

# Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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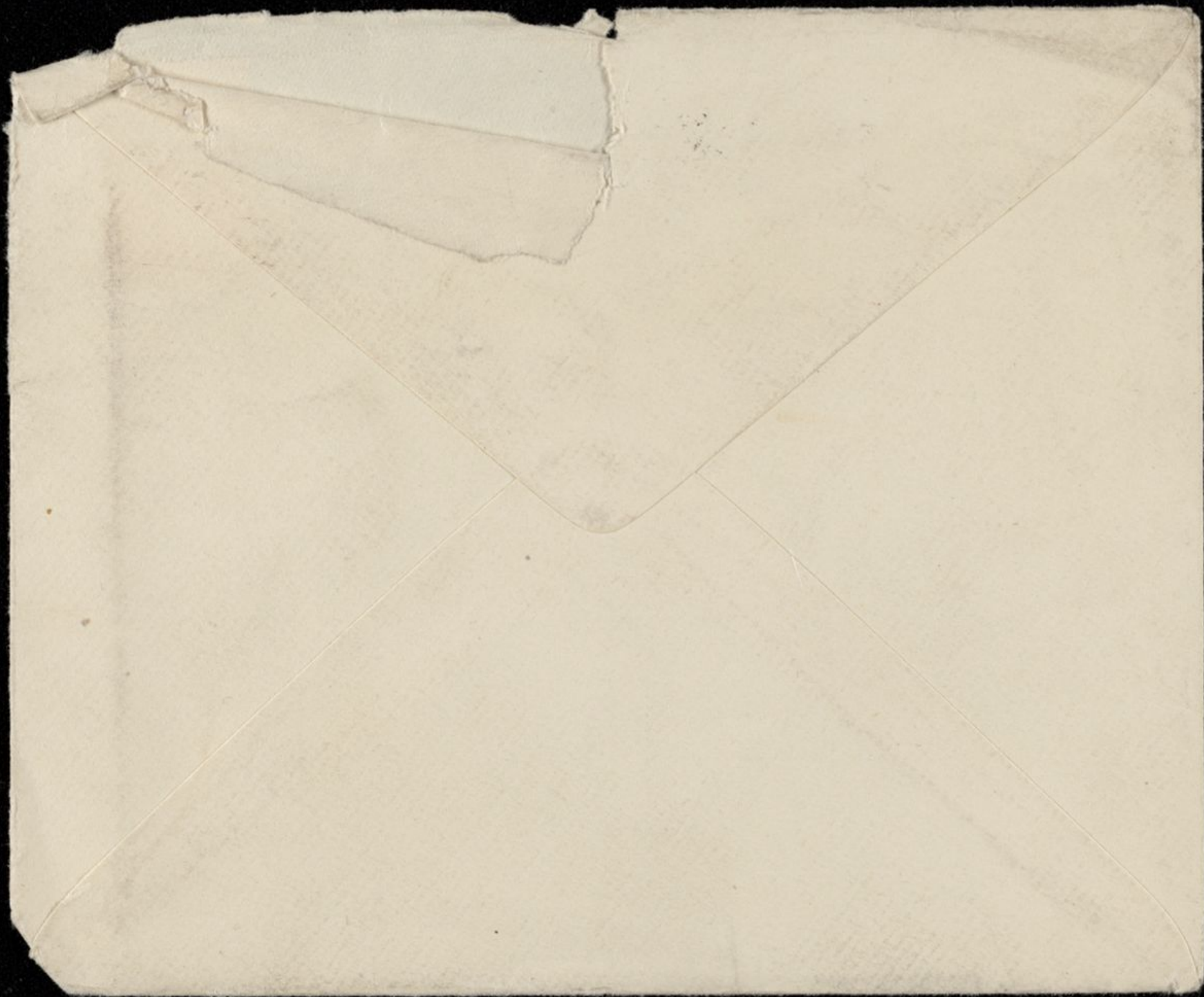
ans. March 13

Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A. →





THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

1 March 1932.

*My dear,*

My dear, I know that I am probably very silly, but as I have not heard from you for nearly two weeks, I cannot help worrying, as well as pining: thinking that perhaps The Yellow Jacket etc. have exhausted you and you have fallen to one of the ailments of the season. At first, when I failed to hear, I used to conjecture also that I might have offended you in some way; but I am not so distrustful now; for I feel sure that in that event you would write and tell me of it at once - wouldn't you? - instead of silence. Or it may be that your mother is not so well, and you are too consumed with anxieties to write. Well, even if I do not hear by the end of the week I will try to write a full letter as if nothing were wrong. I know it would be silly to cable - as well as very likely a nuisance to you; and if you could not write for a long time and could cable I believe that you would do so without waiting for a cable from me. All I can do is to pray that you may be safe and well. A toujours,

*Tom*

ORIENTAL

ARTS & CRAFTS

DEPARTMENT

COLNE VALLEY

PARISH



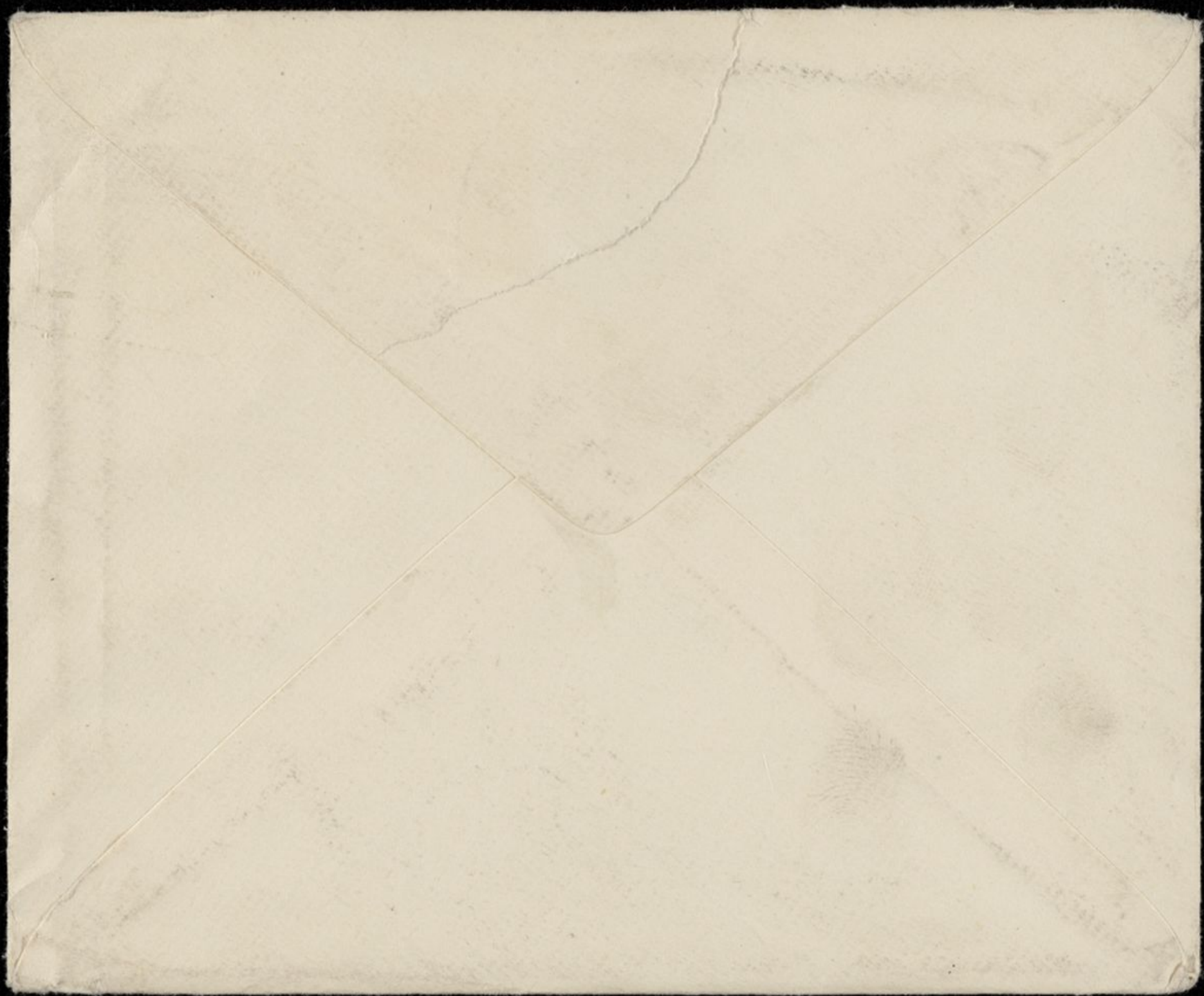


Miss Emily Hale.

41 Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

USA





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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

4 March 1932.

Emily dear.

It was such a relief to get your letter of the 26th this morning that it has driven all other events and ideas out of my head - I feel the exhaustion which comes with the relief of a great tension. I was certainly more apprehensive than my letters have shown you, and I now find, even more apprehensive than I allowed myself to know. What a violently dependent person I am! I don't want to badger you, or add to your burdens; but remember, whenever you are too busy or tired to write during a week, that a picture postcard (say of the present Mayor of Boston, or something of that sort) with nothing but my name and address in your dear writing, will keep me from anxiety.

Well, the pictures (I am glad there is more than one) have not yet arrived; but parcels are always slower than letters; and I shall hope to see them at last on Monday or Tuesday.

I begin to feel, after this last letter, that I really shall see you in some way or another, and that makes me more contented. I shall certainly go to St. Louis for a few days after Christmas; my Aunt Rose there has invited me to stay with her and her husband. So I shall be quite ready to go anywhere, at any time during the month of January, to see you. As you say, no plan can be made yet.

It had occurred to me, my dove, that such distant separation from your mother would be an anxiety for you; and I am very glad indeed that the Perkins's will be in Boston: and in all the circumstances, so far as I know them, I think it would have been folly to have allowed your mother's condition to influence you against going. Indeed, I think that it is better that you should be where you cannot see her for months at a time; for I am sure, without your telling me, that every visit leaves you in a state of exhaustion.

The reason why I have not sent "Difficulties of a Statesman" is that I have been daily expecting Commerce with the thing neatly in print; but if it does not come in a few days I shall copy it out for you. Meanwhile here is a small Stanza - composed in the underground - I missed a station through it - too reminiscent of Blake and Hopkins to have any value, but it may amuse you:-



Lines to a Persian Cat.

The songsters of the air repair  
To the green fields of Russell Square.  
There is no ease beneath the trees  
For the dull brain, the sharp desires,  
And the quick eyes of Woolly Bear.  
There is no relief but in grief.  
O when will the creaking heart cease?  
When will the broken chair give ease?  
Why does the summer day delay?  
When will Time flow away?

I have very little time this morning, as I was so exhausted that I slept till 10:30. I was busy all day, then rushed back at 5:30 to drive V. to Ottoline's - she wanted us as Walter de la Mare was coming, & I rarely see him - also James Stephens, looking ill, Sturge Moore pink and white, Cattani and some of the usual people. Then back to supper at home as Alida Monro was coming - she tells me there is very little hope for Harold; he must have another operation in any case; then we drove after supper - in two cars - to the Thorps, to play a very pleasant game of ombre, and partake of claret and cheesecake. V. has taken a tremendous fancy to Margaret - I was pleased that Alida asked them in to her next week to meet Edith Sitwell. We got home about 11:15. What exhausts me particularly is the driving, or rather the being driven by V.; she enjoys it, and it's her car after all - but she is not a good driver, and I am in a continuous tension waiting to pull the brake or turn the wheel. I have found this car driving business one of the most tiring things in life in the last two years, and having to pretend that I don't mind it.

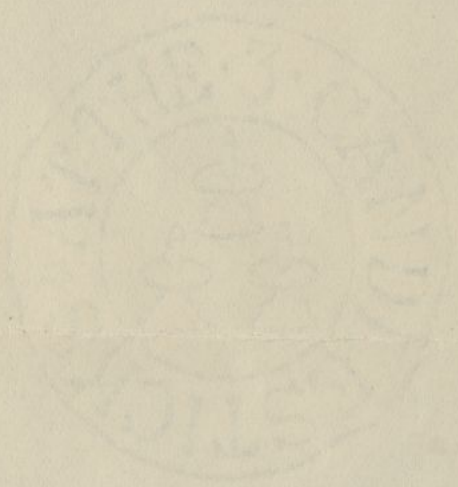
I must stop until Monday - you will have given me a peaceful weekend, - except that you ~~xxxxxx~~ are by way of making me wildly jealous: you are to laugh at that, of course, because you know I should like you to have all the friends of every kind that anyone needs: but still: "why not acknowledge" it? I can't help it. My lady friends, two or three there are, are all married to charming husbands whom are my friends also: so that's that.

Hommage a votre Altesse de Son admirateur dévoué

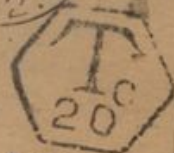
*Tom*







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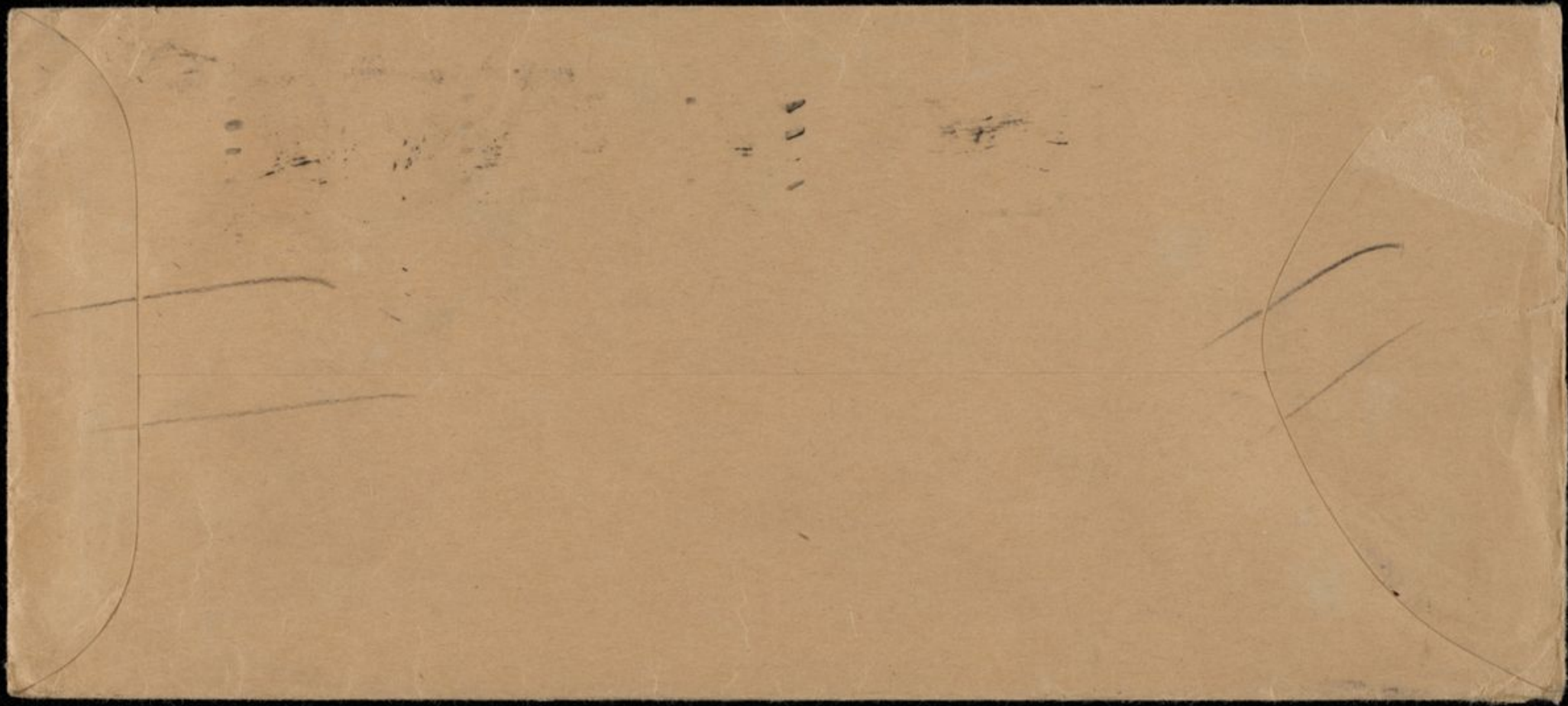
Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street

Boston Mass. U.S.A.







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A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

8 March 1932.

Dear Lady.

Your little letter of the 19th Feb. arrived yesterday (Monday) three days after your letter of the 25th which I have answered; so you may have been wondering what happened to the first. The mails are unfathomable. And the photographs have NOT arrived yet. I am glad that mine reached you eventually, but none too pleased to hear that you like it; I wish you would write on the margin as a reminder "He thinks that he is much handsomer than that". But your liking it is a check to my vanity.

I shall be rather rushed in writing, I fear, for the next week - I mean this week; these dreadful broadcast talks are bothering me extremely, taking up time, and what worst, I don't feel that I am doing very well. Perhaps the subject is impossible anyhow; perhaps it is simply that I am too tired and have too little time to do justice to it. Number One enclosed, so that you may judge for yourself. And this evening the Fabers to dinner; and tomorrow Duncan Grant, and after dinner Cattai and Jacques Maritain, who is over from Paris to lecture at Oxford. Today lunched with Major Douglas and General Charlton (two of our authors); tomorrow with Rowse, my young communist friend of All Souls' College; and Thursday with Cattai and Christopher Hobhouse and Douglas Woodruff, whom I do not know. And so on. And I wish that you were not so tired and run down, or else that I could look after you. Good bye, dear Dove.

Yr Tom.



COLLEGE

OF THE

COLLEGE VALLEY

PARISHMENT

encl. with note Mar. 27<sup>th</sup>



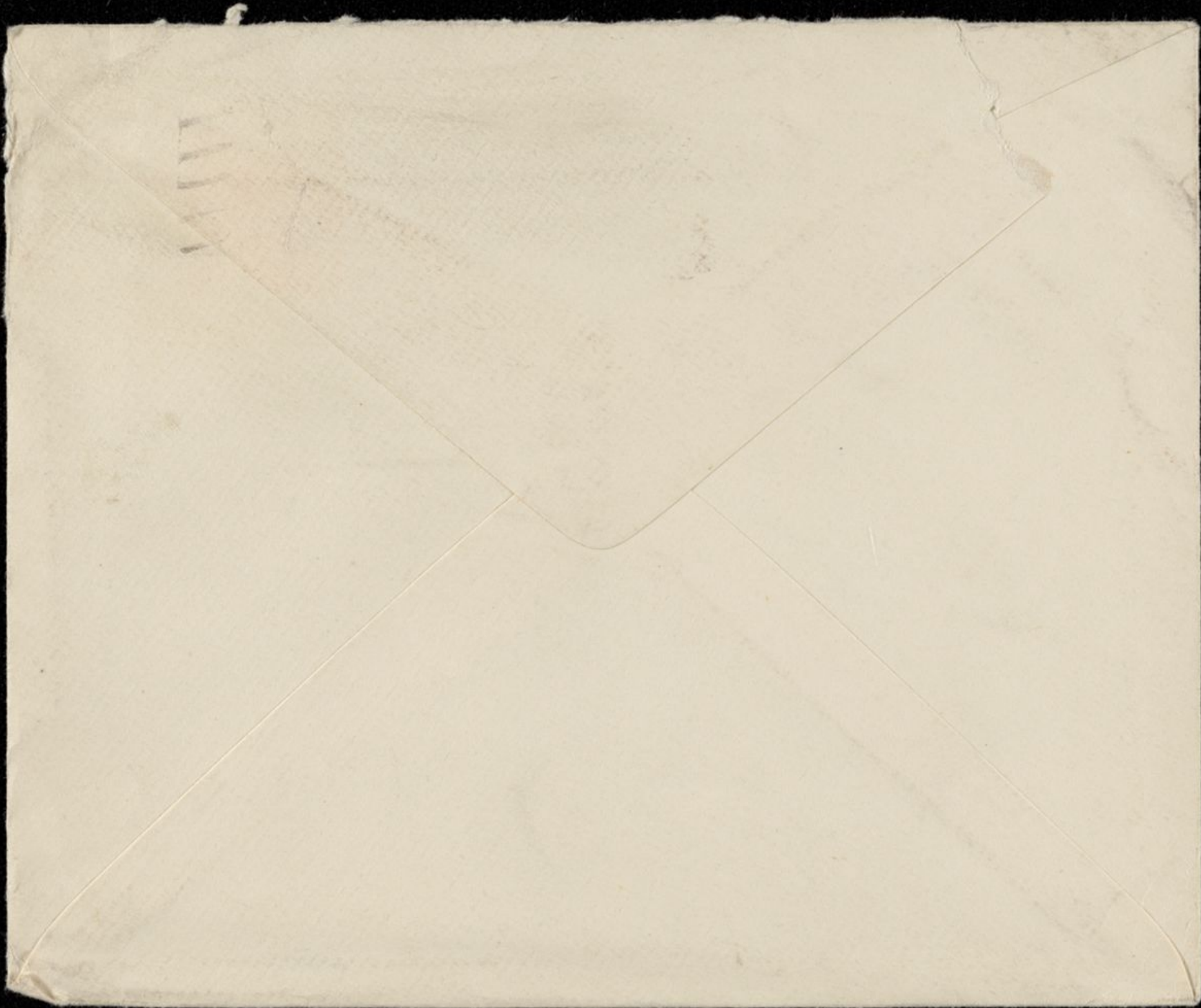
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

*My Emily.*

15 March 1932.

Glory glory the photographs have arrived - late yesterday afternoon just before I left. And they are very good indeed (I wonder if this assertion will annoy you as yours about mine annoyed me?) The one with the earrings (I suppose they are screwed on?) does not do justice to your Nose (which is a Greek nose - it has that form rarely seen in life which is broad at the base as noses should be and accords with the arch of the eyebrow - see two little Greek heads, both very good and one attributed to Praxiteles, in the Boston Museum), but does well by the neck and the ear. The other one is wholly admirable, and the expression too is better - more ethereal; and seems to me to do you as much justice as a photograph can. I adore it. And it means so much to me to have a really recent portrait; & I am sure that to me you will be increasingly beautiful year by year. There is a great serenity and spiritual depth in it - of which you may be quite unaware yourself, but which is certainly there as a gift to others who see it.

Of course there is pain as well as happiness in seeing these portraits. I shall look at them every day.

But I am appalled by the price you had to pay, according to the customs declaration: my poor portraits only cost half a guinea each! And I was amused - as an illustration of what the Protective Tariff is doing for Britain - to have to pay 8s.11d. - not for deficient postage, but as DUTY!

You are very patient with me over the Bodleian. But if you will look up the early letter in which I mentioned it (or confess that you have destroyed it!) you will see that I meant much more than merely mentioning an anonymous friend. Not that I should dream of holding you to your word given then, if you stand firm in your wishes. I scrutinise your letters closely enough, you may be sure, to have perceived the change of mood you speak of - you are now able to write without the "excitement" you spoke of then (it is equally natural, too, that I should not have had to feel any change in myself except deepening and intensification). But what I do not yet understand is what motive of delicacy, modesty or what, is in your mind now, that you should



wish your name erased from my history. Of course, if you wish my name erased from yours (or if you came to wish that later), that is a different thing altogether: and if you give me to think that, then there will be no papers for the Library at all, only a blank. But pray consider, from the point of view of reticence or delicacy, how little that can count in nearly a hundred years from now: and it would be as long as that before the papers were opened: when there could be no one hurt, and no feeling possible except that of greater pity for all concerned. As for my selfish motive, please believe that I care little about posthumous fame; but that it does canker to feel that so long as there is any interest in me at all, if there is, my life and work will be misunderstood to the end of time.

be willing to

It is good of you to defer the matter until it can be talked over. Thinking over that, it seems to me that if, as I firmly intend, I spend a few days in St. Louis after Christmas, I could easily hop off to the far west - I should like to cross the continent before I die; and perhaps spend a night in Los Angeles, which is so near to you. I should ~~like~~ prefer you not to take any long journey to any place which you had no other pretext for visiting, in order to talk to me; there is no reason why I should go the whole way, and it would be more suitable. I hope for some invitation to the Pacific coast. It would be very kind of your friend Mrs. Krauss to have me, and I should like that: but Seattle is a very long way from Claremont, is it not? If I went to Seattle, I could visit my cousins in Portland, or vice versa (I mean if I went to Portland I could go to Seattle). I fear that the Wilburs will not be in Berkeley - I hope for his sake that they will be in Poland after all. (Though to go to Poland to write a history of Unitarianism seems rather farfetched). But I am determined to see you once somewhere.

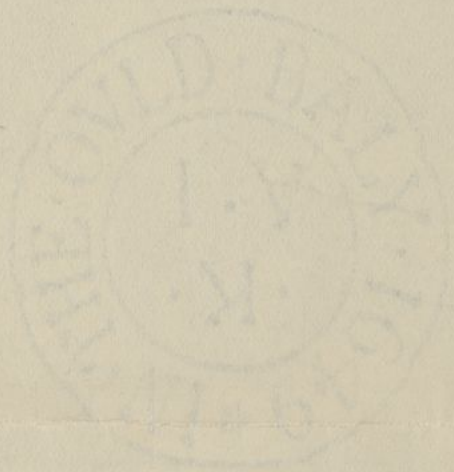
If I did not feel sure that MacLagan was a man of the utmost probity you would have made me feel that I had given him away! But he told me that his wife did not go, and I remember hearing at the time that she had gone to Egypt with Princess Mary instead. Oh now I have it I think. He told me that he went again on a visit to America two years afterwards with Mrs. M.; so that was the occasion on which you met them! How lucky I thought of that before closing this letter.

I was exasperated to be unable to write on Friday - as I told you, the broadcasting cut into everything - the last talk is on Easter Day; and this must do for to-day. You will be amused to see some of the letters I have had from "listeners", which I will send. I am memorising your photographs. They, especially the one I like, are very very lovely. Thank you again, my dear my dear.

Tom







envelope of



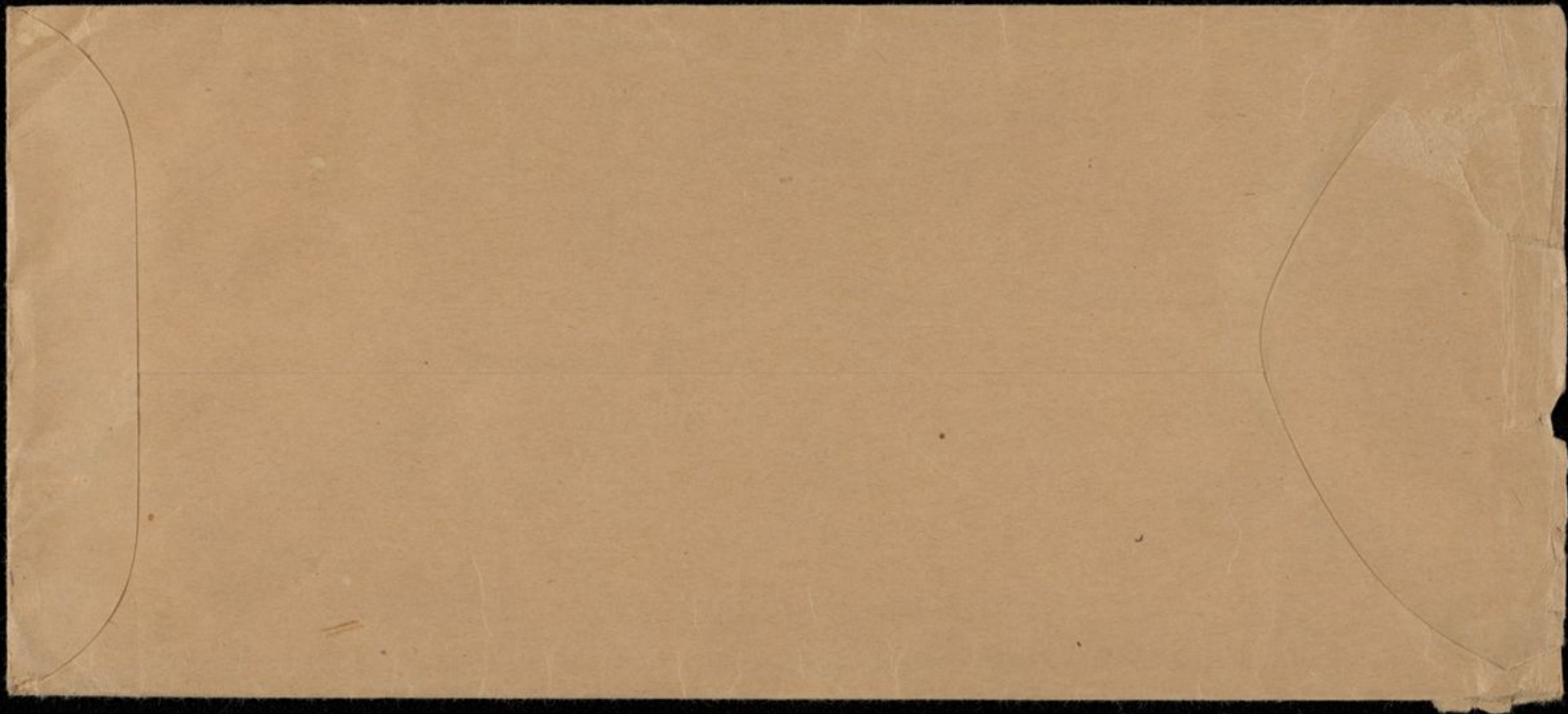
Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.





## Obituary

### MR. HAROLD MONRO

#### A POET AND HIS IDEAL

Mr. Harold Monro, a distinguished poet and man of letters, died on Tuesday, the day after his fifty-third birthday, at a nursing home at Broadstairs. His death will be mourned not only by admirers of his own verse, but by all in England who have cared seriously, during the last 30 years, for serious poetry.

Both his father and his maternal grandfather were engineers. He was born at Brussels, and was educated partly abroad, so that he spoke French, German, and Italian fluently, and at Radley, whence he went up to Caius. After taking his degree at Cambridge he spent much time on the Continent for several years. One of the results was "The Chronicle of a Pilgrimage" (1909), the prose account of a walking tour from Paris to Milan; but he had already published a volume of poems in 1906 and two in 1907. His importance in the literary life of London dates from 1911, when he founded, in conjunction with the Poetry Society, the *Poetry Review*, in the first number of which (January, 1912) he affirmed that "Poetry should be, once more, seriously and reverently discussed in its relation to life, and the same tests and criteria applied to it as to the other arts." Difficulties arose, and Monro retired at the end of a year. In March, 1913, Monro issued the first number of another periodical to be entirely under his own direction, entitled *Poetry and Drama*, which survived with distinction until December, 1914. In the first number are contributions by Rupert Brooke, Edward Thomas, Sir Henry Newbolt, Maurice Hewlett, James Elroy Flecker, and Lascelles Abercrombie; and in other numbers there was hardly any young poet or man of letters of any talent who was not a contributor.

Monro's enthusiasm next led him to found the Poetry Bookshop, for which he took an old house in a small street off Theobald's-lane. It was discovered by most readers of poetry in London, and became also a place of pilgrimage for American visitors; and its removal to the more commonplace neighbourhood of Willoughby-street, Great Russell-street, was regretted. Monro then started the series of Poetry Readings which have continued almost without interruption. Of the poets who were well known when the Readings began, and of those who have become known since, there can be few who have not given readings of their own poetry, or of their favourite poets, either at the first or the present dwelling of the Bookshop. Monro's own taste was sympathetic both to the "Georgian" poetry, which flourished just before the War, and to the more modern poetry which has risen since. His own verse had something of this mediating character. He had—what is none too common among verse writers—a steady capacity for improvement; and his latest poems are considered by good judges to be his best. The development is already evident in "Strange Meetings" (1917); it continues in "Real Property" (1922) and in "The Earth for Sale" (1928); and a poem published recently in the *Criterion* indicates that his development had not reached a climax. Throughout, however, there is a quality peculiar to himself; a way of giving to the familiar and commonplace a dreamlike and sometimes nightmarish character which is unlike the mode of either his earlier or his later colleagues.

While his poetry will remain to justify itself, his importance in the literary life of London in his time may be overlooked. As editor, as publisher, and as the proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop his efforts were wholly disinterested, and indeed meant much sacrifice of his private means. He was more concerned that other people should write poetry, that able writers in difficulties should be helped to write, and that a larger public should read and enjoy poetry, than he was concerned with what he wrote himself. One of the causes dearest to his heart was the instigation of sociability among men of letters, and to this he devoted his own social gifts. In the few years before the War he was active in keeping poets of diverse gifts in friendly contact; among them the group—including Ezra Pound, F. S. Flint, Richard Aldington, and H. D.—who produced "The Imagist Anthology," and in his circle was included T. E. Hulme, who, after his death in action in 1917, had had a great influence upon the philosophical and critical theory of the present time. After the War he resumed his efforts, with what was left of his own generation, and with recruits from the younger generation. He had a great gift of hospitality, and was happiest when providing a fireside at which writers with common sympathies could sit and talk until late hours of the night. Such devotion to such an ideal as his—the ideal of poetry and of fraternity among poets—is rare always, and nowadays difficult to pursue. Even in the last year or two, when crippled by increasing ill-health and pain, Monro never lost faith in his ideal. He was twice married, and had one son by his first marriage. His second wife was Miss Alida Klemantaski.

The funeral will be at Golders Green on Saturday at 11.30.



stone of political honesty with many proofs that he has not created on the times.

The reward of the cohesion and of the National Government is those returning confidence to which Mr. rightly pointed. But confidence is established that cohesion can be appear. Sterling is strong, but One Budget has been balanced of Budgets on a scale tolerable taxpayer remains difficult, slightly better, but unemployment enduring and terrible problem commercial payments has volume of international trade The task of basing confidence grounds still lies before the ment, and it is beyond question only a National Government fair prospect of success. nor protection can guarantee Lausanne Conference fails, if ference fails, if settlement of not achieved in India, if the pacified, if taxation at home if better opportunities for the of capital and of labour cannot public will do well to look Government to the great them rather than look back GEORGE to the days of divided counsels, for the controversies would make insoluble.

A Russian Tim

A disagreeable impression by the announcement that Timber Distributors, Limited contract with the Soviet purchase of 450,000 stam timber at an approximate The conditions under which timber is cut and transported there is a widespread feeling tion should be prohibited and will be natural resentment this huge scale has been other effects, it will help Columbian timber out of and will be a heavy blow to in Scandinavia and Finland with free labour, has already from the competition of the and the exploitation of political prisoners.

And, apart altogether from political considerations, the our balance of trade. British Soviet trading organization, ously one-sided affair. During our imports from Russia to while our exports to that only to £25,000,000. The the five years was thus £1 exports are taken into account. Furthermore, while cash w chases from Russia, the goods were almost all sold on credit accumulated in British m the Soviet authorities to buy Five Years Plan from Germany and to finance subversive Britain itself, in India and where else where it is thought tion could do us injury. export and import, is in the monopoly, and, if our trading authorities is not to become it must clearly be organized make sure at the very least balance is maintained, and received by Russia from British goods should be spent in Great Britain, not as at present imports from our competitors.

Bulgaria

After prolonged discussion

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

19 March 1932.

*Dear Lady,*

I have time only for a little line this morning: only time to explain why I cannot write at greater length. The enclosed obituary (which I wrote myself) tells what happened. I was quite prepared for it, but not for his dying quite so suddenly. I spend the whole of Wednesday getting the material and writing this in time for Thursday's Times, and in various telephone calls in connexion with the whole matter. He had very few intimate friends, but we were all very fond of him. Yesterday I was rushed by having to finish the B.B.C. talk which I should have finished the day before; now I have got to go and see about flowers, and tomorrow morning the funeral. Harold's absence will leave a great gap in life; but at the moment I am chiefly concerned to know how his wife, Alida, is left. I will tell you more about them another time.

I was so surprised and intoxicated by the pictures that the letter I wrote on Tuesday was ~~xxx~~ not the letter I should otherwise have written: I meant I left out much. I had wanted to send you an Easter letter in time for Easter. I hope that sometimes, at this season, you may mention me in your prayers; that you will have a quiet and serene Holy Week, and that Easter will bring as it should, some gift of hope and content. It is very hard, I know as well as anyone; but I do feel that hope and content are a duty that we must study; and there is a kind of serenity, which, if it does not give much "happiness" to the possessor (for nothing is a substitute for anything else, that must be faced) constitutes something of the highest value to those about one. I believe that I shall be glad when the end comes - you will say that I have the thought of death too much with me at the moment - but meanwhile I hope to be able to wait and work usefully, and to deserve some of the satisfaction which comes from having been able to help others, even if they are not those whom one would most crave to help.

And now, my dear, good bye until Tuesday. Then I will write on <sup>Maundy</sup> Thursday, and again the following Easter Tuesday.

*Tom*



CRITERION

OF THE

WORLD

1914

1914

COLNE VALLEY

PARISHMENT



un- April 4<sup>th</sup>

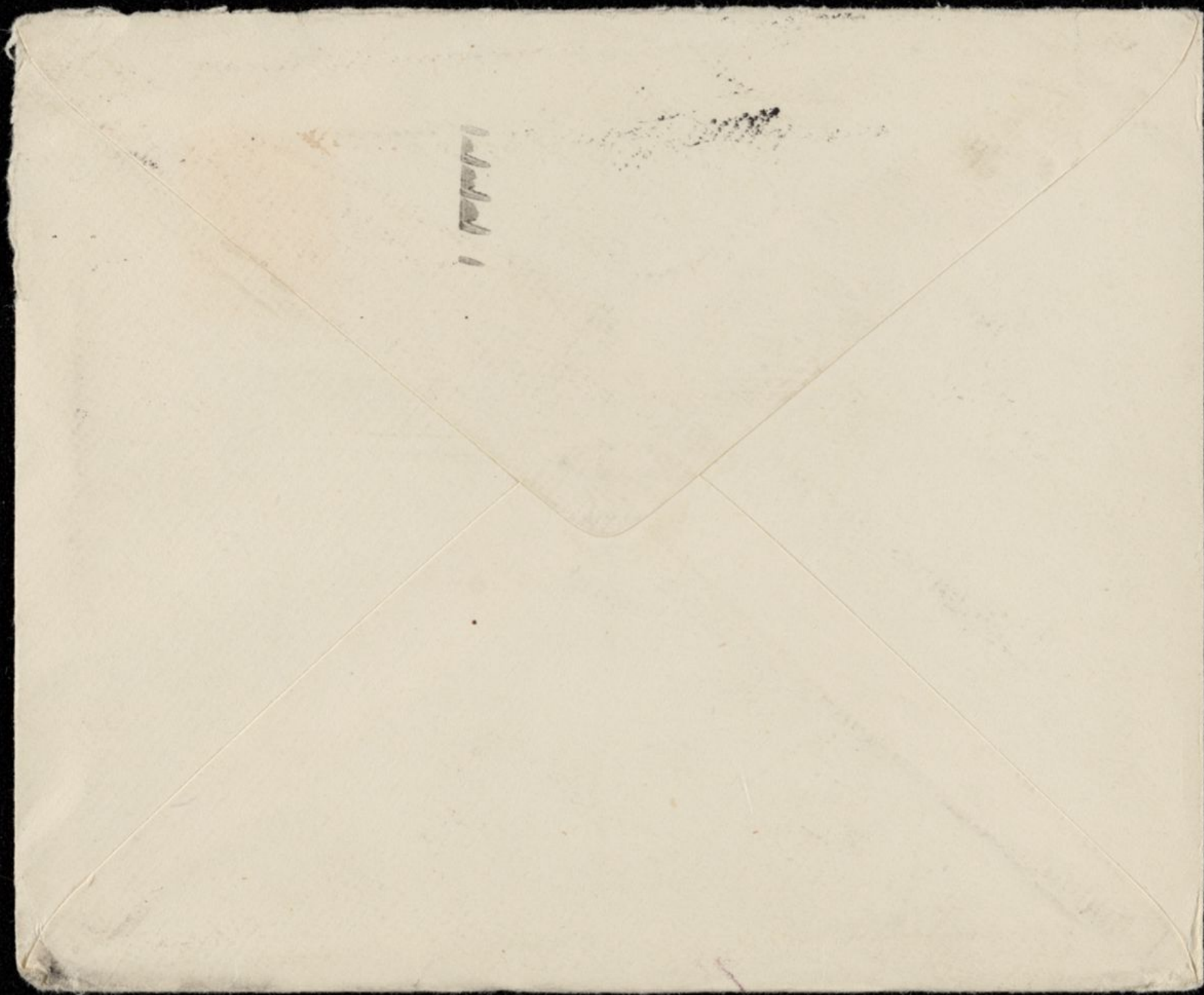
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

*Dear Lady.*

22 March 1932.

I must again be very brief to-day; by Thursday morning I hope to be free enough to write a somewhat longer letter; but this week, with a number of business odds and ends to be cleared up before Easter, and my last and therefore most difficult broadcast talk still unfinished; and much church-going - on Thursday I must get up at 6, and Friday morning there is about three hours on end - has been very full. I think my Sunday talk went off well, but I don't know how; I felt very tired, and overwrought, after Harold's funeral on Saturday. The crematorium service at Golder's Green, though short, is very trying to me - I had been there several years ago to the funeral of my first secretary. You feel very rushed: it may be for all I know the only crematorium in South England, and there seem to be funerals going on the whole time; you have to wait outside till the previous funeral is over, and get out quickly so that the next funeral can come in; and altogether there is much like a station-waiting-room feeling. There were a number of people I did not know; of those I do, only Edith Sitwell, General Charlton, Ralph Hodgson and Frank Flint. Had a cup of coffee with Hodgson and Flint afterwards, thought of the funeral in "Ulysses", went home and slept all the rest of the day.

I have been interrupted several times even in writing this tiny note. I shall write on Thursday; and I shall think of you very much at Easter Tide: but can I think more than I do always?

*Bien pour vous autres pacheurs -*

*Tom*



CRITERION

WEEKLY NEWS

1914

COLNE VALLEY

PARISHMENT

TELEPHONE N<sup>o</sup>  
ROYAL 9321.

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LONDON, E.C.3.  
G.P.O. BOX N<sup>o</sup> 19.

21st March 1932.

My dear Eliot,

Thank you for yesterday's half-hour of real understanding and intense interest. How you attacked the <sup>in-</sup> tangible question is to me a wonder. In your first talk you were bound to be diffuse. In your second you very clearly emerged from what could seem, to me in my limited imagination, only chaos, but yesterday you succeeded in welding things together and in definitely and logically pointing out the way to the only possible solution to the riddle of "The Modern Dilemma".

I suppose I was so completely satisfied because evidently we both have the same beliefs and the same outlook of this world and the Hereafter. My conception I always feel to be pigmy but it is a great comfort to me that it is shared by your brain, for which I have a great admiration. You know me well enough to realise that in saying that I am merely stating the truth, because, were it otherwise, I could not write to you like this.

I am looking forward to your concluding talk next Sunday and then we will have a lunch together at 12 o'clock any day you like except Tuesdays.

Yours ever,

*H.S.*

T. S. Eliot, Esq.,  
c/o Messrs. Faber & Faber, Limited,  
24, Russell Square,  
London, W.C.1.

*I have told you  
who Harry Coffin  
is, haven't I?*



Colonial Stationery Department

1000 North 10th Street

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19107

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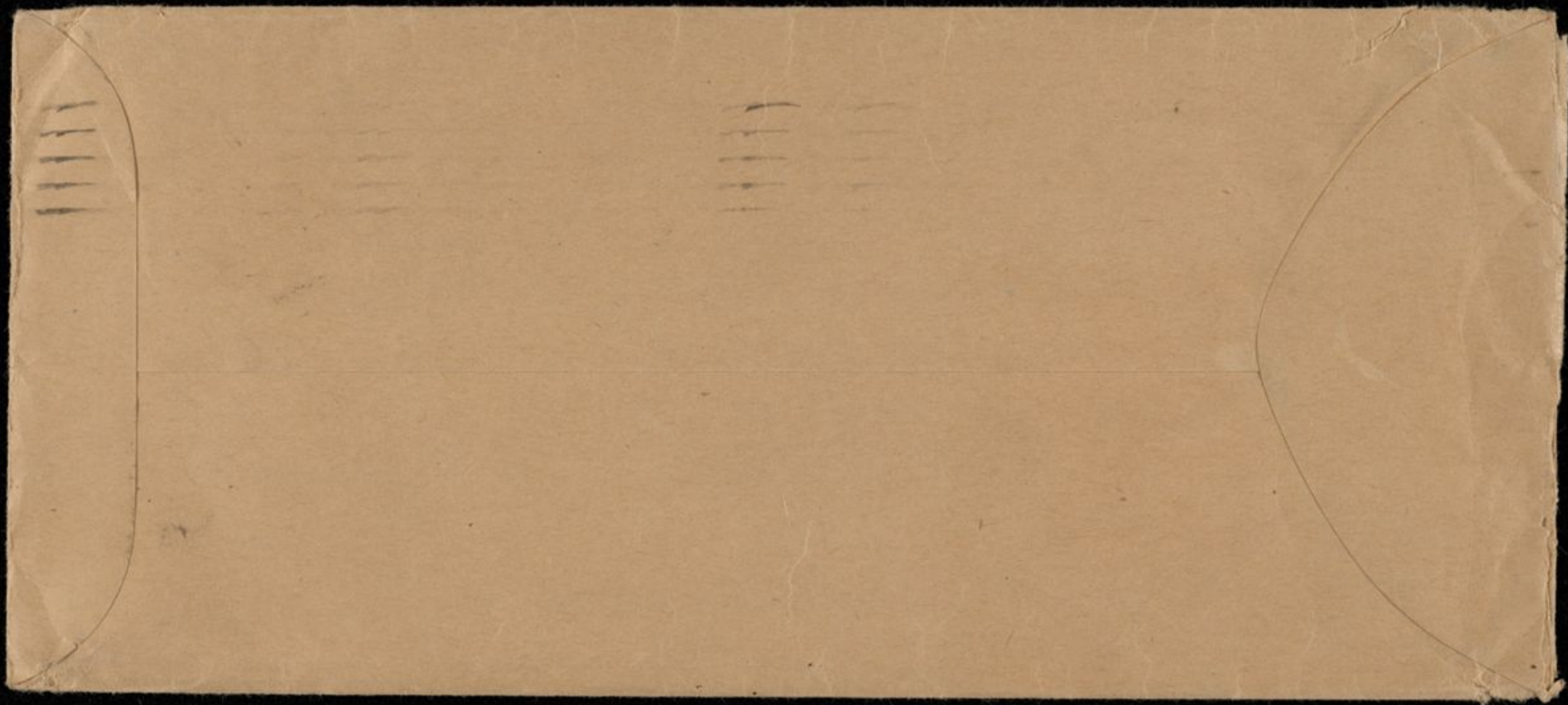
arr. April 13

Miss Emily Hale,  
41. Brimmer Street  
Boston Mass.

U.S.A.







# THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

*Dear Lady,*

Maundy Thursday 1932.

Your letter of March 13th arrived yesterday, in the proper ten days. You will have learned by this time that we must disagree about the relative merits of your portraits! How ridiculous to speak of a "washed out, soft looking creature" - I won't say that it looks hard, but a very firm and formed character, which I should always approach with some awe - nothing prettypretty about it at all, but the real thing. But there, I don't believe any of us has the slightest notion of what he or she really looks like; and if you want to know what you look like (and how you ought to look you must rely upon competent critics like myself. Anyway, if I am very happy with both photographs, as I am, that is the main thing for me. As for the Chinese lady, I had some difficulty in recognising who it was - which is perhaps a tribute to the make-up - but probably I should have identified you had I seen the performance.

I am wondering if you are not being too much of a Martha, with your continuous activities, and whether the "poor state of control" of which you speak, is partly due to that. For very often I find, myself, that using activity (whether ~~for~~ necessary or unnecessary) to quiet my unsatisfactions and loneliness is sometimes merely an irritant; for you wear yourself out and are then weaker to resist the restless depression. The temptation with me being to dwell in mind upon the things I have and would like to be without, and on the things I should like to have and cannot have. Nor is it enough merely to plunge oneself in sympathy into the affairs of one's friends: for if they are happy there is always some pain in it, and if they are in trouble there is always the danger of using their troubles as a solace for one's own, instead of giving them pure sympathy and help. I mean, I seem to discover more and more profundity in "The Summary of the Law"; the love of one's neighbour is not enough in itself, but it must follow, and follow from, the love of God. And there is a distinction between the things one can just "control" and those one cannot. "Breaking bad habits, and forming good ones, seem to me a matter for "control" but there are insistent feelings which suddenly rush up unawares, and persistent desires, which cannot be just controlled, for that is mere suppression - and suppression is always a possible source of danger, as one does not know one's limit of strength; these can only be kept in place (I find) by finding some other and better desire that can be satisfied. Even though it may be only at moments that one can feel



the higher desire keenly enough to delight in its satisfactions. But, so far as habit goes, I do find that regular daily religious exercises, however perfunctory and mechanical they may be on one's dullest days, are a great help: the actual physical discomfort of getting up to go to Mass early before breakfast - I had to get up this morning at 6 o'clock - is a great help; and a few minutes of Bible reading and leisurely meditation, not very intense, at bedtime. I have not gone very far, I know; but I am sure that man's power over himself is very great as soon as and whenever, he feels that he can call upon superhuman power to aid him. Things are made much more difficult than they need be, by our environment; for all the pressure of the time is towards convincing us that there are certain crude needs that must be satisfied. And so they must, until one recognises that supernatural values and emotions can be just as real as any natural ones. I used to suffer such anguish - and sometimes still at moments - from deprivations until I worked at this.

I am only surprised that you had never had any friction with E.H. before. You know, I have wondered myself whether I shall be able to get on well and happily with them, next winter - probably seeing them once a week or so; or whether I shall be tempted to break a vase or two - metaphorically speaking. It depends partly on the extent to which they will recognise the difference of the life I have led in the meantime to theirs. It seems to me (from what little I have seen of her) that E.H.H. understands the world pretty well with her mind, which is a very acute one; but not in her bones, like a person whose emotions have been involved in everything learned by observation. I could easily shock them, deliberately; but they are just as likely to shock me - and could never be made to understand why I was shocked, or what right I had to be. But I do think that there is some sense of reality lacking in her plays: it is all in the head and none in the guts.

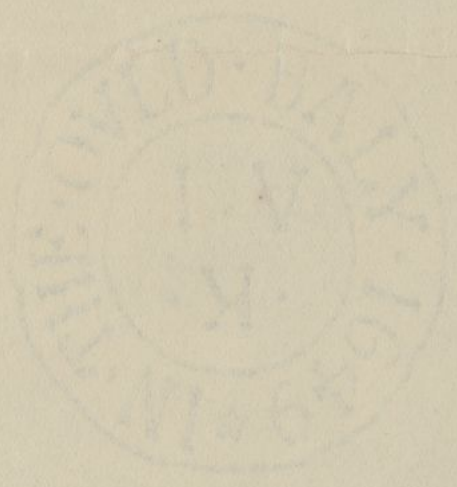
I must stop now till after Easter. But when you say of yourself "to have been alone so much has been a poor thing", I think that perhaps you are magnifying your disabilities. I used to feel in a way inferior because of all the experiences I have not had which others have had: but remember that one has probably learned things, and in learning had experience oneself, that others have not had; and that you have as much wisdom and experience to give them as they have to give you.

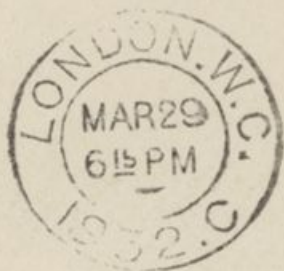
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April 13

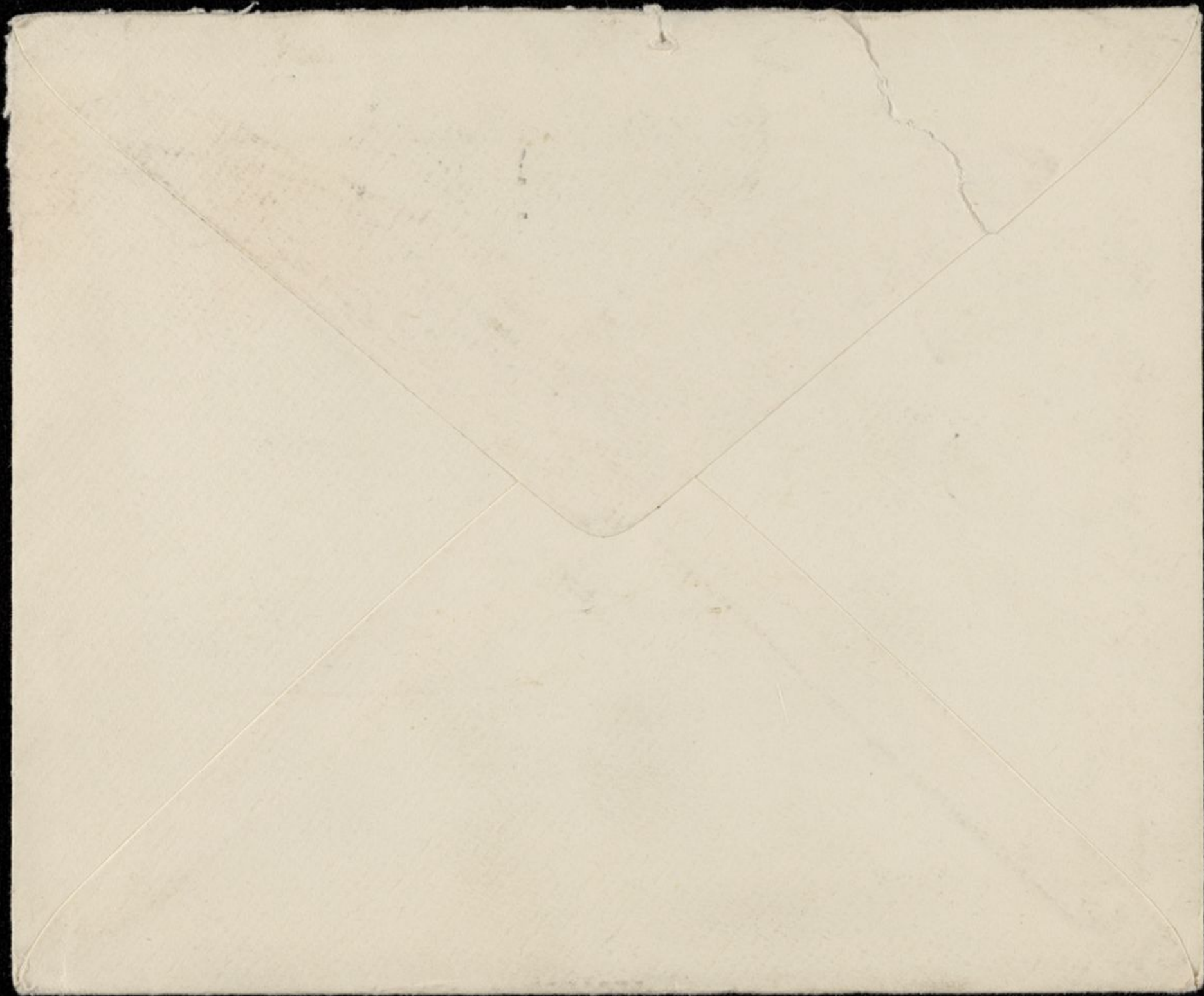
Miss Emily Hale.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

29 March 1932.

*Dear Lady*

Thank you, my dear, for your kind note of March 16th (as for the confusion of dates, you will have heard by now that one of your letters reached me after another one written before). It was very happy for me to have a letter to greet me here on Tuesday morning, after the four days "holiday", and to have the assurance of your prayers, which I am sure must have met with mine somewhere where they should meet. Yes, I do like Willard Thorp more and more. I feel that Margaret Thorp is the more quickly sensitive to people and situations than he is - I imagine, rather uncommonly so, as well as having an extremely well educated and able mind - but I find him a person of great delicacy and refinement, and of true literary appreciation and I think general goodness of character. I am glad that you are on lunching terms with Eleanor - of course it is quite right that you should believe that the trouble, whatever it was, was all your fault: but you will hardly expect me to believe so! She seems to be rather in your debt, by the way, as I have a wire from her this morning saying that you have cabled to a Manager you know - I wonder who, not Leon M. Lion? about her Bronte play; so I must cable her to-day to say that I am seeing Miss Fassett of the London Play Co. within a few days (bother it, I must say). I haven't even read her play yet, I have been so busy, but must do so before I see Miss Fassett (upon whom my only claim is that she is the aunt of Irene Fassett, a girl who had been a pupil of Vi's (as governess) years ago, and who was my first, and best, secretary of the Criterion from the beginning until her death (it was her funeral that I went to at the Crematorium, long before Monro's).

Interruptions again - and now I must hurry home. I must leave till the end of the week to run over Holy Week and my last broadcast - of which you shall receive a copy - I think it was a success, but it did not please me. Chère amie, je t'embrasse les souliers affectueusement.

*Tom*

COLNE VALLEY

PARCOURNMENT



EMERSON

WINTER 1840

1840

CORNER VALLEY

PARCLEMENT