

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Copyright Not Evaluated

The copyright and related rights status of this Item has not been evaluated.

Please refer to the organization that has made the Item available for more information.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbsc.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

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

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-12-18 09:50:35 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/kp78gn79q>

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

6 March '33.

To-day I have been busy - mostly - with The Aspern Papers, and with The Turn of the Screw and Conrad's Heart of Darkness; to try to give a good lecture tomorrow morning. - The Aspern Papers is not so difficult; though I can't expect these boys to get the intensity that I get and have got (I shall try to explain how, as a mathematical problem, Burbank with a Baedeker issues out of the Aspern Papers in its way); this quite apart from the personal and private significance which The Aspern Papers has come to have for me: but I was fascinated by it long before that. The collocation of Heart of Darkness and The Turn of the Screw set me pondering on Matt Prichard again. I don't think I have ever quite told you about Matt Prichard. I came across him at a most susceptible period: when I went to Paris in 1910. He was perhaps the only Evil influence that I have ever known; though I have known quite enough of Bad: I have known others, of both sexes, who wanted my body, and that is vile enough; but I don't think I have ever known anybody who wanted my Soul like Matt Prichard. He was, I believe, a restrained and almost ascetic pervert: he had conquered the body, but not the soul. He wanted to dominate, to possess, a young man as no one I have ever known has wanted to possess a young man's soul. And then there were, I estimate, about twenty seconds when I was alone in my room in a Paris boarding house, when I just was sure that I had gone over the edge: and I had a vision of hell which I must believe few people ever get: I just hung on, but thinking that I was completely gone, blown to pieces. It was going back about fifty thousand years in evolution, and down into the uttermost abyss. And the odd thing is that after that, at Christmas 1910, I went with this man for a fortnight's tour of southern France; and I didn't mind; it was all over, the struggle, for me; something had won. I think that he got his revelation during the tour: one night in Limoges, when I heard him moving about in the next room. The reality, the absurdity, of the expedition, was provided by his brother who accompanied us: the brother was a most conventional Colonel, who became a General later, a typical British Army Officer, good as gold. They were an excellent county family in Wales. And Matt had been Director of the Boston Art Museum and a friend of Mrs. Jack Gardner; and the drawings he made of romanesque details of architecture in southern France and Italy were wonderful. He was a great man, in his way, and I have never seen him since Munich 1911.

I don't know however why I should have told Theodore Spender about this, this morning: without mentioning names, to be sure. Perhaps, it was because I remembered a man who had meant so much to me in my youth; and I thought, here is a young man who is terribly susceptible to my influence and perhaps slightly more homosexual than the "normal", but with a wife and child; and damn it when you have somebody under your influence that person is at least as much under your bad and good influence - you can affect them quite as easily through vanity, snobism and bad motives as through good: and what a frightful responsibility I have taken upon myself, and there's his wife and son too. But do you, I wonder, grasp the compliment of my drivelling on to you in this way instead of talking sense? That is perhaps really the one thing that matters.

The compliment, if it be a compliment, and not merely an impertinence, is deserved.

one feels Spender's presence
me skin to skin, tangibly (for I can regard it as if one the person) unimpaired.
as I feel towards him.
When I might add, they are people towards whom

SECRET

CONFIDENTIAL

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately. I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

I have been thinking about the things we did together, and how much fun we had. I have been thinking about the times when we were together, and how much we loved each other. I have been thinking about the future, and how much I want to be with you.

CONFIDENTIAL

7 March 1933.

I have just had a letter - dubious, it is true, because the dictator of it forgot to sign it - which purports that I am to be given the degree of Litt.D. by Columbia University in June. I am asked not to divulge the fact, so don't you. It is interesting, as one gets older, that one is pleased - tickled in fact - by trifles of this sort which would have seemed indifferent or outrageous in youth. Perhaps it is that in age one has learnt to be content, in this world, with trifles. Now I want three things: I want to be a Fellow of Corpus, Cambridge; I want to be King Edward VII Professor of Literature in Cambridge University; and I want an O.M. How nice it is for one to want a few things still which are still within the bounds of possibility!

Mem: I must write to Miss Galitzi.

Supurb dinner at these people named Sears's. They must have, or have had till Sunday night, the deuce of a lot of money. The beef-steak was the best I have eaten; the champagne was not bad; and whats more surprising still, the salad was not badly dressed. Some odd folk present; some named Domenico, seemingly (as a cockney servant would say) shady financiers; a young Henry Cabot Lodge & his nice wife - a nincompoop I thought him; there is more vitality, and more sense of reality, in some of my young English Tories like Lymington.

You upbraid me for my extreme reserve - I am more reserved than most Eliots only by the fact that most of them have nothing to be reserved about, inasmuch as they notoriously have No private lives but only public ones; but what I object to in most Americans is that they are so BLOODY Polite always that you never know where you are with them. They may be disapproving of you totally and not say it, be-

cause they are too polite. I feel it with the Perkins's, I feel it with all my relatives, I feel it even with the Sheffields, of all people. I hate even to have my friends & relatives say "I beg your pardon?" in that cumbrous way when they dont quite catch what you say. I do feel that politeness is the curse of American society. Once, I remember, I invited some English friends to the theatre with us, and owing to a difference in idiom (I should phrase it differently now) they thought that they were expected to pay for their seats - they made it painfully evident that they had seen the play before and that they didnt want to come although they came. When they discovered that they were invited guests at my expense the situation changed. But I now like that sort of frankness, though once I thought it brutal. You have been brutally frank with me ^x two or three times: (e.g. to take a small example, about my teeth), and you don't know how joyously I welcome it - it seems like home to me - I begin to think that you are no more an American than I am, and that you could hold your own in English or French society in a fraction of the time that it took me to learn - and I did have to learn how to take blows smiling, and then give them back (I remember Clive Bell saying at a dinner party "Tom had his family here and wouldnt let anyone see them" - and being able to answer "I introduced them to a few of the sort of people I thought they would like to know" - my first successful attempt).

To be fair to Clive, that was at a time when his mistress was for a brief moment infatuated (unsuccessfully) with me - I have succeeded in remaining on the best of terms with him, with the lady's husband, and what is most surprising, with herself: I think that speaks well for everyone concerned, *especially for her.*

*x in a
mild way*

AIR MAIL.

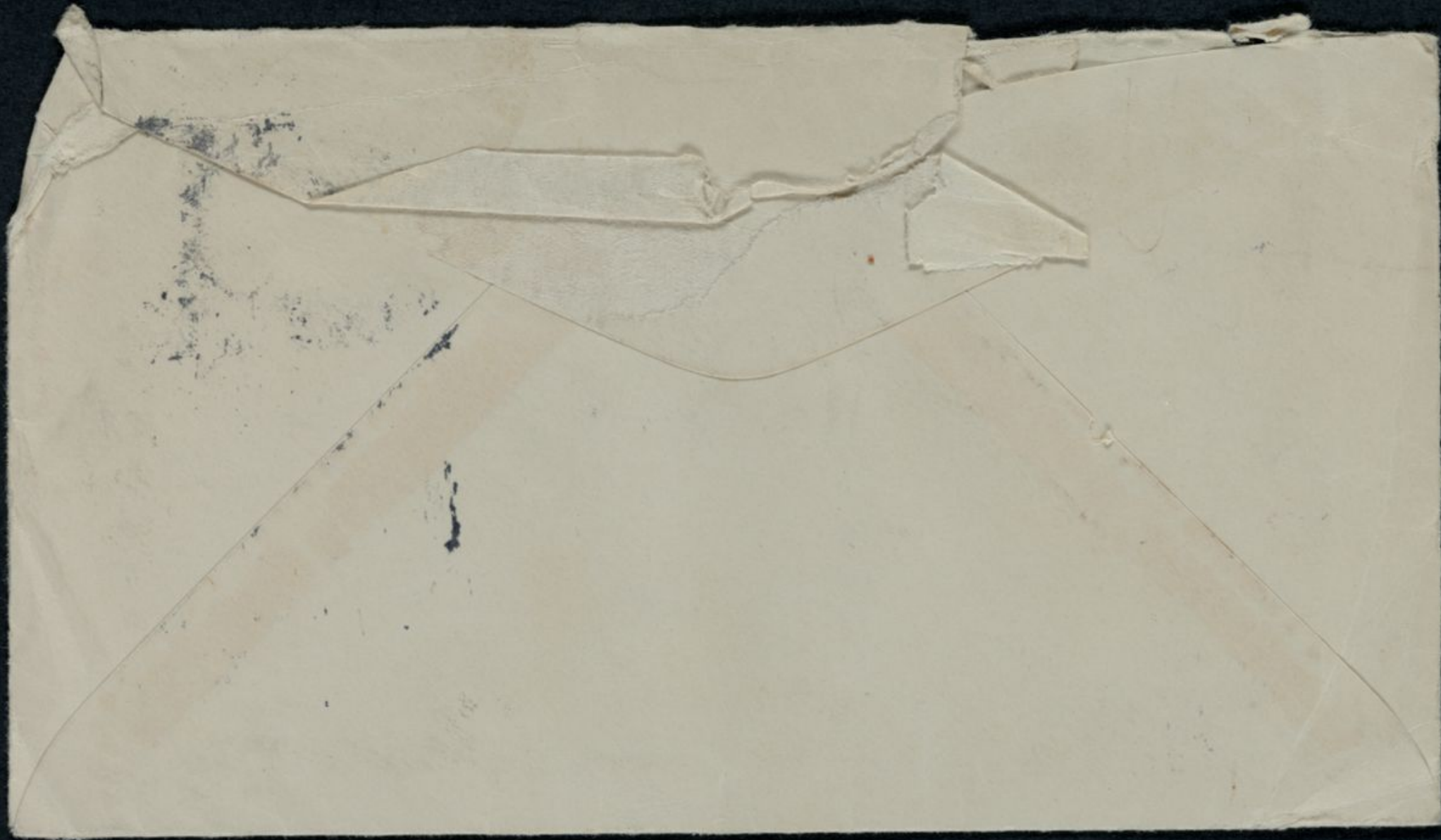


Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Long past bedtime: March 7th 1933.

Young Gerald Graham came in, an hour and a half ago, with that destructive Aberdeen of his (I kept an Eye on it, but she slept at my feet peacefully) so what could I do? He was bursting with his simple problems. So I talked. My goodness gracious how I talked. ^x He took it in, never in detail, but I think as a whole. Whether he should go on yearning for a job at Cambridge, whether his wife was still in love with him, whether she couldnt stand America, whether he could ever get a professorship here - his devotion to Merriman - the fact that I didnt like Merriman at first, but came to like him, - what was worth aiming for in life - the significance of death as giving meaning to life: and other subjects. I was quite aware of forcing the pace, of deliberately seeing him (and me) in a certain historical position, and playing up to it. But I think it came out all right, and I believe that he got the fortification needed - demolished a few idols that he thought he must believe in and didnt - and set up a few others that he had never recognised and so on. But Good Heaven, how tiring!

x I don't mean about myself! or in any self-revelatory way -

This may be Vanity - !
Shouldn't believe anything!

T. S. ELIOT
8-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

My dear Lady,

8 March 1933.

The effect of your silence^x seems to be to produce a diorrhoea (is that spelt right) of words from me; you have only to say if you object. I am of course worried; but I shall probably continue to be just as worried whether you write or not: on the whole I should prefer letters to be tiny but frequent: with, about once a month - I might concede ~~one~~ in two months - a really splendid long letter which would make me feel that you really had an hour to spare for me - meaning about three hours with nothing to do - and could let your mind and pen run on about whatever came into your head over ever so many pages. Long enough so that it would be several days before I was sure I had really decyphered it. I am not going to Amherst tomorrow, and I have had a Tiff with the President - because I thought his telegram implied that I wouldnt come unless they sent a car for me; whereas I was quite humbly saying that I hadnt the money to pay for transport. I am wondering how things go in California - if you get enough to eat that is the main thing. If I cannot get my money to England - at something like its previous value - I shall have to go through the Bankruptcy Courts, thats all. I have had very satisfactory letters from Geoffrey Faber and the Dean of Rochester. I am to dine with the Perkins's on Saturday; but things are rather complicated. I mean, I myself offered Saturday; and they accepted; then Mrs. Perkins has had two tickets to the Symphony Concert; I should love to go with her of course; but I am aware that if I had arranged another night the problem would not have arisen; I have written to suggest that I should dine but that Dr. and Mrs. Perkins should use the tickets.

De tout mon coeur,

T.

^x "Le silence de ces vastes espaces m'effraie".
Pascal, talking of astronomy.

The subject of this letter is the
fact that you have not yet
received my letter of the 11th.
I am sure you are very busy
and I understand you have a
lot of work to do. I am sure
you will get my letter when
you have a chance to read it.
I am sure you will find it
interesting and I am sure
you will find it very helpful.
I am sure you will find it
very interesting and I am sure
you will find it very helpful.
I am sure you will find it
very interesting and I am sure
you will find it very helpful.
I am sure you will find it
very interesting and I am sure
you will find it very helpful.

Very truly yours,

AIR MAIL.

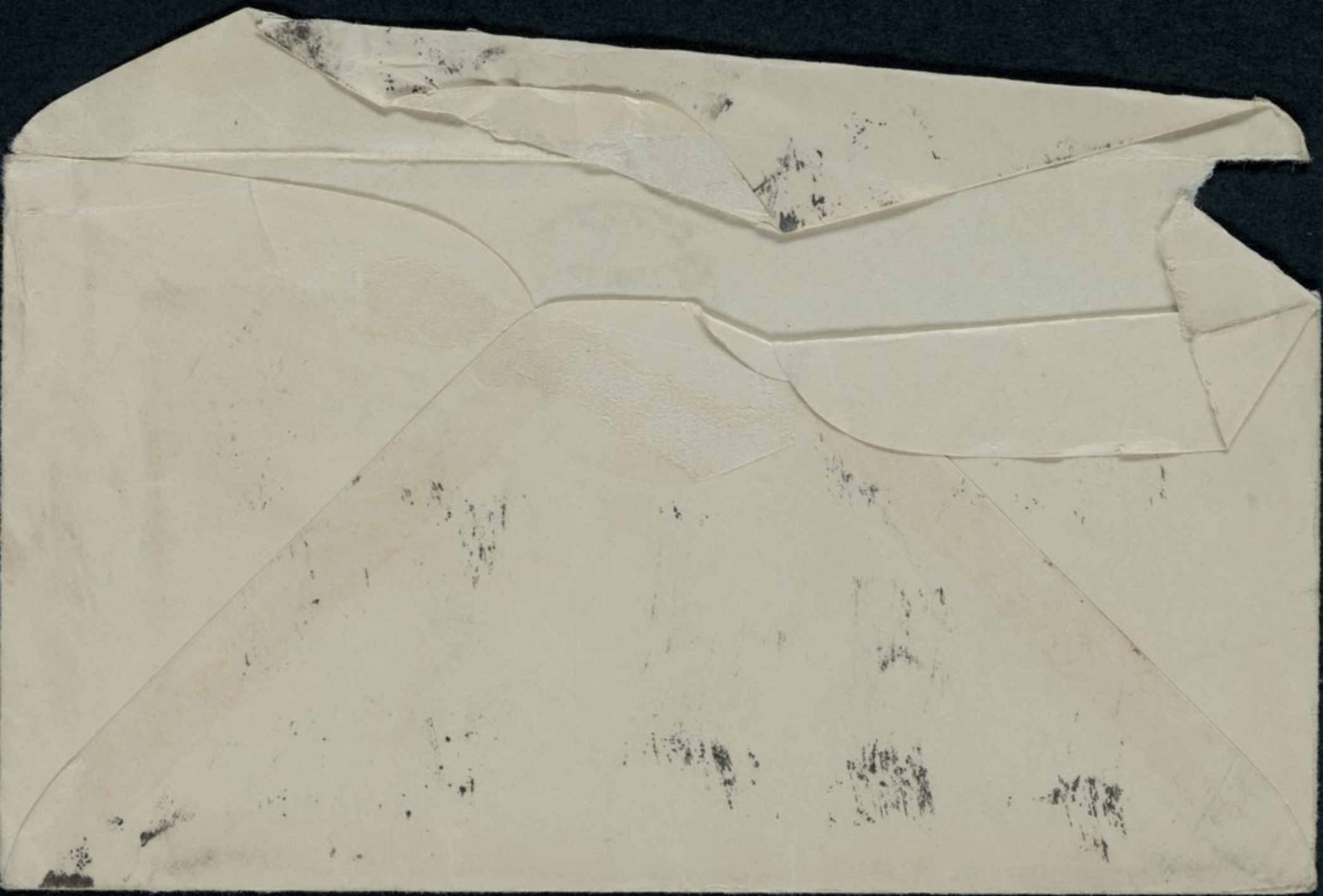


Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

12 March 1933.

My dear Lady

I have just time before I go in to Church to tell you how thankful I was to hear that a telegram had come from you. I did not see the newspaper until just as I was going off to give my lecture; as soon as I got back I telephoned and spoke to Dr. Perkins. He said that they had decided to wait in the expectation of a wire from you; later, I learned that they had wired after all; but we conjectured that your wire had been sent before receiving theirs. As they had not wired, I thought I ought to wait, but by 11:30 I couldn't stand it, and telephoned the telegram (the operator at the Western Union was familiar with your name and address, and said she had just sent a wire to you from someone else. The day was a nightmare; until Dr. Perkins very kindly rang me up about five o'clock to say that your wire had come. I dined with them at 6:30; we were still pretty shaky; Mrs. Perkins very kindly took me to the Symphony concert, but I don't think that we were very attentive, though there was a beautiful Sibelius Symphony No. 6. It has occurred to our minds that there will be no peace until you are done with that part of the world for good. Now don't accuse me of putting that idea into her head! I deliberately withheld it, and she thought of it - very naturally - herself. Did you really suppose that I should keep the "hacking cough" to myself? I don't consider that sort of thing a confidence! I think I can keep people's confidences, and any of yours above all, as well as anybody. But she had been worried about not hearing from you - furthermore you should know perfectly well that that was something you should have told her yourself. I have not said anything to make them worry more about earthquakes.

What I am chiefly concerned about now is the effect of the terrible nervous strain all that night - whether the girls behaved properly, or were hysterical - whether you had to manage all by yourself - or whether there were any men about - Mr. Ament certainly should have been there. I am glad that it began so early in the evening. I am sure that you managed splendidly and heroically, but that means all the more strain. I do hope that you will have days of rest, and that regular classes will be interrupted. I shall not expect to hear from you myself; or, when you do write, you need not duplicate any information. I await eagerly your reply to the night letter which Dr. Perkins sent last night. I do wish, if this had to happen (and presumably it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't had to) it had happened while I was there. I was terribly afraid that by chance you might have been away from Claremont, somewhere near the coast. This seems the last thing needed to complete the horror of California for me.

Sans plus dire, a toi

Tom

LE 10/10/10

I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the... I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the... I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the...

I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the... I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the...

I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the... I have just received your letter of the 10th and I am glad to hear from you. I will not see the...

Very truly yours,
[Signature]

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Another justification of frequent "retreats" and stays in monasteries is this; that the practice of devotion is not a drug, any more than poetry is a drug. In writing poetry you just get something out of you which is a burden inside you; but that it just because you have to write. Poetry writing does not still any pain, or bring any compensation; if it is right poetry, it simply makes you face your pain. The ~~drug~~ drug - besides drug and drink in the literal sense - is Fighting. To attack ideas and practices and people who are in power; or to defend ideas or people or practices which are in disrepute, to use all the weapons of invective, irony, sarcasm and wit in the attempt to set something up or something down - that is a man's work, it is a work to be done; but all the same, it is dangerous. It is what I might throw myself into too wholeheartedly: for it is also a drug. The triumph of wit well used in a good cause is dangerously near to pride. Poetry never engenders pride, if it is Poetry, the real right thing; because one is so aware of realness and rightness in general that one is never set up by one's own work. The execution falls so far short of the ambition! I have so many doubts about the permanence of my own work! At 44 one is still too young to have had such success; there may be something Byronically wrong about it. But the controversialist has ~~none~~ none of these doubts, any more than the prizefighter: you have either won or lost; there is always the referee to say so.

I think that you, like me, are tempted to wear yourself out in good works. It is for you to ask yourself: am I drugging myself with work? If so, I am doing wrong, I am evading reality. It is so easy to be dishonest, to say: This is merely my DUTY. You can do all that is your Duty without wearing yourself out. In fact, part of your Duty is not to wear yourself out. You have a Duty towards even me, you know, just as I have towards a number of people.

But all this time I am simply worrying myself into horrors about you; for Mrs. Perkins rang me up (about Saturday night) and said that she had not heard from you. O my dear even when you can't write to me, do please try to get word to her; I am much more alarmed when she has no news of you than when I haven't. And Miss Eyre is not about yet, so she is of no use.

Tonight I had to go to a dinner - a long long dinner - with long waits between courses - 190 people all gabbling - sat between Miss Professor Snell of Mt. Holyoke and Mrs. Ada Russell, Amy Lowell's Friend - a dinner of the ~~English~~ English Teachers' Association, and make a speech afterwards. And as so often on such occasions, my eye caught the back of someone who reminded me of you, and I looked and peeped surreptitiously until she turned: and Oh the face! One knows what will happen, and cannot prevent oneself going on looking until the Disillusionment.

You must take better care of the lovely hands: is there anything in the way of a water softener etc. which I could obtain for you here that you can't get in Claremont. In London I should suggest Cyclax Skin Food; I don't know what the American equivalent is.

The following information is being furnished to you for your information only. It is not to be disseminated outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization.

The following information is being furnished to you for your information only. It is not to be disseminated outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization.

The following information is being furnished to you for your information only. It is not to be disseminated outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization.

The following information is being furnished to you for your information only. It is not to be disseminated outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization.

The following information is being furnished to you for your information only. It is not to be disseminated outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization. This information is being furnished to you in confidence and should be treated as such. It is not to be discussed with anyone outside your organization.

[Handwritten signature]

AIR MAIL.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Dearest Lady.

14 March 1933.

I don't suppose I shall hear from you for another ten days, if then, if ever; but I incline to go on writing. I dare say that you are too busy to ~~XXXX~~ have time to think whether anybody is worrying about you or not. I had hoped to hear from the Perkins's any news that you gave them by night letter; but either they didn't get the news, or it wasn't fit to tell me, for I have not heard. I wish you had a Guggenheim Fellowship just to write letters and to keep away from earthquake zones. I was grateful to get your wire, though in the circumstances as it was collect I think you need not have been so terse, and what were you doing in Pasadena I wonder. It arrived late Sunday afternoon. I have had two "busy" days since then. On ~~Wednesday~~ ~~dx~~ Monday afternoon Bill Field called for me and took me out to Milton to see the school and have tea with the masters and their wives and the prefects; and I took the prefects upstairs in Forbes House to see my old room, which I finally identified (it was inhabited by a youth named Keppel, an odd name to find out of England, studying in a sweater) and the prefects peered about to see if I had carved my name anywhere, and it was not to be found so I promised to come back on Graduates Day and carve it, and I showed them how the bath room used to be and tried one of the beds to see if they turned over as easily as ever, and they all "sir'd" me; there seems to be a nice lot of boys there. Afterwards I dined with the Fields and a selection of masters. I really felt quite happy there; and Field begs me to consider delivering the Commemoration or whatever it is Address in June. To-day I lectured on Yeats at 9, lunched early and went to the First National Bank in Boston (I find I can now transfer money to London again) and so out to Charlestown. They were expecting me. The prison is a ghastly place. I got finally into a large cage with steel bars like a flying aviary, in which were seated people each talking to a man in shabby grey - the prisoners. Some were negroes. Finally in came in shabby grey my Peter Dyer, and I sat and talked to him for an hour and a half. It was not nearly so trying as some visits that I have had to pay to institutions. He is I think a little unbalanced, but not enough to account for him before the law, perhaps not more than I am; and he put me at my ease. He plunged into talk about poetry at once, said he had had a very feverish life (he was an interior decorator with five children) and was now trying to take advantage of the comparative calm of prison life. To go into a prison is like going out of life, into another life; you feel (this is me talking) that this is the centre of life for the people in it, and nothing outside is so real as what is inside; you have to readjust yourself in an odd way. It has an odd analogy to a monastery. There are just as many people, he said in his strange inconsequent but continuous way, walking about the streets who are as much in prison as I am. That is very true, I said. And he talked about my poetry, about his own, about other peoples; kept pulling out of his pockets books, and letters; several people have visited him; perhaps he feels more important now than he ever did as an interior decorator, I thought. He is rather an egoist. Or is he just making the best of it. One grows a shell, he said. Yes, I said, but the shell is stiff and makes sores on one's skin underneath, and he seemed to agree to that. I am still confused about my impressions; but I shall think of that prison. Then to dinner at the Glessners (daughter of Ella (Cochran) Skuder who was staying with them - Ella is a St. Louis antique. Glessner Jewish, instructor in English. Mixed feelings. In between had been visited by Witter Bynner (a poet from Santa Fe) and Jack Clement to know about getting into Eliot House: I mean, two separate and

consecutive visits. Tomorrow I have my teaparty and read poetry to the Women's City Club. Until the end of this month I shall have no rest; and not much then until the middle of May. I have just received another Litt.D.; this time from Wisconsin; but there is nothing to be done about it. Must finish my lecture for Friday; the last Norton but one. On Sunday (did I write Sunday or when) to tea at the Lambs with a jam of people; Ada & Sheff came with me; Judge Grant and R.A.Cram the architect (and Mrs.Cram I liked) and Admiral & Mrs Sims (Mrs.Sims was an old friend of Margaret's). Then read poetry to Eliot House in the evening; only Theodore Spencer didn't get the alarm clock to alarm in time at the end. But, I think, a success.

I must get to Mass in the morning, as I did not to-day. Je vous prie, Madame, de recevoir l'assurance de ma consideration la plus parfaite.

Dans l'attente de tes nouvelles, et dans une inquietude extreme, je me soussigne, ton serviteur fidele

I am really very anxious.

Pom

Answered,
14. 2. 33.

Box 100
Charleston, W. Va.
February 12, 1933

Dear Professor Eliot -

Brother Frederick, of St. Francis' House, came to chat with me, chatted, and then gently placed in my hands a little book inscribed for Peter Tyler by T. S. Eliot. Such an unmeasured kindness stopt my pulse momentarily and set me athrob with Ezra Pound's 'Guardi! Ah, guardi!' I wish, must & then have been a study in Happiness-winking bubbles of it. But lest I whip it to a froth, please accept my simple sincere thanks. You have given me a great joy - lasting stuff.

As tho' this precious essay on Dante were not sufficiently magnanimous on inspiration, Brother Frederick also whispered that you expressed a wish to meet me.

At that I became quite incoherent and questioned his sincerity with my eyes. What I sensed sent chuckles of elation a-rippling thru all of us. You are all that Katharine Ellis Barnett told us of you. These walls and bars are but the frame and strings of a synthetic harp, now.

Mrs. Barnett has discussed with us

you and your poetry. Last summer, while in Switzerland, she sent us a copy of your Ash Wednesday. I could not rise to it then. But recently she sent us a copy each of your Forms: 1905-1925 and Williamson's The Poetry of T.S. Eliot. The text has 'opened doors' for us, and now I revel in the lighter poems. Gradually, I am coming into an understanding of all those which until now I knew only by instant communication. Your power of dislocating and resetting old meanings into fresh images quickens my urge to feel all of your poems. You compress so - what shall I say - so Orientalish! That's it: your 'Preludes' approximate a whole Jade Mountain! Mrs. Barnett has it: 'Peter, why should he,

who can write Vanity Fair in eighty numbered lines, write novels!' If I dared, I'd let you see her marvelous letter about P.S. Eliot. I'll ask her about it; I'm thinking you'd enjoy what she's written. She is a genuine critic - an exceptionally acute one.

But I'm allowing my joy to flow into perplexing words. Nevertheless I'm certain you will understand - you who write 'Rhapsody on a windy night'. However, I do hope you know Charles J. Connick, an authentic artist in stained-glass and one who actually lives the poetry he's steeped in. He has my Ash Wednesday; he sees 'prismatic beauty' in it - as he draws quick patterns in the air with his fingers.

Professor Eliot, I shall read and re-read Lante, and your Lante will open more doors for me there. I shall strive to write some real stuff because of it. Let that be my material gratitude, yes? And as for your wish to visit me: I feel certain that your colleague, Prof. Francis B. Sayre, would grant you a permit to visit me.

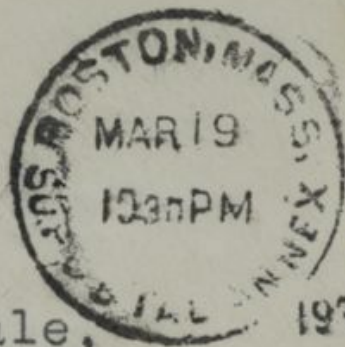
at your own convenience. Otherwise
you'd have to time your visit to hours
which I believe are not in rhythm with
your leisure. Such a visit would prove
nurturing to my urges - would nourish
my fortitude and humility.

Gosh, what a debt I owe Brothers
Frederick and Charles, and Father Benton for
all this luxury - this happiness! I am
grateful - very grateful.

Sincerely,
Peter Iyer

Professor T. S. Eliot
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

AIR MAIL.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Sean Baird.

19 March 1933.

You have no idea what a relief it was to get your letter on Thursday morning, and how anxious we had been about you. On Wednesday Mrs. Perkins rang me up, very worried, to ask whether I had any news of you, as she had had nothing but your wire of the previous Saturday; I of course had nothing to tell her but that I had had a wire on Sunday evening which differed from hers only by the addition of the portentous signature BUSY EMILY which seemed to forbid further solicitude. I said that it was unlikely that I should hear if she didn't, but when I did hear would ring her up. I found your letter on returning from my 9 a.m. lecture - on W.B. Yeats - and telephoned and compared news. The placid tone of your account was characteristic, and was meant to be reassuring - whether the night was not more terrifying than you admit - with some nervous girls - I wonder. The momentary anxiety & possibility of a world without Emily in it was not pleasant.

I have had no time to write till now; on Thursday I was still working on my lecture for Friday - which went off with fair success - then had to spend part of the evening with Lowes - whisky & soda - discussing problems of education - then came back to elaborate my lecture for Saturday morning on the Irish Theatre - got to bed about 2:30. Talked about Lady Gregory - Synge - Yeats: but I cannot find any play of Lady Gregory named "The Dragon"; is it possible that I have failed to decypher your writing? I used chiefly The Rising of the Moon, The Playboy, and The Hawk's Well - which last I saw the first performance of, at Lady Curard's, years ago, with Ito, the Japanese dancer, superb as the Guardian of the Well - the play was written for him. Tell me more about the Dragon. Yesterday afternoon I slept for an hour, as I had to speak at a Signet dinner at which Mr. Lowell was presented with a silver bowl; I read them a little of Sweeney Agonistes - I wish I could be at Vassar to see what they make of it - you see that Vassar is more advanced than the Siddons Club!

For the next fortnight I shall be very busy; I go to Princeton on Thursday to stay with Paul More; thence on Friday to Haverford to stay with the Hotsons; lecture in both places. Why does Lowell pronounce ant exactly like aunt, I wonder; it confused me at first. When my Norton lectures are over I shall feel that the most important has been done; but in April and May there are various engagements - several unpaid - the clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts, some Unitarian clergy, an Anglo-Catholic Congress at Elizabeth N.J. And in July I have to speak several times in London and Oxford in connexion with the Oxford Movement Centenary. I thought that in the peculiar circumstances I should be justified in keeping quiet; but Underhill tells me I ought to accept. What a strange life.

ton dévoué

Pom

Dear Mr. [Name]

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. regarding the matter of the [Name] and to thank you for the information furnished. I am sorry that I cannot give you a more definite answer at this time, but the matter is still under consideration. I will be glad to discuss this matter with you if you wish.

I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter. I will be glad to discuss this matter with you if you wish. I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter.

I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter. I will be glad to discuss this matter with you if you wish. I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter.

I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter. I will be glad to discuss this matter with you if you wish. I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter.

I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter. I will be glad to discuss this matter with you if you wish. I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough investigation in this matter.

1947

59 BATTLE ROAD,
PRINCETON, N.J.

March 12, 1933.

My dear Eliot, —

If you have a nine o'clock lecture on Thursday the first train you can take is the 11 o'clock. This reaches N. Y. at 4:20. Your first train for Princeton would leave the Penna. Station at 5:05 and arrive at Princeton at 6:27. Allowing you a reasonable time to dress, I could not get the dinner before seven. You would have to leave for your lecture at about eight.

This is a pretty close schedule, and I wonder whether you would not prefer to dine quietly with me alone. Do not hesitate to say so, if this would please you better. I might perhaps ask one or two men to call in after the lecture.

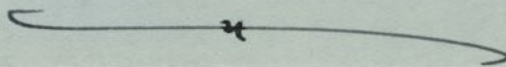
I hate to bother you with so many notes to

(over)

answer, but if there is to be a dinner I must
get my invitations out. You can give me the
needed information on a post card.

Sincerely,

Pam E. Moore



RECEIVED AT

22 BRATTLE STREET
UNIVERSITY 8618

STANDARD TIME
INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM



Commercial
Cables

All America
Cables

Mackay

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

Form 16

B26 48 DL (PLEASE FORWARD)=P VC POUGHKEEPSIE NY 18 1210P 1933 MAR 18 PM 12 46

T S ELIOT=

=DEPT OF ENGLISH HARVARD CAMBRIDGE MASS=

COULD YOU PLEASE WIRE COLLECT ANSWER TO THE REQUEST IN MY
 RECENT LETTER AS TO WHETHER THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE HAS YOUR
 PERMISSION TO PRODUCE SWEENEY AGONISTES I SHOULD START PLANS
 MONDAY BUT CANNOT UNTIL I HEAR FROM YOU WE HOPE VERY MUCH THAT
 YOU WILL GRANT US PERMISSION=

EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE DIRECTORY HALLIE FLANAGAN..

Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025

СЕРТИФИКАТ
ПОСЛЕДИТЕЛИ



МОНИСТЕРСТВО
ТАКАММАТТАН

ҚАЗАҚСТАН
РЕПУБЛИКАСЫ

ҚАЗАҚСТАН
РЕПУБЛИКАСЫ
ТАКАММАТТАН

Copley Methodist Episcopal Church

"THE METHODIST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY IN BOSTON"

EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS, BOSTON, MASS.

"Old Edward Everett Hale Church"

COMMONWEALTH 7651

Minister of Music
JAMES R. HOUGHTON

Morning Preacher
WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.

Church Secretary
MABEL EVANS

Minister
STEPHEN J. CALLENDER, S.T.B., M.R.E.

March 16, 1933.

Dr. T. S. Elliott,
Guest Professor in Poetry,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

My dear Dr. Elliott:

Will it be possible for you to speak at
our evening service April second?

One of Copley Church's major ministries
is to college students, and to young people
of college age. Our evening services are
built chiefly to meet their problems and needs.
During the season our guest speakers have in-
cluded Richard B. Harrison ("De Lawd" in "The
Green Pastures"), Rolla Walter Brown and Edwin
Markham.

We can offer you no honorarium other than
the satisfaction of being of service to a large
number of young people.

Hoping it will be possible for you to ac-
cept this invitation, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Stephen J. Callender

110
18/3/33

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607

Dear Sir:

I am pleased to hear that you are interested in the work of the Physics Department at the University of Chicago. We are currently conducting research in the field of particle physics and would be glad to discuss our work with you.

Very truly yours,

Richard Feynman

Professor of Physics, University of Chicago

530 South East Asian Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60607

Enclosed for you are two copies of a report on our recent work.

If you have any questions or would like to visit us, please contact me at the above address.

Sincerely,

Richard Feynman

Professor of Physics, University of Chicago

530 South East Asian Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60607

Very truly yours,

Richard Feynman

Professor of Physics, University of Chicago

530 South East Asian Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60607

Enclosed for you are two copies of a report on our recent work.

AIR MAIL.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



I did not expect that the Cowley chapel would be crowded because I went there regularly. And of course it hasn't made the slightest difference. I prefer that it should not.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

14 March.

Your answer to my question (though it is a good deal to get you to answer a question at all) was Silly. I did not suppose that my visit had been any great help in any way - though I hoped that perhaps you might continue to see the Farrands in Pasadena, as a change from the Stevensons and the Alexanders and the Dean Smiths; but I did want to know whether it had done any harm: either in the way of malice (the only people I felt any real confidence in were Miss Eyre and Miss Galitzi, everyone else talked some foreign language) or internally: ^{spiritually - or ~~otherwise~~?} and on neither of these points have you thrown the slightest light. Are you being, like other Americans, just Polite? What I care about in a correspondent (as if I had ever had any other! or was likely to have - and am less likely with every letter I write to you) is not so much affection even, or certainly compliments - saying things that will please me, or Politeness; but just Frankness. I wish you could write to me merely as if you had to speak to somebody, and would be willing to consider myself as happening to be the only person available for the purpose. I am humble enough to be delighted to be used; but am too proud to be willing to reside in the situation of a mendicant. If I cannot be of any use to you, I had rather do without you.

This is not in the
least a criticism of
the way you do write!
It is just mauldening on.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

20 March 1933.

A letter to-day from Miss Mary Eyre (air mail). She is quite a dear, but My how she do love to pick one's brains! But I dont blame her for being a bit of a vulture; I dont suppose there is enough meat in Claremont to fill her maw. She is quite an interesting person. She says she has seen you for 2 minutes, but makes no observation.

Sometimes I have thought of keeping a notebook; but I cant come to the point of putting things down just for myself, or solemnly for posterity; I have to speak to somebody. This is the sort of thing that I would have put down in a notebook: "The poet wears his heart upon his sleeve. It must be added, first, that that is the last place where anybody would think of looking for it; and second, that they wouldnt recognise it as a heart if they saw it". I wonder if that means anything, though it seemed rather clever when I thought of it.

Yesterday, to lunch with the Leon Littles in Chestnut Hill, with Jim Clement also; got back, very sleepy, and slept; then to dine with Mr. & Mrs. Billy James who took me to the Chamber Concert - with a Miss Lowell who plays the fiddle - saw there all the regular guys - Pickmans - Sally Sedgwick - Mrs. Sluder & her daughter Mrs. Glessner - Mrs. Spalding whose son is at Milton - Mr. Copley Greene - Jack Wheelwright - Maurice Osborne - the Bernard Bandlerlog Lind - Spencer brought me back. A good performance; a beautiful Bach piece, and then the Stravinsky Histoire du Soldat - unsatisfactory as a concert piece, but a beautiful performance by the drummer - just the drummer I want for Sweeney Agonistes - I have a weakness for Stravinsky anyway, as The Hollow Men owes a great deal to Petrouschka, and I feel that Stravinsky and I and Pablo Picasso have a good deal in common - Picasso is a funny little man, like me. And then I think of an evening which I and James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis passed with Fritz Vanderpyl at 3, rue Gay-Lussac, and shortly after midnight Fritz lighting his clay pipe and saying "Vous, Eliot, et vous, Joyce, vous cherchez le difficile. C'est le grand défaut. Il faut chercher le simple". (Fritz's idea of cherchant le simple was to write poems to a Polish-Jewish painter lady who had been la madonne des wagons-lits, and whom he described as "infiniment sensuelle".) Lewis, who had barked his shin by falling off a bicycle on a ride which we attempted from Saumur to Chinon (but never got there) and was worrying about lockjaw from the gravel, was rather distracted, and also the next morning when Vanderpyl (who wrote articles on cuisine for the Petit Parisien) had spent three hours in preparing a Salad for me and Lewis and Guy-Charles Cods (whose father invented the gramophone, and who claimed proprietorship in certain islands in the Meditarreanean (Isles-Cros) but who was partly Danish and partly Negro); and all Lewis said was that Cros was like a little black Flea. ~~_____~~

I have got to be Chairman at the Albert Hall after all.

The following information was obtained from a review of the files of the [redacted] and is being furnished to you for your information. It is noted that the [redacted] has been advised of this information and has indicated that it is being furnished to you for your information.

The [redacted] has been advised of this information and has indicated that it is being furnished to you for your information. It is noted that the [redacted] has been advised of this information and has indicated that it is being furnished to you for your information.

SECRET

SECRET

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

21 March 1933.

I do not expect to hear from you this week, and even if I do I shant, because I shall be off to Princeton early on Thursday, and do not return from Haverford & Philadelphia till Sunday night. Receipts \$200. I have polished up old papers, and given them new heads and tails: the Bible for Princeton and Shakespeare Criticism for Haverford. After this my only excursions will be to Bowdoin in the April recess, twice to New York towards the end of April, and Virginia in the middle of May. I believe I sail from Montreal on the 23d June. Did I tell you that I wired to Underhill for advice about the Oxford Movement Centenary, hoping in the circumstances that he would say dont accept, but on the contrary; perhaps he thinks that my absence would be commented upon. So I have got to be Chairman of one of the meetings at the Albert Hall on the 12th July, and speak at Oxford on the 24th. I had rather hoped after leaving America to be able to keep my mouth shut for a year at least. But perhaps I shall find that I have acquired the habit of talking.

I had to escort Mrs. Merriman to dinner at the house of some people named Bigelow on Commonwealth Avenue tonight, as her husband was too busy to go; I didnt want to, but felt - especially as the Merrimans are going to Spain on Friday, that I ought to oblige. And I like both the Merrimans; I believe she is some distant Eliot kin. The Bigelows are charming people, and had only a very vague idea of who I was, which was refreshing; not lion hunters in the least. The other people were very dim, one was a member of the Corporation of Harvard named Lee, I was told.

I know, I think, something like this feeling of restlessness of which you have spoken so often. I know what it comes from, in me. When I wrote "teach us to sit still" I was writing of that. This very active and busy year will not have made it any easier to conquer, either; it will be good for me to get back to London and obscurity, where I shall have to make my own life, over from the beginning, in a sense, and sit still and think. I am very grateful for such good friends as I have; I wish I could show you Geoffrey Faber's letter, but I do not intend to communicate anything to do with that subject. Could you not try to set aside a half hour, before bedtime, just for purely disinterested reading? If there are books you want, I can get them for you; but there is a lot of Henry James for you yet, I am sure you have not read it all. I know how hard it is; I have not done very well in that way this year; when I am alone and not working, I am apt to play a game of solitaire patience; I got a very good game from Ada, and taught it to Mrs. Wm. James. I hope that Maritain will come

to Boston on his way from Toronto to Paris; have I said that he is as near to being a saint as any man I know? Nearer, I think, than Lord Halifax. I lectured twice this morning - the same lecture - once at Harvard to my class and again at Radcliffe for Spencer, because I was talking about the beginnings of modern poetry (1910 -) in London and I know more about that than Spencer does. I prefer lecturing to the boys, they react more quickly, and are more quickly depressed or excited; girls seem apt to be wondering irrelevant things about the lecturer, whereas boys are directly interested in what he is saying or not. The boys were pleased, I think, by my curt dismissal of Amy Lowell; while the girls I do believe were slightly shocked by my speaking in such a cold professional manner of the President's sister. Yet I believe that I gave the lecture better the second time than the first; I simplified it, made the points very clear and repeated them. But I do think that you need the quiet half hour of reading and detachment more than I do; you are going to be in California for another year, the atmosphere is insidiously corrupting, which New England certainly is not. I was interested to find this evening that two of the men present - including this Henry Bigelow - had very much the same feeling about Southern California that I had. If you ever got to like California and to talk about it as the finest place on earth - you can still imagine how horrified I should be. Did I tell you that I lunched with this Mr. Updike - he is about 65, a printer, met him first at Lily Norton's and then at the Lambs' - at the Somerset Club - a man of real piety and percipience - and discussed the Episcopalian clergy of America - he takes a very dark view; I give the Unitarians a good mark - the Rev. Mr. Arnold has not asked me to talk about poetry but about religion to the Unitarian ministers - whereas the Epis. divine suggested that I talk about poetry to the Clergy of the Diocese of Mass. - I have refused, and said that I want to talk to them about Asceticism, but in any event not about poetry. Do read some Henry James.

I thought Cousin Annie very pious - she presented Mattapan with a church - but was rather puzzled by her not seeming to know the distinction between Mass and Mattins.

I was interested to hear about Marie - after my very definite impression about her fiancé; but if - as I suppose - she is too good for that - she will not have an easy time in California. I imagine him still as a very nice, I dare say good, fellow; but as my term suggested, just something lacking and not desired. By the way, I ordered a lot of my works from England, they have not yet come - I have not forgotten to send her Marina.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

22 March 1933.

Dearest Lady.

I have no chance of hearing from you until next week, as I leave early tomorrow before the post comes. If, however, I do not hear within a few days, I shall take the liberty of ringing up Mrs. Perkins (Without Commotion) and asking for news. So long as you keep her informed, you may be sure I shall not worry: within reason, I mean, within reason. I return on Sunday, and very glad I shall be.

I might say - without touching on my affairs further, that I had a letter the other day from a friend - who knew nothing of my intentions or feelings - remarking that she had just seen V. for the first time since I left, and that she seemed in better health & spirits than for years! She also suggested, rather diffidently, that this might beneficially be made a permanent separation.

I have to get up very early, and have my bag to pack, so Good Night.

à toi
Tom

1000
1000
1000

... have no chance of being ...
... before the most ...
... shall have the liberty of ...
... to look as well as ...
... I shall ...
... and very ...
... I shall ...
... for the ...
... time ...
... and ...
... and ...

W.D. ...
...
...

1293 DAVENPORT COLLEGE
NEW HAVEN

March 13, 1933.

Dear Mr. Eliot:

I hope that you will accept the invitation to speak at Elizabeth next May. These 'regional conferences' have been successful beyond all expectation and, indeed, the chief sign of Anglo-Catholic progress in this country. You will 'speak to capacity,'² and a few words — You need not prepare an elaborate address —

So alas
have I!

will cheer and embolden
your hearers. Don't deprive
them if you can help it.

I speak as one who has been
summoned to a similar task
in England, and, in revenge,
I ask you to do as much for
America.

It was a pleasure to
have you here a fortnight since,
and my only regret is that your
stay could not have been longer.

Yours faithfully,

Chauncey Brewster Tinker