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Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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

Ans Aug. 11

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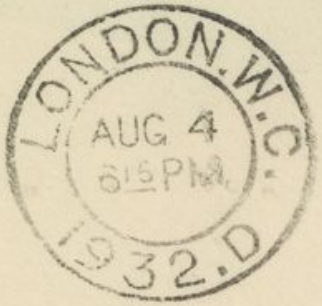
24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Chère Emilie

2 August 1932.

O dear, I have had to leave myself with but five minutes this day. I shall write A letter tomorrow morning; but this is to account for myself with an "Adsum" in case this is the last missive to reach you at New Bedford. I shall continue to write there this week and thereafter to Seattle. Je reste en assez bonne morale, mais je te ~~xxxx~~ supplie de prier pour moi.

tout Tom



Aug. 23

Miss Emily Hale,

~~care of Miss Sylvia Knowles,~~

~~47 Morelands Terrace,~~

~~NEW BEDFORD,~~ Massachusetts,

41 Brimmer St

Boston

U.S.A.

NEW BEDFORD
AUG 15
5 PM
1932
MASS.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

4 August 1932.

Dearest Lady

I might perhaps first catch up with the small social events of the last week. (I shall not apologise further for my scrappy note of Tuesday, as I shall assume henceforth that you know that it is much more painful for me to be reduced to writing such a brief message than it can be for you to receive it). On Saturday we went to tea with a Mr. and Mrs. Herbert in Kensington. All I know about them is that we met them at the Stuart Moores, that Mr. H. was is a retired Curator of Manuscripts in the British Museum, that Mrs. H. is an extremely Kensingtonian lady who writes popular novels, and that she is the mother of Ivy Litvinoff the wife of the Bolshevik Minister for Foreign Affairs. They are obviously poor but cultivated, in a very small flat indeed. And there I met a young Grigson, an amiable journalist, with a pretty little wife, who is the daughter of some old friends of my sister Marion's in St.Louis and was born in Vandeventer Place. If all young St.Louis women are like her, then they have very pleasant voices and are pleasant and attractive: it was odd to meet one of the next generation from my native town - and I am filled with curiosity to learn what St.Louis will be like.

On Monday an equally interesting social encounter. Our Robert Sencourt, who has been staying with us, met at Lady Burghclere's an Elizabeth Norton, daughter of Charles E., who expressed some interest, and consequently came in to see us on Monday evening (the Bank Holiday weekend having passed off not too unpleasantly without any long motor drives - I suppose you have mastered the mysteries of double-declutching and reversing by now?). She is the first one of the Norton family whom I have met - somewhere about sixty, I should say - and I liked her and was rather proud of her: she is intelligent, humorous, very perceptive, and quite a woman of the world, dislikes bores, is (quite disconcertingly for me) an Episcopalian, unpretentious, and altogether of good breeding. It is always a satisfaction to me to like my relatives (and I do, nearly all) whether near or remote; and this one (who knew about as little about me as anyone could know) seemed to have an immediate and kindly perception of the domestic situation.

On Tuesday to tea to Miss Dormer's (another elderly friend of Robert's) where was Father Burdett (brother of Lady Gwyer who was for-

merely the Gwyer of Faber & Gwyer the predecessor of Faber & Faber) whom I knew already. ~~Yesterday~~ In the evening a number of people came in - the James Stephens's, Robert Speaight the actor, Hope Mirrlees: I found that very fatiguing, as I find Stephens always fatiguing - he is such a "brilliant talker", and one of those very quickwitted persons who can talk without more than half meaning anything they say - and I am one of those slow minded people who cannot bear to make any remark that they do not wholly mean: a good deal of poetry was read or recited. I decided that Stephens is a poet in a sense in which I am not and never could be - he is so interested in poetry and not really seriously in anything else - and I can only be interested in poetry in so far as I am interested in a lot of other things. Yesterday I had lunch for the last time with Ralph Hodgson - Morley, who appreciates Hodgson, came too - at Ridgway's in Piccadilly - later, to Hope Mirrlees' to tea, where were Father Thurston S.J. and Francis Birrell; in the evening a farewell to Hodgson and Aurelia.

Hodgson is leaving to-day, and I shall miss them both very keenly. They go back to Japan for three years - and what will happen before they return? I have never become so fond of any man in one short season - I have only known him since November, I think - but count him as one of my dearest friends. He charms everyone - by his goodness, sincerity, generosity, and most sensitive good manners - you should have seen him here yesterday when I got him in to advise Miss Wilberforce about breeding from her Staffordshire terrier. Yet he comes, I think, of very plain farming stock in Yorkshire, and retains his strict non-Conformist principles - a tee-totaler all his life etc - yet the most adaptable man to any society that I have ever known. He also makes you feel that every friend of his has at least a little of his pure quality: I should never have made anything of Siegfried Sassoon but for the fact that Hodgson is fond of him. And one poem of his "The Song of Honour" is I think something permanent: he has written nothing for years. We exchanged walkingsticks for three years - agreed that we would try to live near each other in the country when he returned - and that he would breed Bull Terriers and I Blue Bedlingtons. He told me at the last in the greatest confidence that ~~when~~ before I saw him again he expected that he and Aurelia would be married - which gave me great happiness (he made a very unfortunate marriage years ago - which is in process of dissolution).

And that's all my diary. Over the weekend (besides reading five manuscripts of books) I made a first outline of my lectures, and shall try to write, or start, the first one over this weekend. Now I am waiting for a lady who is said to be compliing a bibliography of my work, in connexion with a book about me which is being written by one Hugh Ross Williamson; and after that our committee lunches here at one o'clock - only Stewart, Morley and myself - the Fabers have gone to

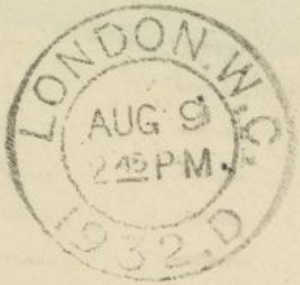
their place in Wales, and De la Mare is away on holiday and his mother-in-law has died - but there are always manuscripts to consider at least.

Now this here Mrs or Miss Nicholls has arrived, so I will close & praps write another more personal little letter tomorrow - and hope that I may have a letters from you. I wonder if you would consider it an impertinence, when I get to Cambridge, if I wrote you a letter every night? But you are not to answer that question.

Je t'embrasse respectueusement -

Tom.

THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES



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Miss Emily Hale,

~~care of Miss Sylvia Knowles,~~

~~47 Morelands Terrace,~~

~~NEW BEDFORD Mass.,~~

1418 East 63rd St

U.S.A.

Seattle - Washington.

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AUG 19
11 AM
1932
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

9 August 1932.

Chère Emilie

Your note of July 29th arrived yesterday, the 8th; I had had nothing for ten days, nyour letter of the 21st having arrived on the 29th very quickly. I am vexed that I do not seem to catch the fast boats; I should like my letters to arrive regularly twice a week - although, with your movements and grumbusking (in the children's language grumbusking means "moving rapidly from place to place, like Genghis Khan" - thus I teach history) I cannot expect that. I am also vext this morning because, going to Faber's cupboard where I keep my tin box, I found the key gone. Miss Wilberforce, when interrogated, said that Faber had mislaid his own key some time ago and borrowed hers, and must have taken that to Wales with him; so, as she might need access to the cupboard (closet) herself, I told her to wire him to send it. But meanwhile I cannot get at your letters to look up the Seattle address (there are other papers I need also before I go but they can wait); and I am doubtful whether this will reach New Bedford before you leave. I am annoyed, because I wanted to have a letter waiting for you in Seattle on your arrival: but perhaps I shall send a brief cable.

My sailing, again, is AUSONIA (Cunard Line) due at Montreal on September 25th or 26th. I expect to stop one night at the Queen's Hotel, Montreal, and go on to Boston. I shall spend one night with my sister, Mrs.Sheffield, at 31 Madison Street, Gray Gardens, before settling at Eliot House, if she will have me.

I am glad that you have so many good friends to visit, though this is not quite the holiday I should have chosen for you, my dear; I should have preferred your being able to spend most of the vacation settled in one place; but I know that cannot be.

I had a strange letter from Mrs.Hinkley yesterday (from North East), recounting all the sordid details of Sohier's adulteries: which I did not need to know or want to know. She did not mention the name of the lady in the case (whom I knew perfectly well as Margaret Pearmain - at least I knew her family, who were very nice people) but referred to her throughout as "the woman". What on earth makes her bring all that up, to me, now? Is it an uneasy conscience, or just the craving for social justification? I had quite

understood that Barbara had every reason and necessity for putting Sohier away, and didn't want to know any more about it. I never could abide the man anyway. But Aunt S. seems perfectly complacent and happy about the only part of the affair that does reflect (from my point of view) upon Barbara; the remarriage. (I believe that Wolcott also had divorced a previous wife, so it is rather a tangle). And at the same time, I reflect that Barbara married too young; and that possibly she never was verymuch in love with Sohier; that she is pretty brainless and perhaps not very passionate, and that she may have been a trial to live with. That doesn't extenuate Sohier's actual conduct in the least, of course; but it may go towards explaining it - a man of no very deeply rooted principles, more or less unconsciously dissatisfied, suddenly busting out. Anyway, I don't want to hear any more about it, and I don't want to see much of Barbara, and I feel (this is what matters) that I don't quite understand the Hinkleys and probably never shall.

On Sunday evening we had Leon Little and his wife (Eleanor Wheelet) to supper at short notice; they were only here for a few days and have gone again. I had never met her before. She seems quite likeable: she is extraordinarily like Penelope in appearance! She is much more aged in appearance than Leon (I hope you take better care of your skin than she does - I should say she never massaged her face at all. I am glad that your face does not tan). But Leon is as lovable as ever and I am sure is a very good husband; he was always one of the most virtuous of men and is very domestic & devoted to his children.

Now Tom Beachcroft is waiting to take me to lunch. I hope that I shall have the closet key before Friday, when I write again; also that Miss Knowles will know where to forward your letters. Bon soir, mon petit chou, m'amie.

Tom

THE OLD BERKELEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL
THE MIDDLESTICK SOCIETY

Am. Aug. 18

Miss Emily Hale
c/o Mrs. Perkins
at
1418 East 63rd Street
Seattle Wash.
U.S.A.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

11 August 1932.

Dearest Lady,

After telegraphing it finally appeared that the key had been caught among some papers in a drawer, so to-day I have access to the cupboard, and had to go through a many letters to find your Seattle address. You gave me much trouble, as none of your letters from Seattle was dated anything but simply "Seattle", and I had to find the letter of May 1931 (before you went to Princeton) in which you announced the full address. You really are careless about addresses sometimes; and you ought to PRINT each new address in BLOCK letters. However 1418 East 63d Street sounds right. So now I am hastening to write to that address, in the hope, as I said, that the letter may get there ahead of you.

This week Miss Norton to tea on Tuesday - I continue to like her - in the evening Simon Bussy and his daughter Janey to dinner (Madame Bussy, who was née Dorothy Strachey, being away on a visit). Bussy is a usual, voluble, pleasing & modest little Frenchman who is a painter - spends his time trotting about Europe, except when at home near Menton, sketching the animals and birds in Zoos; at present he is hard at work on the birds of paradise in Regents Park. Janey is a very nice little girl of twenty or so, I imagine, with charming manners, and a complete Strachey accent (the Strachey accent is so infectious that even a housemaid, after a few months in the family, acquires it, and a whole generation from King's College, Cambridge, employ it). Tiring, because I have had to talk so little French in the last few years - but it is always good for me to talk French: it either exercises a part of myself not enough used, or rests a part too much used, or both. On Wednesday I took V. to Liddon House to tea for a final call upon Canon Underhill before he goes to become Dean of Rochester: a great success. To my astonishment V. declared in the evening that she felt she must make an appointment with him to make a Confession. I never thought she would get to that point (if you had been brought up in an English Low Church family you would realise how strong a feeling of no-Popery is handed down in many families). So she wrote to ask him. I dare say she will funk it when it comes to the point - it is a good deal more painful than the dentist! - but it is a great deal that she should come as far as this. (Confession regularly is to my mind of capital importance in the practice of Christianity; and I believe that very ~~xxxxxxxx~~ few of those who do not confess can appreciate the full seriousness and responsibility

of the Sacrament of the Altar (Communion)). It made me reflect also how blindly one gropes about in one's relations with other people. I mean, how little sure one is of the effect one has upon any other person, or what effect they have on each other. How much does this motion mean in her life; and how much part have I had in influencing her, and how much Underhill? It is such a tangle: yet I feel permanently that my total effect upon her cannot be good, for I am sure that one cannot long or deeply be good for anyone who is not good for oneself. If I could feel convinced that my company was really, on the balance, good for her and helpful spiritually and morally, then I think I could come to reconcile myself: for it does so much increase one's own strength to know that one is strengthening someone else. Anyway, it is providential, from every point of view, that I must be absent for eight months, for that will I hope show whether she is better without me or not. If not...then I shall have a problem for myself when I return.

I wish you might have visited the little church of St.Cyprian's in Clarence Gate, just at the end of the block of flats which you remember: it is very beautifully done; the only criticism to make is that it is perhaps too much a period piece of reconstruction of what the outside and inside of an English church was like in the fifteenth century: I like a little "untidiness" about a church, a sense of its being very much lived in. This morning I went to Mass at 7:30 (that is the only daily Mass during August) and found the candles lighted in the All Souls' Chapel, which means a Requiem Mass, so I prayed specially for those dead who are constantly in my mind. I hope that some day they may say a Requiem there for me.

I hope that when you get to Seattle and are rested a bit della lunga via, you will tell me something about your feelings upon leaving the East - perhaps for two years on end - but I hope you may get back for next summer. It is good that you should begin in the West again with your dear relatives in Seattle, to break the change; yet I fear that you may feel very very lonely and chilly at first? And for two years I shall be posting letters in the Air Mail box. But this letter was meant to welcome you to Seattle, and it is beginning to sound like a lament. Soyons, au moins, tranquilles, et que le bon Dieu nous allège les fardeaux.

Ton Tom.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

order Aug 25
passport picture
enclosed

Miss Emily Hale,

Care of Mrs.Perkins,

1418 East 63d Street,

SEATTLE, Wash.,

U.S.A.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

13 August 1932.

My dear Fine,

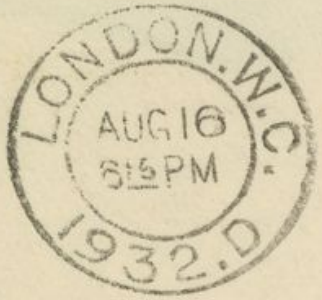
When I wrote to you on Thursday afternoon I did not have time to take the letter to the post-office in Holborn where there is an Air Mail box, and on Friday I was too busy to be able to write again; but this morning (Saturday) I am taking at the office, because one Director must be here on Saturday, and two, De la Mare and Faber, are away. So I thought that I would write a short note and post it by Air Mail, out of curiosity to see whether it would catch up the first or not. Also I wanted to send off the enclosed, which is as I shall appear on my new passport. Do you consider that two years have altered my appearance at all?

I am afraid that my letters tend now to become very dull. That I think is beacuse I am bound to be very restless and fidgetty for the next five weeks, with all the worries and anxieties, the minor as well as major preparations to make, the lack of time to do everything necessary, and also an impatience and excitement. Yes, I am really very excited about this new turn in my life, which is so momentous. And also, I await eagerly the time when I can sit down leisurely at the end of the day, and write a letter which, with the assistance of the Air again, you may perhaps receive in two days time - at any rate, four days is better than ten or fourteen.

I did not explain that it was annoying to have to go through your letters in a hurry, while looking for your Seattle address, and not be able to stop and read them. I did read snatches of several; and they seemed as fresh and living as ever: I mean that they gave me as much of a thrill as on the first reading. And what higher compliment can one pay to a letter, pray?

A toi de tout mon coeur

Tom



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Emily Dear,

16 August 1932.

If the Air Mail makes any difference at all, my letters will certainly reach you in higglety-pigglety. Saturday's note went off with the blue stamp, but this letter cannot, as I shall not have time to get to the Holborn Post Office this afternoon. It should have been written and posted this morning, but for an unexpected visit from the Scotch Minister of Ecclefechan, who has written a book on the celebrated heretic Marcion.

Your letter of August 5th arrived this morning, with a considerable American mail. It is odd that you should in this letter say that "in rereading my letters to you, few would convey any flashes of brilliance, or charm of spirit" - in view of what I said to the contrary in my letter of Saturday. As for your and my epistolary styles - well, we shall see, when I get to Harvard, and have time, I hope, to sit down at the end of the evening when my thoughts flow the most freely, and I hope do not have to write letters broken up by interviews and telephone calls (or will they be?) whether I can write to you more grammatically. But I don't think, with all due respect, that I shall ever be able to take very great pains over style in writing to ~~you~~ you! for I am always (however dull the contents of my letter my be) in a kind of excitement which precludes very polished writing.

Shall I give you my dates once more? I sail Tourist Third on the

AUSONIA from Southampton to Montreal sailing the 17th September, and arrive at Montreal on the 25th or 26th. I shall certainly ask for & expect a birthday letter on arrival. And I shall spend a night or two with my sister (Mrs.Sheffield, 31 Madison Street; I heard from her this morning). Yes, I am glad to say I have a cabin to myself.

Now I have very little time left as I have been interrupted about two manuscripts. About Scripps, I believe that you will feel very much happier once you have got to work there, and will no longer have time to worry about your "inadequacy" (I feel inadequate to Harvard, indeed); and the break with your Boston life will be completed. And it was not a very happy two years in Boston, I think. I believe and hope that in the activity and routine of college work, and the discovery of the more intelligent and hopeful girls, you will come to feel less lonely

than in the perhaps more varied, but also more scrappy life of Boston. Not that I should like to think of your having to spend more than two or three years in California.

I think that it is quite natural to have "nightmares" more acutely for a time in a period of leisure and distraction from the life out of which they arose: I may well have some form of them on my voyage. Perhaps they are more troublesome to you, now, than to me, in one respect: that I have suffered in this way for a great many years - I might virtually say, all my mature life. I suppose that to the end of my days, or until old age abates my feelings and cravings, I shall suffer. But the perpetual struggle to see the natural in relation to the supernatural, rather than merely in relation to the unnatural situation which one can hardly help resenting, is very valuable, indeed all that I can yet see. I fear that I have no "vocation" towards the monastic and celibate life; yet even if I had, I should still suffer, in another way, from my circumstances. Please do not tell me ever any more about yourself than at the moment comes easily to you to tell - I would not have you confide anything which would would regret confiding to me - but do believe, my dear saint, that you will always find comprehension and sympathy - as well as the prayers, the admiration and the adoration of your

Tom

—no

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MR. ELIOT AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES, by LOUIS GRUDIN

The traditional lines of defence against both the new romanticism in letters and the new orthodoxy of the emerging Marxian criticism are held today by a group that stands at the farthest frontier in the modern world of medieval logic and psychology. Mr. T. S. Eliot is one of their ablest spokesmen and is probably the most widely known in the English language. This group, the most articulate and the most influencial in western Europe and America, has retired into a philosophy which is still the most coherent and the most solidly established refuge from the crucial issues and transformations of the contemporary world.

The so-called Classical retreat accentuates all the philosophical problems in which our literary concerns are centered today. Thus in his recent essay, *Poetry and Propaganda*, Mr. Eliot raises the issues and unwittingly reveals the condition of critical thinking, furnishing an excellent view of the ground to be broken for any new dialectical approach.

Mr. Grudin's essay is written in answer. The importance of Mr. Grudin's approach lies in the fact that dialectical method is called upon to parallel the advances made in other fields.

The implications of his work are clearly revolutionary but are contained with the utmost precision and reserve within the dialectic that he employs. He does not limit himself to a destructive analysis of a single writer's ideas, but treats them illustratively to introduce a critical method. In the first portion of the essay he examines "*the dialectical irresponsibility . . . characteristic not only of the most distinguished literary critic in England, but of the futility of most current critical writing,*" and suggests that it "*can never reveal anything decisive or solve a radical problem, for to yield this result would require a new instrument.*"

In the second portion Mr. Grudin devotes himself to examining the critical instrument which is proposed. This instrument, formulated in Mr. Grudin's recent book, *A Primer of Aesthetics*, is essentially a theory of language, concerned with the kinds of statements made in each of the arts, with their languages and the mechanics of their translation. The present essay is the first of his critiques applying this instrument to appear since the editors of *The Symposium* discovered and published his remarkable study, *A Definition of Poetry*.

A reliance upon the methods of psychology or social philosophy or historical interpretation in literary criticism turns the formal ideas involved into mere inert *data*, incapable of a development of their own. A strictly dialectical method is required, to bring the formal technics of critical philosophy up to date and in line with other technics—thereby furnishing objective contribution, with findings of its own, for correlation with the findings and instruments of other knowledge.

This essay is a brilliant contribution towards the achievement of such a method.

SOME OPINIONS OF MR. GRUDIN'S WORK

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"Valuable and courageous; and his considerable achievement in clarification...earns him a portion of that praise which he has himself accorded to minds "magnificently rigorous."... This inquiry engages squarely with a basic difficulty in modern philosophy, namely, the multiplication and incongruity of terms in the several fields of knowledge.... He has been to a surprising degree successful in theory.... The criticism of mysticism in philosophy is just and cogent.... Mr. Grudin's translation into metaphysical terms of such data as the newer concepts of physics is adroit in the extreme."

Vincent McHugh, N. Y. EVE. POST.

"Mr. Grudin's *A Definition of Poetry* (in A Primer of Aesthetics) seems to me...to suggest a fresh approach not only to an isolated question of defining poetry, but to a way of considering a great many other questions in general criticism.... At the essay's level of abstraction, problems such as those considered here seem to settle themselves with remarkable ease."

James Burnham, THE SYMPOSIUM.

"Mr. Grudin's ideas have the rare merit of seeming at times to come actually to grips with the central problem.... The unusual fertility of Mr. Grudin's analysis—including therefore his terminology...appears in the ease with which it can be directed against the most diverse types of hidden dogmatism.

Philip E. Wheelwright, "NOTES ON MEANING."

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Miss Emily Hale.
at
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Seattle Wash.
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Bird,

18 August 1932.

I am starting a letter to-day (Thursday) as I fear I shall not have very much time tomorrow: Harry Crofton is lunching with me at 12 at the United Universities Club; and in the afternoon I must go to to the dentist. Yes, in all this heat - I envy the children who can go about in bathing suits, and the young women (very sensibly and economically) without stockings. I had hoped to postpone my dentisty for the comparative leisure of Harvard, but a tooth-ache has given me warning. My teeth are a shocking sight (what there is of them) even when I have attention twice a year; but my dentist says they are nothing but chalk and all I can do is to hang on to the stumps and defer a false set as long as I can.

I was very dissatisfied with my last letter. I was pressed for time when I got towards the end, and I am sure that nothing I said will read as I meant it, so will you please disregard it? I hope that not only the style (as I suggested) but also the matter of my letters to you will improve when I am, as I trust I shall be, more master of my own time. (To escape hospitality without giving offence seems to be the chief of my problems, but I do not want you to think that I am not taking my lectures seriously).

What I am really interested to find out, while I am in Cambridge, is what I shall be able to do in the way of spiritual and intellectual life when I am completely my own master. When one has been accustomed, for so many many years, merely to do what one can <u>in the circumstances</u>, has one lost the ability to make the most of relative freedom? I feel that I must make the most of my opportunities of this kind, and instead of the compulsory discipline impose upon myself a rigorous voluntary discipline. To begin with, there will be the Cowley Fathers' house quite near me, and I hope I may go to Mass there nearly every morning, and to most of the other offices of the week. Then I must try to spend a regular amount of time in private meditation and thought: re-creative thought, rather than the expense of thinking merely to produce an article or a lecture; and lastly, I must try, if I can in that atmosphere, to finish my poem. So I hope that after three months of this I may be a better regulated person by the time you see me than I am now - hot, dusty and bothered extremely.

I am quite aware that none of this will be easy. In fact the Norton Professor ought to be a man who has had all of this in his normal life, and who is prepared ~~for~~ (both physically and morally) for a holiday of social engagements among new acquaintances. And also it will be more difficult for me than for other Norton Professors, in that there are so many relatives and friends of whom I shall have to see a good deal, as well as new people. Ada, in her letter, says that they want to arrange a party for me to meet the Wellesley Faculty; Margaret says that she wants to arrange a birthday party for me at once. None of my family, except perhaps Henry, knows enough about me to perceive what I really need (Ada will, I am sure, after I have seen something of her and talked frankly to her). But Henry was over here for some months on his honeymoon in the disastrous year 1926; he and Theresa were here in London for a considerable time, and we spent a month with them in Rome, at a time when V. was soaked in bromidia and thought that the police were pursuing her from country to country (one of the most frightful hours of my life was spent in the railway station in Milan - and again a few weeks later in Lausanne); and has a pretty intelligent grasp of the situation, though there is much, before and since, that he does not know. But no one knows better than I do what a poor substitute correspondence is for word of mouth.

I am increasingly conscious of that - it made me feel after my last letter - if I hadn't been going to see you, I should have taken much more time over saying what I meant - and as I am going to see you, I had better have postponed it. But on the other hand, how much can one say in two or three days or perhaps four? It is a very odd situation: I know you, I believe, far more intimately than I have ever known anyone - and yet we have never really had a talk - with all of those whom I call my friends I have had so much of this, and known them so much better by intonation, by gesture, by their expression as they spoke or as I spoke to them; and with you, none. For when we were children we were both too shy and reserved to have real conversation. I don't believe in "saving up" things to say, but in letting a meeting take its course naturally: but I do look forward to seeing you as of the utmost significance for me, in establishing in private talk the same relation which we have in correspondence. (It is incorrect to say "none" - for I was intensely aware of all these things the last time I saw you - but there was no conscious "correspondence" in it, then". But just as in one way I feel that I have known you since long before I ever actually met you (the date of meeting was, I think, 1905); so in another way our meeting in January will be like the meeting of two people who have only just, full grown, come into existence.

On Saturday I go down to Lingfield (Surrey) for the baptism of my god-daughter, whom I have not yet seen, Susanna Morley. (I sent her a little silver mug with chickens and rabbits engraved upon it). It is possible that next week, or if not the week after, I may have to go away with V. to the country for four or five days; but in any case I expect to be here on Monday and will write a line then. I do not expect to get more than one, or perhaps two letters more from you; so you should imagine how keen an appetite I shall have for your handwriting by the time I reach Montreal.

I hope that your last meeting with your mother was not a painful one. Has she understood, I wonder, how long you are likely to be away?

Your Tom

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Miss Emily Hale
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

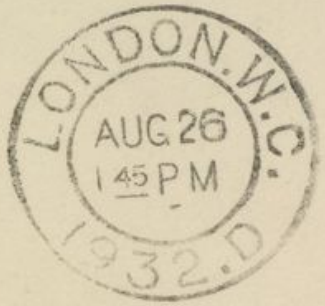
23 August 1932.

Dear Lady

Thank you very much for writing a letter on August 11th, with the charming photograph of Chocorua. I look forward to that sort of scenery again! (Speaking of dentists, I am in the clutches of one now, and it is taking a lot of time out of this week). Is your friend at Peterboro Mrs. Sam Morison, I wonder? He is a distant relative of mine, and I saw something of them here (they are friends of Sencourt) and I hope to see something of them this winter. Mrs. M. I hardly know.

From now on my letters will be irregular and scrappy, I fear, but I shall try to get some word to you before I go, at least once a week. I have three weeks left. Besides the dentist, the preparations, the Criterion commentary which I am now writing, and the first lecture which I am trying to prepare, I have got to take V. to Eastbourne for four days next week - a terrible burden on top of everything else. So I shall not have time for a proper letter until I settle down at Eliot House, when I shall make up for my present meagreness of news, thoughts and feelings; and, as I may or may not receive one more letter from you, I hope you will make up too! L'oiseau s'en vole vers l'occident. O western star!

Yours Tom



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Lady

26 August 1932.

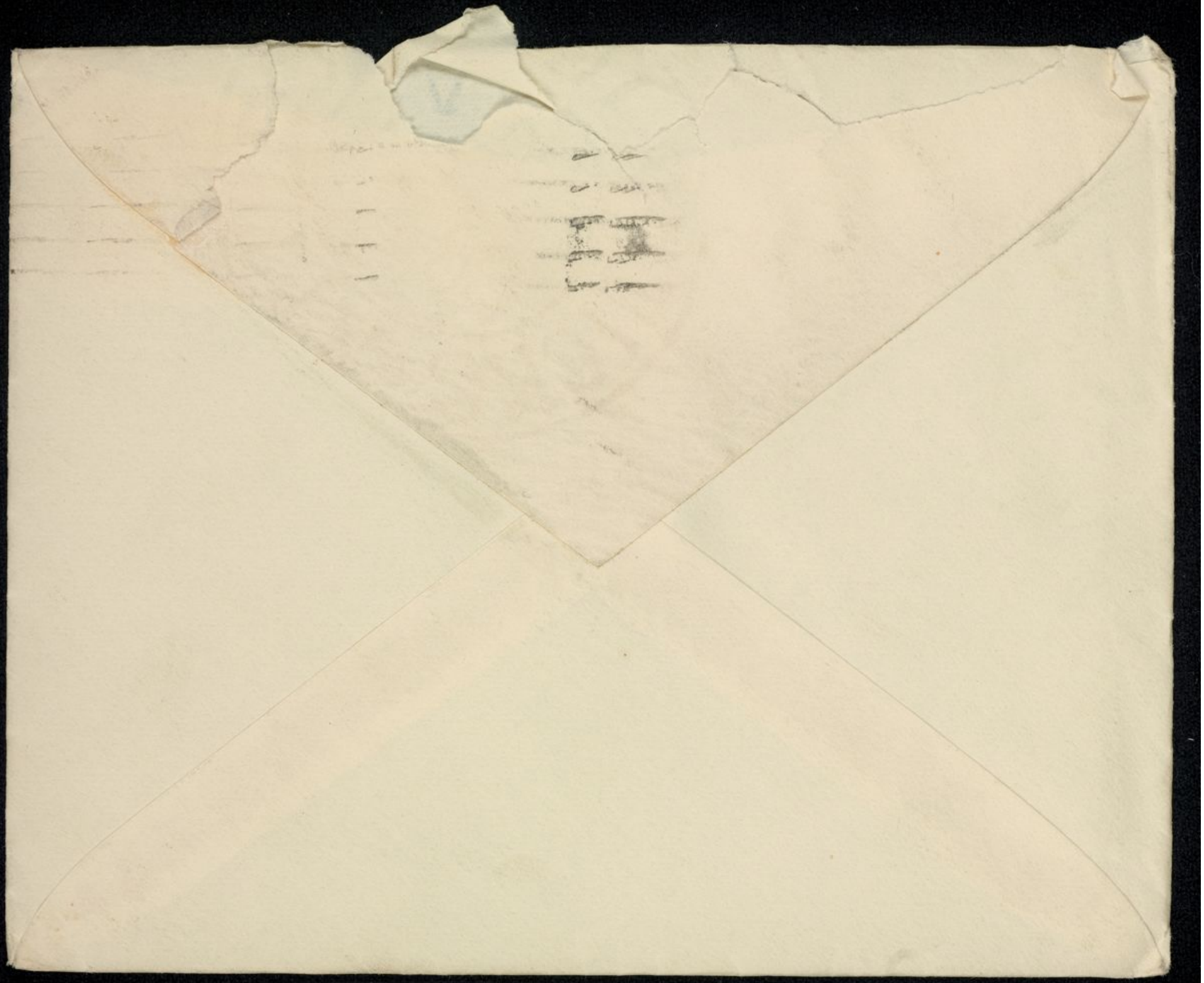
This is just a short note of apology - so I shall type the envelope so that you will not have expected more than a line: I shall be able to write very briefly on Monday; then as usual I hope the following week, and one note the week after. After that silence, until I reach Montreal. Several relatives have volunteered to bring me down from Montreal by car; but I think that I prefer to come quietly by train in the ordinary way. (One set of cousins want me to go to Camden Maine and be conveyed down by yacht!)
I have got my American visa - at first was told I must go on the Quota - which means birth certificate, letter from my bankers, letter from my wife giving permission; but finally saw the Consul himself and got a six months visa - renewable if the local police see fit. I am hardly in a state of mind to write an intelligible letter at present: I can only stutter a few words once or twice a week.

I have just received a kind letter from your uncle about my speaking at King's Chapel, which I shall try to answer on Monday.

Ever Tom

Miss Emily Hale
1418 East 63rd Street
SEATTLE WASH.
~~Boston Mass.~~

U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

29 August 1932.

Dearest Lady

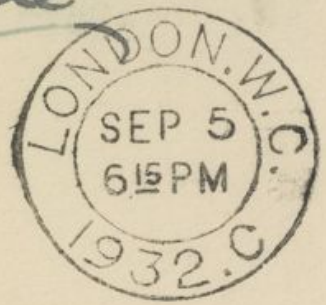
I have taken my domestic typewriter to be repaired, and have taken my office typewriter home instead. Hence this pencil specimen of my writing. I shall have my machine again in a week.

This has been a busy day, as we leave tomorrow for Eastbourne (I dread it); also Faber ~~[illegible]~~ is in town this week, and I shall not see him or Morley again till next summer. I have been feeling very seedy lately, & shall be heartily thankful when these three weeks are over. V. took me to a Doctor (recommended by Canon Lendrum) who is feeding me on small doses of thyroid - but I don't feel better yet. He seems a good doctor, however. It is odd to think that in three weeks you will have left Seattle and will be in Claremont long before I arrive in Montreal (I arrive on the 26th, there, I fear.

My brains are completely addled. Hear.
I must go home and pack for East Gouna.
J'attends impatiemment une lettre de toi
à Montréal. tu Tom

P.S. I shall be able to criticise your
ILLEGIBILITY after this.

To await arrival



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

5 September 1932.

Emily dear,

I was happy to find your letter of August 28th, from Seattle, among a pile of correspondence waiting for me, on my return to work this morning. But I am disappointed to find that I did not succeed in anticipating your arrival with a letter, as I thought I had done. And now that I have at last heard from Seattle, I must at once begin writing to Claremont. What a very little time you have in Seattle; and the journey must have been very fatiguing. I wish, please, that you write to me at once (that is to say to Eliot House) to give a faithful report of your health at the beginning of the college term, together with some remarks on the climate and its suitability to your constitution. And of course I shall want immediate impressions of your colleagues and your pupils, your work, and your diversions (if any); whether you can bathe all the year round there, and what physical exercise you can get: I believe in regular moderate exercise for helping to keep one's nerves and blood steady - though I have not practised it.

The sojourn at Eastbourne went off as smoothly as possible - much better than I expected; and the motor journey up and down (about 60 miles each way) was made without misadventure. I am glad I did not have to stay any longer, however. Theday after we arrived, we had the Morleys down from Lingfield to dinner (Lingfield, where they live, is about half-way on the direct road from London to Eastbourne; they stayed till about half past ten. On the following day we motored over to Rodmell, near Lewes, where the Woolfs live in the summer, and were lucky to find them at home and alone; had a very pleasant tea with them, and I think they were gratified; I shall not see them again till next year. They have made their cottage extremely modern and comfortable, with electric refrigerator and what not; and have made an exceptionally beautiful and varied garden, very much amplified since I visited them some years ago. These two occasions made useful breaks; and each morning we visited V.'s father's grave in Ocklinge Cemetary, which is on an exposed down side in the outskirts of Eastbourne, took flowers there. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I made a good job of this short "holiday". This week is crowded with last engagements, both lunch and dinner, and next will be pretty full too; it is hard to believe that somehow or other I shall be on the open sea in twelve days time.

Your last days in Boston must have been very tiring physically and emotionally, especially the parting from your mother, who I suppose hardly comprehended the meaning of your departure. But, my dear, I am sure that your father will soon seem as near to you as ever, though your feeling is probably inevitable at the time of ~~re~~-leaving. But I shall know more about that, perhaps, by the time I see you, for then I shall have visited St.Louis, and Bellefontaine Cemetary, for the first and perhaps the last time in my life.

I am interested to hear of Mrs.Harding, and hope that I may meet her in Boston. It seems to me rather thrilling to meet anyone who is fully in your confidence - partly because there is no one who is is fully in mine. You had mentioned Mrs. Krauss - one reason why I should like to get to Seattle; but I did not know about Margaret Thorp. I wonder whether she knew about me all through last winter or not?) I am sorry, by the way, that the Thorps just drifted away without our seeing them (nor did Mrs.Monro).

We must try to settle the dates of my western tour as soon as I get to Cambridge. I shall probably be smothered in relatives, old friends, and officials for the first days. I have had a letter from an agent in New York named Feakins, who is recommended. He asks me to cable him whether I will consider engagements, but as I do not want to be circularised to 6000 clients I shall write instead.

I hope to write just twice more before I leave. As Faber, Morley and Miss Wilberforce are all away (especially the last) I have a good deal to cope with. And then, my dove, I hope that you will find a great improvement in both style and content of my letters from Cambridge. Meanwhile, loving thoughts encompass you during your first weeks at Scripps. Your Tom

A very nice elderly woman whom we know, a Mrs. Nelson, is coming to stay with V. for a fortnight on my departure.

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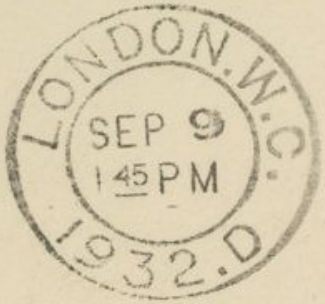

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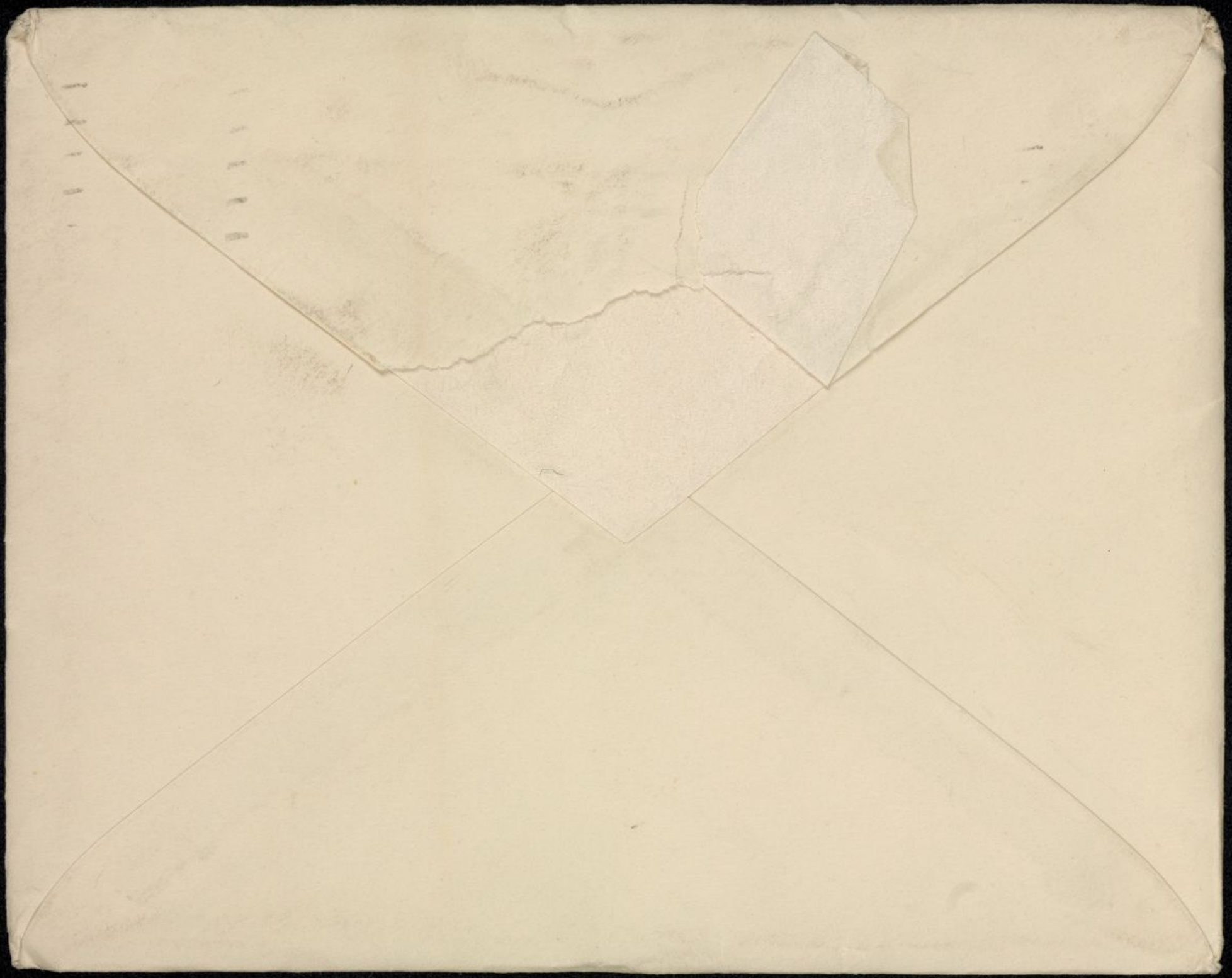

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

9 September 1932.

Dear Nine

This is a very hurried line to thank you for yours of the 28th August - I Took the Liberty of cabling yesterday so that you should not waste a letter on the Queens Hotel in Montreal - to go wandering about homeless - to be opened and ignominiously returned if you put your address on it. I hope, however, that a letter may be delivered to the boat. My reason for not stopping overnight is merely economy; I should have been happy to spend a night merely to get a letter from you at the hotel: but perhaps there may be one at Eliot House or at 31 Madison Street?

Grateful thanks for the pommes purée, but I am not altogether happy about the effect of the photograph - I am not pleased with "change of personality"; and if you are "not sure that" you "know this " etc. are you not suggesting that I ought to doubt whether I know you? I once heard that I was said to look like a third rate actor (which I suppose I was) but never that I might be a crook: what would the English Church Union say to that? However, I confess that I have no objection to the vibratory effect upon your spinal ganglia (if that is the right word).

Now about the Thorps. I am penitent if I have given them the impression of neglect or rudeness. But the only invitation which I can remember is one from Willard asking me to lunch one day in the vicinity of the Museum with him and Margaret. As no mention was made of V. I declined - I trust politely - I did not mention it to her, of course; and then we did not have the opportunity to invite them for some time - and I don t remember that they asked us on any occasion; and the next we heard they were said to be in Brittany. Now, of course, in my peculiar situation, I am probably more scrupulous about V.'s inclusion in invitations that ordinary people in ordinary conditions need be; but the only way I can manage my life here is on terms of the most formal social correctness. I leave it to your discretion what or how much to say to Margaret Thorp; I shd. be very sorry if she and her husband felt that they had any cause for offence. We were genuinely sorry to see no more of them. Anyway, my previous mention of them should testify to my innocence, or at least ignorance.

I have done nothing further about Western dates. All my plans

for Christmas are subject to revision, except that during the holidays I must get to St.Louis for a few days. I have no sentimental feeling about being with my relatives for Christmas; it is much more important to me to have a proper church at hand - for the Midnight Mass etc. and Boxing Day (otherwise St.Stephen Protomartyr). The important matter is be able to see you somewhere for a few days in peace and quiet.

Bonamy is downstairs waiting for me, and we go to the Club where Frank Flint will be waiting, for a farewell lunch. There are so many farewells that it consumes a good deal of valuable time. Mince alors. I shall write once next week before I sail. This last week is the most worrying of all.

Yours Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

13 September 1932.

Dearest Lady,

This is probably the last letter that I shall write to you from this side of the water. You will appreciate what a scramble it is this last week; and as I have said so often, I shall not really believe that I am going until I have gone.. Impossible to foresee how I shall feel at that moment: I dare say the first feeling will be of fright and funk; as a man who has been in gaol, or in a hospital, for a very long time, may feel terrified at facing the outside world again. And after that, I don't know; shall I, I wonder, begin to see the whole of the past eighteen years in a new perspective? That in itself is rather frightening. But I do not worry about that. What I do hope for is a new access of energy and a clarification of thought which may make my lectures a success.

You may imagine me, to begin with, arriving at my sister Ada's and being surrounded by a birthday party - the day after my birthday. And day after tomorrow you go to Scripps, and you too have your feelings of apprehension at beginning a new phase of life. May this next be a good one for both of us!

Incidentally, I am threatened with baldness, not the normal masculine baldness, but all in spots! My hairdresser discovered a spot of complete baldness, as big as a butter plate, behind my right ear yesterday, called it by a long name that I can't remember, and said it was due to paralysis of a nerve caused by ill health. He gave me a lotion and advised me to see my doctor (I am going to see him on Thursday any way). There is hope, apparently, that if I go on steadily with his lotion I may get the hair back, but it will come in white, at least for a time. So I warn you that when you see me you must be prepared to see a half-hairless man, or else with beautiful white patches! You might as well know the worst in advance.

I still hope that we may meet in Seattle, that it can be managed somehow. Of course I should like both - to see as well the place in which you have to live and the people among whom you will be; but Seattle, during your holidays at the Krauss's, would be more peaceful and private.. Meanwhile, I hope to telephone to you in something less than three weeks: I have a telephone at Eliot House

in my room, and want to ring you up just as soon as I settle there and we can fix a time for you to be at the other end of the wire.

Bonjour ton Don

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Eliot House,
Cambridge Mass.
Michaelmas 1932.

Chère amie -

Although I have not yet left 31 Madison Street, where I am really more comfortable and happy than I expect to be in college. The reason is, first, a delay in providing blankets and sheets; second, the fact that my sitting room is divided only by a sealed door from the room of two undergraduates with rather strident voices; and I can not only hear their conversation (quite uninteresting) very clearly, but also their gramophone (or wireless, I dont know which) and their typewriter. That might be just endurable, as I have another protected room I can work in, but is undesirable when I have visitors - not only female relatives to tea, but serious students. But I hope I may be able to have a more sheltered suite in the same house.

Eliot House and the neighbouring houses are very grand; the architecture very fine indeed; at the same time the unfamiliar luxury oppresses me - so different from the austerity of Oxford or Cambridge; and finding the family arms over everything, cut into the stonework, and even illuminated on the back of chairs, does not make me feel at home, but merely affects me with an embarrassed sense of vulgarity.

There is too much to write about to make a coherent letter at the beginning. But first I must thank you for your dear letters - one found, to my surprise, on the boat, after we were under weigh in the Solent; one that came aboard (to my hope & delight) with the pilot in the St.Lawrence; and one at Eliot House. I did not open the parcel on the day I found that letter: the reason was that the printing on it was so closely like my brother's that without looking at the postmark I assumed at once that it was something from him, so that I thought your parcel had not yet arrived. My dear, you should not have given me anything so costly and fine; but I am very proud indeed to have it; and I do like it, and approve your taste, very warmly indeed. I think it is a most charming design - please tell the artist if you should ever be in communication with her. And if any of my relatives, when they come to see my rooms later (whether they be the same or others) ask where

it came from, I think I had best tell the truth? Of course I I shall be very proud to admit that it was a gift from you; but there is time for you now to let me know what you wish.

I am still very dizzy with the complete change of life. I am already better in health, I think; also get more fresh air and walking that I have had; and I find I am sleeping better. I am thankful to have broken the fall by stopping at Ada's; I did not know, not having seen her for seventeen years, what sort of contact we should be able to establish; but I am happy to find, not only out affection undimished, but our capacity for understanding unaltered; and I begin to feel that both she and her husband are still people who will understand what I say, and in whom I shall be able to confide. Next to them, my sister Marion: not of course in the way of confidence, and she has no part of their intellectual gifts, but in congeniality. From my sister Margaret I feel completely removed; I have also seen Uncle Christopher and Abby - that does not matter so much as we were never intimate. I went to lunch with the Hinkley's yesterday. They were kind and loveable and hospitable of course; but I did feel with them the very narrow limitations, both intellectual and emotional, and the very small corner of congeniality that remains, Though I remain as fond of them as ever, I can never enter fully again into their lives; and indeed, I feel that I must take precautions against allowing them - with the best intentions - to take me too closely into their circle. My general impression, obviously, is a sad one; that will no doubt become blunted with habituation, and modified by new and various acquaintances: and if it were not for Ada and Sheff, and yourself though so far away still, I should feel very homesick indeed: "home" to me has come to mean London in general, and my office and my club in particular.

So far I have not seen many people; I have been looked after by Theodore Spencer, who is a very likeable fellow indeed, by a most charming janitor or Senior Porter at Eliot House named Jim Mungovan. I have called on Dean Murdock, who is suave and obliging; have met the President, who strikes me as a very affable, mediocre, middleclass Boston business man in a job much too big for him; and have left a card on Merriman, the Master of Eliot House. And the new impressions are so very tiring that I have not, especially being still unsettled in habitation, attempted any work: this morning I am making my first attempt at letters.

The departure was easier than I expected. Vivienne insisted on coming to Southampton; but fortunately her brother and his wife were so kind as to come with her and look after her. Her sister-in-law came out splendidly, and I must write her a letter of thanks; for she chattered perpetually in a light way, and pre-

tended that the whole thing was great fun; so that V. kept up to the last. I have had one or two anxious cables from her while on the sea, of course; and so far no letter from her or anyone; but it sounded as if things were going pretty well. The voyage was like most voyages: first I was able to keep to myself and speak to no one; then my passion for chess got the better of me, and so I made the acquaintance of a couple of chess-playing professors from Toronto; and finally a very touching little girl of twenty or so, who was with her father (also a professor from Toronto) made me dance and play shuffleboard. But there were no rowdy people and no drinking; a very pleasant humble set of people on the whole; and I was glad that I came by that route.

Now about the Christmas holidays once more. My dear girl, you do muddle me about what seems complicated enough already. You speak of my coming "here" i.e. Scripps & Southern California, of your hoping that I catch something in Seattle, and finally you refer to the possibility of your coming East! Now which is it to be? You know I shant have the time to visit both Seattle and California; and if you really mean seriously to come East (do you mean all the way East?) then of course I don't want to go West at all - that is, any farther than St.Louis. My holidays are not quite so long as I hoped, apparently: Dec.22nd to just before Feb.1st; and there may be some awkwardness about fitting in my week in Baltimore (for three lectures) during term. I could go direct to St.Louis - I have no compunction about being absent from my family then - it would be quite other if my mother were still living - and spend Christmas with my aunt there - I probably should be unable to get a lecture engagement there or anywhere just at Christmas time; and could come west directly after Christmas, have a few days in your vicinity (either in California or Seattle) and be able to give a few lectures the second or third week in January, before returning. (As for money making, I think I can do well enough with lectures at places within twentyfour hours of Boston, during the second term). Now, is it difficult for you to make your plans now, so that I can fit myself into them?

I shall write again in a couple of days: it is a delight to feel that I can write to you any day, without bothering about mail days.

Ton (not votre, if you please?) affectueux et dévoué,

et chérissant la belle gravure de ton choix pour moi

Tom