

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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Citation Information

Hale, Emily, 1891-1969
Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965
Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale
1 folder

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ms July 12



Miss Emily Hale.

41 Summer Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.

T. S. E.

24 Russell Square

London W.C. 1

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

1st July 1932.

Dear Lady,

Your letter of June 21st arrived the next day (Wednesday) to confute me: but I am superstitious enough to hope that if I protest that no letter from you will come, it is much more likely to come; and so accept my humble apologies, and for such scrappy letters as some that I have written of late. But June, and up to the middle of July, is a very busy period, with meetings and committees as well as social engagements, and young men just down from Oxford and Cambridge wanting jobs, or literary work. And I know that some of my longer letters may be very unsatisfactory, because they seem to be nothing but a sketchy chronicle of events and names of people; but even that, I think, has some value, if it helps to give some continuous impression of my daily existence.

Your letter sounded very tired to me; but I can imagine how the end of a year, and the breakup of one mode of life, must affect you; and going through old possessions, of your own and of your mother and father, must be painful; and then you have had the pain and strain of arranging about your mother. You speak as if your mother were also in physical suffering; I am afraid that I had assumed that the suffering was solely mental, and that her physical health was unimpaired. I have not wished to ask questions, or to seek to know more than you cared to tell; taking for granted that you know that everything to do with you is of more importance to me than anything else is. Will Mrs. Perkins be able to visit her from time to time during the winter? it is perhaps more important to visit the doctors than the patient. (You have never told me, but I presume that Mrs. Perkins is your mother's sister, not Mr. P. her brother).

I was so certain already that you meant September 19th and not October 19th, that the assurance that I could not possibly see you before you left came as no shock; I could not believe in any such good fortune as that. And I suppose that you will not be released until sometime in June, after I have left. Frederick has written to ask me if I could lecture at St. Paul on January 12th, but I will not make any appointment there definite, lest it should interfere with my visit to California; I must leave myself a lit-

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tle scope, and room for a little holiday. I am sending this to Brimmer Street as usual, and you have not made your address quite legible; I take it to be: 47 Morelands Terrace. In the possibility of that being wrong, I shall put my address on the back of the envelope. I think that after you leave for Seattle, it will be too late for you to write to me again; it would be a pity to write any letter which would arrive after my departure; and I may not come in to the office for the last few days before the 17th. So I shall reconcile myself to two or three weeks without news of you; but I hope that I may find a letter awaiting me at Eliot House on the 27th September, giving your telephone number, and I shall wire for an appointment to ring you up: I suppose there is three hours difference in time.

I believe that I have found a home for Hodgson's bull terrier with the Morleys in Surrey.

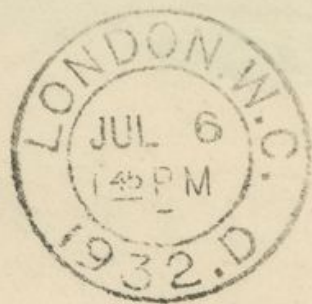
Chère Emilie, je t'embrasse les
souliers: à tantôt.

Rom





ms
July 20



Miss Emily Hale,
c/o Miss Sylvia Knowles,
47 Morelands Terrace
New Bedford Mass.
U.S.A.

T.S.E.

24. Russell Square

London W.C.1

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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

6 July 1932.

Dear Lady Emily,

I am in a very penitent mood in consequence of having failed to write this letter yesterday, and hope that I may have pardon. My morning was rather broken up, and I postponed beginning the letter until after lunch. But ~~after~~ Morley and I gave a lunch to Read, Dobrée, Wheen and Hodgson, Dobrée and Read having come up to town expressly for the Criterion meeting in the evening; and after lunch - rather a long one - I found that Read had nothing to do and nowhere to go; and as I very rarely see him now that he is a Professor at Edinburgh, and shall not see him again for a year, I felt all the more obliged to devote the rest of the afternoon to him. I still hoped that I might be able to slip out of the party and write a few lines in my room: but that would have been rather conspicuous; new men kept coming in whom I had to speak to; and as it was the last meeting - at least, the last for a year that I shall attend - I was the further obliged. It went off very well, I think, and was one of the largest we have had; but I am feeling very tired after talking to so many people and drinking so much sherry, and not really in the humour to go to a picture exhibition this afternoon, and to a reception at Mrs. Stuart Moore's afterwards. (I invited Thorp to come last night, but he had another engagement).

I have no further news of any engagements in the West, or anywhere. I shall certainly not tie myself to dates during the Christmas period, until I have settled dates with you. I don't want to talk more than the minimum of times necessary to justify my appearance in California. It will be a great honour to be your guest at a dinner at Scripps (a small dinner, I trust). But the next step in my western arrangements depends upon you; and I trust that by October you will be able to tell me where you will be and when. I think that if I spend Christmas in Cambridge, leave the next day for St. Louis, I shall be ready to proceed further by January 1st, and await my orders.

I am a little uncertain where to address this; yesterday I would have posted to Trimmer Street, but I think (after studying your itinerary as well as I can) best to post now to New Bedford. I am glad you have had a visit in Castine; I know the place, and all that coast

pretty well, and I think there is nothing lovelier. And will you get any bathing and sailing while you are in New Bedford, I wonder?

I am sorry I never sent Mr. Austin Warren to see you, please forgive me; I suppose I did not think him very interesting, but he seemed an amiable and serious fellow. I was interested to hear your report of Frederick as a preacher, as I have never heard him. He is, I believe, very much liked by his congregation in St. Paul. He has recently adopted one (or two) small children. His wife, whom I hardly knew, struck me as rather dull.

As for my letters, they are your property, and their fate must be decided by you. I confess to a feeling of regret (not rising from vanity) if these poor testimonies of the most important matter in my life should perish altogether, though they obviously should be withheld from the public for a good many years - even apart from ourselves, there are, I think, and will continue to be, from time to time, references to quite outside people which could not discreetly or kindly appear during their lifetimes. But you may entrust them to Thorp, or to any person who has your confidence and whom you trust, providing (I suggest) that that person makes suitable provision for their disposition in the event of his or her sudden demise. I wonder if they would say "what dull letters he wrote!" or "why did he never let himself go, in his correspondence?"

I have thought of cremation myself, as both my father and my mother were cremated; and perhaps in that way I could be transported to be with their ashes in St. Louis. I had a prejudice against it until recently, but it is being increasingly practiced in the Church, and I believe even the Church of Rome is no longer wholly against it.

I hope during August, to be able to take things more easily, and give my time to outlining lectures. Perhaps my letters become duller as the approaching prospect of seeing you makes writing seem an unsatisfactory form of speech. Adieu, my dove.

Tom

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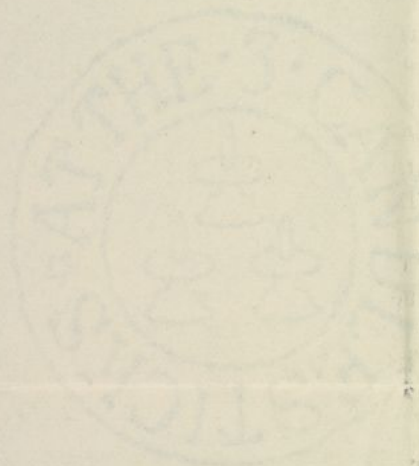
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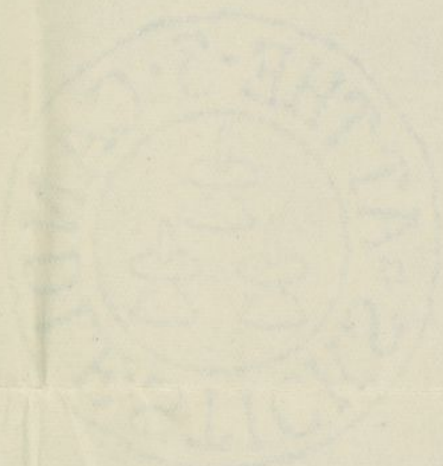
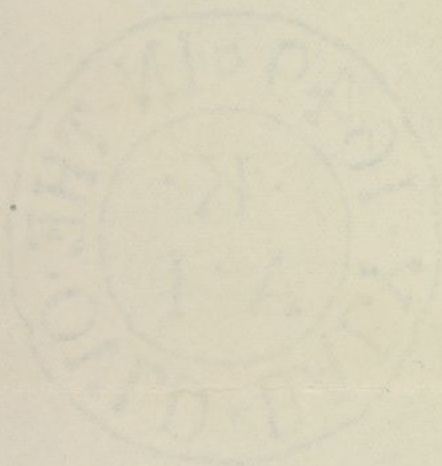
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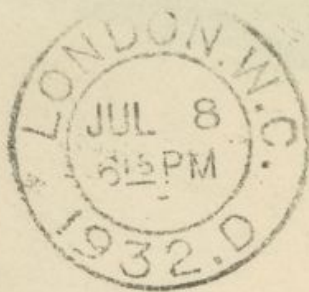
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July 20



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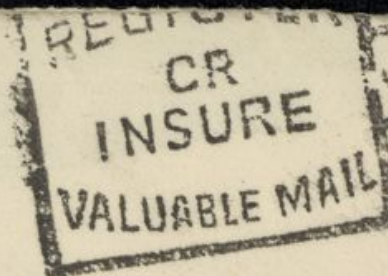
~~41. Bunner Street~~

C/o Miss Sylvia Thrope

~~47 Marlboro Terrace Boston Mass.~~

New Bedford

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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

8 July 1932.

My Dear,

It might be considered that by failing to write in time for the last mail I have forfeited my right to write by this mail again; but my excuse or pretext is, that being uncertain of your address at the moment when the mail arrives, I think I am entitled to write this to Brimmer Street, having sent the other to New Bedford. I hope that one at least will reach you promptly, and the other a day or two later.

London is stewing in heat again to-day, and makes me long all the more for my week on the Atlantic. I am sleepy and stupid. I am thankful to say that our visit to Oxford to Mrs. Cameron's is postponed, and I hope will never take place; Mrs. C. (née Bowen of Bownscourt, County Cork) is a very nice woman indeed; but to go down to Oxford in a very small car in the afternoon and return after dinner in the evening is no joke - about 115 miles. And the Criterion evenings always leave me pretty exhausted. August promises to be a quiet month, so far as one can foretell, as I have had no notice of any likely American visitors this year. I suppose they are mostly too poor. The Noyeses showed no signs of penury, but I imagine that Pa Noyes's property is all tied up for him by trustees in gilt-edged stock, which still pays interest, even if hardly saleable. I hope that your tiny income is well and safely invested. I shall do pretty well this coming year, with my lectures and the advance royalties on both sides for my Selected Essays, and in New York for my three (British) Broadcast talks on Dryden (I am not publishing it in England); but I shall have heavy expenses here, and Income Tax on both sides will take a great deal; so I shall be more than content if I can just pay up all my arrears and start afresh.

Furthermore, V. wants to move again, to take a flat, or share a house, in Bloomsbury. It is the Stracheys' house in Gordon Square. There are some great advantages: it is a pretty flat, and the square is beautiful, and many of her friends live near, and Philippa and Pernel Strachey who inhabit the lower part are most charming women, and there is an air of the highest respectability about it. And V. is so much a creature of environment that this environment would be very good for her - her own people being distinctly outsiders socially. On the other hand, there are some grave practical disadvantages about

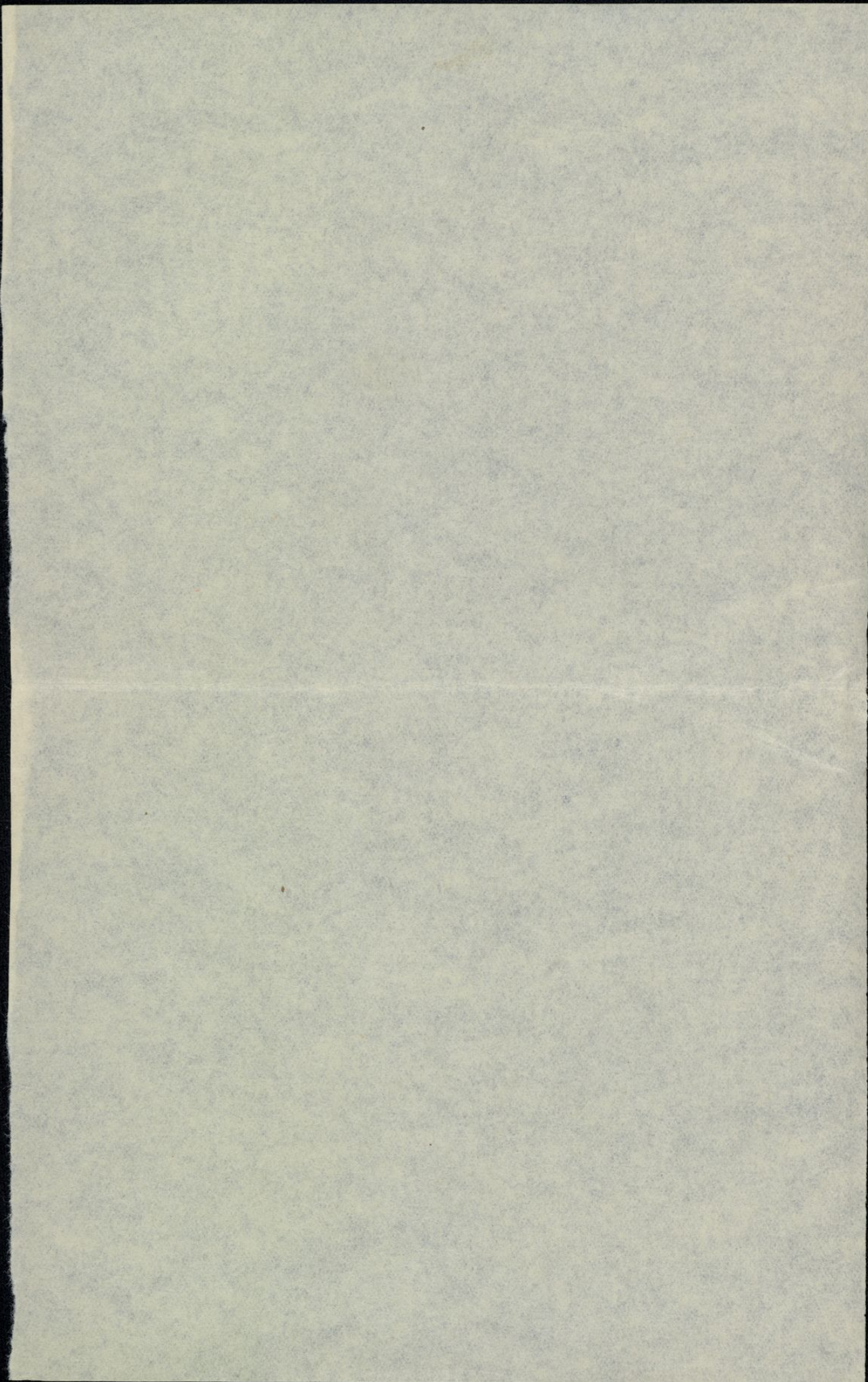
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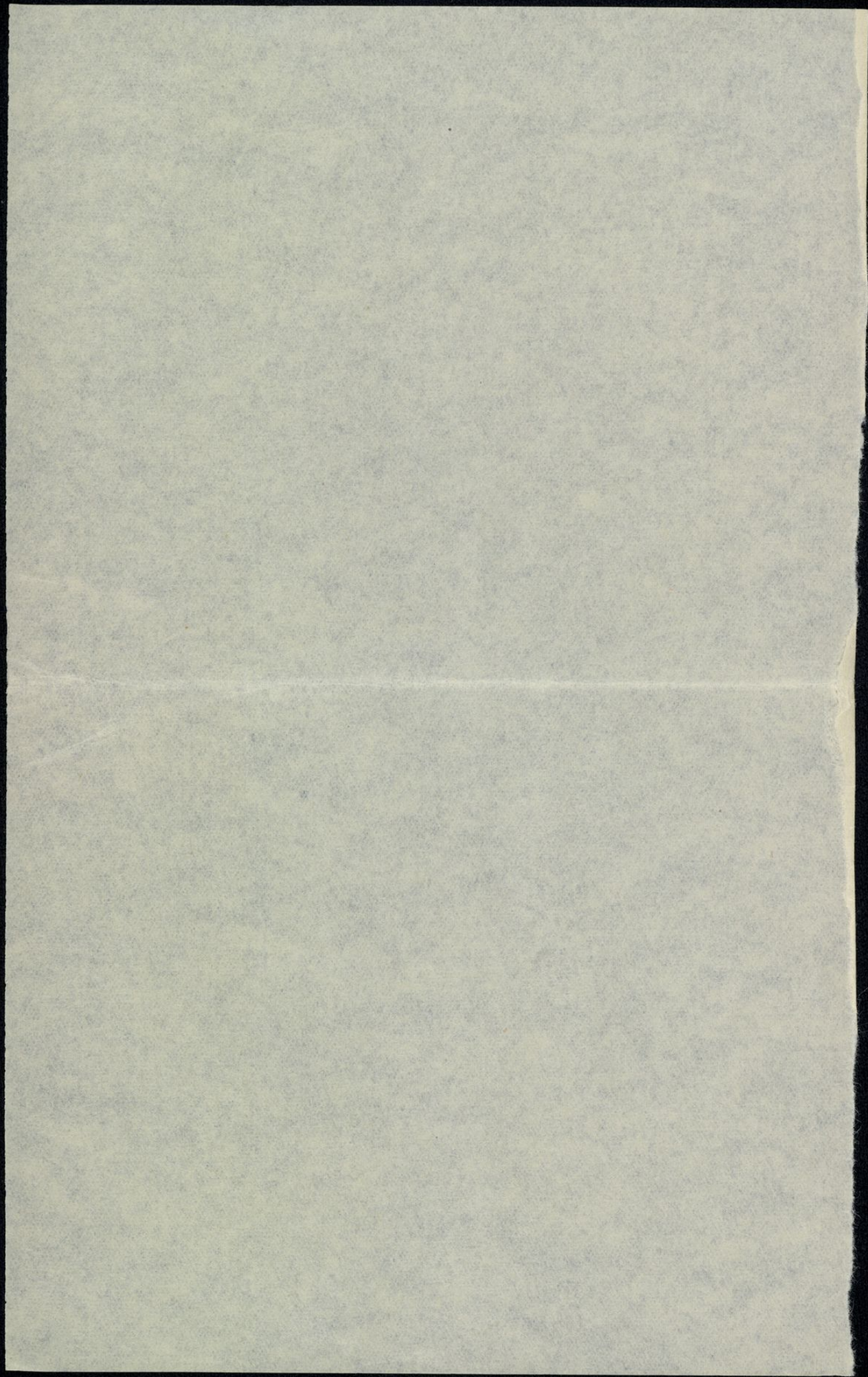
the flat itself. Philippa is eager to have us, and has met me on the subject of rent. I have stipulated (1) that the moving must be done after I leave and (2) that I must assign the lease of Clarence Gate Gardens before I sign the lease for another - I cannot be caught again with two residences on my hands, and (3) V. must do all the work of selling the present flat herself, as I haven't time.

I hope that the Permanent Wave is being tested by the Atlantic Waves: or perhaps ladies who are not shingled confine their heads in waterproof caps like aeronauts. In my time, ladies wore black stockings, skirts, long sleeves, possibly even cotton gloves; but I suppose that times have changed? I wish I could be bathing on the Maine coast myself; shall I be able to bathe in the Pacific? I should boast of that, and join the Travellers' Club on the strength of it. You will have to tell me what the climate is: if I go from St. Louis to California, and thence to St. Paul, I expect I shall want every variety of clothing. I shall buy a small kodak, and take innumerable photographs of you.

De tout mon coeur, where Emilie -

Tom







July 29

Miss Emily Hale,
~~of~~ % Miss Sylvia Knowles,
47 Moreland Terrace,
New Bedford Mass.

U.S.A.

T.S.S.

24 Russell Square

London W.C.1

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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

12 July 1932.

My dear Lady,

No letter by this morning, and I do not expect one this week; for I must allow, not only for the further delay from seaside or country places, but for your not having, while on visits, the leisure or privacy to write letters when you otherwise would. Yet I am always more anxious about you when you are moving about - not that I visualise any particular risks of railway accidents! - and am the more painfully aware of how little there would be to attach me to this world, beyond just the sense of duty, if you were out of it. I shall certainly expect irregular communications from you between now and the end of August, and then silence for nearly a month, when I hope it will quickly be broken by hearing your voice on a telephone. After the beginning of September, it is possible that I may not be able to take enough time here to write more than half a dozen words; but I should like to send a brief anonymous wire on my arrival in Montreal.

Since I wrote last, Saturday and Monday have been very full days. On Saturday we motored out to tea at the James Stephens's - they live in a remote northern suburb. Mrs. Stephens had given me directions for the most complicated route, so that I lost the way twice; it was a sweltering day, and by the time we arrived there was not much left of me but bones & perspiration. Found rather a large party, all complete strangers, except Alida Monro, in the garden. Mostly Irish or theatrical or both - Sara Allgood for instance. Stephens's son has a walking-on part and two lines in a play which has just ended its run; and two or three of the actors in that were present: two Germans, including one Walter Janssen who was the leading man in the play ("Hocus-Pocus" it was called; the author was there too, a long lean grey man named Austin Page, of whom I had never heard). After tea a few turns: Sara Allgood recites very prettily, the German sang Hamburg sailors(songs to a guitar, and one of the Irish ladies sang Spanish songs to the same. My great experience came at the end; when the elderly lady just mentioned came up to me earnestly, and said: "I should like to know how you pronounce your name: is it Leon M. Lion (giving an English pronunciation) or Léon M. Lion (French pr.)". As I had been compelled, much against my will, to read a part of The Waste Land (I hate reading my own verse to strangers), it was all

the more poignant. Leon M. Lion (but you probably have heard of him) is one of the best known theatrical producers in London, and had produced the play in question.

We left with Alida, and then I discovered that they had pressed on V. tickets for the performance of "Hocus-Pocus": and as it was the leading actor, and as young Stephens was in the play, she had not wanted to refuse - or perhaps she wanted to go. Anyway, Alida and I didn't, but there was nothing for it: we got back at 7 and had to leave for the Garrick Theatre at 8. If you ever hear of the play being produced in America, let me tell you that it is the Worst I can remember having seen. The only thing in its favour was a High Moral Tone, and that is something nowadays. It was a play about a struggling German artist in London, of course of immense genius, living in a garret; all the usual jokes about poor artists, dunned by his landlady, comic bailiff, everything complete; a successful exhibition is finally arranged by the rich young lady who thought she could paint until the Master told her (not knowing, of course, that the picture was by her, for he was the most kindhearted man breathing) that she couldn't; she immediately adores him and eventually marries him. I had a bet of sixpence with Alida that she wouldn't marry him, or rather that he, being poor and humble, would make the Great Renunciation; but I lost the sixpence. All the beautiful phrases possible were used: "poor little rich girl", and "you are the eternal Eve" and (as a consolation for her painting so very badly) "your rôle in life is to BE a Mother!" I must add that the Janssen played the part very well indeed. I won one bet, however, though there was no money on it; when he sang songs with a guitar in the garden I was sure that he would sing songs with a guitar in the play, and he did: one at the beginning, and one at the end. Do you remember a play in America that had a great run once, called "The Music Master"? It was on exactly the same level. And of course, there were some comic American millionaires buying pictures. I am depressed about the stage! But there is one play going which I do want to see, called "Evensong"; I believe it is also a very bad play, but that Edith Evans makes something magnificent out of her part, this time a tragic one. I believe that she and you can take very similar rôles.

On Sunday afternoon I had two very welcome hours alone in the flat, after which Hodgson, Aurelia and the dog Pickwick arrived, and we went on to supper at Mrs. Haigh-Wood's. On Monday V. had a large tea party: fifteen people, but they were not all there at once for long. Some of the usual people: Ottoline, Mrs. Cameron, Hope Mirrlees (whom I do like very much) Mrs. Julian Huxley (Swiss French, but looks thoroughly English), Mark Gertler, the Ivor Richards's, Erich Alpert, and a few others. I wam back for it about five, and it went

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

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on until seven.

Tonight we must dine with the Fabers.

I think that V.'s impressions of a play are always very vague, partly owing to her inability to concentrate on anything, and partly to the fact that her liking the play or not is conditioned by whether she is in a mood to enjoy it beforehand; as her responses seem wholly uncritical, and she usually comes away with a quite mistaken notion of the plot and of the characters.

Now I go to lunch with Wystan Auden - I gave you his first book of poems, didn't I? I am rather sleepy, because I got up very early for Mass: but unless I go at least twice a week to Low Mass I feel rather as I do when I have missed my bath.

My dear Lamb, I hope to hear next week that you have been resting, and getting Brown, and in congenial company.

Tom

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NEW YORK

11 MONTHS

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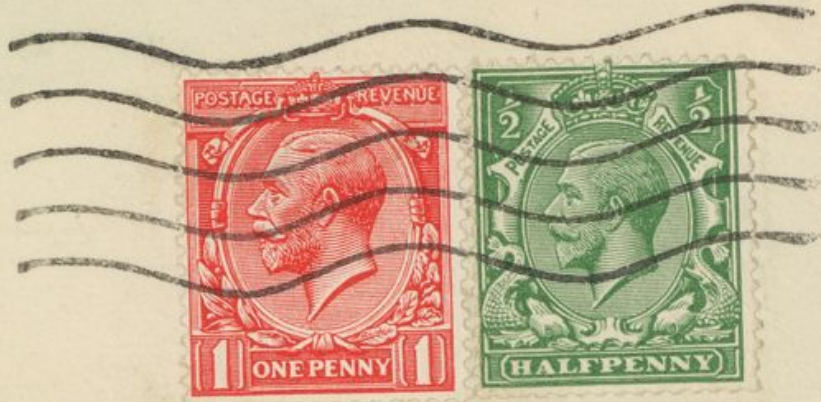
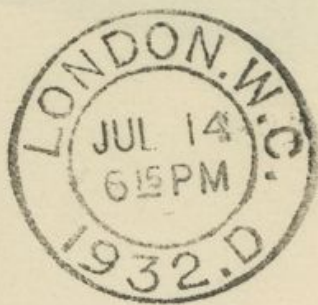
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July 29

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Miss Sylvia Knowles,

47 Morelands Terrace,

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.,

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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAP, WESTCENT, LONDON

My dear Lady,

14 July 1932.

I am writing this afternoon (Thursday) instead of Tomorrow, because we had our committee meeting yesterday and so I am free, and because I may be rather rushed in the morning tomorrow, and do not know about the afternoon. We have Mrs. Stuart Moore and Force Stead (the chaplain of Worcester, from Virginia, whom I think I have mentioned before) to lunch. It was a great and happy surprise to get your dear letter of July 4th, from Castine, this morning: one would think that the mails are quicker from Castine than from Boston; for no letter has ever reached me from Boston in less than ten days.

Thank you for atoning about "Bubu": it is now my turn to apologise. I do not in the least mind your having been disgusted by the book (perhaps I am rather glad) though I feel that there is a kind of Christian charity shining through it which makes the subject matter possible; but I have read books which disgusted me, and I know what it feels like; and I am sorry to have inflicted disgust upon you, especially at the wrong time. As well as our personal struggles with ourselves, I suppose that all sensitive persons from time to time have nightmares; and occasionally I feel life as essentially so horrible and disgusting that it is nearly madness. That is wrong of course; but there is only one remedy, prayer and meditation.

But on a more superficial plane than that, there are great differences between people in what, in the way of literature etc., does disgust them. Some people are disgusted by Restoration Comedy, while Wycherley's "Country Wife" seems to me most delightful and innocent fun - and rather sombre too. Rabelais, and "Ulysses" seem to me perfectly clean - what does disturb me in the latter work is a kind of perverted Christian faith which horrifies and profoundly saddens me. But the majority in the present world has so far lost any Christian sensibility that it is simply incapable of noticing these things in "Ulysses": it can only see a few "obscene words". "Ulysses" seems to me on a level with the last book of Gulliver's Travels, which is I think the saddest book I have ever read. What does disgust me is the prurient: much of contemporary fiction and drama, which no one seems to question; a great deal that appears in the cheaper

daily press; and many films - especially, I fear, the salacious ones are apt to be American; but as they appear to be as popular here as in America, that is no reason for the English to feel superior. So I am not very happy about things, for I believe that nothing but orthodox, and ascetic, Christianity can counteract such tendencies; and the orthodox and ascetic Christians are not likely to be more than a small and peculiar people.

As to the other matter on which I have been "snubbed", I can hardly complain of missing what I did not expect! I was merely expressing myself, so to speak. I am glad the new coiffure is a success, but don't leave it too long before the next wave: everybody knows that! I used even, in my salad days, when I was still young, very foolish, and very unhappy, to make up myself for evening parties: I had a peculiar green powder I got in Paris, which under artificial light gave a corpse-like effect which had a great success. But that was in the days when I used to go to Lady Rothermere's and Lady Cunard's parties, and such like: and all that is much less real to me now than my childhood and youth are.

I had not forgotten, madam, that there is a Yosemite Park; I could not remember whether it was a preserve for Bears, like the Yellowstone or a beauty spot like the Grand Canyon; but I am afraid I did think that it was somewhere down in Arizona or New Mexico instead of Southern California. Anyway, I should like very much to see it if you were there to be seen in it. As I have said, I should like to reach the Far West in the first week in January; in February I must be back in Cambridge (shall I be going to the more middle-aged dances I wonder - I haven't danced for ten years - and to Skating Club carnivals?)

Thank you for your information about Penelope; at one moment I thought she might think more than that I had heard from Eleanor (from whom, indeed, I hear very rarely); but I am sure you are right. I am glad that so far you have not yet confided in the Hinkleys, though I realise how difficult and strained that must often make your conversation with them, and some day or other the reserve may be relaxed. But I feel that with all their worldliness - it is a kind of innocent worldliness - their experience of life is very restricted, and their standards conventional: more conventional than Moral, I am tempted to say when thinking of Barbara - that may sound unkind and harsh; if so, please forgive me: I know that to most people Barbara's history would appear perfectly correct. (I know that the world being as it is, one must not apply orthodox rules of conduct to pagan people, beyond a point: and indeed, among my acquaintance are some of utterly different codes than mine - among my young men, I know even one or two who are frankly inverted - but I try to consider them dispassionately and sympathise with them in spite of that). How parenthetical this paragraph has become. After I have been in Cambridge for some time, how-

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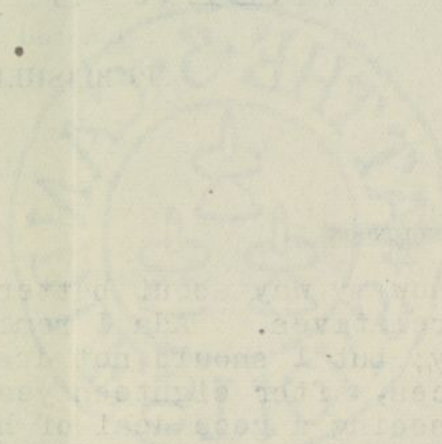
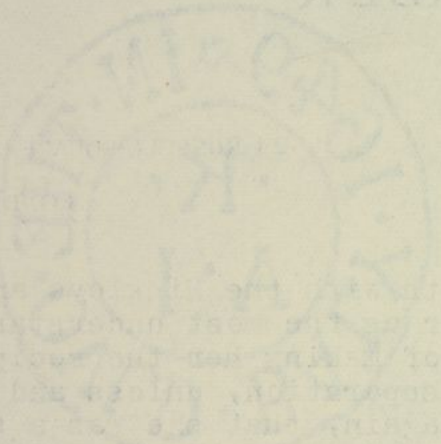
ever, I shall know my way about better both with the Hinkleys and with my nearer relatives. Ada I remember as the most understanding of all my family; but I should not dream of making her the recipient of any confidences, after eighteen years separation, unless and until I found, after seeing a good deal of her again, that she was a suitable person. That is one thing I wonder about: how easy or difficult I shall find it to resume the old contacts. From some of my men friends I shall no doubt feel very distant; though with Harold Peters, whom I saw last summer, the estrangement was happily much less than I anticipated. I think it was clever of you, however, to suggest to them that you wanted to arrange a Western tour for me. I hope I may manage my rôle as well as you do yours!

I am happy to think, my dear, that the visit to Castine has been a success, and that the visit to New Bedford is likely to be so. (Of course, Miss Katie Spencer is a snob and a chatterbox, and I do not take her too seriously; but she does amuse me in moderate quantities, and I think she is kindhearted although so gossipy). (Here ~~ix~~ I was interrupted by Mr. Geoffrey Biddulph on the telephone). I think you will be very wise not to cut your vacation up into little bits, even if it means sacrificing an old friend like Penelope. You must be a little selfish furthermore, and consider first, not which are your oldest friends or those who have the most claim upon you, or even those you like the best: but first of all which are the most restful to stay with. Some of the nicest people are the most tiring hosts, fussing and wanting to occupy you all the time. And then you need a little time, please, to write to me, because I am not to expect any letters from you after September 1st, and that means your stopping writing from the moment you leave for the West.

Oh, I can understand your apprehension of the long isolated winter among strangers in a strange land and climate: and I am almost ashamed at my feeling of happiness in anticipation: but after I have been to California and returned to the East shall I have anything to look forward to in life? But I do not imagine as far ahead as that.

Tom Tom.

FABER & FABER



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over, I shall know... I found... I think it is... I hope I may... I am sorry to think...

I am sorry to think... I hope I may... I am sorry to think... I am sorry to think...

of, I can understand... I am almost... I have... I have...

Handwritten signature or initials at the bottom left of the page.

July 29



Miss Emily Hale.

To Miss Sylvia Knowles,

47 Morelands Terrace,

New Bedford

U.S.A.

Mass.

T.S.E.

24 Russell Square
London W.C.1

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

19 July 1932.

My dear Lady,

I reckon that you are probably in New Bedford now, and hope that two letters already directed there have reached ~~you~~ you. The time for my departure seems very near; I calculate that I have still fourteen or possibly fifteen letters to write to you from London, and I may hope for seven from you (or six) if you time your last letter, as I suggest, to reach me about September 1st. My anxieties are not yet relieved, as V. has not yet heard definitely from her friend Lucy Thayer that she will come over to stay with her, and even if she does, we do not know whether she can get here before I leave. If this falls through, V. will have to put up with a paid companion - not a trained nurse, but any woman of suitable character and degree who will always be with her at night, and not always during the day. It is really much more difficult to find the right person than if she actually needed professional care.

I am rather embarrassed by a letter just received from my sister Margaret (I doubt if you have ever met her, though she lives in Cambridge?) suggesting that she would like to come back to England with me for a visit. If it had been any other sister I should have rejoiced, but Margaret has been most of her life a nervous invalid, and is distinctly eccentric; and having led the life of a recluse for many years I do not know what I could do with her in London. She has, or had, a much stronger brain than V.'s, but has some of the same familiar symptoms, hypochondria, self-centredness; and I am rather appalled at the prospect of having two nervous invalids to deal with at once. I suppose it is a tossup whether they sympathised with each other in all their failings, or whether they regarded each other as impostors. That's all a long way ahead, but I am wondering what to say to Margaret now. As I have not seen her for eighteen years, I cannot possibly decide.

I am tired, as I drove down to Hindhead (about forty miles each way) to spend the weekend with V.'s mother, who is staying at a hotel there for a few weeks. You know how I loathe motoring (I should never willingly go anywhere by car if a train would do) and V. was rather more trying than usual. Fortunately, she took Aurelia Bolliger with her, who is a dear little thing with the sweetest of tempers and the determination to enjoy herself if possible; and that relieved the si-

FABER

tuation. No accidents occurred, only aslight disorder as the result of losing the way out from Putney and suddenly finding ourselves back in Hammersmith Broadway instead of Kingston where we should have been; and there is some very fine scenery around Hindhead - the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl" is as beautiful and savage as it should be, and all faintly purple with the first bloom of heather.

And to-day I have to go back before lunch and fetch V. to lunch with our "Robert Sencourt" at the English Speaking Union.

There seems to be no American mail (at least for me) yet this week, so I still hope that I may have a letter tomorrow. I want to know something of the life my Emily is leading in New Bedford: are you right in the town, or on the sea? Do you get any bathing and sailing? do you like sailboats as much as I do? I know very little about the South Shore. As I remember, my New Bedford relatives, or some of them, used to go to Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard for the summer.

I looked in after tea yesterday at the Woolfs, where I found also Mrs. Cameron. Virginia had an amusing account of having gone to dinner with Mrs. Furze (one of John Addington Symonds' daughters) and there having met Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston. Apparently he was almost incredibly what he should be. He explained at once what a Cabot was (I added that the original Cabots were Italian immigrants in the sixteenth century) and that his wife was a Lowell. Virginia then told him that her godfather was James Russell Lowell, and immediately shot up like a rocket in his estimation. But is there much of such parochial snobbery (and rather poor taste too) in Boston? If I have to cope with much of that I know I shall put my foot through something sooner or later.

I feel now that whether I work or rest, it is all one, I shall be under an increasing strain until the 17th of September arrives and there is a hundred yards of water between the ship and the shore. Au revoir, Western Star.

Tom

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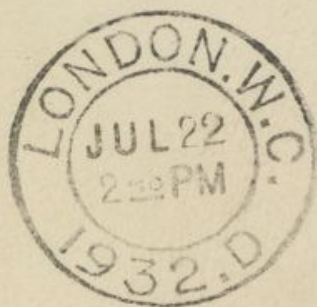
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LONDON, W.C.

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TELEPHONE: 4011



Aug 5



Miss Emily Hale,
% Miss Sylvia Knowles,
47 Howlands Terrace
New Bedford Mass.
USA

P.S.E.

24 Russell Square

London W.C. 1

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

22 July 1932.

Dear Lady,

I have only half an hour to write this morning. After waiting all the week I was much relieved by getting your letter of July 12th. It was a very dear letter, and seemed to me a happier one than usual; but perhaps that is only because it made me happy. I am glad to know that you have had two letters from me; I had feared that with your travelling about and the change of addresses some of my letters might be delayed, and thus give a temporary impression of negligence on my part.

Well, my dear, we must see that you have a Dog as soon as you can be freed from the academic treadmill. I felt sure, somehow, that you would like to have one, but I did not know how very conscious you were of the desire. Where I shall be in two years I don't know; it would be nicest if I could bring you a dog, or get you one on the spot; so that I could feel that it had been my dog first! and that he (or she, there is a good deal to be said for the shes) carried something from me to you; but in any case please promise me that I may be allowed to give you the dog, even though I may not see it first.

reach

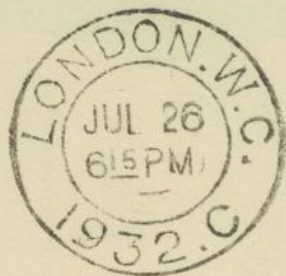
My last news from you will ~~reach~~ me, as I suggested, about September 1st, so I suppose the letter will be written just before you leave for Seattle. (I hope, by the way, that the Perkins's will ask me to come to see them sometimes in Boston). I am glad that Mrs. Perkins will go to Claremont with you for a few days. My boat, the Ausonia (Cunard) reaches Montreal on the 25th of September (I am Tourist Third); and it would be a very happy omen for me if I found a birthday letter awaiting me - and another at Eliot House! As I have not made any definite engagements yet, you may be sure that I shall not do so before I arrive, and then, only after consulting you. I only want just enough, during that holiday period, to pay my way (or partly so) and justify in appearance my gadding about the country so far. And it would not be worth considering if it did not give me a few consecutive days of complete relaxation. I did not promise to be in St. Paul on Jan. 12th; and I might just be able to get to Seattle before you left, and then come down the coast as you suggest, giving two or three lectures ending up at Scripps.

FABER & FABER

I have no time to write more now. For your wise advice and criticism, great thanks; I will reply to that, as well as giving any small news I have, next week. God bless you for your kindness, dove my dear.

Tom

[Faint, mirrored bleed-through text from the reverse side of the page, including phrases like "I have no time to write more now" and "God bless you for your kindness, dove my dear."]



Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Miss Sylvia Knowles,

47 Morelands Terrace,

NEW BEDFORD Mass.,

U.S.A.

bus Aug. 11

T.S.E.

24 Russell Square,

London W.C.1.

THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

26 July 1932.

Chère Emile,

I am finding it very difficult to get the time, or to concentrate sufficiently when I have any time, to do any work upon lectures. (I looked in at the London Library to-day after lunching at the club with Richmond, to see if they had any biographical material about C.E.Norton, so that I might make a "graceful reference" in the first lecture, and found nothing at all. I am sure that I have read an essay by Henry James somewhere). The trouble is that until V.'s arrangements are definite I feel very unsettled. She has heard from Lucy Thayer, who seems to ~~have~~ be very uncertain about coming, and cannot get here until October anyway, so that some one else will have to be provided for an interim at best.

I am not not quite sure that I quite understood all of your admonitions, though the general trend is clear. Do you think that I have allowed myself to get into a wasteful round of fatiguing and not wholly congenial activity, which is spoiling my general usefulness? Got into it either to drug myself, or avoid a greater effort, or from a gentle weakness of purpose? As for past years, I am quite aware of having, through weakness, strangeness, and slowness to mature, wasted time in the activities of a frivolous society; I do not regret that now, because the past, once one is conscious of it and detached from it, can be material of experience of which one can make use towards wisdom. But what is much more important than that, I admit that for the last few years I have been dissatisfied with the life I live - I am no longer young enough to profit by acquiring and accumulating experience of society - any society; and have reached a mental age when more solitude, more opportunity for meditation and continued thought becomes vital. I certainly welcomed the invitation to America - and the inevitability of accepting it - because I had been searching for some compromise in a way of life which might enable me to satisfy the minimum of spiritual needs; and this seemed to promise a very positive break with the past. My problem while I am there is to insist on keeping the demands, and the pleasant temptations, of the external world - the temptation of social activity and immediate "usefulness" - in their place; and so begin to build up a habit of life which will make it impossible to live in the future exactly the same life that I have been living in the immediate past. It seems to me, as a practical detail, that I shall have to be able to retire from time to time, pretty of-

ten, by myself - either in monasteries, or in foreign sojourns - I also need to visit friends by myself, so as to be able to retain a normality of attitude towards other human beings. It must be confessed that the strain of living with anyone, and in their constant company, who feels no need for solitude or any internal life, but rather only the need to escape from it among varied people - for whom solitude and internal life can mean only self-centred brooding in contrast to which social activity and dissipation (in the mildest sense) means health - this is very great.

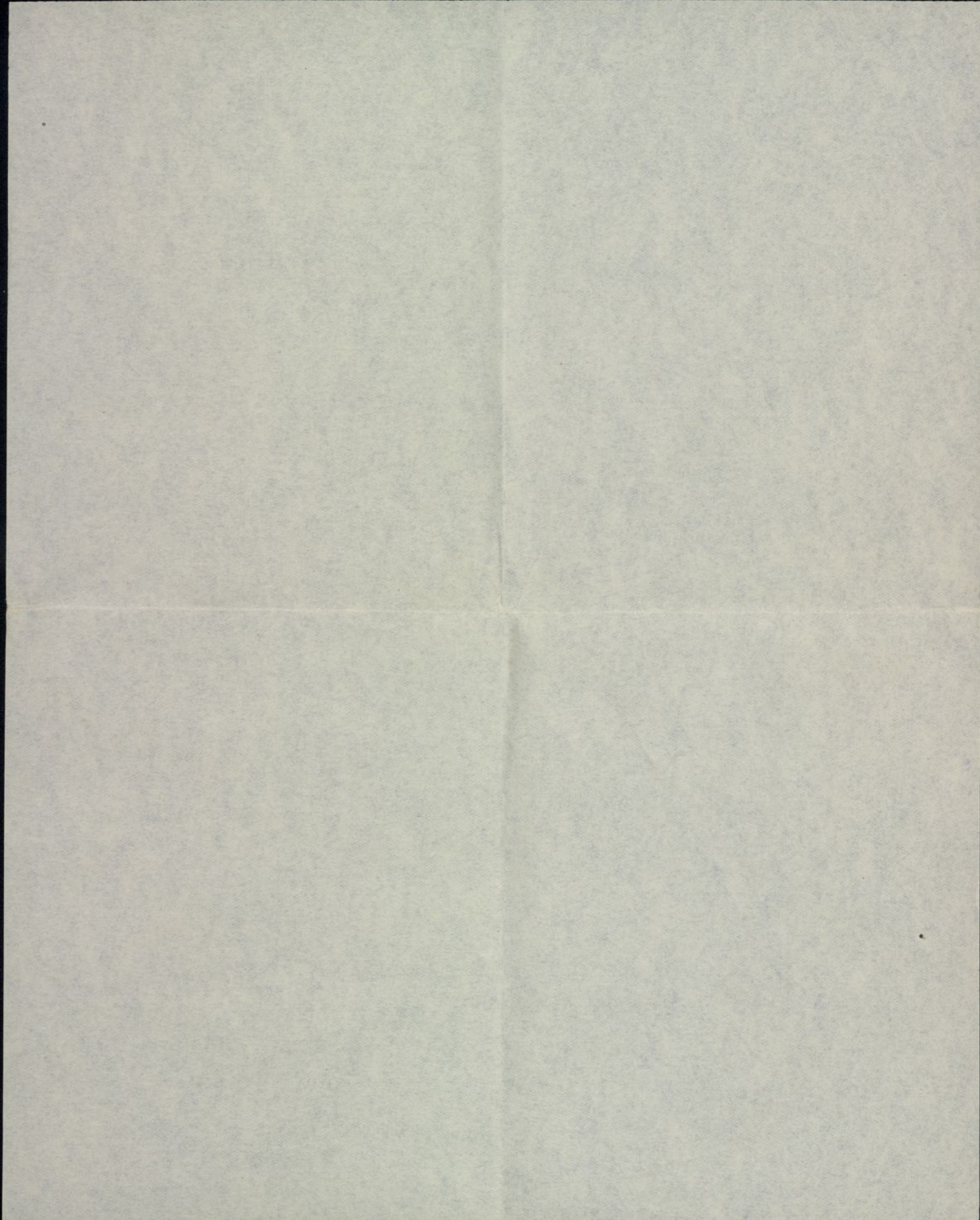
But after all, I am compelled to admit that my important difficulties, I know, are not in my circumstances so much as in my own nature. If you knew, my dear, the daily struggle with myself, the hard struggle towards the resignation which makes for cheerful contented activity, against day-dreams, sloth, the torment of the body, against the torpid temptation to believe that I am merely living in a prison cell and can do nothing except to watch one day and one night pass into another. I had already my notions of what I should aim at; you have helped me very much in strengthening my desire towards that end: I should so much like to become a man whom you could unreservedly admire!

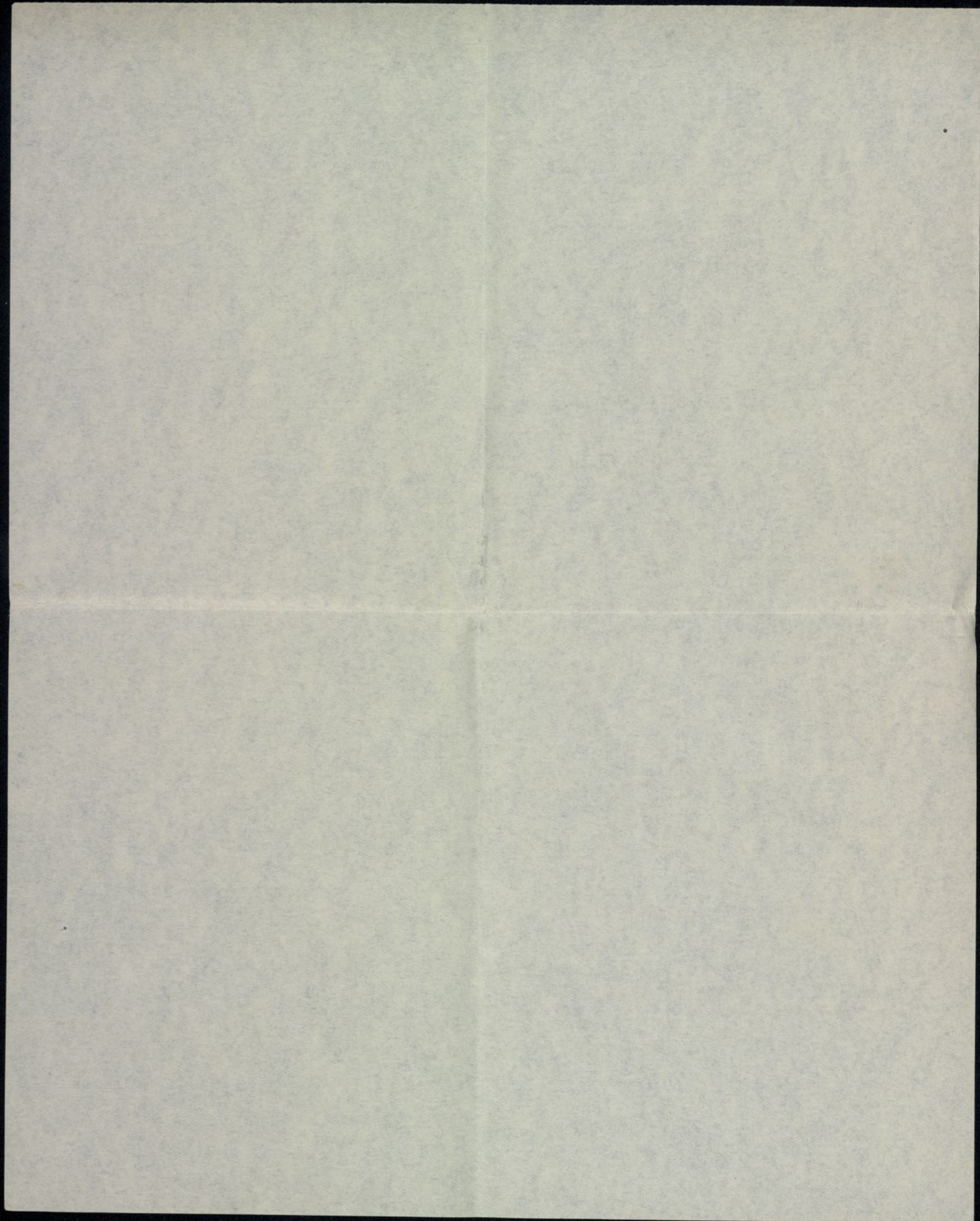
All about myself. The sweet peas in England say nothing to me, because they have lost their scent, if they ever had it; and the scent of sweet peas is the loveliest in the world. But I am glad they have it not, for it would be too disturbing to me; I shall imagine it from the sweet peas which you put "upon my desk" the other day.

A la bonne heure, et à la prochaine fois.

Ton

Tom



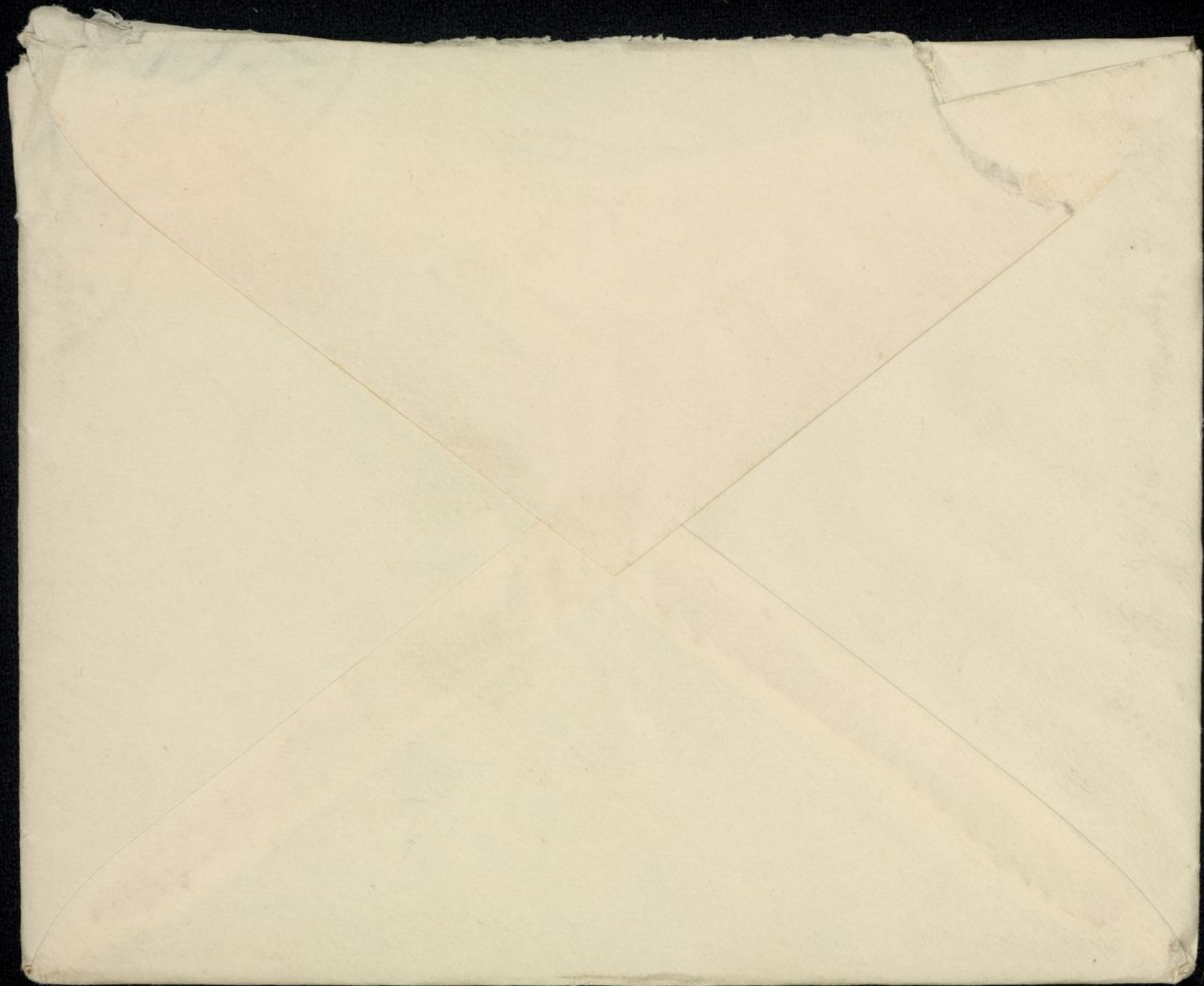


ans Aug. 4



Miss Emily Hale,
c/o Miss Sylvia Knowles,
47 Morelands Terrace,
New Bedford
Mass.

U.S.A.



THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

29th July 1932.

My dear friend

Your long letter of the 20th was on my table this morning - very good time, isn't it, from New Bedford - it must have gone straight to New York. I arrived late, and just had time to read it, and nothing else, before I left early for my last confession with Fr. Underhill - I mean my last this year (he is to be Dean of Rochester now, but will come up to town for his regular penitents) and lunch with him and his sister (who is to keep house for him in Rochester); then back here to spend the first hour of the afternoon with Dermot Morrah (an Irishman, Fellow of All Souls') discussing his detective story which we are to publish - such details as a likely name for an American millionaire (I demurred at Otis Y. Van Dritten and Luther P. Lewstein, and suggested slight alterations to put them right; whether the American gunmen should belong to the University of Cambridge (the novel is laid in Oxford) - Morley was for making them Rhodes Scholars, but Cambridge finally got them - etc. etc. V. has gone to "Walzes from Vienna" with her New York sister in law, so I have the afternoon to myself. And Robert Sencourt is staying with us for a few days - not, unfortunately, over the Bank Holiday (Thank heaven this is my last Bank Holiday in England for a year).

Before I forget it, I am glad that you have made that correction about Willard Thorp - I think you did mention him as somehow to go through them and to make any extracts possible of general enough and impersonal enough character to give out, but I have not time to get out your letters and search for the passage now, and it doesn't matter. I thought perhaps you had come to know Willard perhaps almost as well as Margaret, and his being a Professor of English etc. You are, of course, to do exactly what pleases you best with what is your own property: either course, to entrust them to Margaret or to send them to Geoffrey (not Gerald!) Faber to add to my collection of papers for the Bodleian (By the way, I have said nothing about publication, I only made the stipulation that my papers should not be opened (in the MSS. collection of the Bodleian) for fifty years. I have already given the Bodleian a few manuscripts of poems, but that sort of donation I make through Sir Michael Sadler, the Master of Univ.

I do not however agree that a husband needs share a trust given to a wife, or vice versa, at all. In this instance, it might or might not matter (and whatever you stipulated, I am sure she would

carry out faithfully. But I do not admit the principle, which affirms in effect that one cannot be the friend of one member without being equally the friend of the other. I know several couples whom I know equally well, both man and wife; but I do not always want to see them together; I can be a little different with either alone and sometimes can entrust different confidences to each. And I do not approve of husbands and wives opening each other's letters as a matter of course, for there might always be some confidence which the writer would not want given to any third party. And I think any husband or wife who objected to this rule would be intolerable.

No, Gordon Square is in Bloomsbury - only a few paces from my office. My window gives upon Woburn Square, and when the trees are leafless I can just see across it into Gordon Square. That is a disadvantage from my point of view, to live so near my work; and I don't specially want to spend all my time in Bloomsbury. And No. 51 means the very heart of "Bloomsbury society" - which means primarily the Stracheys and Stephens, second those who have married Stracheys and Stephens, and third a few outsiders like myself, or Francis Birrell, or Hope Mirrlees, or Roger Fry or Lowes Dickinson. It is true that our flat is rather vulgar, drab and dreary, and is very ill lighted; but on the other hand V. is used to the place, knows all the porters, liftgirls etc., and it is very handy for getting to her mother's house, and is much more comfortable than Gordon Square upper parts; and I think, safer.

It appears now likely that her American friend will come, but not until about October 1st, which leaves a fortnight to provide for. What I am nervous about in any event is V.'s behaviour at the moment of my leaving - whether she will do everything in her power to prevent me etc. Once I have gone, I believe (and so does Dr. Miller, whom I saw the other day) that she would pick up very quickly and perhaps enjoy herself thoroughly. She has never had a definite separation before - I have always been get-at-able, and the result is of course unpredictable; but I believe that Dr. Miller hopes that she may get on so well as not to want me back, much, when the time comes.

I am glad to have "Morelands Terrace" verified by a printed envelope, and to know that my letters reach it safely. The name sounds so much more like Kensington or Dayswater than a New England town, that I could hardly believe that ^{you} had read your hand rightly. It sounds very pleasant and restful. You must have had an arduous week of packing, and any tearing up of roots is depressing, whatever one anticipates. I am glad therefore that you do look forward to your suite at Scripps - will it be bedroom, sitting room and bathroom, at least? - and am I to address letters in future to Professor Hale (I certainly shall as retaliation if you address me as Professor Eliot). So you will learn to drive; that is a good thing to know how to do; but I hope you will always be very cautious, not be tempted by the pleasures of speed, and remember that however carefully you drive there are always a lot of reckless fools, drunk or sober, on the road as well.

I must get out your previous letters from Seattle, and remind myself of the address. And how long, pray, does it take to send a letter from Boston to California by Air Mail?

I must stop now. I should like to see photographs of the summer dresses on you (and why haven't you worn any for years?). If I presented you with a small kodak, when I come, could I get you to get yourself photographed for me from time to time? I am really a little feverish these days, and shall not return to normal until I find myself in full Atlantic.

A toi mon coeur,

Tom

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This shot says

"Please see me!"



