

2 Decem^{br}. 1955.

Dear Mr. Arthur Lundkvist.

I am honoured by the privilege of being concerned with the friends who will greet you on your attaining what seems to me the very youthful age of 50. We have met several times, you paid me the compliment of translating one of my poems as long ago as 1942; and I know by reliable witness of your achievements as author and as linguist. I do join in your reputation; and I regret only that my ignorance of Swedish disqualifies me from the full rights of appreciation. Would that I were the linguist that you are! None the less, I greet you fraternally on this occasion, and express my fond wishes (you are only 50, the best years of creative activity are still before you.) as from one European - one of letters to another.

Salve.
T. S. Eliot

T. S. ELIOT