

## Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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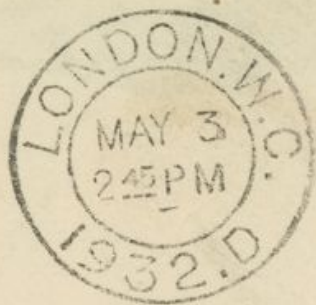
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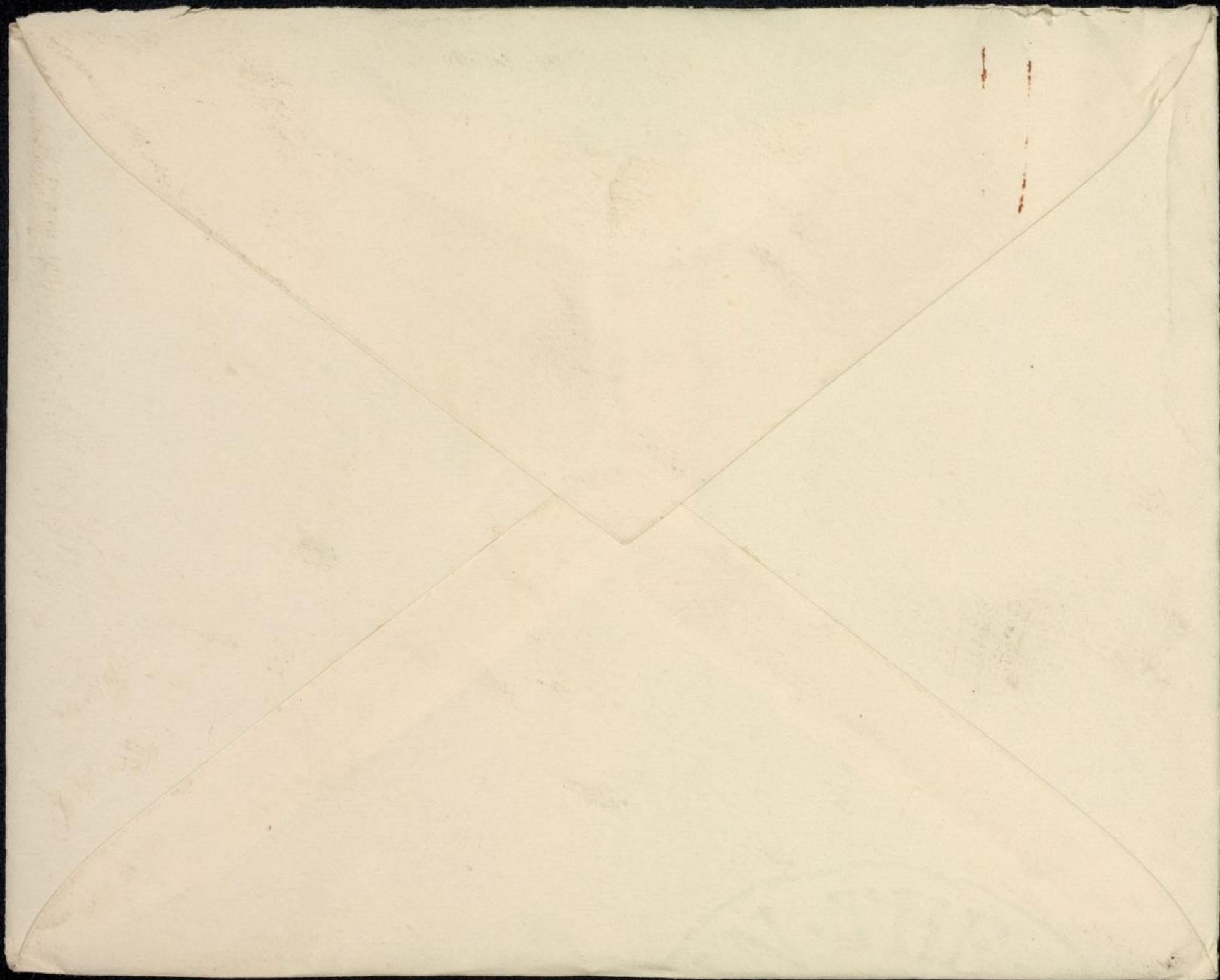


Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street,

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

3 May 1932.

*Dear Lady,*

Your letter of April 21st arrived this morning - you say nothing about the play (The Old Lady Shows Her Medals?) but I know that you must be very busy, and am grateful for your writing as much as you do. My Broadcast receipts were sixty guineas for the four talks: which is considered pretty good pay here - I am still being tempted to republish them; and if I can write a satisfactory appendix I may still do so. But I am not anxious to do any writing at present; after toiling through the proofs of my monstrous huge book of essays I feel sated and over-written. And I really must begin blocking out a series of lectures (and also thinking what the devil I shall talk about when it comes to the second half year and I must lecture twice a week on Modern English Literature. I wish you would think of a subject for six or eight lectures for me; also, if you have ever attended any of the Norton lectures, tell me what the audiences are like and what they like. I expect it is largely an audience of old ladies and gentlemen, such as attend Lowell Lectures.

I wish you would not refer to my humble little comments and counsels as "sermons"! all they amount to is my reflection upon my own experience and struggles; and when I feel that there is a parallel between your life and mine I am impelled to talk about myself. It is good for me to hear from you sometimes about your own troubles with yourself, and I am glad when you do; otherwise I should be likely (am inclined) to think of you as rather more than human, and as having dismissed from your thought and feelings everything in life except the necessary and the possible. How should I know what a woman is like, anyway, who have never had the confidences and intimacy of an adult woman? Not that I don't distrust most generalisations about "men" and "women". But perhaps you on the other hand may assume sometimes that I have a much wider knowledge and experience of the world than I have. In different circumstances I might have had, perhaps; but perhaps in those different circumstances I might have had still less. In some respects my life has been a very narrow and confined one; and in default of some of the experiences of which I seem to myself to have been capable, I am conscious of being in some ways (and probably always will be) very immature.

Tonight a Criterion meeting - here - the first since Harold's

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death; I always dread the fatigue of it. V. is going I believe to supper with the Thorps by herself - I hope she will not get into any trouble with the driving - but I shall fetch her away some time after ten. I should have asked him to come otherwise, but will ask him the next time, in June.

I know very little about O'Neill's work; I have read a few, but it is impossible to form a just opinion without seeing several of them played. "All God's Chillun" impressed me very much, and showed much insight into abnormality; there was another about some people on a New England farm, which struck me as a display of exaggerated and forced violence. I should imagine that he has great dramatic skill, but that brutal violence often makes do for the force of real profundity. On Saturday we go to see "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Sadlers' Wells; I have never seen it played before, and am looking forward to it.

There were a few days of warm sunny weather here - the first warm days are always enervating; now the weather has returned to its usual tepid chill, and it is raining. I rather prefer it to rain, in London, I think.

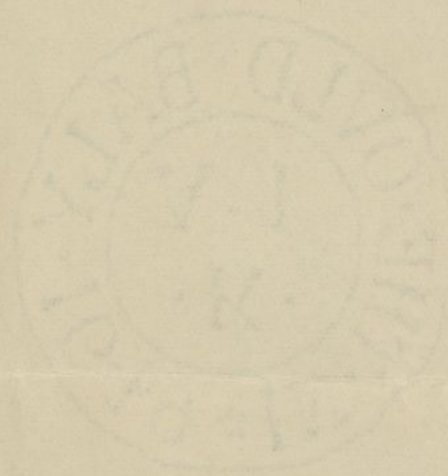
And have you formed any plans for your summer yet? I hope that you will be somewhere where you can rest and bathe and keep out of doors, and do no work; and when do you begin the term at Scripps?

*Affectueuxment*

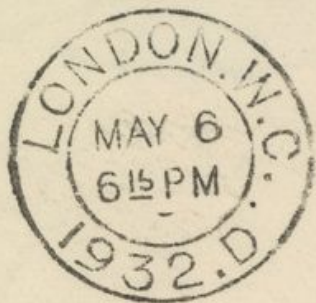
*Tom*



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May 6



Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

6 May 1932.

*Dear Lady*

I do not think that I expressed, in my letter of Tuesday, the pleasure that you gave me by your remark about my letters in general, in your letter of April 21st. My letters always seem to me so thin and dry, and so inexpressive, when I reread them before posting, that it is a great help to know that they do convey a little of what I want to convey. They are certainly only the shadows of the letters I might write, if it were profitable to write them! but I should like them to carry always the same undertone, whatever the meaning of the content of each. Quite objectively, I much prefer your letters to mine!

Life goes on as usual: as quickly as one piece of work, or one social duty, is over, another one pops up. Tomorrow night to Midsummer Night's Dream; if it is as well done as Twelfth Night, I shall regret, as I did then, that you are not there to share the pleasure. Monday night with Hodgson and Miss Bolliger to see "Wings Over Europe", not hopefully, but simply to see what Robert Nichols can do. I believe that the play was put on in New York last year; did you ever hear of it? Then I must go to hear one of Professor Kittredge's lectures next week; though I never knew him or took any course under him. Then comes Whitsun, when I hope I shall go to bed and do nothing for a couple of days. We had an invitation to spend it at the Bishop of Chichester's, but neither V. nor I felt up to that.

More, please, about the play, and about your plans for the summer when you have any. When does the phonetics course end?

*I am very tired and dull today.  
très dévoué Tom.*

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PHILADELPHIA

May 1925

*[Handwritten signature]*

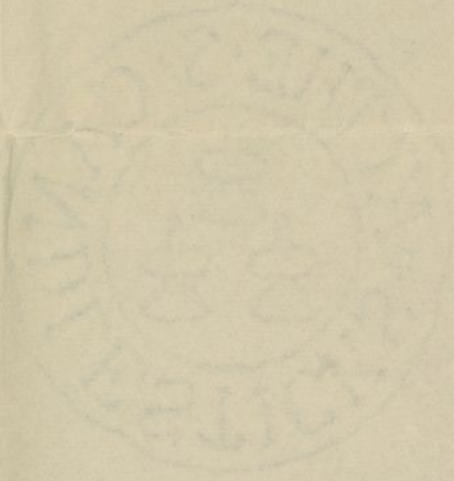
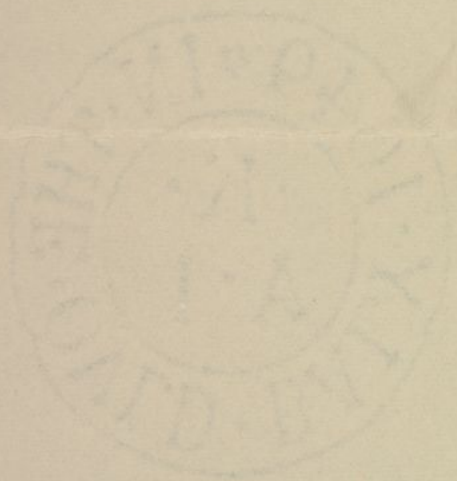
I do not think that I expressed, in my letter of yesterday, the  
pleasure that you gave me by your recent visit to the factory in general,  
in your letter of April 21st. My letter always seems to me to  
tell you things, and so I am sure that you will be glad to know  
that it is a great pleasure to know that they do convey a little of what  
I want to convey. They are certainly only the shadows of the fact-  
and I think that, if it were possible, I should like to have you  
visit the factory every day, and see the work, whatever the  
season of the year. I am sure that you will find it very  
interesting.

The factory is a very large one, and it is very interesting  
to see the work that is done there. I am sure that you will  
find it very interesting. I am sure that you will find it very  
interesting. I am sure that you will find it very interesting.  
I believe that the factory is a very large one, and it is very  
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it very interesting. I am sure that you will find it very interesting.

Very, please, about the day, and what your plans for the summer  
when you have time. I am sure that you will find it very interesting.

*[Handwritten signature]*







Carry May 26

Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

10 May 1932.

*Dear Lady*

No letter yesterday or to-day, so I must sit patiently until Thursday or Friday, Wednesday being the one day on which no letter has ever arrived from you. I am tired this morning (afternoon it is now) because we went to "Wings Over Europe" with Hodgson last night. It was produced by Elsa v. Volkenburg whom you once mentioned to me, and Maurice Browne the joint author with Robert Nichols. I fear the play will not run long here, as the house was half empty. If it ran several months in New York, as I hear, that is a tribute to the New York audiences, which I suspect are much better educated, theatrically, than London audiences. Last night a huge audience was pouring out of the neighbouring theatre after the performance of a farce called "While Parents Sleep" - that is the measure of the London audience. I really thought the play very good, though not the work of a very experienced hand. But a play with no women in it and no love story whatever, which deals wholly with an idea, and in which the scene throughout is the table of a Cabinet Meeting, and yet holds the attention fixedly, has to have something very good about it. The members of the cabinet took the floor in turn, and were well differentiated; some of the humour of their characterisation must have escaped a New York audience, as there were parodies of certain men - Baldwin, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Hailsham for instance. The plot is grim enough, and concerns the question whether an important, indeed revolutionary, but highly dangerous discovery should be made public or suppressed. But a good and serious play; and I hope that Nichols will eventually succeed.

Lunch to-day with Mirsky, who returns to Russia in August for good. He understands that he will be given definite employment when he gets there. Of the professed communists whom I know, Mirsky impresses me as knowing most about his subject (I did send you his essay on me, didnt I?)(You shall have a Missal soon). Rowse says not, but Rowse always thinkseverybody wrong but himself, and Mirsky says Rowse does not really understand Marxism, and they both say that Middleton Murry does not understand it. I mean to try to understand what I can, and have now ordered a German edition of his early writings. But apart from my aversion to Marxism, which is a matter of Christian principle, my own political views are in a rather fluid state. That

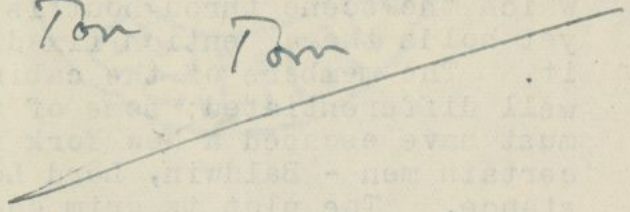


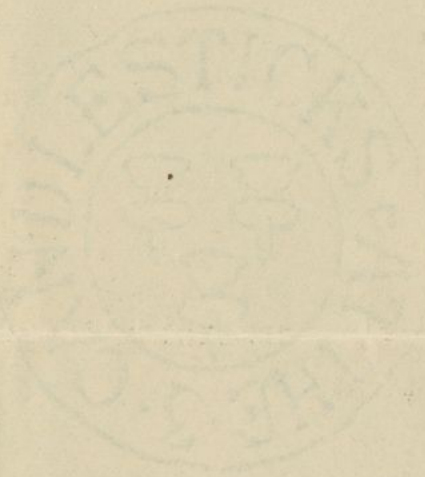
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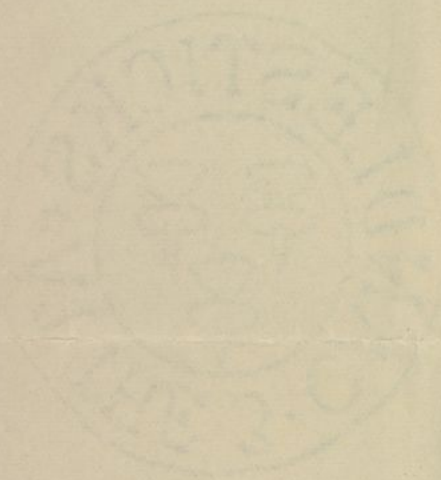
is, beyond a conviction that the present capitalist scheme does not work properly, and works less and less well, I do not see what positive economic scheme is workable and consistent with Christianity - the present scheme being inconsistent with Christianity in its operation, and communism antagonistic in principle. And then there is Keynes who tells me that Marx seems to him simply rubbish. It is all very confusing. Anyway, it is not my business to turn myself in a constructive economist! only one does feel the need nowadays to think and to prepare oneself to be able to recognise a genuine practical reform if it is ever put forward. Meanwhile I feel increasing anxiety about the United States, and I should like you to tell me if thinking people there are seriously concerned about its future. Has the country any real coherence with its present antiquated federal system of autonomies? I know what I mean if I speak of a New Englander, or a Virginian, or a Californian (perhaps); but I do not know what I mean if I speak of an American.

When I get to Boston, will it not be possible for me to ring up and speak to you for three minutes on the telephone? If that is possible, I shall, with your permission, do so: I understand that long distance telephoning is quite perfect in America; and damn the expense. Something to look forward to.

*I believe Penelope should be here, but have  
no news. Tom Tom*









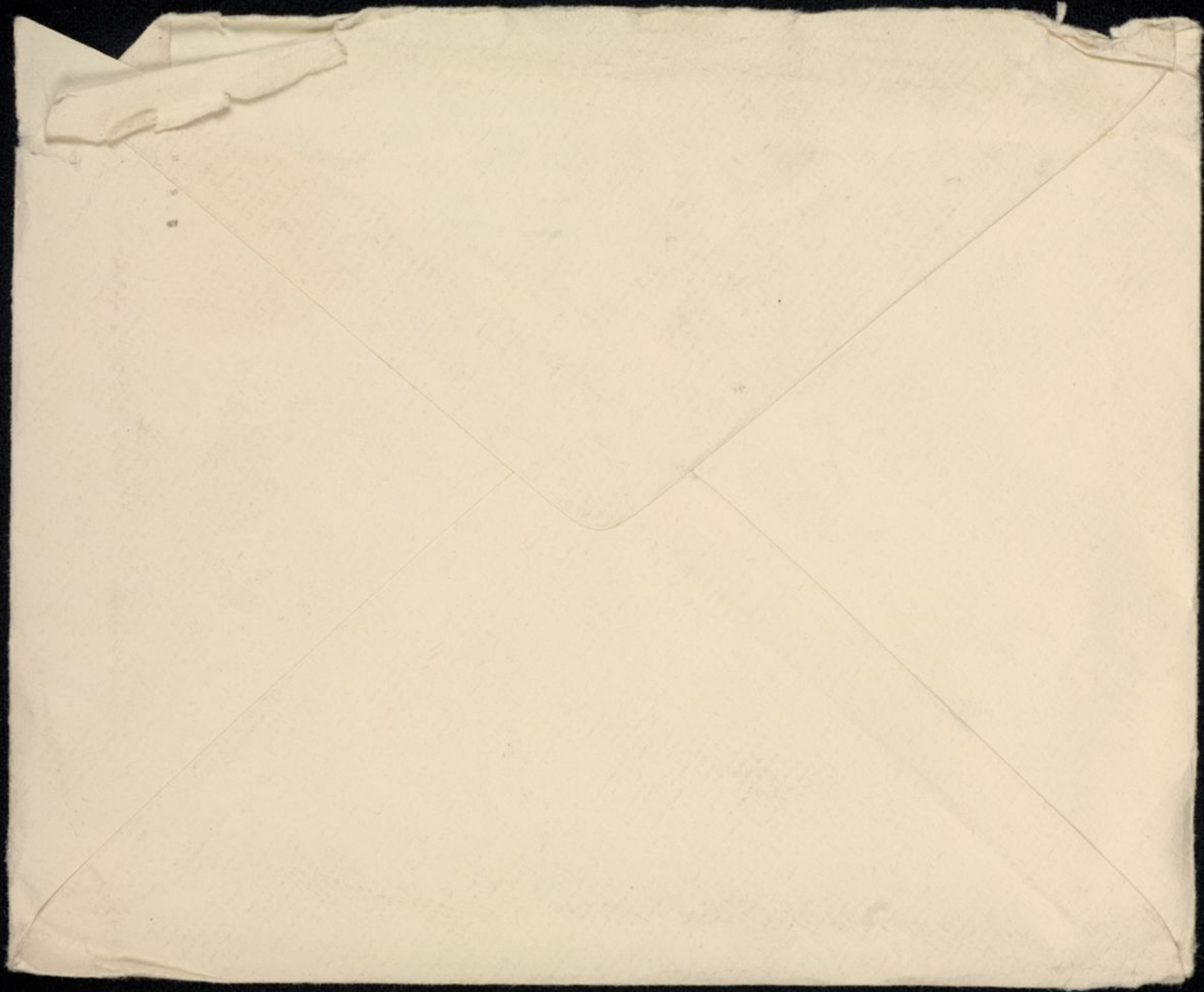
Miss Emily Hale.

41 Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.

arr. May 26



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

13 May 1932.

*Dearst Lady,*

As if expressly to prove me wrong, when I wrote that your letters never arrive on a Wednesday, your long and interesting letter of the 2nd arrived the next day, Wednesday. Passing strange, and therefore as a stranger gave it welcome. Where shall I begin?

First to thank you for the interesting article about the King's Chapel; what an interesting and unique history! I think Mr. Brown was in charge when I occasionally attended it - I was only a rare church-goer in those days, but I remember the beauty of the Church. And of course I shall be delighted and honoured to give an address there - though of course I should do anything that you asked of me, still this will be a particular pleasure. And how is the 85 year old aristocrat? I am sure you will do that perfectly, it reminds me of Charles Reade's Peg Woffington (did you every read that story? you really ought to, please). *After what you say about the part, will you please help me to get a copy of the Play?*

Thank you very much for your clear criticism of my Broadcasts. I think you are entirely right, and I shall leave them aside until I can do as you suggest: by that time my ideas may be clearer and better, and I may want to write something entirely different. I imagine that it all sounded when spoken a good better than it reads, and that my friends who want the talks reprinted would themselves be disappointed. And I do not think I have the right to rush into print so long as there is the least hesitation or uncertainty in my mind; the result could only be a large proportion of verbiage. Don't exaggerate the amount of my activity. It seems to me very meagre; and for several months now I have felt so tired that often it has been nearly eleven before I even get out of bed; and I can do no concentrated work at night. The new ~~xxxxxx~~ volume is to be only a reprint: some of the earlier books are to be included, and a number of introductions and review articles previously uncollected. Even that I could hardly have accomplished but that Morley did most of the work of collecting, and revising the proof. (By the way, the Morleys now have a daughter, after two sons, and I am to be god-father. I never expected that ~~my profession in my life would be~~ I should end as a professional godfather!) (Do you refer to Mr. Philip Hale, and does he still write those amazingly erudite programme notes for the Symphony Con-

certs?)

Now about the lecturing. One problem is this, whether I could get any college or university engagements on the West Coast during the time when I shall be free, that is between Christmas and February 1st. If the colleges are on holiday then they won't want lecturers. What do you think? I don't suppose that I should have the time to go to both Southern California and Seattle, and from my point of view there would be no need; for if you were in one place you would not be in the other. The main thing is of course to see you: from the money point of view I shall probably do best in the long run by taking the pick of Eastern offers. If the worst came to the worst, I should be willing to have recourse to that dreaded conveyance the plane! even at the season of blizzards, if they run.

And now may I speak frankly about what is the most exciting part of your letter? The tentative suggestion about a holiday was such a new idea to me that it nearly laid me flat for the rest of the day. There are two aspects to consider. One is the question (which perhaps is only due to my ignorance of conditions) of the practical and social possibility. You say "as many couples do in all morality these days"; it is perfectly possible in all morality, but is it possible without any possibility of scandal? Is it possible for two people in our position? Please don't think, in parenthesis, that I exaggerate my own humble glory, but I fear that I may be, if only by my strangeness to my surroundings, slightly conspicuous. You see, I feel a very serious responsibility indeed; and I should never forgive myself if I took any step, or induced you to take any step, ~~however~~ innocent as it would be, which could raise the slightest suspicion in any mind however vulgar. I feel almost as if I were in direct contact with your Father in such matters, and certainly I feel as much consideration for what he would think and feel, as if he were actually present.

But if it could be so arranged that no one on earth could think it other or more than it was, it would be a wonderful experience for me. I can only conceive of such a possibility as that you mentioned, of your staying with friends in Seattle, and my putting up somewhere near for a few days holiday. Please, let me know more definitely what sort of arrangement you had in mind; or if you hadn't any definite plan at the back of your head, then please have one. I have perfect confidence in our principles and conduct - it is really an impertinence to say such a ~~thing~~ thing to you - but nobody should be quite sure either of his own or of another's discretion.

As for the other part of the question - whether seeing you in that way would give me more pleasure or pain - I cannot say, certainly, until the first part is settled. I think that the arrangement ought to be such that if I felt the strain of seeing you too great, I could leave sud-

denly without causing any surprise or confusion. It is possible that I may be able to conquer the strain, and see you in that way, as I write to you, with resignation towards the unfulfilled. At the same time I am aware that age has not abated my passions - and concentrating them entirely on one person intensifies them if anything - age has merely given me firmer values, a religious outlet, and the recognition of the necessity of reconciling oneself with sacrifice, and the infinitely greater importance of other things than one's personal desires or even one's personal enrichment of life.

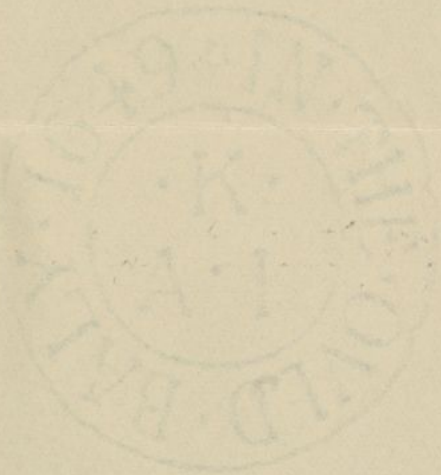
So there - that's a long enough letter for this time - I intend to go to bed over the Whitsun holidays; and hope to write in a more refreshed mood on Tuesday. Good night, my dear.

*Tom*



...with... the... in...  
...I may be able to...  
...with... the...  
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be there - that's a long...  
go to bed over the... and more...  
...night, my dear.





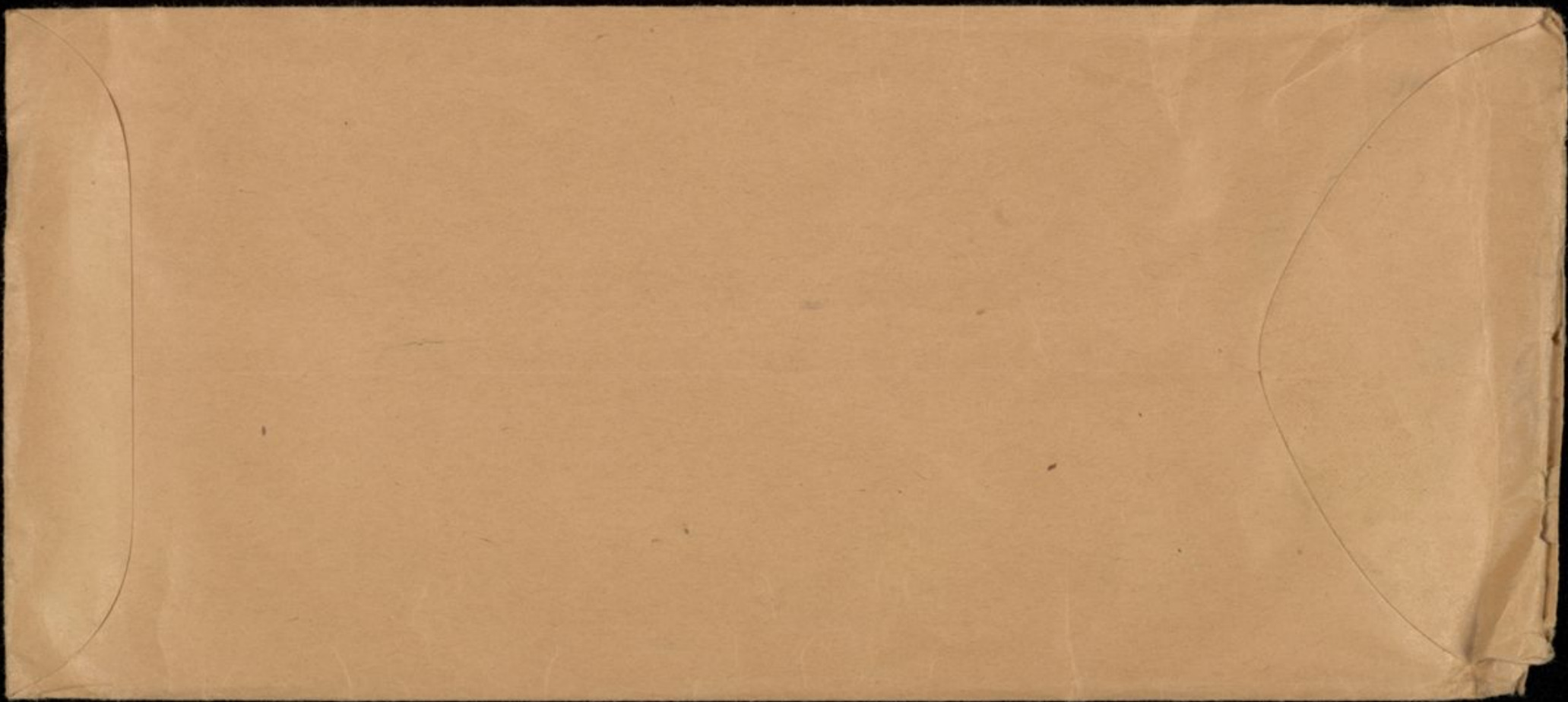


arr. May 26

Miss Emily Hale,  
41. Brimmer Street  
Boston Mass.



U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

17 May 1932.

*Dear Lady,*

I hope that my last letter did not sound priggish. It was not meant so.

Tuesday morning, after three days in bed, for the most part a welcome torpor and isolation, but not of positive enough value to be worth continuing beyond the holiday. (Only one more bank-holiday before I leave). I did no work and but very little reading. I must try to do my June Commentary in the next few days. As for the public lectures, I have been thinking of a subject (not of a title): the conditions of poetic creation and enjoyment. With the social changes which take place in our time, and with the thought of social change so much in the air - I mean that society no longer consists in a small number of "revolutionaries" and a mass of people who take for granted that nothing can or will change; now the ordinary feeling is "what next" and ~~these~~ people differ chiefly in ~~what~~ their views of the what and the how of change - nowadays a sort of social-economic view of art and literature is more and more held. People see literature more as varying according to the social constitution of the society in which it is written; and are consequently inclined to see it as nothing more - and there seems to me to be a serious danger in that. Society, they think, alters according to laws, and moves towards a definite end; art, literature, religion even, belong not only in their forms but in their essence, to particular phases; and perhaps in the perfectly organised society there will be no place for literature at all. My own vague notions have been stimulated by Mirsky's "Fin de la poésie bourgeoise"; and, as you perceive, are still very vague. But without going too far into sociology, I might illustrate the function of poetry at several past times, and then try to assign it a function for the present or for any time - emphasising what seem to me the permanent things which make poetry more than merely the expression of a particular stage of society. In short, is it perhaps only in a more superficial, though neglected aspect, that poetry can ever be classified, as "aristocratic", "bourgeois" or "proletarian"?

I had a very jubilant letter from Aunt Susie about Eleanor's having

TABER & PARRIS

"Dear Jane" accepted in New York - I am very glad, as I feel that there is less chance for the Brontë play. They say nothing about their plans for this summer. Penelope came in to tea yesterday with V. and came and saw me in bed for a few moments - looking very brown and very much thinner than two years ago - I hope to see them again soon and I shall ask Pa to lunch - you were not mentioned. I wondered what V. said to her about the American voyage - the fact that I will not take her is rather a grievance, I fear - in explanations to outsiders I emphasise the extra expense and the necessity for me to make money; the fatigue for her comes second; then my inability to look after her and do all that I shall have to do.

I had Willard Thorp to lunch with Tom Beachcroft to-day; I thought that they might find something in common in an interest in seventeenth literature; but I did not feel that it went very well. Perhaps they are both too shy; anyway, they both directed their remarks towards me rather than towards each other.

I wonder if I am to have my letter on Wednesday again this week.

*Conjunctio divina* Tom

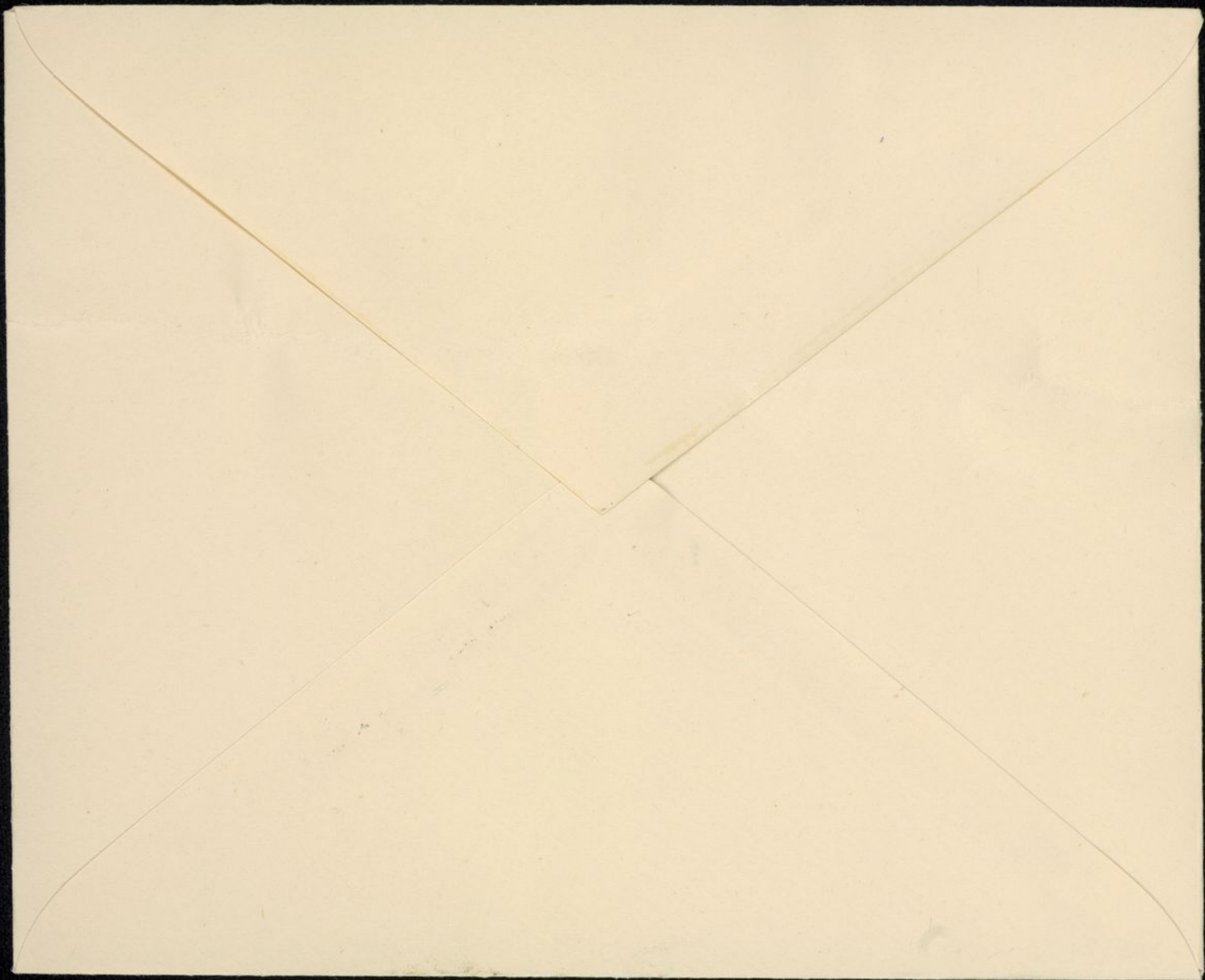
*The Secretary*

Friends of Sadler's Wells

10 Gower Street

W.C. 1





# SADLERS WELLS SOCIETY

## *Messages of Welcome*

From HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

PRESIDENT OF THE SADLERS WELLS FOUNDATION

2, Carlton Gardens, S.W.1,

18th April, 1932.

MY DEAR HAMBLEDEN,

I am very glad indeed to hear of the Society which you and friends are about to establish for the support of the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells.

It is quite unnecessary for me to tell you what fine educational work these two companion theatres are doing, or how important it is that both should be maintained, in order to secure a healthy and vigorous development of their two-fold activities in the production of opera and drama. And now the institution of a native school of ballet has made the continuance of a second people's theatre even more important than before.

At present our most urgent requirement is not only to pay off our debt, which I hope your Society may help to do, but to secure a more regular attendance in the stalls in order that the management, while maintaining the present high standard of production, may continue to sell the less expensive seats at prices which even the poorest can afford.

I trust that this new Society will make a wide appeal, and so help to strengthen and improve the excellent work that is already being done.

Yours sincerely,

DEVONSHIRE.

From MISS LILIAN BAYLIS, C.H., Hon. M.A. Oxon.

The Old Vic,  
Waterloo Road, S.E.1,  
April 19th, 1932.

DEAR LORD HAMBLEDEN,

Need I say how cordially I welcome the new Society, of which you have consented to be President? I am confident that it will be a new and valuable source of strength to us.

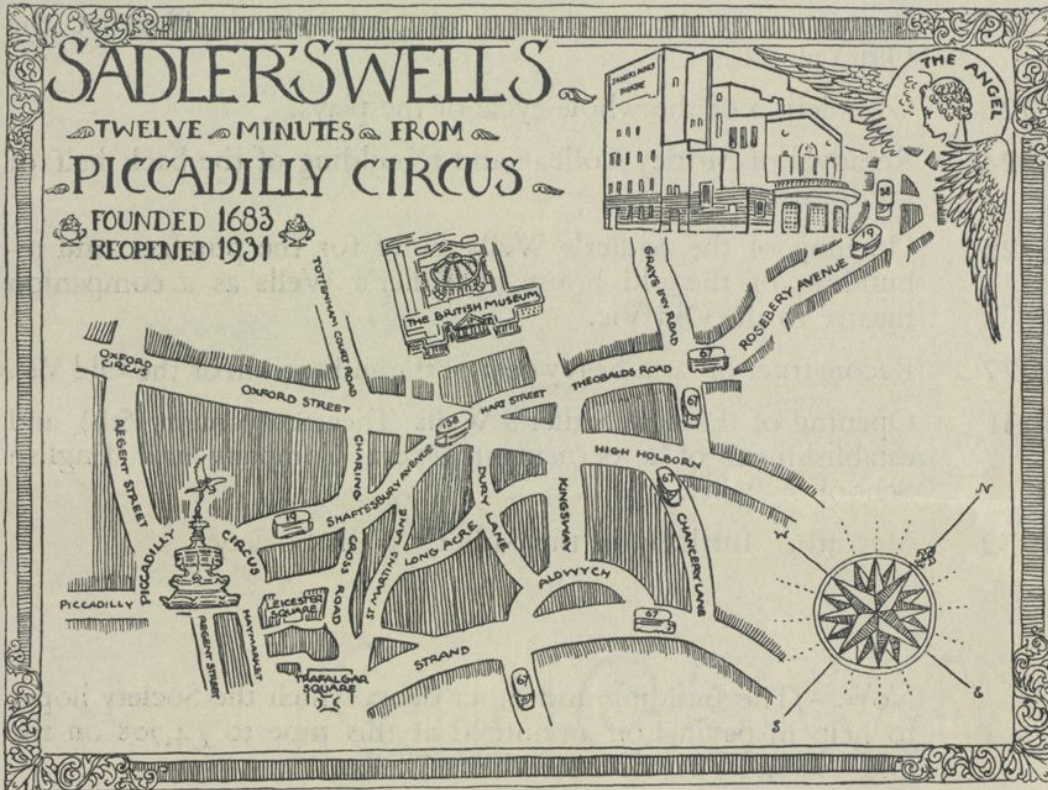
We have already, as you know, a certain number of wealthy patrons who have contributed very generously to our funds. Without their help the Old Vic could never have reached its present position, nor the Wells have been opened. We also get splendid support from the poorer members of our regular audience, to many of whom the price of even a gallery seat represents sacrifice. The touching expressions of appreciation which we have had from these humbler friends have been innumerable, and have done much to encourage us when the task of extending the work to North London seemed almost too difficult to continue. This pit and gallery audience is admitted to be one of the most intelligent in London, and it is pleasant to note that the patrons of the cheaper seats at the Wells are forming themselves into an entity on the lines of "the Vic Audience," with a rapidity for which we had not dared to hope.

But I believe there are also, among those who are known as the 'stall-going public,' a good many people who would like to help our movement, but cannot give large donations, and do not know in what other way to express their interest. To such people I hope the Society you are forming will make a strong appeal. By joining it, and by inducing others to join, they will not only be helping to clear the building debts with which both theatres are still hampered, but also to fill the stalls—the part of the theatres still most in need of support. The gallery and pit are almost always full; but at People's Theatre prices the more expensive seats must also be filled if we are to pay our way.

It is a godsend to us to know that we shall have the help of your Society in the sale of these seats, and your members will gain by getting a reduction on the price of each! I am sure that the movement will prove a very live thing, and I thank you most sincerely for all that you and your friends are doing.

Yours very gratefully,

LILIAN BAYLIS.



## THE OLD VIC AND SADLER'S WELLS

### *An outline of their history*

#### *Ancient*

- 1683 Rediscovery of a Holy Well and the building by Mr. Sadler of a Musick House, which gradually became a fashionable resort.
- 1753 The Musick House converted into a Theatre.
- 1781 Grimaldi there begins his stage career, which continued for the next 47 years.
- 1801 Edmund Kean, aged 14, recites there.
- 1818 Opening of the Royal Coburg Theatre, which fifteen years later was renamed the Royal Victoria Theatre, and became known at last as the Old Vic.

#### *Modern*

- 1880 December 26th. Opening of the Old Vic as a Temperance Music Hall under the management of Emma Cons.
- 1889 The Old Vic combined with Morley College.
- 1898 Lilian Baylis, niece to Emma Cons, becomes manager and begins production of opera.

- 1914 Beginning of the production of Shakespeare's Plays at the Old Vic.
- 1923 Completion of the whole cycle of the plays.
- 1924 Removal of Morley College and rebuilding of the back half of the theatre.
- 1925 Opening of the Sadler's Wells Fund for the purchase and rebuilding of the old house at Sadler's Wells as a companion theatre to the Old Vic.
- 1927 Reconstruction at a heavy cost of the auditorium of the Old Vic.
- 1931 Opening of the new Sadler's Wells Theatre (January 6th), and establishment of a permanent Opera Company and English School of Ballet.
- 1932 May 4th. Birthday of the Sadler's Wells Society.

NOTE.—The building and other debts which the Society hopes to help in paying off amounted at this time to £4,708 on the Old Vic and £21,000 on Sadler's Wells.

---

*If you love opera, drama and ballet  
join the S.W.S.*

# Sadlers Wells Society

To Support the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells Theatres

## President

Viscount Hambleden

## Committee

Captain Malcolm Bullock, M.P. (*Chairman*)

Viscountess Allendale  
Lord Balniel, M.P.  
Lord Berners  
Sidney L. Bernstein  
Lady Violet Bonham-Carter  
Brendan Bracken, M.P.  
Lady Bonham-Carter  
Lord Ivor Churchill  
Lady Cunard  
Richard de la Mare  
Countess De La Warr  
John Drinkwater  
Lady Juliet Duff

T. S. Eliot  
Viscount Esher  
A. H. Fox Strangways  
Mrs. Clarence Gasque  
Richard Girouard  
Lady Gooch  
The Hon. Bryan Guinness  
Henry Harris  
Mrs. StJohn Hutchinson  
Eardley Knollys  
Mrs. Frederick Lawson  
Lady Alice Mahon

Mrs. Robert Mathias  
Lady Ottoline Morrell  
Lady Palmer  
Granville Proby  
The Hon. Jasper Ridley  
R. P. P. Rowe (*Treasurer*)  
Richard Sickert, A.R.A.  
Lady Sinclair  
Sacheverell Sitwell  
The Hon. James Smith  
Viscountess Snowden  
Viscountess Wimborne

## Honorary Secretary

Philip Morrell, 10 Gower Street, W.C.1

AS the result of a meeting recently held at 31 Belgrave Square (by kind invitation of Lord and Lady Hambleden) it is proposed to form a Society of those who are interested in the work of the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells, in order to secure for these theatres a larger and more regular support than they have hitherto obtained.

## Membership

Members of this Society will be entitled (a) to receive notices of all productions at both theatres; (b) to obtain seats in the stalls or dress circle (front rows) for which the ordinary price at Sadlers Wells is 6/-, and at the Old Vic 5/6, at a reduced rate as follows:

4 Seats - - -	£1 0 0	8 Seats - - -	£2 0 0
6 Seats - - -	£1 10 0	12 Seats - - -	£3 0 0

and so on.

## Use of Vouchers

Members who wish to avail themselves of this privilege must obtain vouchers which they can exchange for tickets as and when required.

Such vouchers will be good for any performance at either theatre during the season or half-season—September to December or January to May inclusive—for which they are issued, except for performances on Saturday evenings and gala nights, for which seats must be taken at the full price in the ordinary way. Sets of 12 or more vouchers will be available for the whole season; sets of 8 or less for the half-season only.

A voucher is not a ticket and will only secure its holder a seat provided that at the time of application there is a vacant seat available, but a list of the Society will be kept at each theatre, and a member holding vouchers and wishing to book a seat or seats at any performance can do so without difficulty by letter or telephone to the Box Office, paying by means of vouchers on arrival.

Vouchers will be obtainable from the Secretary of the Society; or from the Honorary Treasurer, R. P. P. Rowe, Esq., Treasury Office, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2; or from either of the Box Offices.

The use of vouchers is a privilege limited to members of the Society. Members may give vouchers to their friends, but must not sell them to anyone outside the Society, and no money can be returned for vouchers which have not been used.

## Subscriptions

The subscription for Ordinary Members is £1:0:0 a year, payable at the beginning of each season; for Life Members a single payment of £5. Annual subscriptions paid now will cover membership until the end of next Season, May 1933.

The balance obtained from subscriptions, after payment of necessary expenses, will be applied in reduction of debt or otherwise for the benefit of the two theatres, or either of them.

## Invitation

The Committee invite all who recognise the value of the work that has been done for so many years at the Old Vic in the production of opera and drama, and the great opportunities provided by the opening of a companion theatre at Sadlers Wells, to send in their names to the Secretary without delay, and also induce their friends to do so, in order that before next season a strong and active Society may be formed to secure the prosperity of both theatres.

*April 1932*

Please fill in this form and send it as soon as possible to the Secretary, 10 Gower Street, W.C.1, together with the names and addresses of any persons of your acquaintance to whom papers may be sent.

I desire to become { a Life Member  
an Ordinary Member } of the Sadlers Wells Society  
and { enclose  
will forward } cheque for { £5 : 0 : 0 }  
{ £1 : 0 : 0 } in payment of my  
Subscription.

Cheques to be made payable to "Sadlers Wells Society."

Name.....  
(Please add title or designation, Mrs., Miss, etc.)

Address.....  
.....

Date.....

The Annual Subscription will ordinarily be payable in September at the beginning of each season, when vouchers can be obtained, but subscriptions paid by those who join the Society before September, will cover membership until the end of next season, May 1933.

*Names and addresses of other possible subscribers\**

NAME	ADDRESS
.....	.....
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\* Those who prefer to communicate directly with their friends can obtain from the Secretary extra copies of these papers for the purpose.



...the following conditions shall apply to the members of the Society...

Members will be obtainable from the Secretary of the Society; or from the Honorary Treasurer, R. P. P. Rowe, Esq., Treasury Office, Little's Inn, W.C. or from either of the Box Officers.

The use of vouchers is a privilege limited to members of the Society. Members may also receive vouchers for their own use. The Annual Subscription will ordinarily be payable in advance at the beginning of each year, when vouchers can be obtained, but vouchers may be issued for the balance of the year before September, if the balance is paid by that date.

Subscriptions  
The subscription for Ordinary Members is £1:0:0 a year, payable at the beginning of each year. Annual subscriptions cover the year from the beginning of next year.

The balance obtained from subscriptions, after payment of necessary expenses, will be applied to the reduction of debt or otherwise for the benefit of the Society or other of them.

Invitation

The Committee hereby invite you to assist in the production of a new edition of the Society's papers, and to induce your friends to do so, in order that a new and active Society may be formed to secure the preservation of the same.

\* Those who prefer to communicate directly with their friends on this point the Secretary extra copies of these papers for the purpose.

ans June 9

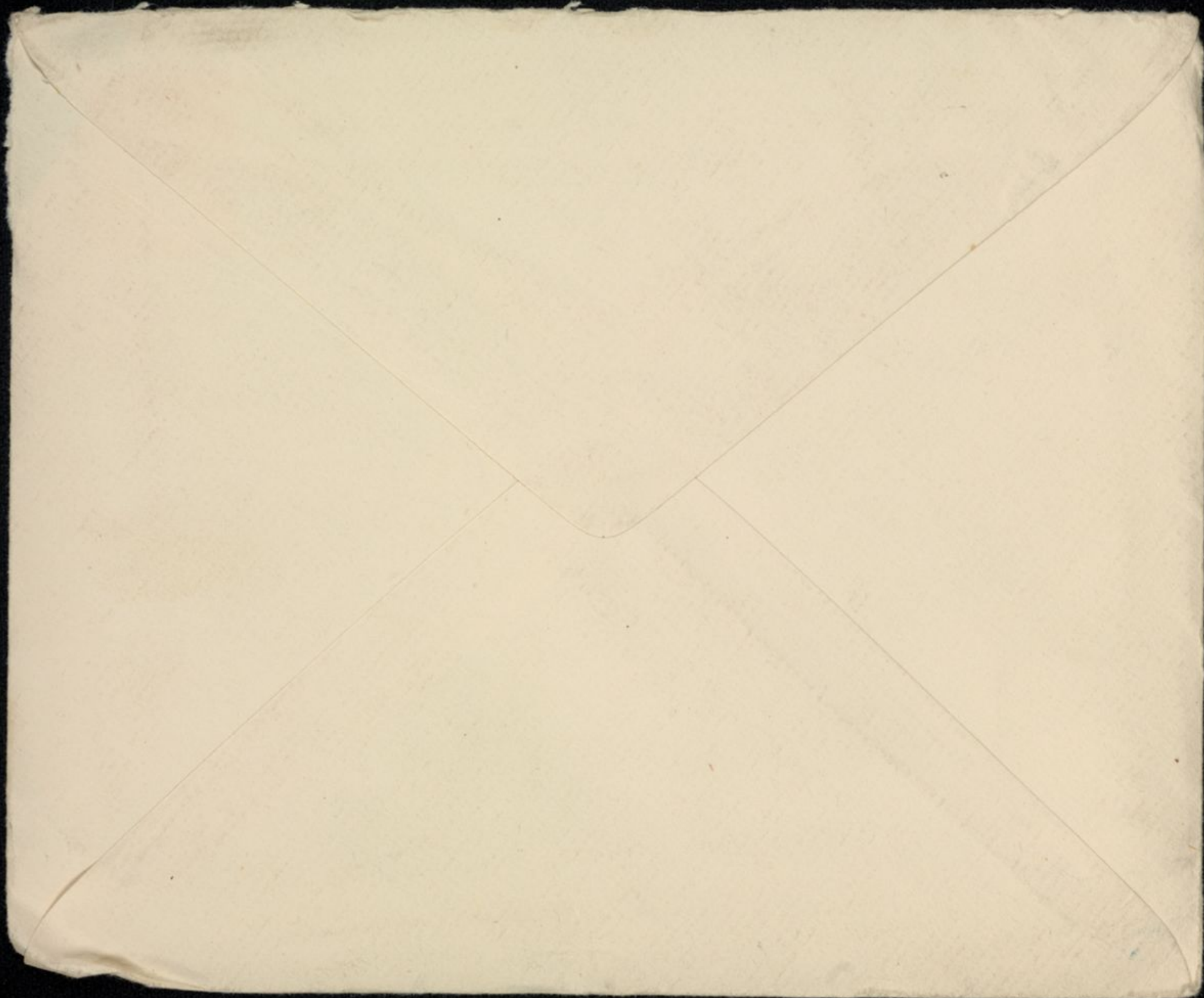


Miss Emily Hale,

41. Brimmer Street,

Boston Mass.

USA



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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

20 May 1932.

*My dearest Lady,*

I am rather disconsolate at having no letter this week, no fresh unanswered letter lying before me to answer; I hope that the play is the reason. And by the way it does rather irritate me that you do not give me the name of the play and the author, so that I might be reading it while you are rehearsing your part.; and in this case I really must have it, as you speak so pitifully of your rôle. What is the future, I wonder, that you foresee. I never care to think of mine; and even were there, in the ordinary way, anything pleasant to look forward to, or any great present good to look forward to maintaining - nowadays the public future is so uncertain, and one's private affairs are so tied to the wheel of public events which one cannot foresee or affect, that there is little use in speculating. For me there is the faint possibility of an eventual professorship at Oxford or Cambridge, which, if it came, would bring only one thing desirable: the freedom from money difficulty and uncertainty. Perhaps I shall be invigorated by the winter in America, and shall see things rather differently. I cannot feel that the publishing business is very much worth while, though my livelihood depends upon it, and though the bottom may fall out of the publishing market at any time.

My life consists chiefly in taking one hurdle after another; one dreaded event is succeeded by another. Some of the things which tire me will seem to you, or certainly to anyone else, very trifling: for instance, to-day I have got to go home and fetch V. to drive her to Garland's to lunch with Penelope, and then I take Mr. Noyes to lunch at the club. It is the driving that I hate; I loathe driving myself, and I never have a moment's ease when V. drives (it is her car). I hate the traffic, and the feeling of publicity; and I should like to go somewhere where motorcars are unknown. Then next week we are supposed to go to the country for a couple of days with Hodgson and Miss Bolliger; more driving, and discomfort in a country hotel, and no escape from the company of three very tiring people; and all the trouble of packing V. medicines etc. I have got to a state in which to be completely free even for one weekend, to do as I like, to go to bed when I like, to go out or in as I like, and to see nobody if I didn't like, seems an incredible state of bliss.

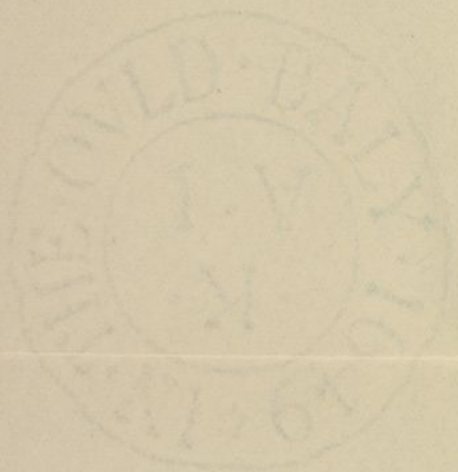
Here I am relieving myself with a grumbling fit, but not having any letter from you seems to create the proper mood and occasion for it: not that I am grumbling, either in word, thought or feeling, against you, my dear; and I already feel a little better for it.

Faber has launched the notion of giving a garden party in Russell Square, on a large scale, ostensibly to commemorate my departure for America and George Blake's leaving the firm to become editor of a newspaper in Glasgow. The idea makes me shudder. But I have some hope that the Bedford Estate will refuse permission, and then perhaps we can reduce the affair to a small private dinner. Think of a big party in the square, with a marquee and a string orchestra! and a crowd of loafers gaping over the railings. In these sombre times it does not seem good taste, however well meant.

There is, you must know, a great deal about which I am longing to hear from you.

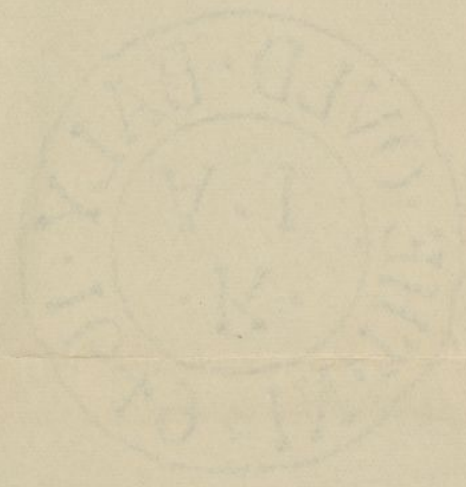
*What a stupid letter - not even very  
grammatical. But I am stupid, most of  
the time.*

*Devotedly  
Tom*



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any page 9

Miss Emily Hale.

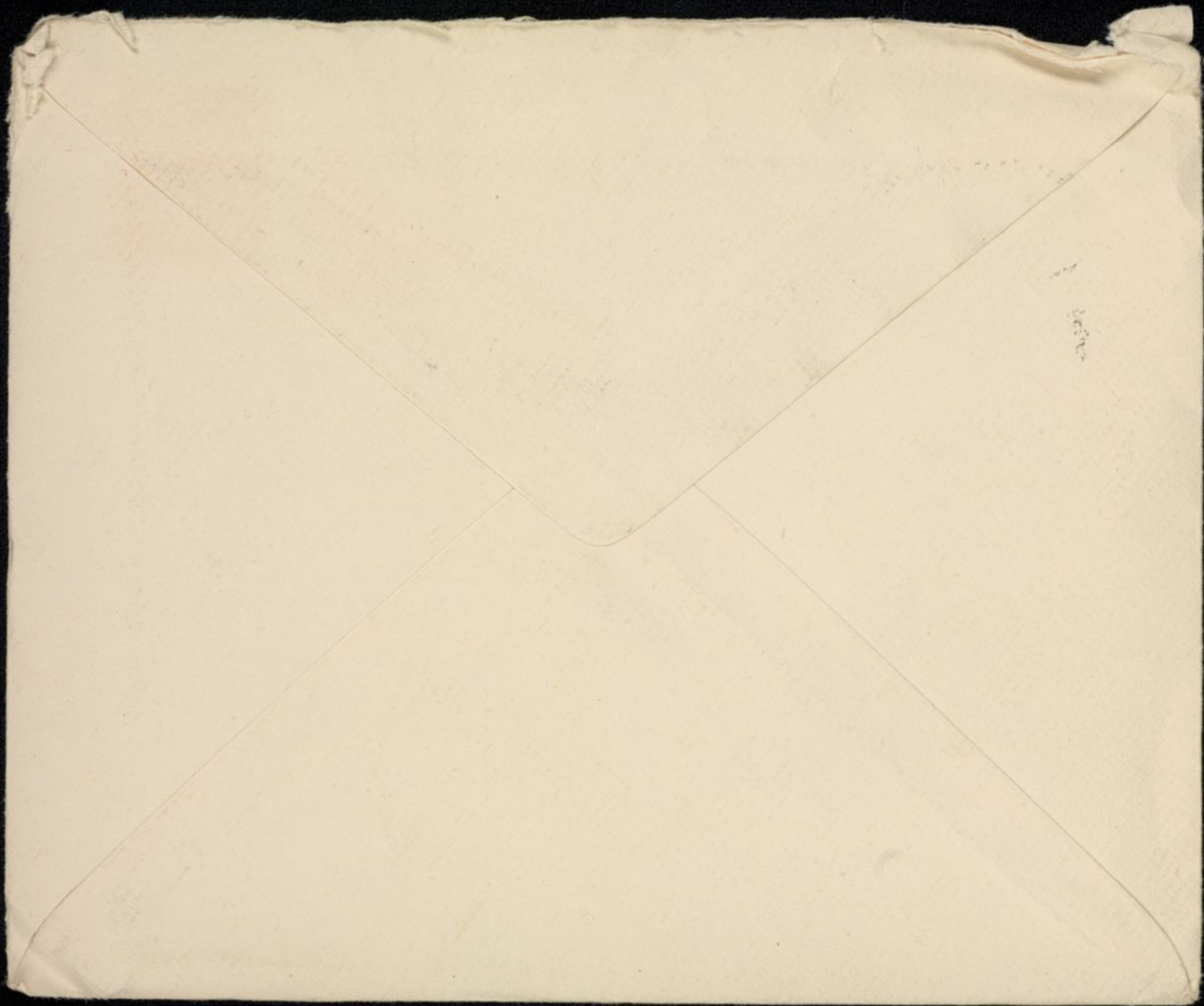
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

23 May 1932.

*Dear Dove,*

I am writing only a short note to-day (Monday) for this mail; as I have not time on Mondays for a letter; and tomorrow, if it is fine, we are to motor in the country with Hodgson. Only for the day, I am glad to say; back the same evening. I hope it will rain hard in the morning. I will tell you any news by the next mail. I acknowledge with gratefulness your note of the 11th which came this morning - I am sorry it cost you 15 cents! but it was worth much more than that to me, as ~~it~~ it is 12 days since your last (long) letter. I am delighted by the success of your presentation of the old lady - but you are a secretive minx not to have sent me a copy of the text, or its full title etc. so that I could have been reading it; for as it is your account of the part is only half intelligible. I have put down Dec. 1st Thursday for King's Chapel - my only fixed date so far except a dinner of the Colonial Society in November. More on Thursday.

*Sincerely  
Tom*

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FABER & FABER

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11, ROSSINGTON ROAD

LEEDS

23 May 1955

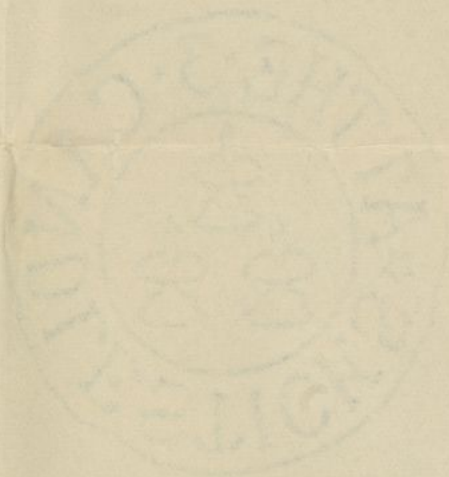
*Dear Madam*

I am writing you only a short note to-day (Monday) for this will be I have not time on Wednesday for a letter; and tomorrow, if it is fine, we are to motor in the country with our son. I hope it will rain to-day, I am sure it will; and the same evening I hope it will rain again in the evening. I will tell you more news in my next mail.

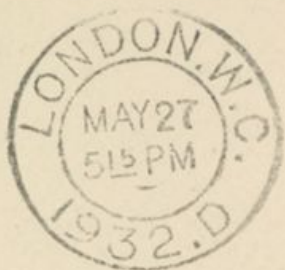
I enclose to you with this letter some of the little things which I have written to you every time you have written to me. I have written to you many times but I do not like to write a long letter. I am delighted to hear that you are well and hope that you will be very happy in the future. I have sent you a copy of the text, or the full title etc. so that I could have been reading it for as it is your account of the part is only a little bit of it. I have not seen the book for Thursday for your book - only the first one so far except a number of the Colonial Society in November. Note on Thursday.

*Yours truly*  
*Faber & Faber*





~~ans June 9~~

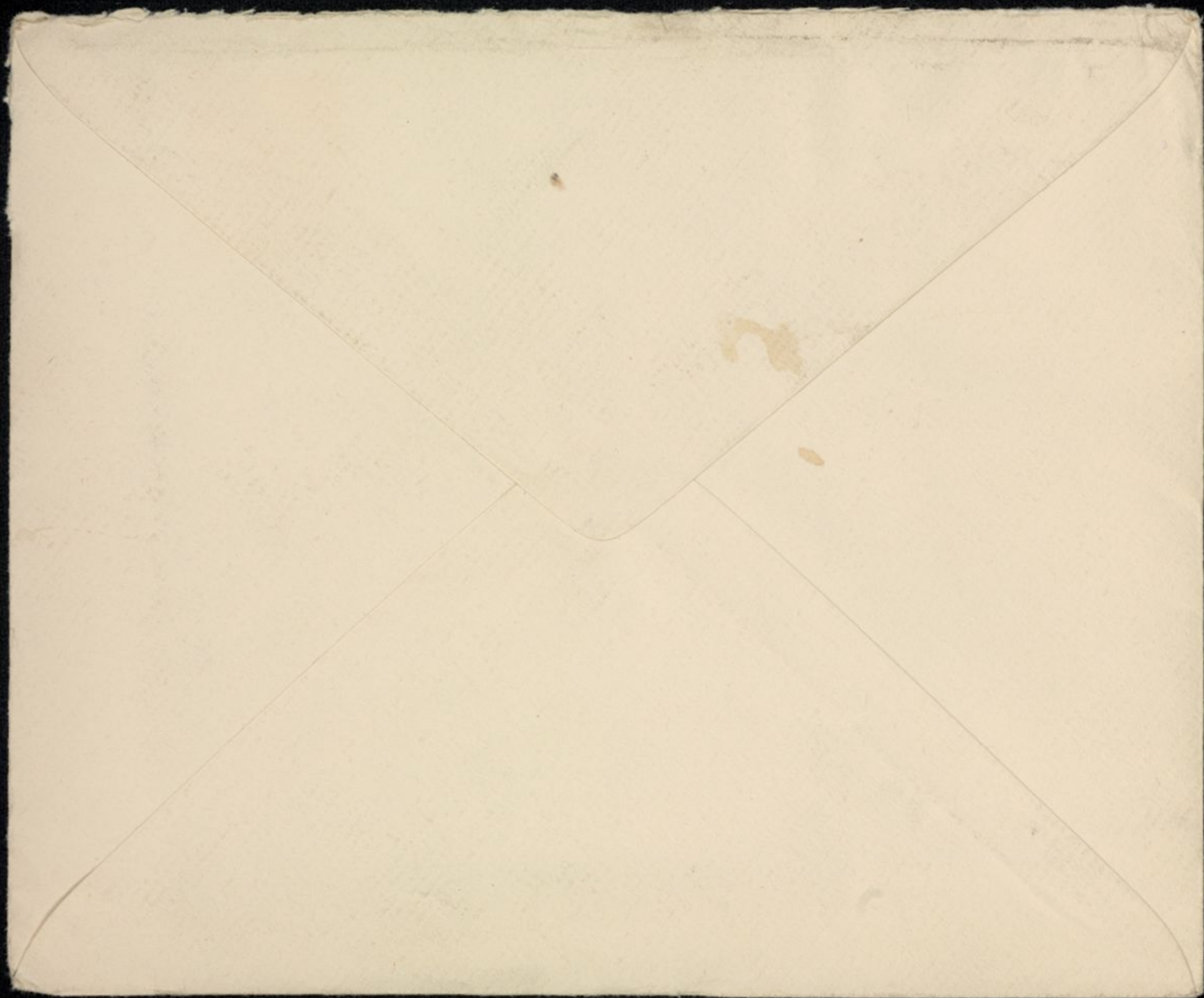


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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

*Dearest Lady*

27 May 1932.

I am dished again to-day. That is partly my own fault - in fact entirely: I shouldn't have slept so late; but dinner parties always exhaust me nowadays (we had the Thorps and the Noyeses). And I was counting upon having the afternoon here; but at lunch time I suddenly remembered that Miss Katherine Spencer had rung up a week ago and arranged to come to tea this afternoon; and I had forgotten to tell V. and forgotten all about it. So it's quarter past three now and I must be home at four.

It was a delightful surprise, after your little hurried note which came on Tuesday, to get the large legal-looking envelope of May 16th with news. I am disappointed that I cannot read the play, after your making such a success of the part - perhaps if you ever have time you will describe it in a little more detail. As for "The Lady of the Lake" I really believe that I have never read the poem! I must do so now, to find out what Margaret is like. (I have read The Day of the Last Minstrel and Marmion I think). It's not worth while writing more at present - as I have only five minutes. So forgive me my muddle, please, my dear, and I will write on Monday-Tuesday.

*Tom Tom*



FABER

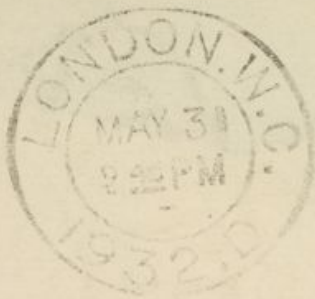
M. FABER

1933

I am pleased to hear that you are well and hope you are enjoying the summer. I have not heard from you for some time and I am sure you are busy with your work. I am sure you will find the summer very pleasant and I hope you will have a very successful one. I am sure you will find the summer very pleasant and I hope you will have a very successful one.

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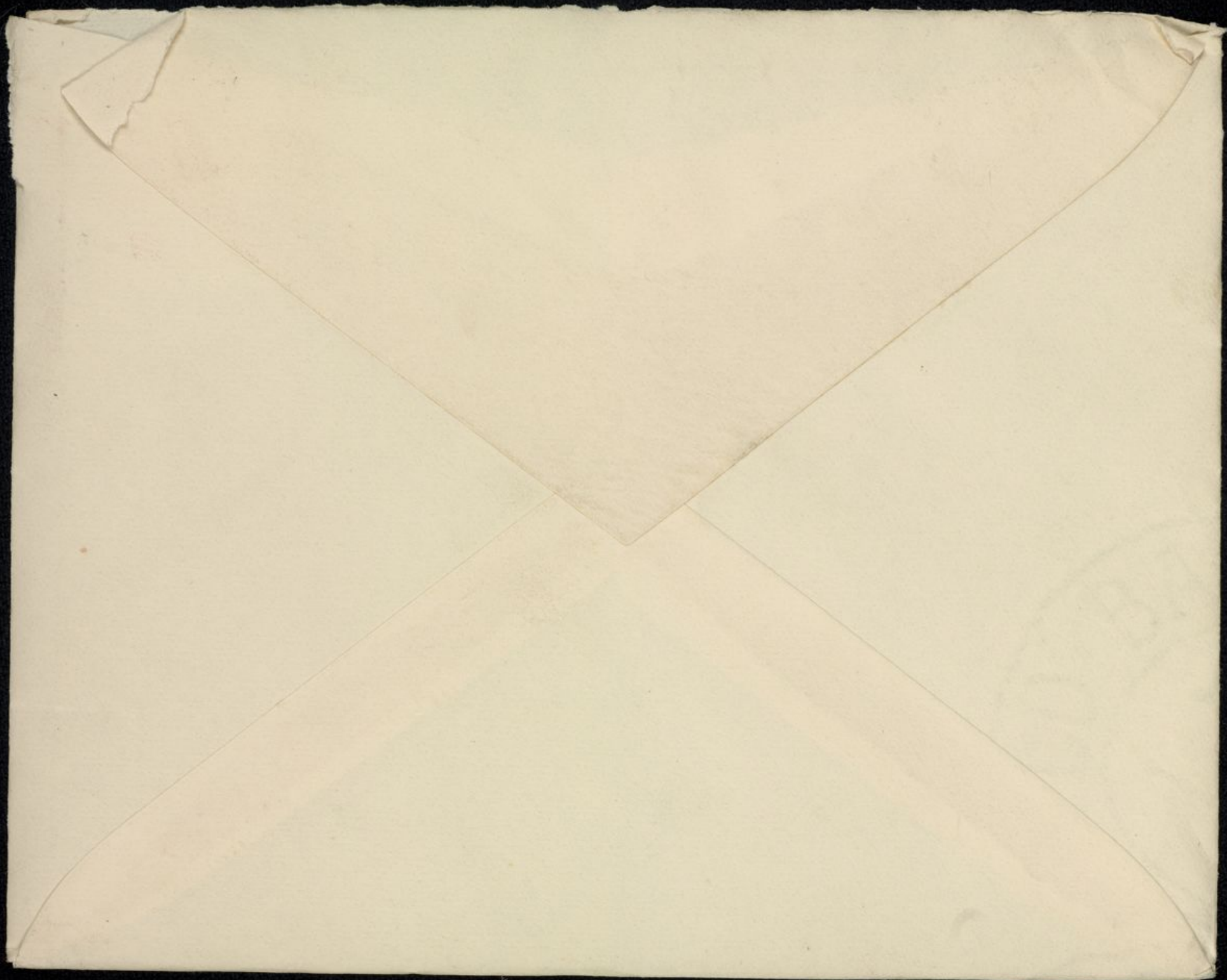


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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

31 May 1932.

*My dear Lady,*

No letter so far this week: there seems to have been one of those mysterious postal shifts from one part of the week to another. And I myself find a very crowded week: first because of having to take tomorrow off to go to the Derby (I don't want to go, and I don't suppose we shall see anything but part of the crowd and innumerable other cars, but I suppose it is an experience one ought to have once in a lifetime - though rather late in mine); then a Shakespeare Association Council meeting on Friday (very dull); this afternoon a meeting of the informal advisory committee on religious affairs at Broadcasting House, and at five o'clock a general meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Club. The latter is very important, I can tell you; because a motion will be brought forward to allow smoking in the Library. Feeling runs very high, naturally; and no doubt taunts and inkstands will be flung freely. I, of course, am on the side of conservatism; and if the opportunity arises, can make a passionate speech against all such innovations.

I was much interested by your leaflet of King's Chapel - did I tell you? my memory is very weak nowadays; which gave a glimpse of a kind of formal beauty quite unknown to the Unitarian ritual in which I was brought up. I have only been there twice or thrice; sometimes I went to Arlington Street where Frothingham was; Mr. Crothers I could not abide - so cultivated, and so deficient in intensity.

I did not feel that the dinner party of the Thorps and Noyeses was a great success; perhaps because (although they seem to be very good friends) Margaret Thorp is very superior to Penelope intellectually (and indeed so is her husband, who is, I think, quite acute). The Thorps seem to fit in to London extremely well; whereas the Noyeses are rather just the rich American visitors, very accustomed to the outside of things, but ignorant of the inside; and I cannot see them "at home" anywhere but Cambridge.

The lively Miss Katherine Spencer has been to tea, and we hope to see her again when she returns from Oxford. I have never met anyone who could talk faster or who seemed to know more people everywhere.

FABER & FABER

My most pressing anxiety at the moment is the uncertainty over V.'s arrangements while I am away. I had a talk with her doctor (or one of the two) yesterday. The obvious thing is that she should simply have someone to live with her, either a responsible friend, if there is anyone who would stick it out, or a paid companion who need not be a trained nurse - merely someone with enough force of character to see that she does not indulge herself freely in sleeping drugs - for even mild drugs are poisonous when taken in such large quantities as she would take them if left to her own devices. But I can't impose any person or arrangement upon her. I suspect that unconsciously her design is to oppose any arrangement, and then be able to say at the last minute "you can't go away and leave me like this"; so that I must be prepared for a continuous struggle to make her see that I shall leave, when the time comes, so that she must face it. On my first opportunity I am going to the shipping offices; I think I told you that I intend to come by Canadian Pacific to Montreal, if there is a boat at the right time; it strikes me as the quietest and most retiring way of entering America. I shall let you know the date as soon as it is fixed, so that you may not write any letter which would have to be forwarded to Cambridge.

I am not very well satisfied with your sketchy plan for the summer; to have to split it up into a round of visits does not seem to give the most restful holiday, and I should have been better pleased if you had one place in which you could settle down; for you really must try to be as fit as possible before you start new work in a new environment. I do so wish that you might have a settled home, and a place in the country with horses and dogs.

What a dull letter, this. But I think I shall have time for ~~xxxx~~ another of this length on Thursday, and I hope less scrappy.

Tom  
Tom

