

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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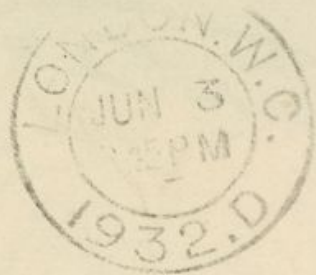
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Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965
Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale
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Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street.

Boston Mass.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Lady,

5 June 1932.

Your letter of May 26th has come to make me happy this morning. I shall be glad when we are near enough together for letters to take only a few days (and how long is it from Cambridge to Claremont by Air Mail, please?) because when one is always answering a letter written before the last three or four have been received, we can get confused; it is hard to remember in which letter I said what. I am very much aware that the really personal note is decidedly the exception; and I am aware that this is quite deliberate on my part - I don't mean that I ever want to conceal facts, in the least; but that if I let myself go, it would only mean more pain, for me, and perhaps for you? And then, along with (but indeed they are all inseparable for me) the feelings of ~~fun~~ ~~passion~~ ~~dependence~~ ~~and~~ the instinct (for

Bother the ribbon: its as if some one had interrupted: along with the feelings of companionship, passion, dependence, reverence and the unsatisfied craving of the protective instinct, I have a very strong feeling for you which I can only call "respect" - the word makes it sound very priggish and unreal; but it is a true feeling which would always be present, but is perhaps emphasises by the situation.

For your various remarks about the theatre, the Thorps etc. much thanks. I shall get the books you want. (The Anglican Missal, alas, is out of print, and I am trying to get a second hand copy, if such a thing exists). Would you like to receive the Times Literary Supplement regularly? It is dull, but it does mention nearly every book that appears, and is auseful catalogue of new books; and sometimes I and various friends write "leaders"; and Richmond the editor is a very good friend of mine.

But as to the holidays. I am very happy that the colleges begin again so soon after Christmas. I should be able to get to the Coast, I suppose, just about the 4th or 5th of Jan. There is one thing I must leave to you, and must ask you when you will be able to decide, for I shall have to make my plans accordingly: do you prefer to be in Claremont or in Seattle to see me? As you must be in Claremont by Jan. 3d. I could either come there in January, or to Seattle - if

FABER'S FABER

there, it would have to be between the 16th Dec. and the 1st Jan. would it not? It seems to me that I could get the necessary excuse of lectures either in the North West or in Southern California; but I don't know whether I should have the time or energy to lecture in both parts of the world. It only matters that I should be able to count upon seeing you, and spending a few days in your neighbourhood.

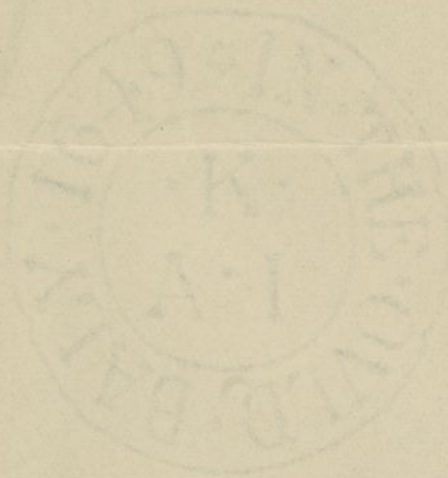
I shall be seeing George Williamson, who is a Professor of English at Oregon University, in a few days, and will raise tentatively the question of lectures there. But I don't know when the Harvard holidays begin; and it would be pointless for me to go to Washing and Oregon after you were back in the South again.

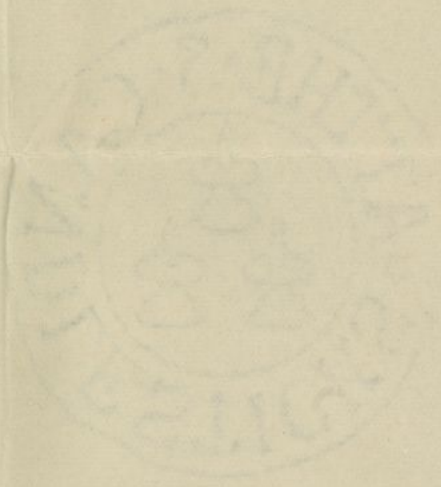
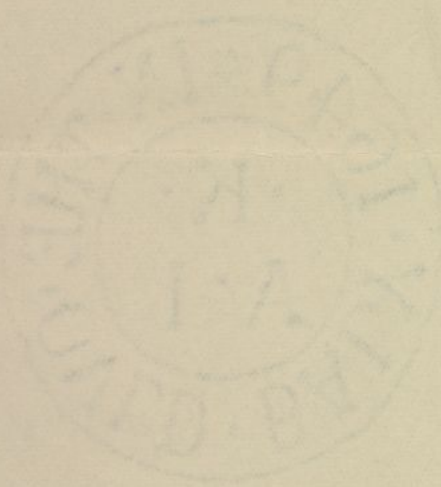
I expect to go to Baltimore in November. Princeton wants me to come on March 8th, so that will have to be a separate visit.

Perhaps the difficulty of dates for meeting will settle my coming to Claremont. I should have preferred to see you during the holidays, when you were not rushed with work, but that is the dilemma.

There is much in the way of minor news - also Derby Day which I must tell you about: it went off without mishap, I was glad when it was over, but am also glad to have seen the spectacle once. And I believe that I have just a chance of disposing of my house, which will relieve my financial burdens a little. Je t'embrasse les deux mains.

Tom







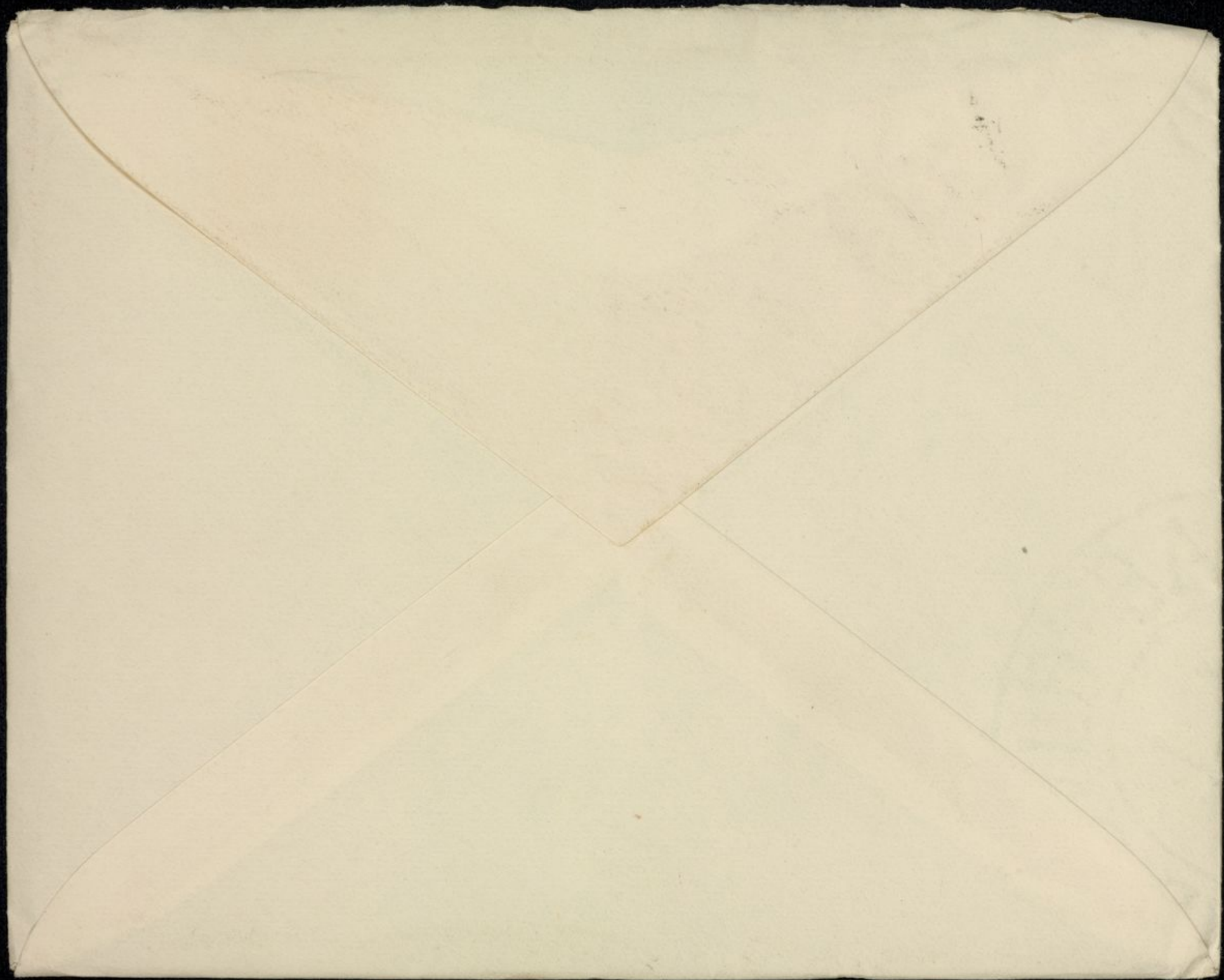
ans. June 26th

Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street,

Boston Mass,

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

7 June 1932.

My dear,

Last week was a pretty full one, and after everything else we went on Saturday night to "Heartbreak House", the last performance of the run, with Vivienne's friends Mrs. & Miss Lockyer, who are very agreeable, though fatigueingly talkative. Have you ever seen it? It is odd that after your mentioning Cedric Hardwicke in the letter received the day before, he should be in the chief rôle - I had never seen him before; his rendering of Captain Shotover was brilliant. I had never read the play, and so found it difficult to follow, especially as it is very fantastic; I am going to read it now, and make up my mind what I think about it. It is the first Shaw play that I have seen for many years - except one act of "Methusalem". What I feel with "Heartbreak House" is what I have felt about Shaw for a long time: that it all springs from an abnormally clever and agile brain - I should hardly deny him the term genius - but never from profound feeling; and that it is the absence of any deep emotional experience of life on his part that makes his personages so unreal. Without great emotional sensibility I doubt whether a dramatist can make his characters even coherent; Shaw's characters have only the most superficial consistency. In feeling he seems to be just a clever child. There is a good deal of talk about breaking hearts in the play; but I just could not believe that Shaw really knows what heartbreak means. Have you ever acted in a Shaw play? if so, you would know much more about the matter than I do. But any play is worth seeing that has Edith Evans in it; I wish that you might see her and compare impressions. It is largely due, I think, to her knowing how to move with consummate grace for dramatic effect, and partly a wonderful dramatic voice. When she comes onto the stage she brings a standard of acting with her, and you suddenly feel that all the other actors are clumsy tyros, however good they are. The only woman I have seen **who** could stand up to her in the same play is Athene Seyler - I saw them together in "The Country Wife" once - and I doubt whether Athene Seyler has the same range; she is more limited to light comedy.

Derby Day, as I said, passed off well enough. The weather was fine and hot - it has been bitter cold since then until to-day. I don't think I want to drive a car to a big race meeting again - for the last mile or two we simply crawled on first gear inhaling the ex-

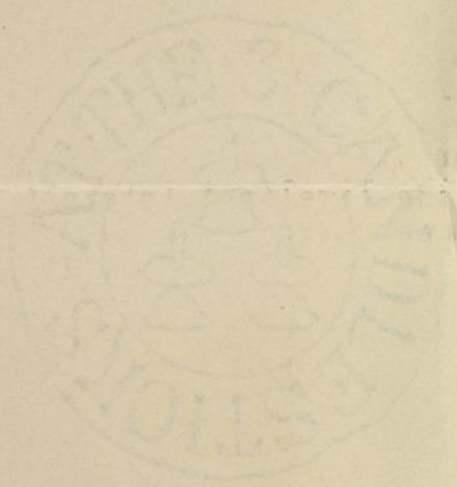
haust of the cars in front. By good luck I managed to get into a parking place at Tattenham Corner from which we could see about fifty yards of the course at the Corner. The crowd I should think might have been a couple of hundred thousand; and Derby Day always attracts thousands of people who never go to any other race meeting, and who know nothing whatever about horses. There is also, of course, all the riff-raff of the racing world: bookies and their touts, usually in bowler hats and rough Newmarket coats in spite of the heat, and looking such complete rogues that you wonder anyone trusts them with a penny. There was also the usual concourse of gypsies, in bright colours, and looking oddly distinguished in spite of their mendicancy (the time-honoured phrase is "cross my hand with silver for luck") and fortune-telling. Of the races, of course, we had only a glimpse; and as the day was rather hazy it would have been impossible to distinguish the racing colours; and I suppose that only a very favoured few saw any more than we did; but what people get from such an event - and it is, I am persuaded, something that humanity craves from time to time - is a pleasant feeling of corporate excitement. Anyway, it's a harmless enough outlet and relief from the boredom of their existence, and brightens the lives of everybody for a fortnight before hand. We did not make any bets; but it is a pardonable exaggeration to say that every servant girl, charwoman, bus conductor, clerk - the whole populace - has been listening to tips for two weeks and usually has some horse which he or she fancies and has backed for half a crown. Derby Day is perhaps the liveliest interest which the British people have in common with each other.

My chief jobs at present are to fill up my U.S.A. income tax form, work out a scheme of eight lectures, try to think up a few subjects for the outside lectures and if possible furbish up a few old papers to use in that way, and to work out the routine of the Criterion during my absence - I have already, I think, nearly enough contributions: the chief problem is to arrange so that the right people will get the right books to review. I can hardly believe that I shall be starting for Boston in just over three months; nor do I see yet just how the difficulties are to be overcome. When you say Scripps does not open until the 19th, do you mean SEPTEMBER or OCTOBER? The 19th September seems very early and the 19th October very late; how wonderful, though, if it should prove to be the latter, as then I might have a chance of seeing you before you went west. But I am afraid that you must mean the 19th September. I should like to arrive in Boston about September 25th; I shall be writing tomorrow to enquire about the C.P.R. sailings, and will let you know as soon as fixed. For what you say about the "simplicity of acceptance" and the "greater freedom of attitude" in Boston, much thanks. And I imagine that I was reflecting, not the attitude of London society, but the distortions of my own immediate environment.

De tout mon Cœur, Chère Emilie,

Tom

I fear it's impossible for me to arrive before then.







BOOKS

A London Letter

Anybody who keeps an attentive eye on the announcements of English publishing firms will have noticed, among other interesting phenomena, a falling off in the amount of verse produced. Less verse is being published than some years ago, and it would appear that fewer poets are at work. Publishers, who used to figure a dozen volumes, are now content with two or three meager booklets.

This decline may be accounted for in several ways. It is probably true, as I have heard suggested by a modern poet, that much of the poetry produced just after the war and much of the encouragement which it received from readers and critics, was a kind of reaction against memories of the war period. Poetry was at that time a means of escape; the babbling rusticity it was apt to show, its rather tiresome preoccupation with simple things, was a deliberate effort on the part of the shell-shocked writer to sink back again into the calm of ordinary life. Since then, new sedatives have been adopted, our attitude toward the war has begun to change; while the influx of popular war novels has helped to clear away the last symptoms of war neurosis.

A comparison of the psychology of the post-war period with the behavior of the participants in a bad motor smash reveals various remarkably similar traits. The immediate result is a partial failure of consciousness; everybody is slightly stunned by the violent shock and, as the normal world slowly reasserts itself, nobody wants to talk about the catastrophe. The period of amnesia takes its course, and then suddenly the inhibition is removed. Every one wants to tell of his experiences; tongues are loosened and the worst damaged are the most communicative.

Hence the flood of war novels and war memoirs. At least one writer who for many years after the war—he had been left for dead on a battlefield of the Somme—went through nervous agony if the fighting was mentioned, has published a very successful war book in which he discharged the painful memories he had accumulated. These memories, while recovering from the accident, he had kept largely anesthetized by writing poetry, of the innocuous and charming "Georgian" type.

Another explanation of the present decline is, no doubt, the appearance of T. S. Eliot. I yield to none in my admiration of "The Waste Land"; but this poem, though meritorious in itself, has had an astringent effect on younger poets. Certain books are brilliant but not fertilizing, and the young man who takes Eliot as his hero is unlikely to be prolific in his own output. . . . Is this altogether a subject for grief? What we are losing are not works of creative genius so much as the products of the talented minor versifier, hitherto quite maddeningly prominent. The poet of the future when he arrives—I refrain from substituting a conditional if—will find the stage ready cleared for his pas seul.

PETER QUENNELL.

T. S. ELIOT RETURNS

Harvard's invitation to T. S. Eliot to lecture during the fall term means the return, after a long absence, of America's best-known writer abroad, and, with Ezra Pound, possibly one of its two most influential writers.

Since he left Harvard with his master's degree in the pleasant days of 1911, where he had been class-odist and secretary of the Advocate, and, it is said, writer of much witty facetiae, he has lived in Europe, mostly London, having undergone Oxford and the Sorbonne, taught school and done university extension work, helped edit the *Egoist*, delivered the Clark lectures at Cambridge the year after Middleton Murry and the year before E. M. Forster, and, for the past decade, edited the *Criterion* and helped the firm of Faber & Gwyer (now Faber & Faber) with remarkable success.

His poetry has moved from "The Waste Land" (the Dial Award of 1922) to the devotional beauty of "Ash Wednesday." His criticism has developed equally from the "Sacred Wood," though not yet perfectly stated but to be found here and there; in the note to Valery's "Le Serpent," the preface to Seneca's "Tenne Tragedies," the small book on Dante, the foreword to a selection from Pound, in "To Lancelot Andrewes." He is a first-rate pamphleteer who has given some time to the position of the Anglo-Catholic as against the neo-humanist and to matters of church doctrine. He has made P. E. More and Babbitt known in England and helped to make Whibley, Maritain, Read and Fernandez known over here.

He stands sharply away from the mere journalism of Squire and the Mercury, from the successful, but unphilosophic Bloomsbury group, from the popular fashions of science and sociology represented by Wells and Russell. He has not perhaps altogether escaped the oracular manner that grew on Arnold—avuncular in its lighter moments; perhaps that is unavoidable in the position he has made, though it has irritated his critics. He appears to have saved himself by a spiritual decision from the dissipation of talent common enough in our time, but one man's decision, these days is every other man's doubt or derision. At all events, no one has been more vigilantly read, more critically referred to, more imitated, and, now that his achievement is evident, more bitterly attacked, especially by the new nationalistic malcontents who want a literary rough-house (Aldington is an example).

Eliot, like most poets practicing

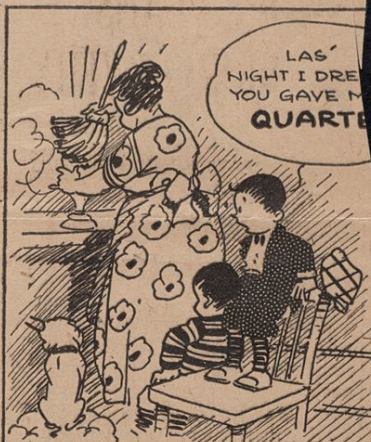
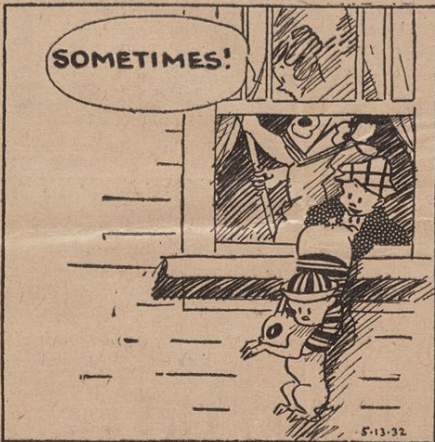
just before the war, was indebted to Ezra Pound and continues much of Pound's theory without Pound's petulance and defensiveness. He does not attempt to write of everything literary or whatever is commonly considered the greatest, but rather to concentrate on what he feels specially qualified to experience, believing the analysis and judgment will help define and regulate one's poetic practice. Sometimes this is seen in his poetry, sometimes in his criticism—more often in both.

In this way he has made astonishingly alive the poetic magic of others: the Tudor and Jacobean poets, the French symbolists, Dante, certain Latin poets. The analysis is at once a stimulation and an act of discipline. In his own practice he makes use of economy by way of compression and reference or allusion, ironic juxtaposition with implied judgment, and an individual rhythmic scheme—nets to catch the wind—on which he chiefly depends to arouse and direct the reader's sensibility, and over which he has absolute mastery. It is scarcely necessary to point out how important this has been in the development of poets as various as Conrad Aiken, Crane and MacLeish.

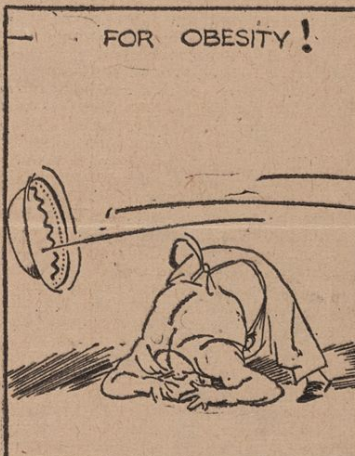
If Eliot's influence appears to be waning, that is partly because his work has now been accepted for what it is worth and its worth is a part of all of us; partly because his religious conversion is for many an impasse, out of which they believe they can't get unless at the same time they turn their back on his poetry and criticism—a very confused belief. The remarkable thing about all this is that Eliot has never consciously tried to imitate the tone of his times. He has happened to coincide with it. He has expressed it in verse, surpassed it in criticism and transcended it in religion, by way of a personal need. The very nature of his work, however, is to depersonalize this, to give it a general validity.

There is no doubt that this validity will continue to exist, even though the period on which it happens to subsist will recede, as it is receding now. In the end it may be said that if Pound is recognized as the most fertilizing influence of our early decades, Eliot may be recognized as our most firmly rooted product, however variously he has desired to stretch his roots.

ERS—Pays to Be Good.



ings Come Your Way.



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

What Can Be Done to Get Rid of Those Pests With a Thousand Legs?

To the What Do You Think Editor—Sir: I have read a number of letters in your page on how to get rid of ants. I wonder if any one can tell me how to get rid of centipedes (thousand legs). We are bothered with them from early spring until late fall. E. S. H.

What Some Others Think

HOOVER'S INHERITANCE.

Not Responsible, in the Least, for the Present Confusion.

To the What Do You Think Editor Sir: Now that all the political

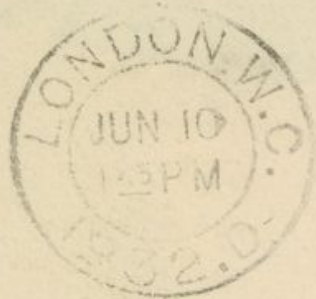
not yet know what we can extract for our comfort from the water, atmosphere and light of our star system.

Just observe for a moment the progress since the day of Malthus and realize that at present inste

Toonerville Folks.

MRS. SUSAN WORTLE 5





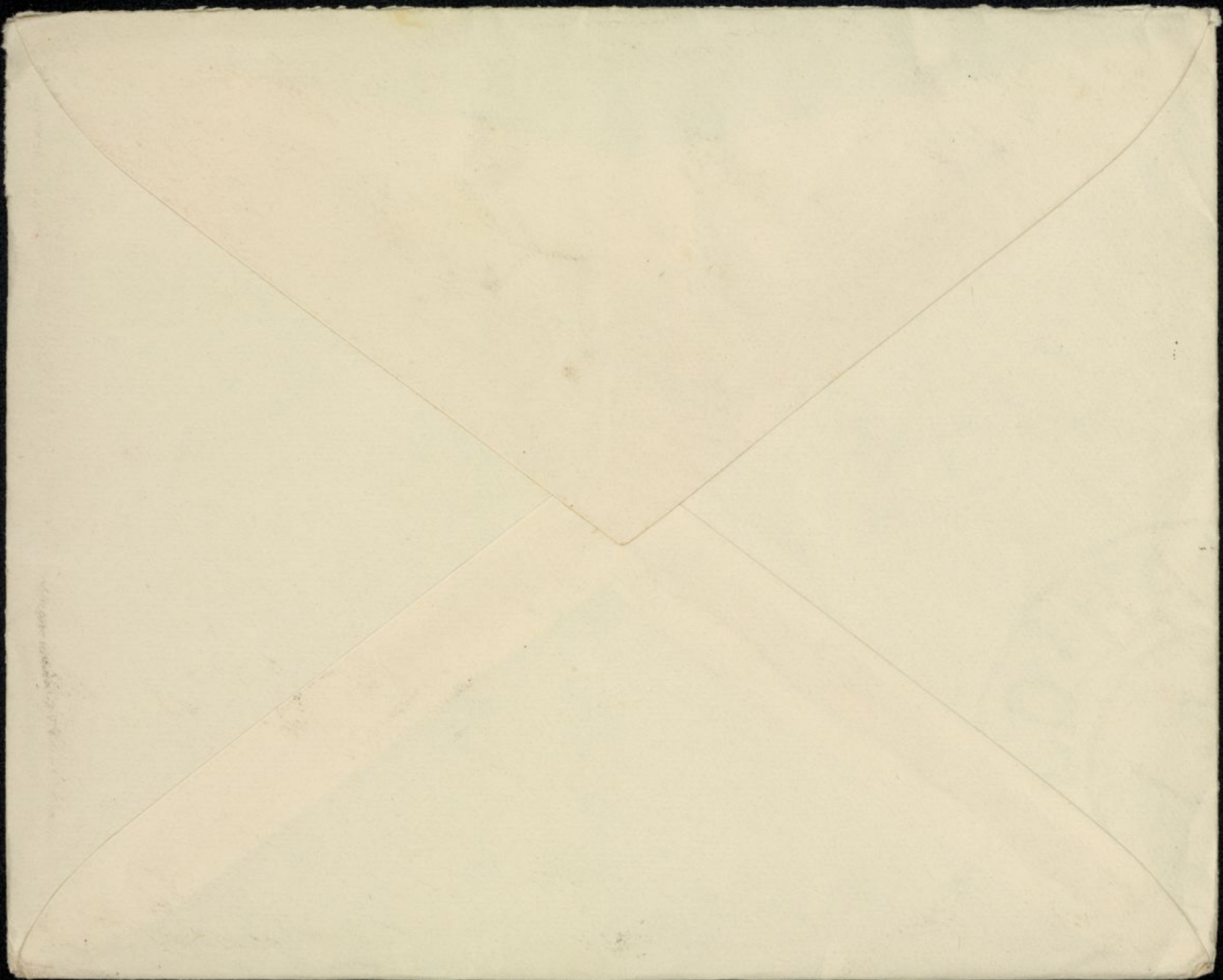
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ans June 24



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

10 June 1932.

My dear,

There is no letter this week, so I must wait patiently until Monday. It is possible that I may take the "Ausonia" from Southampton to Montreal on September 17, arriving in Montreal on September 26th and in Boston the next day. This is the recommendation of Mrs. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, who is now running a travel bureau of some sort. Apparently I can get a return fare for £40, which seems very cheap (tourist class). I am of course very eager to hear on what date you leave for the West.

I have sent off "The Curious Gardner" from here, and have asked Jones & Evans to send you the Irish book and the Hardwicke book. But as you didn't give the name of Hardwicke's book will you let me know if they send the wrong one? Did I ever send you a catalogue of Faber & Faber's books? There might be others which you would like to have.

had

I seem to have/a fairly full programme last week, and shall have until the end of June, I expect; but there does not seem to have been anything worth mentioning. Nothing has been heard of the Noyeses lately; but they always seem to be surrounded by relatives and friends. I hope to see Fenelope again before they leave at the end of the month. I wonder if you will see her this summer; if you are in New England I should think that she would ask you to Cohasset (or wherever it is they go). Will Miss Ware be at West Rindge all the summer, and shall you spend any time there?

Now I have to lunch with Richard Riddle (Henry Ainley's son who acts at the Old Vic and Sadlers' Wells); and then go home to go out to tea at Mrs. Culpin's.. I am obviously very stupid to-day; partly because of the lack of my weekly stimulant.

a Fri - Tom

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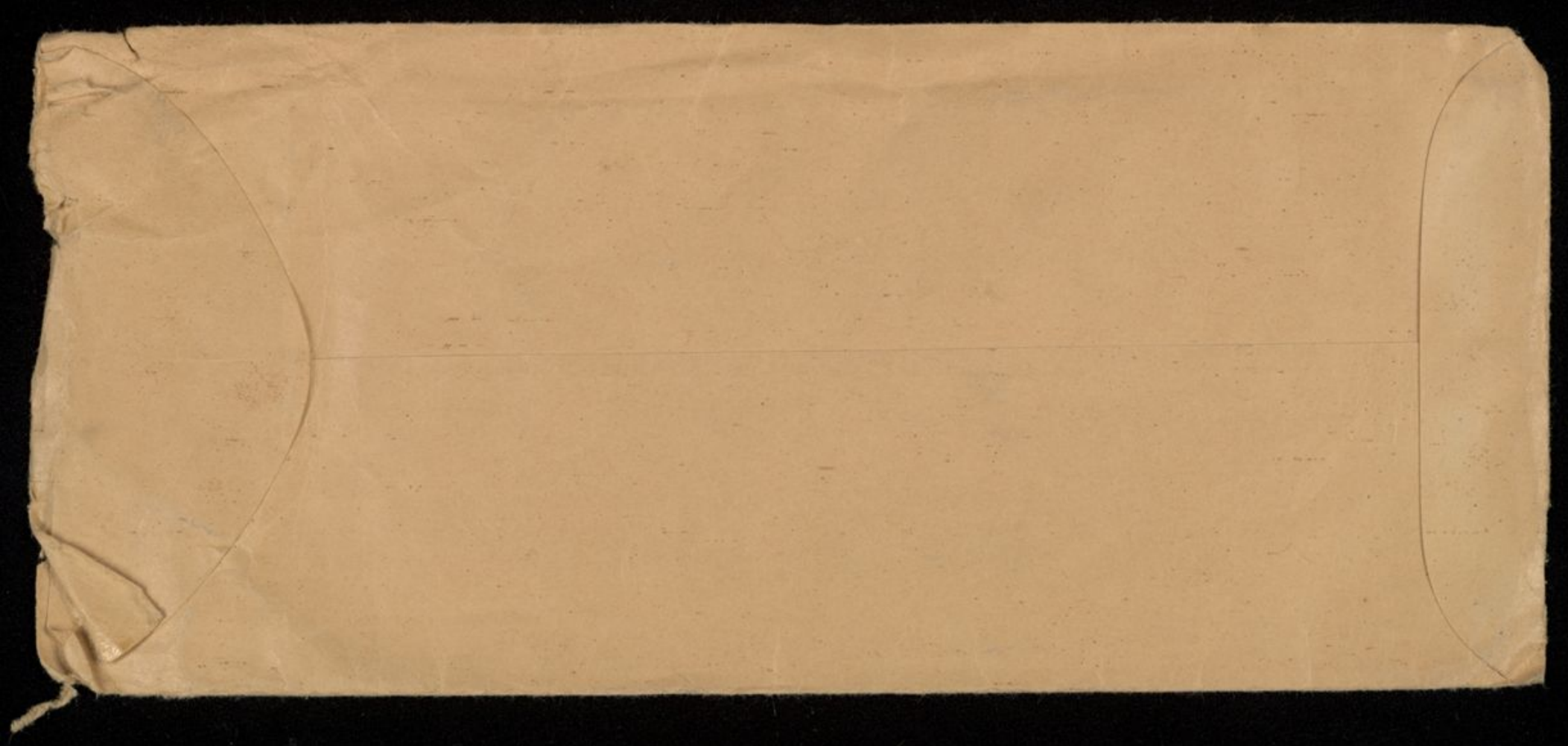


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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

14 June 1932.

Chère Emilie,

Your little letter of June 2nd came welcomely yesterday, the first for 11 days; and after a fortnight's silence I think that I should begin to become anxious. What a relief it will be, for a few months, to know that if I don't hear from you I shall be in a position to persecute you on the telephone! I was very much interested in Senexet (what an odd name) both in the ~~xxx~~ leaflet and in what you said about it. Did you go for a "etreat, or did you have time only for a day's visit? I hope that such signs may be taken as marking a serious revival of the spiritual life in Unitarianism: I say "revival", but heretofore it has never been more than existant in scattered individuals who felt more profoundly and seriously than others. My own upbringing was under the shadow of that powerful personality, my paternal grandfather the Revd. Dr. Wm. Greenleaf Eliot 2nd; although his piety was great, his interests and activities lay rather in the direction of philanthropy and public service, and not in that of abstract thought or the contemplative life (my mother wrote an excellent Life of him). He might just as well - or almost as well - have made a great administrator or statesman. I seem to have inherited something else from my mother and her clerical ancestors, though I always feel the attraction towards public activity and being a busybody too: I don't believe I have ever quite reconciled the two tendencies in myself. And from what origins, near and remote, do you come by it, pray?

I doubt if it would be correct for me to make a Retreat there - I might incur, if not episcopal censure, which is unlikely, the disapproval of the faithful, and I doubt whether I should feel quite happy about it in any case; but I should like very much indeed to pay a visit and see the conditions and the beauty of the place.

By the way, how many minutes is one desired to talk at these King's Chapel meetings?

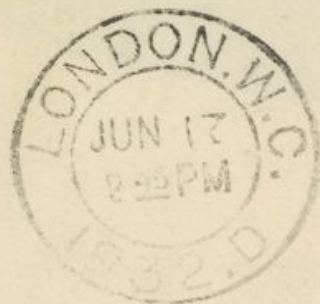
But a Retreat seems to cost just about twice as much in America as it does here!

Your advice about rest, my dear, is very wise and good; I doubt whether I shall be able to act upon it. All I can hope to do is to slacken social activity a bit during July and August; and I pray that there will not be a crowd of American second and third cousins during those months. I know that one thing for which I famish here I am also unlikely to get in America: that is the opportunity for occasional periods of complete solitude; I don't mean necessarily a hermitage; but at least away from anyone I know or to whom I should be compelled to talk. Sometimes one fears that one's soul may perish of inanition simply from the lack of solitude; even self-examination, and the ability to face the unpleasant facts without fear and without illusion, seem to require solitude. All that I get is as now, when I shut myself up in my little room looking out over the pleasant green of Woburn Square and the rather ugly church where Christina Rossetti used to worship. Sometimes I have no interruption for as long as an hour. As I have said before, to go away with V. is more fatigue and worry than to stay in London, where at least I can come to this room. That has been the deadlock during the last five years.

I hope that you will have something better than short visits here and there, because, however delightful, they are often more tiring than restful; I hope that you may be able to spend at least a month in quiet country or seaside surroundings, among really congenial people. (This sounds like tit for tat, doesn't it - but is not so meant: and I admit that I do not know any person, but one, with whom I could endure to be alone for any great length of time: except possibly a few members of my own family, and I am not even sure of that).

By the way, a serious young theological student from some New York seminary, a Methodist, who has been working in Oxford this year, came to see me to-day, and as I remarked that I should like to get out to California if I could get a few lectures to pay expenses, he replied that he came from the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, that he was seeing one of the authorities there shortly, and would suggest that I should be invited to give a lecture early in January. Doesn't that sound like a good omen?

Tom



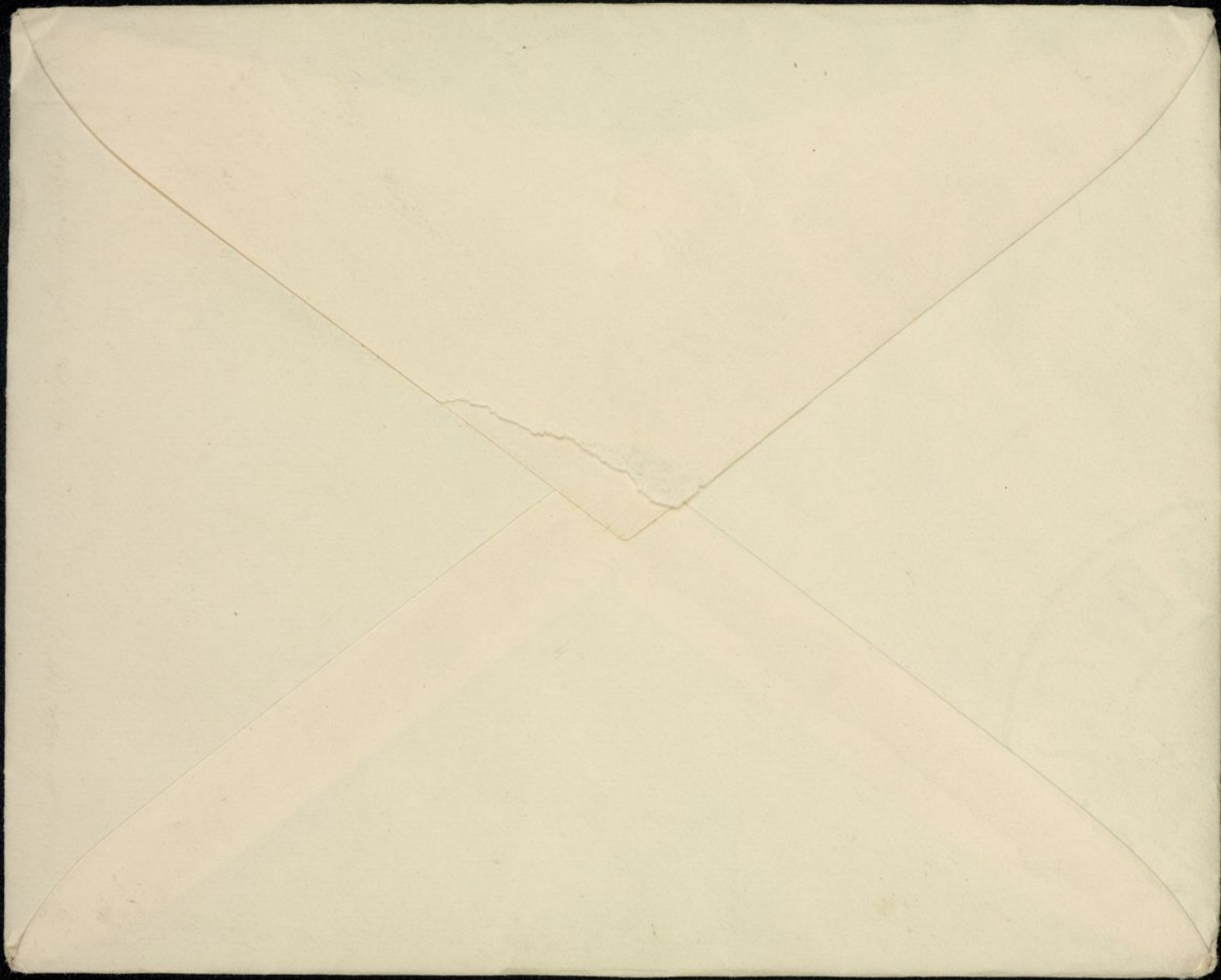
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Miss Emily Hale.

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Chère Emília,

Friday: 18 June 1932.

I have practically decided to accept Sally's suggestion of the Ausonia for September 17, arriving in Montreal on the 26 and in Boston either the 26th or 27th, I can't be sure which: especially as she tells me that she has managed to get me a single berth cabin, which makes all the difference to me; I loathe being shut up for a week with a stranger - sometimes they want to talk, and often they stay up late, or they may drink too much, or be seasick. So now that I have made my plans, I am very eager to know yours. It is nearly time that you started your summer holiday, and you must be very much in need of it. Here, the weather has been blazing hot again; and the climate is such that when you are used to it, more than a week of uninterrupted sun becomes intolerable. I am glad that I am going to be in America in the cold months, starting with October which may be very lovely in New England, rather than in the summer: I should probably find an American summer very difficult now. Though if I were free to consult my own wishes, I should certainly have arranged to come now, and get Harold Peters or one of my other nautical friends to share a boat on the coast of Maine for the rest of the summer - if I could I should come over and spend every summer that way. But as it is, I still cannot believe that in exactly three months I shall be on the water, pointing in your direction.

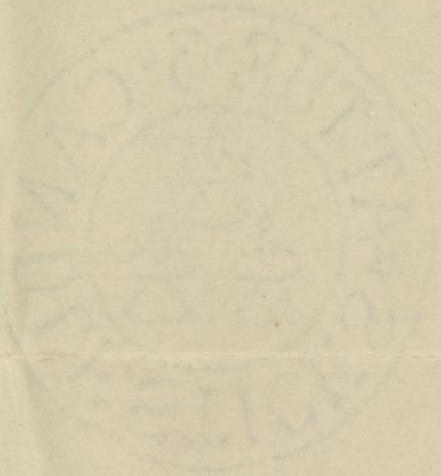
I am sorry to think of your aunt and uncle having left, and of you being almost alone in that big house in Brimmer Street; but I cannot ever afford to think for more than a minute, my dearest girl, of the loneliness of your life in general. It may be that next winter, when you have got used to it and to the people, the new surroundings with no associations and memories, and a regular routine of work, may be happier for you than Boston: excepting only the deprivation of the few people there who mean much to you.

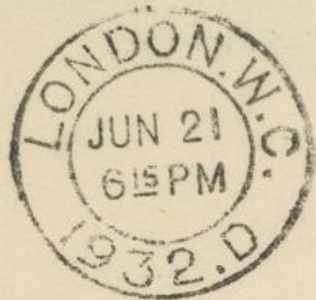
Young Hugh Sykes Davies, one of my ablest young men, is waiting downstairs to take me out to lunch. Yesterday was a busy day, with a teaparty for Uttoline's birthday on the lawns back of Gower Street, behind her house: not very many people, but I was glad to have a talk with Walter de la Mare, who is very rarely in town nowadays, and with Hope Mirrless who was Jane Harrison's favorite pupil and is prodigious-

ly erudite; and finally with James Stephens who gave me some useful advice from his experience in lecturing in America. And in the evening Rexi, the Hungarian girl, brought another Hungarian to see us, and made the dog bark violently by talking their native language. Tomorrow a most formidable undertaking: the three Faber children are coming to tea, and we go to dine at the English Speaking Union with Miss Katie Spencer.

Tom







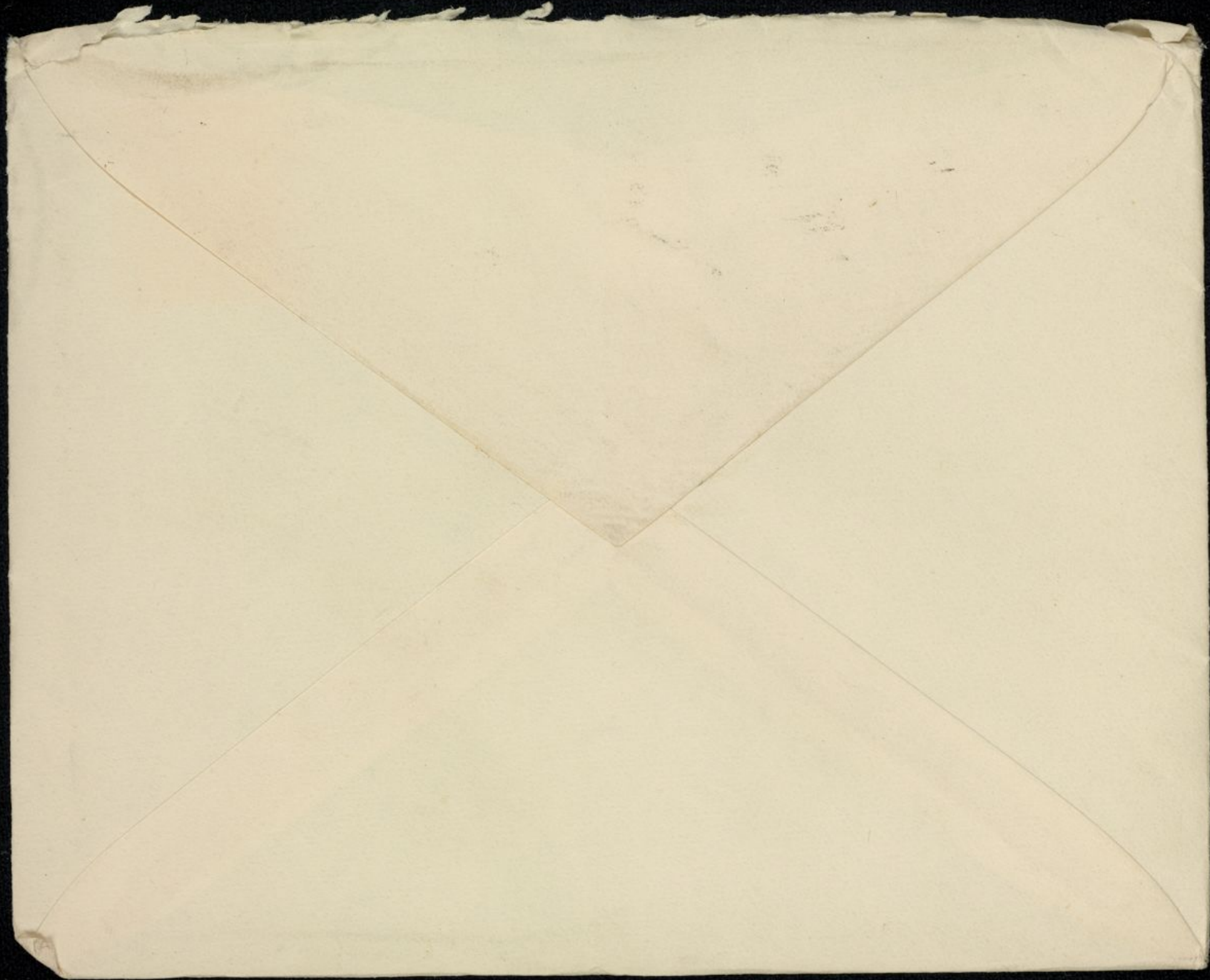
July 4th

Miss Emily Hale,

41 Bannister Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

21 June 1932.

My dear,

Your letter of June 9th gladdened me yesterday. I hope that by this time my subsequent letters will have partially atoned for the brevity of the 23d and 27th; but I must admit that I feel a certain pleasure in having failed so badly for a whole week: the pleasure, that is, of being scolded by You (however mildly) for not writing more. (Not that I should ever dare to tempt your wrath deliberately). About the talk at King's Chapel: it is I who should be proud, my lady, at having any opportunity of being of service to you. Subject: what about "The influence of the Bible upon English Literature" (as you yourself suggested); I should not attempt an historical review of all the authors in the last three hundred years, but just talk briefly about the reasons why the Bible is of permanent value for prose and verse writers. Or, I could talk about the Religious Poetry of the Seventeenth Century, a subject I have dealt with before in various ways. If you like, just put down the title of the talk yourself, and I will write to order. I forget whether I asked you how many minutes these talks should be?

I have no news yet from the gentleman from the University of Southern California. I think it more or less settled itself, did it not, that it seemed more practicable for me to aim at seeing you at Scripps or thereabouts, either just before or just after the beginning of the January term, than in Seattle - as I could hardly get to Seattle much before you had to scurry back to California? I do not know just where or what the Yosemite is; but I am sure that I should like to see it if in Emily's company, even if it is full of Bears and Cougars and Rattlesnakes. But I don't suppose that we can get much farther with plans until October, though I should like to have them cut and dried now, and have a definite date to look forward to.

We dined with the Noyeses the other night with their relative Mrs. Lawrie, who is quite a pleasant woman (I am afraid I spoke rather flippantly about Virginians, but how was I to know she was a Virginian, and if she took it seriously she is very silly. Penelope spoke to me of you at the end - the first time she has mentioned you to me - merely to say that she was anxious to get you to pay her a visit at the seaside before you left in September - she seemed to assume that I knew your plans - I might have heard of them from the

Hinkleys, I suppose, if they ever wrote (and when they do it is mostly news of themselves and Barbara's family); so I expressed no surprise. I wonder if Sylvia Knowles is a cousin of Bobby Knowles who was several forms below me at school. I have a good many relatives in New Bedford, Rotches and Giffords and what not; I believe my father's cousins, Edith and Ida Eliot, are still living, though they must be very old. We lived there for a generation or so, up to 1812, you know; when the British privateers ruined the whaling industry - then my greatgrandfather got a job in Washington, being a cousin of the President J.Q. I have never seen the town; it is one of the places I should like to visit. I don't think you have spoken of her before. Where do you go in Maine, I wonder. You used to have some cousins in Portland.

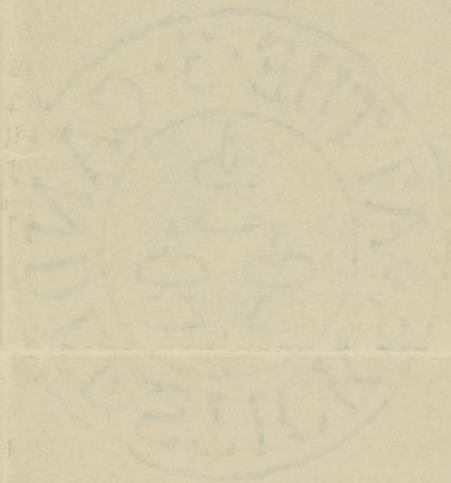
You seem to be extremely busy. I wonder why you have to learn typing (not shorthand too I hope?) Don't type too much, or you will lose the power to use a pen, like me; and I much prefer your dear familiar scrawl. I am glad about the "perm"; but you will have to have another wave put in, you know, as soon as your hair grows to a certain length (I once asked if I might see a bit of it, but was ignored. By the way, you snubbed me over Bubu too: I can understand your not liking the book - it suffers very badly in translation - but to ask why I sent it! and ignore the little preface I wrote!) But why do you have to have some of your hair cut out? (and wasted, I suppose) - it sounds barbarous. I hope you have a new Hat or two to go with it.

I had rather a tiring evening, as I had to dine with a small club of London Vicars of the Anglo-Catholic persuasion, in St. Paul's Chapter House, last night - a beautiful old house opposite the side of the cathedral. Then I talked to them, informally, for about twenty minutes, on the Christian attitude towards politics, and started a discussion. They were mostly oldish men, pleasant, simple people; no one of very brilliant gifts, but earnest and just as much in a fog about the world to-day as I am. I read them parts of some of my B.B.C. letters from listeners, and that I think I found interesting. Then on to Mollie Culpin's to pick up V. and Miss Katie Spencer after a musical evening. Tonight Ottoline and Father D'Arcy to dinner. The Children's teaparty was a success, I think. They tucked into the strawberries, and had presents - the only strained moment was when Tom wanted a bit of the plastocene we had given to Dick - and enjoyed themselves hugely writing letters, under my direction, on the typewriter, to their father. Tom's letter consisted of the one word, "strawberries" (correctly spelt).

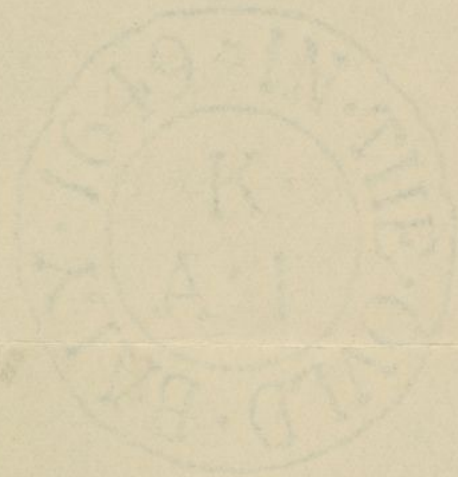
I must stop now, until Thursday.

Je t'embrasse mon Coeur

Tom



34
30



LONDON, W.C.
JUN 24
1932.D.



Miss Emily Hale.

Please Forward

to Miss Ruth Lyne,
Castine,
Maine.

~~Brimmer Street,~~

~~Boston Mass.~~

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

24 June 1932.

Nativity of St. John
the Baptist.

My dear Bird,

This is another busy week. Wednesday was my farewell lunch with Prince Mirsky before he departs forever to Moscow; at the end of the afternoon I picked up V. at Rexi Culpin's who has her blonde Hungarian friend staying with her who is pleasant but talks the worst French I ever heard; in the evening we had expected Penelope after dinner, who didn't come; but Mark Gertler (the painter) whom we had not seen for years came with his wife whom we had never met; Thursday the usual tea at the Morrell's, had to talk to Lady Hartington, amiable but dull like most of one's second cousins, and an exotic Russian woman whom I did not like, but who seems to exist on the reputation of having been the mistress of Gorki and H.G.Wells in succession; tonight the Faber's big garden party of the year, which I must attend because all of our successful authors are invited. It looks, of course, like rain. After that I hope for a quiet weekend in which to make out my U.S.A. Income Tax return which is overdue. Next week is just a round of committees and teaparties: V. has a tea on Monday - David Cecil, Mrs. Cameron, James Stephens, and I think one or two of the Old Vic troupe; Board meeting on Tuesday; Book Committee followed by an E.C.U. Literature Committee on Thursday; lunch with Hodgson on Tuesday at Ridgway's in Piccadilly; Friday I fear another teaparty with Evelyn Underhill (Mrs. Stuart Moore) and Mrs. Shakespear (Ezra Pound's mother-in-law). And the following Tuesday (July 5th) the last Criterion reception of the year.

It is very difficult to evade engagements except by leaving town; and it is difficult to leave town in such a way as to be at all restful. You will also understand that as I am leaving in September, it is all the more difficult to insist upon getting away by myself meanwhile; I even feel a certain compunction about it. I mean to go to a doctor next week and get a general diagnosis of my health. I dare say that one of the risks, on first getting to America, is that the climate is so much more stimulating than this (and I am now so adapted to the English climate that I find a day of very bright sunshine rather trying) that may feel at first an illusory vitality. I shall

also have to learn again the habit of natural sleep, and do without the bottles of beer which I must take as sedatives at night under my usual conditions. But I have come perfectly to loathe the taste of Bass and Guinness, and I don't think it agrees with my stomach: I hope in America to get rid of some of my superfluous middleaged fat, which is all in the wrong places.

But there are plenty of other folk who have as much to worry about as I. I had a letter from Joyce yesterday in which he tells me that his daughter has had a nervous breakdown following a love affair; that she has had to be taken to an expensive French sanatorium; and that in consequence he is too poor to go to his oculist in Zurich. I fear that the result will be that his eyesight will fail again; and he may never get that book finished.

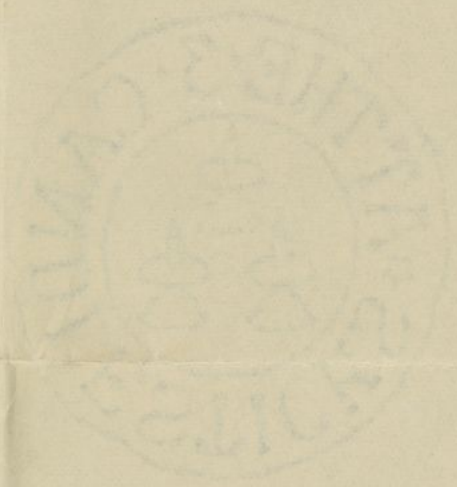
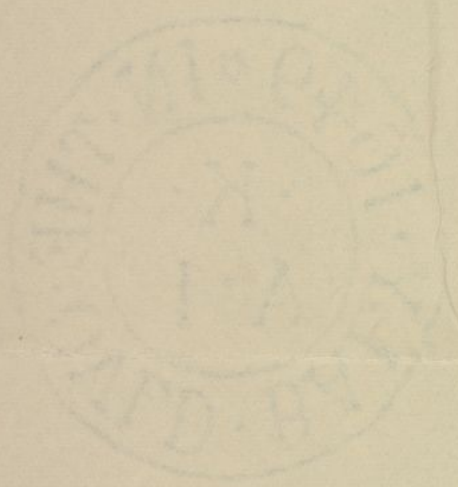
I shall be relieved to hear that you have finally got off to the Country of the seaside, for a much needed rest. I shall expect letters to take longer, of course; and am preparing myself already not to expect to hear from you on Monday. But I do hope that when the next letter comes it will tell me the exact date when you leave for the West.

I am not at all sure that I want you to hear me lecture, anywhere! I should be extremely flustered: I am afraid that I cannot satisfy your high standards of public oratory. But if I come to Scripps I suppose I must reconcile myself to having you in the audience, or even on the platform. But I hope you will not have to introduce me!

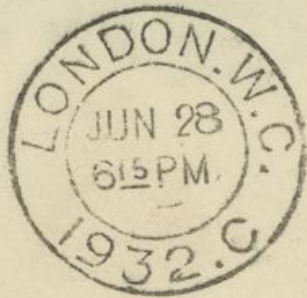
And the Lady of the Lake?

ton stione Tom





ans July 12th



Miss Emily Hale,

41 Brimmer Street,

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.

1850

1851

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

28 June 1932.

My dear Lady Bird

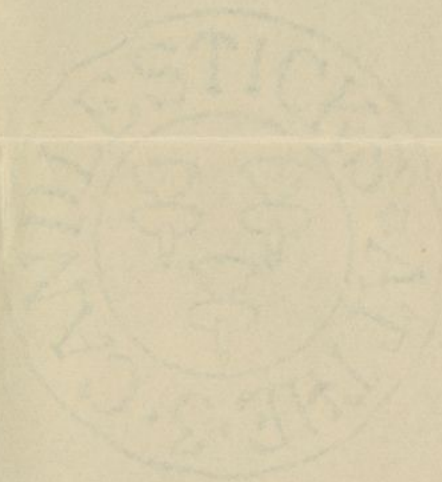
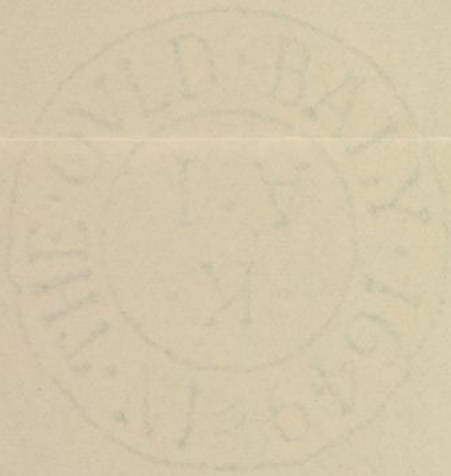
To-day (Tuesday) has been thrown out for me by our having the monthly Board meeting, which usually comes on some other day; and I have only time for a scurvy little note such as will incur your displeasure. But I doubt whether you will be in a position to speak very sharply about it, as I have no letter or scrap of letter from you at all this week. As I said in my last, I am prepared to go a whole week without food, on the assumption that you are Rusticating in Maine and that (a) you have had no time to write to me and (b) the post will take a day or two longer. I sincerely hope that that is the reason, and that you are resting, bathing, and breathing piny sea air and eating Lobsters. Yesterday was all people from 4 to 11:30, ending with Hodgson and his Bull Terrier (I lunched with him to-day but not with the Terrier). IF you were settled, and preferably if you had a home of your own in the country, I should very much want to bring over for you a Blue Bedlington terrier - do you know them? they are beautiful and devoted and good fighters - related to the Kerry Blue. Then I should be able to think that you had my dog as a substitute for me to look after you, fetch & carry, Growl at strangers, and Fly at

FABER FABER

Offensive people, & do everything for you that I (qua Dog) should be able to do for you. Is there any more Intimate present ~~than~~ to give a person ^{than} a good Dog?

But I am a little impatient for answers to one or two questions, as, When do you leave the East? in September or October? Soon you will see ^{the} envelope, no doubt. I find that as the time approaches for my departure ^I become more nervy and anxious, and in consequence more irritable with the World in general, though not with you.

Tom.



1

