

# Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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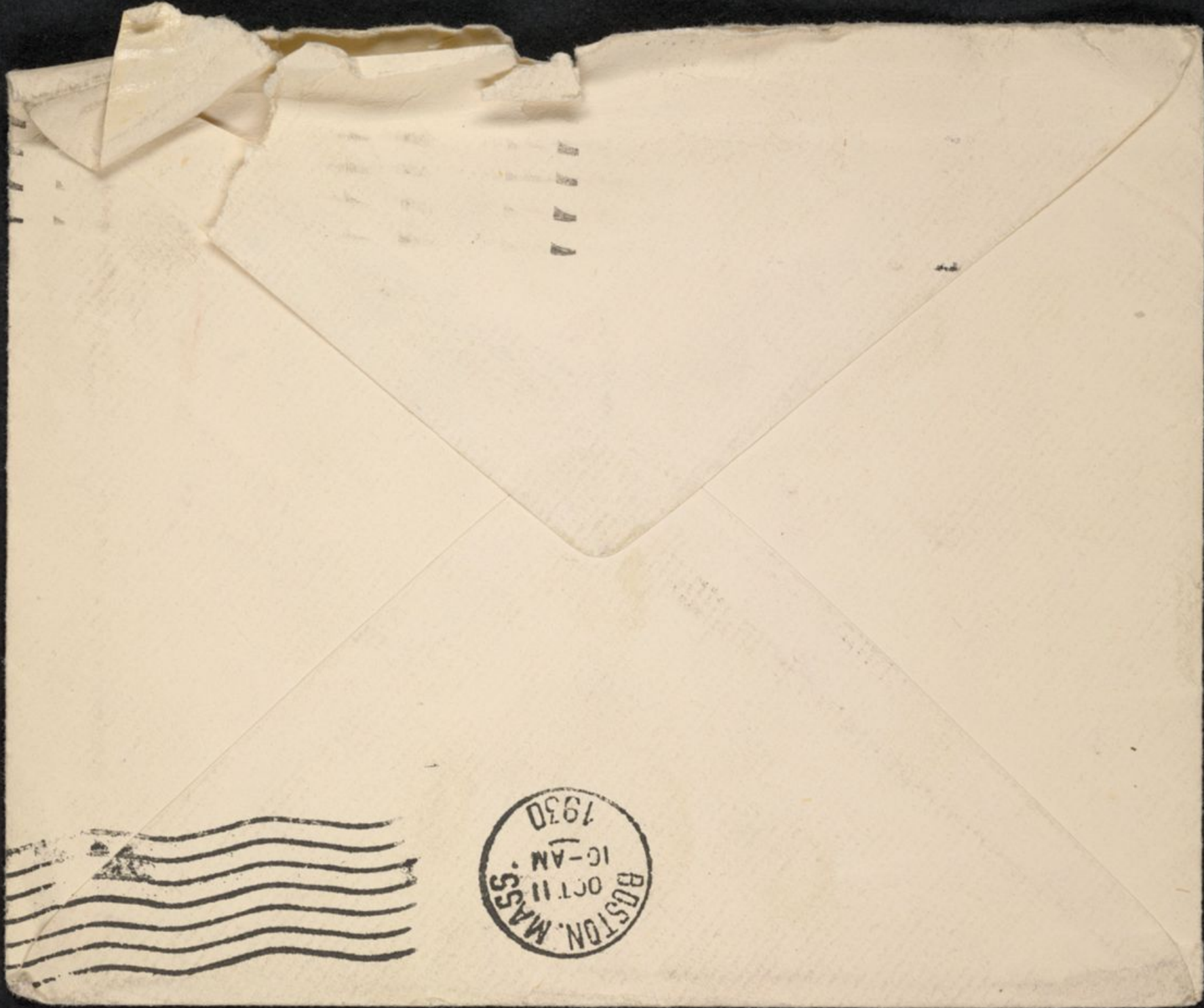
Wore A coin

Miss Emily Hab.

41, Brimmer Street,

W. George Boston Mass.

U.S.A.



BOSTON, MASS.  
OCT 11  
10-AM  
1930

THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

Friday 5 Oct. 1930.

Dear Emily.

Thank you for your letter. And thank you particularly for coming to tea. You were triumphant all round, but particularly I was happy in Vivienne's liking you so much - to the point of infatuation! And although it was a great strain to me at the time, I am happy in every way that it took place. Far better, in the circumstances, than seeing you alone.

Three parcels of books have gone to 41, Breinier St. I hope they will be of some use. I shall send you a little more information later. If I come to be of use in any further actions I should be happy.

Now that there is more communication between us, I feel that I must be frank on one point, and then never mention it again. You may remember a conversation years ago,

in Eccleston Square.

when ~~you~~ I saw you for the last time one evening. You asked me a question which I did not answer. Well, I shall not exactly answer it, because it involves unnecessary and painful detail - I am heartily sorry - every day & every night of my life - for my mistake & fault, and for the ruin it has made: but I am not sorry for loving and adoring you, for it has given me the very best that I have had in my life. It has, in the end, helped me to the Church and to the struggles of the spiritual life: and in the midst of agony a deep peace & resignation springs - "not as the world giveth" - but the peace of God. Of course there were many convenient paths leading me to the Altar, - but I doubt whether I should have arrived but for you. And now there is no need to explain "Ask Wednesday" to you. No one else will ever understand it.

I hope I need not sacrifice all communication with you because of what I have said. For indeed, I have meditated this letter

It has become to me a part of the Love which "overcomes the world".

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LONDON, W.C.1

through half a night, and I felt it would not be fair to you to cultivate your acquaintance friendship under false pretences. It only depends on whether you believe you can trust me. And if you knew what pages, and pages of tenderness I am not writing now, I think you would trust me.

I have no really intimate friends, though a vast acquaintance.

Well, if this ~~is~~<sup>is</sup> a love letter - it is the last I shall ever write in my life: & I will sign it, for the first and last time, praying that I have given no offence, for I see nothing in this confession to be ashamed of - my love is as pure & unseeking as any love can be.

Yours devotedly

T. S. Eliot

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CRITICION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW  
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

47 ABINGDON ROAD  
LONDON, W.C.2

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THE CHANCERY PRESS, WESTWICK, HERTS.

through half a night, and I feel I must  
not be fair to you to attribute to you

COHEN VALLEY  
PARISHMENT  
I am not writing you  
any more of this kind of thing  
I am not writing you  
any more of this kind of thing

I think you are right  
I have no work to do, but I think  
not appropriate.

It is of the same kind as the  
last thing I wrote to you about  
the first and last thing

Propose that I should give to you  
the first thing I wrote to you  
about the first and last thing



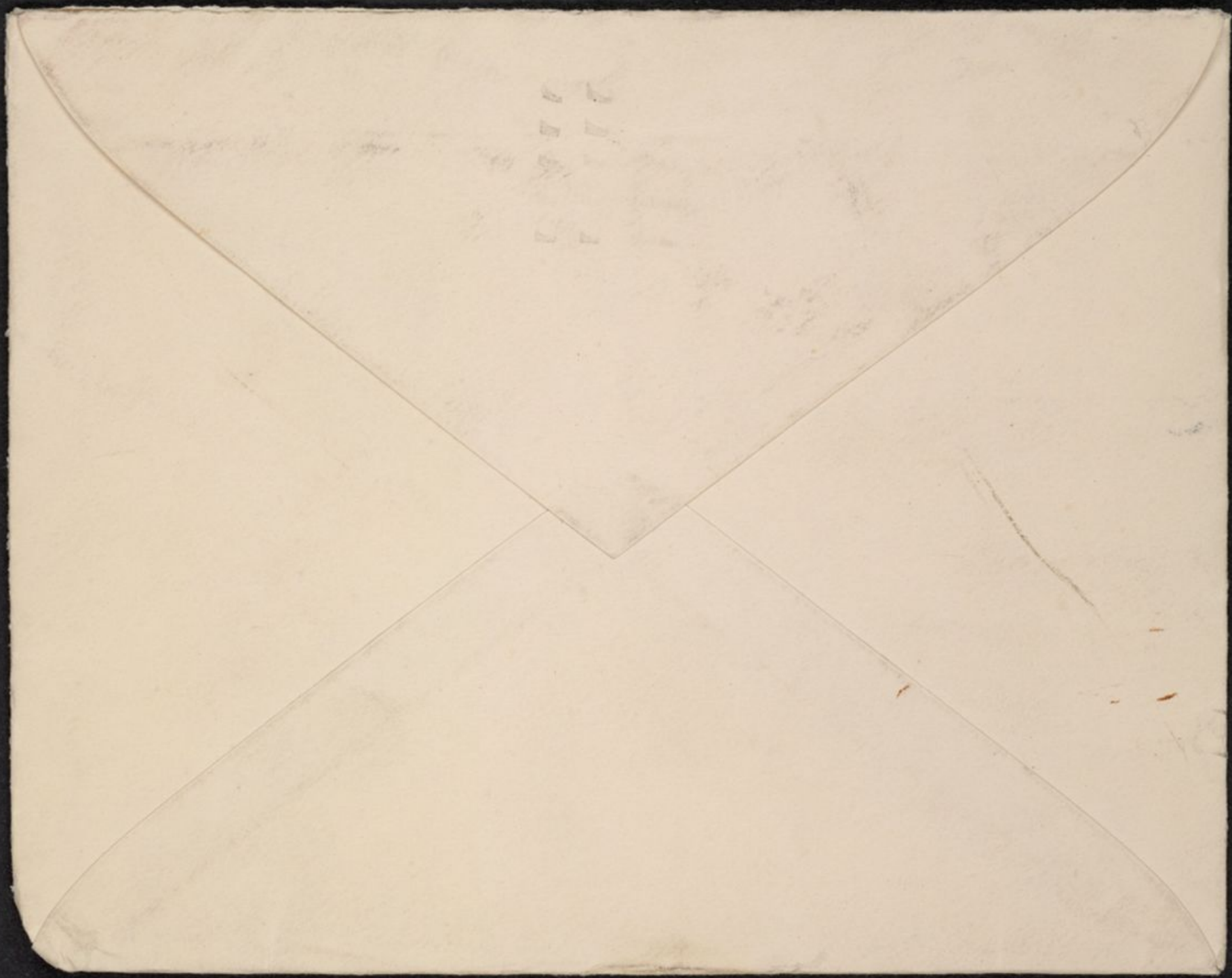
Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.





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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

3 November 1930.

All Souls Day.

Dear Emily,

Your lovely and saintly letter arrived on Saturday. I must write to thank you and to say a little more; and as that little more is so much more than my feeble hand can write, that I must type it - I never keep carbons of private letters - however strange such things will look to me in type. I am not a very good typist, even.

Well, I had been in a state of torment for a full month. I went over and over in my mind every possible reply to my letter that I could think of; and I believe that I was reconciled to anything my Lady might say; the only possibility I could not bear to contemplate was that she might not write at all. Now you have made me perfectly happy: that is, Happier than I have ever been in my life; the only kind of happiness now possible for the rest of my life, is now with me; and though it is the deepest happiness which is identical with my deepest loss and sorrow, it is a kind of supernatural ecstasy.

And the moment of your letter's coming seemed also a Gift of Divine Grace. The day before, I had made a confession; and Fr. Underhill had told me that it was not wrong for me to love you and to cherish your thought and image in my heart, but that it was a gift of God to help me in troubles and for spiritual development. That made me more serene, and the next day, the Saturday, I made my communion, and stopped and prayed for a quarter of an hour - it was All Saints Day - and felt happier still. Then I had to go to the London Library for some books, and I thought I would look in here and see if there was a letter from you. And when I saw the handwriting that always thrills me I was thankful that it was ~~A~~ Saturday with no secretaries or other people about to see my agitation; and I could sit down all

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alone with you. And too, your letter has come as a support - the one thing that could - in a time of particular trouble. And I want you to know how utterly, from now, I shall depend upon you as a friend, and as long as you are in this world I shall want to stay here too.

I could not help writing; I could not endure concealment any longer. And I am glad for this reason also, that we met, though it was torment to me at the time, and I was so afraid of spilling tea that I was a very poor host. Because when I saw your blessed face I knew at once that even since we last met you had been through great pain; that you had reached an unusual spiritual maturity and knowledge; it made you more radiantly beautiful, though I did want to stroke your forehead. Forgive me for writing like this, just once.

What further I want to say is merely to explain, in as few words as possible, what I think you should understand. When I first knew you I was immature for my age, timid, discouraged, and intensely egotistical. (That is ~~my~~ consolation: that it is better for me to have lost you to become a little more worthy of you, than to have won you when I was unworthy. But the mystery of pain is why you, Love, who have never needed chastisement, should have had to have a life of pain). - I know nothing, your whole life for 15 years is a gap to me, but I feel that it is so). At Oxford I was in a very disturbed state; for I knew that I should never be a good professor of philosophy, that my heart was not in it, that my mind even was not good enough. I did want to write poetry, and I felt obscurely that I should never write in America; and so I suppose I persuaded myself gradually that I did not love you after all. I did not know till 1916 what <sup>a</sup> price I had paid. It is a greater sin to marry without any feeling at all, I consider, than to marry even from low passion; for a year I was merely dazed and numbed, and did not know what was the matter; then, quite suddenly, I awoke. Well, I did not know how much, if any, harm I had done to you; but I could know quite well, the harm I had done which was under my eyes; and I came to see that this at all events I must expiate with the rest of my life.

I did try, again and again, to love as I had promised; but failed utterly; and no one could thrive on what I had left to give. And then, a year before I saw you first, having failed to do ~~write~~, I tried to do wrong. I was living then largely in a society in which the liason is always condoned, even when not practiced, and in which

right

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LONDON, W.C.1

it was practised almost without concealment by persons received everywhere. So I tried to have a love affair with a young society woman ~~xxx~~ who was living apart from her husband, and who was, I am afraid, rather notorious, and in spite of wealth and position was even looked at askance by some. I tell you all this, which may horrify you, because I love you too much to want you to think better of me than is right, so I take that risk. It was the first and last occasion on which I have ever committed adultery. It was over almost before it was begun, and it left a taste of ashes which I can never forget. I describe the person, who after all is a goodhearted woman who was corrupted by a bad mother, merely to say that I am sure I did her no harm: she found another lover almost at once. There was great provocation at the time; and then I had no moral scruples. I learned something, about the world and about myself, and then I escaped finally from the influence of Bertie Russell - not that he had any hand in that case.

But even then I still tried to persuade myself that my love for you was dead, though I could only do so by persuading myself that my heart was dead: at any rate, I resigned myself to celibate old age; I had done <sup>the</sup> Waste Land, and I thought my life was done. When I saw you at Eccleston Square, I had convinced myself that you were only a sentimental memory, and that seeing you would prove it. As you must know now, looking back, that pretense went down like a house of cards, and I found myself for a time quite lost, everything had to be reorganised. It is from then that my active spiritual life dates, also two years of increasing difficulty, and the rest I do not need to tell.

This is to make quite clear that seeing you last month was not at all the revival of something dead; I knew exactly how I felt and had known for years. Had it been a sudden flash, as in certain other unnamed circumstances, I should have had no right to tell you. I want to convince you that my love for you has been the one great thing all through my life.

It is hard for me to believe that no man has cared for you as I have; though I should be extremely jealous. But I like to believe that I am capable of knowing you and ~~believing~~ appreciating you as no one else can - I do appreciate spirituality when I meet it, and by that word I mean something very rare and precious indeed. And I like to believe a little that I am capable of

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more intense and deep devotion to one person than are most men.

I pray you only to have the charity to forgive me for all I have told you, and to let me have a line to say so. And now I think I have said all I need to say. I believe also that you can understand me as no one else in the world can.

Since my mother died I have felt very much alone, and you will take some of her place for me too. I loved her very much, and felt much sympathy with her, and like to think that you and she are somewhat alike.

I feel that my remark about "friends" was a little unkind; I have had so much kindness and even, I think, some affection. My dearest friend, Charles Whibley, died this year. But I shall want to write to you from time to time, not like this letter, but about my friends and my interests, and any impersonal matters like theology and politics and poetry. And I want to know if you got the three parcels of books, and about your lecture. And I want to ask you please, to re-read the hyacinth lines in *The Waste Land*, and the lines toward the very end beginning "friend, blood shaking my heart" (where we of course means privately of course I) and compare them with Pipit on the one hand and Ash Wednesday on the other, and see if they do not convince you that my love for you has steadily grown into something finer and finer. And I shall always write primarily for you.

P.S. East

Part I.

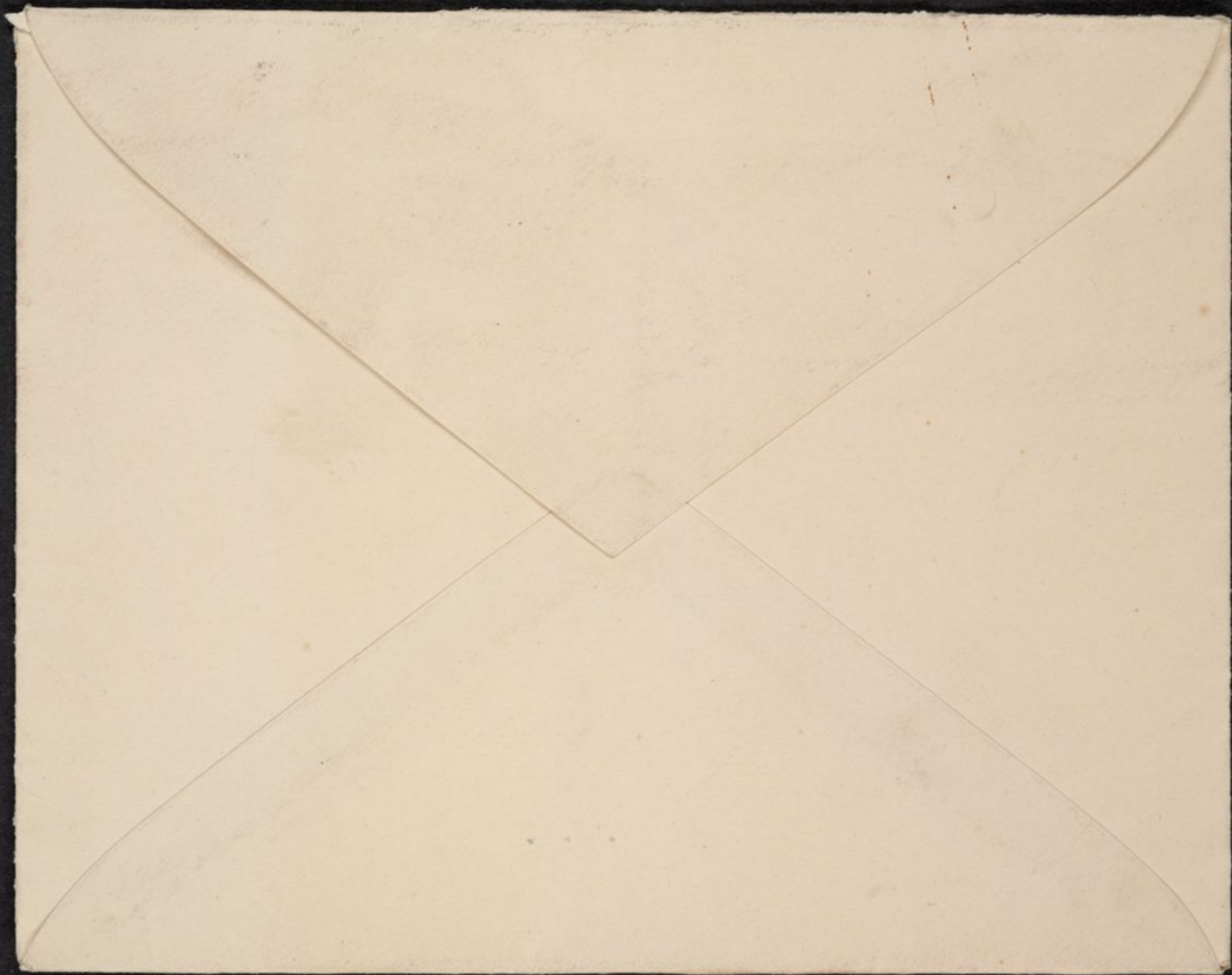


Miss Emily Hale,

41, Brimmer Street,

BOSTON, Massachusetts,

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

1 December 1930.

St. Andrew the Apostle.

Dear Emily,

Your letter, more wonderful and precious even than the previous, arrived on Friday - the very first day, by my computation, on which it could have come if you had answered at once. So it was a surprise, although my mind was full of it. O dear, there is so much to say in answer to it, that I must reply in two instalments; but I wanted to write at once if only to say how happy I am. Of course I was apprehensive and frightened after writing, because I feared after all that my letter might make you turn from me - yet I felt that I had to tell you what I did. And when one is accustomed, as I am, to gauging always the extent to which one can trust each person, it is terrifying, for the first time at the age of forty-two, suddenly to find that one trusts one person absolutely. I have been, indeed, for the last six weeks, in a kind of high emotional fever; but I think that now I can begin to calm down and fit this new experience into my daily life. I am distressed that my words should have bruised the wings of my dove; but ecstatically happy with so marvellous a response. You cannot persuade me that I overrate you in any respect, when your letters only convince me that you are finer still!

It is strange to find happiness and pain so involved with each other and almost identical. Your letter must have been as painful to write as pitiful to read. I shall write about it in more detail: I am grateful for your candour, and all that you have suffered makes me feel more closely bound to you. At least, you have nothing whatever to blame yourself for; and you have succeeded grandly in making a fine and useful life in the greatest difficulties. I am very ~~xxxxxx~~ proud of you, if I may say so without impertinence. I wish I had more time, but I will write again in a few days.

T. S. Eliot



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PHILADELPHIA

11 HUNTERS POINT

LONDON W.C.1

ATTENTION: MR. J. H. WILSON

11 HUNTERS POINT

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Miss Emily Hale,  
41, Brimmer Street,  
Boston, Massachusetts,  
United States of America.



# THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

8 December 1930.

Dear Emily,

I was disturbed to learn from your letter than you had been so ill, Year before last, and should like to be reassured, if possible, from time to time about your health.

I was very happy to hear that the lectures had gone so well, and expect you to proceed from success to success. I hope you have received both the Gerard Hopkins poems and the book about him, and should like to know what you think of the poems. They are a little difficult at first: I think the easiest and one of the loveliest is the one beginning "Margaret, are you grieving?" My friend Ivor Richards is very keen on him; I am waiting to hear from Richards that he has arrived in Cambridge, and shall then send him an introduction, among others, to the Hinkleys, and shall suggest to them that I would like you to meet them - his wife is very nice, I think. He is a very great influence upon the undergraduates of Cambridge England.

Speaking of the Hinkleys, I was ashamed after mentioning Eleanor to you and wrote to her almost at once about her play. I had a long reply, very amiable indeed, explaining the play to me. I wish that I might feel closer to Eleanor, but I always feel what I dare say others have felt too: that it is difficult to be intimate with a whole family (I don't care much for Barbara) and although I find Aunt Susie very charming, it is unsatisfactory to talk always to two persons at once; and sometimes I think (as when I saw her last) that Eleanor might have matured more if she had not had such a sheltered and harmonious domestic life. But I owe them a very great deal; and it was due to their kindness that I got so much out of my life in Cambridge.

Of course, I know that you might have made a great success on the stage; you have all the qualifications - including voice, which is most important, I believe Mrs. Campbell had nothing else, but never saw her - except cheek and insensitiveness. I have sometimes met actors socially, and enjoyed them: but I may be just old-fashioned, yet I do not like to think of anyone I care

for having to make a career on the stage, and perhaps in musical comedy and so on; managers and directors must be unpleasant, and then there is so much spite and jealousy among actors.

I have almost finished my pamphlet. It was a great nuisance; I got a young Scotsman to write one, and it turned out to be rather offensive to some people - just a little cheap; it was felt that there ought to be a reply; and as no one else could be found to do it quickly, and I was responsible anyway, I had to do it myself. I feel rather unhappy about it; but I am getting the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Chichester to go through it, (two of the youngest and most intelligent of the bishops) and a few other people, so it may turn out all right, though not exactly an original composition. One is always getting into work that has to be done quickly, and never has time for any one long piece of work.

I have had a very bad photograph taken, of which I am sending copies only to my family; I felt diffident about sending you one. I had rather send a little old photograph of myself as a child, if I muster up courage.

But the real point of this letter is as follows. I cannot bear to be separated from your letters at present, not so much for need to refer to the contents, some of which I repeat to myself often during the day and night, but for the touch of the paper and sight of the writing. I am making Geoffrey Faber my Literary Executor. I have given him a locked tin box containing various papers he will need, and a closed envelope marked "to be burnt at once". But what I wish to do is to mark it "to be given to the Bodleian Library, not to be opened for 60 years". That is quite a usual thing to do; and as for the Bodleian I have already given it some manuscripts through Sir Michael Sadler; the Master of University. I do not worry much about posthumous reputation; but whatever I have left by that time I want to share with you. Please, I am dearly attached to this notion; but I want your permission.

I enclose what is on the whole one of the most intelligent reviews of Ash Wednesday that I have had.

In haste,

T.S. Eliot

# BOOKS

## ELIOT THE POET

ASH WEDNESDAY. By T. S. Eliot. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

It happens that Mr. Eliot is an important poet who is also an editor and pamphleteer. In his quarterly, the *London Criterion*, and in American periodicals he has written sharply about Humanism and his old master, Babbitt of Harvard, and approvingly of Anglo-Catholicism.

It was clear he was neither with Forster's crowd nor with Hartley Grattan's, and it was quite as clear he did not agree with Mr. Munson.

Many were exasperated with the ambiguity of his position; it has not entirely been covered by his writings. Others disowned him when they discovered he was what they call a "reactionary." All this will work itself out in good time. Meanwhile no greater mistake, no more stupid way of reading "Ash Wednesday" (published in a limited edition last spring and now issued in a trade edition), could be found than to approve or disapprove of the poem because one approves or disapproves of Eliot's views in the *Criterion* or *Bookman*.

"Ash Wednesday" is not really so dependent on Eliot's personality. It is like his other poetry, of course, and of course the same man also wrote the articles in the *Criterion* and the *Bookman*. But if any reader needs help in this poem he should not go to these articles, or to "For Lancelot Andrews" or "The Catholic liturgy and to Dante. He might go to Eliot's recent essay on Dante. That will help, but not because it contains Eliot's personal religious opinions; it doesn't. Eliot is generally concerned with what happens when he has thought through his personal opinions.

We might concern ourselves with the excellence of the poetry. Those who are still left with a feeling for style will find great delight in the canon-like progression of a deceptively simple melody—

"Because I do not hope to turn again  
Because I do not hope  
Because I do not hope to turn  
Desiring this man's gift and that  
man's scope . . ."

(The last line taken from a Shakespeare sonnet is an example of Eliot's helpful aliusiveness; the change from "art" to "gift" is characteristic, though it may be accidental; Eliot needs no man's "art.")

Because I do not hope to know again  
The infirm glory of the positive  
hour . . .  
Because I know that time is always  
time . . ."

The first three stanzas begin with these repetitions, and inside each stanza is development, and the whole poem, going through many moods and movements, has a similar development and recapitulation. But it is impossible shortly to discuss the technical part of the poem. It is easier to be brief about the poetic experience it communicates.

It is one of the few religious poems of this age, and I dare to say the greatest, for two reasons. It is an exact and necessary description of a peculiar devotional intensity that has somehow (not without difficulty) succeeded spiritual desolation; by its communication the reader is convinced that this attitude is the inevitable outcome of the hard disciplines of living imaginatively in other ages as well as our own.

The first part is in effect a renunciation of individualism, rationalism, critical realism—of any sort of positivism. What is renounced, however, is belief in these as the fullest expression of the human spirit. They are not; and if any one pretends to a more lasting faith he must first give up these inadequacies. The second part, sensuously very attractive, develops through imagery, and is more difficult to abstract. The imagery used is from the allegory of the scattered bones in Ezekiel xxxvii, but the poem is addressed to a lady, as Dante addressed his to Beatrice, and it is indirectly a poem for the Virgin Mary. It continues the disavowing of personality. Three white leopards (worldly desire) have consumed the flesh—shall anything live? Shall these bones live? Possibly they may live through the lady's intercession. But "life" is an ambiguous and scarcely applicable word; so also is "love." Love that is satisfied is an even greater torment than love unsatisfied. There is presumably a state beyond life where flesh and bones are forgotten, personality and individuality are alike unimportant, love and no-love are indistinguishable; even the concern of Ezekiel with division and unity has no meaning. This is a state of forgetfulness and abstinence beyond the reality principle, and this is the inheritance of man.

The third part is a kind of allegory of one climbing the stairs beyond the reach of despair and hope to a strength which, however, worthy (Domine, non sum dignus), he may share with the Centurion, through faith—but speak the word only. . . .

One notes here the dexterity with which Eliot has interlarded characteristically Dantesque imagery with the meaningful music of phrases from the Catholic service. The general feel of the Easter season—the life-death-resurrection cycle that had obsessed the poet when he began "The Waste Land" with the line, "April is the cruelest month"—the sense of humility that comes with the spouting of the ashes (Remember, man, thou art dust, unto dust thou shalt return) on Ash Wednesday; the prophetic voice of Ezekiel; the designs and symbols of Dante; all these form an intricate contrapuntal development, unmistakably in the modern manner, on the theme of penitence.

The fourth part calls on Mary, or Mary's advocate, to have mercy on our exile here, to redeem the time, and the fifth part, continuing the intercessional, expands the Word of St. John with astonishing virtuosity. The last movement recapitulates the theme—because I do not hope—recalls the waste land, reiterates the feeling of the Easter renewal, and ends

on the note of Dante's humility—in *la sua volentade e nostra pacifinalita*; "And let my cry come to thee."

More remains to be said about this memorable poem. But let us briefly say that Eliot's theory of poetry is completely justified. The strong personal emotion from which the poem no doubt originated has been deliberately simplified, disciplined and in a way depersonalized; it has been purified and ennobled in its participation with similar experiences in other literatures; its style makes it abundantly clear that Mr. Eliot is rivaled only by Mr. Yeats in the poetical use of the English language. P. M. JACK.

L IN THE MUSICAL PICTURE



Janice Davenport in 'Beggar Student' at Little Theater on Monday.



George Morgan, barytone, will be heard in recital. He will be assisted by Frank Bibb, pianist, and a string quartet in a group of songs arranged for voice, piano and strings by Mr. Bibb, who will also accompany the singer in his other numbers, including a manuscript song by Erno Dalghe, which receives its first hearing at this time.

The Compinsky Trio will introduce a new work by H. Villa-Lobos in Trio No. 3, on the program announced for November 19 at Town Hall. The other works are Brahms Trio in C, opus 87, and Smetana Trio, G minor, opus 15.

Hortense Hussert, pianist, who appears in recital at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, November 17, plays Beethoven's, thirty-two Variations; Schubert's Sonata, opus 78; two suites for piano by Krenak (novelty here), and three Debussy selections.

La Argentina will give three dance recitals in the Town Hall beginning Saturday evening, November 22, and following with performances on Thanksgiving night and Tuesday evening, December 2. By special request she has included Cielito de Cuba and the Gypsy Dance in her program. Miguel Bardion, pianist, will assist the dancer.

The second concert of the series of Biltmore musicales will be given Friday morning, November 21, in the grand ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel at 11 o'clock. The artists participating on this occasion are Anna Cass, American soprano, Claudio Frigerio, barytone, Ignacy Wisniewski, Russian violinist, and Miguel Sandoval at the piano.

The Don Cossack Russian male chorus, under its leader, Serge Janoff, will give a fourth concert in Carnegie Hall this evening at 8:30. The program will contain several new members.

Chief Yowlache, a Yakima Indian, well known on the Pacific Coast as a barytone, is scheduled for his first New York recital on the evening of Tuesday, November 16, at 8:30, at the Marlborough-Plaza hall. His program divides itself between classic song literature and interpretations of Indian music.

Various Musical Doings

Reinold Werenrath will be the guest artist at the benefit performance for the Lee and Waite Orphan House in the city of New York, to be held on Thursday evening, November 20, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Plaza. Harry Spier will preside at the piano.

John Philip Sousa, world-renowned bandmaster, and his band will give two concerts on Saturday, November 22—a matinee and an evening performance, at McMillin Academic Theater, Columbia University, under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences. These are the only concerts scheduled for Sousa and his band in New York this season. Margorie Moody, soprano; Edward J. Honey, saxophone; William Tong, cornet; William T. Paulson, alto, will be the assisting artists.

The Juilliard School of Music announces that it has selected for publication Werner Josten's "Concerto Sacro for String Orchestra and Piano." The four movements of the Concerto are (1) the Annunciation, (2) the Miracle, (3) Lament, (4) Sepulchre and Transfiguration. Each year the Juilliard School of Music undertakes the cost of publishing a symphonic score by an American composer. Through this publication its performance by major orchestras is facilitated.

Mr. Josten has been professor of music at Smith College since 1923. He was born in Elberfeld, Germany. He studied composition in Munich with Dr. Rudolf Siefel and later with Jacques Dalcroze in Geneva. Before coming to the United States in 1921 he became the assistant conductor at the Munich Opera House. His compositions include over forty published songs written from about 1914 to 1922. He has also written a symphonic poem for full orchestra called "The Jungle."

Henry H. Fleck, who gives the Adolph Lewisohn Free Chamber Music Concerts at Hunter College, will give as his assisting artists on Wednesday evening, November 19, the Perole String Quartet. Dr. Fleck will lecture on Beethoven, with musical illustrations at the piano, and the quartet will play A major, op. 33, No. 6, Beethoven; Pavane, Beethoven; Scherzo, Mendelssohn; Quartet, Smetana.

Cecilia Guider has returned from a successful tour in the Middle West and South, giving private concerts and singing over the air. She sang for the patients at Lexington Hospital, a philanthropic work carried on by Dr. W. E. Coover of that city, and concluded her tour by appearing as the guest artist of Mr. E. J. Thorn in the mansion of the McDowell. She will give a memorial concert after the new year, the proceeds to aid a fund for the veterans of '61.

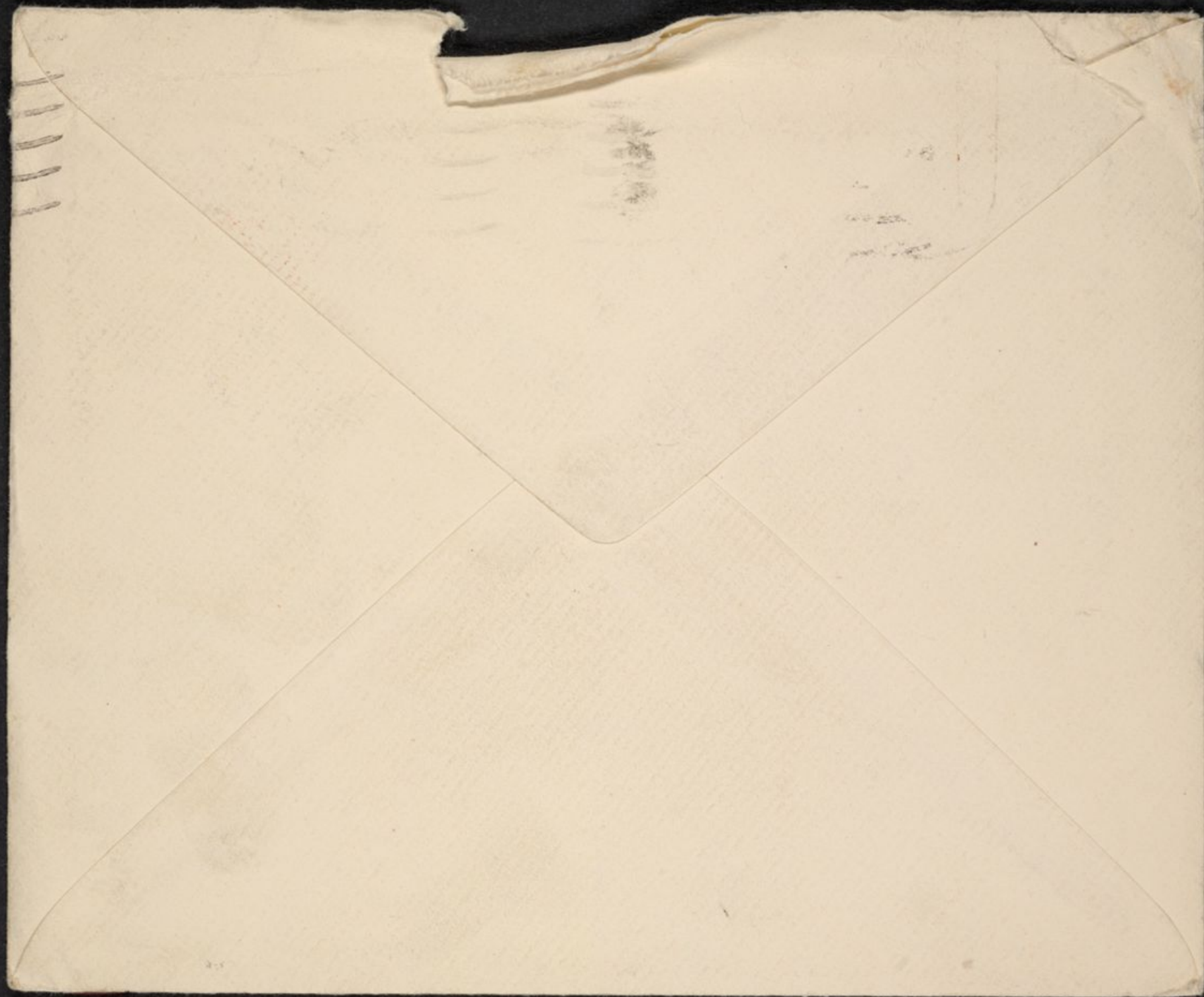
Amey Comyn, contralto, will be heard in recital at Chalf Hall on Tuesday evening, November 18, at 8:15, with Harold Genter's assistance at the piano.

**Franzblau Gives Piano Concert.**  
Eduard Franzblau, pianist, gave a recital last evening at Town Hall. The program began with Beethoven's F minor sonata "Appassionata," opus 57, and included further Schumann's "Carnival," Chopin's B flat minor scherzo and the "Nocturne" waltz of Delibes-Dohnanyi. The player showed seriousness, but there was less to commend in his work as an interpreter. His piano tone was good and he had a fair amount of finger technique. But it hardly seemed worth while that Mr. Franzblau should appear in recital.



Miss Emily Hale,  
41, Brimmer Street  
Boston, Mass.  
U.S.A.





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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 December 1930.

My Emily,

Your beautiful letter came just when I needed it most - before Christmas. And towards the end of the month I begin now to feel rather famished for a letter from you, and you have given me the wanted sustenance. I cannot write a letter till next Monday, and there are so many things to write about to you; this is only to acknowledge and thank. I wish that you might be happy; and it is bliss to me to feel that I can contribute to making you happier or less lonely; and you have had so little happiness and deserved so much, and I have given so little to anyone. And it is a strange new bliss to find another person thinking the same thoughts and having the same feelings as oneself at the same time. At the same time the pain is more acute, but it is a pain which in the circumstances I would not be without. God bless you and keep you. I shall try to make you understand how tremendously you have helped me, and are helping me, my dove. And so next week for cabbages and bishops.

your

*Tom.*

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABRAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

29 December 1930.

My Emily,

It is indeed a new life, for me; no longer merely a "new verse" to an "ancient rhyme" but a new rhyme and rhythm and music. I feel somehow a different person from three months ago; certainly a stronger one. As for the strain, well, I am a human being, and the strain cannot be escaped - nor would I be without it, for if so I should be less alive. But with the strain comes a greater strength to endure it, and I have far more than compensation for it, and other strains are relaxed: that for instance of feeling wholly isolated from other human beings.

You made me very happy, incidentally, by saying that you had been "very impatient": as if you could have been half as impatient to read as I was to write! I simply did not dare to write again, after my second letter, until I knew how it was received. Indeed, I believe I could write every day, inexhaustibly.

As for the alcohol, my motive in mentioning it was partly just the need to confess everything to you; and partly the knowledge that the mere fact of your knowing my faults will make it more imperative for me to overcome them. Perhaps I have more serious weaknesses than that: pride and vanity, and occasional fits of hysterical temper which not even frayed nerves can extenuate.

It is true that I have been afraid, having been accustomed not to depend much upon anybody, of being carried away to the point of placing too heavy a burden upon you. I suppose I should be less apprehensive of that, if I were sure that I was giving you anything as much as I am getting from you: that is, exactly the support and nourishment you need, and all that is possible in the circumstances. If I thought that, I should have quite all the happiness that is possible.

I wish that I could feel that I was accomplishing so much as

FABER 3 FABER

you believe. When I look at my desk and inside my attaché case I am tormented by all the things left undone, and the little time in which to accomplish anything. Of course, in a way, I ought to be pleased with that side of my life; one does a great many things for which there is little to show, such as acting as a counsellor and adviser to the literary generations as they come down from Oxford and Cambridge, and from America too; and ~~efforting~~ helping in the flow of ideas between England and the Continent and America; and I meet interesting people: I have recently had a Chinese Royalist here ~~YY~~! I exhorted him to start another revolution. Then I enjoy various unremunerative activities, such as sitting on committees, especially in the English Church Union. I fear there is more than a little "restlessless" in these activities, though.

I enjoyed my visit to Chichester. It is a very beautiful old cathedral town, and the Bishop's Palace is very fine too. The Bishop is young and intelligent, and his wife, Mrs. Bell, has quite a real sense of humour - something without which I always find people very exhausting, don't you? There were three other guests in the house: a Mr. and Mrs. Martin Browne, the former an enthusiastic producer of religious drama in the diocese, who had just returned from teaching dramatic art from some institute in Pittsburgh; and a Lady Prudence Pelham, a sister of the Earl of Chichester, a sickly looking little girl who smoked too many cigarettes and is studying sculpture with Eric Gill.. Various members of the cathedral society came to various meals; Mrs. Duncan-Jones, wife of the Dean; and Archdeacon Hoskyns, father in law of a friend of mine, Gordon Selwyn who has just been made Dean of Winchester. Discussed French politics with the Archdeacon. Had a long talk with the bishop about my pamphlet in the morning, and another in which he asked for my views on the subject of extra-liturgical devotions in the evening. Made me read Ash Wednesday aloud after dinner. I like this sort of society, if not too much of it; gentle, refined people. (The society I don't know, except in single members, is the county fox-hunting and otherwise small-animal-and bird-killing society, which I think must be about the dullest most prejudiced and uneducated society in the world). But a Bishop's Palace, like most large country houses in England (unless they are really parvenu) is not the acme of comfort. When you get up at 7 of a winter's morning for communion and find the bath water stone cold; and when you start to bed and then remember that the only lavatory in the place is two flights down just inside the front door, you are suffering certain hardship. But it is worth it.

Now I hope ~~in~~ your next letter may be a little longer please, and include a few scraps of information about your daily life: even if you go out to tea with Mrs and Mr So-and-so whom I never heard of, that will interest me immensely. (I love your new note paper). I shall from time to time slip in a note or a letter to me from my acquaint-

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tances, as these do I think help to make one's life seem more real to another person.

I had hoped that I might find to-day a reply to my last letter which you had not received when you wrote; but that was too much to expect. I must be less greedy.

your

*Tom*

John Hayward is a young friend of mine who came down from Cambridge several years ago; he is paralysed, and pathetic and lovable.

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PARCHEMENT



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LIDDON HOUSE,  
24, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

December 10th. 1930

My dear Eliot,

Would 12.15 p.m. next Monday, the 15th.,  
do for you: and would you stay to lunch  
afterwards?

I shall be glad to see your article,  
and if necessary to make suggestions  
about it.

I am sorry my cousin has not been well  
and has gone to Falmouth for some weeks.  
I shall be delighted to arrange a luncheon  
party when she comes home.

Yours very sincerely,

Francis Anderson

Dear Mr. [Name]  
[Address]  
December 10th, 1930

My dear Elliot,

Would it be possible for you to come to  
lunch on Monday, the 15th,

at [Address]

I shall be glad to see your article,  
and if necessary to make suggestions

about it.

I am sorry my cousin has not been well  
and has gone to Falmouth for some weeks.  
I shall be delighted to arrange a luncheon  
party when she comes home.

125 QUEEN'S GATE. S.W.7.  
WESTERN 4871

Dear Eliot: I have almost come to rely on you to make me happy at regular intervals of one or two months! I always feel happy when I meet you and when I hear from you, most of all when you send me, as you did yesterday, your annual poem - I have only read "Marina" once, and then after a long day in the country examining Coctons and Shakespeare folios. But even one reading convinced me of its beauty - Marina comes into Pericles, doesn't she? It is a long time since I read the play & know exactly who Marina was; now you have given me an excuse to read it again. Until I have, I shall not understand your elegy. The word "Death" rings out sharply and clearly as in the sermon Donne preached over the body of King James I. "Wood song fog" is a good conceit - rather obscure, though it is explained, I suppose, by the penultimate line. Am I right: the wood-thrush exists in the fog only as a disembodied voice, a voice as of the fog itself - the wood song fog?

I explained to your secretary that The  
Nation had sent me your Vanity of  
Human Wishes - I am glad I have  
not got to thank you for a copy  
of that also; if I had had to, I should  
have no words left to express to  
you how very much I am and must  
always be

Sir, your most obedient, grateful  
and humble friend

John Hayward

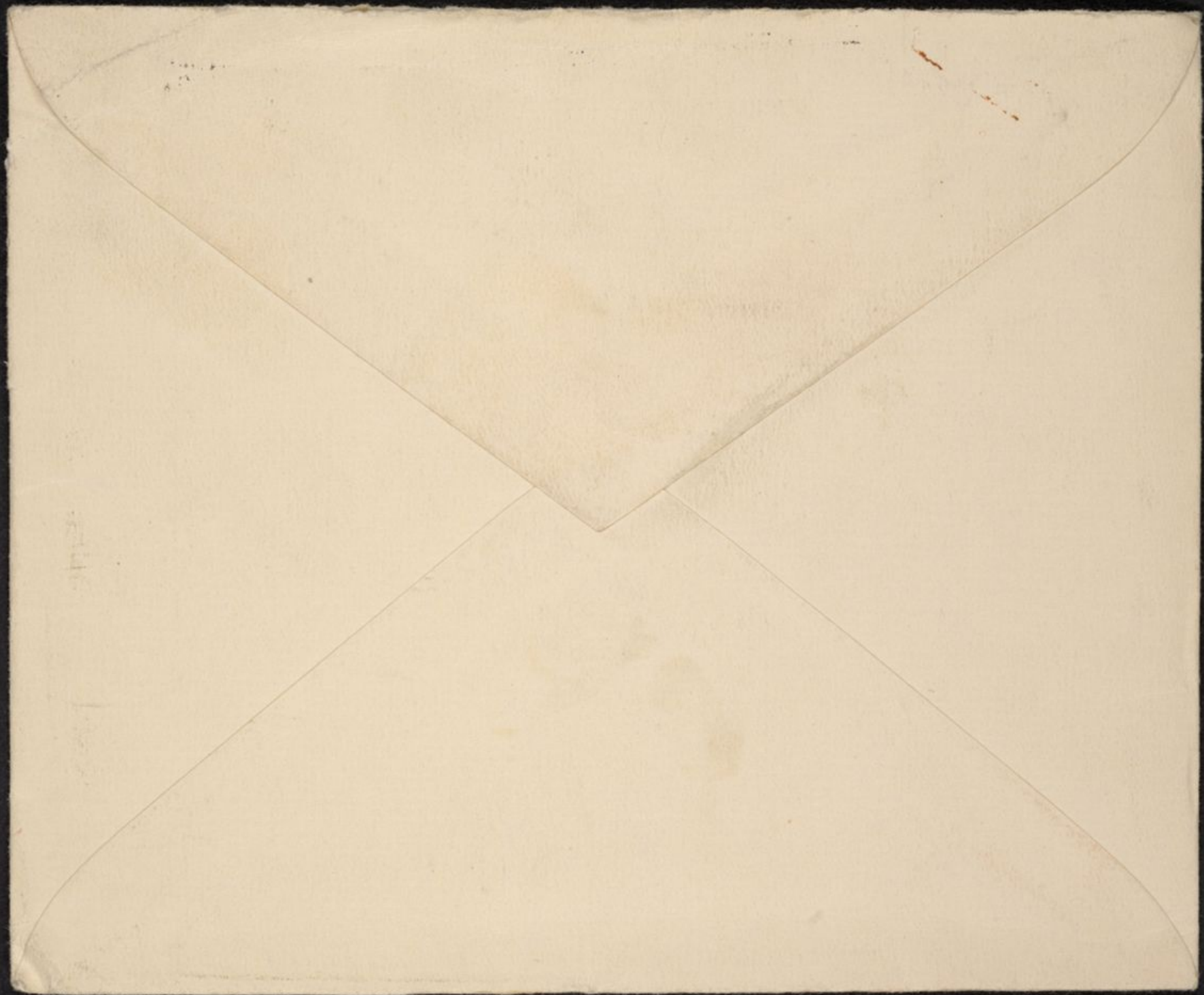


Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street

Boston Mass.

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THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

2.12.30

Dear Emily

My typewriter has gone to be cleaned, curse it!  
But I did want to catch this mail, just to  
speak about your information for which I was  
deeply grateful. It was somehow more or  
less what I expected: but you know, I  
have never dared to ask any of those I might  
ask about you, for fear of showing too much  
concern. I can understand how close you &  
your father were. And from my point of view,  
I see no reason why your "vision" was  
not quite authentic. Of course I cannot  
believe that two souls can become identified  
(in a new single soul) but I do believe  
that though rare, there can be an inter-  
fusion, <sup>interpretation, beyond understanding</sup>  
<sup>which is the most wonderful, perhaps the only</sup>  
<sup>describable human relating points.</sup> but I believe  
that from that you say it is best, that  
you can consider your mother as <sup>having</sup> gone on.



I understand perfectly the struggle to "expect nothing" and accept what comes.

I can vividly imagine, dear, how gnawing the pain is nevertheless. But I know some thing of these things, not only from my own experience but the experience of friends. It is worse to watch gradual decline, crises temporarily relieved in homes, and always to wait, just wait. But I shall not speak of this further, and if there is much in my life on which I do not enlighten you, it is primarily out of honour and also consideration for you. I have told you what I am most ashamed of, that is not the most important.

You are very brave. You help me to be brave too. I am trying to fight the craving for alcohol - for a person with much to do, easily distracted & disturbed, and for a person who sleeps very badly indeed, like myself, it is a great temptation.

I am very busy just now. I have been writing a pamphlet about the Lambeth Conference, & must go down to Chichester next week to stay with the Bishop there - to talk to him about it.

I hope you can read this! T.S. Eliot

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