evening he was quite normal.

His general subject was "How Communism works". But his talk centered about the idea that it is ingrain belief in an axiom – specifically the axiom that the incentive of profit is necessary in economic life – which prevents us from getting ahead – from finding our mistakes. Consequently the hope of success lies with the young who have not yet been perverted.

The chief new thing that I learned that you and Betty might have heard him.

I feel hopelessly unable to give any account of the talk in a letter. It was full of his inimitable wit, good stories illustrating his points to perfection. When he started the lecture he was at least three quarters drunk. His mind was perfectly clear, but one had a peculiar feeling of wonderment at what might happen. The chairman, Prof. Holcombe, looked about in all directions in some dismay. But the slight miscoordination wore off as time when on and

about Steffens, himself, from the talk, which I didn't learn from his book is that he is an active communist. According to what he said he is a communist organizer in California. He has closed his mind and stopped thinking - for him communism is the right way.

As he see it fascism is the last stand of capitalism and he sees fascism coming here in America, soon, very soon - business men can't run business even in their own interests because their heads are empty.

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Fascism will fail because it can't cope with technological progress. And it's impossible to stop the latter. Technology requires communism as its essential doctrine. But you + I know that.

I have made a few notes of the lecture and when I am fortunate enough to see you I'll try to recapture some of it for you.

I'm in the midst of rewriting what I wrote about a month ago. Morse has persuaded an editor to publish it as soon

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most interesting - it is somewhat fascinating to say better what you have said not as well.

My cold is practically cured - but I had to gargle nearly a pint of corn syrup! Throughout last week I was using a nasal douche for the first time in my life - it took me some time to acquire the technique & not pouring the solution down my throat or down my shirt front!

I'm going to Exeter Wednesday afternoon to spend Thanksgiving as it is ready. So I spent all day Friday until 7 am o'clock going over it with him. He disliked large parts of it & knew after I had finished it that he wanted. He attacked the very thing that you attacked in my writing - too long sentences. We got over only one-fifth of it that day. I now have that rewritten, more to my satisfaction. It will take at least ten days and possibly twice that number to finish it. But that part is the

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Shall you celebrate at the farm? I would say that an ideal place for a Thanksgiving gallifixation - do those words clash too much? Wherever you spend Thursday I hope your whole family will have a pleasant holiday.

Now for a look at my papers and then to bed.

My love to you.

George.

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10 Terrace Place,
Danbury, Conn.
2 Dec., 1933.

Carissimo: –

If I don't write to you tonight, God knows when I'll get the chance. I drove Betty & Helen back to New Hartford today after their Thanksgiving visit here, – the first time Betty has been here since she landed from France, tho Mother & Marguerite have both been over there, & Mother & Helen Rider plan to drive over next Wednesday. We didn't do much save give Thanks via the alimentary tract & play Contract & go to see Little Women at the movies. This morning I gave a 'reading' of Alice, who was much admired.

I thought of you at Exeter & hoped you were enjoying your holiday.

I've been feeling rather below par for the last week, & this evening I actually went to sleep in my chair, which proves that something is rotten in the state of Donald. I'm afraid I've not been getting out of doors frequently enough, & how I miss my sun-baths!

The American Ballet Association have been told exactly upon what terms they can have the rights to Alice for one season. As they seem to want very much to produce her, I have hopes they will be willing to meet my requirements. But I have dia-

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covered that they are by no means prepared to undertake a production during the current season, which is just as well, because they should certainly not go off half cocked. When they actually fire, they should be fairly sure of hitting the bullseye. At present, they are full of good intentions, but I am a little afraid of their taste. Barber, who seems to have most of the ideas, has a few very bad ones. For instance, he told me that they had a scheme for having Helena Rubinstein pick the women dancers. Now Helena is, so they told me, a beauty specialist, & knows nothing about dancing. The more I think of this little piece of information, the more horrified I am. Of course, dancers should have personable bodies, & faces too, if possible. But make-up can do wonders for faces, & training should make bodies expressive, — & if they are expressive & if the members of the ballet are technically competent, that is all a producer need demand, or should demand if he has any sense. To call in a "Beautician" to pick the women of a corps de ballet seems to me to get right down in the same pigsty with the insufferable Roxy. I can see right now that somebody in the organization is going to have to fight for decent artistic standards, & of course I know that, if I get involved, I shall fight to the last ditch. I haven't one atom of confidence in Hadley, who may be a

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Good Fellow with the Best Intentions in the World, but unfortunately his career is full of ignoble compromises. He sells himself very cheap, I think, & he is not only a weak character but he ~~does not~~ fails to distinguish with sufficient sureness good art from bad. Of course, his own music tells that story with sickening clarity. It may owe the eventual production of my ballet to him, because he happens to be an old friend of my wife's, but already I can see very difficult problems of professional ethics & of artistic integrity looming up. It isn't a very nice world, George, mon vieux. One has to do battle constantly for one's convictions, be they political, educational, artistic, or what-not. I can only hope that, if I have to defend my artistic convictions before the organizers of the American Ballet Association, I can do so more ably & with better success than I had in a similar encounter at the Eastman School in Rochester.

Emily Roosevelt is continuing to be very nice to me. Last Tuesday she had me in for a turkey dinner with Mrs. Wessell, her teacher, & Mr. William Sperry, who is one of the more civilized men of Danbury. We all met through Sokoloff & the concerts at Weston, & Emily had a box for the first New York concert of the New York Orchestra this season, to which she took us & two other men after dinner. The orchestra is much improved. They have a new 1st Horn, — very much needed, — & Van Vliet, who used to play 'cello in the Philharmonic, is now their 1st 'Cellist. They played the Chausson Symphony, which I was glad to hear again, & Philip James conducted his Station WBXZQ or whatever it is. I am quite sure now that I like it. Orchestrally, it is delightful. After it was over, I remarked, "Well, that is good, clean fun," & was amused to find that Gilman used the identical expression in his Tribune review, next day. James looks like a caricature of a human being, with an enormous head on a small tho stout body. He conducted most satisfactorily.

I think you did very well in your little report of the Steffens lecture, & why you should feel uncertain about such things is a mystery to me. I feel as tho I had been there myself, & I'm grateful to you for taking the trouble to take me with you! You have the knack, apparently, — even tho you don't think so, — of getting the gist of a talk of that kind, & you retell it in brief with clarity & judgment. I'd like to go over your notes with you if & when

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opportunity serves, but, if it doesn't, I can be quite content with what you have already told me.

I am glad Morse is getting after you in the matter of your style of writing. Of course, I don't judge you by your letters, because you write so hastily. But simplicity & conciseness are prime virtues, & if one writes for publication, those qualities are essential in an exposition of something which is addressed rather to the understanding than to the emotions. Needless to say, I shall be tickled to death to see G. B. Van S. in print!

It being already December, & I longing to see you, I hope you can plan for a couple of days with me in New York, since I have to go down there frequently. You have been mentioned as a candidate for an invitation to New Hartford, but I did not respond with enthusiasm because I would rather have you to myself, as I'm sure you will understand. The family here in Danbury have also expressed the hope that you will come here during your vacation, — and if things work out conveniently as to days & dates, I shall be more than delighted. At any rate, please tell me when your vacation begins & when it ends, &

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help me to plan for our meeting well in advance. I suppose you will prefer to go home first, & to meet me in New York three days or so before you must be back in Cambridge. Then you could spend the final night here & take your train at Bridgeport the next day. Or, if you wanted to "acquire merit", you could insist on being taken to New Hartford en route to Cambridge, & take your train at Hartford for Boston on the ultimate day. (Hartford is 18 miles from New Hartford). If you came to Danbury, I should say it would be wise to return via New Hartford. If you & I met in New York only, you wouldn't have to be diplomatic. The only other contingency I can think of is that in which you will be needing to husband your resources to the last dollar, because New York will be more expensive for you than Danbury. In that case, we can plan three days of 'hiking', & you can come here direct from Coxsackie. Whatever you choose to do, you know that I shall cooperate in every way possible. Only I should like to know just the period I must plan for.

Betty & Helen have already asked Sandor & Elizabeth Vas to New Hartford during their vacation, & will expect me to be there during at least a part of their stay. But they have not yet replied to Betty's letter. They also want to invite Morris, but in spite of that fact, I don't intend to let anything interfere with my 2-3 days with you. So let me know soon what you yourself prefer to do, & I'll manage somehow to favor your preference. I can always have an unbreakable business engagement in New York!

With my deep love,

Donald

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3 Dec. '33.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

P. S. to letter of Dec. 2, 1933.

I meant to have told you that Anne fell all the way down the front stairs a few days ago. + how she escaped being badly hurt is a mystery. But, thanks be to Zeus, she did. She was bruised + lame + sore for a long time, but the worst hurt was to her nerves. She is beginning to be herself again now, but we were anxious about her + she was scared to death about herself.

Should you see any items in the N. Y. papers concerning Donald Tweedy's Alice in Wonderland, don't believe all that's printed. These fellows are so crazy to start their "Publicity" that they are stretching shoestrings that may not prove elastic!

Je t'embrasse. —

D.

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[DEC. 8, 1933]

Station GBVS
12:30 P.M.

Lake News Flashes.

Cambridge. Mr. G. B. Van Schaack, the well-known Harvard cynic, has just returned to this city after a four-hour conference with Prof. Moreton Morse of Harvard. The conference was for the purpose of discussing the mathematicians' code, of which Mr. Van Schaack has made a preliminary draft.

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matters above is suppressed in the near future. In any event he feels certain that he himself will explode.

Station QWBS signing off until later. Good night!

Mr. Jan Schaack wishes to be quoted as saying that, during the conference, his patience was strained to the breaking point in trying to persuade Prof Keane to leave us back at least one complete sentence of the manuscript. He affirms that never again will he undertake the task of writing anything for or with anyone.

He predicts an explosion of the capitalistic system unless

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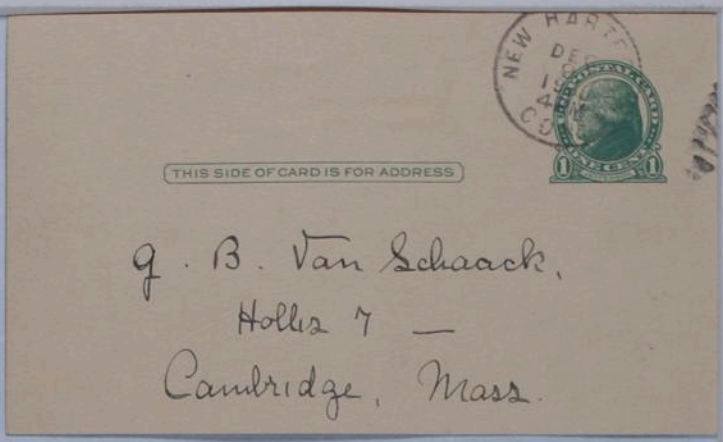
THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

G. B. Van Schaack,
Hollis 7 —
Cambridge, Mass.

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Station SFZ 9.XII.33

Current Comment

Re Co-operation, co-ordination, or co-anything-you-like between Marston & George:— Whatza matter, Kid, cantcha take it?

Codetta

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Christmas, 1933.
specifically, December 20th.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

Dear George:-

This letter will probably have to be written in intervals, + I'm afraid it can't be much of a letter, but at any rate it brings you my love + my desire that you will have a happy Christmas. Since you will be with me on New Year's Day, I'm inclined to make that the real Festival of the Year. And this time I'll not send your gift to Coxsackie, since you would only have to transport it, but save it for the New Year.

Thus far, there promise to be no undue complications next week. Betty sent for your address to invite you to New Hartford. I am going for her on Friday, + she will be here through Monday anyway. The Vases had not yet signified their intention of coming or not coming when last I heard. But I expect to meet you in New York on Friday the 29th., whatever happens. My idea would be

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for us to have lunch together, spend the afternoon at the museum, & the evening at the Monte Carlo Ballet. I have two seats for that. Then, instead of paying hotel bills in New York, why not come back to Danbury via train to Stamford (I can leave Fritz II in Stamford) & then we'd be here Saturday morning. Then we could drive to New Hartford on Sunday, if that seemed the best plan, or a day later if the festivities here threatened to be damped by our absence.

I think that, if you write Betty, you had better say you hope I can ~~[illegible]~~ meet you in New York on Friday the 29th if possible. At any rate, we have got to meet somewhere, tho if anything so cataclysmic happened as to prevent me from reaching New York, you could get here by the Pittsfield Express, which leaves Grand Central at 3 35, or, if you came by a later train, I could meet you at South Norwalk, so there are plenty of ways & means.

Mother wants you here for Saturday & Sunday, so you can assure Betty that, as far as you know, you will be able to come to New Hartford on New Year's Day, tho you must be back in Cambridge the following evening. Or you can say that the time from Friday to Tuesday is dedicated to Danbury & New Hartford, & leave the

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exact division to be arranged by us. And, knowing how you hate to make decisions, my guess is that that is what you will prefer to write.

I know that Betty sets some store by the midnight vigil on New Year's Eve. She will want to drink the Old Year out + the New Year in, + she will be terribly disappointed if I am not with her, I'm afraid. I therefore concede that it will probably be Sunday afternoon the 31st that we drive over to New Hartford.

I am a little hesitant about the question whether to remain or not to remain in New York on the 29th. It will be 1 A.M. or after (if we miss the 11.25) when we reach here, + museums, to me, are physically very exhausting. What do you think? Of course, we can sleep as late as we choose, the next morning, + we shall save about 2.50 each. Would you much rather stay in New York? If we had a room, we could rest + bathe between the Metropolitan + the ballet. What do you say?

I have so much to tell you, + this is such a busy week, that I think I'll save it all for when we are together. There is a long tale of the negotiations about Alice. And I've met a lot of interesting people I must tell you about. Last week I spent three whole days in New York, heard two concerts, + passed the third evening at Denishawn House, conferring with Ruth St. Denis. On Sunday, I went down again for a League of Composers' affair at the newly decorated + enlarged French Institute, which no longer reminds one of Thompkins Corners. The week before, I saw Agnugna Enters, + I agree with you that hers is often a very tenuous + frail art, tho at moments she is deeply moving. She could not do the rôle of Alice, as I at first thought possible. She is not enough of a dancer. She has the necessary capacity for an undertone of humor + an overtone of naïveté, but she is not technically equipped to do the necessary dancing even if the role appealed to her, + I very much doubt if it would.

I hope Eva will be at home during this vacation. If she is, give her my warmest good wishes, + tell her I shall want to know from you just how she is getting on. I hope she keeps sufficiently well.

I shall think of you often on Christmas Day, + I look forward eagerly to the following Friday.

With my love.

Donald

P.S. Helen Tufts + Harrison Hall are motoring to Wiscasset for Christmas.

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Cossatcia, N.Y.
December 25, 1933.

Dear Donnell,

Your good letter was awaiting me here when I arrived on Saturday afternoon. It contained the only word from Betty that I have had, for no letter from her has reached me. I leave all decisions with Betty and you. Should I receive a letter

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week. You mentioned no meeting place in New York so I set the Grand Central Station information booth in the center of the concourse. My train reaches Manhasset about 11:15 so that I ought to reach the station by 12 o'clock or shortly thereafterward.

I'm glad you picked the Ballet - it will be a big help to have a competent explanation along when I see my first ballet!

Eva is at home. i.e. to say she is in Cazenovia - she has spent so much time up at the church

from her within a day or two I will write her and say that you and I will drive up to New Hartford on Sunday afternoon (if that is what you wish). I am anxious to see Betty and would be very glad to welcome 1934 with her.

As for New York it is wholly immaterial to me how long I stay there. I would be quite willing to make the journey to Danbury after the show on Friday night. The important item to me is the people I see, not the place I see them. So decide just as you

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since I arrived that I have scarcely seen her. And this morning she is at my sister-in-law's helping get dinner for our combined families. She seems to be quite well - much better than last year but I have yet to find out how her work is getting along.

All for now. I have just had notice that we must start ~~for~~ in the direction of the dinner which awaits us.

I'm sure you are having a joyful Christmas. With many forward looks toward Friday

Sincerely
George

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26 Dec. 1933
in fact 27 Dec.
being 2 A.M.

10 TERRACE PLACE
DANBURY, CONN.

Giorgio mio: —

The centre of the concourse at the Grand Central is a grand central location for our reunion.

On Friday, I reach N.Y. ca. 9[15] but must hie me out to Flushing, which I shall reach ca. 10.30. Allowing me an hour there, I cannot regain the Gd. Central much before 12[30], so let's say you will be there as near 12[30] as you can.

On 2nd thot the bookstalls in the Waiting Room, (one or tother, — there are 2, 1 ea. side of main entrance on 42nd St.) are a more interesting place to wait, & one can sit down while keeping an eye on the bookstalls (1 eye on each). I'll meet you at or near those bookstalls, as near to 12[30] as I can make it.

Mother & Aunt Estelle are to be at Grace Tweedy's apartment at 1 West 64th St. this week-end, & we'll go there 'tween Museum & Monte Carlo & pre-empt their bath-tub if necessary. We will not spend the money to spend the night in New York.

My best to all your family, specially Enza — and I'll thank

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you properly for Cross when I see you

your somewhat cock-eyed

Donald

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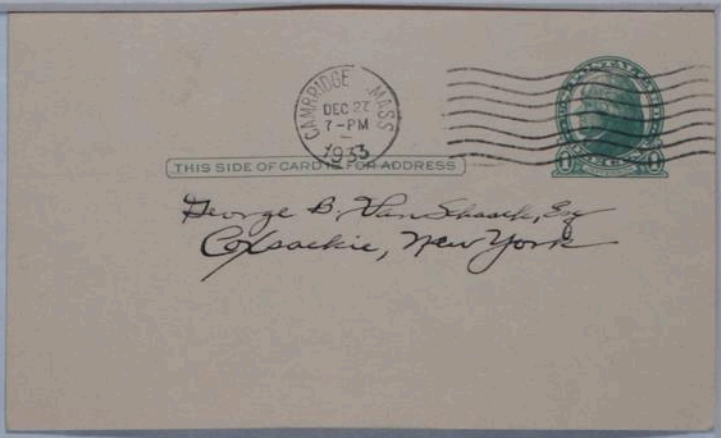

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Bach - 3 Part Inventions

F.

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Danbury,
2 Jan., 1934.

Carissimo:-

There was no trouble getting the numbers. I did need your $5. + am most grateful. Betty was all in when we got back to Aldwell, + I left her with some misgivings. I hope now she can get a good rest, but whether that is a possibility in a house that contains yellin Fuss is somewhat dubious.

I enjoyed seeing Morris again. He is right good company, + if only he were as interesting on paper (and as keen in writing letters) as he is in conversation, I should be at more pains to keep in touch with him.

You were a pathetic martyr to the Cause of Contract. But you did manifestly improve, + I'm convinced that all you need is practice. Why don't you make a point of playing oftener?

I'm grateful for my share of your vacation, + I love you very dearly.

Donald

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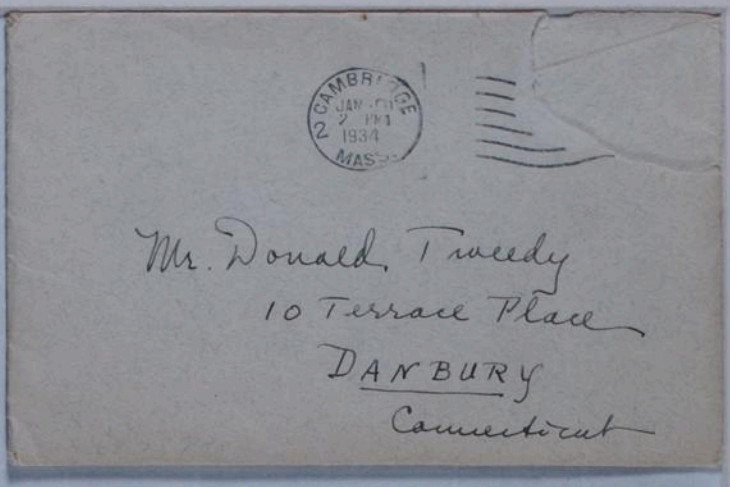

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Frau Prof. Brandegee
Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge Mass.
January 9, 1934.

Dear Donald.

It's only ten-thirty but already I want frightfully to go to bed. However, if you are to hear from me this week I reckon I had better write you now.

I want first to tell you again that I enjoyed to the full the days I had with you and your people. Please convey my thanks to all of them.

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myself in a madhouse. The man of the funny name - Mr. Cushwa - was there and said he thought it was a good play.

And thus ended my vacation. I got right to work Wednesday morning and have been at it more or less ever since. I have at last finished the paper although the final section has yet to have Prof. Harris criticism. It ought to be just about out of the way in a week. But exams are approaching and I must spend the best part of a day this week

It's impossible for me to tell you how much I enjoy being with you - but life has a different and finer quality when I can be - and don't despair - the effect lasts even for a time at least.

As you probably didn't know my brain was a half hour late at Hartford. But it got me into Boston before I knew it. That night a friend persuaded me to go see O'Neill "Days Without End". I'll not try to describe the play - you'll probably read of it in the papers but it didn't strike any very responsive chord in me. I felt

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devising two sufficiently devilish
exams for my classes.

Tomorrow night I have dinner
with Mrs Coan - whom you met in
Exeter - at her invitation, but she
hinted that the evening would still
be young when dinner were over, so
I reckon I shall have to find a
play to take her to. And on
Saturday I have a date with another
married woman - Mrs. Curwen, the
wife of D'Arcy, with whom we went
punting something over a year ago.
She is very fond of music +
especially fond of Myra Hess. Last
year she - I went to hear Myra

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Here together only to find we were there on the wrong day! So when I read of Negri's coming recital on Saturday I sent a letter straight off to Mrs. Carman to ask her to go with me. Of course, my conversation impelled me to invite D'Arcy as well, but fortunately he declined for the only tickets left when I received her answer were $2.20.

You remember I have often said it is married women with whom I get on best. Apparently I'm not a woman-tamer - I like mine pre-tamed!

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wanted you like to have me send it along to you?

I have had a note from Eva from Baltimore. She did not go to the Natural History Museum in New York, but went straight through to Baltimore!

All for now. Love to all your family and a generous portion for yourself.

George.

P.S. I hope Betty has recovered from the rigors of the holiday — she certainly spent herself round.

I enclose the 'Alice' clipping I showed you at New Hartford, thinking your father would especially be directed by it, and also a sequel (not so good) which I received by mail from father.

I spent some of my hard earned money last week to purchase a copy of the book by the Seven Wise Men of Harvard who seek to interpret the New Deal. As far as I have read in it I have been quite disappointed - it seems just words, words, words - but I shall read it again & see if I am wrong.

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I wish Helen had sense enough not to be so thoughtless with her.

9.

P.S. In O'Neill's play the chief character is two men - one the so-called rational self and the other the emotional self. At the end of the play the rational self is defeated & falls dead at the foot of a huge crucifix while the emotional self is regenerated. That night I had a wild dream involving Catholics, in which I took much raging against them and smashed a crucifix!

9.

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From Donald Tweedy,
10 Terrace Pl.,
Danbury, Conn.

DANBURY, CONN.
JAN 13
3-PM
1934

Mr. George B. Van Schaack,
Hollis 7 —
Harvard yard,
Cambridge, Mass.

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Danbury, 12 Jan. '34.

Dear Crucifix-Smasher:—

I haven't time just now to write you a letter, but in view of your psychic reaction to Catholicism, I am moved to copy out for you the first of George Santayana's remarkable sonnets:

I sought on earth a garden of delight
Or island altar to the Sea and Air,
Where gentle music were accounted prayer,
And reason, veiled, performed the happy rite.
My sad youth worshipped at the piteous height
Where God vouchsafed the death of man to share;
His love made mortal sorrow light to bear,
But his deep wounds put joy to shamed flight.
And though his arms, outstretched upon the tree
Were beautiful, and pleaded my embrace,
My sins were loth to look upon his face.
So came I down from Golgotha to thee,
Eternal Mother; let the sun and sea
Heal me, and keep me in thy dwelling-place.

Such things as this should not, of course, be merely read over. I have it by heart, and it is in my heart, since yesterday, though I always loved it.

Don't send me the lucubrations of the Seven Wise Men of Harvard! I haven't read O. D. H. Cole as yet! My economics has to wait for so many other things!

Dein dichtliebender Donald

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Danbury, 25 Jan. '34.

Carissimo: –

I get very lonely for you sometimes. Nothing serious, just a vague unease, when the answer to the question: "What's the matter?" is: "Nothing, – just the absence of an integral part of my world." Aber Schluss damit.

I keep putting more & more music into Alice. I think I'm getting her ready for the inevitable "cuts". Certainly the scene I am doing could probably be cut entirely, – the scene of the Gryphon & Mock Turtle. Still, it gives very necessary time for the preparation of the Trial Scene, which is complicated, & which cannot follow immediately the scene of the Croquet Game.

The New Hartford visits come weekly, & we always play Contract, & we always listen to the Philharmonic on Sunday afternoon, & we always talk a great deal & walk not at all, & sometimes I read aloud.

Last Saturday I went to New York. I heard Mozart's Don Giovanni at the Metropolitan in the afternoon, & then took Mrs. Eric Clarke to dine at the Lafayette & to the League of Composers' concert afterward. I may be a back-number, but in the afternoon I considered that I was listening to music & in the evening that I was not. The evening program was Hindemith & the later Stravinsky, including the much-talked-of Histoire du Soldat. There are certain things I demand of music,

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& when I don't get them, I am cross. I'm not too fussy, — I'd as soon be amused as to be entranced, but when I hear these portentous trivialities, pieces that require study & rehearsal to play & cost money to hear, & then succeed in saying so very little, & that banal, — well, the game just isn't worth the candle. Hindemith has moments, & I like his idiom: it sounds new but authentic. But he will write when his ideas, his actual musical materials, are worthless. The result is a manufactured article, & absolutely lifeless. I'll take Mozart every time, thank you.

The Don was very well sung, & oh! what a joy to hear a melodic phrase that had a beginning, a middle, & an end, & belonged to its context! Performances of Mozart operas are all too rare in this country, & this is said to be the last one of the Metropolitan season. I was glad to be there.

Mrs. Clarke is an extremely interesting person. We were so absorbed in our conversation that we were late for the concert, but I had no regrets. We talked about Alice, & novel-writing, (she is a novelist with one novel published, in England,) about Paul Morgan's novel, The Fault of Angels, about the difficulties of music as a profession, about differences

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between English & Americans, about Rochester & the Eastman theatre, & I found her a person of great charm & intelligence, sure of her own opinions but tolerant of disagreement, & as good at listening as at talking, – rarest of all virtues in either man or woman. Betty doesn't know her well as yet, but she will take to her like a duck to water when the opportunity comes.

We are talking of spending a week in New York when Alice is finished. And we expect to drive out to Rochester about the 8th of February, where we shall be guests of the Vases & I'm to meet Mr Hamilton Harty & talk with him about the chances for Alice in England. Incidentally, Guy is to play two of the dances over the radio at that time, – I've forgotten whether or not I told you.

Now I'm very tired, & I must stop. Write to me soon & tell me how things are with you, & whether you've succeeded in keeping your temper with the acutely critical Morse.

With my love,

Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
February 7, 1934.

Dear Betty & Donald,

If you have wondered as often when you were going to hear from me as I have wondered when I should find an unbroken hour to write you, you have had me fairly constantly in mind. I have been in more or less of a mad rush for a month. First

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myself into feeling what he wanted was what I wanted - I can now criticise my own writing a hundred per cent more intelligently than I could before.

In between times I had done some studying for my exam last Friday and devoted all of my time after the paper was sent off to that. I made the usual grade in the exam but I feel I rode through, as I have before, on my reputation rather than on my knowledge.

I walked from the exam to the train, going to Exeter for the

the paper had to be finished before Marie left. The last section was quite complicated and had to be rewritten a couple of times. But at last it was completed and typewritten - I sent the copy off to the editor on January 30. Now that it's over + done to the general taste I feel it was worthwhile - certainly from the standpoint of what I learned about writing a paper and also from the standpoint of subject-matter. I finally got used to Prof. Marie's corrections and acquired a feeling for what he wanted - in fact worked

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week-end. I was there until Sunday night, staying with Mr + Mrs Hagg and seeing most of the people I cared about there. I was at the Rogers' Saturday evening discussing with them and another friend on Pareto. They had all read DeVoto's article and were anxious to have me give them news from the front. Despite my inadequate knowledge of the subject their brains were sufficiently alive to produce a lively discussion. As the subject of Pareto per se cooled the fourth member, Dr. Lloyd, an instructor in English, brought up the subject of appreciation

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of poetry, of which, as you know, I know nothing. But I could follow him, for to my astonishment & glee I found that he approaches poetry in precisely the way I approach music, and gets from it precisely the reaction I get from music. He, on his part, knows nothing of music. He would like to get hold of a book a two which could open his eyes, or better his ~~eyes~~ ears, to music, in the way that he has already had them opened to poetry. Do you know of any such book? I don't. I can vaguely imagine how such a book

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having read it as a whole although years + years ago I did read a few paragraphs. The memory lingers that it's not for the wholly uninitiated- am I right? But it might do, preceded by a simple introduction - how about a book by a man whose name I remember as Gehrkens - the title Fundamentals of Music(?) or something like that - Or is there such a book by C. J. Hamilton? Please don't go into any research over this - I shall do that myself - but if you know off-hand of anything of the nature I'm interested in I'd be grateful for the suggestion.

might be written but I can't think of any one who might have done it. What I have seen written about music has been either for the initiated or for the uninitiatable(!), the latter full of meaningless + abstract terms + phrases. Of course, even with such a book as I envisage I am afraid one would be seriously handicapped without ready access to carefully selected music played at the proper time as illustration. Since I penned the lines above it has occurred to me that Prof. Spalding once wrote a book on music - I cannot confess to

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Our second term started on Monday and life doesn't seem to be any quieter so far. I allowed myself to be persuaded to go out to Reading Monday evening to play bridge with one of my students. He is withdrawing from college for lack of funds and since we have been rather good friends and it was his last night here I couldn't refuse him. It was a bitter cold night and our conveyance was an old Ford roadster with no side-curtains! But we reached there before freezing, only to find that the fourth member, the father of the boy to whose home

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we went, had, for some inexplicable reason, gone out – to play bridge! Well, the three of us played three-handed whist until 10:30 when the father returned. We then played bridge until nearly twelve. At that time the temperature was something below zero. We spent about fifteen minutes starting the car, finally having to push it to the road by hand and then ~~to~~ it pushed by another car for about half a mile. We were sailing through Stoneham when the engine gasped and expired – no gas – despite the fact I had made diligent inquiry

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Yesterday Mr. & Mrs. Hagg were down to lunch. And in the evening I ~~was~~ attended the annual dinner of the Division of Mathematics to the younger members of the department. Prof. Brodgman gave a very interesting talk on a ~~[redacted]~~ fundamental problem in mathematics which, where it has not met solution at the hands of mathematicians, has been glossed over. Despite the interest of the talk however it was disappointing to find that he speaks so badly. He made few complete sentences and constantly

of my friends with respect to the supply. No lighted station was in sight so I rang the doorbell of the nearest house where lights were still burning. A most hospitable man opened the door and said he feared we were out of luck for he thought all the stations in Shanghai were closed at that hour! But a telephone call to the police near the a station a quarter of a mile away which was still open. We pushed the car to it, being aided by a slight decline for about a third of the way. The rest of the journey was uneventful.

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repeated what he had already said. He has written a paper on the subject which appears this month - I hope to get a copy of it - judging by his paper in the December Harpers it should be well written.

And today two friends from Exeter came in about three o'clock and insisted on my going to a movie with them. We went in to the Paramount + saw a rather poor picture - 'Four Frightened People' - it was saved chiefly by the views of Mauna Loa + adjacent jungles which are reputed to be authentic.

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And now I try to look forward to a somewhat quieter future. I have my two classes at last term & shall have to correct my own papers - partly for the sake of economy and partly because my corrector threw up the job. I am taking only one course although I attend a second - with Marie away I have no pressing research on hand but he did leave me some things to think about. I shall make my first job the revision of my minor thesis, which I wrote last summer - it hasn't been rejected yet but I can't believe I shan't have to alter it.

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several people holding both points of view have brought me to feel that it [redacted] quit a good an answer as I thought, and says only part of [redacted]. what I want said.

Conant has certainly not been clear in defining his terms - he may have been purposely vague - I have met two distinct and opposite interpretations of his word 'scholar'. The persists in tying it with the word 'erection', which, added to my knowledge of his own scholarship leads me to believe that by scholar he means one in his own fort

A topic furnishing grounds for no end of altercation elsewhere at present is President Conant's report. I reckon you must have received your copy by this time and have given it at least a glance. I endeavor a reply to it. The writer received a summa in classics, obtained a doctoral degree three years later, was sent abroad for a year and has since been an instructor + tutor in classics here - he is generally conceded to be himself a promising scholar. When I first read the letter I envied the writer for having written it, but repeated readings and discussion of it with

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image - a man who spends his time cataloguing facts. I have no quarrel with this interpretation - such scholars are indispensable - but indispensable to society only in the sense that ~~bigots~~ rights is indispensable to human beings. There are other indispensable types of men and the place to train them is in a University - the world has to be run by people who spend their time running it and who, consequently, have no time to be 'creative scholars'. But I object to their being ~~kept~~ excluded from the benefits of a 'cultural

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training such as can be given at [redacted] an institution like Harvard. I see no reason why Harvard College isn't big enough to contain at least two types of students - those who will spend their lives within academic walls as scholars and those who will spend their lives outside these walls attending to the important non-academic affairs of life.

It seems to me that the question here is not fundamentally the desirability of scholars but one's views of the purpose

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not ~~neglecting~~ many fruitful means of integrating his view of life. And since it is not only materially impossible for all of us to be scholars but also intellectually impossible, it is well for us to see to it that as many as possible are enabled to create for themselves a satisfactory picture of existence. And this cannot be brought about by any system of secondary school education. ~~One~~ One simply is not mature enough by that stage. I was discussing this with Prof. Hadley at the dinner last night - he wanted admit to Harvard College students - to 80% of the enrollment - who were

of life. That a poor way of saying what I mean. For I don't wish to imply that there is a purpose of life. As for myself, however, I don't want to shuffle off before I have been able to make sense of this most extraordinary phenomenon of consciousness. I am willing to admit to anyone that adding one more bit to the sum of human knowledge goes a long way towards shaping one's interpretation of life. But I cannot admit at present that he who spends his whole life + energy in discovering new bits of knowledge is

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not to become scholars but he would exclude from their instruction subjects in which no important discoveries are now being made, for example, the classics - he might teach Shakespeare!

Well, I don't seem to be getting anywhere - if I could only see you I might be able to make myself clear. By the way, when shall I see you? The Bach Mass is to be given on March 18th. Should you like to hear it and if so can you come? I would be only too

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glad to present you with tickets for it but I should know some time in advance- tickets have already been on sale for several weeks.

I have read several things since I last wrote of which the most exciting was Zweig's 'Marie Antoinette'. It is a remarkable book and it is a long time since I have read a novel half so engrossing. With all my communistic tendencies I was royalist as long as I read it & for much during the latter part of the

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I await with eagerness Sir Hamilton's reaction and suggestions.

I hope you have survived to this point. For I want you to give my kindest regards to the Sage. And, should you think of me at the time, remember me to any of the few other friends I have in Rochester when you see them.

With my love,

George.

book where escape seemed so imminent but so tantalizingly failed. Despite my fascination I doubted the validity of all the details, especially after that paragraph in the chapter on Tarzan where Emery pays such glowing tribute to the journey of the imagination. That was a bitter pill for a Puritan to swallow.

I hope you were able to make a comfortable trip to Rochester and that your visit there will be fruitful. I shall try to hear the radio concert tomorrow - is not that the one at which your dances are to be played?

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Tues., 13 Feb., '34.

Carissimo: —

Your fat letter, forwarded from Rochester, reached me here this afternoon. The liaison-trench between us seems to have failed to function for the last few weeks, & now I have a light attack of the Flu & must sit write a letter. I meant to let you know definitely about the broadcast, which occurred a week ago today, but, like you, I have been working & trying to content those who made direct demands upon me. I thought of telegraphing you, but it didn't seem important enough. Afterward, I was glad, because only the Rose Tree dance sounded well. Sir Hamilton did not like my music, which is probably too advanced for him. At least, so I judged after hearing his own Wild Geese played on Thursday afternoon. And then, he dislikes vehemently the ballet as an art-form, so vehemently as to make no apparent allowance for what Harrison & Vaz had told him of my score.

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He is, however, one of the most charming men I have ever met, and, humanly speaking, it was a joy to meet him. He is not a great conductor, but he is conscientious for art, & sincere enough to be a rarity. It would be to the orchestra's advantage in Rochester if they could afford to engage him permanently, but I believe they cannot.

Did you hear Hanson's Merry Mount on Saturday? In the long run, it made me very nervous, because the music itself is all nerves. With a climax every 20 or 30 bars one soon becomes irritated. Much of the basic material is cheap, notably the love-theme, because Hanson has as little heart as an artist as he has as a human being. There is in him no profundity & no capacity for ecstasy. He has no gift for melody, & rhythms are with him an obsession which soon induces boredom. It is as harmonist & orchestral colorist that he does his best work, but his best is flawed with mannerisms (abuse of the double- or triple-appogiatura & of chords of the ninth & thirteenth, & a texture weighed down with inner thirds & seconds.) I must hear the work in the opera-house, of course, but I rather dread the ordeal.

I can't hold out any hope to you for the possibility of a Boston visit this Spring. I think it extremely unlikely. I'm filming my hopes on being with you in New York during your Spring recess. When does it come?

Of course I'm interested in the Conant controversy. I read his report. My own inclination is to say that university professors should be teachers first & scholars afterward, for if they cannot communicate a passion for knowledge & the understanding of life, of what use is their scholarship? But of this, more later we meet. I feel much better today than yesterday, but I'm trying to go easy, & now I must stop. I'd love to hear from you speedily. — Just a sheet, — because where one is unwell, one is more dependent on affection.

We had a "successful" trip, but it was exhausting.

With my deepest love,

Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
February 15, 1934.

Dear Donald,

Glad to hear from you so today but not pleased to hear that you are having the 7th again - why and how do you get it so regularly year after year? I hope this letter will not arrive in time to find it still with you.

It seems to me the journey to and from Rochester must have been

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Koussevitsky gave an all Strauss program last Saturday - the suite from 'Der Bürger als Edelmann' and 'Symphonia Domestica'. Knowing neither of them and having found Strauss not the easiest composer to comprehend at first hearing I feared for my pleasure. But I was most pleasantly disappointed for I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The suite is quite charming - certainly in practice - and it was good to hear a small orchestra. ~~The symphony~~ As you know, the music derives from Lully and I thought Strauss was frigid - South Norwalk to Danbury in such a temperature isn't so bad but fifteen such trips end to end would have given me pause. Now that I think of it I don't wonder you have a cold.

I did not hear your dances - even had I tried to I should have tried on the wrong day - I couldn't find the concert listed on a Boston station and don't know anyone whose radio works very well over long distance during the daytime. Eric has told about Sir Hamilton that he doesn't like ballets - but you weren't really counting on him anyhow, were you?

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kind to him and allowed him to have more part in the music than just his name. The symphony is very Strauss and on a first hearing, at least, more amusing than profound - but by that time I was in the mood to be amused. There's a rousing (I won't say rousing good) double fugue in the last section which develops into a grand finale in which one momentarily expects the end nothing the while that the end were a long way off.

I got an interesting sidelight on the Conant controversy this week. A friend of mine had gone to the

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president's open house Sunday afternoon. There were several people there who were making a laboured attempt to get Conant to say what he meant by the word 'scholarship'. He hemmed & hawed and finally said he didn't know, but that when and if he decided he would write a book on the subject! Not a very dignified position for the President of Harvard University.

I'm sorry you can't see your way clear to come to Boston this spring. As for seeing you in New York I can say without much fuss

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that I hope it may come to pass. My family will probably go N the day end if I suggest it, but I think I can wangle one night in New York at one end or the other of the vacation. We have the week of April 1-8.

All for now. Please let me know when the flu leaves you. With my love,

George.

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Feb. 21, 1934.

Giorgio mio caro :—

Today for the first time I begin to feel that Donald is going to be himself again. Of course, the trouble is that when I feel perfectly well, as I usually do, I abuse my well-being. Then, when I get over-fatigued at last, a little germ comes along & knocks me flat. Then I'm an inconsolable time a-getting better. The trip to Rochester was exceedingly trying. In the first place, & in spite of the brave little heater that my sister-in-law presented us with, — without it we could not have motored a hundred miles in that bitter cold weather, — my hands & my toes roasted on getting half-frozen. I was not warm enough on any day of our drive. Going out, we reached Clinton at nightfall, but the next day it was dark long before we reached Rochester. And it tires me to death to drive against oncoming headlights. It was worse on the trip home. We left Rochester after Harty's concert on Thursday, & it was dark before we reached Canandaigua. And on Friday, after another night spent with the Sluters, the thermometer chose to take a nose-dive & Fritz II refused to start after being stabled in an unheated garage. So he had to be towed, & then he wouldn't start. The "father of all the Chryslers in Clinton", as Sluter called him, was summoned into consultation, & Fritz was put on the operating table, where it was eventually discovered that the gasoline feed-pump was suffering from a defective diaphragm & valve. These replaced, Fritz ran as if

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nothing had ever disturbed him, but it was 4 15 before we pulled out of Clinton! And we made Danbury at 11 15 that night after an hour's stop in Albany for dinner. So I was done up, what with 'visiting' (always a chore to me) + driving so long when cold + straining to see the road. Now I'm taking a tonic, which seems to be necessary to give me a lift out of physical depression, + trying to get to bed before midnight, — always a moral triumph when it happens, — but not always rewarded as virtue is reputed to be, for I'm likely to toss + turn till "far, far into the night."

I was not counting on Sir Hamilton. I merely thought, when Harrison suggested that I come out while he was there, that he might be a possible contact with London, + certainly a source of information. But he was amusingly evasive. Had I wished to do so, I could have pinned him down, but he wouldn't have enjoyed the process, + since obviously he did not take to my music when he heard it, there was no point in forcing an issue. I didn't take to his music either, — he played a tone-poem of his own called Wild Geese (or maybe it was Duck) at the Thursday concert, + it stamps him as what is irreverently called Old Hat. He stopped before Debussy began, though when it came to orchestration, he learned a trick or two from Claude Achilles. I could say of him what I happened to say to him with regard to Hans Pfitzner — lately played by Bruno Walter, — that

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his music was Romanticism gone to seed, + I didn't think the seed was fertile. Sir Hamilton as a person is a rare good sort, very Irish, of the the cultivated kind we in America don't see much of, witty, animated to the point of truculence, a grand talker for that very reason, + humanely wise + sympathetic. I liked him much better than I liked his ideas or his music. And as for his taste! — well, it seemed to me peculiar + not very catholic. For example, he denies the essential greatness of Wagner's genius. To him Wagner is "demonic" in the derogatory sense. His music is of the powers of darkness. "He is a Lucifer", said this Irishman, with Milton in mind, + the angel who went over to Beelzebub, — obviously not regarding the literal Latin significance of "Lucifer." "That" said I, sharply, "is prejudice". Sensation. We were all drinking highballs in Helen Rogers's sitting-room late on the Sunday evening I had arrived. The two Harrisons were the only others present. "Prejudice against what?" inquired Harty. "Prejudice of something in your nature against something in Wagner's," said I, — I didn't know him well enough to be able to particularize. It turned out to be the Wagner of the drama that disturbed him rather than the Wagner of the music. "All is finished at the end of Tristan", he said. "There is no hope, no future, just negation." It was a tenable point of view, but I combatted it, of course without convincing him. I do not myself think that the dramas of Wagner can stand for a moment as works of art without their music. They are in no sense great poetry. Tristan as literature simply doesn't count. The music says so vastly much more, + says it so incomparably better than the text gives you any conception of, that Harty seems to me, on reflection, to have been reviling the composer for the faults of the poet. But any stick will do to beat a dog with, + to Harty Wagner was obviously a hound of Hell. With the world fairly agreed, after the lapse of nearly a century, that Tristan is one of its most sublime masterpieces, argument with a renegade would seem to be futile. Only it astounds me that any man with music in his soul can fail to come under Wagner's potent enchantment. There is, in this particular case, an obvious lack of response to a certain kind of beauty, a failure of taste, — the defect is Harty's, not Wagner's, + Harty must defend it somehow because, tho he avows it honestly enough, he knows it to be outrageously peculiar, + has recourse therefore to what the Freudians call "rationalization."

Another instance of idiosyncrasy: Harty is another of those queer fish who think that Berlioz is an unjustly neglected titan of music. He played that Thursday an overture by Berlioz to Roméo et Juliette. It is cursed with that worst of all artistic diseases, — basically poor raw material. I mean, that the melodic ideas, the tunes, the themes, the motives are worthless.

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It is no matter that the treatment is spirited + the orchestration beguiling. Berlioz could always be counted on for 'good theatre'. But, intrinsically, this is poor stuff. And the conductor who doesn't know it, condemns himself. On the other hand, Harty adores Brahms. I gathered that he loved the music of Johannes before all other music, with all his heart + with all his soul + with all his strength. With that I have no quarrel. I find Brahms's music more consistently sympathetic, more attuned to more moods of my own nature, more profound, + more variously beautiful than that of almost any other composer. Yet I feel that this is perhaps personal, + that it is because I am more like Brahms than like any of the others that I love him so especially. He says things my way, he is drawn to my scale. But how reconcile a special warmth of feeling for Brahms with special admiration for that robustious old barnstormer, Berlioz? Truly, Harty seemed to me a musician of quaint + incongruous sensibilities.

I saw very few of your old cronies in Rochester. Theodora the Ostrogoth was invisible, but I had a word with Miss Vago, her boon companion. I have found out that Vas hates Miss Vago with real hatred, + that therefore whatever he says about those two must be taken, not with a grain of salt but

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with a dose of salts! I always got along beautifully with Gertrude M., but not so Sándor. She has had an operation for a growth in her throat, + her ordeal has made her much thinner + really pretty to look at. Imagine that. I went to lunch at the Corner Club + there saw Miss Duncan + Harold Gleason. They are unchanged, both bores in their respective ways. I heard the news with considerable amazement that Mr. Decaux had been awarded the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur for his services to French music. Decaux is such a modest nobet + so completely disregarded in Rochester both as an organist + as a man, that I was surprised to find him not without honor in his native country. I think Decaux's own pupils are the only Americans who appreciate him at anything like his true worth. To me, of course, his instrument militated against him. I do sincerely abominate the pipe-organ, an instrument which is all imposing façade + enables puny humans to make a big noise. Organists are deluded lot. I look forward to the day when organs will be employed only in sanitariums for the cure of persons suffering from an inferiority complex. Organs in churches are merely one delusion in the service of another delusion, so as long as we have churches we may as well have organs to go with them. But my habit is to shun both, + tho I suspected Decaux might be a good musician, I did not find him particularly sympathetic + so let him alone.

I am keenly interested in the paper you wrote for Morse, + you must let me see it when it is published even if the mathematics of it is out of my province. It is good to perceive that you seem at length to have reached the conclusion that Morse can teach you something you want to learn.

With regard to Dr. Lloyd + the appreciation of music, you will be interested to know that Shute at Hamilton, after having tried a number of texts, has returned to Spalding's Music as first and a language as on the whole the most satisfactory book obtainable. I should incline to add to this Douglas Moore's book, Listening to Music, which is extremely detailed + possibly too elementary at the outset, but it could be judiciously skipped in. Shute's objection to it is that it "talks down", to the tyro. My objection would be, not so much that it talks down but that it talks too much. It is diffuse: there is too much padding + tells down to crib with essentials. He just looked at it again, + must with regret record that it does seem very woman's-clubby. But it has lists of before coming to crib with essentials. But it has lists of phonograph records in the Appendix which correspond to the various chapters, + that might make it practical for a tenacious student determined to educate himself. You might also look up the writings of Percy Scholes, - worthy publicist of the Oxford University Press.

I think I got you on the subject of Scholes, but I do wish you'd drop your inferiority complex. Perhaps you'd better take up the pipe-organ again! Seriously, my dear, + you don't have to be obstreperous to me about your opinions. You are much too sweet + mild, intellectually. To create for oneself a satisfactory picture of existence, - what's the matter with that as a goal for education in a word? Look your facts of argument with the best administration you can construe, fire 'em off, + you'll see. If the Research Scholar isn't helping further the true aims of education as I take to 'em. you envisage them, give him the works. - I have many things to say on this subject, but no time today to say them, so I'll stop right where I am. But this I must add: Be as gentle as you can in manner, absolutely firm, but not staunchly when you touch on fundamentals in argument, but believe in yourself + in your own picture of existence. It may not avoid being incomplete, but for you it is the only genuine reality.

Donald F.

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Saturday, March 24, 1934.

Carissimo:-

It is snowing gloomily outside after a hard frost last night, & I'm wondering if the tiny noses of my tulips & narcissus are going to prove to have been tweaked too mercilessly by the cruel fingers of this lingering & savage winter. Inside this house, we have been smug. There is assuredly nothing like oil heat, & the season has given it a chance to do it's stuff. Poor Bob has frequently been too warm. I have to put him out of my study when he pants, & he doesn't quite know why he's ostracized. But he seems in excellent health, full of vim, vigor & vitality, & I'm very glad we didn't put him to sleep that year he had rheumatism so badly.

You certainly have been disinclined to write! But since I've been extremely busy, I haven't refined as much as otherwise I might have done. It will, however, be more than delightful to see you again, & I am saving the Saturday of week after next, two weeks from today, the seventh of April, for you in New York. I'm sorry you'll not be able to come here, & so are the other members of the family, but I quite understand that your Mother wants you at home for as long as possible. I have a League of Composers' concert in New York the evening of the 8th, to which I am going with my friends the Elsers, but you will by that time be on the train for Boston.

What do you say to staying at the Shelton? It is not quite so convenient as the Murray Hill, but it is so

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much pleasanter, & I confess I like having breakfast up over the roofs of the city in that pleasant cafeteria there.

You do not say that you want to see anything special at the theatre. I therefore await your pleasure, & will get seats for anything you indicate. I'd like very much to go with you to As Thousands Cheer, because I'm very fond of good musical shows, & I believe that's one. I've seen almost no plays, but Betty, Helen, & I are going down this week Thursday for Mary of Scotland. You should get that in Boston in May if it goes on the road at all. There is also Ah, Wilderness of O'Neill, with George Cohan, & a play called Tobacco Road of which all the reviewers said that the performance of Henry Hull in the rôle of Jeeter Lester (or something) is top-notch. As I must get the tickets this coming Thursday, you will have to express your preference p.d.q.

The American Ballet Association has changed its name to National " " — and I have an appointment with the Managing Director, Mr. Barber, for Thursday morning. I believe I'm to meet Miss Patricia Bowman, that dancer, & we're going to smell each other. Let's hope her tail wags when she hears Alice.

I learned from an old friend whom we met on the steamer going to Europe in 1910, a Mrs. Hartford, that her eldest son, Keith, is a freshman at Harvard this

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year + is living in Gray's. I knew them all in Cleveland, + used to sing folksongs to Keith + his sister Barbara, holding one on each knee. They moved from Cleveland to Pittsburg later, + now they are at Short Hills, New Jersey. I was very fond of the whole family, but Keith was my especial delight. He, at the age of five or six, used to put his arms round my neck when there was nobody round + say: "I love you, Mr. Tweedy!" When children are affectionate, I never can resist them. He was a very plain child, + had to wear glasses very young, which gave him an owlish look. I haven't any idea what sort of a youngster he is now, as I haven't seen him for eleven years. But his mother is a charming, intelligent, cultivated woman, + his father is one of the better type of business men, beside being a Harvard graduate.

Do you mind if I suggest to Keith that he look you up? I often wish that during my first year at Harvard I had known more of the younger members of the faculty. I have a hunch that you may find each other congenial + become friends. Helen Hartford said that Keith did not particularly want to go to college: he was eager to begin at eighteen to do something he denominated "useful". But I imagine that his father was set on his going, – you know, – the Old Grad's eldest son. Keith likes it, though! now he is actually in the works.

You, Sir, have let so much time go by since last you wrote that I despair of filling in the breach. I don't even remember what I've told you + what I haven't. Have I told you that I heard Merry Mount? If not, I'll save it for our meeting. Or I'll regale Morris with it + he devilish funny. I was tickled with your report on Morris, so tickled that I sent your letter to New Hartford for Betty to read. I must write to Morris. – I've also heard Götterdämmerung, which is a score full of lessons for one Howard Hanson if he would only heed them, but he won't. I got from it an immense exhilaration.

You asked for news of Betty + Helen. Betty is well. She gets tired, but she is contented in spirit, more so than she has ever been since we married, – you guess the reason, – + that makes a world of difference in her physical well-being. Our estrangement was such that a word could have parted us irrevocably, but it served, perhaps not illogically, to bring us closer together than we had ever been. As for Helen, Betty + I are both worried about her. She gets dizzy spells, + she certainly has what used to be called the palsy. She trembles all over like a very old woman, yet she smokes incessantly + sits up till all's blue reading. I suppose, if you've always had exuberant health, it is difficult to realize that you may not always continue to have it. She refuses to see a physician, yet she certainly has symptoms of high blood-pressure.

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I haven't much hope that we can do anything with her, unless we can succeed in scaring her, & the psychological effect of fright on her essentially infantile nature might prove dismaying.

Sunday the 25th The sun is out bright today, & let's hope we are now slated to have a little genuine Spring. I wrote the last word above at 4 A.M. or thereabouts, having been reading Sinclair Lewis's Work of Art about a third through after playing Contract till midnight. Worse than my sister-in-law, what?

If I don't hear from you by the Wednesday afternoon mail, I'll get two tickets for As Thousands Cheer on Thursday. We shall leave here before the arrival of that morning's post.

The book you spoke of, I went to Pitt College, has been requested by Miss Barbara Popatonsil Biggs for her birthday, which is April 5th. I'm commissioned to get it for her, & I'll have a look at it before I present it to her. Marguerite has The Man of the Renaissance, but I've not had time yet to do more than glance at it. I've been gleaning here & there, – a Life of Paderewski by Tom Landau, not too good; – a beautiful novel by Kathleen O'Brien entitled Without My Cloak; – James Joyce's Ulysses, & I'm afraid I agree with the Anthony Comstocks about that: it is nauseating; – The Golden Age by Lewis Mumford, the best analysis of American literature & thought that I have ever seen, & therefore a book for you; – & of course the various

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articles in Harper's & the Atlantic. Did you see H. P. Fairchild's But You Can't Have Both? It's in the March Harper's, (along with Stuart Chase's This Age of Plenty) & ought, I should think, to interest a Paretan.

I wanted to ask you to try & get for me a bottle of Benzoin "plain", & another of "Prof. Douglas's formula". They don't seem to have the latter at the drugstores here, but they always used to carry it at Billings & Stover. You might first try at a place where the prices are not so high. I haven't yet tried in New York, but I will do so if you are unsuccessful.

With my love, & with love from all the family,

Donald

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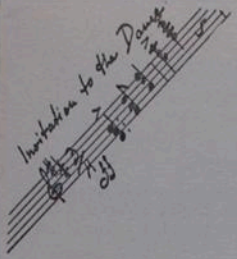

NATIONAL BALLET ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED

The primary object of the National Ballet Association, is to lend a helping hand to the American artist by making it possible for him to demonstrate his ability and be remunerated for his artistic efforts. Organized on a sound business basis, the enterprise presents in its fundamental program, points which are of great national appeal. It is the desire of the organizers to secure the support of the people so that all may participate from the popular interest standpoint and so create a demand for the creations of American artists.

THE ASSOCIATION WILL UNDERTAKE TO:

1. Enable composers and choreographers to produce their own creations.
2. Bring the composers, choreographers, dancers, poets, and painters together so that they may combine their talents in preparing these creations.
3. Encourage the young American to express himself in his own way artistically.
4. Present a season of twenty weeks of performances in various cities each year.
5. Insure these performances by organizing audiences of pledged season subscribers in these cities.
6. Stimulate this expression of the combined artistic effort to the point of encouraging greater participation by the masses which will indirectly cause the employment of many talented professionals and encourage cultural endeavor.

THE 1934-35 PLAN WILL:

1. Employ about one hundred dancers for twenty weeks.
2. Employ about fifty musicians for twenty weeks.
3. Employ a vocal chorus for twenty weeks.
4. Employ or pay royalties for services of composers, technicians, etc.
5. Employ an organization of office workers and executives all year.

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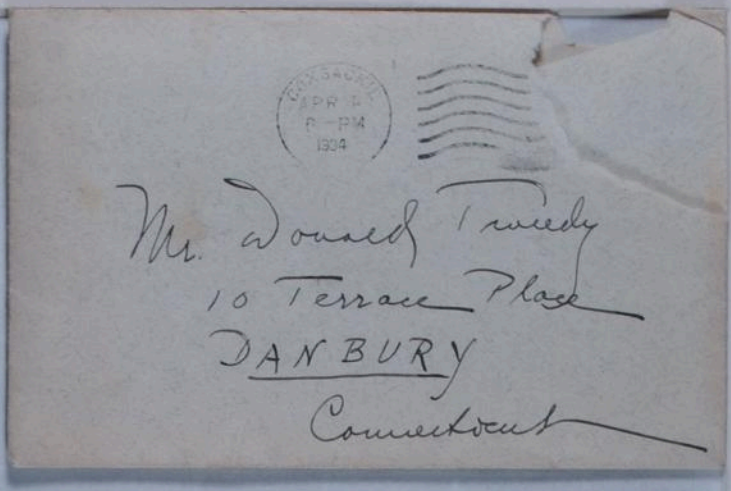

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Victrola 7308 A + B
(57275)
Schumann B♭ Symph
End of III + beginning
of IV. Chicago: Stock

From R. B. Fowler Hall
Cambridge
Mass.

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Coxsackie, N.Y.
April 4, 1934

Dear Donald,

Just a word written in the midst of much muchness to acknowledge your letter and to give assent to the arrangements outlined there.

Unless my train misbehaves as at Christmas time I shall reach the Skelton by 12:20. I hope you will already have preceded

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them. Copy the number on your shirt cuff.

The week began with two beautiful warm days. I spent them raking ~~the~~ lawns & weakening ~~the~~ flower beds - I have deleted the 'the's for there is about as much left to do as I have done. Not everything is dead in the beds but there are large spots with nothing visible except wet earth - apparently all our foxglove has perished.

I enclose a clipping which you may already have seen. What irony that H. T. P. who has had so much to say about P. H.'s old age should see there - this is only a hope, however, rather a demand, not a command. I don't mind at all not being able to see the musical show - I'm glad you didn't pay $4.40. I shall be quite content to see Dodsworth. As for the afternoon will arrange for that after meeting. I would like to get the remaining record of that Schumann symphony. If you have those records of mine handy will you see which record of the symphony it is that is among

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pass on first.

I'm sorry for the incoherency of this letter but there's so much going on in this house I can't collect my thoughts. I look forward to Saturday.

My best to you and yours.

George.

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H. T. PARKER DIES; WAS NOTED CRITIC

'H. T. P.,' with Transcript 40 Years, Won Fame for Articles on Music

Henry Taylor Parker, who as "H.T.P." acquired an international reputation as a critic of music and drama, died last night at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital after a week's illness with pneumonia.

He was in his 67th year and had devoted more than 40 years of his life to the service of the Boston Transcript. He was unmarried, and no immediate relatives survive him.

An individualist both in his work and in his manner of life, he demanded perfection before he granted his full measure of praise to a stage or concert hall production. Extreme frankness marked his criticism of whatever he regarded as flaws in the thousands of performances he had attended.

Work filled his nights, and he wrote for hours in longhand in his office at the Transcript, refusing to accept

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

THE OLD ARCH INN
ARCH ST., Cor. FRANKLIN
This famous inn of the old days, reopens to serve its patrons the fine liquors, wines, TROMMER'S LAGER and with a fully equipped oyster bar that made it famous 20 years ago.

Famous Critic Dies

HENRY T. PARKER

HENRY T. PARKER DIES IN HOSPITAL; WAS NOTED CRITIC

(Continued from First Page)

the mechanical aid of a typewriter. His days he gave to sleep at his suite at Hotel Vendome.

He seldom went out of his way to make friends, preferring to maintain his individualism staunchly in order to be free in demanding perfection, but he had many friends who admired him deeply for his strict ideals and his ability to work. Much of his free time in summer he spent in further study of music and the drama in Europe, and during the years he had acquired a remarkable background and knowledge.

A flowing cape and a heavy walking stick which he purchased with the idea of using as a weapon of defense if he were attacked on his way home late at night marked his individualism in dress. He never had occasion to use the stick for the purpose for which he had bought it.

He was born in Boston, April 29, 1867, the son of William Fiske and Susan Sophia (Taylor) Parker. He attended Harvard College from September, 1886, until May, 1889, and after two and one-half years of travel in Europe he returned to the United States in January, 1892, and became the New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript.

Seven years later he went to London as representative of the Boston Transcript and the New York Globe, returning again in 1901. In 1903 he became a reviewer of music and the drama for the New York Globe and two years later he returned to the Transcript as critic, using the familiar initials H. T. P. as his signature.

Boston's programs of music and the stage demanded his time for eight months in the year and the remaining four months he devoted to study abro

In a Harvard class report he w of himself:

I have continued my work a viewer of plays, operas and concer with a life curiously divided between Boston and New York, and incidentally, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

I am still happily single. A daily newspaper adventure is enough. I spend long summers of loafing in northern Europe—now too much interspersed with the making of magazine articles. I particularly enjoy walking, wherever I am.

He was a member of the Harvard Club of Boston and of the Stage Society of New York.

His criticisms, especially of new dramatic productions, were respectfully regarded throughout the country. Playwrights, actors and producers feared and occasionally hated what he wrote.

In addition to his columns in the Transcript, he contributed a weekly report on the state of the stage in Boston to the New York Times. He often advised the young men of the Harvard Dramatic Club and reviewed their plays with the seriousness which he bestowed on all professional performances. He had a great distaste for censorship and his attacks on the official guardians of Boston's morals at that time were many and bitter.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
April 12, 1934.

Dear Donald,

Just a few lines before hopping into bed to let you know how things have gone since I left you in such a great rush. I was not intercepted on my way out of the hotel. I jumped into a taxi and told the driver to go to the Grand Central Station. He replied 'That's at Fifth Ave & 42nd St.,

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down into the baggage compartment hanging at each end of the car, and with the lights flickering in time with the lurching. At Kingston I got a seat in one of the new coaches. But I wouldn't have made one stay together standing in order to get a good seat.

I called mother on the phone as soon as I reached my room. Father was feeling much better and had been absent nearly all day. The doctor had been there and removed the catheter, finding that father could dispense with it. I had word today that he is feeling back at normal, but that he will probably rent it?'! Can you imagine it? Before I could get him to understand that he was wrong he was on 49th St. So I told him to go down Madison. Then he went all the way to 42nd St. before I could get him to turn left - and I had finally to guide him foot by foot to the Madison Avenue taxi entrance. It must have been his first day in New York.

Had I taken thought I should have realized the train would be crowded. It was - when I got there there were seats in the combination smoker baggage car only. I had to stay there until we left Kingston, and the

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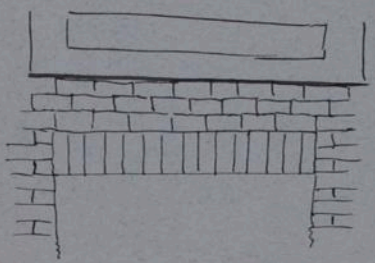
have the operation in about two weeks.

Many thanks for your suggestions about the fireplace. I made a sort of scale-drawing of it on Monday and think it will be satisfactory. I don't know how to work in a keystone effect, however. Unless you think it wouldn't look well I shall order it done this way.



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I saw the Ballet Russe yesterday in 'The Three Cornered Hat', 'Petrouchka', and 'The Prince Igor Dances'. I delighted in the dancing, but on the whole the performance was well nigh ruined by the orchestra. I have never heard anything worse. The orchestra was locally recruited and was apparently playing at sight. You remember the conductor!- add him to an impromptu orchestra of about forty pieces with only six violins - and imagine the result. Had I not known it was Petrouchka they were trying to play, I should have been ignorant- and I know Petrouchka well, for I have Koussevitsky's recording of it. Then

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hill-top - you are blessed of the gods.

Our week-end together was just perfect - I had looked forward to it for three months - and to have had to forego it would have been a sore trial - a day with you makes up for so much. Only one thing about the week-end annoys me - how did we not discuss 'Alice'? I can only explain it by remembering that our tongues permit idle for a moment of our waking hours. Do write me a word of Alice when you can - her success, you know, I count a part of me, although I have no part in her.

I sent you this week a package of the new phonograph needles with a

<u>wax</u> no rhythm - the way the company danced, in spite of the orchestra, was amazing. But with even so poor a performance, I wouldn't have missed it - I just revelled in the Prince Igor Dances, - the great leaps & jumps of the men.

I had a nice letter from Betty today, thanking me for 'I Went to Pit College'. She said you were planning to go to the Pond in about ten days - I envy you individually and collectively - Spring will be a great boon this year after so prolonged & severe a winter - and to be able to spend it on that marvelous

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sharpener. I'm sorry I had to break open the package of needles, but I did so to use one of them at the shop listening to the Brahms' trio. I had never heard it, and possibly that's why I felt disappointed in it. But it seems to me that the violin was much too near the microphone, for it seems to blot out the harp nearly all the times and the piano entirely too much. I shall want to know what you think of it.

And now to bed. My love to your family with much for yourself.

George.

P.S. Is Barbara at Dana Hall - I must know. ? I am to call on her.

G.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
April 2, 1934.

Dear Donald,

I have looked hopefully for a letter from you every morning this week - but with more hope than expectation, for you have probably been very busy moving and getting settled. Barring one day's rain you have had a good week for such strenuous work.

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to go walking, but the fellow I went with had blisters on his feet from previous walking so we just rode and rode. On the way back through Sudbury we stopped to see the Hadyam House exhibit. We couldn't get in the house, but we could look through the windows. It was somewhat larger than the one in New York but quite as charming. My friend was quite captivated.

I have heard three concerts since last week. Last Saturday Kouseviteky played Randall Thompson's Second Symphony. I thought the first movement very good - I seemed to detect

I write with the particular end in mind of wishing you a happy birthday. And it ought to be a happy one, for you will be settled again with Betty on that glorious hill-top. I'm afraid my felicitations can be only as a drop in a bucket - but they go to you with sincerity and love.

We are having a beautiful spring, now that it has arrived. But it is advancing so rapidly that the pleasure of seeing it do so will soon be over. I wish almost continually that I could get out into the country - I did get out on Thursday - a holiday here - the sky was overcast but there were still many lovely effects - the trees seem to have a so much finer coloring this time of year. I had hoped

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rhythms + phrases he used in Americana
there was plenty of movement, life and
variety. But the other movements
didn't seem so good to me - he hasn't
said enough to write a slow movement,
and the last movement consisted chiefly
of almost infinite repetition of one short
rhythmic theme. I wish I had never
met him - I might be able to judge
him more impartially.

On last Sunday the Glee Club gave
its annual Boston concert with the
Radcliffe Choral Society. The chief
numbers were two choruses of Mozart
for Free-Masons, the second essentially
a tenor solo, good Mozart, well sung,

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Delaney's Take Heaven's Body.
Brahms' Gesang der Parzen, and Bach's
Cantata: Nun ist das Heil. I had heard
the Delaney in rehearsal and had
expected to like it from what I
heard there, but it fell flat in
Symphony Hall. 'Woody' or even
'Doc', doesn't let the chorus yell
enough - it all sounded as if they
had muted their voices. And when
the music is remotely like a hymn,
as the Bach, all notes become
whole notes or at best halves -
witness the new Hymnal, there is
scarcely a fourth-note in it. I was

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the operation now. He has been working very hard lately trying to get things in shape so that he can leave them - I have urged him to go to the hospital as rested as possible, but our mother wonders trying to get him to rest. My cousin has taken the care of the place for the summer so that father won't have that on his mind while convalescing - which I expect to be a boon, for he would have worried.

All for now - I hope this finds you comfortably settled and prepared to write me a word or two.

Much love to you both.

George.

royally disappointed in the concert.

On Tuesday afternoon I made a hasty decision to go to the last concert of the Tuesday series to hear the 9th Symphony - I hadn't heard it in two or three years and, except for the last movement, I do love it. He (K) gave a grand performance. What the chorus - the Bach Cantata Club - did, I couldn't tell, I sat against the left wall of the floor and was able to hear only the sopranos!

Father goes to the hospital next Thursday or Friday. He has been feeling as well as usual for the past few days, but the doctor feels he ought to have

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22 April, 1934.

10 Terrace Place
Danbury, Conn.

Carissimo:–

Of course I'd have written before, but first I had trouble with my eyes + then I had a vicious attack of pharyngitis. Perhaps I should say that I had an attack of pharyngitis + treated it viciously, for I painted my throat with argyrol some months old + it took the lining right off! I didn't know that argyrol has to be fresh, but I know it now. As for the eyes, I am a victim of my great age plus constant abuse. Slight astigmatism in left eye. Since I didn't order glasses before the throat germ got me, – we were waiting till I should have measured the distance from eye to the piano-rack, – I can't conclude that matter till tomorrow. The optometrist prescribes bifocals to be worn all the time, but my father says "Don't". His argument seems to be that nature will take care of the distances if I take care of what comes within arms' length. And since I dread being unable to see without glasses, I'm inclined to take his advice, for the time being at least.

April 23d. – Your dear letter was brought to me at the breakfast table, and made my heart glad as word from you always does. I don't quite understand why you should think or feel

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that your felicitations can only be as a drop in a bucket when you know where you stand in my regard. Not a day goes by but I think of you + wish with all the force of my being that you were with me. And not a night. You are inextricably entwined in my heart-strings, + I am inexpressibly thankful that this is so. It does not always make life easier, for your inevitable absence is at certain moments very hard to bear. Still, it is a great comfort to know that you exist + that if either of us needed the other desperately, a word of summons would bring us together. To have the boon of your love + friendship has made my life doubly worth living. Not for anything that I can imagine would I have foregone this dear companionship, which gives the lie to so much men regard as inevitable. Facing myself as I am, I can only consider it a blessing. I think you cannot realize how nearly your 'drop' fills my 'bucket'!

Because of my illness, we did not go to the farm on Mother's return from the South, but we shall probably go tomorrow. We advertised for a cook in Saturday's Danbury News, + the very first applicant, a woman named Sadie Perkins, was satisfactory to Betty. (There have already been six, but no others with the promise of Sadie.) We shall stay at the big house till Mother + Father decide to come up, which will probably be around the 1st of July. Betty wants you to come to us in June, when you leave Harvard, if you can. I hope your father's operation will have been so successful + his recovery so rapid that you will feel free to come. The Vases will also come in June, I expect. They want to be "paying guests" + make a long stay. We haven't yet made up our minds what to do about that, but, thank fortune, you are the one person of my acquaintance who is so much one of the family that it doesn't matter who else is there when you are.

The Log Cabin idea has had to be given up, to my great disappointment. It is a matter of accessible cash, + I find that to ask for a sum adequate to our probable expense would so cripple our corporation that the matter becomes impractical. Therefore we shall fix up the North House + try it for a season, moving our furniture up there. I've already plotted three shade-trees there + am ordering Madeira + Cinnamon vines, which grow from thirty to forty feet in a season, to provide the house with green.

Alice is in the stage of completion, but I'm never satisfied, + I've been much interrupted. I'm hoping to have a grand period of concentration after this week. I'll be my Country Place Garden to New York for the C.F.D.A. festival this Saturday.

We had one sun-bath, + the garden is now workable. The earliest botanical tulips are blooming, as well as scyllas, chionodoxas, + grape-hyacinths. In town, the daffodils are bright. I wish for you always.

Donald

(over)

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P.S. The thorn needles + their sharpener arrived safely + are very much appreciated. I haven't yet been able to give them a thorough trial, but my first reaction is that they soften the tone too much without being able to "take it" in a ff. However, I think the diaphragm in my reproducer may be responsible for some of the trouble. It may interest you to know that I took the machine to pieces myself + succeeded in adjusting the governor so that it runs as well as ever. What you thought you could do, I didn't see why an ordinary intelligence such as mine should not accomplish!

I'll write again very soon. When you see Morris tell him I knew he could not keep his promise!

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Thurs. May 3d, 1934.

Giorgio mio caro: —

The bobolinks are back! In the midst of a warm rain they came last night, + today they are filling the moist air, in which you can positively smell things growing, with their thrilling music. Is there anything like it for sheer rapture? Now at last it seems as tho Spring were really here.

It has been a winter of unparalleled severity, in my experience as a gardener. One realizes it when one has plants which have come up bravely year after year, but which, this year, fail to show any sign of life. We seem to have suffered the complete loss of all our Japanese anemones, which is a grief to me, as no other garden grew them as ours did. I have a few white ones left in the cold-frame, but now I must begin again to develop new plants. There is no trace of the Balloon Flowers, + all Foxglove disappeared as a matter of course, most Columbines rotted away completely, + all my new Chrysanthemums. The climbing roses are lamentably crippled, but the privet hedge seems to be all right, tho many people have had to cut theirs back to the ground. Such of the Forsythia buds as were under the snow survived, + the big shrubs look charming with their line of brave blossoms close to the ground.

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By taking a shrub here + there where it wouldn't be missed, I have had B'Jees complete the hedge round the studio. In another year it will be possible to take sun-baths here without fear of distressing the neighbors. The really swell thing would be to build a porch on the West side of the studio + screen it with a skeleton frame + wire, letting in the sun but keeping out the bugs. If ever I am rich enough, I will do it!

I have not yet done any walking because the garden takes all my spare time. I'm looking forward to the day when you + I can climb our hill again + bare our bodies to the sun in that lofty solitude, with only the chickadees to companion us. Will that be possible in six weeks' time?

We expect Helen, who will be leaving us next week, to return for a short stay just before she sails for France, June 8th. The Vases want to come a little later in the month, when his duties at the Eastman school are over. Ralph Robbins may show up sometime during that month, as he wrote that he was motoring East with a friend + wanted to see us. But, I repeat, you are always welcome whenever you can come for as long as you can stay, + if someone else is here to be with Betty, all the better for our jaunts on foot. We can hug a lunch + be gone the whole day. Your sun-chair is waiting for you, + it will soon be warm enough to go swimming.

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Father has rented the Log Cabin for the summer to a young couple by the name of Rebman. The name is certainly Teutonic, but he has a very British accent. He is a writer who seems to write for other people. Do they call them "ghost-writers"? Both are intelligent & well-bred, & we fancy they will make good tenants & good neighbors. They are coming up to clean the place this week-end.

Last Saturday I marshalled twelve of my Country Dance Group down to New York for the E.F.D.S. Spring festival. We picknicked (too many k's!) on the way, & all seemed pleased with the outing. This week-end we have three guests beside Helen, — Henry Hadley & his wife & a Miss Jacobus, a friend of Betty's who has been doing Social Service in New York for years & is a most interesting person.

We are getting the North House ready for our occupancy in July & August. It is not at all bad on the inside. There are four good bedrooms, & living-room, dining-room & kitchen downstairs, with the usual accessories. The only problem is whether the summer visitors will allow us to sleep, but that is a condition we cannot well alter & will have to put up with, whatever it is. Neither of us is a good sleeper, tho we can both stay asleep once we get there.

We been preparing to plant vines, — Madeira & Cinnamon, which make a tropical growth in a single season, Piberuse Silver Lace Vine, which is hardy. And I think I'll have a honeysuckle, tho they are apt to be buggy.

Barbara wrote me a thrilling letter on my birthday. I wanted to send it on to you, but I knew she'd be furious. She pretended to be peeved because you had not been to see her, "and Cambridge only ten minutes away." I told her to let us know how to get from Cambridge to Wellesley in ten minutes, & asked her what she had to offer you beyond the exhilaration of conversation in a school parlor. I think the truth of the matter is that the child knows no young men who could come & call on her, & really the rules & regulations of a female academy are somewhat stifling even in this day & age, if it is as strict at school as Dana Hall! So if you feel inclined to satisfy the perfectly natural man-hunger of my tall & comely niece, you might write her a note & inquire when you may call. It would be a deed of charity, & while she might tease you & you might be bored, she would be deeply grateful to you in reality. The address is simply "Dana Hall, Wellesley", & it's right forninst the college grounds.

We heard from Hilda the other day. She was putting me in touch with a possible tenant or purchaser for our Rochester House. She does nice things like that every now & then.

I'd love to hear from you as soon as may be! With my love,

Donald

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P.S. I see that I've not mentioned your father, but I was very glad that he came through the operation so satisfactorily & hope he will continue steadily to improve.

D.M.

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
May 4, 1934

Dear Betty and Donald,

I have just been down to Widener House only to find on reaching there a notice saying there would be no Pareto seminar this afternoon. So I seize the opportunity to write you, - especially since I have had the pleasure of a letter from you this afternoon. You have much

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Donald, for having put me in the way of it. I am ordering Bauguel's Précis of the Traité. It is something less than two hundred pages long - possibly you can persuade yourself to read that much.

You write no more of your pharyngitis, so I conclude you have recovered - I wish you had sense enough to behave in a manner which would ensure your not having some sort of throat ailment regularly every three months - but I have yet to see your boss. As for your eyes - be sure you've got hold of a good optometrist and then do what he says - I hardly think your faith qualifies.

glowing things to say about your spring - my envy consumes me. Me, too, have a spring - but no hot-o-links, no forsythia, no hills, no valleys - just a sincere wish for May to spell itself on to examination time. Truly this is the worst month in the year for school - everybody who can is getting disgusted with everybody else's intellect. Though, must I say it myself, my own morale has suffered no serious set-back so far this year - which is probably due, in no small way, to having been able to look forward each week to at least one meeting of interest - the seminar. I am very grateful to you,

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The records arrived on Wednesday in perfect condition. I've been trying to remember why I bought some of them. I used to get a tremendous kick out of Franck's Pièce Heroique - now I try to understand why. But it's interesting to outgrow a passion now & then - now that I've outgrown Tschaikowsky, I wouldn't have it otherwise. Koussevitsky ended the season last Saturday with T.'s first and fifth symphonies. Long before the intermission it was plainly evident why one never hears the former. The latter left me absolutely cold - do you remember my eager expectation at hearing it

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first two years ago in Sanders Theatre?

I think your remarks about the thorn needles are justified to a certain extent. But I think you will find that when the needle has been sharpened down to about half its original length that it is dynamically pretty nearly the equal of a metal needle, and in addition still ~~retains~~ to eliminates that annoying vibration in forte passages. Also the needles are quite variable - some good, some bad - however, if they give a fairly satisfactory reproduction I'm willing to be satisfied, when I reflect that they do not + can not wear the record.

Morris came over Wednesday evening to see the H.D.C. play with

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number of the cast whose serious attempts to be ridiculous were ridiculous. Correction: I can't send you the most informative reviews for I find I threw out the papers containing them this morning. There were ten scenes - most of them satires on various aspects of modern life - war, disarmament conferences, courts, saloons, etc. There was a batch of seven drunks, members of a single class of the Paddewick school, who kept meeting each other in various walks of life throughout the various scenes, breaking into their school song on recognition - etc. etc.

My father had his first operation last Friday morning. He did not have ether, only a local anaesthetic - he

me. The present production is 'A Bride for the Unicorn' by Denis Johnston, previously produced, I believe, only in Dublin. There was incidental (or accidental, as you choose) music by Virgil Thomson. On the face of it, it is quite crazy and I'm not sure further examination would let show this characteristic to be more than skin deep. I enclose a couple of rather punk reviews of it to give you an idea of what it is like - there is rumor that it may be done in N.Y. next fall. Morris was inclined to like it in a way but he kept reiterating that he wished its were more accessible. I had a screaming time - accentuated no doubt by the fact that I knew quite a

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felt so well directly afterwards that the doctor said he did not need a special nurse. But by Saturday afternoon he was very sick and continued so until Monday. During that time he was in a room with three others. By Tuesday these had made him so nervous he was put in a private room with two special nurses. Mrs Jean Mather today said that he was feeling much better but could still take but little nourishment. And it seems that the major operation is yet to follow - sometime next week. So I have decided to go home tomorrow afternoon and find out what it's all about.

To cancel them to your invitation to visit you in June. You certainly know

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how sincerely I would like to do so. But it is quite impossible for me to make any plans. [redacted]. I shall be away from Cambridge only from June 18th to July 1, and there has been laid up for me a great store of things to do at home. The living room will probably remain torn up until I get home to set it straight. The garden will need attention, and, again, the bathroom must be painted. Were it not that I shall be urged to come directly home I would say that I would come to you for the weekend following June 14. As it is, I shall probably not be able to come, if at all, until the few days at the end of June - and

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report if she does. My love to all
there of you.

Sincerely
George.

then you will be running and hardly
in a state of mind to have me about.
But believe me I shall come if things
work out so that it can be arranged.
I want to take no unnecessary risk,
Betty, of coming late in the summer
only to find you have fled to Maine.

I'm sorry the Log Cabin idea had to
be abandoned - I think it would have
made an ideal place for you. But they
say business is picking up - possibly you
can attempt it by next year.

All for now. Tell Helen I regret I
shall probably not see her again before
she leaves for Europe - unless she gets
to Boston - and she's under orders to

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Balls's Pond,
12 May, '34.

Caro Giorgio:

I thought of you as traveling to Coxsackie yesterday, & I hope you found everything all right. Let me know how your father came through & give him my best wishes for a complete recovery. Another friend of mine recently had a prostatic operation in New York & is getting on well, but is still in hospital. It evidently takes about as much time to heal up as any other abdominal operation. Poor old Barlow Penny was laid up for months, but it is seldom so lengthy a time.

The prodigious dust-cloud from the North West darkened our afternoon. I noticed that my wash-cloth felt the effects, but didn't know till this morning's paper how so much dirt happened to get into our country air. Today began superbly, but is now cold & partly overcast. I am waiting till my lunch digests before venturing into the garden, as I find that strenuous digging on a full stomach doesn't go.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Hadley were here over last week-end, & we enjoyed having them. Henry is a born <u>raconteur</u>, & his life has been full of meaty human experience. I wish I could put on paper

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his imitation of Virgil Thompson making a speech at a recent dinner of the American Association of Composers & Conductors. It was priceless. Thompson seems to be what is called a "sissy", & his recent success with Four Saints has turned his head so that he has become an intolerable farce of a man. Henry's take-off was screamingly funny. I'll give you an imitation of that when next we meet. I don't think that Thompson's music is anything to bother about. For me, it is not even clever. All I can do is shrug my shoulders & avoid it in the future. I've met Virgil. He's a funny little simp, much funnier than anything he has written or is likely to write.

We've been anxious about Helen. She's been having some more of her dizzy spells, & tho she was to have gone by bus to Portland today, there to be met by Henry Webb & driven to Wiscasset, we prevailed on her to postpone the trip as we thought she was in no condition to undertake it. She is to see one of our best physicians on Monday & have a thorough physical examination.

As for your coming here, come when you best can. This is, I like to think, one of your homes, & you are free to return to it whenever you can make it possible. We don't know when Mother & Father will decide to come up, but that makes no difference whatever. If we happen to be in the

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midst of morning, you will not have as restful a time, that is all. But our cook is a veritable treasure, so the kitchen-work will be off Betty's shoulders. You perhaps would not mind helping us hang pictures + place furniture? But you don't have to do anything at all, + if what you want + need is a complete rest, you shall most certainly have it.

There is one thing you might do for us in Boston. On Boylston St., on the South side, between Berkeley + Clarendon Sts. is a store where they sell Franklin stoves. They have an array of unusual household goods in metal, + there is the only shop I have ever seen where modern reproductions of Franklin stoves were on display, so it ought to be easy for you to spot it. Could you + would you drop in there some day soon + find out what they charge + what are the exact sizes, — especially width + depth, also what size stove-pipe is necessary for the chimney connection. We should bless you even more than we do if you would do this for us.

My Rochester tenant has lost his job, poor fellow. I'm mighty sorry for him, for he now has to leave Rochester, + he has a wife + small child. I suppose it is just possible he might find a new position in that city, but he seems not to count on it. If he leaves, I shall be able to treat more definitely with the man Hilda put me in touch with. Is there a Paul Pigors on the Harvard faculty, + if so, what does he teach? Pigors is right!

I gave your message to Helen, but she is not stopping in Boston, at least, not on the way up to Maine. She intends to stay over-night with Miss Strickland on her way back here, first of June.

Our daffodils were hardly in bloom before they were over. The unseasonable hot weather rushed them, + rushed the whole garden so that I've much ado to keep up with it, or rather, to get caught up with it, for I've not accomplished <u>that</u> as yet. All the plants in the cold-frame shot up into bud, yet I must move most of them notwithstanding. I'm hoping they'll be good sports + take it standing up! But the Iceland Poppies I can't move. They are in full bloom, + what gorgeous things they are! We have loads of asparagus already, + rhubarb of course. Our early peas are 6 inches high. I wish I could garden with a single mind! Betty + Helen send their love, + I mine. Yours Donald

P.S. I'd no sooner got one start off to you than I found another. So you need it?

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Saturday God knows what
Day of May.

(19 May 1934)

Carissimo : –

It's no wonder I lost track of the weeks when I can't remember the days. Methinks it's the 19th yes, it is, because tomorrow's Helen Rider's birthday, + that usually happens on the 20th.

So it was the hot weekend that you were in Coxsackie. (Lucky for us it was hot, as otherwise we might have had much ado to keep our guests warm, they being accustomed to the feverish atmosphere of New York apartments.)

Your father most certainly has my sympathy. And I quite understand how anxious you feel about him + how loathe you are to leave him to the probably less than tender mercies of Harold + Wilbur. Well, my dear, you must of course go straight home as soon as you can, + stay there till your presence is no longer indispensable, even if that should mean that we could not see you here till late in the summer. I feel badly about my own deprivation, but I can stand anything that I must.

Barbara wrote us that you had had an attack of ptomaine poisoning. You poor kid! Since you

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were able to 'phone the next day, I judge that you got off lightly, for which I congratulate you. If you have since been to Dana Hall, I have not yet heard of it.

Betty + I both want to thank you heartily for looking up the matter of a Franklin stove. If we decide to send for one, I shall write direct to Macy's. The price seems steep to me, but Betty says she will pay half. However, little Sister Helen has just written from Wiscasset that the Webbs think they can locate an antique one for us. If the price is lower + the stove is in good condition, we shall probably let them send it on. We can trust the Webbs to know a good bargain when they see one.

Helen wants to see you + Morris when she comes back from Maine, + she will let you know when that will be. She expects to spend one night at Miss Strickland's, at 8 Craigie Circle I think it is, so in case she forgets to tell you <u>where</u>, — a thing she is perfectly capable of, — you will know. I hope she <u>does</u> remember to tell you <u>when</u>.

The last time I wrote to Morris, I asked him to let us know when would be the best time for him to come + visit us this summer. [redacted] Unless he can

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answer that with a telegram, I don't suppose we shall see him at all.

We now expect to move to the North house around the 15th of June. Louise is sailing for Czecho-Slovakia the 14th, & the family will not try to keep the Terrace Place house open after she goes. They expect to have Marguerite's cook after July 1st. Jim's mother arrived last night, & when she goes back to Colorado, she will take with her Marguerite, Barbara, & small James. The other two girls are going to the scout camp in Kent, & when that's finished, will come to their grandfather's.

The North house, as a summer home, is perfectly feasible. We have to install oil-burners in the kitchen range, an electric refrigerator, & the Franklin stove. I think we can make it most attractive inside, tho outside it is what it is, & there's little we can do to beautify it. It remains to be seen how much noise our neighbors on the north will choose to make, but at least there is as yet no house on the property immediately adjoining, so perhaps we can get some sleep.

Mon. P.M. After I finished the above, I went out & took my sun-bath. Then I labored in the garden till 5.30. Then I bathed & shaved & was ready for Party No. 1. There were twenty at supper, eight in the family, three Riders, two Joys, two Mallorys, two Merritts, Grace Tweedy, Mary Womack, & Mr. Witteman. Then we played Contract. Yesterday morning I cut Asparagus enough for three families, — there were showers in the night & it rose up big & rusty, — & then we took Sadie to the Bethel bus (she lives in Bethel) & were on our way to Party No. 2. This was Honnie's birthday-party, held at the Candlewood cabin, & there were nine grown-ups & five children. The children were packed off on a picnic, — there were the three Griswolds & Mr. & Mrs. Sam Laura's two children, & a nicer quintette I never saw, — while the grown-ups began with highballs, went on with cocktails, had champagne with dinner, & went on with further highballs & cocktails afterward, — at least, those did who fasted (and then those fasted who did)! As for me, I took the two elder boys canoeing, then took with them the first swim of the season. We wore borrowed bathing-suits, but since mine was my cousin Bill's, I'm fairly confident that it was not lousy. Since our purchase at Henry Northrup's last New Year's I've had no further invitations. And I've heard of none elsewhere, have you? — I dressed with the boys, & how lovely they were without their clothes! Not all youngsters are personable naked, — some are pretty froggy, — but these two, especially Rider Griswold, — were worthy of sculpture.

Honnie's friends drink more than is our custom hereabouts, & I can't say I see any sense in it. We hadn't seen the Laurses in

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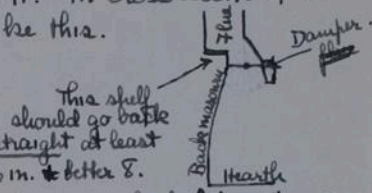
years, — she is English + he's a New York lawyer — they live in White Plains, — + there was the "Irish" — not the "Danbury" — Jack Murphy, who was in the British army during the war + has seldom been completely sober since, or so I reckon. A Mr. + Mrs. Douglas were abstemious, + Gladys Griswold doesn't dare take much, but I was glad to escape to the company of the children, as you may well imagine.

I'm sorry about your fireplace, but I think you were quite right to object in the only practical way you could make your non-verbal objections felt. Perhaps an alteration of the upper part only of the masonry will make the job look right. I hope the thing will draw when it's done! I should have told you the secret, tho I suspect you know it. In cross section, the fire-place should look like this.



The set-back above the damper is the essential thing. That makes a "smoke-chamber" where the draft can suck the smoke out + back before it goes up the chimney. With that properly roomy (it should be as wide as the damper itself) it is impossible to have a smoky fireplace even with a short chimney. A defect in this regard is what makes my studio fireplace useless.

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Well, mon cher, I must put an end to this + get to work. – Curious! I had a dream last night in which I received a telegram from Raymond saying Hilda had had a baby, – a girl, – but "it was pretty well messed up"! Can you beat that for sheer unlikelihood? I wonder what Freud + Co. would make of that? I haven't been able to trace the germ of it till this moment, but now I recollect that your mention of Pigors, – (+ thanks, by the way, for the information) – made me think of Hilda's helpfulness, + then I thought of how I tried to comfort her when Miriam died, + then I thought that I should, had I been as wise about her nature as I have since become, have advised her to try to have another baby girl as soon as possible! So, in the dream, I was told she had now had it.

"Tell me, how is Fancy bred?
In the heart or in the head?"

I've been planting trees. At last I've got my long-desired tulip-tree, + I've put it within the studio hedge, just East of the building. And I persuaded Father to add a European larch to the N.E. section of the front lawn, near the birches. It's a pretty little tree now, + I hope I live to see it a big one.

Time for another sun-bath. I wish you were here to share it with me! With my love, Donald

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Sat., 31 Mar., 1934.

Dear George:—

Just a little word to tell you to go to the Shelton on your arrival in N. Y. on Saturday. I'll reach there about noon, I expect, or as soon thereafter as I can, & we'll have lunch together somewhere. I suppose you will be museum-minded in the afternoon, or we could go to a matinee if you prefer. If the weather is clear, we might climb up the Empire State building. My time is yours while you want it.

Unfortunately, the cheapest seats available at the box-office for As Thousands Cheer were $4.40 each. As I didn't want to see it that badly, I exclaimed aloud in dismay & stalked out with what I hoped was an air of scorn. I got seats instead for Dodsworth, out of Sinclair Lewis by Sidney Howard, & featuring Walter Huston. Will that do?

We thought Mary of Scotland a magnificent play, but we were all three agreed that the acting of Helen Hayes & Helen Menken fell far short of the scope of their respective rôles. Merivale was excellent as Bothwell, but the rôle of Mary demands an actress who is emotional as well as charming. The little Hayes did her best, but the scope of the tragic Queen of Scots was too big for her. As for Menken, I've detested her in everything I've seen her do. The woman can't act. And

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her declamation is incredibly mannered. I'm glad I didn't see this with you! We three grinned at one another, & said "The s.b's (sour-bellies) are at it again."

I am sick & disgusted with the passage of the veterans' bill by both houses over T. D.'s veto. My puny little vote will never be cast for any man capable of this stupidity. I hope it can be proved to these "statesmen" that it was stupidity as well as cowardice. But we seem to be resigned to the absence of character in our legislators. All hail to the representatives of Massachusetts!

Please give my warm regards to your father & mother. I hope you find them well. It's too bad you'll not see Eva this vacation. My love to you. Saturday can't come too soon for me!

Donald

P.S. If you reach the Shelton before I do, give the room your O.K. before unpacking. I've asked for one at the minimum rate, at the rear of the house, & as high up as possible. If it isn't clear of surrounding buildings (within reason, i.e. quiet & light & airy), don't take it, but telephone down & ask for another that more nearly meets specifications. Better leave big bag at Grand Central & take small one to hotel, what?

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[Jun 8, 1934]

I have spent much of my time since last Thursday in going my notes & other papers, collected since I was a freshman, a thorough overhauling. I have thrown away a lot of stuff, classified the rest, putting it into binders or envelopes. Another year I may know where what I have is at!

My father had his second operation on Monday. He was very sick for a couple of days afterward but Mother wrote yesterday that he was beginning to feel somewhat better and that the doctor expected he would have a rapid recovery. I reckon he may be going home in about three weeks. I suppose Helen

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from the company owning the truck- I hope so, for if not that trip will have been an expensive one.

I was very glad to see Helen last week. I thought she looked much better than she did at New Years time. I was quite touched by her steadfastness in waiting for me in that stifling little waiting room for over an hour after I was due. She hadn't told me the particular bus line she would come on so you may imagine my confusion on arriving in Park square to find about 17 bus stations scattered about - and none of them knew anything about a bus arriving at the time she had said she would arrive. I told you that Mathews wife was also in the hospital. He and she were driving back to Coatachie on May 9 after being up to see my father when a truck crossed to the left of the road as they were about to pass it. The truck sideswiped them but Mathews had already made for the side of the road when he was stopped by a telephone pole. Though the car, a new Oldsmobile sight was pretty well wrecked neither of them seemed to have any internal injuries, but my sister-in-law had her right thigh bone broken in two places. There seems to be a fairly good chance of collecting damages

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It seems positively ridiculous to me that they can't combine & have one large respectable working room - it must be there are many people put in my position each week.

On returning from breakfast this morning I was hailed from Hughes in the Square by Prof. Moore. You can guess my surprise when I tell you I knew he had gone to Europe and had not expected him back until August. Fortunately however I had done what he had told me to do when I last saw him in April and although I had not looked at it for a month I was able to sound reasonably intelligent. He is in town for only two days so

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I felt rather favored to have him spend until three-thirty with me. He anything what I planned to this summer, so now I can come back and feel that I have something definite to attack.

I go to Exeter tomorrow morning to stay until Sunday. Although I obtained permission to leave the dormitory two nights I rather fear all may not go well so I have a constant prayer on my lips. I give my exams next Monday & Wednesday. I shall probably go home on Friday. I must spend some time next week packing up again, for my room is to be used on Commencement day by

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my flow of thought for the time being - it is already bed-time and since I must be up betimes in the morning I had best get me to bed.

My love to all of you - mingled with a large amount of envy.

George.

P.S. #1. Morris took me to see "The Pirates of Penzance" last night. Despite the fact the complimentary seats he obtained were in the first row orchestra, on the extreme right, next the tympani, we enjoyed it immensely. I think those things are positively amusing - they seem

the class of 1887. But I have seven b-tiful bookcases from three of which the shelves have been removed and I shall be able to put most everything in them. The college will then board them up for the summer, which will save me a lot of trouble, not only now but in September. During the summer I shall be living in 14 Thayer Hall - was that the room you had - it is in the middle entry and I think I remember that your room was in that entry. It is on the east side and will hence get little sun, besides which it is insulated above by the fifth floor.

Well. I seem to have exhausted

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as fresh as I written yesterday. Being the second time I had seen this particular one I could spend more time listening to the music and I got no end of fun from observing the musical satires.

P.S. #2. I went to see Barbara a week ago last Saturday and had a thoroughly enjoyable time although we had to spend that fine afternoon sitting in the living room of the school. But I made a break of which you may or may not have heard. I had just received your letter saying that Barbara was to go West with her grandmother. Supposing there was no secret about it, I, in my stupid way, when Barbara mentioned

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her grandmother, blurted out that I understood she was taking Barbara back with her. Only to find that it was news to Barbara. I feel that I betrayed confidence. But unless Barbara betrayed me I see no occasion for carrying the thing further. But if you know that Barbara will tell it, write me and I shall apologize to the professor.

J.

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15 June, 1934.

Carmo

If I've not once again got my dates confused, this is the day you were to reach Corsackie. I hope you will have found your father doing well, & that his return to good health will be speedy & uncomplicated. Give him my best wishes.

We have had a hard day, & Betty is asleep in her chair with the Tribune open to the editorial page! (By the way, I noticed in this issue that Pareto's The Mind & Society — or some such title — is to be published in 3 vols. in English, soon. Is this the reduction you were telling me of?) Helen Tufts, "Baby", as we have re-christened her, is now somewhere off Long Island, bound for France on the S.S. Pennland. We drove down & back today & nearly suffocated in the heat of the city, which was sizzling. Now we can turn with undivided minds to the problem of getting into the North house as speedily as the various agencies involved will permit. With Baby here, there was a fat, red finger stuck in every conceivable pie, — & some that would seem inconceivable, — & we did not dare have the furniture up while she was still here to tell us just where to put it.

The carpenter & the painters have been through since about a week ago. The range is provided with oil-

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burners, – our choice being the "Florence". We haven't yet bought an electric ice-box, + till we have one, we can't move over there in this weather. There doesn't seem much immediate need of the Franklin stove, + if there should yet be cool days before the onset of corn-growing temperatures, I fancy we could live through them. Linoleum + curtains seem at the moment to be our most important problems, but I fancy – I'm still fancying! – that after the ice-box is in, we can take our time about everything else.

Anyhow, when next you show that dear face of yours at Balls Pond, you will find us in our own home, such as it will be, – + that experience you have never yet had! For tho you did penetrate into the Rochester house, you were never there when it was a going concern, so to speak.

Betty is, I think, very happy to be again under a roof which she can call with some justification her own. It's an ugly enough house, viewed from N., S., E., or W. But viewed from within its own walls, it won't be ugly.

I am resigned, perforce, to the prospect of not seeing you here, or anywhere else, for that matter, till after the Harvard Summer Session. However, should you now, upon trial, discover that you could spare a day or two (as a foretaste of your real visit) on your way back to Cambridge, my shouts of joy would re-echo far into New York State. Just come if you can. You know I always want you.

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It is so long since I gave you any information about myself that I can't remember what you know + what you don't know! It isn't that I won't write to you when you don't write to me, but my time has lately been so cut up + my moments of quiet so few that, whenever I could sneak away to the studio, I have written music rather than letters. We've had guests, + chased round to get 'em here. I've just about made up my mind that I can't do that any more. If our friends don't want to see us badly enough to transport themselves to Danbury or Brewster, I think from now on we'll have to forego having them. The other day, Ralph Robbins + a young friend of his named Sandie came on from Hastings, Nebraska via Rochester. They took the West Shore down the Hudson, got off at Highland, ferried to Poughkeepsie, + I met them one hour later in New Fairfield, which they reached easily by bus. The service has improved since you last went by it, + how they run big limousines instead of that rattletrap affair you jolted off in. If it had been the Vases or H.B. Van S., I suppose I should cheerfully have spent half a day + motored the hundred miles to Poughkeepsie + back in order to spare them the ignominy of traveling by bus, but I'm inclined to serve notice now upon whom it may concern that those were the good old days + that Fritz II now feels the depression.

Morris was most considerate, + offered to spend the night at a hotel in Bridgeport + come up next morning by 'bus. Since that would have meant losing a good 12 hours of his short week-end, we couldn't allow it. He will have told you what happened to Baby, + how we finally met them both at South Norwalk.

How much else he may have told you, I've no knowledge, but of course I must tell you myself that indirect overtures have been made to me relative to the college hitherto called St. Stephen's at Annandale opposite Saugerties. The place is being reorganized under its Acting Dean, Donald Tewksbury, who has a Plan which seems to be a quaint offspring of Oxford on the male side + Bennington on the female. It is still to be a men's college + is to be known as Bard, after the founder. Eric Clarke had the notion that I might be a good person to organize + head a music department at this place.

Well, we went + looked at it. You doubtless know approximately where it is, tho you may easily never have seen it, as it is entirely surrounded by thick woods, about three miles off the No. 9 highway (one turns at Red Top), + tho opposite the Catskills + "on" the Hudson, one can see from it neither hills nor river, nor, per contra, can it be seen from them.

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I have been in cemeteries that seemed more cheerful.

We reached there on a Sunday morning, + service was in progress in the chapel. I slipped in after the sermon, + found myself in the midst of a peculiarly flagrant travesty of the Middle Ages. The boys were all in gowns, + so were the professors. The Chaplain wore a gorgeous scarlet robe + made mesmeric gestures with a wine-cup before the altar. At the end, everyone stood up + roared with obvious relief the same Domine salvam fac patriam nostram we used to roar in Appleton Chapel. Then they all marched out in column of twos preceded by a rotund + rubicund professor bearing a mace, and, to my great relief, promptly proceeded to smoke cigarettes as soon as they were clear of the doors. If they can get clear of the "Episcopal tradition", which seems to have cast an evil spell over the place, there may be some hope for them. Convinced as I am that organized religion is the greatest single enemy of civilization, you may rest assured that I shall require certain "sanctions" ere I consent to set foot in such a place. I should, of course, for my faith to the boys, who, if they are normal 20th century Americans, can hardly be sympathetic to such mediaeval foldrol as I witnessed.

But I'm very tired, + I must stop here. My best to your mother, of course. Betty sends her love! + wants me to tell you to come whenever you can. — Your Donald

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You'll Pardon Their Backs, Mr. Weatherman!

Do you hear that smacking plop and splash? That, folks, is the REAL salute to summer, your date in the almanac to the contrary notwithstanding. Three who refuse to get hot and bothered about the temperature, are here shown about to take the initial plunge. The cameraman won't say where he took the picture, but on the surface we'd say it's around this city.

Evidence to support your view of the proximate disappearance in America of prudism with regard to the human body. Five years ago the Daubtry News could not have reproduced even this.

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Coxsackie, N.Y.
June 24, 1934

Dear Betty and Donald,

I doubt if you could guess where I am writing this sitting in the car in a shady spot in the woods on the hills back of Coxsackie - during church time. Since your good Mother arrived last Monday morning I have tried in vain to find a time + place at home quiet enough in which to answer it. Of course there is always the time after everyone else has

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relapse, which started with the most frightful chill you can imagine - I have never seen anything worse short of an epileptic fit. But the doctor quieted him and by Monday had him back on the road to recovery. Apparently a pus-sack had burst - since it had to break anyhow bringing him home merely brought it sooner. Although he is feeling quite spry now he is still confined to sitting & lying all the time. For his blood pressure persists at 105, about 20 points too low for him to do much walking about. I reckon he goes to bed, but every day this week has been so full that I have myself been ready for bed by ten or ten-thirty.

We brought Father home a week ago yesterday afternoon - less than two weeks after his second operation. When I saw him at the hospital I wondered how they could think of letting him out for he looked very badly to me. We came down slowly in a big Cadillac car so I think the journey upset him as little as possible. But he had been home only a couple of hours before he had a

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will improve from now on since he can spend a great deal of time on the porch in the sun, but it will probably be late August or September before he can return to work.

Many thanks for the suggestion that I come to you for a couple of days just before returning to Cambridge. I have been reluctant to write that I could plan to do so, but it is probably best that I stay here until I must go back. In the first place Eva is at home and will stay through this week - and we

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may be at home together again for only a few days at the end of the summer. In the second place there are so many dozens of things to be done that only I can do that I must stay & do them. A major item is to get the fireplace & mantel fixed. I had a battle of wills with the masons a couple of days ago and won. They have torn out the hearth & pillar which were put in cracked and I expect them to come tomorrow & put them back straight. Then I must design a mantel & hood shelves & see

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who wanted give him business have given up trying to find him. I think & hope he's in for a fine fall & awakening. It is Eva's being here that makes life livable. I must relate the following incident. Several days ago an minister called. When he drove in our dog, which was on the back porch began barking. Eva, already quite exasperated with him, said in an undertone I wish that damn dog was in hell. She turned to find Mother standing behind her. At the supper table that evening Mother took her to task for what that they are put in correctly. The garden has had no attention this spring except for one spading, and if I stay until next Saturday I may be able to get it straightened out - that is; cleaned and the bare spots filled with annuals.

Life here is quite as confused as ever. Harold is in the throes of love and spends at home only time enough for a few hours sleep. He does nothing at home beyond feeding the chickens once a day and mowing the lawns when they have grown to a disgraceful height. He is in his office so little that many people

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what she had said. To which Eva replied - I'm very sorry, and I hope I shall never say it again — in your presence!

Eva & I took part of Friday off and went for a nice long walk in Thatcher Park. This is a large tract of land on the brink of the Helderbergs back of Albany - it is quite wild & very hilly. There is an old Indian trail beneath the lime & stone ledge which passes behind & under two waterfalls - each of them about 75' feet high with rather narrow streams of water. We had hoped

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to find many examples of fungi - I had seen many there last August - but apparently it was too early in the season. But we did find a number of flowers & ferns we had never seen. On a clear day the view is magnificent with the Berkshires, Green Mts & Adirondacks all in sight, but Friday was a hazy day.

The Pareto which you saw announced is a translation of the complete work. The selection of which I wrote is a small book of two hundred pages in French. I have not ordered it

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small pamphlet. I shall see to it that you get a look at all three of these.

I was much directed by your accounts of St. Stephens. I have never seen the place but I have heard somewhat about it. Isn't it a subsidiary of Columbia? If you decide that you want a place there I most earnestly hope you will get one. They might need a mathematics man a year from now. I also have my eye on Bennington - I happen to have become very well acquainted with a fellow at Harvard whose

for I asked Prof. Henderson what he thought of it & he said he thought it rather poor. There is to appear this fall a short book on the Trade written in English by two members of the seminar of last year - Henderson says that will be worth reading. He himself has written a substantial review of the forthcoming translation which will appear in the Saturday Review. shortly He told me he thought it a good review & one which would present Parrish's main theses. He hopes to enlarge it into a

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mother - Mrs. Keyes Winter of New York - was the leading organizer of Bennington.

Church has been over there ten minutes + I must get back home to prepare for dinner. Will you send me Helen's address? I meant to write her a line before she sailed but it slipped my mind in the hurry of leaving Cambridge.

This afternoon Eva + I shall search a nearby hill for wild flowers + Indian relics - the famous Flint mine Hill where all sorts of interesting objects are to be found.

I know Mother, Faith + Eva would send best regards to you. With my love

Grace.

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R.D.4 –
Danbury, Conn.
27 June, 1934.

CC :–

Postscriptum après venth-due Stunden.

Have you seen Albert Jay Nock's "The Gods' Lookout" in the July Atlantic? It so exactly expresses Betty's estimate of human probabilities & possibilities that it might have been signed by her, could she wield the pen as forcefully as does A.J.N. The trouble is, I'm afraid the gentleman is right. What reaction would a Paretan have to this analysis?

I've got a pupil in harmony, a charming & well-to-do woman who lives in Redding. She is to have from 10-12 on Tuesday mornings from now till October. She is a pianist, – an amateur, but a good one, – & I expect to enjoy meeting the demands of her decided & enthusiastic intelligence. She says that Harmony has hitherto been a closed book to her, & she regards the subject with awe & trepidation. I think that as soon as she comes to grips with it, she will be astonished at its fundamental simplicity. Now I'm wondering what the Devil I ought to ask of her in the way of a fee! These matters always

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bother me to death. I've had so few private pupils in my career, – + most of them poor, – that I've nothing to go by. Shouldn't you think $6. an hour would be fair, – because I have to motor 15 miles to get to her; if she came to me, I'd make it $5. What do collegiate tutors get, – i.e. experts in their line? We used to charge $5. for special exams at Rochester. Perhaps if I let her name her own figure, it will be more satisfactory all round.

We gave Helen Tufts Man of the Renaissance for her birthday, + I had a good look at it before she left. It is interesting, but the most fascinating study of that epoch, – Symonds's Renaissance in Italy (tho in some 5 volumes) – is still unsurpassed for matter + manner. You should give yourself a treat some time + read Symonds.

Helen's address is Hôtel Danube, 58 rue Jacob, Paris 6me. She planned to go to Concarneau, but we haven't the remotest idea just when. At any rate, the hotel in Paris will forward her mail.

Betty gave me the Brahms Piano Quintet, recorded by the Flonzaleys + Harold Bauer, on our anniversary, + I gave her the Schumann A-minor Quartet. The Brahms is an especially fine recording, + a work that suits me right to the depths of my being.

The garden is only now beginning to look well. We had magnificent lupines, which flowered with the still more magnificent flowers, but they were all outside the garden proper. And I was too busy to stake my delphiniums, so I lost my two tallest specimens in last week's storm. I planted coffins here an unusual item, but most of the plants got too big in the cold-frame before the ground in the garden was worked, so I had to leave them there. We have cut them for the house, but they came so tumultuously + they fall to pieces as soon that I just could not cope with them at will! The pronies too. Now the annuals are beginning to bloom, the Phlox season has begun with Miss Lingard, + the Hollyhocks + Heliopsis begin to make pictures to the eye. The hedge withstood the winter, – now I'll believe it's hardy! – but it felt effects of the severe cold which make it a little thin in spots. However, we're getting an unusual amount of rain for June, so, now that most of necessary transplanting is done, I feel that the worst is over. The rest of the story is cultivating, staking, + spraying.

What wouldn't I give to ask you taking a sun-bath in the midst of it!

Con amore,

Donald

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R.D. 4 —
Danbury, Conn.
26 June, 1934.

CC (on the analogy of ff !)

your letter is here + twice read. Betty + I are sorry that you cannot come here now, but the reason why is plain, + we sympathize so deeply with your father that we wouldn't have you leave him even to teach in Summer School. But that, I suppose, you must do. I did hope that one day before we were many years older you + Eva might come here together. Could it be planned, do you think? If ever you can manage to plan it, just let us know of the likelihood + we'll clear the tracks here in short order. I'm counting on it, so, should I not mention it often, you may know that it is a cherished wish for which the coöperation of you + her is all that is necessary. Give her my staunch affection. I'm glad you + she can be together at home for a little, + I wish I might join you for some of your botanico-geological walks. I haven't taken a real walk in ages, — there is so very much to be done on the farm, + especially now that we are in the throes of moving. We shall be ready to take up our new abode on Thursday, I expect. That is the day that the Biggs

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start West. My father, with very little persuasion, is going with them for 3 weeks. Jim, of course, cannot go till later, but he will depart before hay-fever claims him. Mother + Annie will come up here on Thursday with Marguerite's cook, Maria, + Jim will stay with them during the absence of the rest of his family.

By the way, Barbara seems to have been spoofing you about the "secret" of her being taken back to Colorado. I can't make out whether she knew about it definitely at the time you saw her, but when I asked her whether George had brought her information that was news to her, she replied airily, "O, I let him think so". So, apparently, you owe no one an apology.

What you said about education in your last letter from Cambridge interested me very much. I showed a part of your letter to Ralph Robbins. I think I told you he came to spend a week-end with us, bringing a friend of his from Nebraska who reminded me so vividly of you that it was hard for me to treat him without familiarity. The resemblance was only physical, — he hadn't your sweetness of nature, nor your intensity of temperament, — but he was nevertheless a nice chap + we enjoyed having them both with us. We had music: Ralph played to us, + my! what a deal I could do for that boy if he would put himself

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in my hands for a period of intensive coaching. I'm no technician, but I begin to perceive what the technicians leave undone when I hear a youngster like him play like that. Ralph has matured considerably as to character. He has convictions, & the courage of 'em. But as an artist he is nowhere, after all these years. He could, however, play better than he does, if he were shown the advantage of playing into the piano rather than on top of it. And he is teachable.

He said he was to give a lecture-course on the history of music at Hastings next year. That was why I showed him your letter. But his problem is rather special. The college has not even an elementarily representative music library, therefore all, or practically all, the music his students can refer to at first-hand must be presented to them somehow in the class meetings. The same is true of critical & historical works about music. Where the sources to be consulted are so scarce as to be virtually non-existent, a text-book is imperative, & the instructor must do most of the work. I recommended Forsythe's part of the Stanford-Forsythe as still unsurpassed in English, & gave him my old copy of W. L. Bratt, which opus I hope I shall never be obliged to look at again!

We talked about religion & education, & I was surprised to find that Ralph's friend, young Landis, agreed warmly with my radically unconventional views. Surprised because Ralph had told me that, while in college, Landis had been Captain of the "Gospel Team", a group of students who traveled round the region holding meetings in churches, discussing topics of religion, & in general, so I judged, edifying the farmers of Nebraska by the spectacle of enthusiasm for Christ shown forth by young collegians. Landis's present attitude was expressed by the phrase, "Religion obtains its hold on people through fear." It looked very much as tho religion had lost its hold on him.

There is an article in the July Atlantic on Buchman & the Oxford Movement which is pertinent. Harvard is, of course, so liberal that a Harvard man may never enter Phillips Brooks House, nor even the Chapel save for ceremonies of an academic nature. But small colleges, especially those founded by denominations or by pious denominationals, are a peculiar prey to the wolves of the church. Bard College is a typical case. As St. Stephen's, it apparently festered with ingrowing Episcopalianism. Not that religion there had any beneficent effect on life: quite the contrary, if the new dean is to be believed.

I saw Tewksbury last week in New York, under Clarke's auspices. I think neither of us was satisfied with the other. He strikes me as a sentimentalist, a Woman's Club kind of person, strong for Ideals & Culture & Creative This & That. It is true that I approve whole-heartedly

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his Educational Plan, though it is mostly cribbed from Bennington. But he has far too much Y. M. C. A. Secretary in his make-up to suit me.

He made several observations concerning the college at Annandale which confirmed me in my impression of its quality. It is in an advanced state of decay. Five families of faculty-members live round a circular drive beyond the dormitories, & such is the spirit of Christian good-will that they are not on speaking-terms! Wouldn't you have thought he would have kept this fact to himself in talking with a possible new faculty-member? — Of course, this was under the Old Regime, which he is displacing as rapidly as he can. But what volumes it speaks for the influence of a certain type of church-control.

Now this control cannot be abrogated all at once. Bard College is "affiliated" with Columbia University, but, as you will see from the enclosed or accompanying pamphlet, it is proposed to continue the "Episcopal Tradition", — which my critical powers interpret as a sop to the maintainers of the budget. If your wealthy alumni are largely Episcopalians, you cannot afford to cold-shoulder the holy, catholic, & apostolic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection of the

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Body & the Life Everlasting. (You perceive that I, too, was brought up in the "Episcopal Tradition.")

If I went there, I should have to compromise with Episcopalianism to the extent of attending service more or less regularly. This I could do only if I had a definite job to perform, such as leading the choir, & I found I was expected to do that. But the Mathematics professor is to play the organ. Why? Because he has been so interested in the college music that he has gone out and obtained the necessary funds for a new $10,000. organ. Therefore, tho he plays "mechanically," & the boys hate his playing & boycott his recitals, he is to have "three-fourths of the organ-work."

The mathematician in question is named Garabedian. I met him, & he is an unquestioned enthusiast, but instantly recognizable as a type very difficult to get along with. I should not relish his being at the organ with the choir under my leadership, but I would not for worlds put my own fingers on the organ & be trapped into that kind of choir-leading.

The only other musician of the faculty is an old pupil of my own at Rochester named Abbot Smith, but he is withdrawing. I do not think he had arrived in Rochester when you left there. He was one of the few talented harmony-students that ever came my way, & his work was careful & intelligent.

But this year he has a contract with a publisher to write a life of James Madison (his subject is History), & so Garabedian is the only competent person left in the musical field. Smith studied organ with Gleason, & the students like his playing. It was he who showed me over the college, & he is very unbuttoned about it. He returned from a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford with an introduction to Nicholas Murray Butler. Butler had no vacancy at Columbia, so sent him up to St. Stephen's. I gathered that he was making a rather wry best of the only thing that offered.

Well, all this is by way of giving you an idea of my investigation into the only college position that has presented itself to me. Given the reputation of St. Stephens, about which I know more in detail than I have set down, & the dilemmas which face its reorganizer, Dr. Tewksbury, plus the fact that he can share only about $3000. for the Music Department all told, i.e. salary of professor plus equipment, the position is hardly tempting. In fact, the only thing that would make it tempting would be to have them engage you to teach mathematics in place of Garabedian! I think we can worry along for a while as we are, & Betty agrees.

She sends you her love, & I mine, a lot of it.

Donald

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Balls's Pond,
Saturday July 21st 1934.

Carissimo:—

None of my tried + trusty pens seems to be in the studio, so I'll have to make shift with a venerable relic of my college days. It seems to work all right.

Here I sit naked + let the world broil. It is astonishing how much heat one can stand, with attendant humidity, when the body is free to "breathe" naturally. My pupil, Mrs. Elser, says, "When life is based on illusion, why discard the principal illusion we possess?" But, tho a charming person, she is painfully thin, + never suffers from the heat, so one can understand why she never desires to reveal her body.

It seems to me that if anything can persuade humanity to doff its clothes, it would be such weather as this. Father has just returned from Colorado, + he says Kansas + Nebraska present a pitiful spectacle. In Emporia, according to today's paper, the temperature has stuck at over 100°F. for forty consecutive days. Now I call that a climate!

What with the depression plus acute labor unrest plus the weather of the past month, the Roosevelt administration is having to run the gauntlet of considerable unjust criticism. Perhaps the New Deal is slightly more responsible for the current

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strikes than for the current weather, but I should say only slightly. I must confess that the editorial attitude of my favorite newspaper, in these days & on this question, riles me considerable. Why can't they let an experiment alone till it has run a fair course? I'd hoped the Tribune was above the lesser pettinesses of party politics, but it seems not to be.

On the other hand, der Allwrssende, as Betty calls him, seems to shine with redoubled splendor by sheer contrast. I've not the patience to read him every day, but his comment on the Frisco general strike seemed to me to hit the nail smack on the head. A general strike, says Lippmann, is a political weapon & a revolutionary procedure, & I think he's right. No fraction of the population of a given region has sufficient justification, under any circumstances, for tying up the functions of ordinary existence in a way that makes the whole community suffer.

I was glad of your news of Raymond; I realize exactly how you feel about him, for I feel that way myself. But I'd have been interested in what you talked about, & in what he had to say. If you were magnetized to the extent of boarding his train with him & traveling to Nashua, I'd like to have heard a description of the electrical phenomena so spectacular as to bring that about!

Your good news about your father is right welcome. I hope nothing will prevent his complete recovery

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even if it seems slow.

Later. I'm "at home" in the North House now, with a fluent pen, but my clothes are now "on", so if there is any atmosphere of suffocation about the remainder of this letter, you will know what circumstance to blame. Betty has actually come to the point where she is willing to remove her stockings! I have no hope of her ever becoming a complete nudist, but the stockings are an immense concession.

I can't be enthusiastic about this house. I hadn't thought our Rochester house to be in the least elegant, but it was planned by someone with an eye for pleasant proportions & civilized liveability (if you get what I mean). This house is a box with windows in it. Ed Miller, the carpenter, says it is well built, but he must be thinking of the timber structure, because the plaster is of the flimsiest. You will see it for yourself, soon, but I confess that we are only putting up with it because we must. Our furniture & pictures don't suit it, nor can I imagine exactly what style of furnishings would do so. The most we can achieve is a kind of determined satisfaction that we are at least under a roof that is temporarily ours exclusively, & we are thankful for that much liberty in this time of restriction.

As for your coming here, if I translate the dictates of my heart into plain English, they resolve themselves into but two words: Come soon! I shall be here all summer but for the first days of September, when I am planning to visit the English Folkdance Society's camp at Bournedale & go on from there to week-end with Morris on the Cape. Betty wants to go to Niacassett to visit Henry & Elizabeth, but just when she will go is not yet settled. When she will return is more positive, tho whether she will elect to go with me to West Harwich is not yet clear. I am to meet her in Boston on her return from Maine & drive back to Danbury, but she has yet to decide whether to return before or after my trip to Bournedale & West Harwich. Of course, if I am to be alone here for two weeks before September 1st, that is the time when your visit would be most quiet, for you would have only one "temperament" to deal with instead of two, & we could do exactly as we pleased, which would be very Heaven. So let's leave it indefinite for the time being, - shall we? - & appoint the exact date when we are a little nearer to it. As for Eva, I'd be delighted to have her come when you do for as long as she could stay, but let's leave that, too, till Betty's plans get shaped more distinctly. I'm sure Eva wouldn't mind a small spree with just you & me, but perhaps she would much prefer coming when Betty is at home. In which case, it would have to be after September 4th, which is the Tuesday following Labor Day. I can't tell from your letter just when your visit would be likely to fall, as you fail to state definitely when Summer School ends & when Fall term begins. But

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since Eva is to remain in Baltimore till Sept. 1st + then go to Bar Harbor for at least a week, I reckon you counted on being here around the 10th.

Now, George my dear, you know that's all right, + if that's the time you most want to come, then come then. I suggest an alternative only because it presents certain advantages from my point of view. As a matter of probability, if you do not come before the end of August, I shall very likely close this house, give Sadie a vacation, + go over + stay with Father + Mother during Betty's absence. But I'd much rather have you to myself, even for a brief time. In the end, however, I'll take what I can get, + like it!

It is rather pleasant to be able to imagine you in Thayer Hall. I lived in the North entry on the 3d floor rear, in what was then, + may be still, Thayer 60. It was a pleasant room, + had the advantage of an outlook between Old Fogg + other (bless me!) Old Appleton. I liked it better than any room I ever occupied in Cambridge. If you are in the Middle Entry, you are probably in Sanger Steele's old room, or Bill Williams's. They lived

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opposite each other, if memory serves, at the rear of the 4th floor, + I was up there a couple of times, tho even that many is remarkable since I was no "visitor" when I was in college. My visiting was largely done in Lexington, + the only chap I used regularly to frequent was Ben Roberts, who lived all his four years in Perkins. He is now a Congregational minister, + so lost to me!

You sound as if you were not unhappy, + I hope your work goes well + that you enjoy it. I have heard nothing from Tewksbury, so I judge that I frightened him off by my reservations concerning Episcopalianism. It's just as well, tho I fear Clarke is rather miffed at having his recommendation disregarded. I must write to him + pour a little balm on his pride.

I am now earning $18. a week, just as if I were an F.E.R.A. employee. I have taken on a piano pupil, the organist of the local Episcopal church, who takes two half-hour lessons a week. Then Mrs. Elser has invited Mrs. Stuart Chase to come in with her on the Harmony lessons, but whether she will stick remains to be seen.

Mrs. Chase is the young college-woman type, small, blond, intellectual, + not assertive. I fancy she finds it difficult to assert herself in the presence of her husband, + she most certainly gives the impression of one who has been browbeaten at home. If I shall ask Mrs. Elser to enable me to meet Chase, because I understand he is fond of music, but if his wife likes the way I teach Harmony, perhaps I shall meet him anyway. If I do, I shall see that you do, when you come.

Your list of movies is a good one. Of your three I have seen only Little Man. It is certainly not unobtainable photographically, but the acting is capable + effective. We are hoping to have "Of Human Bondage" here shortly. Last night Helen Ryder went with us to a new summer theatre over Concord way where they were giving Shakespeare's Merry Wives out of doors with Mr. + Mrs. Charles Coburn. It was pretty fair, tho they interpolated some singing + dancing that were ill-conceived + worse executed.

We've been reading a little Santayana, + working for more time to give to him. Also Paul Elmer's History of Middle, which continues a lot of interesting ideas which stimulate reflection, tho I don't agree with all of them. And Maurois's Disraeli, which is fascinating: the story of the great Jewish colonial administrator, a character of heroic stature. — Now I must stop, with a huge load of love to you.

Donald

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9 August '34.

Carissimo :—

Just a word to thank you for your good letters + to tell you that Betty has apparently made up her mind not to go to Wiscasset + at all, this summer. We shall go to Morris's the Labor Day week-end if they can have us, + shall be ready for you when you are able to come, thereafter.

Your mysterious plans for Lake George sound as though you might be going there to commit a crime, but I think I know you well enough to discount all mystery + wait patiently + confidently for enlightenment. I can say truthfully that I merely envy your prospective host (or hostess) + that I hope you will have a grand good time + get tanned all over.

We've been to New York today on a shopping expedition, — ran into a hooked rug sale at Macy's + enjoyed ourselves no end.

I'll write to Morris, of course, + if we can pick up the esplanade concerts, we'll listen to him with ears pinned back. — My love to you. — Donald

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North House,
23 Aug., 1934.

Carissimo:—

Your letter came today, & we are delighted you are to arrive the 5th. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to convey yourself to the near vicinity when you come, tho we may be able to drive you back to Kingston in case we decide to return the Kefers' visit at that time.

I'm in a mell of a hess. I've let myself in for the organization of a new Music Centre in Danbury, & it means seeing people & winning their support, which is a thing peculiarly hard for me to do. Still, I must say that thus far every person I've interviewed has been sympathetic & has promised at least moral support. Of the project I'll not speak till you come. There will be time enough then to get your reactions, which I shall value. Just how much time I shall have to give to this organization job while you are here I cannot tell, but there will be enough left over for us to enjoy each other's company, & I shall probably bless you as usual for your helpfulness & your ability to fit into any situation.

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We start tomorrow for Cape Cod, to spend the week-end with Morris. We decided we didn't want to be on the roads during the Labor Day period, + therefore when I finally wrote to Mot, I asked if we might come the 24th. It will be Route 6 to Providence + over the Mount Hope bridge to New Bedford; thence to Bournedale, where we visit the E. F. D. S. camp + have dinner with my friends Mr. + Mrs. Hartford. We'll not arrive at West Harwich till bedtime, but it makes a sufficient daylight.

I'll write again when I can manage it. Meanwhile, much love to you, + may you find more rest + relaxation than you yet seem to have achieved!

Your
Donald

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Wed., 29 Aug., '34.

Dear George:—

You must just have missed a letter from me at Coxsackie, but you probably have it by now.

First + foremost, Betty + I would be glad indeed to have Eva come for a week while you are here, but I must ruefully add that since we are again without a cook + since Eva is the kind who insists on pitching in + helping, it wouldn't be as much of a vacation for her as I had hoped to provide.

Our 230-lb. Sadie left us high + dry two weeks ago. We advertised again + had the total sum of one applicant! Since we were going to the Cape the 24th, we put her off till we should have returned. I called her up on the eve of our departure only to be told that her husband had just obtained a new job in Hartford, + that she was going there with him.

We are now going to try to find someone who can come in by the day, + we shall certainly have Maggie once a fortnight to clean the house.

That is the situation, + of course you are almost the only person — Eva would be another, — whom

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Betty would be willing to have come here + stay under the circumstances. So come, + bring Eva if she can manage it + will.

You can't tell me anything about the weather last Friday! We were so delayed that I decided to make no attempt to visit the C.C.C. camp. We had supper with Mrs. Hartford in Bournedale, + with her were her three sons, but not her husband, – who has to come all the way from Newark + doesn't arrive till 10.30 on Fridays, – nor her daughter Barbara, who was away at camp. Keith, the eldest son + the one I wrote to you about, is a right nice youngster. He is very quiet, but he has a good deal of charm, – they all have, – and I discovered that he still pulls at my heartstrings just as he did when he was a small boy of nine or so. When he happened to mention that he had "anticipated" English A at Harvard, I seized the opportunity to remark that that no doubt accounted for his feverish activity as a correspondent. (He had not acknowledged my letter of last Spring!) His chagrin was impressive. He now says that he will write + that he will go + see you after college opens. I suspect he is not particularly social, very self-reliant, self-contained, + self-sufficient, – all good qualities to be sure, but if he could be prodded into expanding a little, it would do him no harm.

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We had a delightful time with Morris + his father + mother. Of course, "Mo" is a bit too sedentary in his tasks + habits to suit me. I dragged him out for one short walk along the beach, but that was all the exercise he suggested, + it was, incidentally, the only opportunity for talk that I had with him alone. For the rest, we played Bridge, went to the summer theatre at Dennis, where we saw a corking good play, The Shining Hour, well done, + were driven to Provincetown on Sunday for dinner. I had never been farther out on the Cape than Chatham, + I found the dunes + beaches round Provincetown most interesting. You know, you + I should have taken the boat at Boston + gone down there for a couple of days of tramping + swimming when we were at Jay St. I except that in April the water is probably too cold. But I'd like you with me, at any rate, the next time I go.

We liked Mr. + Mrs. Hastings very much, on closer acquaintance, + they are delightful as host + hostess. We came back via Boston on Monday, + stopped to buy new shoes at Burt's on West St.

Now be sure to give our best regards to your father + mother. I hope you can see the Webbs + carry out your plan, + that you pick a day when Elizabeth is not tied to the library.

How will you come here? Are you driving back to Coxsackie? I assume that you are, + that therefore you will need to know about the bus connection from Poughkeepsie. The one Ralph Robbins + his friend came on leaves P. — at 4 P.M. Daylight + I meet it at New Fairfield at about 5.15 I presume there is a connection with the Highland ferry, — if there's nothing else, the trolley will get you + your bag up the hill.

We're expecting you the 4th. — beg pardon, the 5th., Wednesday.

With my love + Betty's too,

Donald

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North House
Sunday Evening, 16th.

[16 Sept 1934?]

Dear George:—

I want to greet you as you return to Hollis Hall, — to give you a word of affection as you re-enter the environment that has become stale + distasteful to you. I don't like to think of you as discontented + unhappy. but I'm afraid there will be at least an undercurrent of such Seelenschmerz as long as you are in Cambridge. As long as you drop asleep easily + sleep well, I shan't worry about your falling through, but I'm sorry you are not occupied with something that suits your convictions + your tastes. Just fasten on to the things + the people you love, + let them, let us help you through this year. It may prove a hard one, but stick by your choice till you've won the right to make another with a free conscience.

Naturally, you have been much in my thoughts since you left, + it seems an age since day-before-

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yesterday morning. You always leave me with an ache which takes some days to quiet down.

I have pondered a little over what you told me of yourself, but with not much communicable result. I'd let Constance feel how you regard her, — women are generally keen about such things, — rather than tell her outright. Only should she become excessively importunate would you become obliged to be explicit. Protect yourself (and her) with restraint, use your best judgement, avoid being alone with her + let her sense that you avoid it. You never will be anything but kindly + gentle, but since you now know she cares deeply for you, you have an added responsibility to make clear your feeling for her before she builds too confidently upon what she desires it to be.

I want to tell you again, unequivocally, that I think you would be foolish not to apply for the fellowship. Go ahead full sail as long as you are on this course. If you receive both the doctorate + the fellowship, you can then decide what you want to do next. I think the actual terms of the fellowship are important, far more important for your eventual decision to retain or to renounce it than is the "understanding" under which it is granted. And of course you do not need to be told that you must play your part right up to the hilt to the

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very last moment, + keep your own counsel. No confidences to anyone, because you cannot safely trust anyone beside Raymond + myself to know you well enough to approve your motives. You can always avoid exercising your imagination by saying to those who want to help you plan where to go + what to do with your fellowship: "Wouldn't it be better to wait till We got it", or, if pressed: "What would you advise?" And then vamp up some enthusiasm for the advice! I spoke of Whitehead in this connection, but since you seemed to be in the way of arriving at a decision, I withdraw the suggestion.

I have been dismayed at the weather of yesterday + today, realizing that you have had nothing but gray skies + rain for your trip to Granville. But if the elements conspired to keep you + Elizabeth indoors, I hope nevertheless that things went well + that you made progress in mutual understanding. I am eager to hear as much as you want to tell me about it, because my heart is with you + your dearest desire for yourself is mine also.

On leaving you I went to the barber's, + on emerging from that place I met Mr. Sperry. The result of that meeting was that I telephoned Betty, snatched a hasty lunch, + went with Sperry to Milton to call on the Chamlees. Mario Chamlee is a well-known tenor, + his wife, Ruth Miller, is a singer also, + the sort of person Sperry would like to see here in the Music Centre. We had a delightful hour with them, + I have no reservations about the lady's personal qualifications. She is young, beautiful, interesting, well-poised, self-reliant, + intelligent. As to her artistry + her teaching ability, I should have to hear her sing in order to determine anything about them.

The next day, Sperry, the Ortmans, Rooney, Mrs. Brownlee + I met as arranged; I felt some trepidation in conducting a "business" discussion, but they threw the responsibility upon me, so I didn't dodge it. The upshot was that Rooney himself proposed that the Elks make the repairs according to our wishes, + we then proposed to pay $1200. annual rental. Sperry expressed himself as very well satisfied with the meeting. Of course the proposal now has to go to the Elks, but Rooney seemed to get our point of view + certainly to approve the idea of the Music Centre. I expect to hear from Rooney before Tuesday night.

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You understand, of course, that I regard Sperry's support as vital to the project. He is the only, absolutely the one single, sole, solitary business-man in Danbury who could arrive at a concept of what such a Music Centre might be. Musically speaking, he is something of a sentimentalist, but music is important in his view of life, & I do not know another man in Danbury, not a professional musician, of whom that could be said.

He took in the Ortmans, & he & I remained to talk with Mrs. Brownlee after they & Rooney had departed. He was a little dismayed, first of all, at their advanced years. But he was quite positive that Mrs. O. cannot be allowed within the "organization", i.e. to have a voice in the control of the Centre. He said she was too domineering.

Well, somehow I suppose we shall solve that problem, though I confess I do not at the moment perceive just how. I feel very much my lack of experience in running organizations of any kind. I have never in my life had to choose

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a personnel, except once or twice in the army, + I've not yet learned not to take people at their own valuation. But, though I have made now the error of taking up with the Ortmans before I knew what they could or could not do, it is not too late to send them ashore + leave them high + dry. Perhaps so drastic a move will not be necessary. I hope not, because it would hurt me to hurt them. But we most certainly cannot compromise the success of our project by admitting as teachers anyone who is less than entirely competent, + we do want singing-teachers who can sing acceptably in public! This is in itself sufficient ground for breaking off relations between the project + Mrs. O., + if we decide that that has to be done, it will be done dispassionately + impersonally. She may be a good teacher, but I'll wager Betty would be just as good or better. And we want more than a good teacher, because we want to use all our staff for recitals. — I begin to see that we must have a Board of Artistic Control, or something of the sort, + that the Board must make these hellish decisions, not an individual like myself.

The Bridges all arrived home today, + they all look very healthy except Barbara, who has had quite a little intestinal trouble during the summer. Those children are rather a puzzling lot. They seem entirely to lack enthusiasms, + their temperaments are so foreign to mine that I have difficulty in discovering what, if anything, they really care about. They are very Briggy, — not in any perfect-little-respect like their mother. Marguerite has evidently had a grand time, + she looks fine.

Betty sends you her love + says she misses you very much. She wished you were here with us tonight, — it was a pleasure to have you here, + you are a dear. In all of which I concur with my own special overtones.

Donald

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North House. R.D. 4 —
Danbury, Conn.
28 Sept. '34.

... and that was as far as that got!

Oct. 4th

Your letters, o mio molto caro, arrived this morning just as I was starting out for the dentist's to have a wisdom-tooth pulled. Now I hope that wisdom-teeth are not like Samson's hair, for I need what little wisdom I've amassed. The after-effects were less severe this time than ever before. This is the fourth of such losses, & I suppose that 'ere long I'll be "gummin' it", as my grandfather used to say.

Your letter to me was safely sequestered, & has been twice read. The only thing that strikes me, with regard to Constance, — shall I say it? — is that you do not express any pity for her. But perhaps, since you must necessarily hurt her, it is just as well if you don't & can't feel that hurt too much, yourself. You ask whether I think you should have said more than you did, & I reply, No. It is much better to have these difficult things sensed rather than to make them verbally explicit. Her feeling for

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you is now certainly as clear as if she had spoken it out, + I hope yours is as clear to her. I think it ought to be. She will give you up now if she finds it impossible to be near you + remain simply friendly. Only should she show symptoms of being determined to make some sort of capture of you, now that she finds you have become wary, would she be redoubtable. And from what she said about making no claim upon you, I think you are safe. You can always say, flat-footedly, that philandering isn't in your code, really, — + that would be immediately understood by as intelligent a woman as she apparently is.

I can assure you that she had my sympathy!

You most certainly did make progress with Elizabeth Dougan if she is prepared to come to Cambridge at Thanksgiving time. I rather like the nerve of you, my dear. But in these days, thank fortune, such things are easier + more natural than they were in mine. Before the War, it was still a matter of chaperones and such camouflage. I shall be more than interested to know what you will cook up in the way of her entertainment. But of course principally you will want to insure plenty of opportunity for talk, + for testing out congenial tastes.

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As to Kenneth, I think you may be right, but at any rate he's miles out of the picture for the time being. The main thing is that you've stopped worrying about him, but my tactics would be to rule out firmly any element of chance. If he comes to Cambridge, don't put him up chez vous unless you shall have envisaged every possible consequence to your peace of mind.

I'm still thinking there might be the possibility of your making honorable use of a Traveling Fellowship in mathematics. Have you looked into the precise terms of the award? Because I think it would be much better for you to take a year abroad than to teach. I'd like to see you get entirely out of the academic rut for a year, at least in America. I suppose that any decision on this question depends to a large extent on whether you decide to marry. And if you marry, you will have to have a job. But, being married would of itself serve so to content your spirit (I feel sure of this if you are happily married), that the change of scholastic environment would then be of far less importance.

At any rate, I'm deeply contented with your letter. You seem, perhaps just because certain troublesome things are already beginning to settle themselves, to be beginning to take the attitude that other troublesome things will do likewise. I think they will. The greatest waste of our powers & capabilities comes when we brood over what we cannot see clearly. It seems impossible to be patient & wait for the mists to evaporate. But when you have to act, just ask yourself quietly: What is it I really want. And if you don't know, wait. And if you do know, go ahead, — with due regard for other people's rights & feelings, but never so much regard as will prevent your progress on your own path when you see it distinctly.

I'm having a grand time with the Music Centre. From an absolutely selfish point of view, I'm coming to know some very interesting people whom I should never have made acquaintance with had I been pushing myself either as composer or as teacher. I begin to see that, identified with a Cause of some good kind, one gets the ear of many busy people who are well worth knowing. I see that I have hitherto been a very modest nobody indeed. But life is always fascinating to me, & is rapidly becoming more so than ever! It's a grand world, even if it is just at present in a mess of a hess.

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We had a beautiful day at the Pittsfield Festival, — but I'm thinking I must have told you about that, — only did I say that I met Angela Diller of the Diller-Quaile Music School? She has had a professional success, but she looks a harried person. She has recommended to me a teacher of piano & sight-reading whom I shall go & see.

Yesterday I was in New York. I saw Carleton Smith at the Public Library, & it transpired during our talk about the Music Centre that he knows the man who is backing Georges Balanchine & the new ballet troupe he is developing. So Smith is going to give me an introduction there.

Then I went to see Fiona McCleary, one of the teachers on my list, recommended by the Clarkes. She told me of the Royal Academy New Music Society, & advised me to send them my 'cello sonata for possible London performance, which thing I am forthwith doing. She is a fine type of hard-headed Scotswoman (very much Londonized), intelligent & alive. I liked her.

Then I had lunch with Eric Clarke & Carleton Smith at the Beethoven Association & we talked Centre to my considerable enlightenment. And after that I went to hear & see The Gondoliers done by the D'Oyley Carte Company, & don't miss them when they come to Boston!

I miss you always, but I'm easier in my mind about you! With a great deal of love, Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
September 30, 1934

Dear Donald,

It's the end of a nearly workless week-end so I'll do no more studying tonight, but rather spend what remains of the evening writing you a letter, or at any rate get one started.

First I want to express my deep appreciation for the letter you had waiting here for me when I arrived. It was a boon to find such tangible evidence that your

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suggested that we have dinner in town and then see a show - for example, "As Thousands Cheer". She didn't like the suggestion at all, said she didn't want to see a show and that she did want to have dinner in Concord at the same place we had had dinner several times this summer. That put me on my mettle and made me feel perfectly safe in letting her have her way. So to Concord we went. After dinner no place wanted visit her but the same place, at which we had previously spent several evenings - beside the fountain. So off we went. And then I seem to have played my

spirit was here. And also I want to thank you for all the thoughtful consideration you gave to my problems, not only while I was with you but also after I had left Duxbury. No matter how often I may disregard or even consider to your advice I often wonder when I should be without it.

To tell you of Constance, first of all. I had, of course, come to a definite understanding with myself regarding Constance and was prepared to act accordingly. I met her the evening of my arrival at 6:30. In accordance with your advice that I show her that I was trying to avoid being alone with her I immediately

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past blunderingly. I studiously kept to my own side of the seat & kept my hands on the wheel or in my lap. She made several clear openings for me to do otherwise but I was adamant. Conversation was scarcely lively but I don't remember that it was too dull. She had previously shown a particular interest in Elizabeth & had hinted in her two letters that she was anxious to hear what had happened in the weeks since summer school. But not one word passed her lips that evening which even hinted at such an interest. We came back to Cambridge shortly after midnight and when I left her she thanked me for having spent those

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evenings with her this summer, saying that they had helped her through a perfect hell of a time.

On the Friday following I received a telegram from her asking me to meet her in Cambridge that evening for fifteen minutes. I did so. She told me she wanted to know what she had done that I should have treated her so on Wednesday evening. When I asked what she meant she said that she had felt all evening as if she were a worm being held on the end of a stick at arm's length! Fortunately she had made it easy for me, for I could assure her with sincerity that she had done nothing to change my attitude

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with her and feared that I might have led her to a false hope. Do you think it would have been wise to say that? She did ask me to be perfectly frank.

Secondly, what shall I tell you of Elizabeth? I certainly saw her in Granville under quite unfortunate circumstances - unpleasant weather and in a household of four older women (two of them veritable antiques) and Kenneth. She + Kenneth had planned an outdoor steak supper for that Saturday evening but the weather saw to it that we had the steak at the family board. Before I had time to ask Elizabeth what she wished to do that evening toward her and I could also assure her that I had no intention of making her feel as she did. She said she believed me + that she felt happier. I hope she did feel so. But I feel sure that she had divined what was in my mind, for she insisted two or three times that I must feel perfectly free to do with respect to her exactly as I chose - that she laid no claim to me. I don't remember ~~that~~ What I answered to that, if anything.

I have since thought out what I think I might have said - namely, that I did consciously act differently toward her that evening, because I had previously not acted wisely

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Kenneth had suggested that there was a good movie to be seen I simply couldn't be cruel enough then to take Elizabeth + not ask Kenneth to go along as the three of us went. But that was alright - Elizabeth has since told me it would have been mean not to take Kenneth.

Sunday morning was moderately fair + at Elizabeth's suggestion she + I took a beautiful long walk over the hills thereabouts - it is a very beautiful country - hills slightly more rugged than those about Danbury with the blue peaks of the Adirondacks + Green Mts away in the distance. That afternoon I moved Elizabeth's goods into Granville village, after which

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the boys of as listened to some of her records. Then supper & the week-end was over.

Well – there was, as you put it, progress toward mutual understanding – whether that is all I don't know. I have yet to see her under what I would call favorable or convenient circumstances. I think the latter will materialize this fall. For when I wrote her from Cambridge saying that I would be glad to see her here whenever she might find it possible to come, she rejoined that she thought it would be 'lots of fun' to spend the Thanksgiving week-end in Cambridge.

Well, that presents a problem for me. For my knowledge of the

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may be wrong, but I still feel that he means by this, affection wholly devoid of any sexual implication or consequence - he likes me and takes that way of showing it.

Finally, as for my Seelenschmerz. I am, of course, by no means persuaded to the idea of spending the rest of my days in a mathematician's chaos, but I feel more content this year than in any recent year to carry on to the doctor's degree. After all, barring accidents, this is the last year and that in itself is a tremendous spur. And then, while I still have many hurdles ahead, I am at last into a subject where I am beginning to feel somewhat at home.

Who knows what next year may bring. If I do get a degree next June, entertainment of female guests is that of a babe in arms. The mechanics of such an undertaking are quite beyond me - but you may count on it I shall wrestle with them to the best of my ability.

And now a note on Kenneth. You remember that I told you that my episode with him was, so far as I was concerned, closed. And that you replied that that might be so, but that it might be otherwise with him. I was reminded of this in the movie theatre that Saturday evening. He sat next me and though the whole evening sat as close to me as the intervening chair arm would allow, from time to time keeping his leg pressed closely to mine. I

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whatever career can't fail to be interesting. I am somewhat concerned about getting a job. I feel sure I shan't be surprised if I don't get one, at least one in any sense connected with a doctor's degree in mathematics. The longer this Roosevelt administration goes on the more I feel we are done for worse times than we have yet seen. We are keeping people alive, but that seems to be all, except increasing the national debt beyond all bounds. That has always in the past meant inflation in the end, and the size of our present debt would warrant a pretty frightful inflation. At least one thing seems certain to me - a crash of the government finances would [redacted] bring about drastic changes all around - we might even see a real socialist government.

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Well, at least this part of my letter is written. I shall include a letter on less intimate topics to Betty & you, but that cannot be written tonight. Now for some sleep. I haven't set my clock back yet. I object to the change of time so early in the fall and always refuse to change my clock until old time is well-established again.

My love & good-night,

George.

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Dear Donald,

I have just written that my eyes are burning too much for me to go on, and so they are, but I must write you a private page or two.

I wrote you several pages Wednesday night, but on Thursday morning decided not to send them to you. They consisted of morbid effusions precipitated by a talk with Marie. I had talked with him that evening about the probability of my actually getting a degree this year and I had seemed to sense that he felt I might very well not get one. He said, almost in so many words, that I had

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faire' I might have been able to avoid it. I did not hear from her until yesterday. She wrote me a long letter in which she said what I suspect she had wanted to say on that last evening but hadn't dared - namely that she had noticed that I hadn't touched her and that she had wondered why. She went on to say - in so many words - that so far as she was concerned any intimacies between us during the summer had been in that borderland between flirtation & love, and that women early learned to attach to them no particular importance - only when they pushed over the border into one or the other domain did they become serious. I'm willing to believe she's telling the truth - in fact I hope she is, for her own peace of mind.

I was surprised to have you say that you envy gratification for doing research except possibly one - namely inclination - he's very canny. Well, he scared me almost breathless, - I'm still scared and am praying I shall stay so for six months. I'm manufacturing inclination out of thin air - and if I can keep in sufficiently good health I may come through yet - at least I am determined to make the effort - there's a lot at stake.

Your good letter of nearly a month ago was deeply appreciated. With regard to Constance - I certainly didn't intentionally express no pity for her. Still, I'm not sure that I do pity her - I think she was even so much more an object of pity before her divorce than now. On the other hand, I am not callous, and if I did hurt her; and I'm afraid I did - I regret it - but I had more 'sawin

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thought it required nerve to have one not Elizabeth here for Thanksgiving - I didn't feel any strain on my nerves at the time. Be that as it may I look forward to her coming then. And in addition I shall go to Granville on Nov. 10, - We have a holiday on the 12th - that at her invitation. Well? - that's what I act myself.

Have I mind to tell. Much love to you.

George.

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23 Oct., 1934

Sorry!

Carissimo:-

It appears to be three weeks since I had your letters, but considering that you wrote two, I suppose you think that two are due in response. So here goes!

At last the sun is shining. We have had a queer month, for October. The first week was glorious till Saturday. (The laboring man with a free week-end was out of luck this season, for it was unpleasant for seven consecutive Saturdays). Here in the hills the leaves have been so brilliant that even under a gray sky or during rain the world has looked splendid. But for a month which is usually the pleasantest of all the twelve, we have most certainly been cheated in 1934.

My two hardiest + most dependable varieties of chrysanthemum have not yet bloomed! I thought I should lose them during the two cold spells, but they are still brave + green + full of buds that are only beginning to show color. Again, it is the season. There has not been sun enough.

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--- Later. - I've just had a sun-bath. I've cleared a little space just behind the studio, & when the air is too cool to lie naked, I take my bath in that sheltered nook, doing setting-up exercises remembered from my army days & drawing in deep breaths of this tonic autumnal air. What is there more exhilarating than air impregnated with the scent of moist fallen leaves? I wish you were here to walk through the woods with me.

I've been to "our" hilltop, — the original one, — once since last I wrote, about two weeks ago. A chickadee's acute minor third came to my ears that morning when I was bathing & reminded me of your whistling. So after lunch I took Bob and set off. Fortunately, your absence always stops short of sheer misery for me, else I could not go to these places where your imagined presence is very pervasive. It is something to care so powerfully for another person that parting is a wrench and separation a discipline. Just after you have been much with me, as this last time, I'll confess that your withdrawal takes endurance. But, for my part, I'd not have it otherwise. I can at least give you the assurance (I was about to say "the satisfaction of knowing", selfish person that I am,)

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that you have enriched my life inexpressibly, whatever happens in the future.

The chickadees seemed to have left the hilltop, – at least there were none audible that afternoon. The sun being bright + warm, I stripped and enjoyed it, then dressed and went down the S.E. slope of the hill, which is not quite so steep as the West. There is no path anywhere that is at all defined, + I have never met anyone on the hill at all. I'm still a little puzzled as to the geography of that series of hills west of the Squam Pond arm of Candlewood. It is all clear enough from the opposite shore, + the next time I go I shall find the bare rocks where we went before the lake was full, but when I am on the west shore, I do not have a clear picture in my mind of the configuration of the terrain between Wauzer Hill + Pond Mountain. When I came down that day, I meant to go on to the bare rocks, but it was too late. I circled round toward the West + arrived back at the point where we usually leave the wood-road much sooner than I expected to, following a disused lumber trail at the point where the hill-base levels out. The trees were gorgeous, but the bottom-land was very wet, – another reason for my turning back. I didn't want to get Bob filthy, and he would have been in five minutes had we tried to cross the valley.

Friday. Oct 26.

Today is a terror! The clouds are low round Ball's Pond + the rain pelts furiously on the roof of the studio. All the leaves are being washed off the trees, literally that. When this is over, all the glory of the foliage will have departed for another season. Well, I can soberly say that it has never within my memory been more beautiful. I hope you managed to get out of Cambridge + into the woods a few times during these rare days of their greatest glory.

Before I forget it, I wonder if you will take the trouble to find out for me E. B. Hill's address. Mrs. Hill told me at Pittsfield that they had moved to Boston, but I hadn't the presence of mind to ask for street + number. They have sold their Brattle St. house. They must be listed in the telephone book, so you might give me their 'phone number too, if you will. I want to show Hill my Alice score with the idea of arranging for Koussevitzsky to look at it or listen to it. If he will give it a concert performance, in whole or in

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part, I shall let him, tho the score must first be copied. It was finished October 7th.

Since you seem pleased with the being relieved from tutorial duties, I congratulate you, tho I should think tutoring might be a better process of education than class-room teaching. Why do you dislike it? What's wrong with it?

I didn't think of Clarke's namesake when I last saw Eric in New York, but you have found out the relationship. Eric's children are, all four, girls. Dr. Hans Clarke, your boy's father, is a notable chemist, & an amateur clarinet-player. His aunt, Rebecca, is a composer. I don't like her writings, but she's an accomplished viola-player. Don't expect sparkle in children of vivacious people. And don't expect your own children to be admirable, when you get 'em. And don't expect anything at all, — it's much safer. Just be damn thankful if one child of a marriage turns out to be a sympathetic human personality. I can't say as much for any of my sister's children. Not one of them has her charm, — they are all Biggsy & wooden, so far. During adolescence they may change for the better. Let's hope so. — The operations of the process of heredity seem certainly

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Thank you for your news of Raymond. I owe him a letter, for he wrote me a very sympathetic one when I informed him of Grace Tweedy's death. If you see them, will you tell Hilda that my agent succeeded in securing a tenant for my Rochester house? You remember her kindness with regard to that, – putting me in touch with Mr. Pigors, who found the house too small for his family. My new tenant is paying less than normal rent, even for these parlous times, but the lease is only for 11 months + it's much better to have someone in the house. From what Mrs. Merchant reports, I judge he is likely to take good care of it.

Tues., Oct. 30th

Your letters of the 28th are here. I stopped the carrier on my way downtown this morning + secured mine. It would be better if you put your private communications to me after the part that is to us both. Part II is then more easily left in the envelope after Part I has been withdrawn. I relish having a private correspondence with you just as much as I relish our talks when we are by ourselves, and not so much because the subjects are apt to be more confidential, but because the bars can be let down in every way.

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to be unpredictable. Do you suppose my father ever dreamed he'd have a son like me? Or would I have dreamed that my cousin Gladys, who married one of the most uninteresting men who ever lived, would have turned out three such utterly attractive children as Sue + Rider + Fred? Oh, it's a grand lottery! The only saving thing about it is that parents usually like their own children because they're theirs. But as for understanding them, that's another matter, as you well know.

Sat. Oct. 27.

Well, at least it didn't rain today, — that is, it hasn't as yet. But it blew up cold in the night, + I rose + shut my window at 5 A.M., more to stop the howling of the wind at my bedroom door than to keep out the cold. We had both oil-burners going today in the rouge, as well as the Franklin stove. Betty's father used to say, "If you want heat, you've got to have combustion." The studio stove warms up nicely, tho a strong cold wind gets through the chinks in the structure + makes flannel or wool the necessary wear.

I am glad to hear of your new mathematical acquaintance, Mac Clave. If, in ones almost-but-not-quite chosen profession, one finds a kindred spirit, that must be a fantastically reconciling influence. I never have met another musician who had feelings + perceptions closely akin to mine. In taste I agree fairly well with Shute + with Van (except that I have to suffer not abomination for most of the works of Franz Liszt when I talk with the latter) — but about performances they + I don't agree at all. I demand first of all the kind of thing that I suppose is in my own playing, — at least, I try to put it there in spite of my technical frustrations! Now I miss that fundamental thing in the playing of both of them, so I conclude that they don't know what it is, + don't miss it when it's absent nor recognize it when it's present.

I did not see As Thousands Cheer. Didn't we try for tickets for that in New York, find the available seats prohibitively priced, + go to Podunkworth instead? — But of course you weren't with me when I bought the tickets. That, however, is my recollection of what happened. It sounds as tho As Thousands Cheer must be a "good show", + I'm glad you were able to go with Morris. We've asked Morris here next week-end. I hope he won't be busy then + can come, for he is very good company, + we are both very fond of him.

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Of course my first word must be about your physical condition, because you're not going to be of much use to anybody if you let your health be undermined. The life of a scholar is not likely to be a sensible one. Can you not manage somehow to take regular and not too strenuous exercise? — Consider this underlined, italicized, & printed in bold face.

Constance seems to me a very sensible & courageous woman. Keep her for a friend, — we all need such. You can afford to be honest with her, and such hurt as she has had, she will probably get over. She doesn't want to be a "problem" to you any more than I do. But you have headed her off in good time. And as for me, I am frank to say I will always take all of you that I can get as long as it is freely & joyfully a gift from your heart. I really love you, — you bring me the thing that I need most in the world, I what most people need most: the bliss of complete intimacy with the person one loves best. The comfort of the thought of you is precious to me beyond all else, but you need never worry about me. Whatever you ask of me for your own sake, I shall always try to do if it is within my power.

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I am delighted beyond measure that Elizabeth has asked you to go to Granville. It seems to prove that she is just as interested in you as you in her. It also convinces me that, to put it briefly, she knows a good thing when she sees it! I do not rely entirely on my own estimate of your essential lovability. My whole family, – the women of it, including Helen Rider, are all convinced that you would make an extraordinarily good husband. Any young woman sufficiently discerning + sufficiently acquainted with the usual selfishness of men should perceive that you are one in a thousand. And I'm not a flatterer even when my affections are involved.

You don't need any advice in this matter. Just be yourself. And when you've made up your mind what you want, go after it for all you're worth.

When you've seen as much of the stupidity of the world as I have, you will understand why I thought it took nerve to ask Elizabeth to Cambridge. You will understand at once if for Cambridge you substitute Corsackie. But I still am apt to forget the changes in <u>mores</u> which have taken place since the War. In some <u>places</u> they have changed more than in others. In Europe your invitation would still be impossible. Be thankful you're an American in America! With a great deal of love, Donald

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22 Nov., 1934.

145 Deer Hill Avenue
Danbury, Conn.

Dear George: —

I've spent a rather lackadaisical day, for some unknown reason, & now I think I'll pull myself together & write you a letter. I've missed hearing from you. It seems ever so long since last you wrote, in fact, it is rather remote in time, isn't it? But if you've been writing to Elizabeth, I'll forgive you.

I took Alice down to New York early this month & played her to Georges Balanchine. As soon as I saw his work, I realized that she wouldn't suit him. He likes to make an abstraction of the dance, to eliminate the element of plot entirely, ~~it~~ while he retains the dramatic & even the theatrical appeal, he does not want his ballets to "tell a story". Didn't we see together his Concurrence, the ballet in which the rival tailors on ~~either~~ side of a street engage in a sort of competition? Well, he doesn't like even as much plot as that, now, & if he could eliminate completely the spectacle which is a series of events & develop exclusively the spectacle which is a series of

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woods, I feel that he would be content. I first met Lincoln Kirstein, who, with Edward Warburg, is sponsoring the School of the American Ballet. Kirstein is the son of Filene's manager in Boston, & Warburg & he are both Harvard men. Certainly they are both completely hypnotised by their ballet. I gathered the impression that neither of them was willing to miss a single moment of any rehearsal. They were philosophical about Balanchine, who had a 3 30 appointment with me, but was nowhere to be found at that hour. Kirstein did all the apologising, but while I waited, I saw a little training which was being done under the direction of an agile little Russian named Vladimiroff. Balanchine finally appeared at 4 20. He had a rehearsal at 4 30. But they put in a substitute for my sake, & sent us off in a taxi to Balanchine's rooms, where there was a 4m-pan baby grand of which he seemed to think highly.

I have rarely met a more baffling personality. He was courteous, he listened, & I forced through Act I, complete, —(I can really play it now!). He said nothing about the music, — Kirstein told me later that he never says anything, — but it was perfectly apparent that the conceit of the ballet was alien to him. He said that there were too long periods when Alice was alone on the stage (the business with the doors & the glass table

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and the boys), & when later I saw two of his own ballets in rehearsal, I realized that the individual mime does not interest him. He is like a musician who does not care for unaccompanied melody: he must have some harmony or counterpoint going on all the time. And I must confess that he does very interesting & beautiful things with groups of dancers, & that his handling of a whole stageful of them, the kaleidoscopic changes of pattern & arrangement in terms of human figures in motion, — is nothing less than masterly.

But as for Alice! Of course there are plenty of opportunities for a Balanchine, — there are the birds & animals in the Pool of Tears, there is the Caucus Race, & in the 2nd Act the stage is continually getting filled up. But he had his own concept of how Alice should be done. "She should come as if into a mad-house", he said, & I thought, how Russian!

Kirstein had already told me that they can have only a very small orchestra, — a chamber-orchestra we should call it, of not more than a dozen to twenty players, — so that threw my score out at the outset. Balanchine considers that the day of dancing to an orchestra of symphonic proportions is over, & certainly he is right for the present & for his own organization. Though, if the opera-houses retain their ballets, — and many operas call for them, — if the Metropolitan & the N.Y. Philharmonic merge forces, — if the new opera-ballet-symphony organization in Philadelphia keeps on, there will be companies suited to the production of a work like Alice.

The next thing is a dinner-party at Mrs. Elser's in New York on the 3d of December, after which I am to trot out my big girl. The list of guests sounds portentous. Mrs. Elser, bless her, is doing what she can to help me make the ballet known to people who are influential. A Mrs. Richter who is one of the backers of the National Orchestral Ass'n. is to be there, Barzin, it's conductor, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Reis (she is one of the League of Composers standbys), Eva Gauthier, Irene Lewisohn, Max Rabinoff, & several others.

We are settling in to our winter residence. It has been a chore, but we have things pretty well fixed now, & had our first party last Monday evening. It was Betty's & Marguerite's birthday, the 19th! We had more liquor than has ever been served to this family before, I reckon, — cocktails & sauterne (real imported French Barsac), & cordials afterward. Annie got quite exhilarated.

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145 DEER HILL AVENUE
DANBURY, CONN.

I am working in my third-floor room at Terrace Place, but there is a Steinway upright here which we have had tuned, & it is not bad, so that we can have music, - I mean make music, - when we desire.

The house is comfortable, & we've brought down enough of our own things from the farm so that we don't feel like interlopers. The people who lived here were old ladies who apparently spent their lives accumulating things, from bric-a-brac to crocodiles' eggs. The desks were still full of their personal effects, including diaries. We got cartons down from the Silk Mill & dumped everything in. The owner, a neurasthenic young man I knew well as a boy, has just lost his father (Martin Griffing, whose place father took at the City National Bank), and is off on a transatlantic cruise to get the benefit of complete change. Apparently no one wants the job of looking this place over & sorting out the junk the old ladies left. And when I think of the junk, the old letters, postcards, photographs, newspaper clippings, programs, etc. that I have myself accumulated & recoil at the idea of sorting out,

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I can't say that I blame young Griffing. Children are the only class of beings to whom the accumulated objects in the cabinets, bureau drawers, & the immense attic of this house would make an appeal. But somebody ought at least to look over the books, of which there are possibly five hundred, over half of them in the attic! The local library would doubtless be glad of some of these volumes, and I look forward to a rather good time with them, myself.

I am sending you by parcels post the books of yours that I have. You might as well take the responsibility of them. If I have any others that you know are also yours, will you tell me what they are?

I'm starting the Country Dance Group tomorrow evening, with eight selected dancers doing special work till after Christmas, when we'll invite new members.

About the Music Centre, I'm marking time. Betty is doing all she can to dissuade me from spending any more energy on that project, which she regards as hopeless from the start. Of course, I am & shall remain only a "promoter." But I have more faith in human nature than she has. The Ortmans have temporarily gone out of the picture. I am still cursing myself for having gone farther with them than was polite till I found out what they could do. But after that evening at Ball's Pond, I have been very circumspect. Mme. O. is at all sensitive, she must have noticed the difference that that experience made. If she is hurt, I'm sorry, but I can't help it. She has let her singing go too long, & a singer who expects to sing has got to keep in trim. To my mind, in spite of his age & his reinforced bones (I thought her a fool to be telling of those bones to all & sundry), he is a better artist than she. But, as far as the Centre goes, I'm still hoping & talking for it.

Mr. John Rooney, the sympathetic member of the Elks, was killed by an automobile directly in front of the Elks' Home a few weeks ago. Some youngster with a cheap car on which the brakes were all worn out ran full tilt into Rooney & his wife. She was badly injured, but survived. You never know, these days, whether you're coming home alive.

Betty sends her love, & I mine.

Donald

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11 Nov., 1934.

145 Deer Hill Avenue
Danbury, Conn.

Dear George: —

You are very much in my thoughts today & I am wishing you good fortune with all my heart. The weather seems to be of all kinds, patchy, with periods of bright sun followed by clouds followed by snow. I hope you've had enough clear weather to get out into the open.

We have spent two nights in our winter residence. The house is the fifth on the left going up Deer Hill. It was closed at Miss Griffing's death last March, but nothing was touched. The telephone was not even removed! The desks & bureaus were full of undisturbed "personal effects", tho most of the clothing was taken away by the relatives. No cleaning was attempted. Everything was pretty dirty, & the kitchen & the maid's rooms were actually filthy. (The maid must have been Irish or colored: I know of no other nationality or tribe who could be so uncleanly!) As the house contains thirteen rooms, some very large, you can

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imagine the job it has been to make it livable. And the changes of furniture + all that, necessary to enable us to feel at home! When you come at Christmas time (as we hope you will), I will show you the Chamber of Horrors, in which we have put all the furnishings we could not abide.

The City National Bank has charge of the estate, + we get the house rent-free, but have to pay the maintenance bills, which, with an oil-burning furnace (hot-air system, the biggest ever I saw) will come close to $50. a month.

I have much to write you, but it will have to wait till we are settled. I simply wanted to snatch a few minutes this morning to thank you for sending me Mr. Hill's address, + to tell you how thankful I am that the trip to Granville was both a recreation + an inspiration.

With my love,

Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
November 24, 1934.

Dear Betty + Donald,

It is a long time since I wrote you. I have had news from Danbury twice today - your letter this morning, and shortly thereafter a phone call from Helen - so that you have been much in my thoughts today and I shall not let the week-end get further advanced before I write you a letter, or least start one. It was good to hear from Helen but I'm

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To day has been a blessed one - the Yale game at New Haven. It's been as quiet as the grave around here all day - all of my class were absent this morning - three cheers for the Yale game. I celebrated by inviting to lunch someone whose name you'd never guess - Helen Hewitt. I heard recently that she was at Radcliffe this year. I had planned to present myself incognito and see if I were recognizable (I just looked up the first Eastman Annual and wonder how anyone could recognize me now who had not seen me in nine years). But before I got around to it I had a note from her announcing her presence here. She was not hard to recognize on meeting - she looks

sorry I couldn't see her. She seemed 'to be staying with Mrs Paine' and apparently that made all other contacts impossible.

Your good letter, Donald, is much appreciated. I'm sorry you're having such a hard time getting Alice produced - but at least you're meeting all sorts of people in the process, and I know you get a kick out of that. Don't despair - it's just possible, you know, that Koussevitsky might at least play the music. He seems this year to be in the mood for doing long works in toto, and of course he always seems ready to do American works. Next week he is doing Berlioz's Damnation of Faust, without cuts - do you think I could stand it? I expect to be there.

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much the same, though not very well, and she is much the same. She is here through Dr. Davison's persuasion - she stayed last winter in the same house in London in which he was staying. She's quite fired by musicology just now + plans to write a thesis on the organ chorale before Bach. After that she wants to study rhythm, 1200 - 1600.

I must quote one sentence from her note - it will amuse you.

'It seemed to be of the greatest interest to me to see with my own eyes the fruits of Mr. Donald Tweedy's advice + counsel of some years ago. Apparently he was right!'

She called Dr Davison 'her own Donald Tweedy'!

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My work goes on slowly but apparently with a certain amount of progress. The second paper with Marcel - on which I have been working since July - is at last ahead - i.e. essentially finished and fed away to age - one can judge its readability better two months from now than at present. Accordingly I am just starting two new problems, which, if I understand Marcel correctly, will, when solved, furnish sufficient material to complete the thesis. I hope so.

Even were I to be here another year I should not have the advantage of his (Morse's) and Cromwell. He is leaving Harvard, having accepted a position at Flexner's Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton - a rather great honor - the position is probably the most enviable, mathematically speaking, in America or in the world.

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(Sorry, I didn't mean to change the sequence).

On Tuesday, for the first time here at Harvard, I was raked over the coals for certain practices in my teaching. The point involved had nothing to do with the class-room work but with my assignments. Twice this year, from the same class, complaints have been made, on my suggestion, to the head of the course that my assignments were too long. I had wished for years that someone would challenge my assignments for then the matter could be thrashed out and settled. So I was not displeased to have Prof. Guenther call me in on Tuesday. We reached the fundamental point involved at once, for I asserted that I timed my assignments kept the good boys busy two hours on the average and that I intended they should. He said that the department and, so far as he knew, the college also, disagreed with me - assignments should keep the good boys busy only an hour - the two hour period was for the C's. So he spent an hour trying to persuade me that my idea was wrong. I grant he did offer some good criticisms of my actual assignments - but I still think a system should be devised for keeping the good boys busy two hours. When I chairman I should try the experiment of making no definite assignments and consequently of not giving credit for doing them. Grades would be based solely on examinations - frequent + fairly long - frequent for the benefit of the poorer students + long for the benefit of the better ones. I should probably never have a chance to try that experiment but I think it has possibilities. I didn't get around to suggesting it to him.

Among his good criticisms however he sprinkled typical conservative + banal remarks - such I must not get the

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reputation of being harder than French 2, for example — If my idea were to be carried out logically the college would have to change its whole system - to which latter remark I shrewdly replied - That would be a damned good thing! But then, it's all quite evident that I've been at Harvard too long, and I look with anticipation toward next year, when, wherever I shall be, I shall be out of this atmosphere.

I'm glad you're finally settled for the winter. Helen says your abode is palatial - I'm sure it's attractive and comfortable. I wish I might see it. I shall if I am able to accept your good invitation for Christmas time. But I'm not sure I shall leave Cambridge then. I am certain to be pressed for time in the spring and if I could

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probably stay here during the holidays I reckon I should. I say 'probably' - I doubt if I could do much pioneer thinking then, but if I already had some of that done I could write a first draft of the results. I shall probably decide at the last minute - acting according to how stale I feel - I might take a five day vacation - preferably at the end of the holiday rather than the beginning - going home first, then back by way of New York and Danbury.

Sunday morning. Today is beautiful - a marvelous sun and an invigorating air. I suppose I ought to be out - but I'm not very fond of solitary walking - at least when I have to start from the center of a city.

I have just spent a half hour

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book. I have had the Van Gogh for some time but not until last Sunday afternoon did the mood come to read it – I was going to bed at 4am to wind up curing a cold – a miserable situation – and what better to ameliorate it than read biography.

I had a talk with Raymond on the phone recently. He called me to see if I were still in Cambridge! I must try to see him soon – he said the family was well + happy – they are back at South End House. He wanted news of you and hoped you would come this way sometime soon.

I'm sorry the Music Center has had to be set aside – it is a laudable project and I wish it could be started. But all such things require a great deal of

finishing. Marc Graeffe's Van Gogh. I suppose you have both read it, haven't you? I know of Van Gogh only through his pictures and this book, so I can't judge of its veracity as a biography – in the de Voto sense – but it seems to be a great interpretation – it is quite like a Van Gogh painting – a subjective rendering of its theme.

I am reminded of a question my mother has frequently asked me – why spend money building up a private collection of books – isn't it sufficient that there are public libraries?! There are many reasons as you know, – I have always felt one very good one to be that one rarely reads many books he wants to read but would not otherwise read – one has to be in the mood – or at least many of us do. I do, – for any given

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time to get going. I feel certain the time will come when such centres will be established - unless civilization goes under first - as time goes on more people will have more leisure and ways must be made for their use of it - and certainly making music is one good way.

I wish I had known, Betty, that the 19th was your birthday - I should have sent you greetings. They go to you now, a bit late, but all the more sincere. Sin ere you had a jolly occasion.

All for now. My love to you.

Sincerely
George.

P.S. I suppose you have heard that dear old Dr Penny has passed on. I saw the notice in the Transcript.

9.

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5 Dec. '34.

Carissimo: —

I was glad to get your letters with an S. The books are now really on their way to you & may reach you before this does. My afternoon has gone to pot as far as work at music goes. First errands, then doing up packages & taking them to the P.O. (Charles & I collaborated on your package), & I still have to give Bob the first bath he's had (or will have had) since July. So I'll fill in the interim with a letter to you & try to tell you everything in a short hour.

You were spoken of at Thanksgiving Dinner, — a family gathering at Marguerite's, with Riders & Biggses & Tweedys: thirteen at table & not a superstitious person in the group. That's something. I received a chain-letter the other day, — my first, I sent me by Gerald Maas, of all people! It is supposed to bring luck if you copy it nine times & send it to nine persons. Of course you copy the signatures also, & add your own. This one was signed by about thirty persons, including Max Schmeling & Edouard Herriot, if you believe

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all you see. There were various countesses + a Russian Grand Duke. Dire calamity is threatened if you fail to pass on the chain! So I'm waiting for the dire calamity. And, naturally, I shall not tell Maas what an ass I think he is.

You were spoken of at Thanksgiving Dinner because, I suppose, the family never gets together without there being a chance of your name turning up, + then we regret that you're not with us. I so much have you enturned yourself in our heart-strings.

Betty, this morning, did not seem to remark the mention of Elizabeth Dougan. You see, when you went to Gralurlle in the first place, I told her about the Dougan family. And I reminded her parenthetically of that when I read your letter. So the more you mention Elizabeth, the better.

We are very glad that we shall see you at the end of the month, tho do come up on Friday if you can. Or I might get down to spend Friday in New York with you unless you had other plans. There is only one possible complication here, + that is slight. We have invited the Vases for an unspecified time during their Xmas vacation, + they have not yet let us know just when to expect them. If they are here at the same time you are, you will sleep

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at 10 Terrace Place, + Mother + Annie + Father hope that will be the case! As a matter of fact, I do, too, as we could then have a better chance for uninterrupted talk, + there will be plenty to talk about, – there always is. I have fixed up my studio again, with furniture we didn't take to North House, + the Steinway is still here. You must hear more of Alice this time, + if Vas is here, he will play for us all.

You struck twelve when you sent the accounts of Philip Hale to Betty. She was deeply pleased to have them, for P. H. was one of her passionate admirations, as you remembered. We've not yet had time to read the clippings, but I shall do so with great interest. P. H. at his best was inimitable, but I am afraid he was at his best in dissent. His praise was not such good reading as his blame, for me, + I never felt that he could communicate enthusiasm with the same success that always attended his lethal bludgeoning of ineptitude and bad taste. He will be remembered for his Grand Slams, one of the best of which was in a review of an early appearance of Isadora Duncan in Boston. Isadora always stopped her program at some point to talk about "The Dance of the Future", or some such bit of propaganda for Duncanism. Phil, after a sympathetic account of her dancing, wrote, "And then Miss Duncan came ~~forward~~ to the front of the stage, opened her pretty mouth, and put her naked foot in it." The next day, all musical Boston howled with joy, for Isadora, who appeared to be a very goddess when she was immersed in her art, always talked + acted like a born fool in every other connection. She had been in Boston long enough for her bizarreries to be talked about, + of course she was the first person of the modern world to dance with bare feet and legs. She did blaze a new path, + dancing is freer because of her, but she would have been wiser to let her art speak for itself. An audience which has just been entranced does not like to be harangued. It is bad taste, + Phil had a keen nose for flairing that sort of thing, + plenty of vitriol in his inkwell when it came to holding it up to mockery. He never descended to downright meanness, or malicious innuendo, like H. T. P. He preferred understatement to explicit arraignment, and of understatement he was a subtle master. I hope someone will now collect the best of his critical comment + publish it in book form.

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Thanks for your comment on "Bring on the Girls", on Regina Esters (I think there are two N's in her first name), and on the Damnation. I am not a fervent admirer of Berlioz, but I do think he can be played so that he sounds magnificent. I have never heard the Damnation complete but once, + then under a mediocre conductor. But I heard the Symphonie Fantastique under Mahler, + it was a great, an illuminating interpretation. Mahler + Nikisch were geniuses of the bâton, while Koussevitzky, Toscanini, + Stokowski are, in comparison, only men of consummate talent. I don't deny that I'm harder to please now than when I heard M. + N. (the latter, alas, only once!) – but still I think the interpretative genius is unmistakable. Whatever he touches, even dross, turns to gold. He may be wrong from every traditional standpoint, but he makes his concept prevail even when you disagree with it from start to finish. My guess is that Beethoven would scream with fury at Paderewski's disregard of his clearly indicated intentions, but Paderewski playing Beethoven, like Irving playing Hamlet, like Mansfield

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playing Richard III, like Mahler playing Berlioz, is so tremendous a thing in its own right that all objections are forthwith invalidated by the very vitality of the performance. (I'm guessing about Irving & Mansfield, for I never saw them, but the public reaction to them seems to have been similar to mine in the presence of Mahler & Paderewski.)

Thursday the 6th.

When I got home yesterday evening, Betty was actually mourning for Philip Hale. I think she will always feel grief, a real personal grief, for those with whom she has for a long time felt allied in spirit. It matters greatly to her that there are, there can be, such men as Hale, battling for a better civilization, zealous for the probity of art, quick to recognize truth & beauty, equally quick to expose their counterfeits.

Is this idolization? I think not. Of course, all of us recognize the crying need for more such men, but we cannot expect that one of them can live forever. Hale was eighty: it was time for him to go: he has gone, & we cannot have him back again. I [redacted] am mindful of how much richer we are that this man has lived so richly & given so richly of himself. We have a spiritual heritage from him. Therefore

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I cannot feel loss, but rather gain. It is true, there seem to be none to step into his shoes. Betty seems very hopeless of the present generation. "There are no men like that, nowadays". But of course there are, there always will be, except that we may not know of them, or may not be in touch with their work so completely & consciously. I do not despair for music because a rare critic is dead, nor for civilization. Yet I must confess that the combination of qualities which made this scribe notable must of necessity be almost impossible to duplicate, – his very catholicity of taste, his determined habit of listening to all kinds of music & of judging it in relation to its background, in a word, his receptivity, – that quality is the possession of few who comment on art. Gilman in New York, for example, is as careful & almost as thorough a scholar, an even better literary stylist, his mind is richly furnished also, & his imagination & his capacity for enthusiasm are noteworthy, but his receptivity is far inferior to Hale's. He is opera-mad, & Wagner impassions him as does no other composer. He will go to the Metropolitan, he will go to symphony concerts, but chamber-music does not exist for him, new music awakens no curiosity, & it takes a Big Name to get him into a recital hall. Hale went to everything, & only when there were two contending attractions could one guess at his preferences, with which I usually sympathised.

Boston will certainly never again be the same Boston as when Philip Hale was writing for the Herald, & with H.T.P. gone from the Transcript, journalism will assuredly be different & the dramatic & musical pages are perhaps for a long time to be poorer.

We went to New York on Monday, & I played a good deal of Alice to Mrs. Elser's guests, of whom there were over twenty, counting the people who came in after supper. Barzin was there, & seemed most interested. I am to go over the score with him some time soon. There were several well-to-do patrons of music there, & everybody was courteous & said pleasant things! – I think my music made a good impression, though it was a hard job to play to so many, & they were seated without regard to the position of the piano, which deprived me of the possibility of feeling myself in touch with them. All in all, it was an ordeal. Betty said she felt the presentation was nevertheless successful, & no one talked, for which I am devoutly thankful. After most of the guests had gone, Mme Yvonne Gall of the Paris Opéra was persuaded to sing some French songs, & then I enjoyed myself, for she is a fine artist.

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Next day we were invited to a concert by the National Orchestral Association, led by Barzin. He began with Hindemith's Overture to the opera Neues Zum Tage, which is clever stuff, & then came child prodigies. A little slip of a girl, nine, played the 1st movement of Mozart's E♭ Piano Concerto, & a boy of thirteen Debussy's Danse Sacré et Danse Profane for Harp. They both showed extraordinary talent. We felt we could not stay to hear the rest of the program, — another concerto, this time for 'cello, by Saint-Saëns, played by another small boy, & a final wind-up for the orchestra with Hadley's Lucifer. We were tired to death, having slept very badly at the Shelton, so we escaped after congratulating Barzin on his remarkably capable handling of the orchestra. He is apparently an excellent man for a training-orchestra, no frills, a good beat, a nice sense of phrasing & style. Perhaps he lacks something of fantasie, — certainly the Debussy could have stood a more imaginative treatment, — but he will perhaps grow some wings when he has more room to fly.

I have been reading much German these past weeks. I stuck faithfully to Die Geschwister Oppenheim

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till I had finished it. It is a novel that is more a piece of reporting than a work of the imagination. It tells the story of the plight of the German Jews since 1930. The author, Feuchtwanger, is the creator of Jew Süss (which was called something else in the English translation) & The Ugly Duchess, neither of which I could read. I don't like a writer to be too damned noble (like Romain Rolland), but neither do I like him to be too damned coarse-grained. And Feuchtwanger struck me as being decidedly the better. But the Oppenheim book is soberer, a plain tale of a great social wrong. One can only despair that a potentially great nation has allowed itself to be so foully misled. Only suffering can come of it, in the end.

Now I'm reading a much better book, — Hans Fallada's Wer Einmal aus dem Blechnapf frisst. I liked his Kleiner Mann Was Nun so very much, that I was eager to get at this. It has been translated, & entitled The World Outside, probably because He Who Once from the Prison Bowl has Eaten is such an appallingly bad title.

I am reading German because I want, if possible, to understand why present-day Germany is the monstrosity she is. And I think I begin to comprehend. When you are here, if there is time, we will speak of it.

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Of the books I returned to you, I have read carefully none! I found the Meiklejohn much too fragmentary + statistical, Arnold Bennet as a person bores me (so does H.G. Wells), the book on religion is no eye-opener to me, and is too flippant in tone to suit me, + the History of Civilization I simply haven't had time for, nor will you, I'm afraid. But you can put it with its fellows on your bookshelves, + together they will look impressive.

As to genes + how they operate, I'm at present finding out, for I've tackled the 1500-page Wells-Huxley "Science of Life". I haven't yet discovered anything which would tend to give parents any clue whatever as to the probable character + temperament of their offspring. If you have any light to shed on this mystifying problem, I shall be glad to have you turn the rays on me. As far as I can see, there is always some kind of an x in the chromosomes that is likely to throw the whole system out of gear, at least as far as confident expectations are concerned. Or rather, the system itself is probably right enough in gear, only we have incomplete data on our own forbears. You don't know what certain of your grandparents were

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like, + neither do I. Each person has four, each of our children will have four (if we have them — you've a better chance than I!), + there is so little "selection" for any quality, that only our whiteness + our relative stature are to be predicted with any confidence. Perhaps that may be looked at as making parenthood all the more venturesome. I still iterate that no one should expect anything! Just take what comes, be as philosophic about it as may be, + make the best of it. Our family physician here, who married a charming, vivacious, well-bred, well-educated woman, has a twenty-five year old daughter (she may be still older, my memory is not exact) whose mental age is about seven. That is real trouble. Could they have foreseen it, they never would have had any children. Their oldest, a man my age, is a half-baked fellow, a born daredevil whose summit of existence came when he could go into the army + raise hell in comparative safety (being a lieutenant of infantry). Their second child, one of the sweetest babies ever I saw, died in infancy. The daredevil has finally settled down, married a woman who always seemed to me to be bursting with health, + now has two children of his own. The elder, a girl, is sweet and tractable. The younger, a boy, has fits of uncontrollable temper,

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and will beat his sister with anything that comes handy. He is extremely strong for his three years, + the management of him is a problem.

But I don't mean to run on about this problem, exceptions are certainly as numerous as regularities, if you think you can tell which are which!

Since I am going to see you in about four weeks, I won't say anything about your decision relative to the fellowship. I think if you told Morse that you "might" want to get married, he would understand why you do not apply for one. Most certainly I approve your resolve to quit Cambridge, whatever comes, + I perceive that you have made up your mind about teaching mathematics, so that's that, + a very sensible decision it is in the circumstances.

As for Elizabeth, I am glad to have you say as much as you do. It is much, + it seems to me you are laying good foundations.

And now I must work. there is such a deal to do. I love you always more than I can say, but you need never fear that I will be possessive, or that I will go counter to your real will in anything of prime importance. I do need your tenderness, and it would be hard to do without it. — Donald

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Hollis 7
Cambridge, Mass.
December 9, 1934

Dear Betty and Donald

Your very good + long letter received yesterday, Donald. I must say that I think it's a shame for your fine words on Philip Hale to remain buried in a letter to me. I feel you should rewrite them in a letter to the Herald. I'll wager many a one in Boston would bless you for saying so well what each of them feels - or better would feel, had they your way of feeling.

I write again so soon especially to acquaint you with the origin of

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expected Raymond + Hilda were there. It was a meeting of the New Economics Group of Boston and was addressed by the writer of the pamphlet. I have never heard a more clear presentation by a master mind or clearer exposition - I wish you could have heard it - the entertainment is in the pamphlet, but unfortunately Larkin speaks much better than he writes.

The talk consisted of a diagnosis of the failure of the distribution system and of the proposals of Major Douglas' Social Credit to cure the disease. I honestly had the time even to try to think the thing through, so I can make no estimate of its worth. The whole plan is so astonishingly simple and yet of such far-reaching consequence that one feels instinctively that there is at least one nigger in the wood-pile somewhere.

a pamphlet which I hope you will receive by mail within a few days. It will come from the New Economics Group of New York. Your father will receive one too - after I sent the order I had some qualms about having ordered one sent to him - its contents may anger him. I doubt there will be any indication of its ultimate origin on the pamphlet so he need not know that I sent it - I leave it to you to read it first and decide whether to tell him the truth. Rightly understood, my having it sent to him is in the nature of paying him a compliment - and it goes almost without saying that it is in that spirit that I have had it sent.

To be more specific about its nature - I went to the meeting on Friday evening to which Raymond had had me invited (it was at 3 Joy St!). As I had

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Social Credit is not socialism, fascism or communism. It leaves private initiative untouched - except in one respect - it takes away from the bankers their virtual monopoly of credit - i.e. the issuance of money, and transfers that monopoly to the government. It would guarantee to each & every one of us a subsistence salary from the government - based not on the printing press but on the country's capacity to produce.

It is vital that the plan should become known & understood by intelligent people at once. For it is already embodied in a bill (called I believe, the 'National Credit Act') to be presented to Congress within a few weeks. If it is sound it would bring immediate recovery and permanent prosperity. Not

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the least amazing aspect of the whole affair is that the plan has the support of business men – it is a business attack on a business proposition – and hence, if sound, likely of great support. I look forward eagerly to discussing it with you at Christmas time. I hope I shall understand it better before then than I do now.

The books you sent have arrived. I didn't expect you to read them! Certainly the Browne would have been trivial child's play to you. I too found the Mecklejohn fragmentary, though by no means brief.

I envy you your time to read the Wells & Huxley. Don't you think it's well written – I think it's extraordinarily good exposition – of a very fascinating subject.

I'm glad the Elder dinner went off so well. I know you acquitted yourself most commendably – I shall be very

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glad to hear the Alice - you know I never really have heard any of it - the only time you twist it on me you hadn't got (!) got it into your fingers.

If the Vares are with you when I arrive I shall be glad - it is always a great pleasure to see Mr. Var and I should love to hear him play - I have not heard him since Rochester days.

I am amused at the chain letter - how little Mr. Maas must know you to think you would spent even one moment on such trash. 'Auntie' receiving such a letter about a year ago - she felt unable to make all the copies necessary and nearly worried herself into distraction over breaking the chain!

My love to you - a part of which I hope you will deliver to the various members of your family when you see them.

George.

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Tues., P.M.

[12 Dec 1934 Postmarked]

What a world, what a world! There are times when one gets fed up with the rottenness of certain minds, & there most certainly is more rottenness in more minds than is calculated to make us optimistic about humanity. I know, personally, a rather decent lot of fellows in college. My friends have to be clean-mouthed: I won't tolerate filthy speech, nor do I like smutty stories the only point of which lies in their obscenity. But my philosophy of life is one of Live & let live! so long as no intentional harm is done. Attempted persecution rouses me to retaliation. I think men or women who deliberately persecute others, for whatever ulterior motives, should be behind bars. There is nothing which would so quickly deprive life of fascination as to be in the power of an unscrupulous & brutal person. The fiends are not any of them in Hell. They are right here with us all the time.

I think I should have been tempted, had I been in your case, to invoke the aid of the telephone company. They are probably accustomed to the phenomenon and

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have a regular system of taking care that their subscribers shall not suffer from the anonymity of cowards. At any rate, if X continues to disturb you, I should make inquiries of the Chief Operator how the company regularly handles such cases. It could, I think, become a pretty serious matter for the offender, and he is running more risk than he realizes. The telephone company, if authorized by you, can listen-in on all your calls between certain hours, & take such steps as seem warranted by the nature of the conversation. X, tho he may be unaware of it, is not out primarily to "get" you, but to satisfy a certain psychic sadism in himself, — & he is so far from normal decency that he may be regarded as practically insane. You are dealing with an abnormality, and you would do well to "get" him before he does real harm. Don't let the nature of his insinuations daunt you. There are few so positive of their sexual rectitude that they are morally impregnable on that score, and this your nasty little fiend counts on. He would also be pleased if he could shake your equanimity. The sensible thing to do is to communicate the facts to the telephone company, by personal interview if you have the time, & leave the rest to them.

On Friday evening the 28th of December I have promised to be in Westport, Conn. to attend a recital by the Kreiner Quartet. Therefore it would be more practical for me to give up all thought of going to New York, even though I should very much like to meet Elizabeth Bowden. Since, however, I shall drive down to Westport that evening, it would be helpful if you could plan to leave New York so that I could meet you somewhere on the main line, that same evening. The theatre train (the 11.45) is too late, & the one previous (at 10.17) is too early even to allow you to hear a concert. But the 10 o'clock reaches South Norwalk at 11.04, which is not too late for me to pick you up. I have not a complete time-table handy, but of course if you wanted to leave N.Y. for Westport in time for the concert, I could meet you at the Westport station, or if there is a train that stops at Westport about 10.15 or 10.30, that would be O.K. Should you be planning for the theatre on that evening, you would have to come up on the "express" to Danbury next morning, & I'd meet you there. I'm much to tell you about Hartford & the ballet, but it must wait. With much love, Donald

15 Dec., 1934.

145 Deer Hill Avenue
Danbury, Conn.

Dear George: —

I spent most of last evening perusing the pamphlet on Social Credit. It sounds much too good to be possible. And certainly such a scheme could not be hurried into being within a few months. One may predict that unless the Administration itself backs the New Economics program, it will be set aside. Yet it has features of decided political appeal. Think of the votes that could be got through the establishment of the National Dividend! — I mean by those who were instrumental in bringing it about.

I must confess that the economic principles involved in the Social Credit program are not all clear to me. The best features of this pamphlet are in its quotations. I am amazed at the graphic explanation why wages + salaries + the other items that go to make up consumers' spending-money can never equal the costs of

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production. I was puzzled for a moment as to how we could afford to buy anything, but I soon perceived that we do not, after all, have to buy everything! We do, on the contrary, have to dispose of what we produce, & certainly, under the present system, no modern industrial nation can do that without a favorable balance of foreign trade, & if all are to have a favorable trade balance, the goat has got to be China, India, or the potentially culture-hungry tribes of Africa. What a nice ride the Machine-Age took while the going was good!

I am very much impressed with the analysis of the economic dilemma as contained in the first forty pages of Larkin's pamphlet. I am not experienced enough or clever enough to pick any flaws in it. I wish, however, that the allotment of half that space to the exposition of the Social Credit proposals could have been doubled! The Retail Discount I can get some idea of. The National Consumers' Dividend, – i.e. the economic principle back of it, – seems to me to need very much further clarification. So please be prepared for a catechism on that subject when you reach Danbury.

As for my father, I fear he may have chucked his copy without troubling to look at it. At any rate,

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he told me yesterday that he had not seen anything in his mail answering to my description of the pamphlet, but of course the fact that it is a printed "circular" would be against his giving it any attention without priming. He is not intellectually curious, & he gets dozens & dozens of pamphlets in the course of a week, — so I reckon I shall have to lend him my copy. It will be interesting to see what effect it has on him, but he doesn't do much thinking for himself, you know. He knows his own little routine, but he is still under the impression that high tariffs have been & will be the making of prosperity, & he defends on investment experts to tell him what to do with his money. (The result is that he hasn't much money left.)

It was almost the cause of a domestic brawl, what you remarked concerning my writing about Philip Hale. I am flattered that you think what I say is important, & pleased that you consider it well said, but the truth is I write more easily & readily to you & a few other friends than I should were I to envisage publication. However, the Bettmian temperament flamed into wrath on two counts: first, that I do not attempt to write articles for magazines, & second, that I hadn't said any of these marvelous things about Philip Hale to her.

As a matter of fact, I had done this last, I had said to her substantially all that I wrote to you, because I repeated to her some things that went into your letter, & was conscious of the repetition because the phrases, having once been thought out, came the more easily from my lips.

With regard to writing for publication, I would do it if I could get established & earn something that way. But just at present all my energy goes into writing music; I may over-rate my capabilities as a composer, but, with every self-critical sense erect & rampant, I do not hear from any other of my contemporaries the things that I have to express, if only I can get them on paper. I must honestly say that, though I have grave obstacles to overcome, — mainly my exasperating lack of facility, — I yet consider myself a good craftsman. Alice is a work which I have confidence in, if only I can get it performed. And I am now working on a little Suite for piano, the first number of which is done, — very tight & concise, & the second & third are more than half-done. The naming of them is troubling me. The second piece is a kind of Blues, i.e. its patterns & rhythms are casually Nigger-cum-Kike, but very expressive & serious, & the third stems back to folkdance, that the tune is me own & the development is considerable. The fourth will be an Air, & the fifth a little bravura piece of the Rigadoon type. I hope the second & third will be in my fingers so that I can play them to you when you come. None so easy, but all are meant for

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the piano, which is more than can be said of the music for Alice.

We had a good time over in Hartford when we went to see the Balanchine Ballet. The technical proficiency of the members of what the reviewer for the Hartford Courant called "the corps" is not yet assured. But I did not go to see dancing, I went to see choreography. I must say at once that I am thoroughly convinced that the kind of thing B. considers most important, — i.e. dancing as a decorative + not a quasi-dramatic art, — is conclusively demonstrated to be so when he has a hand + a head in the matter. Of course a musician understands this treatment of the ballet, for it is patterned on music, motives, phrasing, variation, development, + all that. It needs more space than it had at Hartford, both on the stage + between the stage + the spectator, but it was effective even at too close range. Whether the general public will take to the decorative ballet is to me dubious, but within the frame of B's choreography there is room for the usual charms, + these, when the individual dancers possess them, will always count with the G.P. — We had dinner at Gladys Griswold's, + there I scored a triumphant hit with the children by playing Up the Street to them on the piano. "That's perfect, that's what that is: perfect!" My love to you, my dear. Donald

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