Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Citation Information

Hale, Emily, 1891-1969
Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

1 folder

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KELHAM THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

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House of the Sacred Mission,
Kelham,
Newark, Notts.

Dearest Emilie Grenville Place, Monday July 1st, 1935.

Your dear letter was so sweet and also sounded so sad and distressed that I wanted to write at once - I got it late on Thursday on returning after the ballet, but was very busy all day on Friday, and found I had to have David Cecil to lunch and take a later train; and at Kelham they kept me so busy that while I might have written a hasty note to catch a 5.30 post on Sunday, I thought it probably wouldnt reach you till Tuesday morning anyway so I might as well wait and write a properer letter. First, about your reasons for not coming up this week - there are too many of them, and I can't deal with them all properly now. But you need not feel distressed on my account: because you have a cold, and if I got tickets, then you might come up when you ought not just so as not to disappoint me, and then get worse, and that would distress me more than your not coming. I dont want you to come EXCEPT when you feel quite fit for it, because however welcome a change it may be, town is always exhausting to a country dweller. BUT I maintain that your financial scruples are wrong. If you come up to town primarily for your own devices, that is one thing: but if you come up primarily because I have arranged a party, that is another, and I am entitled to pay GLOBALEMENT for the whole thing. I have no desire to weaken your conscience, sense of duty, independence etc., on the contrary I prize it, I prize it in the unusually exaggerated form which it takes in you - I know so few people who I feel would be ready to sacrifice everything to Principle - and your sense of duty is something that has always drawn me to you - BUT I should like to be in a position to help you to direct it only to the right objects! And I mean, that you are not to think that in my desire to give pleasure to you (and to myself) I overlook points of conscience! However, if you are to be in England until into the winter, there will be other opportunities of seeing the Morleys (I gave them your mes-

sage about Canterbury, and they were genuinely sorry not to have seen you); and you should not come up too often in any case, because of the fatigue; and you will be here for Jeanie. I repeat, let me know as soon as you can approximately her dates, so that I can try to make arrangements. Please, if she can be here for several nights, let me take you both to the ballet (it should be still going); and as for Regents Park, please go without me, because I have an unreasoning horror of that part of town - I know because Marion and Dodo took me to the Regents Park theatre last summer, without consulting me beforehand, and I was very unhappy. AND, while she is here, please do not think that you are obliged to see much of me merely because you occupy my rooms - which I prefer to think of as your rooms - because that would spoil it, and because I know you will want to see as much of Jeanie as you can alone - and you know it would be spoilt for her if she did not see <u>you</u> most of the time alone.

And if there is a third reason why you dont want to come up often, remember that I do not want to make things any more difficult for <u>you</u>, or to have that on my conscience - for I too have a conscience which requires pampering - and that you have only to be frank about it. You must never be afraid of hurting my feelings, because there are worse things than havings one's feelings hurt, in that way - I should prize frankness more.

Now about coming to Campden! I find that the uncomfortable memory sticking in my flesh was this: that I have a longstanding engagement to go to the Richmonds on the first weekend - I should have gone on the 19th, but I have got to keep the office on the 20th, so I shall go on the Saturday and return on the Monday morning; and by your leave I will come down on the 4.45 on Monday the 22nd. Then I can stay a week, or as long as I am asked for! And then you say "one could meet" in "August or September" - yes, if you will come up on <u>my</u> (financial) terms, which would be very good for you to do - I mean, so far as your conscience is concerned - for as I said, I admire your conscience immensely, only I consider that it is so often directed to the wrong objects - and I am, I assure you, a Very serious moralist indeed. AND I should like you to believe that I would do anything in the power of

The Kirkleys look forward to seeing you in September. They have some excellent views which they will no doubt convey direct.

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LONDON, W.C.1

a very serious moralist, to bring you happiness, even (I believe) if it involved on some way diminishing my own pleasure, even if I in no way participated in the happiness - but I would add (as a very serious moralist) that there are things I want for you still more than happiness - because when one says "happiness" one means happiness in a usual sense. You see, some things are against your conscience and some things are against mine, and we must eventually reach a common denominator. But DONT be distressed in the way in which you were in this letter.

A tiring but happy weekend - because I feel I am very welcome at Kelham, and can be of use there. I have a warm affection for Brother George, and for Father Gabriel; and I have a respect and admiration for the Prior, Father Stephen; and they seem so happy to have me, and it is becoming a kind of home for me. And one of my most promising young men, an undergraduate at Brasenose whom I have been nursing ever since he was a schoolboy, was there - a promising sign altogether. I do feel (I hope quite modestly) that I can be in a small way a fisher of men, though only a kind of fly-fisher. A very sleepy one, at the moment, because I was up this morning at 6.30 (the usual hour, Saturday and Sunday were feast days, SS.Peter & Paul, and I got up at 7 instead) and have been on the go for two days talking or listening the whole time except at divine offices, and walking about the fields nearby have had more experience of braving frisky bullocks which are very numerous. Let me know if I may fix the 22nd to come, and let me know as soon as you can about your visit here to see Jeanie. And thank you again, my dear Birdie, for your dear letter. I am SO sleepy: after getting back this morning in time for the morning committee I was whisked off to Wimbledon by the good Frank, who is a friend of Helen Jacobs and so occasionally gets tennis tickets, and had no lunch and dinner only at nine p.m. but saw two very good singles matches (Crawford v. Wood and Austin v. a California boy with red hair named Budge, who won, a charming lad, lanky and ungainly but a promising player).

ENCLOSURES: a photograph of myself with the Morleys; a rather embarrassing review by Ian Parsons; a little poem which Richards liked.

Your devoted Tom

I wish I could come on the 19th.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

5 July 1935.

Dearest Lady,

I am replying this morning to your delightful letter of July 4th; because tonight I have to go to Mrs.Trouncer's to meet Shane Leslie (whom I have no great desire to meet), and because I have to see my doctor at 11.30 so it isnt worth while going to my office first. (He is going abroad to some medical convention soon, and I thought it would be as well to have myself looked over first, especially because of a new little bald spot on my head).

Yes, I should have mentioned that I read your charming letter to Ada and posted it at once. I am all the more grateful to you for writing because I have not had time or energy to write to her myself, beyond sending a few cuttings. Tuesday was a busy day - I had Gerald Heard to lunch and Morley to help me deal with him - an amusing event which would take too many words of explanation to make amusing in a letter - I succeeded in manipulating the conversation so as to elicit just the aspects of Heard which I wanted Morley to see - I was more pleased with myself than usual - the incident if properly recorded should take a high place in the annals of crime - Morley muttered after we left "the second most dangerous man in London". Heard is very quickwitted, and I think the battle was as good as what we had seen the day before on the centre court of Wimbledon. In the afternoon to a party of the Bussys (Dorothy Strachey) - a large gathering of Stracheys which was pleasant, but I was appalled at falling plump into the clutches of Jenny de Margerie, the lady whom John calls The Margerine, and I fear she is going to prove troublesome - one of the most formidable lionhunters going. In the evening dined with John and his friend Richard Jennings, a quiet, humorous, cultivated collector of first editions who looks an old tabby, and whom no one would suspect of editing the Daily Mirror - his sister is the author of the Young Person in Pink! And the next morning the Margerine rang John up to say" I <u>have</u> met him, as I said I would, in spite of your efforts to keep us apart".

Westfield College, yes, that is on the agenda, but I have to be careful. I try to keep all my lecture giving etc. within the Michaelmas Term, but if I am not careful I accumulate too many engagments, and I have now three or four already. And next Tuesday I have to speak for twenty minutes at a lunch of the Green Quarterly on "The Censorship of Books".

I am sorry that the shipping people have been playing fast and loose with Jeanie, we can only wait and hope that things will fall out well. I hope there is no danger of her visit to London falling within the week for which I am booked for Campden? In that case, I hope you will ask me down after the Fabers instead. Noah noted.

I agree with your criticisms of the Dog beneath the Skin - it might be much better as a cinema scenario than on the stage - large lumps would have to come out for acting. It is too episodic for the stage - I agree that the Asylum scene is brilliant, though I should put the scene in the operating theatre highest. I think it was a mistake for Auden to take a collaborator - I think it is better to try to find out what one can do and what one cant and then work by oneself.

While I cannot help being "pleased" by what you say at the end about "Murder in the Cathedral" - yet it gives me a sense of responsibility and anxiety too. Is this comprehensible? Whenever one feels that one has set in motion something bigger than one was aware of, it is like that. One is rather like a child playing irresponsibly with the dynamite there is in words, sometimes. Being aware of myself as a person who has gone only a little way, and has still such great and stupid faults to contend it, I dont want anybody to confound what I stand for with what I am. With the young people, for instance, I always feel it so important to convey if I can a sense of the things I believe in, without putting over on them my own personality; for if one does the latter, they are bound to find out in time that one is quite an ordinary person, and their disillusionment may bring everything down with it. It is a very delicate task in life to keep the love of a cause, or of what one believes to be the truth, untainted by the love of power. Also, I am always afraid of your taking your own struggles too hard and too sadly, and being overdistressed at not being all that you would like to be - a temptation which only comes to noble minds, but a dangerous one nevertheless.

Your Tom

I am rather frightened by the word "teach"!

Cape Ann.

O quick quick quick, quick hear the song-sparrow
Swamp-sparrow, fox-sparrow, vesper-sparrow,
At dawn and dusk. Follow the dance
Of the goldfinch at noon. Leave ~~the~~ to chance
The Blackburnian warbler, the shy one. Hail
With shrill whistle the note of the quail, the bobwhite
Dodging by baybush. Follow the feet
Of the walker, the water-thrush. Follow the flight
Of the dancing arrow, the purple martin. Greet
In silence the bullbat. All are delectable. Some are archaic. Sweet sweet sweet
But resign this land at the end, resign it
To its true owner, the tough one, the sea-gull.
The palaver is finished.

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LONDON, W.C.1

Monday 8 July.

Dearest Lady,

I have been very firm with myself that this must NOT be a letter, because I must finish my Speech: that is why I have taken small paper and am double-spacing. It is just to let you know that according to Elizabeth there will be a room for Jean here at any time within a reasonable future, so you need not worry. And the Vicar is away in a nursing home; and when I came in the other evening Mary said to me: "I'm very sorry to tell you, Sir, but the Cook has done a bunk: so I hope as

it's Elizabeth's night out too, you won't mind having a cold supper". You will probably hear all about that from both Mary & Elizabeth; but we have a new cook who looks like a Dutch doll. I will not attempt to tell you now about dinner with Mrs. Trouncer and Tom Trouncer and Shane Leslie and Mr & Mrs Edwards the latter was Betty Simon a daughter of Sir John and would have been Susanna's godmother but for being a Papist; or about Mrs. Trouncer's false teeth and my doctor wanting me to have all of mine out I had one out on Saturday but he wants me to get rid of the rest as he says I am being poisoned thats why my hair comes out. Or about lunch with Robert Sencourt to-day and we had to wait for Elizabeth Underhill and Lady Darnley whose car broke down near Arundel so that we did not finish lunch till 4.35 which wasted a good part of the day. But Robert is to be in Oxford and might it be possible to invite him and William Force Stead over to tea at Campden while I am there. But I hope Jean will come before the 22nd, else I hope you will ask me after Wales instead of that week when you will be in London.

Ever Tom

HOGARTH COTTAGE
HAMPTON-ON-THAMES
TELEPHONE: MOLESEY 1413

FROM THE LAVENDER
FAIRY TO BRER POSSUM.

write '35 letters

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Emily,

19 July 1935.

It was not exactly a surprise, nor had I been fidgeting because you had not written before; but if I had not heard from you before leaving for Sussex I should have been both upset and somewhat anxious. To arrive at Campden without having heard from you for a week would require a certain amount of courage. I am grieved to read your warning against mentioning Jean; I had hoped that things were better. But VAST experience supports self-control, and I think I may be depended upon.

I enclose a rather irritatingly vague letter from Robert - his handwriting is also irritating - I presume he expects us to hold Tuesday open, but we need not. And certainly no other day, as they are so full: and especially the day that you have saved for me. I wrote to Mrs. Perkins mentioning my defeat by the Morleys - it is chiefly because they want to get away from Wales early. Am I not unfortunate in having my visit docked at both ends? Whatever one arranges far in advance, unless it is the thing one particularly wants to do, manages to conflict with something one wants more.

I enclose a letter which I received, with a lavender bag, after my visit to Hampton. So I shall have to try to compose a Poem. I do NOT admire your two snapshots, and I shall try to do better with my kodak. They are like wooden portraits carved of you by someone with a certain native talent but no skill and little sensibility. Just the outline without the expression, soul or animation: they might be Diana Manners or half a dozen women. They are not good enough to enlarge, no. I want you to observe that I can feel quite as positively about portraits as you do: but this does not mean that you will get them back.

A busy week - the latter part of July always is, with having to see people just leaving London, and foreign and American visitors just arriving. Dinner with the Kauffers, then with the Bussys, then an evening call on Olivia Shakespear and Dorothy Pound. Tea at Otto's yesterday. I am glad to get away. I have bought a tent for the Faber children, and hope tomorrow or more likely Monday to buy a small present for You. O yes, among others, a farewell sherry party at Evelyn Underhill's before their annual holiday in Norway.

The all-day walk is very exciting, W.P. + D.V.

With impatience, until the 4.45 on Monday

Your Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

9 July 1935.

Dearest Emilie

Thank you very much for your letter of this morning which arrived pleasantly with my dinner: and it is a great honour to have a letter written to one before breakfast, and I appreciate your writing often, because it is a long time since I saw you in Canterbury and had to dart away to get back to the Precincts before 11, and I have felt the lack of the stimulus of your company very much indeed - it will be just over a month - and I know that I much prefer hearing you talk to talking myself. The latest arrangement is that the Morleys are to go to the Fabers at the same time as myself - perhaps Enid finds us easier to bear together than separately - at any rate it is over sooner - and they want to motor there stopping at Campden to pick me up. That is all very well if they dont come too soon - it will probably be on the 30th - they intended to arrive about tea time and rattle on to Gloucester for the night, but perhaps they could be persuaded to stay the night at the Noel Arms is it and start the next morning. You see Geoffrey is anxious to get rid of us before the 12th, when he starts killing grouse, and neither Morley nor myself is of any use with a gun and I dont like killing things anyway, I think people might be hired to kill grouse, but on the other hand it seems to me ignoble for men to be employed just to walk across a field as beaters.

I only hope that Jeanie will not be here just over this weekend, as I shall be at Tandy's at Hampton for Saturday and Sunday nights; but of course the rooms will be available in any case. I have had to make an engagement to dine with the Bussys on Wednesday next, otherwise I hope to keep free. Of course I shall be delighted to see about a sea-basket. Was that Miss Lucy Lowell who was at Canterbury, a little mousy lady looking rather sad? Why is she sad? I like choleric old men and merry old ladies - I like to collect them - I found a new and excellent specimen next me at my lunch today, Lady Stewart of Murdostoun or something like that with a nice Scotch burr; and Mrs. Shakespear I am dining with tomorrow. I hope my little speech on the Censorship of Books went well - it gave me enough trouble, and I was not satisfied with it - and there were about fifty people present but the chicken was tough. I had a better lunch yesterday at the Comedy with Robert. I am glad to know that your spirits are a little better; to tell the truth I have suffered from depression since Canterbury, and lacking your company, and perhaps partly losing my hair and being poisoned by my teeth

or so the doctor says but I hope I shall not have to have them all out, because false ones are such a bother, though no doubt I should look much nicer with them. Oh dear I wish you did not always have to be meeting old people. What was the news from Canterbury in the Times? Speaking of the Times, we have been having a little intriguing to get a suitable successor nominated for the Literary Supplement after Bruce Richmond - but it is a nuisance that I have to go to the Richmonds just than weekend instead of coming to you. The news is too depressing to think about - Mussolini is playing a very dangerous game I think - the Abyssinians seem to be the innocent party but I dont like to think of harmless Italian boys being mauled and tortured by those savages, as they will be. My old friend Sydney Waterlow (now Minister to Greece) was Minister to Abyssinia for a time and found it intolerable, "coming" as he said "after having lived among a civilised people like the Siamese". And what's more, if Italy really does have a tough time there, as I think she will, it may tempt out the mad dogs in Europe. But dear dear, these things should NOT claim too much of one's attention, when they are things one can do nothing about; there is plenty of opportunity for being "Un-ego-ish" if you like in ones own village of Campden or Kensington - and you have a great deal more opportunity than I should wish you to have. Now I must stop to catch the post - I spent the earlier part of the evening reading a detective story which I must report on in committee tomorrow.

Ever Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

15 July 1935.

Dearest Lady,

I have ordered a box for Jean - it came to about 15 shillings - but we ought to have ordered it while you were here; because it has to go by air mail, and will probably catch her. Three weeks on a freighter seems a serious matter. There were no figs or dates so I ordered some stuffed plums.

I had a pleasant quiet weekend, lying in the sun on the shore of the Thames. The young lady who interrupted us in the Precincts in the evening turned up in a punt and a red bathing dress, with a young man who had been playing Mephistopheles in "Dr.Faustus". The licensee of "The Bell" in Hampton says I put him in mind of someone, he couldnt think for a long time who, its that young fellow in that film "White Cargo". A good film it was too, because he'd been out in the East himself twenty year and he could say it was true to life. Well, I said, what was his story? Ah, he said, it was a sad story. A nice young fellow he was too, decent and all, and when he went out to the East you see all sorts of women tryin to get old of him, and finally he's vamped by a native girl named Tooloolalonga that means Naughty Girl, and after that he takes to the gin and goes right down. Well, I said, that is a sad story, I suppose he ends on the beach. No, he said, he got

sent 'ome in disgrace, that's why it's called "White Cargo". But you're the image of 'im, he said.

I am tired after a hot day, partly spent in legal affairs. I have recovered most of my French books, papers, and missing photographs.

It was lovely seeing you, even for a few moments, and it is good to have these rooms still further impressed with your personality. And I look forward ever so eagerly to next week.

Your Tom

TELEPHONE
PAINSWICK 124

PRINKNASH PRIORY
GLOUCESTER

Aug 18 1935.

Dear Tom.

Just before I left Bagnères, I had a charming letter from Mrs Perkins asking me to go over to see her at Chipping Camden. I had hoped to bring it here to answer, but, having to catch a bus rather hurriedly, I had evidently left it behind, and have not therefore even her address. Will you explain to her that I will write as soon as I can, and say how delighted I should be to come, if I can arrange it either with Williams, or any other way: it would have every thought & been good for me the very

greatest pleasure.

It is my longest here now, and I am glad to escape from the distractions of London and Bayreuth, pleasant as they were: a hard effort compounds the: it is to find together the traditions of Palestrina which were the ground work of St Augustine's mind, and of the beauty of this work. And I still find myself more moved by Philo than by Plato. But for weeks I have been more incoherent than ever, and I seem to get nothing done, of thought, or writing or of business. And yet in spite of everything I remain happy, fomented that peace which one has when one is far from the difficulty of allowing one's mind to prayers. And at last I find I am in at peace with England. —

Yours affectionately Robert.

Ty Glyn Aeron,
August 1st, 1935.

Adored Dove

There is so much to write about, and so much to say, that I despair of getting it into words in these circumstances. Frank sprained his ankle the moment he got here, which serves him right for not stopping at Campden, for if he had he would not have been chasing rabbits at that moment; so I may be wanted at any moment to play bad tennis with some of the female members of the household; and this afternoon we are supposed to be going to the beach, and the post leaves here only once a day, at 4.30, and I am using a kind of typewriter I have never used before. The journey was rather tiring, as I had to change three times, and the last and longest stage in a compartment with five Welsh children whose parents were all dairy men in London; and I gave the mother of some of them a cake of chocolate which she immediately distributed among the babies, who had been consuming bananas and oranges all the way; and one of them promptly sicked it up and stepped in it, but no one seemed to think that anything out of the way, and they were all so sticky with one thing and another that I kept my raincoat spread over my knees. The thermos basket, by the way, was accepted with thanks by Mrs.Faber on behalf of her family. It is all very pleasant in spite of dull weather, but I feel very homesick!

I feel curiously shy and bashful in this letter - another reason why it will probably be a short one. My emotions have been so intense, with that ecstasy which means necessarily acute pain as well. It is a strange thing, and I am sure a right one, that such a sudden and unexpected sense of glory, in having your head on my shoulder for what was either one second or eternity, should be one with an overwhelming awareness of my own unworthiness. And it was like being transported quite unexpectedly to another world, and yet absolutely natural. Do you realise at all how you have steadily grown in wonder to me, as I have grown in understanding of you. I am still almost speechless. interdit, about it all, in dazzled worship. I shall write again in a day or two when I feel more words at my disposal.

Your very humble

Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

8. x. 35

Dearest Lady,

I did not write last night – I was dining with Philip Mairet and his wife in any case – because I preferred to have a letter for you on your arrival. Unfortunately, I left my typewriter, to be repaired when I fetched yours. I meant to bring an office typewriter back this evening: but I had yours in one hand & my case in the other. I called at 19 Rosary Gdns. & left yours: the servant seemed promising. So I have nothing to write with, & this letter will be a poor brief one.

I wanted to welcome you, because I did not need to read to the end of your letter to notice a forlorn tone. You are arriving in London in foggy damp October, having left a lovely village where you have made yourself loved, and having had no doubt a

trying time in lodgings in Oxford, dreading the town, and not knowing the future - having nothing to look forward to. So you need a great deal of comforting: and I want to do everything in my power to make this period as pleasant as possible in itself.

For the immediate future. I should like to look in for a few minutes tomorrow evening, as you suggest it. If you prefer not, you can telephone me at the office, or to Oxford & Cambridge Club at dinner time, where I shall be dining with Morley & his father. I would come about 9.15 for ½ hour. But I am free for lunch or dinner on Thursday, and at any time on Saturday & Sunday except Sunday evening when I must read to the Student Christian Movement. There is I am told the Busch Quartette doing the Brandenburg at the Queen's Hall Thursday

right if you would like to hear it. Next week, if I can arrange it, I should like to take you to Virginia's to tea. I must have a small tea party for Ottolie. And will you come to the next Group Theatre pro-~~formance~~ production (not Sweeney) to help me out, as I ought to do something for the Mendocks?

I can't go to the 1st night of "Murder" either with you or behind scenes, because that is the night on which I take the chair for Maritain. I should like you to meet him, as Jeanie likes him.

Please (1) I want to see as much of you as I can (2) I am always at your disposal for any purpose (tel: Western 1670) (3) I don't want to impose myself upon you.

But if you prefer that I should not come in tomorrow night, please speak to me (not to B. O'D.!) on the telephone and tell me when I may see you.

I agree with you (1) Sweeney is not

suitable for a theatre. (But I think it one of the best things I have written).

(2) That bit of the commentary was wrong: I should never be personal in that place: it was in bad taste. I was racking my brain to think of something to write about to fill up space.

So you need not feel "shy" in making criticisms! I like it!

Tell "T.C.P." that I had been hoping Matthiessen's "Achievement of T.S.E." would not reach your household. The book embarrassed me: undiscriminating praise; it will do me no good – But he is such a nice man.

When have I written such a long letter by hand? Is it legible? I shan't write any more tonight! This is only to bring a message of sympathy & devotion, at a moment when I think you need it. Your Tom.

Be careful to keep warm.
hot water bottles etc.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

11 August 1935.

Dearest Lady Emile,

At last, I am alone in my room with my typewriter, and can write a letter. Though my visit was particularly successful and enjoyable, I do not find other people's houses the best places to write letters in, and especially to write to you. One is seldom entirely oneself on a visit: One belongs partly to one's hosts, and is hardly able even to think what one thinks alone, let alone write it down. I have had a quiet two days - yesterday spent the morning at the office, but did not more than read all the unforwarded correspondence waiting for me, and then lunched with the Janes's, an occasional duty which is always fatiguing - then returned and slept for a good part of the hot afternoon, and sunbathed on the floor of my bedroom, and dined with John Hayward, who retailed his usual store of gossip, including the Foreign Office opinion about Abyssinia, which is pessimistic. I had a note from the Kauffers to say that they are not going to Lago di Garda after all, as they dont feel like Italy in present conditions - which relieves me of the necessity of writing to explain why I cannot accompany them. To-day the usual church round, and my club is closed this month, so I had to lunch at the United University, which I dont like. I have written a note of bread-and-butter to Enid Faber, and a note of condolence to Lady Victor Seymour, whose husband, our late vicar, died on Wednesday - you may have seen a notice in the Times - I like Lady Victor. And that is all I have done. The next weeks must be very busy. I have to complete the October Criterion and write my Commentary, write an introduction to Tennyson's Poems for the Nelson Library, and an article on Byron for a book that Bonamy is editing, and catch up with arrears of correspondence; I have some manuscripts to read for the firm, and I have to settle my schedule of autumn lectures and addresses; I have to prepare a volume of collected essays, and begin work on my collected poems. And I am going to Bonamy's for the next weekend, because they are quitting Mendham Priory after that. Also, Dodo will be here next week before sailing. I have to change that unpractical scent spray for a practical one, and get my hair cut.

I had a pleasant journey back with the Morleys. In fact, I do not believe that there is a motor journey to be taken in one day in this island, more interesting than that from Aberayron to Bath, where we spent the night. (It would have been more interesting to have driven from Aberayron to Campden, but for another reason). You see some of the most beautiful scenery in Wales, including Brecon and the

Usk Valley. And then suddenly you cross through a corner of Monmouthshire into Herefordshire, and on the other side of one of the castles which were put up to keep the Welsh out, you drive straight into CIVILISATION! The crossing from Scotland to England is nothing like it, because it is crossing from the most civilised part of Scotland into the most barbaric part of England; but here you come at once from a barbaric country into our own West Country, the best part of England. I am proud of Bath for being in Somerset; and all that West Country - Hereford, Gloucestershire, Wilts, Somerset and Devon and Dorset, is highly civilised. Wales is beautiful, but it is natural beauty, man has done little to beautify it. There is no architecture, the towns are squalid, the inns lacking in dignity. Dignity is something the Welshman has not got - the difference between the Welshman and the Highlander, I have decided, is the difference between the Ignoble Savage and the Noble Savage. The Scots have dignity, the Welsh have not. The Highland landscape has grandeur, the Welsh only romance. (Not that I am not an extremely romantic person myself - I am sure Margaret Thorpe would say I was, if she knew me better; and you have good reason to know that I am). And how beautiful that Edge of Gloucestershire, from Gloucester through Nailsworth down to Bath! a thunderstorm had just passed, and left a rainbow on our left. I had never seen Bath, and was ravished by it - what a civilised town! I made a pilgrimage to 1, Royal Crescent, where George Saintsbury died. Everything in Bath is right, the names of the shops, the lettering on the streets, the vistas: and to complete my happiness a Salmon & Gluckstein's tobacco shop branch with French cigarettes - in Wales you can get nothing but Ringer's Mild Shag.

The second day not so good, because the second part of it spent in travelling through Hampshire (which is, except for Winchester, a bad county) and the worst part of Surrey. Surrey must have been a beautiful county once: but now, the transit through Guildford-Dorking-Reigate-Redhill, and over the Hog's Back, is unspeakable in ugliness. We stopped for a drink in Marlborough, a delightful red brick town, and the school is good too; and at the Bear & Castle public bar we ~~xxxxxxxx~~ were welcomed like brothers, because the company had a great local character with them, whom they were anxious to show off. He was a farm labourer aged 84, who was taking a pint of very strong Old Beer, and they boasted that he drank nine pints a day regular and carried it home to where he lived on top of a hill, and last bank oliday oi sawr im a-sawrin wood with is youngest son-in-law and that same evenin didnt a photographer bloke from the Daily Mirror come along and took is photograph. The the old man recounted an exploit of his own, when he had been given a bottle of champagne, which apparently affected him as strong ale and whisky could not, for the adventure seemed to end with throwing ripe tomatoes about in a potato field: but what with the dialect, and the beard, and the old man's merriment, it was impossible to pick up more than scraps of the narrative. At Avebury we saw some archaeologists busy setting up Druidical stones which had fallen down.

Wales was very pleasant, but strenuous. I played a good deal of tennis, for the ~~xxxxxx~~ first time in many years. I can beat Christina and Enid, and Geoffrey is not very good, though much better than I. Frank's ankle improved rapidly enough for him to play - and he is a good player - without moving about the court much: so he and I beat Geoffrey and Christina. We had several delightful days on one beach or another, taking our lunch or tea, and the children with spades; and my shoulders are peeling at last. (I wish by the way that you could get more SUN. You have no beach and no bathing pool and no chance to take off your clothes and lie in the sun). (I wish you did not spend so much time arranging flowers; flowers are all very well but there is a measure to all things). And one day - the bank holiday it was - Geoffrey kindly carried a small sailing dinghy on the back of his open car, up to a mountain lake, for a Commander Lewis R.N. We followed with the Commander (by the way Lewis is pronounced Lowwis in Wales), and of course we lost each other and the Commander kept asking everyone on the road whether they had seen a man with a boat on the back of his car (partly in English and partly in Welsh). So the Commander's party arrived first, and he left us on the shore of this lonely tarn among the hills, where nobody spoke any English to speak of, and went back to hunt for Geoffrey. Then the Morleys decided to pass the time by bathing in the lake, which they did to their great satisfaction - I didnt because I hate bathing in underclothing and having nothing to dry myself with - and they were chased by a Bull while dressing - a real bull with a ring in his nose. Finally Geoffrey arrived with the boat, which the Commander proceeded to rig. We lunched, and I sailed the boat up and down the very shallow lake, while Geoffrey and Frank pretended to fish for trout, but only got the lines and hooks mixed up with each other and the rigging. A very enjoyable day.

We had a field day, organised by Ann - I came out lowest in the high jump, and best in remembering the objects on a tray. Also a puppet show, written and produced by Ann. It was a tragedy of rather Elizabethan nature. The best line was about the aged father: "He hates his daughter - because she reminds him of his dead wife". I am to write a tragedy for them to produce in their theatre at Christmas. My matchboxes worked extremely well; my moustache and cigar have been added to the theatrical properties. My reputation for practical jokes has earned me a certain kind of popularity with the domestic staff: for Annie (the housemaid) made me an apple-pie bed. It must be said, in justice, that she asked Enid's permission first. Also in justice, that Geoffrey was horrified.

Well, I think that is all about Wales. I dined with the Morleys at Pikes Farm on Friday night, which gave me the opportunity to present Donald with the tennis racket I had bought him in Bath (he was to play in a children's tournament on Saturday) and returned to London by the late train.

And how long ago everything seems. I left London and remember

dimly going to the Richmonds in Sussex, and thence to Campden. And that was the most wonderful week I have ever had. As for "enjoyment", there were incidents in it that I simply enjoyed - like the Church Fête, and the Thorpes' visit and being taken over to see those people from Boston - but for the things that I most keenly remember the word "enjoyment" simply wont do. And you know (because I have told you) that I have a very violent temper, which I have vast experience in keeping. The evening at Tewkesbury was delightful, partly because it was a great experience to see the Abbey, partly because it was a great experience to see Samson Agonistes, much more (I confess) because it flattered my vanity to have people make up to me in your presence, whereas if you hadnt been there it might have been rather boring; largely because I thought you were enjoying yourself; and culminatingly because of my ride back with you in the back of the car. But of course what meant most to me was the half hour or so which you granted me in the garden before bedtime: more even than our picnics. The walk round about and through Stanton and Stanway was a wonderful day, and having lunch with you under the hawthorn tree in a field, and asking the way, and the grape-fruit-ade that you drank; but there was something much more (these things are quite unaccountable) in our tea at the Crown (was it?) at Blockley. I dont know yet why the Blockley tea was so important; but that inn yard, and the iron teatable on a slant, and the hollyhocks, are snapshotted on my memory charged with a great significance. As for the last evening in the garden - I think we were sitting there for about an hour, it was just on midnight when we came in - I still feel a sort of lowering of the eyes and weakening of the voice in mentioning it. It is still strange that you should have said, what was my craving desire, when you said it. And it is all still the most natural thing in the world, the most right. And I said "glory" and I mean glory. Glory means exaltation with a sense of complete unworthiness, and you are not to spoil it by demurring at my saying "unworthy". One cant have all that and feel all that without feeling unworthy, and one is unworthy. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended from so many royal kings. My nightingale!

You will now say that I have written enough for one letter - especially as I am to be at home indefinitely and can pour out letters as I will. Did I say how pleased I was to find a little note from you on arrival, late Friday night. Stop, I have just read it again (I re-read all your three letters before beginning this). Heavens! you say, how mid-Victorian! and you do not say whether you did see the Browne's again (Brownes - when you next use my rooms, which I hope will be by the end of this month, I must call your attention to Molly Browne, one of the Ulster Brownes, whose portrait, as the wife of Col. Wm.Greenleaf who read the Declaration of Independence from the balcony of the Boston State House and mother of the three beautiful Greenleaf daughters from all of whom I am descended) because I like the Brownes too, and Martin is still endeavouring to get the Murder produced. And the B.B.C. have offered me twenty pounds for producing rights, but I want to know what their selection will be and whether they will have a proper

chorus. As for your last note of August 8th - which enshrines the last viola you gave me for a buttonhole - it occurs to me to say that you have an exquisite sense of humour, which is one of the things for which I love you, if I love you for anything, but you <u>ought</u> to apply it much more widely and ruthlessly than you do. It is a sense of humour held in check by a New England conscience: and it might be a sense of humour reinforcing a Catholic conscience.

Photographs will follow when ready. I hope that at least one of you will be suitable for enlargement.

Now is this a LETTER, or is it not?

I have not yet found the little book on prayer by Francis Underhill of which I spoke. But I send you another little book of his, which I think might be worth your reading, if you can stop being Martha long enough to be Mary. Also I send you a book lent me by Clayton. Could you bear to return it to him? I should like you to see him, and this would be an excuse; and if you would read a little of it first, so much the better. Bede Jarrett was a good man.

~~[illegible]~~ I have said this already, and I shall say it again, in different ways.

Do see Leane too, if you can.

Your Tom

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

16 August 1935.

Dear Dove,

I thank you for your NOTE received this morning and I hope that I may also find a LETTER on Monday or so. It was good of you to think of writing so that I should get it before going away for the weekend, because I should have been, not impatient, but discontented - I should simply have been thinking that you were being kept so busy entertaining visitors that you had no time - and I should prefer to think of you, as you know, SITTING in the garden after Breakfast. This is not to be a LETTER. I will only remark

1. what filthy photographs of me. I think the one more turned toward the camera is the less repulsive, because it looks less Jewish. But I dont want to see either of them again.

2. I have exchanged for a more Practical seent-spray, more bulky and less portable, but with a stopper so you can pack it, only it is not suitable for travelling really. This will keep until I come again unless you come to London first. But is that likely?

3. as for the pictures of you, I take these only for my own benefit. I should like of course, to take something worthy to be exhibited, and I hope I still may - but primarily they help to fix moments, and you may be sure that they are all perfectly lovely to me, because I have an accurate enough memory to be able to replace the photograph by the original in my mind - and no photograph of you can be really bad. And please realise that I am still more acutely aware than you are, of how far the portraits fall short of the original.

4. Brownes at Gate theatre Dublin I suppose.

5. I have beat the B.B.C. up to £30 and I understand from an agent that that is better terms than usual. But nothing may come of it even at that, as I say I must know more about how they propose to do it before I close.

6. Something that has been in my mind again and again, yet never when there was an opportunity to speak or write about it. You asked me whether I thought anything could be done with that sketch of yours about the communion at Beaulieu. I thought about it and I dont see what can be done. As it stands, it is an excellently written account of an odd small event - as a record it needs no

improvement. But to give it a dramatic value, or an intensity of tone, it would have to be changed considerably from the truth. The spilling of the wine would have to be made to have an emotional effect on someone - and I dont see how that could be done without having it be ~~xxxx~~ the consecrated wine, or having someone think it was the consecrated wine - and in either case I dont see how it could be managed with good taste, and without any touch of nastiness or horror. Of course, there must have been an emotional intensity about it of some kind - else you would not have been moved to write about it at some length - I dont know what this effect upon you was, and I think it is more than likely that you do not know yourself. Of course this odd fact gives the piece a great interest - but an interest unfortunately only for someone who knows the writer - I do <u>not</u> mean someone who wants to please the writer, or who is inclined to think that a nything the writer does is something remarkable - but for someone who might know, quite dispassionately, what sort of person the writer is. For me it all something very curious indeed, aprt from the fact that it seemed to me well-written.

So thats all for the moment.

Your Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

19 August 1935.

Dearest Emilie,

You wrote this morning - and I hope, as it was a L E T T E R, you wrote after breakfast - yes of course you did if it was 9.15 when you began - and if mine was a surprise letter so was yours as so in turn must be this, as yours arrived just before dinner. But pray why should an Immediate Reply from me be a surprise letter? call it rather a surprise letter when I leave a letter unanswered for two days, which always means either long evening engagaments or a weekend. At any rate thank you for your surprise LETTER, and may we continue to surprise each other in exactly the same way. What shall I talk about first? Your convincing arguments about the flower cutting? Those I shall not attempt to answer; ~~and of course I dont know whether~~ cutting and arranging flowers is ~~the~~ a more fatiguing occupation. I will only answer one point - that the cutting of flowers seemed to keep you largely in the shade, and you have not that sunburn you brought back from the coast of Guernsey - and that the arranging of flowers seemed to keep you indoors.

than writing a 5-page letter to T.S.E.

Eliots, noted - they are coming to tea with me at Russell Square tomorrow, and Dodo (final week of Dodo, returned tonight from cycling); as I couldnt get down to Oxford to see them. I am sorry that you were retained by a guest, but trust it was at least your personal guest. They are nice people, those Eliots, so I am sorry.

Thorps, noted - but no letter received so far from Margaret: But - I couldnt come Thursday because that is Dodo's last night and I must take her out to dinner and if possible to the ballet (last week) as she sails on the next day; and I have to be on duty at the office on Saturday morning, and have promised to go to the Tandys at Newhaven on Saturday afternoon till Monday. If you were staying for the weekend I might waver over the Tandys - I would throw them over - but in any case I cant change Thursday and I cant change Saturday morning. It would have been very pleasant I am sure and I am very sorry not to be able to visit the Thorps. But all the more reason, from my point of view, for your taking a night in town. Elizabeth is back: Mary has gone for only a week's holiday - more later.

Yes, I do not envy you going to Malvern for Shaw's latest, from what is said about it - still, it will be a satisfaction to have seen it - and I dont believe it will be done again elsewhere. The Martin Brownes, by the way, are at 8, Mayfield Avenue, Stratford on

Avon, till Friday, and then at 41, Ailesbury Road, Dublin S.E.2. I had a note from him this morning.

Clayton is of course a better man and more of a man than Greene - the latter is not a type I am especially proud of - he is timid and not very strong; but I think he is pious within the limits of his narrow frightened little mind, and on the whole good, and generous minded.

I am glad that you have had some congenial friends about - and not too old for you. I have never been inspired with an interest in folk dancing myself. I am so glad that you have kept in touch with the Goughs. I remember your pointing out Hidcote House and the Chandlers.

I dont know whether I ought to think of the possibility of your having a month in Blomfield Terrace, with delight, or not - it depends on what you want, and how your lingering on in England will affect the rest of your winter, and still more your next year: but of course the possibility does give me a great thrill. And it is only a few minutes away from here (S.Ken.) by Underground. I will not say more, but will wait to hear more.

Poem for Mrs.Perkins - I will try to do my best for the occasion - a Toast I take it. Mrs.Hale: may she keep her illusions, embarrassing as they are. I am sorry I have dark eyes, as I especially dislike black and brown eyes myself - and the latter are all too common in the Eliot family - I believe the swarthiness of my branch comes from the Dawes's - however they are black but not hairy - but I am comparatively light - hazel like the Stearns's, though not as light as Ada. Hover, the testimonial as a whole is very agreeable - I have some sense of humour - but no MIND at all, only intuitions. I will keep in mind to write to her, but surely some other occasion must be found or invented than this Testimonial? Suggest one.

Italy - most depressing. England as a whole seems to be more angry than at any time since 1914- perhaps more so, in a queer inverted way, because now it is the pacificists who are most angry; but I have not met any apologist for Italy, and we cant let the Italians get control anywhere near Lake Tana. I think that in a pinch France would choose the friendship of England rather than Italy; the French with their eyes on the Rhine cant be expected to do anything, all they ought to do is to discourage the Italians and not lend them money - and there is so much hatred of "fascism" in France that she may hesitate to do so. And the Abyssinians are savages: but I think they could be handled better by English methods than by Italian.

A rather sad weekend at Mendham Priory, as the Dobrées are packing up to go. And the purchaser came to lunch on Sunday and stayed all the afternoon - while I played rounders with Georgina - haggling with them about details and pumping them for useful information.

He is a very common fellow a stockbroker and not even an English one at that but a Russian who has made himself quite at home in England, talks fluently, and has made himself look as near like an English stockbroker with no interests but making money, spending money, and talking about money, as possible: plays bridge and tennis, likes powerful cars etc. It was painful to see the gentry abdicating. Fortunately Sir Alexander was away; I dont think he could have stood it, if he had taken it all in. Furthermore, Bonamy has got into a jam with a lecture agent in New York named Colston Leigh. Bonamy having engaged himself a year ago for a lecture tour thought innocently that as his house-moving coincided, and also he wants to be in London in October to apply for a professorship, he could throw over the tour at the last moment without damage to anybody. I thought myself that he was legally safe; but no such thing. He came up this morning with me and saw the solicitor of the Authors' Society and finds he has to go after all of pay heavy damages. So he has taken a passage for Sept.21st. And apparently he wont net more than about £50 out of it. I think it was really a help to them to have a visitor over the weekend in the circumstances. B. was so worried, and Valentine so worried about him: now she will have to do all the moving (they have taken a smaller house near Colchester) without him. When they bought Mendham, they were able to keep a man in the porter's lodge; then they had to let the lodge and reduce the staff; and at present Valentine is cooking two meals a day and doing all of the washing, and Bonamy most of the gardening.

Enough chattering, my dear. Shall I see you before Sept.27th, I wonder, or not. And when I do see you, whenever that is, I shall feel very strange and shy and tender and awkward and absurd - because I shall be wondering whether the last garden evening really was, and if so whether you will look at me and see me as the same person who was with you then, and whether it meant and means more to me than it ought to do etc. I shall be in rather a flutter in fact.

Your humble & grateful

Pom

P.S. My "cruise" becomes more and more unlikely. I have got to clean up my Introduction to Tennyson first, and by that time it may be too near my birthday to be worth while; and in October my public-speaking engagements begin. So you may treat me as if I was to be in London consistently from next Monday.

v/ near Gunnedy.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dear Budie -
(unless I am in disgrace) -

23 August 1935.

I am sorry for all the muddle. And I did not get your wire for an hour or so after I sent mine. Margaret Thorp will no~~w~~ doubt have conveyed to you my explanations. I am sorry that I made an appointment for Friday; but once made I could not break it. And it was unlucky about Dodo, because, as you may imagine, it was a labour of conscience taking her out, and the thought that I might otherwise have had your company (though in a crowd, I suppose) made me almost grudge the expense. She is safely on board her ship, sailing down the channel, by now, so that's done. The only thing I am afraid of is, that it may appear as if I did not want to come; I hope the Thorps will not think so, and I should mind still more if you thought so. But you know, the notice was short in any case; and in any month but August I should probably have been booked up more than I was. I hope you enjoyed yourself, and I am vexed that you could not stay longer, and that you are so tied down by entertaining at Campden. Went to Prunier's with my man; and the food there is excellent and cheaper than at two places to which I have taken you, so I hope you will give me the honour and pleasure of lunch or dinner there. The Brie was perfect.

I have had two tiring evenings: one with the "Chandos Group", a/small society of political thinkers: Reckitt and Demant, whom I am the most closely associated with of the group, were not there, but Philip Mairet was - I was able to be of some help in improving the expression of a report to be circulated to branches, otherwise not of much use. It was very hot. And last night of course was tiring, though I was glad of an excuse to see the Ballet again for the last time this year - they did the "Aurore" extremely well. My office has been in a state of exasperated strain for weeks now, and will be for a week or two more: HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL you see we are publishing the official biography of Haig on October 3d and Lady Haig has written a biography herself to compete with it, which is to appear Sept. 6th unless we can prevent it; and as we have sunk a huge sum in our book it is a question of ruin almost. Lady Haig is I believe slightly deranged and apparently quite unscrupulous (it is gossip that she was always a thorn in his flesh, and managed so badly when he was stationed in India than no one wanted to come to their house). Morley has had most of the work to do, in Faber's absence, dealing with the ~~Haigh~~ Haig Trustees (of whom Lady Haig is one, but we deal with General de Pree) and with Duff Cooper who wrote our book and with the lawyers, and it has to be fought in the Scottish courts where law is

different from in England, because Lady Haig's book is to be published in Edinburgh. I was against our doing the book from the beginning, because I thought the price was too high, but Faber would have it. I think however that we shall be able to stop the other book. When I say HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL I mean that you are to mention the matter to literally NO ONE.

I go to the office tomorrow morning, and in the afternoon to Newhaven, where, if the weather is fine, I shall get some sea bathing, and I return Monday morning. I have no speaking engagement until October 13th. Do tell me about Cumnor. It sounded a dreadful life for the Thorps, having all those strange people about all the time, but I suppose having their work makes it easier. Did you have to dine at a table with fifteen people? It will be a matter of indifference to you to learn that one of the enlargements has come out beautifully - the one kneeling beside a jug of flowers, with a most charming merry slightly mischievous look which is so becoming to you. The other is more serious and tired, but with a slight smirk which is also becoming (though the fact that you happened to be looking at the photographer gives it a value to me which it could not have to anyone else), but a more experienced photographer would not have let you hang one hand over the arm of your chair in the foreground. It makes your hands look - as if they were the size of most women's hands: therefore this portrait will not be shown to anyone, but kept for my own delectation.

I have had nice notes from Jos.Clayton, and Jeanie at the Canal Zone. As she puts her Denver address on the back, I shall write in acknowledgement. Happy thought: I will enclose the letter but keep the envelope. Another happy thought: send a p.c. enlargement of the first of the two portraits to J.McP. No sooner said than done.

And will you forgive me for not managing to come to Cumnor - after all I am the sufferer - and when shall I hear from you? and when see you?

Hurrah my club reopens on Monday and I can get my hair cut. AND the Listers return from their holiday. AND Mary from hers. I have bought another kind of tea and I say to Elizabeth: if Miss Hale comes again I wonder if she will notice the difference. Elizabeth has not commented on the garden photograph, but would she? No.

I shall write no more tonight. I have written a long letter to Ada about Wines, because she has to ask some people to dinner who will expect Wine, and wants to know, so I have explained to her how to produce the most impressive effect with the least expense; and a letter to the "Church Times" about Canon Iddings Bell; and a letter to Jean de Menasce, or rather to the R.P. Pierre de Menasce O.P. to felicitate him on having celebrated his first Mass after ordination. And did I tell you about my evening struggling with Geoffrey Curtis, who is wondering whether to go to Mirfield or to go to Rome?

I can't end on the bottom of a sheet. So I will say that I have the Ode to Mrs.Perkins on my mind. Our friend Gough Goffe has made another appeal for Tewkesbury in today's TIMES. I wonder if I could do anything to help him short of writing a play for his festival? Here is my poem about Glencoe (Rannoch) which has just been acquired by the National Trust, and which (I mean the Poem this time) has had the approval of the Prior of Kelham. But I have now got to revise my essay on Pascal (which you remember of course) and rewrite another on the Dissolution of the Monasteries, for a book of my essays which the firm mean to bring out in the autumn. What was the other thing you told me to do besides the Ode? I will look it up in your letter after I have posted this. I wish that Miss O'Donovan and Miss Wright between them were as good secretaries for my letters as I am for yours - they have just, what with holidays, mislaid some important correspondence about terms between me and Stephen Spender.

Now it is proper to stop. But I assure you, I could always write several pages more than I do, if there were world enough, and time. I had Uncle Chris and Abby and Dodo to tea. They said (C. & A.) that they had seen you in Campden - they seemed very pleased - they were in good health and most charming - they had bought a car in Plymouth for £15 and journeyed piously through all the Eliot country - from Port Eliot to East Coker - and attended a conference at Oxford the meaning of which I could not grasp, but in which Abby had apparently played her part: and in so far as they are happy, I know no people who more deserve to be happy. The Listers' remplacants provided a handsome tea in the Board Room, and I provided a Fuller's Cake, with slices for Miss Evans, Miss Wright, and Miss O'Donovan.

Must stop, for post.

Humbly and (as far as possible) obediently

Tom.

(I hate to fail when "counted upon").

FABER & FABER
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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

26 August 1935.

Dearest Lady,

I was very happy to get your long and lovely L E T T E R this evening, a few minutes ago, just as I had finished unpacking and shelving my French books which had been lying in parcels in the window embrasure ever since they were recovered. I came up from Newhaven with the whole Tandy family and a friend of Mrs.T.'s whose name I never caught, only arriving at 12.15, went home and changed, lunched at the club, which reopened today, had my hair cut by the club hairdresser (I had not had it cut since the club was closed, as I dread explaining my hair to new barbers), talked to Bruce Richmond, was gratified to see the Oldest Member in his usual chair, went to the office and so back here again. I had a pleasant weekend. Saturday it poured with rain until after tea, but Sunday was fine. We went to the church at Peacehaven on Sunday - one of the ugliest settlements in England, California can produce nothing to compete with its tawdriness - and in a hideous temporary wooden structure heard one of the best sermons I have ever listened to, from a parson I never heard of before, and whom nobody else has ever heard of either - at any rate I have never heard a sermon with less cant in it, you felt that every word meant something to him - and the little bungalow church had a real atmosphere of holiness - if I get a chance I must mention him to the Bishop - a humble little man named Whittle. In the afternoon we went to bathe, at Newhaven, lovely sunshine and warm water, crowds of people of course; and when we returned I played golf with Tandy, for the first time in 30 years - after muffing and slashing about for the first 6 holes I suddenly found myself and made three very long straight drives, and my approach shots were not so bad either - I may turn out a golfer eventually, would that horrify you? I have become fond of the Tandys; there is such a nice homespun, yeoman decency about them, as well as intelligence and refinement - they sortent du cadre of the metropolitan middle classes - very poor - we were in lodgings, and I managed quietly to pay for my room, with the ~~xxxxxx~~ landlady, without their knowing it. They have also a real respect for the Christian Faith, and considerable understanding of it. We drank beer, and played shove ha'penny in the evenings, a delightful and exasperating alehouse game. Tomorrow I have the Religious Director of the B.B.C. to lunch with me, and dine in town with the Morleys - I dont know why they are to be in town, but Frank rang me up on Saturday morning and engaged me. Having missed the committee this morning, I dont know the latest developments re Lady Haig exactly, but gather that the Edinburgh judge is examing our appeal for Interdict, and the

defence's Caveat, in chambers, and will give his decision by the end of the week, by which time Duff Cooper will be back from Venice. ~~Xxx~~ On Wednesday I have to dine with Willie Yeats - with whom I ~~xxxxx~~ lunched on Saturday at an hour's notice - with Lady Gerald Wellesley, his literary bèguin at present. He wants us to publish her poems - he has just come across them and thinks they are very good - and he is writing a laudatory introduction, which would be helpful - I have just read them for the first time and they do seem to me on first reading rather good - I met her several years ago, but it was at Clive Bell's in company of Lady Colefax, so I was rather prejudiced against her. That dinner will be at the Ivy, which is noisy, but has very good food and some extremely good wine. Thursday evening I go to the opposite extreme and dine with one of my impecunious young men, Hugh Gordon Porteus, in a garrett in Pimlico with his Russian-Jewish mistress. And after that I expect to have a quiet weekend at home, except that I am sorry to say old Jan Culpin has returned from Germany.

So much for news, and I have only forty minutes left before post-time. About Cumnor. Perhaps you took me too seriously: although I did feel that having allowed it to seem that I could come on Friday, and subsequently wired to say I couldnt, I might appear to be evading. You may know that I would, when free, fly anywhere to have a little of your company; but the Thorps might have felt that I was more anxious to avoid their company than to seek yours. I am very glad if they do not; and I will communicate with them at once about a possible (I hope probable) dinner next week. OF COURSE you will use my rooms, in order to give pleasure to Mary and Elizabeth; and Lister is back from his holiday at Clacton-on-Sea, looking brown as a nigger, so I shall be made comfortable at Russell Square.

There are two things that I want to say in the time that I have before the post goes. I mildly object to you saying that being at Cumnor on this occasion "would have brought little pleasure to me personally to find you in the group". Naturally, as my opportunities of seeing you are always numbered, I have more pleasure (if any quantitative comparison can indeed be made, and if the word "pleasure" be considered adequate) in seeing you alone than among people - still, I have to some extent shared you with my friends, and why should I now share you with yours? And if, as you say, you found the group congenial and a too rare experience for you, dont you think that I should have been capable of being happy in your enjoyment, or of being aware of it? When you recognise what you had at Cumnor as something that you have never had, and which, in your own words, "Would probably have done wonders for you", you are only being conscious of something which I have, in the last year, been increasingly conscious of on your account. The good thing is, that you are conscious yourself, and that you remain capable of having, as you say, "wonders" done for you. You see, in beginning to see you clearly as what you would be in the right environment, I see you more clearly for what you essentially are - and my realisations of your limitations of circumstance

increases my admiration of what you are in spite of circumstance - of what you are essentially.

As for the importance and the difficulties of your relations with Margaret Thorp, I think that I understand that, except that I know I do not understand Margaret Thorp. It is very odd. I believe that she has an intellectual life, because you tell me so, and I am convinced that she is a very nice person. I confess to you that I find it difficult to believe that her husband has an intellectual life, because I could not see the signs of any kind of life in him - I seldom meet a man who strikes me as altogether deader than Willard Thorp. I may be quite wrong, though he does not seem to have impressed Dobrée or Alida Monro very differently from me, and I only put it as an impression, though there are several years behind it. But although I find Margaret to be a very nice person (I hope you will not think it offensive of me to say so) I am struck by the difference to me between her and Jean McPherrin. The latter struck me as a person who was one of my own sort, in a sense, and not only mine, but whom any of my friends here could also take quite naturally - she took the Maritains just in the right way, and I should have liked to try her with people here. Do you mind my saying that Jean seemed to me very much more - both human and intelligent - than I have so far been aware of Margaret Thorp as being?

And as for your saying that you are "not admitted into the circle of M.T.'s intellectual life" - what do you mean? or what, if you do mean something, does M.T. mean? To be egocentric, are you not "admitted into the circle" of MY intellectual life, such as it is? If you think not, say so frankly, and we will fight it out until I beat you. I am not setting myself UP, but I should think that the circle of my Intellectual Life was as large and clear as M.T.'s. Of course, if her Intellectual Life is a cut above mine, then I don't mind. And as for my own Circle, you are not only admitted into it, but it rather depends for its circumference upon your being in it.

And now it is 10.5I and the post goes at 11.00 and I havent yet touched on the most intimate part of the letter. I think I will Close, and do you mind receiving letters from me in two consecutive posts?

In haste Tom

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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

27 August 1935.

Dearest,

I did indeed sit down and write you another letter when I returned from the post last night, and I would have done better to go straight to bed and write my letter in the morning. Because what happened was what always happened when I write you a letter after post time at night. I re-read the letter in the morning, and am always dissatisfied and have to write a fresh one. Anything meant to be at all humorous always sounds flat, anything meant to be serious always sounds badly worded etc. So this is a new letter in the afternoon. You see, if you give me the treat of such a long letter, you have to put up with two from me: but dont let the answering of them be on your conscience, - though of course I shall be discontented on Sunday if I have nothing from you by then (that was meant to be a !).

I have written to Margaret Thorpe at the Horseferry Address, and asked her to choose an evening, or arrange it with you, and asked them to dine somewhere. I hope this will come off.

I will abbreviate remarks in the letter which is not to be posted: thank you for your comment on my verses. I might write a play for Tewkesbury, because that tower will be on my conscience if I dont - if it fell a few years later I should feel the stain of guilt: but I had rather not be limited in subjectmatter to etc. thank you for your comments on Shaw's play. I am far behind even in reading his recent plays. I do not think that I should particularly like him in pure fantasy; I did not care for the more fantastic parts of Methusaleh. If Mrs.Perkins asks me before Sept. 27th, I shall probably be free: I have no weekend engagements fixed.

Perhaps "self-conscious, shy" were not the right adjectives. You will have to allow me something - a rather tremulous awe might better describe the sensation. Otherwise, I quite agree with all you say. But simply to have you lay your head on my shoulder was something that meant so much more to me than I could express, was so lovely and dazzling - "my eyes failed" again - that it is perfectly simple, and not "analytic" for

me to feel humble and abashed. Please believe that I can be quite simply happy with you and in all that you give me - and I want to give all I can in return without weighing it against what I receive, or asking myself whether it is adequate, so long as it is everything that (in the circumstances) I have to give. And in spite of and apart from the darkness and uncertainty of the future, I look forward with hope and joy towards a gradual greater assimilation between us. That I should feel that you bring out my best side, and that you should feel the converse, is some guarantee that this will be so. (But I dont want you to <u>try</u> to be at your best with me! and I like to expose to you my sillinesses and vanities etc. quite freely - more and more freely - and as for my really serious faults, I am ashamed of having them, but not, I think, of your seeing them).

Well my dear, my dear Emily, you have not "Hurt or offended" me - I feel only a happy gratefulness.

Your Tom

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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

SouKen: August 31, 1935. Wind light variable inland, fresh S.W. on South Coast; dull, occasional rain or drizzle, brighter intervals locally later; somewhat milder & rather close.

Dearest Lady,

First, to be Practical. This Bower will be swe pt and ready for you on Tuesday morning, small parcel for you in front of alarum clock; and I shall present myself at your Green Tea Room at one o'clock sharp, in the hope of your arriving to lunch with me (suggested for convenience, cheapness and sentimental association rather than for cuisine). Whether you do or do not permit me to accompany you to a theatre afterwards, I shall expect to call for you at SouKen in time to escort you to dinner, the place of which I shall decide after I have found out from the Thorps what theatre we are going to. I take it that they are getting the seats, and I am providing the dinner. And if you do not take the morning train back on Wednesday, you have the refusal of my company at lunch on that day (cutting my committee until 3.00). And I shall have after that the pleasure of looking forward to your company in Campden at the weekend.

Well you are a queer dear child in many ways (thank you for looking forward to the concluding instalment of my letter: anxious to get it over with!) Your mind does work in complicated ways on matters which seem to me simple enough! You realise, you say, that your presence does mean something to me - but clouded as you were, fuddled as you was, by a silly inferiority complex. To be sure, the group at Cumnor must have been a great deal more brilliant than any I have ever penetrated, if you would have been the least among it to amuse or provide me company! Fie, how serious we are about nothing. Through pleasures & palaces though I have roamed etc. I have never met anything that could be called a brilliant and amusing group of people. All groups are mediocre. I could not understand why you said that ~~that~~ I should not have enjoyed your company at Cumnor, when I have enjoyed it everywhere else, and I was incensed by your taking such a humble attitude before Margaret's excessive intellectuality. She is of course better educated than you, and she has a plodding industrious academic mind; and she has a great deal more assurance; but I cannot see that she has a better mind than you have, and she has a good deal less interesting spirit. I may have spoken more violently about Willard than I should have done, under such exacerbation, because he is a pleasant companion enough:

but he still does not seem to me very vivid. You are so conscientious about people, that it leads almost to a kind of hypocrisy: you are sometimes ashamed of your genuine feelings, and are harrassed by what you think you ought to feel. I do not deny M.'s sterling qualities: but she is terribly cramped into a narrow way of living.

But I am concerned about your feelings of inferiority. For one thing, that feeling may shut one off from the people who love one best. Geoffrey (Faber) has a feeling of inferiority because he cant talk French, and because he fancies that there is such a thing as a Brilliant Society (represented for him by Ottoline, of whom he is terrified) in which he would feel a fool. He has a kind of uneasy awe of Morley and me, because he thinks we are quickwitted, and that he isnt, and that is an unnecessary barrier. You must get over the notion that there is anything virtuous in feeling inferior: one shouldnt feel inferior, superior or equal to anybody. Any wrong attitude you have towards "my friends" will affect wrongly your attitude towards me. You have such a wonderful sense of humour, and yet you are always restraining it; and you have a wonderful sensitive intelligence about people, and you are always checking it.

And why end sententiously and solemnly? "How small these things are related to the world at large." But the world at large is made up of Minute Particulars like this, and one need not apologise for them. "How petty in the world of the spirit"... but have you a clear idea of the world of the spirit, apart from these things? As for how different you are from a year ago - we cant judge of that yet. This is not the concluding instalment.

Yours Tom

HAIG'S DIARIES

OWNERSHIP OF THE COPYRIGHT

INFRINGEMENT ALLEGED AGAINST LADY HAIG

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

EDINBURGH, AUG. 29

A petition for interdict against Lady Haig and Messrs. Grant and Murray, publishers, Edinburgh, was presented in the petitions department of the Court of Session to-day.

The petition was at the instance of Major-General Bertie Drew Fisher and Major-General Hugo Douglas De Pree, trustees of the late Field Marshal Lord Haig, and they sought to interdict Messrs. Grant and Murray from publishing a book prepared by Lady Haig, under the title "The Man I Knew," on the ground that the publication was an infringement of their copyright in Lord Haig's diaries.

Mr. J. B. PATON, K.C., for the petitioners, said he understood that the date of publication of the book was September 6. The petitioners were two of the three trustees of the late Lord Haig, the third being Lady Haig. During his lifetime the late Lord Haig was in the habit of keeping a personal diary. At his death he left diaries of a very voluminous character, together with original letters and documents relating to points referred to in the diaries. The diaries covered not only the War period, but also his early days. In 1931 Lady Haig made application to the trustees for permission to use the earlier diaries in connexion with a book which she projected writing, and a limited consent was given.

In 1933 the trustees decided that a life of Lord Haig should be provided, and they entered into an agreement with Mr. Duff Cooper, under which agreement Mr. Duff Cooper was to prepare a biography. In September, 1934, the majority of the trustees learned that Lady Haig was proposing to publish a life of her husband and that she proposed to make use of the diaries for that purpose. There was a long correspondence and much negotiation, and ultimately Lady Haig agreed to refrain from infringing the trustees' rights in the diaries but still reiterating her desire that the diaries as a whole should be published.

"THE MAN I KNEW"

This year the petitioners saw in the public Press an announcement of a book, "The Man I Knew," by Lady Haig. It was obvious from the announcement that she was going to make use of the diaries which had been committed to her care. The trustees made a very clear averment that in the book there was substantial infringement of their copyright in the diaries. More than 50 per cent. of the book was taken up with the War and what followed, and in it parts of the diaries were abridged and paraphrased.

Mr. T. D. KING MURRAY, K.C., for the respondents, submitted that the interdict should not be granted and that the averments which had been made in support of the petition were wholly irrelevant and based upon a misconception of the rights of the majority of the trustees as owners of the copyright. It seemed that Lord Haig was an inveterate diary writer, and from his early youth he wrote a diary every day. When he was away he sent the diary to his sister first, and afterwards, when he got married, to his wife. Lord Haig's will referred only to the War diaries and his record of what happened during the War.

Counsel produced a portion of the diary that Lord Haig wrote during the War, and explained that the book had leaves which could be torn off. Lord Haig wrote a carbon copy, with the result that the diary was in duplicate. He sent the top copy home to his wife and kept the book to himself. Lady Haig typed out her copies at home, and when Lord Haig returned they went over the book together, and other papers that became relevant. They made a fair copy of the day-to-day diary. In this case, said counsel, they were solely concerned with the question of copyright, and he admitted that the copyright was in the trustees. Nobody disputed that Lady Haig was entitled to write a biography of her husband. The sole question was whether, in the course of writing that biography, she had infringed certain rights which were in the trustees.

LADY HAIG'S PROTEST

The book, which it was suggested was an infringement of this copyright, consisted of an introduction and 14 chapters. Mr. Paton did not challenge any, except one chapter which had to do with the Great War. That chapter extended to 114 pages and consisted of 20,000 words. The War diaries consisted of 32 volumes of typescript or 800,000 words. Accordingly, supposing the whole of the chapter in question had consisted of excerpts from the diary, that was 2½ per cent. of the whole volume of the diary.

LORD CARMONT said that that might be an entirely fallacious test.

Lady Haig, continued counsel, had protested strongly against the course of serial publication which had been taken, but without avail; and in the circumstances she felt she must present her own picture of her husband. It was her intention in her book to leave out much of his military career and to show her husband as a human being. It seemed to counsel that, so far from this being an infringement of copyright, it merely tended to whet the appetite to see the diaries themselves. There was nothing from the beginning to the end of the chapter complained of which indicated what parts were from her husband's letters and what parts were common knowledge or derived from sources which were open to every one at the time, in dispatches and so forth. It was almost ridiculous to suggest that there was any infringement of copyright.

There could be no copyright in information, only in the form in which it was conveyed. All through the petition one found the complaint that Lady Haig had made use of the diaries. That was what she was certainly entitled to do. Counsel did not dispute that she did so to some extent, but the petitioners, in challenging her use of the diaries, were under a misconception of the law of the matter. Lady Haig had many sources of information, apart from the diaries. So far from publishing the diaries or giving Lord Haig's own words, she had scrupulously avoided doing so. Even if one or two phrases were an infringement, they certainly did not amount to substantial infringement, and it was only the reproduction of any substantial part of the diaries which could be interdicted.

LORD CARMONT reserved judgment, and said he would take as short a time as possible in disposing of the petition.

IBSEN'S FIRST PLAY

"CATILINA" WITH JAZZ MUSIC

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

OSLO

It created a literary surprise when the Norwegian playwright and producer, Stein Bugge, decided some months ago to produce Henrik Ibsen's first play, *Catilina,* as this play had not been given before in Norway or any other country. The play was originally written in 1848-49 and published in 1850 under the pseudonym Brynjolf Bjarme. It was rewritten in 1875, and since then it has always been incorporated in the collected works of Ibsen.

Stein Bugge originally got the idea when he received an invitation to visit the Brussels Exhibition with a Norwegian touring company to give a performance of a play. Economic difficulties arose, and he had to decline the invitation. Instead he decided to perform the play in Oslo, rented the New Theatre and collected some players, mostly younger and lesser known actors from different theatres or out of work.

In the introduction to the second edition Henrik Ibsen tells that the play was written when he had just finished Sallust on Catilina and Cicero's speeches against the conspirator. Ibsen meant that Catilina's reputation had been solely at the mercy of his bitter enemies, and that the real Catilina was an idealistic leader against the corrupt Roman Government. In the play Catilina takes arms against the rulers to enforce

Roman roisterers in top hats and to
A scene from Act I. of *Catilina,* Ibsen
for the first tin

cleaner ways in administration and the leading circles, but is betrayed by his relative and friend Curius. Stein Bugge feels that *Catilina* is valid through all ages, and he allows drunken Romans to appear in top hats to the strains of jazz music. Later when Catilina takes the field with his conspirators they wear togas, Roman swords, and modern steel helmets. These anachronisms seemed a little unnecessary.

The play is somewhat naive compared with Ibsen's later work, but its poignant and powerful verse kept the audience spellbound. The acting was not of a quality to make the performance a complete success.

RUBBER BRIDGE MATCH

U.S. LEAD OVER 40,000

Mr. H. St. J. Ingram was back in partnership with Mr. S. E. Hughes when play was resumed against the American pair, Mr. M. Gottlieb and Mr. H. Schenken, in the seventeenth session of the 150 rubber bridge match at the Dorchester yesterday afternoon.

The Americans were leading by 66 rubbers to 51, and their points lead was 37,830. They were game up in an unfinished rubber, and in the first hand of the afternoon completed it with four Spades to win a love rubber of 1,510. The next two hands gave them another love rubber.

From this point the English pair did get some cards, but failed to take full advantage of them, once again stopping at five Hearts with a Grand Slam in their hands. At the tea interval the Americans led by 39,150 points and 70 rubbers to 53. Six hands after tea sufficed to bring their total to 73 rubbers and a lead of 42,030. At this stage Mr. Ingram and Mr. Hughes began a run of better cards, and at the close of the session the scores were America 73 rubbers, England 56 rubbers, and an American points lead of 39,490.

In the evening session, although Mr. Gottlieb and Mr. Schenken won the first rubber to gain 840, the English players had only themselves to blame that they did not get a big love rubber in two hands. A four-Clubs bid should have been five, and in the next hand they should have made a further game, but the hand was played in a small contract to complete the game. True, they made three No Trumps in the next hand to win a 1,020 rubber, but this should have been game in a new rubber. The Americans took the one hundred and thirty-second rubber of the match with 1,880, including a small slam in Hearts. Yet another rubber went to the Americans to bring their lead to 19 rubbers and 41,880 points.

The close of play scores were:—Americans, 78 rubbers; English pair, 58 rubbers. The Americans lead by 43,350. The honours have been divided as follows:—America, Aces 1,326, Kings 1,328, Queens 1,378, Jacks 1,350; England, Aces 1,358, Kings 1,356, Queens 1,306, Jacks 1,334.

ANOTHER BRIDGE CONTEST

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Mr. Gottlieb stated last night that Mr. Schenken and himself had been challenged by Mr. George Morris and Mr. Percy Tabbush to a match of 100 rubbers for stakes of £5 per 100 points per team. He had accepted the challenge, and the match would be played at the Dorchester Hotel, beginning on September 16, with after-

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*The Editor declines to be held responsible for the opinions of his Correspondents.*]

THIS ENGLAND!

Sir,—Canon Iddings Bell, in his article in your last issue, made several mistakes of approach. He made two generalizations not really necessary to his main point, and therefore distracting. There is as little use in saying that the English are complacent as there is in the equally common remark that the French have bad manners. If you live long enough in France, you cease to consider French manners bad; and if you live long enough in England, the assertion that the English are complacent ceases to have any meaning. Different nations have different manners and different complacencies. Second, the assertion that the English people is becoming "devitalized" is open to question and to interpretation. Visitors to France now get a similar impression of that country; and it is open to question whether the devitalization of England and France is not preferable to the galvanization of Germany or Italy.

I think, however, that Canon Iddings Bell had a serious point to make, which deserved serious consideration; and I regret that your leading article chose for comment what was unimportant in his article—and adopted, if I may say so, a manner which was almost calculated to substantiate his charge of complacency. Canon Bell expressed his doubts as to whether Catholicism was gaining ground in this country; he is a regular visitor who makes a special study of religious conditions here; and I submit that his apprehensions deserve better than to be ignored. To me, at least, his warning seems salutary and by no means over-stated. You suggest that he does not understand the English. Very likely, but that does not disqualify him when he criticizes the condition of the Church in England. *Ne nous félicitons pas.* I could not say more without claiming several columns.

T. S. ELIOT.

24, Russell-square, London, W.C. 1.

ROUND-ABOUT PAPERS.

A Biscuit King.

EVERYBODY, I suppose, has played the game of guessing at the occupations of the people who sit opposite to us on railway journeys. I began it at a very early age as the result of reading the adventures of Sherlock Holmes as they appeared monthly in the *Strand Magazine*. Though I cannot at this distance remember any specific instance of Holmes's marvellous powers of deduction, I have not forgotten how he would more or less divine the life history of a stranger from the wrinkles in the left-hand sleeve of his jacket. He has, of course, been surpassed in scientific method by Dr. Thorndike, who, in the pages of Mr. Austin Freeman, has become the classic model of lego-forensic skill in criminal detection allied with relentless genius.

We, all of us, in our different ways, have our methods of sizing-up the stranger. A long journey affords many clues. Third-class passengers include at most times a good sprinkling of pleasant, simple people, who make no bones about letting all present know all about themselves, their families and relations. At holiday times, such expansive travellers are abundant. Playing the guessing game with them is impossible; it is like doing a children's crossword.

In the first-class you may find yourself in company with a most affable and entertaining fellow-traveller, but it is the exception to discover his name and calling, even after several hours of conversation. You will learn a great deal about his sporting interests—anglers and golfers are constitutionally incapable of self-concealment—but it is unlikely that you will get a clear line on his profession. I once talked for five hours with an alert young man who discussed currency problems and world economics with such an air of mastery that I thought he must at the least be the power behind the throne of the Bank of England. As it

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10 September 1935.

Dearest Emilie,

I meant to tell you, but it slipped my mind in the midst of other and more important matters, that I was to dine with Bill Empson and some friends of his (who turned out to be one Sir George and Lady Sansom, commercial attaché in Tokyo, just going to Boston to give Lowell lectures, quite charming people: we all called on John Hayward after dinner, but I had no private conversation with him) and therefore should not be able to write last night. I am NOT assuming that you will be disappointed in receiving no letter from me at tea time to-day; I am merely explaining the breach of a habit; you know that I always want to write you a letter on the next evening after I have seen you.

Well, there has been another weekend, and no two are ever quite the same - or ever will be - there would always be some difference to mark each one out from the rest. I was not very happy on Friday or Saturday! you did not seem cross - I only know from your saying so that you were - you suppress your feelings so alarmingly well that I was only aware that you were depressed and unhappy about something - I could not have guessed (or ought I to have done?) that you were also vexed with me - and you seemed rather far away. I dont think I should have dared to ask you what the matter was, though I should probably have referred to it in writing, because I should never wish to try to beg confidences from you, because you know best what you wish to tell. As for my own contribution to your annoyance - a small matter in comparison to your domestic trouble - I think I shall in future know better how not to offend a very sensitive person: though I think it was largely that I expressed myself unfortunately, and I still feel that there was something true behind what I said, which I can probably dig out and put into different words which will convey my meaning and prove acceptable. But I shall leave that for a little later: at all events I didnt mean to say what I seem to have said.

I find it useful myself, in my own troubles, to see them as simply particular cases of general difficulties - it helps to get a detached view. I mean, you will of course recognise that your unhappiness over certain matters with your aunt is such as frequently occurs between people in such a relationship. A person like Mrs.Hale, even though she wear one out, is very much easier to handle really, because relations with her are so one-sided - you can control them yourself. But Mrs.Perkins, it seems to me, wants to be something to you that she cannot be - it has a very pathetic aspect. I mean,

she wants to take the place of a mother - what makes the particular complication, I should say, is the combination of dependence upon you with an unconscious desire to dominate. (Of course, I know that even a real parent can combine those qualities, but perhaps with her the unconscious awareness that it is a substitute-relationship makes her more liable to assert it by the wrong feelings rather than by the right ones. Of course she has never had the slightest training in self-analysis, or recognising her motives; and nobody's motives are so pure that they need no examination.)

You will, I hope, tell me whenever you feel that I have said anything about a relative of yours (or a friend for that matter) which is impertinent; because unless you do I shall never know how far to go in the way of frankness; I should try to keep within limits, because even if I was convinced that I was right, it is no good telling people things that merely irritate them. Though of the two, I would really rather hurt you deliberately than out of stupidity.

You will never really come to a full and happy understanding with your aunt; she is not conscious enough. On the other hand, you have to some extent to behave as if she could understand. Of the two, it is more important that you should be able to feel loving towards her than that you should make her happy; and there are situations in which one has to choose. I mean that you cannot subdue yourself to another person, in a kind of make-believe, without storing up venom against that person - it doesnt matter how good you are, it's just a natural law. It must be made clear, surely, between you and your aunt, that the fact that you have a dear friend whom your aunt does not like is regrettable, but that such situations are common enough, that for there to be strong feeling on the subject is just silly - you are sorry about it but are going to be serene - grief must have limits somewhere - if your aunt chooses to grieve about it to excess that is a tyrannous grief, and you are not to grieve beyond reason at her grieving. In fact, it is none of her business to feel so strongly. Even husband and wife should not have such power over each other, as that attitude towards each others' friends would imply.

I know how bad it is for one to subdue oneself to a weaker person - it is much more of a strain than to subdue oneself to a stronger person. Not to hurt people is not the most important thing, and furthermore one does not make people happy in that way. One's capacity for making a person happy only exists in relation to that person's capacity for being made happy by oneself - and that is something one must take the measurement of, and be reconciled to.

I dont think that so far I have added anything to what I said in the field, but thinking it over again may get me further in time. As I said then, I am sure that you would always be perfectly loyal to Jean, or to any friend; what is in question is your loyalty to yourself. And I know how hard that can be.

Our being in the rose-garden at Burnt Norton is one of the permanent moments for me. And for the moment in the garden at Stamford House in the evening, and all such moments, I can never express my gratitude - and I want another word than that socially wornout "gratitude" to express such deep feelings of recognition of all your goodness and patience with me. I receive so much more than I can give.

Tomorrow night I have to go to hear the Revd. Père Garrigou-Lagrange O.P. who is a great swell among the Dominican philosophers in France; he is lecturing to the Aquinas Society, and I go with Belgion, and meet him at Richard O'Sullivan (K.C.)'s afterwards. On Thursday morning, for your information, I go to the Morleys', Pike's Farm, Lingfield, Surrey, for the rest of the week.

Your flowers are blooming and beautiful on my table. You must have gone out long before breakfast to pick them. And the withered buttonholes are filed, as usual, in your last letter. Now I shall see about changing the scent before lunching with Stephen Spender; the port glasses must wait till tomorrow - there is no hurry, if it will do for me to bring them. I am vexed at having given such a persistent wrong impression of my tastes in perfumes. It isnt that I dislike roses and violets, as you persist in thinking. It is merely that they are too emotionally disturbing for me to have about my own room for myself; and as for sweet peas, I have to avoid them altogether, though and because that is my favorite scent. So now can you maintain that I dislike sweet peas? I got you scent because I thought all ladies liked to have scent - not because I need to smell it! Apleasant scent is a very nice addition to women to whom one is indifferent, but quite unnecessary for you so far as I am concerned. Still, it would please me to give you something that you like, and to be aware of your using it. And you are not to say that I dislike scent, either; so make of this what you can.

This letter is written in the cold light of morning, so that you may have it for breakfast.

I have not been preaching.

Your Tom

44. Leggatts' Way.
Watford. Herts.
2/9/35.

Dear Mr Eliot.

It is quite a long time since I wrote to you. I have been going to, but have kept putting it off. I hope that you have kept in good health all through the summer. It has been really hot at times, hasn't it? But taking it all in all it has been a good summer. My two girls have been on holiday to Norwich. at their elder sisters'. I haven't been this time although I wanted to go. I got put off at my job at Camden Town through slackness. 7 weeks ago. I have been having trouble with my eyesight. But I have been to the eye hospital and am now furnished with two pairs of spectacles, one pair for reading and writing, and the other for work. I hope to goodness I shan't be out long I had just got on my feet again, as it were, when I got fired. Still they are liable to send for me any day. They know that I am like an old garment hanging on a hook ready to be lifted off and put back again at their will. That, I suppose, is the penalty of age. I was very pleased to read such glowing

accounts of your production in Canterbury cathedral. It must have been just beautiful and you must have felt proud of your efforts. Personally it gives me quite a feeling of pride when I read of anything that you do, that is commented on favourably. I read the comment of "Brevier" in the "Chronicle" and he gave a glowing account of the play and the players. I hope the Publishing business is flourishing. Trade on the whole seems to be on the up-grade. What do you think of the situation re-Italy & abyssinia? It seems to be the old story of greed, as the base of the business, but of course the layman doesn't know much about it when all is done & said. Well, I think this is all for the present, so hoping that you will continue in the best of health and spirits and that you will condescend to reply.

I remain

Yours Faithfully

William Lolley.

Skilled non-ferrous metal worker.
Formerly foreman at £10 a week.
Scotch extraction, Birmingham born,
Liberal in politics, and non-Union.
I was his best man at his wedding to an old servant (his second wife) who has died. He has three daughters, one married to a market gardener in Norwich, the other two in service.

HOGARTH COTTAGE
HAMPTON-ON-THAMES
TELEPHONE: MOLESEY 1413

Sept: 3rd. 1935.

Dear Possum

Very many thanks for the photographs of the odds and bits of family. I think they came off rather well especially the Li-to ones. We have not had the Newhaven photographs developed yet but you shall see them in due course.

We are sorry about the Sept. week-end. All I can say is that you must have some nasty procrastinating acquaintances what axes you for week-ends at the end of summer. You should have played Possum better. But do come down for a week-day night if you care to. I'm just you must as I meant to fling a tape measure round you on account of a Pull-over what it has been decreed I must make for you

birthday. So unless I send you a tape measure you may get a woollen garment that may fit Morley better than you or one like the White Knight's sugar-loaf hat.

Will you give Geoffrey a ring sometime during the next fortnight?

Polly
(also diligent)

MUSeum 9543 (4 lines)
FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
G.C. Faber, chairman
C.W. Stewart
R.H.I. de la Mare
F.V. Morley (U.S.A.)
T.S. Eliot

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE LONDON W.C.1

13 September 1935.

Dearest Lady,

How do you like the new letterpaper? I think that I may get tired of it. Designed by Eric Gill.

I am writing a note - I never seem to write quite so easily when away from my own lair - I have spent the morning toiling over an essay for the new book of essays they want to produce - because I mean just in case you wrote to me on Wednesday it will be waiting for me at home. I was persuaded to come down here (Pikes Farm) on Wednesday night by the 11.52 train after Pere Garrigou-Lagrange's lecture (a charming old man) so rushed back from Mr.O'Sullivan's rooms in the Temple in time to pack hastily. Yesterday a fine hot morning, and scratched one finger pulling up an old brick walk that they want to re-lay, so I am writing with some slight difficulty. To-day cold and showery.

I wonder whether I ought to come down on the afternoon of the 26th or not. What do you think? I should love to of course; but I feel that the accident of the date, and the question coming up in that way, made Mrs. Perkins feel that there was nothing else to do but ask me a day sooner. Tell me what would make the best impression.

I am unhappy over your trouble and suffering, though I should be much more unhappy, selfishly, if you did not share it with me. And there is no way out without suffering either; one just has to choose between the right and fruitful pain and the wrong and harmful.

I shall see you in a fortnight, whatever else happens or does not happen in the world. Everything at the moment seems to depend upon France. Hoare has at least said what has brought him the best press he could have got, especially throughout England.

Love Tom

MUSeum 9543 (4 lines)
FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
G.C. Faber, chairman
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T.S. Eliot

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15 September 1935.
Crowhurst, Lingfield.

Dearest Lady,

The afternoon post here comes in and goes out at the same time, so that my note of Friday afternoon had been posted, as you will have inferred, shortly before yours - your letter I mean - arrived. Thank you for writing at such length. The hospitality at Stamford House seems to be such, and the visitors, both expected and unexpected, so frequent, that you may be called upon at any moment, apparently, to make ready for a new guest. Thank you for the enclosures. I imagine that one Bill Benet, who I am told writes that column in the Saturday Review, was trying to pull his readers' legs. I have seen other reviews of Berry's book (he is one of the firm of wine merchants in St.James's Street) but not this one, or the book. What he says about brandy vintages seems misleading, as one never gets vintages to drink; brandy is always blended, like whisky, out of a number of years together. I believe that even what the Hennesseys drink themselves is a blend, because Charles Whibley used to know Jean Hennessey and told me of staying at Cognac with them. Mysterious about Miss Eyre. Aunt Susie's note is nice enough, for her - I mean I felt, as I do when she writes to me, that she is trying to be nice - it's as nice as she knows how to be: I have been told by Ada that she used to be very much more intelligent years ago, when her children were small. I wonder how Eleanor will seem, when one sees her: sometimes the people who stand still provide a good guage of the space one has covered oneself, when one sees them again. But I very much hope that the play will be a success, because I think that a little success might be very good for her, taking her out into worlds she does not know. I won't say that I think it would be better if she came without her mother - but I wish I could think that she would prefer to come alone, and only brought her mother to give her mother pleasure.

I was all the more grateful to you for the support of your advice, just before I left, when a letter came from the Vicar of Tewksbury, repeating his plea: no conditions about subject matter etc. I shall tell him, I think, that I should be delighted in principle to have anything of mine produced there; but that I cannot undertake to write a play before July, in time for their festival, though glad to re-open the matter when I have a play written. Last year meant very hard work, and I only just got the play ready in time for rehearsals; and I dont want to have to work at that pace again. So far as my own interest is concerned, I am sure that it would not be to my advantage to turn out a play to order a year later than the last one, especially for ecclesiastical purposes. Furthermore, it does not seem to me that the con-

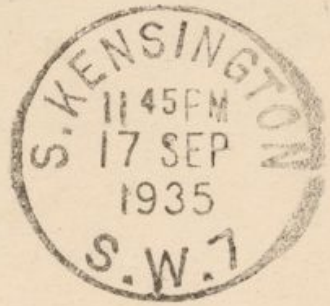
conditions of production possible at Tewkesbury, even with a really first rate producer, would present a new play to best advantage: I had rather they did something which could get its chance elsewhere first. Do you not think so? And when I have got this volume of essays ready, and prepared papers for October-November delivery, I have to prepare my poems for a new edition in the spring, and want to have a few new ones to add.

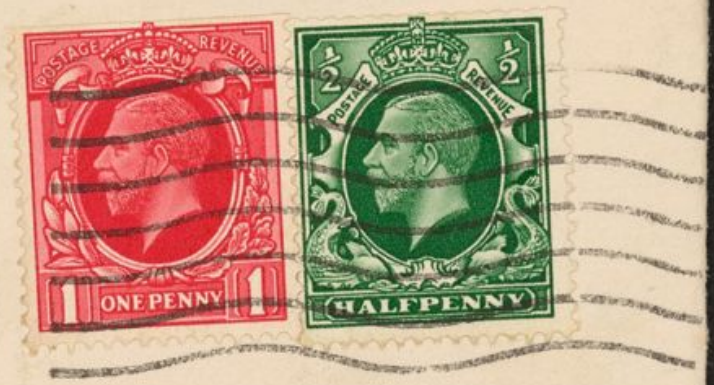
Thank you especially for the last two pages of your letter, "condensed" as they had to be. (Though I don't understand why I should be likely to "make a jest" of your saying that half your difficulty is in "learning what life is": however). Heaven help me if I ever adopt a "superior" tone; that is a serious fault. I don't so much mind being rather rough and knock-about in my manners.

As for pathos, I find in my own experience that people sometimes irritate me more for being pathetic. Pathos is an aspect of a great many, perhaps of all people; andone should be able to see them in that light; but I dont regard it as fair to anyone, to see them always as pathetic-that is, to act always towards them in a special way - while one is seeing a person as pathetic one is ceasing to hold them responsible for their actions. There is an aspect in which none of us is responsible for his actions - and another in which we are all respobsible for all of ouractions: and our attitudes towards everyone have to shift between the two extremes in order to see them sanely. In some respects we both, I think, have begun to mature very late: perhaps it can be all the fuller maturity for that.

They want me to stay here over Tuesday night - apparently that was the original scheme, but it was not made clear. But I think that I shall go back tomorrow morning nevertheless, as it is really more convenient; and as I may have said before, other people's domestic lives become tiring to me after a short time. Besides, I have to go to the Woolfs from Saturday till Monday.

Your Tom





Miss Emily Hale,

Stamford House,

Chipping CAMPDEN,

Gloucestershire.

Mrs Beaumont

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

17 September 1935.

Dearest Emilie,

First of all, to thank you for your note of greeting, which I found last night on returning from an evening with John Hayward, Stephen Spender and Richard Jennings. I wish you might know what pleasure these unexpected notes of greeting give; but I think you must have some notion of it, else you would not trouble to send them. I hope that meanwhile you have received my longer letter from Lingfield, written on Sunday morning: I ask because I did not post it myself, I meant to, but someone else picked it up from the hall table and posted it. I wonder whether you observed the notice of the Group Theatre in the Times (which does not mention Sweeney). I hope that you will like to see Nugent Monck's Timon, because the Morleys would like to see that too, and I should like to arrange that. I enclose a programme of the Old Vic season too.

Second, a disaster. I did not have time to match your port glass last week and left it on the universal valet. On my return Elizabeth reports that she had moved it to the window sill, and that the window had blown open, flung it to the floor where it smashed to bits. It is the first time she has broken anything of mine. The loss of one glass does not signify, but I have lost the pattern. Now if you will please take a piece of paper, outline in pencil the circumference of the rim and of the foot of the glass, and measure its height, then I will get three similar ones for you. Please by return of post. I am sorry to give you this trouble.

I am glad the English Violets are satisfactory. I sniffed the Sweet Pea too, but it did not seem to have much scent, and what there was not very reminiscent of sweet pea, so I chose the Violet. And the spray sprays?

I do think that Eleanor is a loyal friend, both in general and to you; I think also that she appreciates some, if not all, of your quality very keenly. Her not writing is I think as much her mother's fault as her own. She lives in an artificially protected world where the importance of her own "work" is mangified (I meant to write magnified, but that word looks so nice I must leave it); she does not have, like most of us, to live in a world where there are many people to whom our work means nothing, and others who are engaged in sniping at us. I am sure that her mother is constantly coaxing her to neglect correspondence, and to let her write it for her. Of course Eleanor could just as easily have written that note to you as her

mother; but one must make allowances for the atmosphere in which she has been kept. It is a wholly mistaken maternal devotion. I have always felt the presence of Aunt Susie as an obstacle preventing me from really knowing Eleanor, and I think coming between Eleanor and all of her friends of both sexes.

I am glad that you have had some fine weather, and happier that you are a little happier. I shall come by the 4.45 on the Thursday without a qualm, really. And then Rosary Gardens! The story is that the man who built up that bit of Kensington had two daughters named Bina and Rosary, but I cannot vouch for this. I am glad that you will be so near, and hope that the flat will be pleasant and quiet. Tomorrow I dine with the Murdocks, who are here until January; on Friday the farewell lunch to Bonamy, at the Three Nuns in Aldgate, with a vehicle to convey the party to the docks - but I mentioned this before; Saturday to Monk's House, Rodmell, near Lewes. And then the 4.45. And I hope that this visit will have no clouds over its beginning. It appears now that the agents and solicitors of Lady H. were misinformed as to her authority to use her husband's diaries; and her solicitors have now made approaches towards a compromise settlement out of court; and Geoffrey and Frank and Generals De Pree and Fisher are to lunch tomorrow and confabulate about it.

Confidential: Can you give me any opinion about the possible public interest in the Reminiscences of Mary Anderson. Is she still alive? They have been offered to us, and I read them this afternoon. The stuff itself is rather small-talk: it begins with her marriage, after her theatrical career left off, and there is little or nothing about the stage, except that she was glad to leave it; she is more concerned with prattling about her grand acquaintances at Broadway and elsewhere: the Duc d'Orleans and Baron von Huegel and the Wemyss's and so forth. But do you think there is any public interest in her now?

Your devoted

Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Emilie,

20 September 1935.

I must just write you a note this evening, although I have no parpicular excuse, having no news of you since Monday; merely because I am going to the Woolfs tomorrow till Monday, and because I shall see you in less than a week, and I shall be fearful if I dont hear from you before I come.

A tiring day to-day, as half of it was taken up with seeing Bonamy Dobree off. We gave him lunch at the Three Nuns in Aldgate, in a private room, and talked to him seriously about how he should behave as a lecturer in America - Frank produced a very hard-bitten journalist who used to be editor of the Daily Mail, named Tom Clarke - the others were Read, Flint, ~~Xxxx~~, Sykes Davies, Tandy. We drove him down to the Albert Docks afterwards, and left him looking forlorn and innocent on the American Trader, a most unseaworthy looking little boat, and did not get back till half past six. Tandy's child arrived yesterday, somewhat unexpectedly though not prematurely, a girl and very healthy. I had a long letter from my brother Henry this morning - or rather an essay of fourteen closely typed pages - which gives me the impression that I must have been on his nerves for many years - it is a wholly impersonal letter, all about my public faults and vices - it makes me suspect that I must have a faculty, unknown to myself, of exasperating some people to the last stage of endurance. It just gives me the tip of a clue to Rebecca West's feelings! But I sha'n't ask for your opinion - or whether I irritate you, or whether you have observed me irritating others, in this way - until you have read the letter, which I am going to ask you to do. He isn't quarrelling with me. Some of his criticisms I have already made for myself, some of the the things he tells me I am quite aware of; others I think may be true; some are just misunderstanding etc. and I have got to sort all this out as best I can. He seems to attribute much of my fault to having lived in a limited society called Bloomsbury. It means at least one whole evening's work to answer him; and I confess that my first consideration is "here is another claim on my time". I dare say it is salutary, however. But it is more difficult to answer such a letter than to deal with a wholly public criticism - because he knows so much, and yet essentially not enough of my private life - I mean he knows a good deal but not the essentials.

Perhaps I annoy you in some what the same way? When you thought I was being "superior"?

Enough of this for the moment, because, Hurrah, a letter from you has just arrived. When I started this letter I did not intend to tell you that I had put it off ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ as late as I

could in the hope that I might have a letter to answer. Thank you for it. I am sorry you took all that trouble for the Hinkley's, because I hear from Susie this morning, and they have cancelled their passage: at the earliest they will take the Aquitania on the 25th. It appears that Cochran is being rather evasive about the date of the play. It makes me rather anxious to think of two innocent country mice in the paw of a tough old cat like Cochran; I am afraid now that the play won't be produced at all; and if it is, I am afraid that Cochran will alter it shamelessly. He is a man who knows what the public wants and wants to give it what it wants: and what a public!' (Do you remember those horrible people around us at "Tovarisch"?) O dear. But I confess, and I hope you will not think it unkind, that I am glad the Hinkleys will not be present at my last weekend in Campden. If it wasnt the last time, it would be different. But Campden has come to mean such memories to me, that I do not want now to share it with new people.

I shall do my best to get the port glasses exact.

I hope that the lecture went off very well (it is over by now). But only a small part of the audience, at best, will be fully appreciative.

Yes, Dobree lectures at Harvard once; but his agent (Colston Leigh) has not given him his full schedule; he only knows that he is also to go to Carolina.

I dined with Kenneth Murdock and his wife night before last. But as the hour of the post draws near, that small item will keep.

Thank you for your words about Mary Anderson. I am still doubtful, because, as I say, there is nothing in the book for people who care about the theatre; it is all social chit chat. There are a few notes from Henry James, which read rather ponderously gallant nowadays. She must have been a nice woman (I beg pardon, must be) because of some of the people who seem to have liked her, but she has not the art of making herself real on paper. But the ms. is now being read by another director, Stewart, who is supposed to have a great interest in the stage. The question is, would she sell better here or in the States? Is Marie Kendall dead? It was a treat to hear her sing "A little bit of what you fancy Always does you good."

So now don't bother to write again. So long as I am expected by the 4.45 on Thursday, with port glasses and cheese. But I expect that I shall write again on Monday or Tuesday. Devlin is to take the part of Peer Gynt, and Mrs.Max Beerbohm is in it too.

Your Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

24 September 1935.

My dear Lady,

I wanted to write again, before seeing you day after tomorrow, because I was dissatisfied with my last and rather hurried letter before going to Rodmell. If you were dissatisfied too, I have no need to explain why; and if you weren't, then perhaps I should leave well alone. But my letter was hardly appreciative of yours of the 20th, which was so kind; nor did I allude to your anxiety to hear from the Senexet Retreat, nor to the darkness of the plunge back into America. But I am always flustered when there is much to say and the time before the post is short.

I have been to Goode's this morning - that is the best glass and china shop that I know - and have bought three port glasses. But as they had two slightly different port glasses both of which fitted your specifications, I had to choose at a guess, and they may not really match at all. In that case, I must bring another glass back with me, and they must be sent to Miss Sutherland Taylor later. I shall try to get some good cheese, and I shall try tomorrow night to indite the Ode for your aunt.

As for my lecturing - it doesnt amount to much. I lecture on behalf of some church on the 21st Oct., but I dont remember where, somewhere in South London I think. And a short talk of similar nature at some church in Westminster in November, but I must look up the place and date for you. And I enclose notices of two occasions on which I shall speechify; and on another occasion I take the chair for Stephen Spender: I will give you the dates later, and if there is anything you will do me the honour of listening to, you will let me know.

I had a rather crowded weekend at Rodmell: plunged, as I rarely am, in the Bloomsbury that Henry disapproves of. The Woolfs took me to dinner at the house of Virginia's sister, Vanessa, on Saturday: present, Vanessa Bell, Clive Bell, their children Quentin and Angelica, Duncan Grant, David Garnett, and Janey Bussy. Also a friend of Angelica's. The chief item of interest was the appearance of eleven grouse on the table at once, as Vanessa had thought that the allowance was a grouse a person, whereas it is a grouse to two people. After dinner the two girls dressed up and acted in the studio, various old songs and ballads. On Sunday night we dined at the house of Maynard Keynes and his wife (Lydia Lopokova). Keynes, who makes a good deal of money, is building a theatre in Cambridge, as Lydia, who is too old now to dance in ballet, wants to act, though she still speaks English with a very Russian accent - she thinks she can act Ibsen, however. So he wants to produce my next play there, and put it on in London

if it is a success. They do not mean to have plays throughout the season, but cinema in between. It is worth considering, when the time comes. (I have had a friendly letter from the Revd. Mr.Gough, to whom I wrote as I told you). Keynes and Leonard Woolf (who is important behind the scenes in the Labour Party) had a discussion about Abyssinia to which I did not contribute much. Keynes is important in the City as well as at Cambridge, had a good deal to do with the Treaty of Versailles (on which he wrote a good little book) and knows a good few financial and political people. Both of them were all for sanctions, and believed that Mussolini would pipe down if firmly met. Keynes says, I do not know on what authority, that the whole of our Mediterranean fleet is massed at Alexandria, and the Atlantic Fleet at Gibraltar, and that the government have allowed this information to reach the Italians quietly. He says there is a provision in the League Statues, by which money may be lent to the injured party in any case of aggression of one member against another, and thinks that a loan to Abyssinia to buy machine guns and ammunition would settle the Italians, as they have not the financial resources for any but a very short war. Malta, he says, has been almost evacuated. Leonard says - I wonder if he is right - that the people who take the attitude of Cripps, and Lansbury and Ponsonby in the Labour Party are a small minority; and that Cripps has compromised himself badly by taking one position about Manchuria and another about Abyssinia. He says he had a conversation with Cripps and Atlee some time ago, when Cripps and Atlee were all for denouncing the League of Nations, and pointed out to them that they could not at the same time advocate Isolation and deprecate national expenditure on armament - the only practical question being between the amount of armament necessary to make the League effective, and the much greater amount necessary for a policy of Isolation.

Much as I dislike Mussolini and his policies, I do feel that Italy has been badly treated by the League, and the article in this morning's Times seems to me very sensible and timely.

Dined last night with Herbert Read. Lunch to-day with Martin D'Arcy, after a Pro Fide Bookshop committee, and tea with Ottoline, just settled in town again. Nothing tomorrow but book committee at Fabers': after the celebrations of last week, which I think I described, I hope we shall have a "quiet time".

The only "Bloomsbury" individuals who interest me are Virginia, of whom I am very fond in spite of never reading her books (I forgot to ask her how her present work is getting on), and Keynes who seems to me to have a mind more emancipated than most of his friends. He occasionally has perceptions of something outside the limited ideas of his society. These don't worry him very much, because his mind is much more developed than his soul. His economic writings are beyond my comprehension , but I feel an excess of mental brilliance over character, which makes him impish, puckish, superior and unreliable. He is clever enough for anything, so far as economics can be settled by the clever. But his domestic life is rather pleasing; I think he and Lydia get on very well - he has a great respect for all kinds of artists - and she is a chirpy pleasant little creature. The rest of that society are only agreeable as a group, and that only in small doses.

Thank you for your sweetness in speaking of my letters having sometimes in the past been helpful. I am afraid that if I re-read them myself I should find many of them very silly and immature. But you give me a very pure and intense pleasure by saying that I have been of use to you. I love to be assured that I give something, as well as receive. I am aware, whenever I write, of my pride in having this privilege, and of all the use it is to me: it would be ecstatic to feel that writing to you was also a duty! - as well as a privilege.

I hope that you will consent to pose for a few last Campden photographs. I hope that I may be permitted to be in your company on your birthday, as well as on mine: and you are to consider, what stone you want - perhaps dark blue sapphires this time. We shall see Timon and Peer Gynt and the Group Theatre and anything else there is; and eat some more oysters; and I must give a teaparty or two. Au lendemain,

Your Lover

Tom

FABER & FABER
Limited
PUBLISHERS

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

30 September 1935.

My dearest - nightingale!

You made me happier last night - standing shivering in the mist in our mackintoshes in the dark garden - than ever before, and I am wondering how I can speak it. Your hair was blown over my mouth. What a variety of feelings for a variety of people the word "happiness" has to cover. Happiness in the ordinary sense is something I know nothing about; and happiness as I experienced it last night is a very queer thing. It is exquisitely painful, and one is made externally dumb and stupid by it; and the happier you make me, the more it hurts, and I cry for more pain. I was suffering in three ways at once: for myself, and more for you, and also for us, which is something different from the sum of yours and mine. So when I say I was happy and my heart sang and is still singing, I want you to know just what I mean by "happy": because at the moment I am aware of you sitting in cold Oxford lodgings over a feeble fire of six cool lumps of coal, pumping out your energy into Mrs. Hale who is feeling very miserable and sorry for herself, and probably with a feeling of heaviness inside and darkness in front, and a fearful weariness of the future. I think of all of these things, as well as of myself grinding on, and yet tonight I am still exalted.

On Thursday night, before bedtime, when you stroked my face, it was so lovely that I could hardly endure it. And I waked in the middle of the night in that queer wideawakeness which is not like being awake in the daytime, and was restless for a long time. I had an odd sort of vision of you, which was less a vision of the moment than an explanation (though not one that can be put into words) of why you have always affected me as you have. Some other women are beautiful, in various degrees, and you could be compared with them and found more beautiful, but that didnt explain much; because you never affected me more than others merely, but quite differently. And that night I saw that theirs was from the outside in, and yours was from the inside out, and I saw your face as a kind of transparency, a materialisation of the spirit inside; and I felt that I had, from the beginning, had some kind of intuitive awareness of the spirit within, and saw not what men usually see, a picture or a statue, but a spirit made flesh. And to see this is a kind of recognition, a coming home, in which desire is modified by adoration and stillness and contentment. Now do not think that what you may please to call my "idealisation" of you is something wholly remote from what you feel yourself to be. It is not at all disconnected from ordinary reality. I see you also as a perfectly human person, with a rare sense of humour (wherever you allow it to range), an unusual sensibility, an acute (not bookish or studious) in-

telligence - not what is ordinarily called "intellectual" - held in leash by an excessive modesty which I would not really diminish, because it enshrines an extraordinary humility, and that is the greatest of virtues, which I struggle fitfully to attain (being myself frightfully arrogant, disdainful and contemptuous by nature). I see you also as a person with a sure instinct for what is morally right, and for what is in good taste. I see you as the perfect companion, quick to pass from great matters to small, and small to great, and from serious to comic and back again.. So that you cannot say that I see in you the things that you do not see, instead of seeing the real human you: because I see them all. And I see, and would wish to emulate, in you, the real patrician, who is not only superior to the common people, but superior to the only slightly superior people like myself who are damnably aware of being superior. For the perfect patrician doesn't even know how much better he is than others.

I did feel, last night, more nearly united to you, the best of me with you, than ever before. I have gone through all sorts of waves and of silly phases - I know that the first thing is to understand ones faults and until one fully understands them it is of no use trying to remove them. I am bitterly sorry if, in any letter that I wrote last year, there is really any phrase of bitterness; because I know that thereis not the slightest justification for it. You always humble me. As for "making you conceited" - it is only and very right that I should make you know, if I can, how one man's life and work has been formed about you. I dont mean that I want you to take pride in my work, because that would be to assume that my work was something to take pride in; I only mean that if you realise what you have done to me, you may realise better what you are. I wish that I could remember word for word all the wise words that you said last night. I remember my own emotion; and I remember another emotion in which I was not aware of being a separate individual from yourself.

And if I do not stop now I shall miss the post; and very likely I shall in any case.

Your humble

Tom

And I am not forgetting your troubles in my own exaltation: and I do not imagine that I am helping you by saying all this. I shall write on Thursday in a more moderate vein -