Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.


MERRY CHRISTMAS
1932

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Chère :

3 December 1932.

I had hoped for my letter on Thursday, to support me for King's Chapel - however, I think that went off pretty well, but by this time you should perhaps know better than I - but was more than recompensed by getting the letter of the 29th yesterday afternoon, late, in time to read and digest it before my Norton lecture. (I am glad that you snatched a brief holiday - at Palo Alto? - and in what company, pray?) As for my lectures, I don't think that I have any false modesty about them, but I am ambitious that they should be as good as lectures could be - which they won't be; I am aware that everything I write this year will be in the nature of a tour de force; and I have to make up by glitter of wit and a few striking ideas for want of scholarship and meditation. It is a fearful handicap not having been able to prepare the lectures, and half a dozen odd ones, before I arrived, and to work under such pressure; just as I feel it a handicap that I have not had the leisure and the privacy, during all these years, for either deep or wide reading. I am of course constantly in a state of conversation, here, and I think I can hold my end up, now, pretty well in that. I thought, as I said, that the King's Chapel talk went off well. I was afraid at first that my pretty orthodox views might make people feel uncomfortable - but with the subject, or any similar subject, given, what else can one do? and if I am to talk about "the Bible as Literature" the only course I can take is to assert that the Bible is <u>not</u> Literature! but I think that they were very well pleased with it, and several ladies, who were under no obligation to be polite to me, as they did not know me, expressed much pleasure. There were several relatives there: Cousin Sally Scott and Cousin Mary (Peabody) Scott, and Laura & Reby Furness; and other ladies I met and can't remember. Tomorrow, I am going to lunch with Mrs.Harding, and am rather excited to meet her, after your telling me that she was pretty fully in your confidence. How it happened was that she came up to me directly after the lecture and introduced herself as a friend of yours - it flashed into my mind what you had written about her - we began to talk about you, but were constantly interrupted by other folk coming up to introduce themselves - so I was afraid that I should lose her altogether, and took the first opportunity of saying that it seemed impossible to talk then, and might I come to see her? So she asked me to lunch, and I am going. I shall send you a copy of the lecture as soon as I can, but I have lent one to Dr. Perkins and do not want to trust the other to the post. He was very kind indeed about it. Mrs.Merriman lent me her car and chauffeur - she could not come herself.

The third lecture also went off well, I think, perhaps not quite so much enthusiasm as the second. There were a few dozen seats empty this time, as I expected, but the house would be called full. A very attentive and sympathetic audience. I can hardly stop to think about it, as I am in the throes of the fourth - seldom have I worked under such pressure: it won't be quite so bad again; I shall be glad when the week is over; after the 9th no more lectures until I come to Claremont. I think that what keeps me going, and in pretty good health, is the fact that I am happy - of course there are always spectres at my back, but I am too busy to turn round - I really think that, so far as "happiness" can be wholly dissociated from hope (hope in this world) that I

am "happier" than I have ever been in my life. There were once some delirious moments in this same village of Cambridge, but that, in itself, was not happiness. I feel that I am useful, I feel that I am liked, and I hope that this will last; and it is a cause of happiness to have especially Ada & Sheff, and secondly so many relatives around me. And I am coming to California.

Now, please, I want the lecture arrangement to be just as best suits you and the department at Scripps. But perhaps the group arrangement is better; I should like the other people to be able to hear me (no false modesty there) and also I want all the money I can get (no false modesty there either; and it follows that if Scripps can't pay more than that, the other institutions are not likely to be able to either. I hope that something will come of the bigger institutions: if you will figger out what it costs to ride in the train cars from St.Louis to Cal. & back, that is the ideal receipts I aim at. But remember that when I come to Scripps I want to have things as best pleases Scripps. As for subjects, I will write about that on Monday; I must get to the Co-op and the chemists and the postoffice for stamps before lunch.

I enclose a specimen letter just received from Pound, in his usual and otherwise unusual epostolary style. If you observe any blemishes, remember that it was intended for no other Eye than mine. I have a real affection for Pound.

I think that I once expressed contempt for Keats's letters to Fanny. (Brawne). His other letters are so good that I am sure he would have written better letters than that if she had been a superior woman. Obviously, she couldn't have understood it - pure infatuation on his part - perhaps lucky for him that he died. All of which only makes any inferiority in my own epistles the more damnable & damning.

à toi Tom

23 Nov.

VIA MARSALA 12-5

E. POUND RAPALLO

Dear Possum

I see b'th' pipers thet Mr Lowell iza rezignin'.

I wish I cd. believe that you were responsible. If you think I can be of any use in obtaining for you the succession , I take it you wd. without further stimulous on my part have in nanny case felt free to call upon me.

Or perhaps if you wish to avoid the triple tiara , my intervention cd. be even more effective.

Have offered Gilson to send him the photos needed. Have you any ijee of his zaddress ? I sent my letter co/ Crit.

P.S. haven't the bastuds giv yuo a LLd. yet ??

giv me lov to th ladies

EP

P.S. last bulletin/
'edjin frum the pome in Birch an Whiffle , th rock/beound air iza dewin yew gudd.

Maybe his ijee didn't start there
I hadn't read the poem when I began the letter

28 Nov.

VIA MARSALA 12-b

E POUND RAPALLO

Dear Rosum

I see 'th' pipers have dr lowell ina reigain'.

I wish I cd. believe that you were responsible. If you think I can be of any use in obtaining for you the succession, I take it you wd. without hesitation on my part have in mainly case left free to fall upon me.

Or perhaps if you wish to avoid the triple liars, my intervention cd. be even more effective.

have orderd oilcan to send him the proofs needed.

have you my line of Mr. Gaudier? I send my letter on this.

P.S. haven't the beards in you x cd. yet ??

Giv me lov to th ladies

P.S. Last minute/
cd/th Irm the pome in Dial on whitie, th rosy/bosum
air ina dewin you cmd.

A I R M A I L.

1932

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

MONT

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

6 December 1932.

My dear Dove,

In my last letter I gave you a Selection of facts - and now I cannot remember just which facts I omitted. I think that I told you what I knew about the meeting at 27 Marlborough Street - since then I have sent you a copy of my paper there delivered. I cannot remember whether I told you that after returning to Cambridge I went to the Halls', (11 Hawthorn St.) for supper, then repaired to the Cambridge Dramatic with them - Dick put on overalls and cursing a good deal behaved as stage director; Amy and I took seats near the front behind a row of white haired ladies knitting as usual: the play a light comedy of Drinkwater's, the "Bird in Hand": one Stanley, English by birth, in principal role as the public house keeper; Katherine Day as his wife; a law professor named Magruder as the principal comedian, Carl Putnam as a Barrister - and very good (Mr.Godolphin K.C.) except that barristers don't usually wear morning coats when motoring alone in lonely country districts, a very young lady named Jane Shear as the soubrette (said that she wants to go on the Stage, but no great talent visible). On the whole, quite well done, and the old ladies were pleased. Ginger ale afterwards, and I slipped back to bed. Friday lunched with J.H.Oldham, over from London for a few weeks on Missionary business - pleasant to talk to an old London friend - on Thursday Julian Huxley came in to see me with Merriman, just before I left for King's Chapel - you see how confused everything is - as I have said before, Julian is not nearly the person that Aldous is; on Friday gave lecture no. 3 - on Dryden to Johnson in the evening - hall quite full - was told that it was just as good as previous, but managed to slip out quickly. Shall be interested to see if the hall is as full to hear me on Wordsworth & Coleridge on Friday next. On Saturday interviewed a student in the morning; called on A.O.Lovejoy in the afternoon; supped at Marions's for a party for Margaret's birthday (61) in the evening.

On Sunday, after Mass at the Cowley house, did not go in to church to Boston, but worked on my lecture. Went to lunch with Mrs.Harding at 1:30. I find her very attractive - handsome, ladylike, and full of admiration for you - could not understand what an intellectual person like you could find interesting in her - nevertheless, had intelligent observations. I did not have much intimate conversation with her, as she had two tall (and one particularly, well bred) sons present. I don't know quite where she fits in, but I do feel that she is a good friend to you, and one to be trusted. I don't think she is quite clear as to <u>why</u> you are a superior person whom she admires - I do not suppose her mental processes are altogether conscious: but she is quite certain <u>that</u> you are; are I felt that she was quite to be trusted. I should imagine that she was good for you, as you for her. I should like to see her again, and talk more privately.

Late afternoon, looked in at the Hinkleys, as a matter of duty, so as to let them talk about the Play - as I observed to Ada later (where I went to supper) if one had anything to conceal, the Hinkleys would be the least difficult people in the world to conceal it from, as they do not suffer from inquisitiveness, being so preoccupied with their own affairs. Quite in high feather, owing partly to Stark Young's favourable review in the New Republic - Ada observes that the fact that the best reviews of the

play have come from the more radical papers might even affect the Hinkley attitude towards politics. Then to Ada's and read them the nearly completed Lecture 4 (now complete, and shall read to them tomorrow night).

Today finished lecture. and then wrote 13 letters (many more to write tomorrow; interviewed the Herald and the Transcript together, then dressed hurriedly to go to your aunt's dinner. It was a grand dinner: the Perrys, the Bp, of E. Massachusetts & Mrs. Sherrill and Pres. Lowell. The last I had met the previous night at the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, which I attended because I understood that all Norton lecturers had done. I had to make a brief speech, partly humourous; but I cannot tell you how good it was, because until I hear from someoneelse I do not know. Lowell is a queer little Yankee (with a perfect accent just like Waddy Longfellow's); but I don't really take to him; he is too genial, and a very impersonal geniality at that; he only seems at ease when telling a funny story - I have a little Lowell blood myself, so I blush for him.* Bishop Sherrill I could not make out at all: he is not anything like what I know as a bishop. Bliss Perry is not so bad, though I am sure he stands for a good deal of what I abominate; but I think your aunt and uncle more and more lovable. Besides, there are moments when your aunt looks ~~extraordinarily~~ like you; and I am sure that she has a sense of humour. I must confess that Miss Mary Ware strikes me as one of those totally useless people who make me feel Red: of course you will feel that it is wicked of me.

I seem to have so much Diary (as I call it) that I have no time to write of anything else. But I hope to write less diariarily between Friday night and Saturday morning.

Tom Tom

No, not extraordinarily, but rather very.

*/notice he never meets ones Eye.

POSTAGE DUE 13 CENTS

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

with 1932
correspondence

Thank you so much, dear lady.

And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. Rev. V. iv.

I shall not detain you with any account of Bunyan, Abraham Lincoln, or of all the famous men who are said to have been reared in humble circumstances and to have formed their style of writing upon the Bible alone. I will presume you to be familiar with these tales. Nor shall I waste your time by generally affirming that the Bible of the Authorised Version is the greatest masterpiece of English literature. As a matter of fact, from the point of view of literature there is no Bible. There is merely a compilation of the records and the literature of the Hebrews up to a certain time; followed by the four gospels, some highly technical and difficult theological treatises by a few apostles, and ending up with a magnificent specimen of what is known to scholars as vision literature. There is not even a "Biblical style"; there is only the artificial arrangement of verses which imposes a deceptive uniformity - yet which I, for my part, have no wish to abandon. The fact that the Bible was translated by forty-seven collaborators working at the same time, when the English language was in a distinct phase which is not ours, also helps to suggest the illusion of a Biblical style. From the point of view of literature there is a good deal of folk lore, compilations of laws, some of them concerned with sanitation, and of not much greater literary interest than other well-framed legislation, some beautifully written history, some very fine lyric poetry, a very great drama - Job - and a few very great writers such as Isaiah.

But for my part I find it very hard to take this point of view. I cannot say, when sitting down to read a part of the Bible, "now I am going to read the Bible because it is the foundation of our Christian faith", and the next evening, "now I am going to have a go at the Bible as literature". You will observe usually that those who talk about the Bible as literature

choose most of their illustrations, unless they be merely of a phrase or two, from the Old Testament. I suspect this to indicate, among other things, that it is easiest to enjoy as "literature" those parts of the Bible in which it is most easy to suspend definitely Christian belief. People do not talk so much about the literary accomplishment of St.Paul, who is, as I have said, not suitable for light reading; and I confess to a feeling of profanation if I hear the Sermon on the Mount spoken of as "great literature." To me it seems that these are too serious matters: I am not prepared to discuss the literary merits of the discourses of Our Lord, or His felicitous use of homely illustrations in a way suited to the capacity of his hearers. Now this is with me a perfectly distinct feeling; the whole of the Four Gospels are quite definitely dissociated from anything else that has ever been written, copied, typed or printed. I cannot even think of them as a model for writing, except as a model for writing gospels; and none of us, except Mrs. Eddy, has been called to that high vocation; and Mrs.Eddy does not strike me as a very happy example of the influence of the Bible upon literature - if there was any influence at all.

I have said that from the point of view of literature there is no Bible; but also, from the point of view of those whose feeling about the Bible is similar to mine - and that is by no means a foursquare fundamentalism - it might almost be said that there is no literature. It is very difficult to refute the Caliph Omar, who, I understand, commanded the destruction of the library of Alexandria with the observation that if the books in it said the same thing as the Koran, they were superfluous, and if they said anything different, they ought to be burnt, except by the perhaps rather carping criticism that he chose the wrong book. I mean only, to be more serious, that my feeling about the gospels extends in varying degrees to other parts of the Bible. So far as actual borrowing and allusions go, my inclination

is always to applaud those who have read the Bible as the Bible, and to frown at those who have read it as literature. For instance, Swinburne's Aholibah and his Burden of Tyre (am not sure that that is the title, but I mean the poem in which he borrows so generously from Isaiah), leave an unpleasant taste in my mouth (like the book which was sweet as honey in the eating, but bitter in the stomach); nor do I ever feel quite at ease with ~~either~~ Swinburne or Kipling in their Biblical manner; they are, I feel, poets who have been reading the Bible as literature. With Bunyan, as you may imagine, I have no quarrel.

But although I object to people talking about the Bible as literature, and although I object to their mining in the Bible for poetic material for purely secular purposes, I am still interested in the influence of the Bible upon English poetry. Here I may be allowed to interpolate an answer to a possible objection. Some years ago, in writing of Dante, I upheld the theory that it was not necessary to believe what Dante believed - that is to say, to be a Catholic of either the thirteenth or the twentieth century - in order to enjoy his poetry; although in order to enjoy it fully you ought to understand what he believed, to know what he knew. Some one might turn this against me, and say that consequently it should not be necessary to believe what a Christian believes, in order to appreciate the poetry or the literature of the Bible. But what I have tried to affirm is ~~that~~ no contradiction of that. Dante belongs to literature, and as such may be criticised as literature and enjoyed as literature. St. Thomas belongs to philosophy as well as to theology and may be criticised and enjoyed as such. But there is a class of books - not indeed a very large class, for although we admit the Koran as well as the Bible and the works of Swedenborg and Mrs. Eddy - ~~but~~ we must except the canonical literature of Buddhism and Confucianism - which is the class of religious revelation; and the book which happens for you, according to whether you are a Christian (plain or Swedenborgian) or a Christian Scientist or a Moslem, to be a book of revelation is just outside of literary

pleasure or literary opinion. I never said, indeed. that it made no difference whether you believed what Dante believed or not; I only said that it made no difference to your enjoyment of ~~it~~ his Poem as poetry; and after all, it was written to be enjoyed as poetry. But I am firmly convinced that it does make a difference, whether you treat the Bible as the revelation of the faith delivered to the saints, or whether you treat it as (in part) poetry; you cannot be on both sides of the fence at once; and I only wished to make quite clear which side I am on.

Although I do not think that the influence of the Bible upon English literature can fairly be dissociated from belief - that is, I believe that it would never had had any significant influence at all unless people had believed it - I am by no means ~~minimizing~~ belittling this influence. I also believe that the literary influence of the English Bible has been greater than that of any other translation of the Bible upon the literature of any other language. It is perhaps unfortunate that the greatest period of German literature came after the influence of the Bible had begun to wane; and the greatest of ~~her~~ German men of letters, Goethe, can hardly be called a Christian at all. The reason for the slight influence of the Bible upon the vernacular of Latin countries is too obvious to need mention. Now, I am totally unacquainted with Hebrew; yet I believe that even a person so ignorant as that, can affirm with some confidence that the influence is not primarily due to the skill of the translators, but to the greatness of the poetry itself and also to its eminent translatability. As a great deal of the finest of Elizabethan literature was written before the appearance of the authorised version in 1611, we must allow the possibility of the earlier translations have themselves exerted some influence, and also the possibility that English literature did not wholly depend upon the Bible. We ~~allow~~ do take within the scope of Biblical influences the prose of the great divines of the sixteenth century. I sometimes think that our debt to Cranmer can hardly be exaggerated. We owe much to the sermons, in a meaner style, but still dignified

and forceful, of Latimer; but to Cranmer we owe very much more. The prayerbook of 1549 which he composed set the standard for all later English liturgical practice; to my mind it is in several ways superior to the revision of Charles II's; and Lord Halifax has for many years advocated its reinstatement in preference to such attempts as the deposited book of 1927 and 1928. However much our language owes to the regular reading aloud of Bible passages in private families - as for instance described in The Cotter's Saturday Night - I think that we owe still more to the public repetition of the liturgy. To-day, when we have so much more reading matter (and so much in which little Biblical influence is directly apparent) and so many more diversions besides church-going, such an effect is no doubt exercised only upon a small number of persons; but surely, throughout a period of three hundred years or so, and especially during the earlier part of that time, when the language was in quicker process of formation, the regular audition of the lessons, the collects and the prayers, must have produced a gentle and insensible saturation of the minds not only of the truly devout, but of all the steady congregation, with the beauty of some of the finest sentences and periods in the whole of English prose. The fall of these words upon the ear, as they follow their due and appointed order in the service, and the cyclic recurrence of the services according to the seasons, enters into the whole rhythm of the Christian's life with an unconscious compulsion. The rhythm of life is deeper than the rhythm of prose or of verse; in the metre in which a man lives, if he is a good writer, so will he write; and the style of the Church collects is different from that of Mr. Ernest Hemingway.

I have not, unfortunately, been able to take the time to prepare a few specimens of the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale. I may remark that although inferior to the Authorised versions in style, as well as less accurate in translation, these translations are of no small merit;

and their general resemblances are no less interesting than their particular differences. And you can hardly help feeling that the resemblance is due largely to the dominance of the rhythm of the original. I am well aware that while the Hebrew of the Old Testament, in spite of the various periods at which the books were written, is all of "the classical period", the Greek of the New Testament is not "classical Greek", and that prudent schoolmasters do not let their boys read it until they are adept enough to recognise its inferiority. I was never myself sufficiently accomplished in Greek prose composition for such contamination to have made any difference to me. The Gospels would dignify any language, and their style is greater than any language. Yet we may venture diffidently to say that they gain in one respect in translation, in that the language into which they are translated is classical English. I admire (to take an example not from the Gospels but from the Acts, καὶ ἐλιθοβόλουν τὸν Στέφανον ἐπικαλούμενον καὶ λέγοντα Κύριε Ἰησοῦ, δέξαι τὸ πνεῦμά μου· θεὶς δὲ τὰ γόνατα ἔκραξεν φωνῇ μεγάλῃ Κύριε, μὴ στήσῃς αὐτοῖς ταύτην τὴν ἁμαρτίαν· καὶ τοῦτο εἰπὼν ἐκοιμήθη.

but still more

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

which I prefer to the version given in the Roman Missal used in England (Adrian Fortescue's edition): Dec 26. : S. Stephen Protomartyr :—

And they stoned Stephen, invoking and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And falling on his knees, he cried with a loud voice, saying, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep in the Lord.

The differences are slight, but important. "calling upon God" is stronger than "invoking", and no less accurate as a translation; "kneeled down" is more to my mind than "falling on his knees"; and "he fell asleep" is

closer to ἔκφρασις than the superfluity of explanation of "he fell asleep in the Lord".

In mentioning the influence of Cranmer and the liturgy upon English literature, I should perhaps have mentioned the possible - rather than the actual - influence of books of private devotion. There are not very many of first rate merit originally composed in this language; and I am quite sure, though I have never made the attempt, that there can hardly be any form of composition more difficult. First, a prodigious memory and knowledge of the Bible, to which should be added if possible an intimate knowledge of Christian liturgy from the earliest times; to this especially a happy faculty of invention which assembles the traditional and memorable phrases in a suitable and striking manner. (Extempore prayer, which Prebendary Harris in the recent commentary Liturgy and Worship believes to have been used from very early times in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, is a considerable art in itself). In the book which I have just mentioned parenthetically, Dr. Milner-White observes

> ...away from the language of Bible, Prayer Book, or some approximation to their standard, the Englishman is never comfortable for long in public prayer. It has not been so generally noticed that this feeling has influenced private devotion also, and that here again the Carolines set a decisive example. The devotions of Laud and of Cosin are both marked by a terse "Prayer Book" atmosphere. They consist largely of definitely constructed prayers. Their liturgical type and descent from the mediaeval Primers are further emphasised by provision for daily observance of the "Lesser Hours", Cosin's with a series of complete Offices, Laud's with a group of three prayers for each "Hour". Laud again builds his devotions pre-eminently upon the Psalms. Cosin, who prepared his Manual at King Charles' request for the ladies of the Court, states definitely the liturgical ideal, "that men, when they set themselves

to pray, might know what to say; and avoid, as near as might be, all extemporal effusions of irksome and indigested prayers... subject to no good order and form of words".

Dr. Milner-White then goes on to pay a proper tribute to the Private Prayers of Lancelot Andrewes. And in recent times, Pusey's Private Prayers should be mentioned.

My original subject that I had in mind, however, was neither the literary qualities of the Bible, nor its past influence upon English literature; but whether, and if so, why, it should have a permanent influence; or, to put it more concretely, of what use and effect is the Bible to a poet of to-day or tomorrow? It is dangerous to generalise from one's own experience; but one may hope to provide from one's own experience data for the generalisation of some one better qualified to generalise by reason of not having had the experience. The influence of the Bible upon English literature in the future will be in direct ratio to the extent to which people read the Bible, and read it not as "literature." I believe that I can defend any quotations and allusions that I have made, in this way. It is true that the world of the Old Testament is largely a world of drought. The Hebrews lived in a dry land, in which water is almost always welcome and beneficent; we can hardly consider the Flood as an exception. The properties of water are healing and cleansing to body and soul; and sometimes of special water. Go and wash in Jordon seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. And we learn, in another way, from Leviticus what water meant to the Hebrews. But this is simply an illustration of the way in which the imagery of the Old Testament can strike anyone who is impressed by its spirit. You cannot effectively "borrow" an image, unless you borrow also, or have spontaneously, something like the feeling which prompted the original image. An "image", in itself, is like dream symbolism, is only vigorous in relation to the feelings out of which it issues, in the

relation of word to flesh. You are entitled to take it for your own purposes in so far as your fundamental purposes are akin to those of the one who is, for you, the author of the phrase, the inventor of the image; or if you take it for other purposes then your purposes must be consciously and pointedly diverse from those of the author, and the contrast must be very much to the point; you may not take it merely because it is a good phrase or a lovely image. I confess that I never felt assured that Henry James was justified in naming a novel The Golden Bowl, though my scruples may only show that I have not understood the novel.

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. // Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. // Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it..... // Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Now this book of Ecclesiastes, from which I have just been quoting, and this particular passage in Ecclesiastes, come I suppose as near to pure literature or pure poetry as anything in the Bible. We have only the Song of Solomon (which you may prefer to call the Song of Songs) to set with it; for the other highest flights of poetry in the Old Testament - the Psalms and the book of the Prophet Isaiah - are definitely religious first and poetry second. No one could call Ecclesiastes, in the exact sense, an inspired book, either in the sense in which Moses as a leader (rather than as an author), or in which the psalmist as a devotional poet, or Isaiah as a prophet, possessed inspiration; which books again are in a different category from the words of Our Lord himself, so different

that the word "inspiration" is hardly large enough to cover both the prophets and the writers of the Gospels. I rely upon the support of the author of the article in Bishop Gore's fine Commentary upon Holy Scripture who deals with Ecclesiastes:

> His outlook is that of many modern popular thinkers and writers; hence the many modern quotations that could be cited....For this reason, the guidance of God's hand is to be seen in the inclusion of Ecclesiastes in the Canon of Scripture. The problems of life which it discusses are extraordinarily modern. Ecclesiastes asked the very questions 2000 years ago which vex the mind to-day. The book points, in a manner unique in the Old Testament, to the need of the Incarnation, and of that revelation of God's Will and Purpose for man of which the Catholic Church is the inheritor and witness. For obviously the main thought of that book stands in the Bible only to be challenged and refuted.

No one could call this fundamentalism. Ecclesiastes is as far from being an inspired book as any that we find in the Bible. I might, had I chosen, have dwelt upon the poetic beauty of the passage that I quoted; of the immediate translation of feeling into image so characteristic of the Hebrew mind; of the art of the juxtaposition of images (so translatable) general such as

> while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain -

with the more particular such as

> in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

and its final effective juxtaposition with the sudden direct statement,

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

Now I supspect that those who read Ecclesiastes as literature find that remark to be a moral tag of respectability upon a poem. To me it is the clue of the whole, the final notes which explain the symphony. It helps us to understand why the "literature" which forms the Old Testament is something better than an anthology. In all this great variety of poets there are certain themes which recur again and again; without which recurrence the Old Testament ~~would~~ might be just literature. Fear God, and keep his commandments, is one of these; and it could not appear with greater effect than after the book of Ecclesiastes; and the whole book, with this end, is a reminder that ~~Catholicism~~ the Church knows more about cynicism and disillusion that the most cynical and disillusioned modern or modernist. I will take another passage which illustrates equally ~~both~~ the immediacy of the Hebrew image and another recurrent moral theme: (Isaiah 6):

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. // Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. // And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory. // And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. // Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. // Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: // And he laid it upon my ~~kipx~~ mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

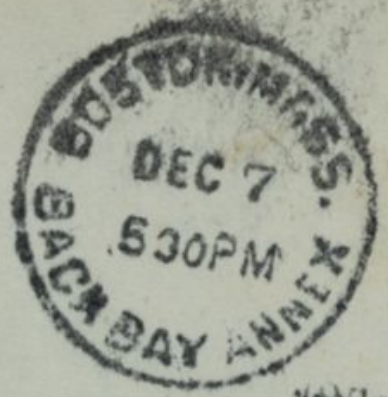
Here again, on a higher level, we have the particular statement (in the year that King Uzziah died) the particular image (each one had six wings) and the theme (thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged). The idea of iniquity and of purgation is one of the permanent ideas of Hebrew society. Another of these leading ideas is found in the 130th psalm, so well employed in the liturgy:

> Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. // O let thine ears consider well: the voice of my complaint. // If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it? // For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared. // I look for the Lord; my soul doth waith for him: in him is my trust. // My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.

Here again is the unique union of the particular with the general; and ~~the~~ another of the recurrant themes: my soul fleeth unto the Lord.

I have had for some years, and probably shall have to the end of my life to read a good deal of bad verse. Religious verse, even very bad religious verse, ~~the~~ is the rarest; though there is a good deal which employs religious imagery, or the forms of invocation and supplication, to express emotions which appear to be purely profane. Even the religious verse of the smaller number of devout young poets who emulate Herbert or Crashaw is usually pretty bad; piety and poetry do not always sort together. In this there is no occasion for surprise or sadness. I cannot quite say what conditions, both social and individual, are requisite for the creation of great religious poetry; but I believe that it demands a greater degree of maturity than most people are capable of. Occasionally a young poet can write a good love poem, I dare say, without ever having been in love: a stage which alas, passes too quickly, for the verse written while undergoing that experience is almost inevitably rubbish. We cannot make poetry

out of what we should like to feel, nor can we summon up religious feelings for the purpose of writing religious verse. We can only use our strongest and deepest feelings, and we often do not know what those are. I fear that it is not a godly and devout life that will help us to write religious poetry, though I hasten to add that I see no reason to believe that a life of dissipation should prove a better stimulant. Nothing can help except those moments of insight, clarification and crystallisation which seem to come but seldom; and then, if we write, what we write will be as religious as we are at the stage of development at which we happen to be. For to my thinking, to be less or more "religious" (I do not mean simply to believe that one is less or more "religious", or to behave as if one was) is just to be less or more developed; which again does not mean that everybody when fully developed would be of the same stature; and which also accounts perhaps for my persistant feeling that Goethe always remained somewhat immature. I have a vexatious habit, whenever I begin to think about one subject, of wandering outside the boundaries which commonsense indicates, and ending in some bottomless pit of metaphysics; and I am really only a good critic when I am held down to the task of analysing the particular poetry of a particular poet. But, as I have explained, I cannot treat the Bible as literature, or as poetry the parts of it which are regarded as poetry. And my other point was a very simple point too: for it was merely that so long as the Bible is read as the Bible, so long will it exert an influence upon English poetry; and when it ceases to be read as the Bible, then I do not believe we need worry about poetry, for in those days I doubt whether anything will be written which would seem in the least like poetry, to us or to our forbears.



AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

Grace Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

CLASS OF 1910

The class has had no gathering for a considerable time. With the arrival of our classmate T. S. Eliot, now holding the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard, there seems to be a reason for a dinner, not only for him but for other distinguished members of the Class. ?

This dinner will be on the evening of Friday, December 16, at 7 p. m., at the Faculty Club, Quincy Street, Cambridge.

In view of the purpose of this dinner and its location, it would seem desirable to invite the sons of the Class now in college. As the Secretary has never been informed except in the most casual way by any father who has a son in college, he is not sure that his list is complete. If you have an undergraduate son or know of any classmate who has, please notify the Secretary without delay.

Please reply on the enclosed card, also without delay.

The price of the dinner will be $2.00.

G. PEABODY GARDNER, Jr.
Chairman Class Committee

from Christopher Morley -

Now prohibited by Gestapo, because of the drawing -

BARGAIN PAGE.

These items listed below are listed at remarkably low prices in order to cater for the book-lover and quondam collector who cannot at present afford to spend more than a few shillings. I have duplicate copies of each book—hence the prices—but none of them are "*remainders.*"

(A) ELIOT, T. S. ANIMULA. First Edition, cr. 8vo, original boards. 1929. Illustrated by Gertrude Hermes. A limited edition signed by the Author of which only 500 copies were issued. (Published at 7/6) 6/-

The signature of T. S. Eliot in ANY *book will one day be worth much more than* 6/-. What ho!

(B) —— DANTE. First Edition, cr. 8vo, original boards. 1929. As New. 5/-

A personal account of the manner in which Eliot arrived at his understanding and appreciation of Dante.

(C) FORSTER, E. M. A PASSAGE TO INDIA. First Edition, cr. 8vo, original cloth. 1924. A Good Copy though not as new. 6/-

One of the outstanding novels of the post-war period.

(D) HOMER. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Printed in Greek with Pope's translation on opposite pages. Royal 8vo, original crimson morocco gilt. 1931. As New. In Case. A NONESUCH LIMITED EDITION. (Published at £4/4/-) £2/18/6

No discount will be allowed on this particular item in any circumstances whatever.

(E) LAMARTINE, DE. GRAZIELLA. TRANSLATED BY RALPH WRIGHT. Coloured illustrations by Jacquier. 1929. Cr. 8vo, original decorated cloth. A NONESUCH PRESS LIMITED EDITION. As New, in cardboard case. (Published at 12/6) 8/6

(F) MASEFIELD, JOHN. THE WANDERER. Second Edition, 8vo, illustrated. 1930. As New. (Published at 8/6) 5/6

(G) MEW, CHARLOTTE. THE RAMBLING SAILOR. First Edition, sq. 8vo, original cloth. 1929. As New. 5/-

A BOOK TO BUY, READ OR KEEP. *Charlotte Mew wrote one other book,* "*The Farmer's Bride,*" *but these two volumes contain enough fine poetry to give her a high place in Literature, amongst indeed the finest English Women Poets.*

(H) WILDER, THORNTON. THE WOMAN OF ANDROS. First Edition, London, 1930, cr. 8vo. As New, with dust wrapper. 4/6

(I) WILLIAMSON, HENRY. THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS. First and Limited Edition, lino cuts by Kermode, 8vo, original buckram. 1930. As New. (Published at 10/6) 7/6

By the Author of the "*The Pathway.*"

AMERICANA.

1 ANONYMOUS. A PILGRIMAGE OVER THE PRAIRIES. First Edition, 2 volumes in 1, small 8vo, original cloth gilt. 1863. Illustrated with engravings of Indians, etc. A SCARCE STORY OF HUNTERS AND INDIANS. £2/5/-

A good copy but has "Hall School Prize" in gilt lettering on front cover, also inscription on end-paper.

2 BOUCHETTE, JOSEPH. THE BRITISH DOMINIONS IN NORTH AMERICA, or A Topographical and Statistical Description of Canada. Two Volumes. 1832. And A TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF LOWER CANADA, 1832. First Editions, 3 vols, 4to, original cloth. Fine folding plates, maps, etc. £2/7/6

3 CALIFORNIA. GOLDEN DREAMS AND WAKING REALITIES; BEING THE ADVENTURES OF A GOLD SEEKER IN CALIFORNIA AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. By WILLIAM SHAW. First Edition. Cr. 8vo, original cloth. 1851. A PRESENTATION COPY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR. A Rare Book, which describes San Francisco, Californian Indians, Gold Digging, etc. £2/12/6

4 ACT GRANTING LIBERTY TO CARRY SUGARS PRODUCED IN HIS MAJESTY'S COLONIES IN AMERICA to Foreign Parts, in Ships built in Great Britain. Folio, 16 pages. Bound in one volume with many other Acts relating to Trade, etc., contemporary calf, royal arms in gilt on covers, joints weak. Printed by Baskett, 1739 6/-

5 ADAMS, HENRY. THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Royal 8vo, original cloth, t.e.g. Houghton Mifflin, for Massachusetts Historical Society, September, 1918. Light inscription and rear cover creased, otherwise nice copy. 21/-

6 AMERICAN ANNUALS. THE ODDFELLOW'S OFFERING, edited by J. L. Ridgeley and P. Donaldson, published by EDWARD WALKER. New York, 1848, 1849, 1851, 1852 and 1853. 5 volumes, large 8vo, original bindings of gilt stamped leather, with elaborate emblematic design. Illustrated with steel engravings and a special coloured plate. ALL THE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED PRESENTATION COPIES FROM EDWARD WALKER. Fine Condition. 26/-

The authors include Lossing, Cormstock, Gilmore Simms, Osgood, Tuckermann, etc.

7 AMERICAN POETRY. GATHERED WAIFS. *Privately Printed.* PRESS OF T. J. STAFFORD. New Haven, February 10, 1864. Cr. 8vo, original cloth gilt. 6/-

"Selections made from time to time from the Journals of the day."—Extract from the Editor's prefatory note.

8 ANONYMOUS. THE POLICY OF THE BLOCKADING SYSTEM REFLECTED, with observations on the present stage of the war. In a letter to a friend. First Edition, 8vo, modern wrappers. 1807 21/-

A clever and lively 58-page pamphlet, which I believe to have been written by an American, but cannot discover the authorship. He definitely predicts the War between the United States and England of 1812 and discusses the result of the English blockade on American trade with effective and good-humoured satire.

9 ATLAS GEOGRAPHIQUE, CONTENANT MAPPEMONDE ET LES QUATRE PARTIES AVEC LES DIFFERENTS ETATS D'EUROPE. Dressés sous les Yeux de MR. RIZZI ZANNONI. 1762, A Paris. 12mo, coloured frontispiece, title-page and 31 double-page maps (all coloured), including three American and one African. A FINE COPY OF THIS ATTRACTIVE LITTLE ATLAS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH MOROCCO EXTRA GILT. 30/-

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12 BONNE, M. ATLAS DE TOUTES LES CONNUES DU GLOBE TERRESTRE. 4to, contemporary boards and half calf. N.D., (circa 1780-1790). Contains 49 very finely engraved double-page maps by M. Bonne, Hydrographe de la Marine, and printed on thick paper. Contains 16 maps of American interest, including "New Spain," Canada, The Great Lakes, Louisiana and Florida, etc. IN EXCELLENT CONDITION. 22/-

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14 CARMAN, BLISS. TALKS ON POETRY AND LIFE. Limited Edition of only 200 copies, square 8vo. 1926. Designed, Printed and Bound at the Ryerson Press, Toronto. 10/6

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16 COLUMBUS; or, A WORLD DISCOVERED. An Historical Play, by THOMAS MORTON. First Edition. 1792. Bound with two other plays in one volume. 8vo, neat contemporary calf. 15/-

An interesting play on the discovery of America which met with considerable success. Morton is of course best known for his comedies, particularly "Speed the Plough."

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18 —— JOURNALS, ETC., Volume V. 8vo, contemporary half calf. Two old signatures on first leaves. Philadelphia, D. C. Claypoole, 1782. Rare. 21/-

19 —— JOURNALS, ETC., Volume VII. 8vo, contemporary half calf. Philadelphia, 1781. 10/-

CLASS OF 1910
HARVARD COLLEGE

LEON M. LITTLE
SECRETARY
135 DEVONSHIRE ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

December 5, 1932

Mr. T. S. Eliot
Eliot House
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Tom:

There seems to be considerable interest in the Class Dinner for you on the 16th. We have invited all the 1910 sons in college, of which there are about twelve, I think. For your interest -- nothing more -- I am enclosing a copy of the notice we sent out.

Eleanor and I were at the New Lecture Hall last Friday, as she was for the previous lecture. Due to the fact that I was sitting on an end seat and there was a considerable amount of late inbound traffic, I do not feel quite as intimate with Mr. Dryden as with Messrs. Addison and Johnson.

Sincerely yours,
Leon

LML:K
Enclosure

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,
Scripps College,
CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

9 December 1932.

My dear Sir,

I did NOT receive my due letter this afternoon before my lecture, and so I had to lecture considerably handicapped; and I am left late tonight (I have just put in a new ribbon, as you notice) wondering whether to begin to worry again about You, or whether just to feel Peevish. Tomorrow will Tell; or if it doesn't, then there will be a wire of enquiry. First of all, I am wondering whether I gave you the wrong impression in my report of your aunt's dinner party. (That however is not the reason for my having no letter, as you could not have received my letter in time). I felt after writing, however, that you might think (for misunderstandings are still possible) that I was ungrateful and overcritical. But I do like to be able to sit down and write to you just what comes into my head, and you once said yourself that you liked to be able to do that with me, and the letter is still preserved, and means to be preserved for posterity; and I want you to take anything I write in that way, and not too seriously. I did like Perry, and that has nothing to do with whether I like his works or not; and I liked his wife & daughter; and I liked Bishop Sherril - only you see, he is the first American Bishop I have met, and it seemed as if American Bishops were more different from English Bishops that ordinary New Englanders are from Englishmen. (After all, I only know three English Bishops, and they of course are the three most intelligent of the numerous English Bishops - Chichester, York and Durham; so I have no basis upon which to judge; only I did find Sherrill a little bluff & breezy; but I believe he is really a very decent sort). Miss Ware was perhaps the victim of my spleen; perhaps it had struck me that if she was going to spend the winter in Italy (a year ago) she might have pressed you to come with her; but she is no worse than many others. Only I have a rooted objection to these rich old conservatives in Boston who seem to have no understanding whatever of what is really happening in the world: but people who have never had to earn their living don't know much. (I am apt to tell young Americans, in London, that Henry James never understood England for the reason that he never had to earn his living there. [redacted]). As for Lowell, I am adamant: he seems to me a cipher; and I observe that when he is present the conversation is always reduced to an anecdotal level. I am ready to admit his accomplishment for Harvard; but that cannot affect my feeling towards him as a man. I am ashamed of him. I felt that I could have had a serious conversation with either Perry or Sherrill, and enjoyed it, had Lowell not been present; but he introduces an important element of frivolity which corrupts all serious conversation. But I was quite aware that your aunt and uncle were superior to all this, though they didn't know it - which made it all the more charming on their part; and I assure you that I was all the more touched by the compliment they paid me by inviting me in such distinguished company.

And damn it all, why should you be shocked by anything that I say?

And if you are, then I prefer to shock you; you are the only person with whom it is worth the trouble.

Rest of the week: on Wednesday (the next day) went to lunch at my young Gerald Grahams to say good-bye to his wife (Emily Ware by baptism of 86 Palace Gardens Terrace Kensington W.8.) thank heaven she has gone to Monte Carlo with her grandmother, now my young Graham (whose father was a Presbyterian minister in some remote town in Ontario) will be able to get on with his work (Canadian History - he admires Sam Morison, and backs him for the Presidency). Went to Ada's for supper. Next day lunched with Bill Greene, tutor, at Leverett House; had tea with the Spencers & a cousin (not interesting) Jane Sears (I mean their cousin, not mine). To-day lunched with the Hockings (Professor Hocking of the philosophy department) (I find that Mrs.Hocking is the important member - after the first coy five minutes I found that we were at it hammer & tongs about the Incarnation the Atonement & the Virgin Birth: I told Mrs. Hocking the Truth for the first time in her life, and I must say, she was very Nice about it; Hocking has just published a famous report on Foreign Missions which I am about to read (Hocking is a friend of my friend Oldham of the Athenaeum whom I have mentioned). Then went back and Lay Down; then went to Mrs. Bembridge for my hair massage (nothing growing yet, but it no longer falls out); then dined at Eliot House on Braised Schrod and exchanged obscene limericks with a few tutors at the table; refreshed, delivered my lecture, and I believe it was a Success: I only wonder whether the audience appreciate how extremely serious my jokes are: in fact, they are more serious than almost anything else I say. (I didnt mean ½ I meant a full stop like this...). Tomorrow to lunch with the Master of Leverett with Yeats; after to tea at Ada's to meet the faculty of the English department of Wellesley; and in the evening to a party at the Spencers': I suppose including Polly Thayer & Sally Sedgwick.

Tonight, after the lecture, went to Amy's (Gozzoldi- Hall, in Hawthorn St.) only old Friends: the Halls, the Leon Littles, and the Jim Clements. On Sunday I go to Clement's to stay until Monday morning. Monday, dine with Professor Lovejoy.

No news about California lectures: perhaps they don't want me. Nevertheless, I intend to go straight out to Clarement, directly after Christmas, to see Emily, (the only Emily).

Tom

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.


MERRY CHRISTMAS
1932

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

13 December 1932.

Chère Emilie,

Please, dear, let me know the name of the hotel to go to in Claremont (if there is one). I am wiring to you to-day to ask you to wire me if you go to Seattle, because I don't want to arrive in Claremont before you are back. I hope you will answer my other questions in time. I am now in negotiation with the University of Southern California & with Leland Stanford, and if I can arrange dates with them, I shall be quite satisfied financially & can almost write off my travelling expenses. I don't envy you having to talk about T.S.E. but your only difficulty is that you know too much about the subject! I am over ears in preparations, and shall probably have to stay here to work over Christmas, and come straight out to the Coast, instead of spending a day or two in New York with my brother as I had expected.

Très pressé –

tout Tom

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

16 December 1932.

My Emily,

Your letter of the 12th arrived this afternoon - on Friday as usual, but you must have written earlier in the week, as for the first time you only put a 3 cent stamp! I only regret your not having waited and "aired" it, because by then you might have had my next letter of apology: though I confess myself a little hurt by your taking me so seriously. What was I doing, pray, but putting down immediate impressions that went through my head? and would you prefer me to weigh every word? for my part, I was only afraid that you would think that I was not properly grateful to Mr. & Mrs. Perkins for the dinner party, and my conscience was clear on that point, though my words may have suggested the contrary. If I should speak harshly, after one meeting, of someone whom I knew to be very near and dear to you, or whom I knew to have been very kind to you, you would have every right to be offended (not that you have not the right to be as unreasonable as you choose with me) but I cannot see that I have done that. I am not quite sure that it was not a New England conscience, rather than affections that were wounded. I believe, from what I hear, that Bishop Sherrill is an excellent man; and as I said, I believe that but for Lowell there might have been some conversation. As for Miss Ware, I have relatives of whom you can speak much more severely than that; but forgive, please, my moral earnestness.

I shall trust you with a typewriter only on condition that you do not use it to write to me. You have still the use of your right hand for writing, and I have not.

As for the subject, I have no idea how developed intellectually these Scripps girls are. The Essay on Taste is more amusing, but also a little more philosophical than the Bible. I have not heard from the University of California at Los Angeles, but I hope to get a lecture at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles; oh yes, Lowes has heard from the former, and they said they were consulting Mr. Ament (how do you pronounce it?) I have also heard from Stanford & from Berkeley. If I must speak in Los Angeles on the 4th, I must start from Boston or New York on the 27th, so as to have a few days first, and one or two before your classes begin: though I fear you will be busy enough even then. But I shall bring some work with me; reading, and a preface to write; and what time you cannot give me, I shall be glad to have to myself instead of seeing people. I will take the Santa Fé, if as you say, it passes directly through Claremont: it will be wonderful to get on the train and not have to get out until I see you, I hope, on the platform with your car. It takes my breath away, and to think of you running about in your own car too. Only I hope that Mr. Eliot & Party will not have to accept too many invitations, however kind and hospitable they are. I would arrive on the 29th if I possibly could, but unless my brother can come here for Christmas, I feel that I ought to spend a night with him; and this cursed lecture writing is going to keep me at work all the week. Things would have been very different, and far less of a strain, if conditions had permitted my making adequate preparations during the year before I arrived. I will write to thank the mysterious Miss Eyres, who are so kind; but I do not understand what borrowing a house means. Is there a servant attached, I wonder? I shall wire you before starting, so that you may know when to expect me.

I hope that my coming is not what has prevented your going to the Krauss', because I know how fond you are of Mrs.Krauss, and you must have been pining for friends. I should have loved to meet them too, but of the choice, I am more anxious to come to Claremont and see exactly how you live and whether you are properly looked after and not worked too hard. I hope that by the time I arrive, I may be somewhat restored to my Lady's good opinion.

Ever Tom

AIR MAIL

CAMBRIDGE
DEC 21
10 PM
MASS.
1932

Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,
Scripps College,
Claremont California

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

My Dear Dove,

20 December 1932.

I hope that you are now a little less provoked than you were when you wrote on the 12th instant. I am interested to see how far I may go in provoking; because, as I have said again ~~xxxxxxx~~ and again, I am terrified of Emily, which gives a singular pleasure in tempting Providence. But my news is, first, that I have decided on a typewriter, and shall have it; it is to be of light weight, so that You may carry it about, but otherwise as complete as possible. Also, I have Purchased a vest-pocket kodak, which I can leave with you after I have taken all the pictures of you. Third, that I arrive at Claremont, alas, at 6:30 or 7 a .m. of the Saturday morning. Would that I might arrive two days sooner; and alas, at 6:30 a.m. there will be no Emily with a Ford to fetch me. I suppose I shall breakfast (unshaven) in the station, if one can breakfast in the station. The reason is this. I still have three lectures to prepare for Baltimore at the end of January. (I have nearly finished the first, and they are only digestions of my Clark lectures at Cambridge on metaphysical poetry anyway). These have to be done before I start for California. Now I had promised my brother to spend Christmas with him in New York; but I must stay here until the lectures are finished; so I I shall leave for New York on the day after Christmas; then I leave New York on the Tuesday evening, arrive St.Louis the following evening (Wednesday) at 7:40, leave St.Louis at 11:45 by the Santa Fè, and arrive in Claremont on Saturday morning at 6:30 a.m! There will be at least Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, in the hope that you will not still be provoked. I have to be in St.Louis by the 14th or 15th; and if I don't get the other possible engagements, I may be hanging about Claremont. But the main thing is, to arrive a few days before your college term begins. You cannot possibly realise how terrified I am of confronting you - but I do wish you would try - so as not to be exasperated by my sheepishness. I have never been in such a state of mind as I am. No one can possibly imagine the state of mind of a middle-aged gentleman leaving to visit California, under these conditions, for the first time.

I perhaps did not express, as I should have done, my appreciation of the kindness of Mr.Ament, and the Miss Evanses (I know some elderly Miss Evanses in Manchester); and also my appreciation of my dragoman or cicerone or party; but the whole notion makes me so dizzy that I cannot think or imagine clearly. I look forward to the Treats arranged; but I am glad to think that when I first see you there will be no students about, and that my discomposure will be unobserved. I cannot write about people or give news, now; it seems too trivial. My dear Bird, Birdie, I can only think of seeing you a week from Saturday: and I concentrate on what I have to do in the meantime by disbelieving that I shall ever get there. And yet I have ordered my ticket, and I am billed, I understand, to speak at Scripps and Los Angeles.

Tom

Mr. Gore, Gov.

20 December 1932.

I hope that you are now a little less provoked than you were when you wrote on the 12th instant. I am interested to see how far I may go in proving; because, as I have said again and again, I am but-
tailed of family, which lives a similar disease in keeping royalties.
But my ms is, first, that I have decided on a typewriter, and shall have it; it is to be here tight enough, so that you may carry it about, but otherwise one complete disposable. Also, I have furnished a vest-
pocket notebook, which I can leave with you after I have taken all the pic-
tures of you. Finally, that I arrive at St Louis, alas, at 6:30 or 7 a.m. of the Saturday morning. Could that I might arrive two days sooner; and also, at 6:30 a.m. there will be no family with a fond to fetch me. I ap-
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nesday) at 7:30, leave St. Louis at 11:45 by the Santa Fe, and arrive in Claremont on Saturday morning at 6:30 a.m. There will be at least an-
day, Monday and Tuesday. In the hope that you will not still be provoked. I have to be in St. Louis by the 7th, on Friday, and I don't get the other possible engagements. I may be bringing about Clare and. Put the matter thus: to arrive a few days before your college term begins. You see-
ob possibly realise how terrified I am of offending you - but I do wish you would try - to be not to be exasperated by my sheepishness. I have never been in such a state of mind as I am. No one can possibly imagine the state of mind of a middle-aged bachelor leaving to visit California, under these conditions, for the first time.

I perhaps did not express, as I should have done, my appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Gore, and the Miss Jewsbs (I know somewhat Miss Jewsbury in Hampstead); and also my appreciation of my drawings on chaper-
one or party; but the whole problem makes me so dizzy that I cannot think or think clearly. I look forward to the trouble afterward; but I am glad to think that when I first see you that will be no stubble about, and that my disappointment will be unobserved. I cannot write about people on-
ly now, now; it seems too trivial. My dear Ed, little, I see only that it offends you a week from Saturday; and I concentrate on what I have to do in the meantime by distributing that I shall over get out. And yet I have ordered my ticket, and I am billed. I wonderful, to speak at Pomona and Los Angeles.

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

P. S. attempted to note receipt 12-25-32 EH

CLARE CALIF.
11 AM
DEC 25
1932
REC'D.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

21 December 1932.

This is only a hurried note to thank you for your letter of the 19th - which only took two days - and so it should, with 18 cents of stamps on it! I must say that you do not yet seem to me quite mollified - speaking of my "semi-contrition" - and I am rather apprehensive about my reception - it was an illchosen moment for asserting myself so defiantly - and you will find me in, I think, a sufficiently abased and grovelling state. For all your arrangements, I am truly grateful. I have written to Miss Eyre - I don't know why I wrote "Evans" to you, except that I knew some people in San Francisco once named Evans, and I know two elderly Miss Evanses in Manchester; and the house sounds truly delightful. Please make any arrangements to use my services in any way whatever - in the way of meeting classes or anything I can do; but I have never had to face a class of young women before, and am rather diffident about it; but all sorts of experience are useful. I shall love it if you take me motoring. I am also glad that the Los Angeles talk is to be on the 6th instead of the 4th - that gives me more leisure. You, or Mr.Ament, may be hearing from one or two other universities with which I have been in communication. I have still two lectures to write (or rather to piece together out of old stuff) before the end of the week. A bientot.

Your
Obedient,
Humble,
Meek,
Servant,

T. S. Eliot

21 December 1932.

This is only a hurried note to thank you for your letter of the 19th - which only took two days - and so it should, with 13 cents of stamps on it! I must say that you do not yet seem to me quite satisfied - speaking of my "semi-convalescence" - and I am rather apprehensive about my recession - it was an illogical moment for measuring myself so delicately - and you will find me in, I think, a sufficiently advanced and prevailing state. For all your arrangements, I am truly grateful. I have written to Miss Pye - I don't know why I wrote "Evans" to you, except that I know some people in San Francisco once named Evans, and I know two already like Evanses in Manchester; and the house sounds truly delightful. Please make any arrangements to use my services in any way whatever - in the way of testing glasses or anything I can do; but I have never had to face a class of young women before, and am rather afraid about it; but all sorts of experiences are useful. I shall love it if you take me motoring. I am also glad that the Angeles take it to be on the 4th instead of the 4th - that gives me more leisure. You, or Mr. Amott, may be hearing from one or two other universities with which I have been in communication. I have still two lectures to write (or rather to piece together out of old stuff) before the end of the week. A bientôt.

Yours

Gwendolen.