

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 09:51:02 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/z316q7029>

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall
Scriffs College
Claremont
California

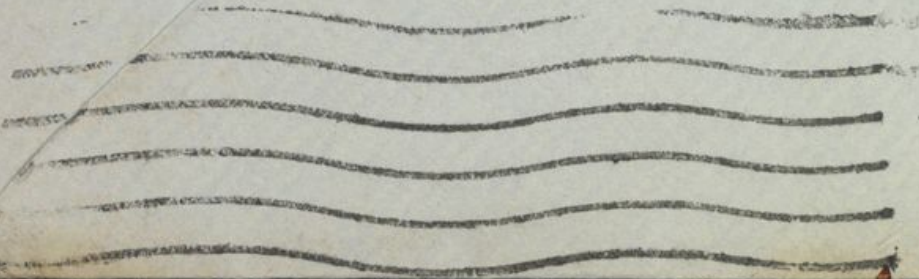
~~c/o Mrs. John Carroll Perkins,~~

~~1418 East 63d Street,~~

~~SEATTLE Wash.,~~

~~U.S. of America~~

SEATTLE
SEP 15
10:30 PM
3
MASS.



TY GLYN AERON,
CILIAU AERON,
CARDIGANSHIRE.

LLANFIHANGEL-YSTRAD 25.

2 September 1933.

My dear Dove,

This is the first chance I have had to write all the week: Geoffrey has gone to shoot grouse, and Enid has taken the children to the seashore to bathe. What times I have had hitherto have had to be spent in getting the Criterion ready for press; and one does not get a great deal of time to oneself on a visit.

I arrived on Monday after a long hot journey, going through industrial districts of South Wales - Newport, Swansea and so on. Change at Carmarthen. From there a slow little branch line. English becomes more infrequent. A small brown boy in the train, a chubby Neapolitan-looking aborigine, tried to talk to me in his native language, but finding nothing came of it ~~threw~~ threw his ball at me and began to sing at the top of his voice, his mother taking another part - sang much better than any English boy of his age. The scenery fine from that point to Lampeter, where I was met by car. Difficult to describe the impalpable differences between Welsh landscape and English. Wales is very lush, in parts heavily wooded and in parts barren and with its small whitewashed cottages and stone walls looks much like my notion of what Ireland must be. The whole country is shaggier looking than England; no one detail very different, but the total effect is wholly foreign. Most of the people can speak English pretty fluently, though their accent makes them difficult to follow; they are more affable than the English, lively and inquisitive. I feel as much in a foreign country as I should in France - I believe more so.

The Fabers have what I heard Geoffrey describe as a "nice little house" and sixty acres or so a five servants, trout stream, large gardens, bathing pool, tennis court, croquet lawn. G. is as much the country squire as possible. Ann has her best friend here, named Jane; Aunt Gwynydd has been here, and I believe Aunt Dorothy is expected tonight. Bathing in the pool is part of the routine; the pneumatic Seal I brought is a great success, and they try to ride him and fall splash. It is the only sport in which I indulge. The other day there was a tennis party, but the tennis ~~party~~ was far above my style, so I talked to the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of the County instead.

She is a Chilean by birth, and deaf. She said she was sure she had met me before. I couldn't think what to say to that I never can; so Enid suggested that as we both knew Paris very well we might have met there. I said I hadn't been to Paris for five years. Lady Lisburne said she hadn't been for six years. Well, I said, then it must have been in Paris that we met! After tea, the L.L. said he hears I have been in America lately, and how did I like it? Always too much trouble to explain to such people what my relation to that country really is, so I said it is a delightful country to visit. He says did I meet his friend Norman Doubleday? No, but I used to know the Pages. Etc. We have also been to see a grotto on the seashore called the Monk's Cave, which is disappointing, but the coast itself beautiful. And I have been out with the guns. A number of ladies and gentlemen assemble on a moor (moor very beautiful with heather, purple, high, distant views of surrounding country and Plinlimmon), gentlemen looking like retired Majors (which they often are) ladies very horsey and horsefaced in tweeds with red setters, with their shot guns; they distribute themselves over the moor behind little screens of leaves called butts. Then the beaters drive the grouse to fly over the heads of the ladies and gentlemen. While I was there I did not see a single bird, but afterwards I believe that two grouse were shot to go round among eight people. As I can neither hunt, shoot nor fish, I cannot attempt to make any impression on such people: if they are elderly enough, I try to appear as a Modest Young Man; if they are younger I try to appear as a shrewd but kindly City Man.

A loft is to be reconstructed to make a theatre for the children, and I am to be asked to write a play for them.

I have been very happy here with these people, and they are very kind. It has been a very strange life this summer, leading a sort of secondary existence about other people's homes. Next week I go to Kelham for a week; I think a stay among religious celibates may relieve the feeling. I must stop or I shall miss the post: and there is not another for two days. I go to Lingfield on Thursday, hoping to find a letter, O my dear.

Tom

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT CALIFORNIA,

U.S.A.





Rev. W. F. Stead

donated

his father 1542

Oliver

his mother

Yelox

Yelox



Pershurst

100

140

100



Penshurst
Castle, Kent.

birthplace
of Sir P. Sidney

now belongs to
Algernon Sidney



Kentish

oast

1542

4202



Velox

The River Eden
Swimming hole
above the
weir.

1542

Velox

FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.L.DE LA MARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

10 September 1933.

Dear Dove

You will have, I hope, some faint idea of my rejoicing over receiving your long letter of the 23d August. I congratulate you upon your rapid mastery of the machine (though it made you say that you laid in the sun), and so long as the typewriter is less painful than writing AND provided that when you type you write really long letters, I shall not repine so much over the absence of the beloved scrawl. I am terribly distressed to hear of all the complications of poisoning or whatever it is. I don't believe that this toxin, in spite of teeth, would have got hold of you if you had not been very run down - so I worry about the coming winter. That, they all say, was the reason for the success of whatever attacked my hair - which I begin to fear I shall never get back - I shall be grateful if I do not go so bald as to have to wear a Wigg - I am glad you have not got that malady anyhow.

I am glad that the machine is useful now. If I did leave on the price mark that doesn't matter, for it is only a Practical present. I should like always to make you presents in pairs: one Practical and one Unpractical.

This can only be a short letter, because I am not settled until the 20th, and when one is visiting one has not much time to oneself. I have just been to the Woolfs, who were amazed at my healthy looks, better than they remember me, and also were the Hutchinsons who turned up there for tea. The latter are depressed because their daughter, whom I used to carry about on my back years ago, is going to marry a Rothschild and join the Jewish Church. But it would be worse if he didn't belong to any church at all, I think. I was very much touched by the fact that they seemed really pleased to see me again: it always comes as a surprise to find that people really like one. My visit to Wales was a great success, and has done more for my health than any part of the summer. I shall write at much greater length upon my return, and reply to your letter. You must report to me the progress of your fingers. I only wish that I could kiss them.

to
Tom

FABER & FABER

BRUNNEN

1000

1000

BRUNNEN
FABER & FABER
1000

BRUNNEN
FABER & FABER
1000

COLNE VALLEY

PARISHMENT

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

1933



*photographs
inside*

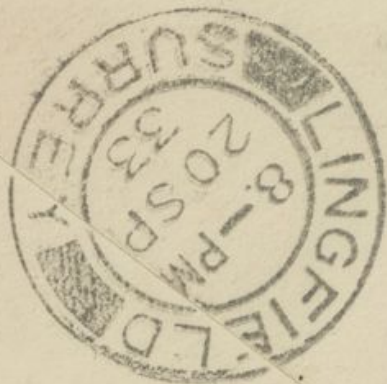
Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT

California

U.S.A.





Yalox

B. Gen. Gen

Yalox

new furnished
window

window

Yalox



48

Velox

Beach near

25

Hammer

Velox

Velox



~~Cotowald~~

Willage



welsh mountain
brook

48

2



5

Valox

48

Sand to Co

T. S. R.

Valox

Valox



J.C.F.

48

Tom

Velox

5

Velox



R. J. M. A. S. A.

Velox

Velox

48

2



S. C. F.

Yelox

(Weyhatten)

S.

F

R

Yelox

FABER & FABER

Limited

PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.I.DE LAMARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

20 September 1933.

LONDON, W.C.1

Seavast Lady,

I have now returned for an indefinite period to my Surrey shelter. The stay at Kelham was pleasant, but not altogether restful: young men wanting to talk to me, and so on; I had to talk to the Literary Circle, and read poetry. Like one of my college visits in America. Furthermore, the food is very austere - no green vegetables - half-boiled potatoes - meat always boiled and rather tough and gristly, and as the tin plates get out of shape and tend to spin on their axes, cutting the meat is difficult. Cold corned beef for breakfast; bread and cheese for lunch; bread and jam for tea; steak pudding, or baked beans, or (once) sausages for supper. And they won't ask any payment for board and lodging; which means that I shall have to make a subscription to cover it. I bathed once in the Trent - very cold - went over to see the cathedral at Southwell, which is worth seeing - good Norman nave, ornate late English chapter house. The country is flat and dull, but very historic - King John died in Newark Castle, which is pretty well preserved - Charles surrendered near by - edge of Sherwood Forest, so there are Robin Hood and Little John inns about - the White Hart at Newark is a beautiful fourteenth century inn. Rose every day at 6:30 for Mass - the only other offices guests attend are Evensong and Compline.

Well, I am wondering how you find Scripps, and whether it is very very hard starting that life again. I am very painfully aware of the meagreness of your life even at its very best: to wear out nine months of the year among young and self-centred girls most of whom have no social background, and with colleagues most of whom ~~xxxx~~ are unqualified either socially or sensitively to have anything to give you, and some of whom are not to be trusted; and to have no holiday or change except for the company of elderly people who (I hope you will not mind my saying this, but you know you may criticise freely anyone belonging to me) with all their sweetness and lovingness have had an easier experience of life than you, and more placid temperaments. I cannot bear to think about these things too long at once. It isn't as if you had such a damned cantankerous temperament as mine, either. And at least I have always the cold satisfaction of reflecting that everything that has happened to me has been through my own fault. It is true that I have religious compensations, though these are not what people ordinarily think they are. Most of the time the prospect of life after death does not exhilarate me, but seems rather terrible. So much of the time one is simply so tired of living that the prospect of extinction would be a relief, and that prospect is denied

FABER & FABER

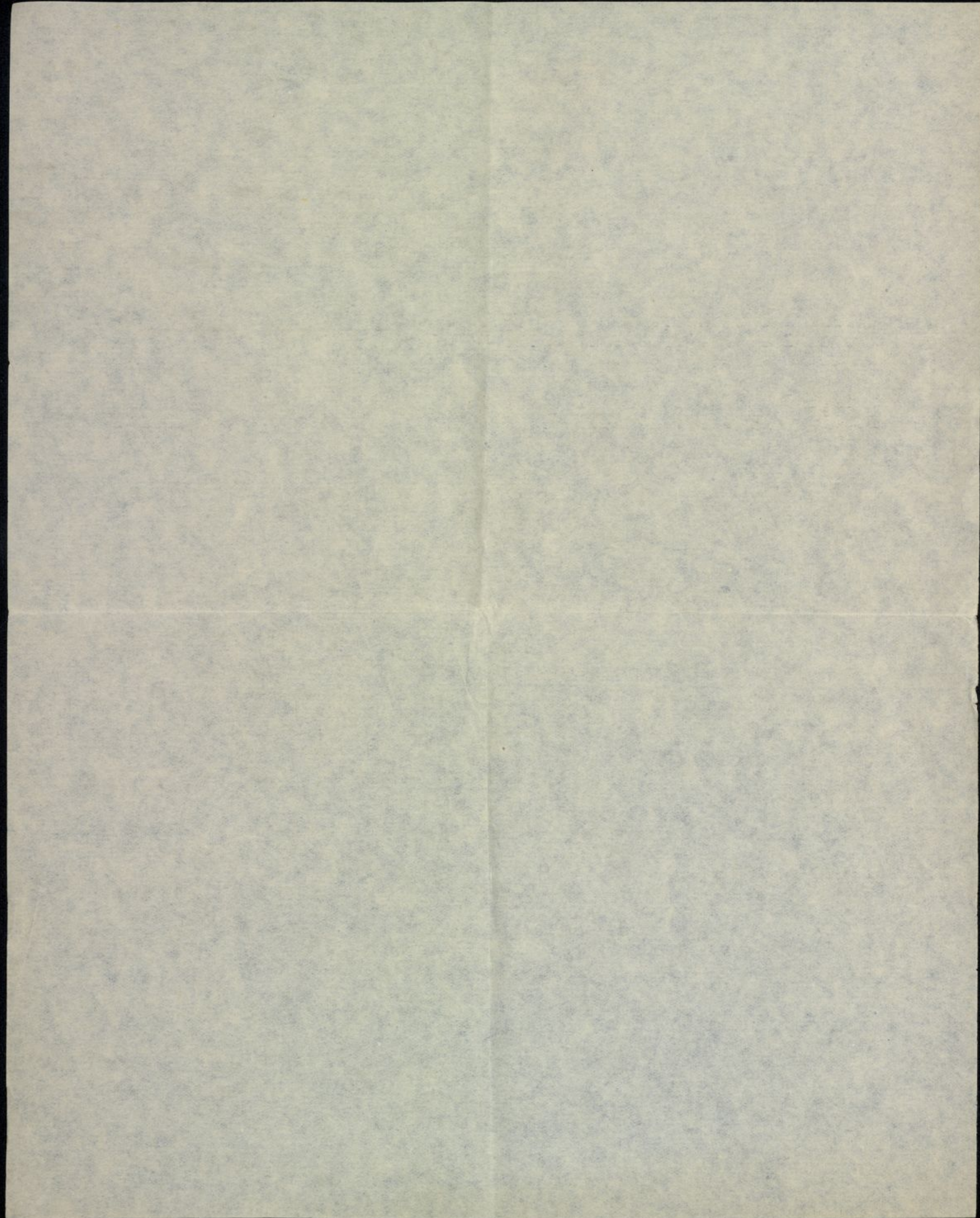
me. At moments I have a feeling of reconciliation in surrender and worship; but for the most part I must recognise humbly that I am still far from re-born. You see that I have nothing very grand to show in the way of spiritual progress. And I see that it must be harder for you, in a way, not to be rebellious than for me; because the things that have happened to you and that have not happened to you are not your own fault. I don't seem to have much to offer to-day! I feel more like a good cry!

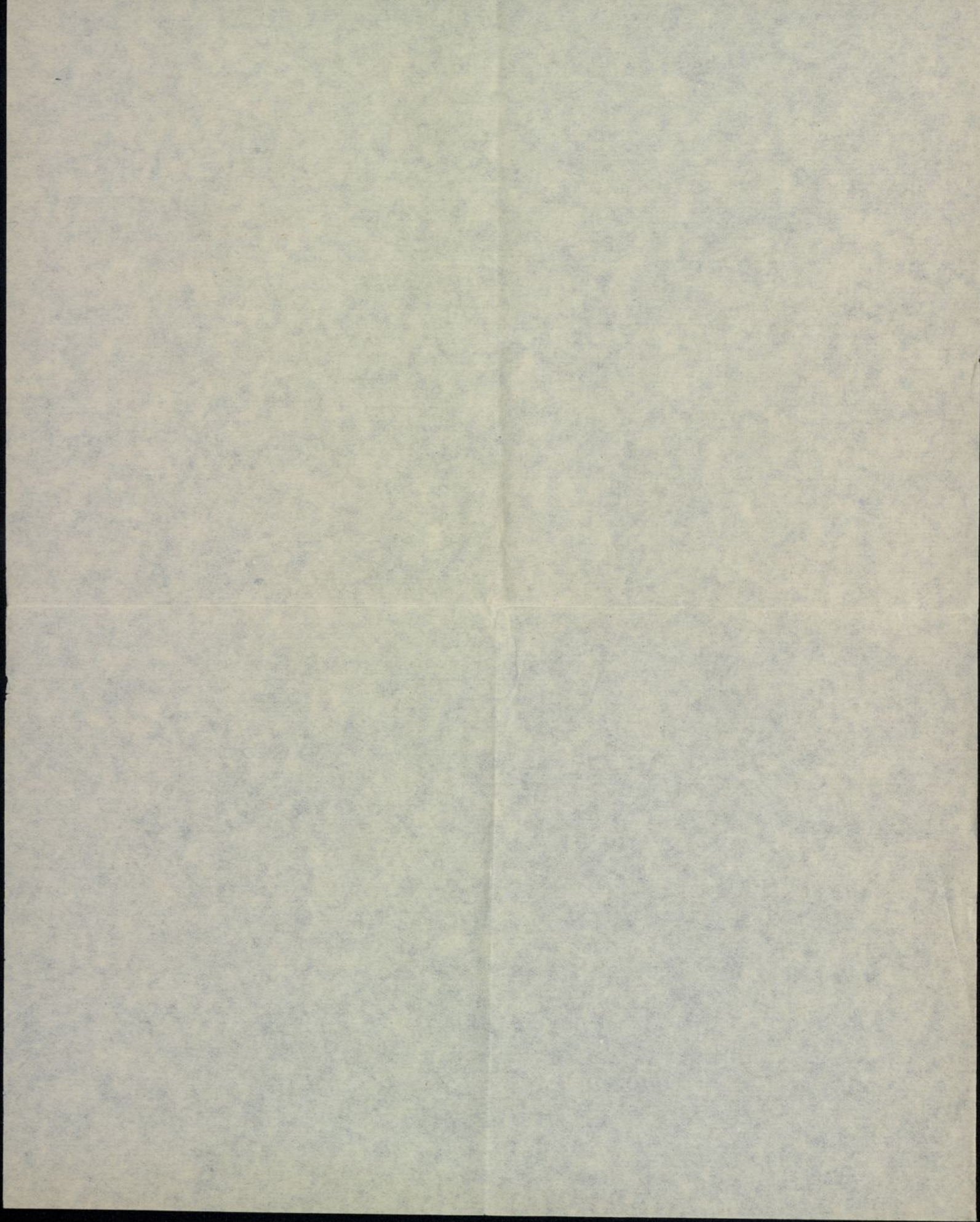
My affairs are not progressing, at present, and are afflicting me with that almost physical nausea. In a week's time I hope I may have something to say about them.

I wonder if you realise what a feeble poor creature I feel myself to be, a great part of the time, without coherence or dignity inside.

Truamba + devote

Tam





BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,
Scripps College,
Claremont California
U.S.A.





1

31

Southwell

Velox

Velox



31

✓
Velox

Southern



Kelkam .

monk ¹ in ³¹

foreground



Ms. A. 9. 2. 107

Virginia

Leonard

31

Ms. A. 9. 2. 107

Ms. A. 9. 2. 107



Leonard with

Landes 31

Velox

Velox



Velox

River Trent,

Velox

1

31

near Newark

Velox

FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.J.DE LAMARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

26 September 1933.

Dear Biddie,

To-day is my birthday, which is not a good excuse for writing a letter, but is the only way of celebrating that event that I have, as I have so far succeeded in concealing it from my friends. Just a year ago this evening I arrived at Ada's, and began my eventful visit to America. I wondered then where I should be a year hence, and I find myself wondering the same thing to-day. Another fine autumn day, as fine as that a year ago. I cannot say that I am proud of the progress I have made in the time. I wonder if other people see themselves always as a monotonous repetition of the same faults, as I do. The same restlessness and weariness, inability to concentrate on what there is at hand to do, the same constant evasions ~~in one's~~ in one's thoughts and minor occupations, the same discontents with other people and expecting more of them than one has any right to do, the same dryness of spirit: everything returns, or surprises one with the reminder that it has been there all the time. I pray that when all earthly desires leave me there will not be left merely a vacuum, a torpor. Of course this condition is not continuous, but most of the time, and I dare say nervous fatigue, and the reaction from the constant occupation and distraction of America, play their part. I comfort myself with the reflexion: il y a toujours quelque chose à faire, in spiritual improvement, in making the most of myself, and in usefulness. While at Kelham I read a biography of the Vicomte Charles de Foucauld, the Trappist monk who became a missionary to the Moroccan tribesmen and was killed by some of them during the war - some of my French friends had met him: such steadfastness, self-abnegation and devotion make me very much ashamed of myself. A man with such immense stores of spiritual energy, and gifts of grace, so utterly concentrated on the good and on God, makes me feel a very poor thing to be always so tired, tired, so lacking in enthusiasm for the things I can do, so constantly turning to light reading or crossword puzzles.

You see, again, that other people have reason to be dissatisfied with themselves besides you - and a great deal more so. I wish that I might have a long letter telling me of your present life. You have seemed very far away the last few days - and having no claim upon you I am the more easily inclined to believe that you have lost, or will lose, interest in me. Even if I were convinced of that, however, I should be just as anxious about you, and as anxious to have every scrap of news that I can.

FABER & FABER

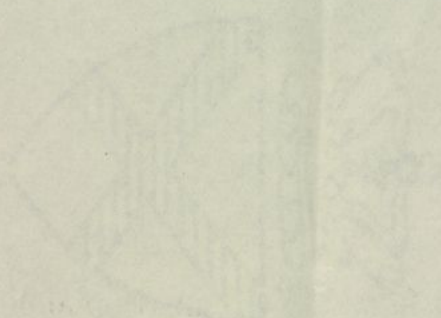
Tomorrow I go up to town for the day. I have not very much to do there, as Ernest Bird is away for a few days; but on Wednesdays there is a late evening train back, and Frank has suggested that we should spend the evening in town, as I have not been in London for a single evening since my return; so we shall meet Frank Flint and perhaps one or two other men, and dine and probably go to a music hall.

The present situation is that V. merely refuses to recognise the situation or admit that I am not coming back, which means that no settlement can be made, and that she is keeping up an establishment beyond what I can eventually afford. I had a talk with her doctor last week, and he has written to her; and I wrote to Mary Hutchinson. Mary replied that she would see V. and try to influence her to accept the inevitable, but that V. had not seemed to want to see her lately; "I have noticed", she says, "that since I told her I knew the truth and compared it with her stories she has not wanted to see me - and I believe she only likes to see people who will accept that unreal world of hers." The trouble is partly that the family lawyer is old and unfitted anyway to cope with this kind of business, and therefore exerts no influence, but confines himself to conveying useless proposals from her and from her mother. The ~~bringing~~ bringing of greater pressure to bear - such as reducing or withholding funds - will be unpleasant if it becomes necessary.

One of the nuisances is that I do not feel that I can make any plans for taking up an abode in London until some settlement is come to. And I can't stay here all winter. I expect to stay here to the end of October however. I am going up to Yorkshire for a couple of days on the tenth - the Archbishop has asked me there to join in a conference on the subject of unemployment; and if I can get a connexion I shall spend a night with the Dobrees in Norfolk on my way back. When I think I can afford it, I want to get over to Paris for a week, if possible before Marguerite goes back to Rome in the middle of November.

I want to know what work you now have to do, whether you are already involved with Padua Hills, how you occupy your leisure if any, how many hours sleep you get, how your hands are (I must go to the dentist myself, but one postpones it when it means a journey to town every time) how much you get out in your car, and so on; and then I can offer you any amount of good advice which you will not take. Has your salary been cut again, in response to Roosevelt's appeal? Chère Emilie, je t'embrasse les mains avec ferveur.

to Tom



Faint, illegible text in the upper section of the document, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Faint, illegible text in the middle section of the document, appearing as several lines of a letter or report.

Faint, illegible text in the lower section of the document, possibly a concluding paragraph or signature area.

11



THE

WITNESSES

GOOSE

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

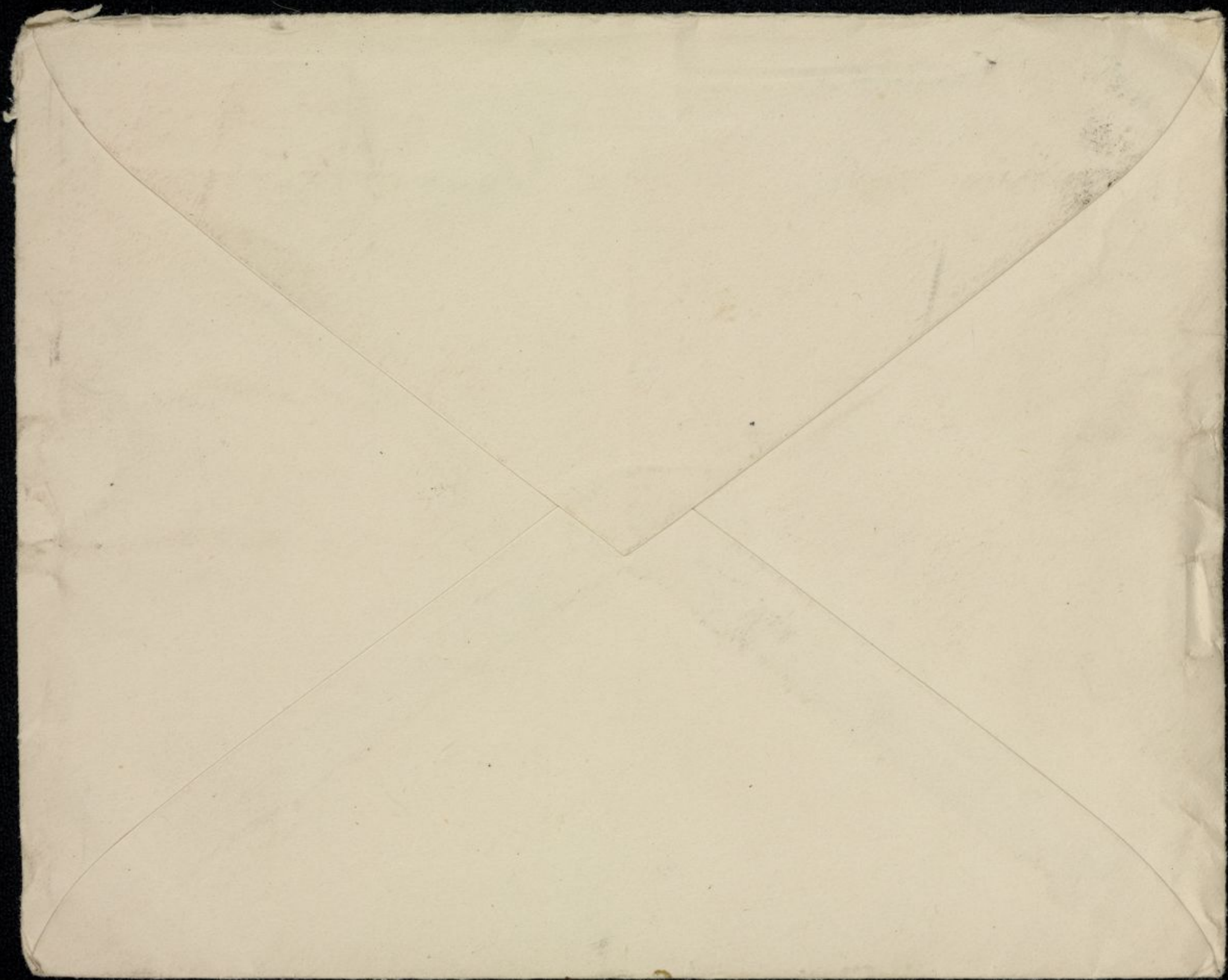
Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT

California

U.S.A.



FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.DELAMARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

1 October 1933.

Dear Lady,

I am beginning to find writing into the silence a little hard - please do not blame me for that - and perhaps, having hoped to hear from you again before now, I have wondered whether perhaps I have offended you in some way unknown. You tried, I know, to assure me about my own reality. I tend to be jealous of all the thing you are doing and the thoughts even, in your mind, of which I know nothing. I know you will say: "Nothing has happened except the same routine which you ought to be able to imagine" or else "My dear man, at least as much is happening to you, and going through your head, I suppose"; but one is not reasonable in these matters. And I know that intimacy in correspondence is an intermittent affair - and besides I believe you are a much more "temperamental" person than my humdrum self - though I think I naturally crave external stimuli as much as you do. But there, early spring and early autumn always put me into an irritable state, and my senses too are more acute then for a time. The weather has been of the St. Martin's Summer variety, though too early for that. Michaelmas daisies in full bloom, the birds having their autumn burst of song, the mornings damp and cold and hazy, and a bright transient afternoon heat. I have found a good afternoon walk after work and before supper: a couple of miles or so to the East, over the border of Kent, drink a pint of bitter at the Royal Oak at Staffham Wood - you take your pint and sit on a bench outside looking down the village street - it is only two or three houses - and at the mist crawling down through the valley - and then back in the dark, for it is almost dark by seven now. And I suppose with you it is blazing heat over the baked brown hills, and that terrible glare on everything which seems to kill all privacy - not that you would have any in such surroundings anyway. The last roses are budding, the finches swing on the thistles, geese are being killed and eaten, magpies and lapwings skim across the field, and sometimes a kestrel hovers over. Shall I have an envelope tomorrow morning, I wonder? Hardly, you will have been too busy with the beginning of term. Your last arrived with a 3 cent stamp, by the way, but I did not have to pay excess. God bless my Emily.

Don

FABER & FABER

BRUSSELS

100 RUE DE LA SORBONNE

LONDON W.C.1

BRUSSELS
100 RUE DE LA SORBONNE
LONDON W.C.1

BRUSSELS
100 RUE DE LA SORBONNE

Handwritten signature

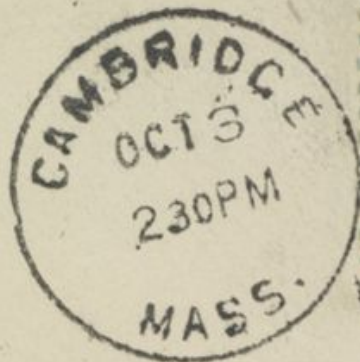
COLLEGE VALLEY

FABER'S

Handwritten mark

AIR MAIL.

01312511

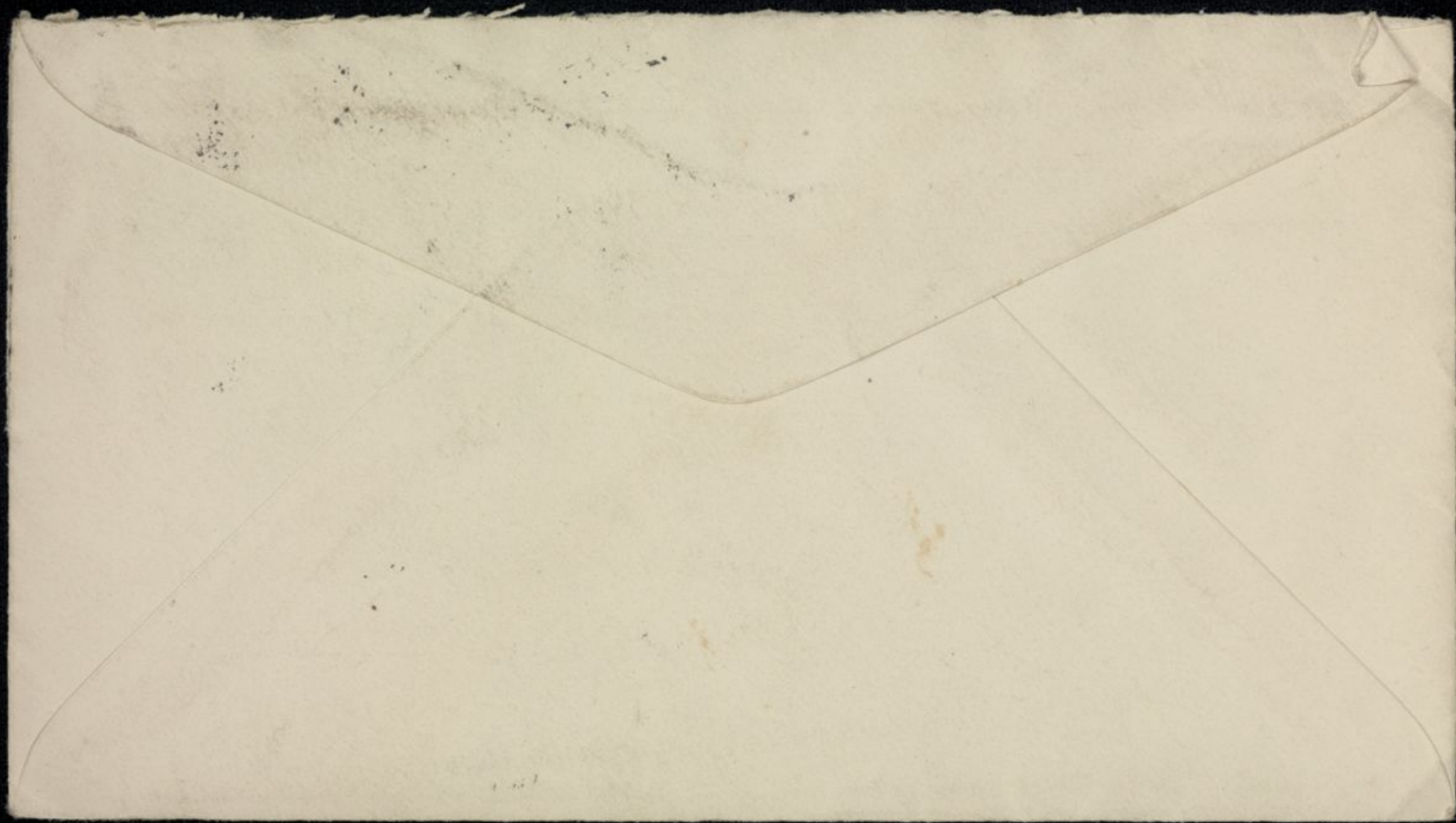


Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.



1933?

31 MADISON STREET
GRAY GARDENS
CAMBRIDGE

Eliot House (I expect to go
there tomorrow): 3d October.

Tom Emili

This is merely to thank you for your letter of the 28th, which I found awaiting me when I went to leave my washing last night. I am very glad that Scripps appears a happier habitation and place of work than it seemed (must have seemed) at first: or is it merely that you have made a determined effort to see the best of it? I hope you have had two letters from me by now. This is not a letter, but to say that I wish to ring up Claremont 6101 on Saturday night - if I have to accept some engagement which would make it uncertain I shall wire you. I figure that if I telephone at midnight it will be 9 p.m., I trust a convenient time, for you. I have first to make sure that my telephone is certain to be connected, and to find out how long it takes to get a call through; but if you do not get a wire from me, and if I do not get a wire from you, you may expect me to telephone on Saturday night at 12 midnight by our time here. It is difficult to believe that I shall really hear your voice!

Tom

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT California,

U.S.A.

LINGFIELD
6.15PM
7 00
33
SURREY

FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.J.DE LA MARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

7 October 1933.

Chère Princesse

I have heard nothing from you since your letter of the 23d August, which has made me very apprehensive. I had hoped to hear from you again before you left Seattle - I did not expect that you would have the time to write during your first week or so at Claremont. As there has been no reason on my side why you should not have written during a month or more, I have become very anxious; and under these conditions I am always ready to conjure up every variety of disaster. Of course you assured me that in the event of any serious calamity the Perkins's would let me know; yet I am always inclined to fear that they would see it differently, when the time came, and think it kinder to me to keep me in the dark. It is difficult too in these circumstances to keep up a normal tone of letter writing - that is, an account of events, if any, with observations and comments and anything in the way of ordinary "conversation": I mean that it is difficult not to write more passionately than I should - and it is hard to keep my mind off it - when there is a regular interchange even just of small news I can with less effort keep myself in hand; but at times like the present I find it difficult to keep quiet and concentrate upon what I have to do, and I can sit before the typewriter for a long time trying to thrash to work a mind which would be much better off if it were vacant instead of preoccupied. However, I will try - with my scruples and my feelings always in conflict, and with innumerable anxieties and agonies of doubt.

I have had to spend the last three days in town - Wednesday to lunch with Lily Norton, whom I like very much, though there is nothing very brilliant or stimulating about her - but she is so very well bred - and imparted to her a good deal of information about my affairs here, which she may convey to Boston at her discretion; Thursday to lunch with the Hutchinsons, who are very anxious to be helpful: Mary had tried to get V. to come to see her, but V. had said on the telephone that she would not come if Mary wanted to talk about me; so Mary will try again later, and not talk about me, but about V.'s future on the assumption that the separation is a permanent and settled matter; Jack put forward one or two good points in connexion with the settlement. On Wednesday afternoon I had a meeting (the first one) with my brother in law, which is to be followed by another at Bird's office, as an attempt to draw up the terms. Thursday afternoon was passed in a long meeting of the Standing Committee of the Literature Committee of the English Church Union - Friday I lunched with this Martin Browne and his wife - the

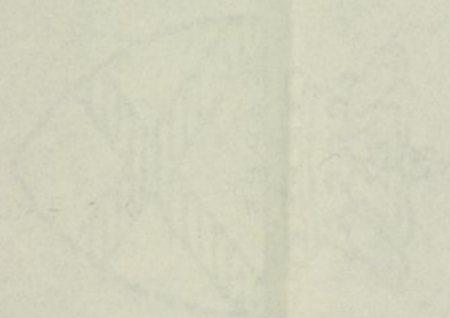
FABER FABER

producer of religious plays, and discussed a further outline which I had drawn up of a scheme for this play, or pageant, or whatever it turns out to be, followed by a meeting afterwards with a Revd. Mr. Odell, who is in charge of the publicity for the Forty Five Churches Fund. It will have to be something which will consist largely of separate scenes each one of which will be taken by some particular parish - so that the parts can be rehearsed separately for some time before a joint rehearsal - and the rest of one or two well drilled choruses, the personnel to be supplied by Miss Fogarty's School of Dramatic Art, etc. In short, there will be no shortage of amateurs and students for large effects, but we cannot depend upon getting any first rate actors or actresses, as they cannot possibly know so far ahead - next May - what engagements they will have; accordingly the thing must be written without depending upon any star parts. I don't look upon it as the possibility for any positive dramatic achievement, but as an opportunity for practice and experiment to find out whether I have any abilities; and if the results are at all encouraging I shall try my hand at something of my own.

Meanwhile I still have proof correcting, and the more I go over my Norton lectures the more dissatisfied I am, and the sicker of them. Also I am trying to write three practically new lectures to take the place of the Barbour-Page Virginian set which I prepared in such a hurry. I have heard of a place in South Kensington where there are good furnished rooms with breakfast and dinner, which might do for me temporarily, as soon as some settlement is come to, I hope towards the end of this month; but I don't think that I want to live long in that neighbourhood; I hanker for something a bit slummier, if not too noisy and disreputable, with pubs and real cockneys, where I can appear in either a top hat or a sweater and flannels without exciting remark - the exact level is hard to hit, but I think it might be found in Clerkenwell or Somers Town. But this address (Pike's Farm, Crowhurst, near Lingfield, Surrey) will be the best till further notice. I shall be away a good part of next week; Tuesday to Thursday at York, Thursday night in town, to dine with the Hutchinsons and to attend the aforesaid meeting at Bird's on Friday. My dear, I still hope for a letter from you by Tuesday morning - even the most prim & formal and skimpy would be a great blessing: how please do you think I should manage to exist in any state of usefulness at all if I never heard from you?

Please, I should like to know how long my letters take from here - whether Air Mail seems to make any difference. I should like one to reach you on your birthday. Perhaps one next week will.

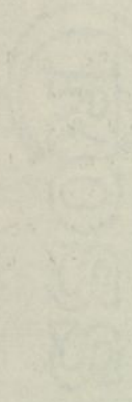
Your Tom.



The first paragraph of text is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a series of light grey lines across the upper portion of the page.

The second paragraph of text is also illegible, continuing the faint, light grey lines down the middle of the page.

The third paragraph of text is illegible, located in the lower middle section of the page.

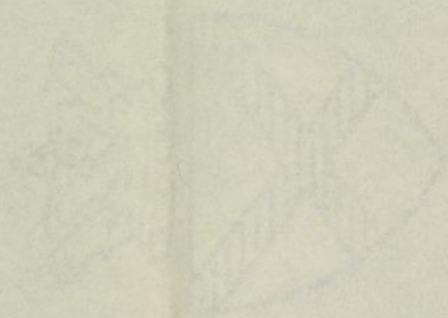


2

1

2

2



1911
S. H. W. B.
BOSTON

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

By AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT California

U.S.A.

14 OCT 1933
8-PM
LINDSEY
SURREY

FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.J.DE LA MARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

14 October 1933.

Très chère Emile,

Your dear letter arrived on Monday (somebody had picked off the Air Mail stamp but perhaps it was Donada) most fortunately just as I was leaving for York, and made me very happy and relieved to be sure. I am afraid that I am apt to forget in my (largely selfish) anxieties and apprehensions) that my dear girl has her own anxieties about others. I hope you will forgive my restiveness. I am distressed to hear about your mother, and I hope that your mind is now set at rest; but if you have not complete confidence in the physicians, it will not be. What you say about the deadening effect of California I understand very well; I was, as you know, worried for you as soon as I made the acquaintance of the place. It is a soul-killing environment, in my opinion; and the sense of remoteness is not essentially due to space. I am sure that you do not feel it to anything like the same extent in Seattle - even apart from your aunt and uncle being there. It is something to do with the unnatural climate and its appalling effect upon those who live there. I was reading an American book (of the usual "debunking" kind) about Los Angeles, and the nightmare sickened me. You already know very well what I think of California, and I am sure you are inclined to think my feelings exaggerated. To some extent you must, in order to exist there at all; but yet I believe it would be well for you to share them a little, in order to keep your soul alive in that enervating spiritual atmosphere. I cannot regard with any equanimity the prospect of your renewing your engagement at the end of this year; though I understand very well that engagements are not easy to get at present. Even if you did not have your mother on your mind to turn your thoughts eastwards, I hope you would never resign yourself or deaden the knowledge that your real home is elsewhere.

There have been alarming reports and photographs of labour rioting in America. I hope that the unrest has not taken a violent form in the far West, and that if it does you will be prudent in keeping away from large crowds of people in the towns. I worry about your driving about alone.

You have a very heavy programme this year, for which I hope that you are better paid. I should like you to have enough leisure time to be able to take part in theatricals, but I fear that if you did in these circumstances you would be risking a breakdown, especially as I doubt whether that malady is yet out of your system. I am quite convinced that this sort of life is beyond your physical and nervous strength; and if you are still having this anxiety about your mother,

FABER FABER

you must recognise that that is an inevitable drain, and that you must husband your strength in order to get through the year at all.

I had a charming letter last night from Christine Galitzi, which I shall answer, apparently written on the birthday occasion (by the way, ma'am, my birthday is NOT the 27th but the 26th - I remember very well, if you don't, that I am a month and a Day, as well as Some Years, older than You - but it will be best not to undeceive Miss G. on this point). She encloses, without explanation, two photographs - one of a theatre audience in which I observe herself, another of what appear to be the graduation ceremonies at Scripps - anyway, there she is in a cap and gown, and you just discernable but nevertheless better than not there at all, also apparently in cap and gown in the background. I wish you would buy one of those little gadgets which you put on a camera in order to take pictures of yourself, and anyway I think it is time you had a nother photograph taken for a Christmas Present. She also refers to some "succès éclatant" which you had in Seattle, but of which I am totally ignorant. I was under the impression that you had seen through her "Esmot" game immediately.

No, I am sure you have not mentioned your other friend - her name looks like "Dean McPherrin", can that be right? By the way, I am glad that you have recovered the use of your hand sufficiently to be able to write as well as ever; but you know it would always be a help if you would Print proper names especially when introducing them for the first time. How is it that I did not meet her. Has Marie completely got over her affair with the Faun (whose name I cannot remember)? and did Betty Lou ever get that book which you did not tell me where to send it? I like what you suggest about Miss McPherrin, in spite of my prejudice against Californians.

I am glad to know that I impress you as improved - somehow I read between the lines that I must have struck you in the past as a very crabbed and distorted person! and it occurs to me to wonder if you have not thought things about me which you have kept to yourself, and which would astonish me if I knew them!

The meeting at York (list of participants enclosed) went off well, largely owing to the efficiency of the Archbishop himself, who is also a charming host. Of York itself I saw little - I rambled about it on the last morning, and looked at the Minster, a vast one, and very fine of its kind - because the Archbishop's Palace in four miles out of town. The interest in Unemployment concerns me not as a matter of "relief" and I am not personally concerned with immediate palliative measures, but because any thoroughgoing consideration of the problem brings one up against the whole problem of the present, and other possible social systems - communism, fascism etc. The outcome of this conference will be a pamphlet, to be composed by the Archbp. and criticised and revised by the rest of us - our names will not appear, I think. What beyond that

will happen is uncertain; but it is obvious that everyone who is in a position to do anything must work for an alteration of the social system to a very radical degree; and it is certainly up to Christians and Church people to do what they can - otherwise it may follow that the Church itself will, for a whole period of civilisation (if you call it civilisation) merely be kept alive by a small number of faithful and will play no part in the social and moral organisation of society - which would probably mean a long Dark Age ahead. Amongst Church folk of the sort I have just been with, however, and I think it is true of the higher clergy generally, who are mostly not Catholic minded, though friendly in these days, I recognise a very high level of intelligence, good will, and real goodness and public spirit; but, compared to my more Catholic groups, a lack of intense spirituality - which is a hard thing to define further, but which is either there or not. On the other hand the Catholics, especially parish priests, tend often to a fussiness over details of ceremonial which delights unoccupied women and is a waste of energy. But you can't expect everything of everybody, or much of anybody. The Archbp. is almost too efficient, but is open to reason; and several plans for commissions, enrolling adherents on payment of a shilling, etc. were vetoed by the tact and wisdom of Joe Oldham, who is very experienced in matters of organisation. I cannot see the way very far ahead yet.

I spent a night at my club on the way back - which is rather expensive, but they do look after you well - I don't know what the homeless middleclass Englishman would do without a club - and dined with the Hutchinsons, who have been very nice to me. Mary gave me two pieces of information: first, that Massine has had a great success with his revived ballet, and that it has reached a popular audience as never before; and that the Sadlers Wells - Old Vic committee, of which I have been a nominal member from the start, is attended by very few members, and that if I came to the meetings we might be able to get some interesting things done. Tchekov's "Cherry Orchard" they say has been performed most brilliantly and successfully, with Athene Seyler and others; and "Henry VIII" is coming on shortly, and I shall try to go to that. Mary also informed me that V. had left town for a few days, but destination unknown - apparently with a nurse, or with friends. I had a meeting at Bird's office with Alfred James and Maurice (Haigh-Wood) and we seem to have made some progress. Anyway, an offer of financial terms is to be made; and if she ignores that it is agreed by her lawyer and her brother that the only next step we can take is to withhold funds and cancel credit.

This has been a fairly long letter - even if not very interesting - anyway it shows how I can ramble on when I have recently heard from you. Not hearing does not merely mean worry - or that one side of my life - half of my life is in abeyance - it means also that our relationship seems to be standing still - which is losing time; I can't bear to think of it without an idea of progression. Not that I think of each letter, in each direction, as producing noticeable

change; what seems to me is that after a time of exchange of letters something happens that makes me understand you a little better in some way - perhaps just some casual remark does it - and I think that ones moods make a good deal of difference, in correspondence: sometimes one is distracted or worried or only half alive - and the oftener one writes the more chance of the informality of self revelation. Certainly I am, and should always be in any circumstances, ambitious to understand you always better and better - I do not like to think of any two people just taking for granted at any point that they understand each other and losing all further curiosity. I should like to be able to think that I understood you better than anyone else in the world did, and there is always more to learn about anyone; at any rate, I want to know you as thoroughly as the limitations of correspondence permit. And it is so much more satisfactory to be able to admire what one is in a position to be quite sure is the real person, than a pleasant fiction: I feel sure incidentally that to be admired and loved without understanding must in the end be very fatiguing and leave one very lonely.

A letter has come from Mr Packard to explain about the gramophone records; so yours should reach you before very long.

Du fond de mon coeur, cher oiselet, je t'envoie les pensées les plus tendres.

Tom Pom

MEMBERS OF THE GROUP.

York October 10th - 12th.

The Archbishop of York.

Bishop of Coventry .

Dean of Canterbury.

Archdeacon of Northumberland.

Sir Wyndham Deedes.

Professor John Macmurray.

Dr J.H. Oldham.

Dr. Herbert Gray.

T.S. Eliot.

Miss Iredale.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



T. S. Elliot Esq.

at Pilves Farm.

Crowhurst.

Wingfield

Surrey -





.VELOX.

.VELOX.

.VELOX.

407030
.VELOX.



.VELOX.

40E973

.VELOX.

.VELOX.

.VELOX.

Hampstead 4839.

7, Oak Hill Park,
Hampstead,
N.W.3.

The camera cannot
lie !

W. O. H. H. H. H. H.

H. H. H. H. H.

H. H. H.

W. O. H. H. H. H. H.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

U.S.A.



FABER & FABER

and depressed about it in advance as well as in retrospect, and it takes some tremendous explosion to force anything out of me - and as one gets older the family temperament asserts itself and I would far rather potter about with committees than do serious work of my own. Yet in my prose writing I always feel terribly handicapped by my imperfect education: there is really nothing that I have more than dabbled in, nothing on which I can speak with authority.

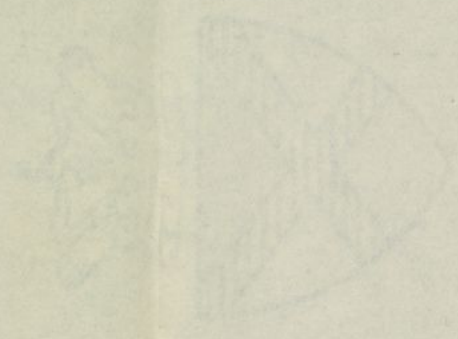
The weather has been beautiful up to to-day; yesterday I took a walk across country and the day was as beautiful as any in the summer, and the garden is full of chaffinches and blue tits now. The trees seem hardly to have lost a leaf.

I hope that I may have a letter on Monday - it is a fortnight since I heard from you. Even if it is just a little impersonal information it is a great consolation to me; and if you produce a play, or still more act in one, I always want a good deal more information about it than I in fact get. This is all the news that I have this week. In the evening we have been reading Pickwick Papers aloud, but last night had an evening of Swinburne instead. Have the Perkins's made any plans for going abroad? I rather hope not, for it is some assurance to have them in Seattle while you are in Claremont. I hope they will come to Europe next summer and induce you to come with them; because after two years of it you ought to have the greatest change possible: and still more, I wish that you may be able to travel abroad next summer with younger friends of your own age.

I seem to have little to say to-day; but I will write again in three or four days nevertheless.

Enclosed photographs of Enid, Ann and myself, evidently taken by Geoffrey on the grouse moor in Wales. I haven't had occasion for taking any photographs lately.

Tom Pom



1911

ST. JAMES

1911



Faint, illegible text or markings, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

CROSS

REVER

INT

Faint, illegible text or markings at the bottom right of the page.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

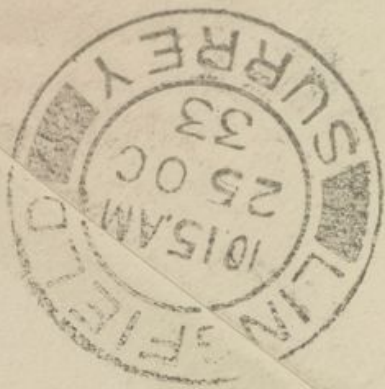


Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT California

U.S.A.



FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G.C.FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C.W.STEWART
R.H.DELAMARE
F.V.MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T.S.ELIOT (U.S.A.ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Emily

24 October 1933.

Tomorrow I go up to London for two days, so I want to write you a line tonight, though I have no news to relate, since I wrote last (can I remember to buy a new typing ribbon?) and no thoughts of any importance to impart. I have a good deal to get in - a visit to the doctor and another to the dentist, lunch tomorrow with Martin Browne (the play producer) and Martin Shaw (the musical director); dinner at eight with Maurice Child; lunch on Thursday with Donald Brace (my New York publisher) and tea probably with Bruce Richmond; and if Bruce can't lunch, there are John Hayward and Stephen Spender, both of whom ought to be seen. I have drafted four choruses, out of a probably eight: I am not wholly displeased with them; but how the performers, to say nothing of the churchpeople in charge, will feel about them is a different matter. I am anxious not to produce anything goody-goody or pretty-pretty, so the upshot is rather on the grim and ironic side, instead of being a cross between Gilbert Murray and Gilbert and Sullivan. I am afraid it is more suitable for a group of Cambridge undergraduates than for nice suburban parishioners; and I dread having anything to do with the sort of excellent ladies who usually run parish affairs - you know what they are like. And Brace is pressing me to get the Virginia lectures done; at least I have had the fortitude to decline two invitations to write articles for reviews. One of the contemporary curses for a man like me is being called upon to produce contributions to a "symposium" volume - usually for causes with which one is in warm sympathy, which makes it more difficult to refuse: the financial reward is negligible, if any, and the contribution doesn't attract much attention, and is a lot of trouble to write. I shall probably have to join in an English Church Union volume of this kind on Christian Sociology; and the Tennessee agrarians (Allen Tate) are begging me to contribute to a new statement of their policy - and I like Tate and sympathise with his aims. But those matters, and the Encyclopaedia, must wait till towards Christmas. I do hope, by the way, that you will be able to go to Seattle for Christmas. What I shall do I don't know: I have promised to take Christmas dinner with my old servants the Janes's; and I dare say the Fabers, or the Morleys, or somebody, will ask me to the country for a few days: for I still confidently expect to be settled in London by that time. I assure you that the period will be full of wistful thoughts for me; and that my mind will be all the time reverting to (what by that time will be) a year ago. Tomorrow I shall attempt to cable flowers. Well, it would not seem much to most people - but

FABER & FABER

PUBLISHERS

it was the one most wonderful week of my life - though it seems extraordinary to me now how I got through it; but I do think, in retrospect, that the general publicity and feverishness of my life during my stay in America, helped to make it possible for me, and in particular the publicity, fuss and entertainment that kept the time full while I was in Claremont - served as a check, not to be any more myself than I should be. When I came I was prepared to find that I should have to leave at once, and when I left I felt that I could not have endured it any longer.

A la fin de la semaine, et à toujours

Tom

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT

California

U.S.A.

WIGFIELD
SUNDAY
8 APR
28 00
3

FABER & FABER

Limited
PUBLISHERS

DIRECTORS:
G. C. FABER (CHAIRMAN)
C. W. STEWART
R. H. I. DE LA MARE
F. V. MORLEY (U.S.A.)
T. S. ELIOT (U.S.A. ORIGIN)

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C. 1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Dearest Lady

28 October 1933.

The Post Office were very kind about your letter of the 15th, and delivered it on the morning of the 27th - which is very good time from Santa Barbara - or rather the postmark says Los Angeles (I hope you have been having a half-term holiday?) - I hope that the flowers did reach you, and the right kind, some hours later - when your letter reached me I trust that you were very sound asleep. And so I had enough to think about, yesterday. Now, my dear lady, if there is any self-reproach, it ought to be mine: and indeed you have made me very much ashamed of the whimpering tone of one or two letters - I can only partially control my feelings, but I ought to have command over my words; and I do not like to think that I ever call upon you to break the even tone of correspondence which has more or less imposed itself. I know that there are ways in which I shall want to express ^{myself} more freely at some future time, but I agree that the time has not come. I must confess that during this year 1933 I have worried over what my attitude in some matters of life must seem like from your point of view, and have tried very uncertainly to project myself into it: wondered whether it might not seem to you merely a divided allegiance of weakness or cowardice, indicative of imperfect devotion - which would distress me immeasurably. This point you need not answer; you may know however that this year has been to me a period of intensified and more arduous effort towards reconciliation to the inevitable. After many years in which life had the stupefying effect of living in the noise and movement of a huge power-house or boilerfactory - interrupted by occasional lucid intervals or poetic explosions - then for a time a period of excited correspondence in which, from the nature of things, I could hardly look ahead - and this year, I assure you, the changes in my affairs and mode of life have conspired to produce an epoch of great unsettlement - it is very bitter, in making changes, to know that one can go so far and no farther. Well, dearest Emily, that's that; and I thank you for your letter from the bottom of my heart. Sometimes I have to face my feelings, for a little while, more openly than at others, and am appalled by their violence. Which makes reading such a letter feel like a physical stab of exquisite pain, a sort of ecstasy of death - as when I thought that the (then) inexperienced driver was going to precipitate us over the cliff.

I hope I may have soon a "plain" letter of information about yourself - your health - whether you have taken on any extras. Yesterday I inscribed to you a copy of my unworthy lectures. I have written to a landlady in South Kensington, and intend to make a tem-

FABER & FABER

porary stay there while looking for more settled lodgings in some other part of London - Clerkenwell, Camberwell, Blackheath and Greenwich have been suggested - anyway, it is impossible to do much while living in the country. And it is bitterly cold here now, and I have a cold, with a dull head fuddled by quinine, whisky, aeriform bacterol etc. When I move up, I think that the best place to which to address letters will be the Oxford & Cambridge Club, Pall Mall S.W.1. as I shall be in there several times a week; but Pike's Farm until further notice. My two days in town passed off as expected: Browne and Shaw were more than pleased with my choruses, so far; it remains only to convince the Revd. Mr. Odell that this is the right sort of poetry. I am pleased with lines like

Men! polish your teeth on rising and retiring;
Women! polish your finger nails:
You polish the tooth of the dog and the talon of the cat.

but I don't believe that is the sort of poetry that Mr. Odell is used to, though to me it seems delightfully biblical. But Browne's and Shaw's opinions will go a long way, and fortunately it does not have to be submitted to the Bishop of London, who is an old Fogey.

If no move is made in the next ten days, the present supply of funds is to be cut off. Bird is really a very good man, and no weakling; he is only 53 - lost one arm in the war, the left one.

It is possible that I shall take a short jaunt on the 10th - I should like to get settled in London first. We have a small subsidiary firm in Edinburgh, the Porpoise Press, which deals in Scottish Nationalist literature etc. and George Blake in Glasgow runs it. Frank is going up to Glasgow to discuss the business with George, and wants me to accompany him; we should motor from Glasgow to Inverness, being about three days in Scotland. (There is an important Porpoise author in Inverness, who is said to be a really great authority on whisky). We may also take Donald Brace, my New York publisher, with us, as he has never been in Scotland either. After that Frank intends to pick up Christina and go over to Paris for three days holiday. I am not certain whether I shall do that or not; but I am writing, in case, to Pound and Joyce and Marguerite de Bassiano, and anyone else I can think of. I must get to Paris at some time, to renew my literary connexions there, but November is not the pleasantest time of year there, or in Scotland either, for that matter.

Chère et adorée, je me soussigne,

Your humble and respectful servant,

T. S. Eliot

PARISHMENT

COLNE VALLEY

LIBRARY
COPIES AVAILABLE