Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

My Darling,

2 April 1936.

Before I forget I must tell you that I have written to Mrs. Seaverns, to propose fixing an evening some time ahead. I told her that the impromptu proposal had proved a failure, because I usually have my evenings booked for a week or two ahead, as much as I care to, and the other evenings are needed for work at home, or correspondence, or early to bed. So I hope that I may see her during the week after Easter, as I do not go out at all during Holy Week.

It seems a very long time since I have written to you - I missed one good boat by staying over Monday at the Morleys. Now I am writing for the Europa tomorrow, so I hope that this will reach you quickly. Tomorrow I go down to Rochester for the night with the Dean, as usual before Easter, and hope to have some words with him about my private affairs. After that I shall be at home continuously for some time to come, and shall be able to write more often: I am not happy if I write less than twice a week, and prefer to write three times, because (partly because) I like to think of two letters on your breakfast table at once. I sometimes wonder why I accept weekend invitations from my friends, especially in the winter. It is partly that they feel that they are doing something for me, and one wants them to have that pleasure, and partly my inertia about going anywhere by myself. And partly I enjoy it, being very sociable; yet after an office week, with one or more interviews every afternoon, and perhaps two or three semi-business lunches, I always enjoy thoroughly a Saturday and Sunday quite to myself. So I am really looking forward to the austerity of Holy Week.

Yesterday arrived cuttings from the New York papers, some from Donald Brace, and some apparently from Henry. I judge that the first night was a success, but I shall wait eagerly for your own report of it, as well as of your visit to New York in general. I spoke to Dukes on the telephone. He proposes now to end the Mercury run on April 11th. Then there is a possibility of the company giving three performances in Paris - but that is still uncertain; then three performances at Keynes's new theatre in Cambridge - that is settled; then possibly a week at the Gate Theatre in Dublin; and then (I don't know why) a few final performances in Wimbledon! That brings it to the beginning of June, when Browne and Speaight have to start rehearsing for the Canterbury Festival - a play about

Cranmer. As for New York, Dukes thinks it quite likely that an offer will be made by some good producer there; in that event, we shall have to decide whether to accept it or stick to the original design of taking the London company over with a repertoire of three plays.

I am distressed that your immediate future should be so obscure. I hate to think of your having to move about, and never knowing how long you will be anywhere. Which would you prefer, to spend the summer at West Rindge or with Penelope? I should think the latter would be preferable. I should say that Miss Ware suffered from a dislike (not uncommon, perhaps, to solitary people with money, who have always been accustomed to complete freedom of action) of committing herself to anything, and that she probably wanted you to come to Rindge, but would not say anything about it until the last moment. A good deal has to be excused, no doubt, to people who have never had any practice in having to put themselves at other people's points of view.

I wish I knew more of your health. The Morleys thought you looked well, but they only saw you for a short time, and I should like the opinion of someone who knew you better. And Aunt Susie, who has not written for a long time, only writes the sketchiest of letters anyway - usually enclosing a new snapshot of her great-grandchildren. I should like to think that your face showed always the full radiance that belongs to it - but which I, I think, have seen there more fully revealed than anyone else has - especially on several evenings when you stood at the top of the little flight of steps at the Rosary Gardens flat to say good night to me. Now I have only words to speak to you with, and words analyse and are largely concerned with the more superficial levels on which people think differently - when they have not the tone of voice, the expression, the joy of the presence of the other person, and the silences in which the spiritual harmony is felt. But you are always with me in imagination in these ways, at night and morning and during the day, and even when I am saying things that you cannot agree with. During these recent months I have been much tormented in mind on your account. But I shall be writing at length next week, and I do not want to end this letter with anything but my love for my Western Star, my nightingale

to my Louise

from Lr Tom.

I am glad when you can hear concerts, and I like you to send me the programmes of concerts and theatres that you go to. Tell me more about the Footlights.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dear my Love,

4 April 1936.

I wrote to you last on Thursday - to-day is Monday - which seems a long time ago - I am anxious to get this off in time to go on the Normandie, which sails again after a long time on the 6th. I have been to the Morleys for the weekend - rather quiet and restful, because Donald (whose holidays last until the 11th) is very much improved by having been away at school: polite, reasonable, and touchingly grateful for one's attentions (my right hand is covered with scratches from retrieving his clockwork motor-boat from a corner of the pond where it had got caught in the briars). I sawed some matchboard for the wall of a new goat-house (they are about to acquire a new milch-goat and a sheepdog puppy) and saturated myself in creosote, painting the henhouses, and read aloud to them from Johnson's "Rambler" in the evenings. Susanna was away in Cambridge being operated upon for adenoids. Oliver, the mathematician, said why didn't Uncle Tom come to stay for 400 times 400 times 400 days, which I take as a great compliment. I slept very heavily on Friday night, as a result of the change from town to country air, but on Saturday night was more restless: dreamt a good deal of you (always rather distant) which I hate to do, because it always leaves me disturbed and unsettled for the next day, and woke in the middle of the night to hear a nightingale singing loudly in the thicket by the pond. The weather has been cold, though rather sunny, and the nightingales have not sung in the evening; but on Saturday night the temperature moderated before dawn. I went off to sleep again, and when I was waked by the alarum clock at 7 (to go to 8 o'clock church at Crowhurst) there was the nightingale still singing. I thought suddenly, "singing" is not the word for the nightingale; "clanging" I call it, there is something harsh and sepulchral about the nightingale, with a knowledge of good & evil: not like the innocent hearty thrush and blackbird, or the bawdy cookoo shouting, or the finches and wrens and chiffchaffs piping: the nightingale is ominous and tolling. But birds are dependent upon poets: the mocking-bird (a finer singer than the nightingale) is so far no greater than Walt Whitman; and the nightingale, with the myth of Procne and Philomela behind it, has the greater support of Sophocles, who set her to singing in the wood of the Furies through the day - and it still sings through the day in the thickets of Surrey and Worcestershire, though more impressive when alone at night. I must contribute that "clang" to the nightingale, the clang of Dr.Roylott of Stoke Moran's safe. But I hope that I have done something for the hermit thrush.

Keeping in mind that Tandy needed looking after, I rang him up this afternoon, and appointed to have a glass of sherry with him at South Kensington tomorrow, before returning here to dress for dining with Mrs, Seaverns at last. He mentioned that there was something in the Sunday Times about me, so I stopped in at the club on my way home and demanded yesterday's papers. Two favourable notices - one of my poems by Cyril Conolly in the Observer, the other of my essays by Keith Feiling in the Sunday Times: I will get copies and send them to you. I am eager to get to work on a new play, but time eludes me like a feu-follet: now I must write a Commentary for the next Criterion. Shall I write it about the Christian's attitude towards War? a subject to which the Bishop of Durham, Aldous Huxley, Genl. Sir F. Maurice and Father Martindale S.J. have lately contributed letters to the Times? or about the fascist tendencies of the present government? or about the decay of art, according to Wladimir Weidle? The commentary is always cooked up at the last moment before going to press, and there is not time to take your opinion: were you in London I should have discussed the problem with you before now. Also, I am trying to make up the October number, so as to be free to be in America in September and October: Henri Massis has sent in a long article which I must read, and has promised another by Thierry Maulnier. I can look into that when I go to Paris: that is now fixed for the 6th June.

The Italians seem to have got what they want in Abyssinia. Does anyone now believe in the League of Nations? I am not sorry for what I said about the League in my essay. The consequences in Africa may be very queer.

I wonder how real I am to you, now? In reply to my own question, I can say that five months have passed and my feeling is just the same as it was in November when I was first trying to adjust myself to it: until then I thought I had a fairly clear notion of "myself", something distinct from all the rest of the world: now and still since then I cannot say that anything of me is "mine", because so much (and perhaps all) of me seems to be "yours". Certainly, I am no longer, and never shall be, the "same person" that I was before November the 18th. It is queer that this should be a perpetual <u>daily</u> surrender of "myself": and it is a double surrender: it is always to you, and yet at the same time it is to something bigger than either "me" or "you" - to something that only you and I <u>together</u> can look at. Now I am tired, and I can't talk about it any more, but I think there is a good deal more that could be said; and I will talk of this again.

to my Emilie

from her Tom.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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7 April 1936.

Your short letter of the 27th (by "Aquitania") arrived yesterday morning, and left me somewhat puzzled, as I felt sure that there must have been another letter prior to that, which I feared had gone astray; and my fears were not mitigated when I found at my office an envelope which contained enclosures but no letter. However, I found your long and dear letter of the 24th awaiting me on my return in the evening, and was much relieved. I am very much beholden to you for such a full and satisfactory report of the performance in New York; but especially thrilled with delight to feel that you should care enough to want to write such a long letter, and I am filled with humble gratitude.

I wish indeed that I could have seen the performance in your company. I cannot imagine the play in such a huge theatre (I am sorry that you did not get your proper seats). It is a great satisfaction to me to learn that the play itself is capable of being played under so different conditions - I had feared that it might be so limited in character as to require the sort of production given at the Mercury. Merely seeing that very amateur production in Dublin made me think that there is a good deal to be learned by seeing various interpretations of one's work. I should like to see it done by a Becket who is adequate in stature and appearance, as I gather this Irvine is. I should like to know whether they use the beginning of Act II as in the first printing (Canterbury version) or as done at the Mercury with a new chorus which is in the second printing. The first is rather obscurely liturgical for a general audience. A rather good criticism of Speaight's interpretation was made by Tandy in his notice of the B.B.C. performance in his Broadcast Chronicle in the Criterion: that Speaight's Becket was a man who had always been the austere ecclesiastic - one was not made to feel that he had been a man of worldly pleasure and worldly ambition.. So there is certainly room for other interpretations. I doubt however whether Speaight's rendering of the sermon (and he was at his best when you saw him in London) can be bettered. That is the advantage of having an actor who is a churchman himself. If the chorus were more mature women than the girls here, so much the better - even one or two older voices would have helped greatly. I gather that the costuming was better in New York. Also that the murder was probably more effective, with a larger stage and ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ bringing in a retinue (though this does not seem to be historically correct); because the murder ought not to be completely visible. But I think that the corpse ought to be concealed by a traverse when the knights make their speeches. Brace, who went to the

same performance, said that some of the audience missed the irony and applauded the knights!

I was amused by your account of the reporters etc. afterwards; I have a short letter also from Susie, according to whom Eleanor was so rattled that she said: "but we are only distant relatives"! It gives me so much more pleasure in the performance to think that it was a good one, instead of an indifferent one, for you to see.

Dukes thinks (did I tell you) that this production will help, rather than hinder, a later run of the play. He thinks it possible that some good New York producer may make an offer. Now, in view of the excellence of this production, which do you think I should be better advised to do: accept such an offer, if it comes and if it comes from the right quarter, or let Dukes take over the London company with a repertoire of two other plays in the autumn? It seems just possible that the London company, having played so long in a small theatre, might not be able to adapt themselves to the conditions of a New York theatre, and might not make such a success of it as a local troupe. Or do you think that the London comp any in itself would be an important draw?

I enclose the first notice of the Collected Poems. Muir is a very nice fellow - his criticism is always quite free from pettiness or malice. I was pleased that he liked "Burnt Norton" - though he has evidently only got part of the meaning!

My darling, you must not worry yourself about being "immature" : everybody is immature - when I look back on myself even a year or two into the past, I seem to have been immature. But one shouldn't be ripe, one should still be growing! It is better than being withered up and sot: and I hope for her own sake that Margaret Thorp is still immature too, because she has as much need fof further growth as the rest of us. I don't want you to lose your exquisite humility - but I always hover between admiration of it and an irritation with your being too humble or towards the wrong people or in the wrong ways. Not that I think you ever will lose it, or be any different in that respect. However, for one thing, I must ask you to stop apologising and depreciating yourself as a preamble or postscript to uttering any opinions or passing any judgement on whatever I write!

I thank you particularly for the last three pages of your letter, which have been a real help to me.. I hope you will not think, in the long run, that I undervalue or despise the fundamental Christianity of people who are not technically Christians; and that you will distinguish between any personal arrogance you may find in me (which is a very serious fault indeed) and my maintenance of impersonal distinctions. I have been aware that at first the two might seem identified to you, and I must pass through a cloud of appearing bigoted and intolerant. But there is a difference between intolerance, and being indifferent to distinctions. The difference in terminology, and the meanings attached to the same words, is something which is not grasped in a hurry.

After reading the Report of the Joint Committees of the Convocations of Canterbury and York on " The Church and Marriage", and the anonymous comments issued as a pamphlet by the Church Literature Association (the latter not very germane to the problem) I went down to Rochester on Friday for my Lent Confession, and also had a private discussion with the Dean later. He was very sympathetic; and although the situation remains unchanged, I understand the difficulty more clearly. It is hard to explain, because it is so unreasonable! In brief, although the Church does not admit divorce, it can admit (on certain grounds) nullity: that is, it can declare that a particular marriage never was a marriage at all. He thought that in my case grounds for nullity probably could be maintained. But here Church Law (and in this context it doesn't matter whether it is the Anglican, or the Roman, or any other Church) is contradicted by the State. In Common (or secular) Law, divorce on certain grounds is admitted, but not nullity. From the point of view of the State, what matters is the contract of marriage, and that alone: the State regards marriage as a contract binding like any other civil contract; whereas the Church regards it as a Sacrament. The Church does not consider that marriage is constituted by the ceremony alone: the State does. The State admits divorce only on the ground of adultery, and even on that ground it enquires to see that there is not collusion - that is, the person being divorced must appear to want not to be divorced, or at least not to have arranged it with the other party. Now, I could not rake up a very brief incident of one evening fourteen years ago - after which I continued to live with my "wife" for ten years - as sufficient grounds: apart from the scandal it would cause by being such an obvious subterfuge. And I am certainly not willing now to commit either adultery or perjury - even if I were convinced that she could be trusted to divorce me for it (and she has nothing to gain, and something to lose, by that step, being the sort of person she is. So the only possibility - and it is a remote one - would be that the State should alter its law so as to give divorce on the same grounds on which the Church gave nullity.

The Church Law is logical on its own grounds; but the State Law is not logical on any grounds.

I can write no more at the moment - this is as tiring to write as it will be to read. I should like just to leave you with the feeling of my endless love and devotion and adoration, and wanting to wrap you in my arms and give you peace.

For Easter,

My Emilie

from Your Tom.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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Dearest Sue,

8 April 1936.

I want to write a short note before I go to bed, to catch the "Manhattan" - first, because I remembered that in hurrying at the end of my last letter I forgot to write in the superscription! and I thought you might wonder at its absence; and second, because I forgot to return the letter from Jaqua - and a pretty weak sort of letter it is. Who are the education committee? I think Caillet ought to see this, or a copy of it: as this discussion may never have taken place, and they ought to know that their name is being taken. It is very hard to be cool-tempered over this.

I take this week as quietly as possible - no evening engagements, of course, and as few in the daytime as business permits. Martin Browne dined with me and went to "Tenebrae" service this evening, and asked appreciatively after you. Tomorrow Maundy Thursday service in the morning, and Tenebrae in the evening, and the Watch I expect between 3 and 5 in the morning; then Good Friday service at 10.30 and the last Tenebrae in the evening. One long service on Saturday morning, and then Easter.

My Love, I wish we could be together at such a time, O my dear.

My Emilie, my Love,
from her Tom.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

15 April 1936.

Dearest my Gie,

I sent you an Easter cable - reply palid so that you could use the reply form whenever you wished, but I think there is a time limit - but your photograph arrived on Monday (I had had your little Easter note several days before, so that I had a surprise to look forward to) and I was so happy with it that I could not forbear sending another brief cable of thanks. Will you please tell me exactly how old you were at the time? It is very lovely, and precisely like you now, except that at that age your ears seem to have grown faster than your head, for they are certainly larger in proportion than they are now! but perhaps that is the usual thing (only I am unluckier). The glass was unbroken, so the frame could be set up instantly - on my mantel. If I had room for a larger bed-side table I would have it there, but things put on that little stand squeezed in behind the door are always getting knocked off; so it is on the mantel by itself. I wont say that any photograph of you is a substitute for any other - certainly no portrait at one age can replace one at another age - and if you wish me to suppress the two you dislike (and which I agree are inadequate) you will have to have a very nice new one taken: but I am always greedy for more portraits of you, and I only regret that the oil painting has disappeared and I cannot buy it.

Your letter of April 6th arrived this morning, with the enclosures which I return, as Brace and Henry have sent me copies. I am of course very pleased with such good notices. I am happy if words of mine are ever of help and support to you (but you must not keep harping on your "immaturity"). One is always glad to be told; because one's own words always seem so poor and one's ideas so badly expressed, to oneself! But you must know what a strong support and help your own can be to me - the best support is reciprocal. Did I tell you that Mrs.Seaverns is in Kent until May? but I hope to see her then, as I asked her to let me know of her return. I shall write if I do not hear. Here I was interrupted by Miss O'Donovan ringing up to say thar Ashley Dukes wanted to speak to me; I told her that if I made business calls in the morning I should never get anything done, and he would have to wait till this afternoon. Apparently the theatre in New York wants to run the play for another two weeks and has doubled the fee, and they want to put it on, I gather, in Chicago and Los Angeles too. (If I am not careful they will be filming it at Hollywood - I must warn him about that).

Holy Week passed off very well, though even the weekend was not quite free from business, as I had to interview my Portuguese official, Senhor Ferro of the Segretariado de Propaganda Nacional, on Saturday morning, and have had to compose a long letter to Geoffrey (in Wales) about a book that Morley and I want to publish and he does not (all such business chatter is confidential however). Easter evening I had to sup with Jan Culpin, who had a young German relative with her - and Bank Holiday night I dined with John Hayward who had the Camerons in. These two duties done, I still have Mrs.Shakespear, and an old acquaintance in Lloyds Bank, on my conscience. Mr.Pierce, my odd young epic poet from Buffalo, has I hope finally returned on a cargo steamer; I had to defray a portion of the expense, but it was well worth it: he was quite the most fatiguing eccentric of all the queer folk who climb up to see me.

I know that my royalty from Dukes is a low one, but as a publisher I am able to see his point of view. They play would never have been put on but for his enterprise; and its notoriety has no doubt very much helped the sale of the book - about 7000 copies in this coun try so far. When we publish a novel by an unknown author we expect to give low royalties: because we are taking the risk, and it is more likely to fail than to succeed. If the book does well, the author gets better terms for the next. I should of course expect better terms for a new play, or on renewing this contract which is for two years. No more reviews of my poems yet, but my essays have just had a favourable notice in "Punch" of all places, and I believe that "Punch" reviews do sell books.

I shall ask the Morleys about the peppermints. I expect to see them this afternoon, as I want to settle whether they will come to Paris with me for three or four days. They cant come until after the 11th ~~April~~ May in any case, as Donald is at home for his Easter holidays until then, but May would suit Sylvia Beach just as well. And Morley can share the burden of dealing with Joyce and his legal adviser M.Leon. Possibly Maritain will be back by then. The idea of going abroad alone no longer appeals to me, I have to have somebody to go with to stir me out of my sedentary habits. Though, if I again establish contact with Paris, I may be more likely to keep it up again by myself. Ezra wants me to come on and visit him at Rapallo, and get some sea bathing, but I dont much fancy going to Italy, and anyway I want to keep my travel-money for America.

No, one cant blame people for staying on at Scripps, in these times when it is not so easy to get other positions; and I am sorry for those who have to work under Daqua. I doubt if you could have felt settled or happy there, so long as he is at the head of things. It would be good if you could get Jeanie a job at Farmington.

When I last heard from Ada she said that she wanted to get you to a meal, but that you seemed to have been very busy lately. That is good if you do not exhaust yourself; and I am happy to hear that you are getting a little fatter. I am pleased by the thought of your having the summer with Penelope at Cataumet, which ought to be healthy. My Love my Dear, I hold you in my arms for a moment before saying - not good-bye and not good night, for it is the morning, but until a day or two ag

Often you are with me too, arm in arm, as I walk about this neighbourhood, and sometimes I pass Rosary Gardens and look up, but I have never seen a light, and I am glad because I do not like to think of anyone else in that drawing room.

I shall try to write to Mrs. Perkins this week.

My Emilie

from her Tone

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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Dearest my Love,

21 April 1936.

After your wan little note of the 9th, which made me feel very miserable because of your not having had a letter for so long - and I know quite well how difficult it becomes, to write, when one has had no response for too long a time! - I was very happy this morning to get your letter of April 13th; I wish that in each letter I could give some momentary feeling of peace and satisfaction - or perhaps enough to last throughout the day - that would be a substitute, however poor, for each other's company. Spring is more tiresome than ever, in spite of the long bitter cold of this month of April (there was a flurry of snow on Easter day); and something inside me, so to speak, is always facing in the direction of the Cotswolds, as if there a house to go to, at some near weekend, and a lady to walk the roads and by-paths with, and stop under a tree with in a shower, and the high clouds passing endlessly the whole day, and stars over a yew tree in the evening. Well, there isn't: what will there be, I wonder, for September or October?

I spent Sunday with the Tandys at Hampton. That is more lazy than with the Morleys, and the children are quieter (though it's largely the farm life that makes such a bustle at the Morleys - I am sure that life on a farm can never be peaceful and restful, there's always so much going on, and always animals and fowls to be fed and let out and shut in. On the other hand the Tandys are very poor, crowded and uncomfortable, and Polly has very much the life of a working woman, with three children and no nurse. But highly trained scientists in museums are not expected to have three children, in this country - very few have more than one: so that part of the population is gradually being killed off - though it's partly their own self-indulgence - a large part of the middle-class to-day (and class distinctions are economic nowadays) would prefer a bigger motor car to another child. Tandy had had a bad attack of influenza, and was still suffering from acute melancholia, and the head of his museum had been down on him for being slow about his report on the Great Barrier Reef Expedition, because he is so very meticulous and insistent on perfect accuracy (Tandy I mean); and he was depressed and talking about seeing a psychologist, which is a bad sign in anybody. Anyone like Morley, who radiates strength and gives support to everybody round him without ever seeming to need it himself, is rare in these days. The most tiring part of my job is interviewing the young writers - from the formal interviews in my room to the informal and more social meetings for a meal or a drink: it's like a

blood transfusion each time. The number of people who need to borrow vitality (and can't pay it back) is immense. Incidentally, I was amused by the accusation of lack of vitality in the enclosed review of Poems by Peter Quennell - if you had ever met that cadaverous deathshead of a young man not so young as he was and not so mature as he ought to be, you might be inclined to agree with my conjecture that it is apt to be people of low vitality themselves who accuse others of that defect.

However, I am pretty well, thank you; and there is no temptation to take even a short holiday under the spring really comes; for in cold weather one is never really comfortable except at home; and the English climate in the country in winter is a very pleasant one if you live in the country - but it takes some time to get used to it if you have been living in town. (It really is winter temperature still, though the country is budding and flowering on time as usual).

This week there are three boats sailing, one on the 22nd, one on the 23d, and the Europa on the 25th (in May I presume there will be the Queen Mary) and I shall try to get a letter onto each - but how I wish I could be giving my strength (such as it is) to you instead of to others: but in any case - what I give you (if I do) I get back, and I only wish indeed that my letters could be such help to you as yours to me - though it is only with my arms round you that we can both give and receive at the same instant of time: let us try to think of them so at the end of each letter we write.

More tomorrow.

My Emilie

from her Tone.

A dinner of the All Souls Club last night, but not so good as the last, because our Congregationalist, Dr.Peel, who was the host, had chosen a rather vague subject for discussion.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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23 April 1936 -
St.George; also
Shakespeare.

My Darling,

I was rather hurried yesterday, and had no time to write. The Wednesday committee began in the morning at 12, instead of with lunch, and I had a couple of manuscripts to read beforehand - a poor novel, and an uninteresting discourse by Dr.Goebbels: we resumed at 3, and went on until quarter to six, when a young man had to be interviewed who wants to write an essay on Lancelot Andrewes; and I had Bro. George Every, S.S.M., who was up in London for a conference, to dinner with me. To-day I think I have a couple of appointments in the afternoon, and dine with the Huxleys. Tomorrow night I shall be at home, and for the whole weekend. Tomorrow I shall write a line to catch the Europa: this letter was to have been for the "Washington"; but I think I might just miss it, so I will not name any boat on the envelope.

You didn't enclose Miss Gwynne's letter, but that doesn't matter; I have fixed a date early in May to dine with Mrs.Seaverns. I meant to say again, in my last letter, how much I enjoy having your new photograph on my mantel, to look at the last thing as I go out before lunch, and the first thing when I come home at night. And whenever I look at this or any other portrait of you, my dear, I always have one thought that is always the same: of how strange it is that in my whole lifetime there has only been one face that has ever seemed to me really beautiful.

One needs everything that love can give, as well as all the strength that one can acquire from spiritual faith, and also the communion of congenial minds, to endure the gloom of the political world to-day. I don't know whether there is any real enthusiasm in America for re-electing Roosevelt, or whether, as I suspect, ~~that~~ people merely feel that there is no strong and trustworthy alternative - I don't see how anyone could want Hoover back again. Certainly, unless Roosevelt hits on a longer sighted policy for the next four years than merely borrowing money from the banks, one is apprehensive of a fearful collapse at the end. And here, I think people have fallen into almost apathy, because the European situation seems so hopelessly chaotic; and affairs seem to be directed not by human beings but by some frightful "infernal machine" of a deadly fate which has the fascination of a snake - something inhuman and impersonal, though it operate partly through individuals called dictators. And a dictator may be simply a man who has let a genie out of the bottle and doesn't know how to get it back again. He is pushed on by cir-

cumstances which are partly brought about by himself; and it is the fate of a demagogic dictator never to be able to stand still - in order to keep his place he must always be doing something more. Party government hardly exists in Britain any longer, and we may eventually have the reality of dictatorship without the name - unless there is a war first, and the results of that will be incalculable. O dear...

I cling to you and to what there is between us as one real thing in this world which is not a disappointment and cheat - however we have been disappointed and cheated in this world.

My Emilie
from Ever Tom

Thank you again, Love, for your letter of the 13th.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My very Dear,

24 April 1936.

Even if I didn't have anything to say since my last letter, I should always have great pleasure in writing just in order to put the heading and the signature to a letter to you. (I am glad you kept the return-form of my cable, to use in case of sudden change of address or any minor reason for cabling.) I have not much to tell you, since yesterday - I had a very pleasant dinner with the Huxleys before their return to their house in the South of France. I do not care very much for Maria, who always seemed to me a rather stupid, socially ambitious Belgian peasant (Ottoline says she is untruthful, but I don't know about that), but Aldous is so charming that it doesn't matter (though I enjoy more seeing him by himself). To-day has been quiet - in the morning I worked at my essay on Byron, and in the afternoon at the office I had no one to see except a White Russian theologian from Paris named Professor Zander, who wants me to get published a translation of a work by Father Sergius Bulgakoff. And tonight I am at home - tomorrow St.Mark's Day, and the whole day to myself - and also Sunday except that I have to have cold supper at the Society of Retreat Conductors in Queens Gate to meet Professor Wladimir Weidle: quite a Russian week.

To-day the first really springlike day - sunny and balmy and for a part of the day I felt too warm in my winter clothes, and possessed by a spring restlessness. I wish that I could be with my Love walking out in the hills, or sitting in a garden belonging to ourselves and no one else, listening to the church bells; and otherwise I should like all days to be dull and all nights cloudy until these things are possible. Dear my Love, good night.

My Emily
from her Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

28 April 1936.

My dearest Pie,

I thank you for your sweet letter of the 16th, of all of which I shall be mindful. Here is the nice letter from Miss Gwynne - it meant more to me that she should write to you in this way (and also appreciate the fact that I should have been very unlikely to accept her invitation without your intervention) than anything she could say to me direct. I wonder whether you are at Riverway let - I shall (because of a previous misdirection) continue to write to Brimmer Street, as I am sure it will reach you, and I know that in case of any important change of address you would wire me. Besides, your stay at Riverway is to be so brief that you may not notify me until you go to Highland Street, where I suppose you will be for about two months, and then Cataumet - unless something turns up unexpectedly meanwhile. I was interested to know that you had seen the hall at Worcester, and met the Macdonald who seems to have made a good thing of the play. He did not ask permission, by the way; but Dukes spotted the performance and got two guineas out of them afterwards! I don't suppose it will be possible to catch all the pirates - the English-speaking world is very big: but I am sure Dukes will do his best. He has an agent in Sydney New S.Wales, on the lookout for Australian infringements. Now Bobby Speaight is going to do a record of the Sermon (how tired I am getting of that sermon!) for His Master's Voice, and I have to arrange a contract with them. Really, the nightmare of a screen version seems possible!

A long letter from Henry, from which I gather that the Fourth Tempter was not very appropriate. I have had to write to Henry in reply, because he thinks that I suffer from "notions of persecution" (a propos, apparently, of various references to "Christian persecution). I wonder if people in America (Henry has not visited Europe since his honeymoon, and even then the circumstances, and of course his great deafness, did not favour his getting very much knowledge and understanding) always realise that England is much nearer to the continent than New York is, and that events in Germany, for instance, are very real when such a short distance away. But I am afraid that I do not understand Henry very well.

Yes, do cable if any definite offer of employment is accepted. You are quite right, I think, if nothing worth taking turns up for next winter, to seek voluntary work in relief of the poor or ill: so long, my dearest, as you do not attempt anything under too bad conditions, or that would affect a constitution which I do not con-

sider too robust - especially as that constitution is united to such a conscientious and self-sacrificing spirit as yours, my dear.

Probably go to Paris the last week in May; and I will write to the Krauss's, unless they are coming to London before then. Paris will be a refreshing change - unless the political world is too gloomy - rather than a rest: I think of taking the Huxleys at their word and asking myself out to the Meditarranean coast in July or August for a week. I want to be looking well before I come to America!

I had a pleasant evening with Mr.Wladimir Weidle, the Russian philosopher, whom I liked extremely; lunch yesterday with an anthropologist in whose work I am interested - one J.D.Unwin who lives at the Cambridge Mission in Camberwell - I forgot about it until Miss O.'D. rang me up at the club in consternation - so I was three quarters of an hour late - which made me late through the rest of the day. Then had to look in on Marion (McKnight Kauffer) at her shop near Bond Street where she sells the carpets and stuffs that she designs, and hear about her domestic difficulties - should she go back to Ted (McKnight Kauffer) when he returns from France: he has been difficult to live with and neurasthenic for a long time. I am always very cautious about offering advice to people in domestic difficulties - and what they chiefly want is someone to listen sympathetically - as a rule, I think, if they can't settle them themselves no one else can do it for them: not, as a matter of fact, that she exactly asked for advice either.

Dove my dear, I take you in my arms and kiss you as I end a letter, as I want you to kiss me when you end one of yours: and your ring (which I haven't yet brought myself to part with long enough to get it inscribed - it has not yet left my finger since you put it on me) night and morning.

My Emily from Ever Tom.

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Dearest Love,

30 April 1936.

Your letter of the 21st arrived this morning by, I presume, the Berengaria, which is carrying a letter back to you. The number of good mails is increasing - this goes by the Bremen, and my next, according to the Times, will be carried by the Normandie; and at the end of the month, on Derby Day, the Queen Mary will make her first trip. I am sorry to hear that you have been tired and wet and cross - I should particularly wish to be with you when you were cross, or thought you were - so the next time you are cross remember that I would be with you at that moment if I could. I wonder who is Mrs. William Cushing - there are such a number of Cushings - you know my great-grandmother was Priscilla Cushing, of whom I have a portrait with a hymn-book at my office. You seem always to be kept very busy with people. I am more than distressed however to learn that the Noyes family proves not a soultion of any problem of yours but rather a new problem itself. Do I infer that you have decided that living with Penelope would simply be exhausting to the last degree? I am very very sorry, because I had been thinking with satisfaction of your having a quiet pleasant seaside summer: and now what is to be done? I had not thought that Mr.Noyes remained positive enough to be a drain of energy. I always thought that he was the sort that might live for a long time, after the mind had gone, but quietly and without making much claim on anybody. I suppose Penelope hesitates, as is natural, as long as possible before making the admission of his condition implied by getting in a professional: because that will mean that the professional must be there until his death. Now, WHAT is the alternative for you for the next three or four months??? I think we must take you to the mountains in September. Will you be invited to spend the summer at Rindge or not??? Ada's last letter (also arrived yesterday - I enclose it, but keep the information to yourself and destroy it) says that she is expecting you to lunch: but I imagine that that was the engagement that you had to cry off because of sore throat. I do hope you will be able to make another engagement soon with her.

Dinner last night with the Chandos Group who discussed Social Credit policy, of course: also a projected number of the New English Weekly, as Mairet has been told that the King can be got to look at a copy of it, if a specially good one is prepared. (Many rumours there are about what the King is like - but one doesn't put these

things on paper) An extra committee meeting to discuss the autumn books took up this afternoon: tomorrow I have to try to make up the next Criterion and over the weekend must work out a Commentary for it. And tomorrow is May Day.

My Love, I kiss you good night, and kiss your ring and your little portrait.

My Emily
from her Tom.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

7 May 1936.
Thursday.

My Perfect Love,

No letter from you this week, though a mail arrived, bringing letters from Henry and Aunt Susie. I wonder what the matter can be: in your last letter - of April 21st - you spoke of having had a sore throat, so I fear you may have been ill. Furthermore, I do not know where to write to - my last two letters have gone to 154 Riverway, but I shall send this to Brimmer Street again, with "please forward" on it in case you have gone. I fear that the end of a trying winter may have been the moment for a phase of exhaustion, as it so often is. I am glad that I shall not be going away this weekend, so that I shall get your letter at once if one arrives.

There is no special news - except that Chardy's case, as reported in detail by Henry, is distinctly more depressing than as first reported, on scantier information, by Ada; and I fear is hopeless so far as any prospect of her resuming the condition of <u>this</u> marriage goes. My sympathies, on what information Henry gives me, are definitely with her husband, whom I thought a nice fellow, and who appears to be more attached to the baby than she is. But I wont bother with details (about young people whom you don't know!) at this stage; and I still beg you not to say anything about it to anyone, unless it is Ada. They live in a queer world, these pleasure-loving young people in New york, with no roots, no ties, no social responsibilities or criteria - yet with plenty of snobbishness and conventionality in their irresponsibility at that.

Spring has really come, and I have been moved to order a new suit - I remembered that you did not like my Glen Urquhart Angola, so I ordered a modest grey herringbone worsted, rather like an old suit (now too shabby to wear) which I think you did like. I have also bought three new shirts and a new tie, and feel quite reckless. I lunched with Ashley Dukes at the Garrick Club a few days ago (it is the ~~xxxxx~~ theatrical club, and has a number of interesting old paintings of Garrick, Keane, Kemball and all the old actors, but is rather too matey a place. H.G.Wells and St.John Ervine were hanging about) in order to discuss an offer made through his New York agent Madden. The offer was for $1000 on account of 5% - 7½% - 10% royalties, and seemed very satisfactory except that they wanted film rights as well. I stuck at that, because I can't run the risk of having a film made of it - as a matter of principle - though

a thousand dollars would have been very welcome indeed. Dukes was quite sympathetic on this point. He thinks that some more sensible producer may make a proposal without asking for film rights; otherwise there won't be any commercial production until he takes a company over, as he would like to do, next year. Anyway, I am not going to let my visit to America be determined by such possibilities of a production in the autumn. These people, whoever they were (Dukes said it was quite a reputable affair) would have started in places like Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The Morleys have bought (1) another goat (2) a young sheep dog; and have been offered a swan. They don't want the swan, but the offer was made (very indiscreetly, by the doctor) to Donald, who of course is very keen to have it, so they are in rather a dilemma.

Aunt Susie sent a cutting of the exhibition of the Boston Art Club, which mentioned for particular praise a landscape by Mrs.Roger Wolcott and a portrait by Mrs.Channing Frothingham (the latter I remember as the dullest of a rather dull family, my Rotch cousins). Aunt Susie was evidently perfectly solemn about it, but it was really very comic; because the writer of the notice said:"someone observed, and with much truth, 'Why! there are as many people here as at the Van Gogh exhibition!'" I dont think Aunt S. saw the humour of that. I thought her tone a little depressed, and it seemed to me due to the protracted disappointments over Eleanor's play. Have you seen the Hinkleys lately?

The visit to Paris is fixed for June 6th. Ezra wants me to come on to stay with him in Rapallo, but I feel a strong objection to visiting Italy until the natives have recovered from their elation over conquering the Abyssinians. Meanwhile the British Government has been looking not very dignified, I think. I am too disgusted about the whole business to talk about it.

I know I have no reason to grumble, for there have been times when you had no letter from me for over a week - though, surely, not for some weeks, if my notebook is right - but it really is as if I were going without some essential article of diet! I don't want to be a burden - yet I want you to know, my darling, how very dependent I am upon hearing from you - even if you are not very well - or very cheerful - Of course, I know that if there were anything seriously wrong you would cable, or get someone else to write, but still, I cant help worrying - and I am sure that in a sense you would not have me <u>not</u> worry!

My Cherie

from her Pom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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8 May 1936.

My Darling.

I must just write a brief note of explanation this morning to catch the Duchess of Bedford, and will write in reply to your letter tonight or Saturday. While I was out posting my last letter to you, last night, your long letter of the 28th (pencil, but legible) arrived. I am sorry to have been so fussy - but it does seem almost justified, doesn't it? as you have been ill after all. I am distressed about the sinus, but glad that you seem to be taking the trouble in hand properly, and I hope that you will not not lose all the POUNDS that you have gained during the winter. For the rest, the problem of the summer needs thinking about carefully, but you have been prudent in taking counsel and opinion and not accepting Penelope's proposal rashly. It seems that she ought to be told frankly that professional assistance is what is needed, from her point of view; but that doesnt get us any farther with your problem. I wish that I might be nursing you, in a sunny climate.

I put my arms about my Emilie.

Ever Tom

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

11 May 1936.

Dearest my Love,

First of all I must mention what I forgot to put in to my last two letters, that I dined alone and pleasantly with Mrs.Seaverns last week, upon her return from Kent. During the latter part of the evening we played Patience, and she taught me two quite good new games. She is a lonely old lady (though not as lonely I think as Mrs.Shakespear is now) and I think it gave her pleasure. She seems to occupy herself a good deal with American Women's Clubs: is going off to Copenhagen before long to some convention; said she would ask me in again when she returned. She spoke wistfully of not having heard from the Perkins's or you since you left, and asked for news. Spoke very appreciatively of you also.

Well, I am grateful to you for writing so fully as in your letter of the 28th which I acknowledged very briefly. What is it you put in your nose - if it is Endrine, you must be careful not to make a habit of it, as it is excessively drying or something, and has bad effects after a time. And I hope you will not have any operation on your sinus. Of course it is provoking to have this ailment, and be threatened with arthritis, at the end of a hard winter gone through so successfully. I certainly raise no objection to your decision not to go to Cataumet: it would seem that you know both from a little experience what it would be like, and from the advice of friends. And I had not thought of the visit's meaning that you would take Penelope's place while she went away - that is wuite another thing from visiting while she is there too. And now WHAT are you to do? I think you will be wise not to spend any more of the sunner than you can help, at Riverway with the Perkins's. I a, sure you need very much to get away by yourself, or at least on any longish visits in the country or at theseaside with any friends you have who are not tiring to be with - and I have very few if any myself who are not tiring after a few days of incessant companionship. I am writing to Ada to ask her when they would be going to the White Mountains; and if I could contribute a bit towards the expenses in September, wouldn't it make the problem of August a little easier? But where is there to go, by oneself, in America? or have you any single friend, who would go away with you, and share expenses? I know well the need one has to be alone, and I treasure my evenings alone here at Grenville Place (when I am apt to be writing to you) and my solitary weekends in London at the club.

Yes indeed, friends can be very careless of one's needs. Not that I have grounds for complaint, who have had as useful friends as

anybody, but I can think of occasions in which I have failed people, through having many other things to think about. And it is curious how often one gives, not to people to whom one owes anything, but rather just to hungry birds who go on holding their mouths open.

I am amused by the report that the publishers are eager for another book from Mrs.Trouncer! That is an echo of my having her to tea, to explain to me the book she wants to write next, on Madame de Pompadour; and I told her guardedly that we were interested, but of course must wait to see how the present book was received, before we could offer terms. However, the Louise de la Valliere has been pretty well received, and I think we shall make a little money on it, and will take another book from her. I have heard nothing of them, or of their domestic affairs, for a long time.

I enclose an article by Michael Roberts from the "London Mercury", and two letters from Theodore Spencer, because they testify to the success of your poem, "Burnt Norton". That poem is about you, of course, but also, incidentally, about time. Certainly, it could never have been written but for you, and it is much more about you than about that moment in that garden which serves as the pretext.

As I think I told you, I shall be in Paris on the 6th June - and probably for two days before and two days after. It is going to be a little complicated, if I am to see the Paris folk - probably Charles Du Bos, Paul Valery, perhaps Gide, perhaps Jacques Maritain, and combine them with the Morleys - because Christina is very shy really, and Frank speaks the most preposterous French you can imagine: on the other hand they will be useful in dealing with James Joyce. As for Rappalo, NO, I won't go among them wops with Ezra talking about the English as "the enemies of his country"; and I am glad to think that the Emperor of Abyssinia has cached £1,000,000 in the Jerusalem Branch of Barclay's Bank Limited. If I go south this summer, before coming to America, it will be to join the Huxleys in Var. On June 12th or 13th I go to stay with Sir Bruce and Lady Richmond (the deal of upper-middle-class respectability) at their new house near Salisbury; and I intend to go on to spend a night at Yeovil in order to visit the Old Homestead at East Coker. And I mean to make a three days retreat at the Cowley House at Oxford the week after, combining it with a meeting of the Book Committee of the C.L.A.

I hope, my darling, that the sweet peas ordered were delivered to you on Saturday, per Greene's under the Ritz Arcade who undertook to do the cabling for me. That's to help cure your beautiful Nose.

O your little photograph is such a comfort to me morning and night. But you must NOT say that you wish you looked like that now. You DO look exactly like it - that is, as exactly as I would wish: for if you were any more exactly, you wouldn't be my Tall Girl grown up to fit exactly into my shoulder. I hold you now.

My Emilie, from her humble Tom.

See next page:

As stated above, I enclose article by Roberts and letter from T. Spencer about Burnt Norton.

Your T.

Note on Tithes - Le Bonne.
War & Peace - Durham.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Vivie,

14 May 1936.

I am only able to start a reply to your letter of the 3d May now at 11.10 p.m. as I have had to compose a long letter to Underhill about Miss O'D.'s religious difficulties - she wants a good spiritual adviser, and hasn't found any, and I don't want to have to deal with her case myself. I am very sorry that there should have been such a gap between my letters - but as you ask it yourself, yes indeed I AM glad that you should find one letter in five days insufficient: for which reason I am writing tonight so that you may receive this by the Britannic - if I had been able to post it earlier it would have been the President Harding - but there is something ignoble, I feel, in that name. With the coming of summer one demands more and quicker boats - I shall certainly send you a letter on the Queen Mary on the 27th. I am happy to know that you are better - even if you have those exasperating tickles during the night. So it is now summer in Boston: here, but an uncertain spring, overcoats abandoned but the spring suit not yet to be worn. The first assault of hot weather makes one feel very weak indeed. In this weather, I am glad to think of your having a "retreat" at Senexet, and hope that you will be strengthened by it. I have just written to Father O'Brien to try to arrange a retreat for myself at Cowley in June, after the visit to Paris. I am much excited by the possibility of a job at Smith. I thought Northampton a pleasant place, with some quite superior people in it; and if that it offered, I hope you will find it acceptable. It seems that you are wise to refuse Cataumet, and as you do it is certainly right to let Penelope know that what she needs is professional aid. I can understand that life at 154 Riverway, when you wrote, was none too easy for you.

Then your postcript, of May 4th. I am glad you had got my two letters, before going off to your retreat. But what is the "new medicine" that made you sleep better? And when is the Footlights? and what the play? and what the part? Thank you for your Concert Programmes and your comments. You say nothing about the Sacre du Printemps; and there are a number of ~~themes~~ names quite new to me. As for concerts here, I have no heart or interest to go alone, without you, or opera which is now in full activity. I have not been to a concert since you left.

I'll write again at the weekend, and report on my trifling activities. Je t'embrasse les deux pieds, et les bras, et la nuque, et je me soussigne,

to my Emilie, Ever Tom

9, GRENVILLE PLACE,
KENSINGTON,
S.W.7.

May 13th 1936

Dear Mr. Eliot,

It seems and, doubtless, is most absurd to write to people who live under the same roof but I know that you are a very busy man and that I am rapidly becoming one: however, having been to the 'Mercury' last night, I did want --- if I could do so without any sort of appearance of contributing to a 'fan-mail'! --- to express somehow how deeply delighted I was by the whole production and the magnificent theme. It is not for me to comment, really, but my enthusiasm was unbounded. My friend was so carried away by the reality and the power of it that at the beginning of the Martyr's sermon he quite naturally crossed himself..... so easy was it to enter into the devotion and the atmosphere of the play.

I hope you will pardon this foolish but spontaneous note.

Very sincerely yours,

Dorothy Nicholson

Our new Curate!

THE
CRITERION
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EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

18 May 1936.

My Darling,

Your letter of May 8th, following that of May 3d, was, you may be sure, very exciting. (By the way, it had come ungummed - why have you given up sealing wax? It is practical as well as decoratice and to be kissed). I am really delighted about your appointment at Smith, and I pray that there may be no catch in it, and that it has really gone through by now. You say it is for one year, but I presume that it is renewable after that - even if not, recommendations from Smith ought to be very valuable elsewhere - and the salary is not too bad, to begin with. Perhaps you realise now that your voice is a very great asset, being unusually beautiful anywhere. I wish, of course, that there might be dramatic work attached to the job, but perhaps that is too much to expect. (I really know nothing whatever about Sam Eliot, as I have never met him. So he is not very popular, isn't he?) Also, it struck me as a pleasant place, with some quite agreeable people. I remember the Koffkas (he is a really distinguished psychologist) and some agreeable people named I think Patch - he was a professor of English literature,'specially Chaucer etc. As for whether you should have rooms in college, or outside to be more independent and be able to get away from the college atmosphere at night, I can hardly advise about that. You certainly were far too much at everybody's beck and call at Scripps, day and night; but I presume that not being Matron as well as Professor you would have a great deal more privacy at Smith. But except for being a little too near to Boston, I can't see any out about the work as you outline it.

Now the first thing to know is: when does the autumn term begin, when do you have to start residence? I should like to see something of you before the term! and should also like to take a peep at you in Smith to see what your surroundings will be like.

I am glad, too, of your happy retreat. It would interest me to know how these retreats are conducted. I suppose there are regular of devotions, addresses, and meditations on set subjects, as well as a little reading. Do you also observe, as we do, complete silence during the whole time, except for participation in prayers, and except for an occasional talk with the director himself? That is a most desirable and necessary rule, in my opinion. One should not be bothered by the personalities of one's fellow-retreaters.

Now I imagine that after this winter - unusual for you as you say - you will be pretty tired and need a holiday. Just the uncertainty, the continued following of false scents of jobs, must have been a great strain itself; and you seem to have been kept pretty busy socially too - even though most of it has been not gay or exciting. I hope you will be able to see Ada soon - it was unfortunate you were ill - because I think she may be beginning to wonder whether you really want to see her. But what ARE you going to do for a real rest, and during the period of great heat? I hate to think of your spending the summer in Boston, whether at Riverway or elsewhere; and a series of short visits to friends has elements of fatigue as well as rest, though better than nothing. Will Miss Ware ask you to her farm for any length of time?

Now I must stop, but will write again tomorrow night to try to catch the same fast boat. I go for the weekend to Cambridge to stay with Maynard Keynes (whom you may just remember seeing for a moment in the Westminster Theatre when we were with the Murdocks) and see a performance of "Murder" in the theatre which he has built there.

With all my love, my Love, all that you ever could wish,

My Emilie from her Tom.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My Dearest Love, 19 May 1936.

Your letter of the 12th arrived this morning, by the Normandie, which is quick, I think, so I hope that this letter and yesterday's will arrive quickly to you by the same boat. Correspondence is beginning to move more rapidly, I think, and next week there will be the Queen Mary, I suppose trying to make a new record. You mention my letters of April 30 and May 5 (4th?) but not my letter of April 28th, but I trust it reached you. I am glad that the sweet peas were salmon pink - they did come, as you conjecture, from me. On my way home this evening I bought some for myself, from the barrow this side of Gloucester Road Station which you used to patronise, and they are in a vase on my chest of drawers, surrounded by photographs, as you will remember.

Spring has come very suddenly - or rather summer - for I have never known in London so sudden a transition from winter to summer - reminding one of New England. Last week one shivered, to-day one could not be cool enough. I have had to buy some thin socks, and I shall have to buy some new underclothes too.

I am very much relieved to hear that the Smith engagement is settled - at first I refused to feel sure of it. I am sure that you were right to accept, even though the work is not quite what your heart would be in. I also read with pleasure Penelope's letter. How do you feel about going as a guest for a month? If the strain of being with them is so great as you suggest, is it desirable for you to go at all, or for that length of time, even just as a guest with Penelope there? It's a question of what the alternative is, of course; but I do want to feel that you will start the autumn term at Smith in the best possible trim to make a success of it, without being wrecked by the spring. It will be more difficult for you, no doubt, to be limited to the side of your work which you care less for, but I am sure that you will be just as good at that as anyone can be! even though you have, naturally, more confidence in yourself as a dramatic producer.

I am not keen in the least to have a record made of the Sermon, but I think Bobby Speaight would like to do it, and it would be an advertisement for him, so I don't want to stand in his way.

Tomorrow a "Criterion Evening", at which Morley and I entertain (to sherry, hock or beer, and biscuits) about twenty or thirty contributors to the Criterion, and other persons whom it is thought desirable to have present. We have not done this for a long time - about a year: but it is, besides rather expensive, very tiring, and we shall be glad to get it over with.

And have you anything in the way of spring and summer clothes?

Yes, I think you should like Smith, after you have got to know some congenial people on the faculty: it is a large college, isn't it, so that may take a little time.

It seems to me that your aunt's lectures cause you as much anxiety and trouble beforehand as they do to her - especially if it always upsets her sleep. But I am glad to know that they have been successful, if not very remunerative.

Must stop to get this to the post. No particular news since I wrote yesterday, except a dinner of my dining club last night - again discussed a question so vague that no conclusion could be come to; the chief point of it however for me is to get in contact with selected non-conformists and get an opportunity to see how their minds work.

I should like to send some flowers once a week - but I will keep my money for other things!

My Emily born for Poor

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Love,

Ascension Day 1936.

This morning I did not arise betimes - I slept till 8.30. That was because of the Criterion Party last night. It was, to be sure, a very quiet party: I managed to leave, with the last stragglers, Tom Beachcroft, Walter Tomlin and Bill Empson, at 11.45; nevertheless, these rare parties are exceedingly fatiguing for the hosts - Morley and myself - and more for me, because Morley left about 11 to catch the last train to Lingfield - leaving his corkscrew behind with me - but I did not have to use it. I believe that most of the men who came enjoyed themselves: but when I am a host, I am so aware of the machinery going round, and of my own efforts to make it go round, that it seems to me that everyone is participating in some horrible mechanical ballet. They mostly seemed like corpses to which one gave a succession of sécousses. What bad mixers most people are! They didnt even appreciate each other sufficiently to evoke the latent vitality in each. Who were they: first of all, for supper, the interior Criterion circle. Morley, Flint, Belgion, Read, Tandy, Williams, Trend - difficult enough, as several social degrees are represented - queer bricks for which Morley and I had to provide the cement - but a discussion provided by Morley, of a circular to be issued for the Criterion, kept the party united. Then, at 9 o'clock (this was at Russell Square, of course: supper in the Board Room (which you remember) and reception in Morley's room below), arrived stragglingly the twenty-five or thirty guests and the guests of members: a vague Spaniard, invited by Trend (who is Professor of Spanish at Cambridge); the Revd. Victor Demant, Philip Mairet, H.G.Porteus, A.L.Rowse, Tomlin, Dylan Thomas, Charles Madge, Bill Empson (who had rung up to ask in a muddled voice whether he might bring a young lady, to which I replied firmly NO) and many more (whose names on earth are dark). Also the one lady guest - the first female ever to be invited to a Criterion Evening - Miss Jane Heap, sometime editor of the Little Review in New York, in the days when they published "Ulysses" serially. Jane is very fat, approximating fifty, dresses like a man as nearly as possible, laughs loudly until she has to wipe the tears from her eyes, has some very amusing anecdotes about Ezra Pound and Joyce, and is what you might call a Card. The Revd. M.C.D'Arcy S.J. was unfortunately unable to be present; but Tom Burns of Longmans, also an editor of the Tablet (leading R.C.weekly) came, and was very useful - got on well with Demant, whose book which we are publishing

is to be called (that was decided during the evening) "Christian Polity". Porteus, Thomas, and somebody else tried to get drunk on the sherry, hock and beer provided, but I am glad to say that they failed completely. Richard Church of Dent's enjoyed himself mildly, as did Willie Thorpe, director of Greek and Roman antiquities in the Victoria & Albert Museum. One or two sketchy surrealists hovered in the background. I believe an enjoyable evening was had by all, except myself and the inscrutable Lister who had to clear up the bottles and ashes after we left: and I got to bed thankfully at 12.30.

This morning I could not get up early, so went to the 10.30 High Mass for Ascension Day, after which balanced the collection money for the week so far, had a fitting at my tailor's (such a tale he had to tell about the difficulty of getting good workmen nowadays), had to buy a new outfit of underwear (I can't understand why it is I am always having to buy things: my new suit - well, it's the first spring suit I have had since 1932: my new underwear - it's the first I have had to buy since July 1933: that seems reasonable, and yet there's always something: as soon as I have bought toothpaste, I have to buy shaving soap; and then I need new razor blades, and then bath soap, and then bath powder, and before you know it I need two new tooth brushes, and so on. And I have been having my spring do at my dentist's for the last three weeks, and that means a morning wasted each week. And I believe some of my shoes need re-soling. I have had to buy three pairs of spring socks, and now the weather has turned cold again and I can't wear them but must go back to my woolen socks with holes in them. And ALL my hats are very shabby. The next thing to happen is that I shall lose my umbrella and have to buy a new one, and somehow every one you buy is more expensive than the last.) If that wasn't enough there's always something on my conscience. It isn't as if my business was just a matter of business. It's allright so far as one is concerned with folk like Mrs.Trouncer - her book has done quite well, so I shall have her to tea again next week and arrange for her next book; but there are these young people who need to be guided, and who are trying to produce Art and (alas) to make a living at the same time. If one didn't have to be a financial adviser and take the place of a Decent Home Influence at the same time! It is exceedingly difficult to advise them about their material interests and their spiritual interests at the same time. (I see that I have ended three sentences in succession with "at the same time": I know that is bad, but my letters are for you and not to put myself among the Great English Letter Writers).

The reason why I am writing tonight (Thursday) instead of tomorrow night (Friday) which would do equally well for the next boat (the Bremen) is that I have let myself in innocently for examining a candidate for a degree at Trinity (Cambridge) who has written a thesis on George Herbert. Therefore, I must spent tomorrow night mugging up the subject so as to be able to ask intelligent questions. I only get five guineas, and if I had realised that I had to participate in an oral examination, as well as reporting on the thesis, I wouldn't have undertaken it. But he is quite able, and I mean him to get his degree - Ph.D. I believe. So that

instead of merely stopping over the weekend with Maynard Keynes at King's, to see "Murder" at his theatre, I have to move on Monday to stay with old Dr.Stewart of Trinity, examine the young man Blackstone with Stewart, and then go for a picnic to Little Gidding (am expedition that Dr.Stewart has intended for ten years) to shed a few tears over Crashaw, Mary Collett, Nicholas Ferrar and John Inglesant, and return to business on Tuesday morning. So tomorrow night I must busy myself working up nasty questions to ask the young man (who I have decided must get his degree anyway) about Andrewes' opinion on the Real Presence, the influence of Richard Rolle and Juliana of Norwich upon George Herbert, the essence of baroque art, and so forth. And so I shall not be able to write to you again until Tuesday evening.

I hope, my darling, that when you receive a letter like the foregoing, you do not say or feel, how unsatisfactory! Because to me, to give you a letter like this is like giving you my stockings to mend, or coming home and complaining about my difficulties of the day and asking you to tell me what to do or not to do about them. Smalltalk - is an intimacy, like darning socks or brushing somebody's hair. My dear.

My Emilie
from Le Tom

THE
CRITERION
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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

26 May 1936.

First of all, before I forget it, I must tell you that I did finally remember to ask Morley this afternoon whether they ever received the mints you sent them to the boat, and he said at once, O yes, they did get them, and some nuts, and they were very much pleased and touched; and that Christina had written you a letter of thanks on the boat. I am sure he was speaking sincerely, he was distressed to hear that you had never received their acknowledgement. He added that he had wanted to get some sweets before they left, and was not sure that he had gone to the right place; but that when yours arrived he noticed that they came from the same shop, and so was reassured about his own purchase.

I wish I had the whole evening to write to you in, for the "Queen Mary" - as it is, I must get something of a letter off to you by that boat, and another by the next possible. Before beginning I have had to write six notes and a bothering letter to one of our authors who has gone and offered a book to another publisher behind our backs; and later I have to go round to John Hayward's to pick up a manuscript which we asked him to read and give us his opinion on. I only got back from Cambridge at noon. I had a very busy - or rather, full - weekend: first with Maynard Keynes, at King's. He took me to the performance of "Murder" in the afternoon in his new theatre that he built for Lydia to act Ibsen in. It is a very good theatre indeed, acoustics excellent - I wish you could see it. And the company gave a very good performance, considering that they had been playing at Oxford during the first part of the week, and had had to give two performances at Cambridge on the day of their arrival. In the evening there was a monor feast at King's, I don't know what for - and it was strange to see that genial old backslapping comedian Sheppard, whom I have known for years, as Provost of King's - I used to think of Heads of Houses as incredibly venerable awful personages - but we went over to the theatre (it is like a new toy to Keynes, he can hardly keep away from it, and went in by a side door and to his private box (where we were invisible to the public) in time for the final scene. The afternoon house was full only in the cheaper seats, but the evening house was packed, and enthusiastic. We collected Speaight and Browne afterwards, and returned to the rooms of one of the dons where the Feast was protracted until about 2 a.m. All King's people, except John Sparrow who had come over from All Souls'; and it was somehow very pleasant to find an Oxford man among them. Sunday, quiet: on Monday morning I went over to

Trinity to assist Dr.Stewart in examining a Ph.D. candidate: I think that I, having never examined anyone for a degree before, was almost as nervous as the candidate. We passed him, although he was unable to answer most of our questions; but we had already decided, on the strength of his thesis, to pass him. (I earn five guineas by this piece of work). Then to lunch at Stewart s house at Girton, and then a most memorable motor drive to Little Gidding. You won't haveheard of that place - very few people have - but it was the place of a kind of monastic settlement established in the time of Charles I (the King himself visited it - it is mentioned in the novel "John Inglesant". It was sacked by the Puritans, and the house has disappeared, but the chapel remains. The front was destroyed, so that my snapshots, which are being developed, only show the new front that was put on towards the end of the seventeenth century, but the inside is well preserved and well kept - charming 17th century stalls and panelling, and a nice altar. It is in a lovely corner of Huntingdonshire - very much out of the way - very few people ever get there; to me it had a very strong atmosphere of holiness, left about it by the Ferrars and Colletts who founded it, and Crashaw who was for a ti e with them. And of course the countryside was at its best: snow-covered with hawthorn, elder, and scented; lilac; and the fields be-sprent with buttercups. I wish you could see the English countryside again just now; I wanted you with me the whole time. We came back by Leighton Bromswold, where George Herbert had his first parish, and Buckden where there is a ruined brick palace of the ancient Bishops of Lincoln. In the evening Stewart took to a dinner of a dining club called "the Society" - the host being the Master of Magdalene - they were really serious diners interested in their food, and a eremarkably good dinner; and the Master, who was on my left, and an unknown man on my right, were more incredibly knowledgable about claret than any people I have ever heard - that subject rose from mention of the late A.E.Housman, who, the Master declared, understood claret better than any Englishman of our time.

I would write at more length about Little Gidding - and may again - if I had time, to try to give some idea of the impression it made upon me. But I must stop soon, and it is more important, my darling, to thank you for your note - any letter from you of not more than a page I call a "note" - and rejoice in your success in the Footlights Play. I don't know what was the play; and unless you had told me, I should certainly NOT have recognised you in the photographs. Is that a Blone wig or a white wig you are ~~xxxing~~ wearing? I simply refuse to consider you in a blonde wig, you know I dislike yellow hair intensely, or anything but very dark hair; and did you stuff your stockings to make your legs look like telegraph poles? However, I shall preserve the photographs. though they do not suggest you in the least. ~~Weren't~~ there any proper photographs taken of the production? And I believe you are acting better than ever! I should like to imagine that I had something to do with your inspiration, but I see no way of deluding myself into that opinion. Anyway, I am very happy about it. I do wish that you might have some opportunity of acting at Smith. Now this must do for the Queen Mary; she carries with her mon baiser aux lèvres et aux oreilles, mon cher petit souris, ma très-chère: Mon Eunice from her adoring Tom.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

30 May 1936.

My Darling,

For the first time, I think, I missed writing to you by a fast boat simply because I was too tired last night to write letters: as I did not write last night, I missed the Europa, and now there is nothing more till the Aquitania on Wednesday. What is most tiring is a succession of interviews with little or no interval, and having to keep oneself interested in other people s affairs and troubles one after the other - I had four yesterday: the Revd. Vincent Howson (Bert) with his novel, Dr.N.M.Iovetz-Tereshchenko with his financial straits, Edouard Roditi with his aimlessness of the cosmopolitan Spanish Jew-Greek-Turkish-Roumanian-French-Flemish ancestry, and finally to call on Jan Culpin before dinner who is just recovering from bronchitis. On my way home I bought myself two bunches of sweet peas to cheer myself up. So, as it seems that I shall have a pretty full four days in Paris next week - what with Sylvia Beach and her Amis de Shakespeare & Co., Louis Gillet, Henri Massis, Stuart Gilbert and James Joyce; and I have Mrs.Trouncer and an hour later Djuna Barnes coming to see me on Tuesday, I felt justified in wiring to the Hotsons to say that I could not come down to Chalfont st.Giles ("Jordans") to lunch with them to-day. I'd rather entertain them to lunch later; because they really are two particular bores, Leslie with his clodhopping scholarship and pomposity and Mary with her elephantine gaity. I have had a quiet day writing letters, and going through Djuna Barnes's book to make it possible for press, and slumbering at the club after lunch.

What I particularly want to know as soon as possible, and I fear I did not stress it enough in my last letter, is when you have to be at Northampton. I want to have a week with Ada and Sheff in the mountains, and Wellesley takes on on the 17th September; so it would appear that in any case I ought to arrive at the beginning of September. Now, where will you be? and where can I see you? I don't hope for anything as easy and natural as when you were at Rosary Gardens with the Perkins's; and we could have the evenings and make excursions in the daytime: partly because when I come to America I must divide my attention and see my family - and here there is no one with such a claim upon me, and we can see my friends, or yours, or be alone - but in America I must plan out every moment carefully. I should like to have weeks and weeks

and weeks, with nothing to do but to be in your company - but if not that, I had rather have a few days of perfect company than a longer ~~xxxxxxx~~ time mostly among other people with you. (If I could hope that you could come to England every other year, and I come to America every other year, that would make it easier to put up with the vexation of not-very-satisfactory meetings in New England.

My new suit has come, and I hope you will like it - a very simple quiet grey.

I have thought of your journey to Windsor.

Thank you, my dearest Assistant Professor, for your sweet letter of the 19th. And now please answer the question of this letter to

Your devoted adoring
Tom.
to his Emilie.

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My dear, my Dove,

4 June 1936.

I have not heard from you since your little note of May 19th, but also I have missed two boats this week by having had a slight cold to nurse, which I had to cure before going to Paris, and therefore going to bed in the evening. I am troubled by the long gap that this will leave in my correspondence, but I hope you will not worry. You have had my letter by the Queen Mary, and one after that, in which I asked you to let me know when Smith started the term, and when and where I could see you - for as many days as possible - because I ought to make my reservation.

My cold was very slight, and was due to trying to pretend that we were having June weather when we weren't. I havent had a chance to put on my new spring suit yet, and I am now wearing exactly the clothing that I should wear in January. This has been the most steadily cold spring that I can remember - cold weather in June is not unusual for a few days, but it is usually preceded and followed by warm spells. There has not been one summer day since I went to Little Gidding. Anyway, it makes the spring more tolerable in a way, as otherwise I should have been thinking more of summer in Gloucestershire.

I have sent a line to the Krauss's, and I hope I may see them at least for a moment, and I should be glad to lunch with them if they would. But Friday night we have to see the Joyce's, Saturday night I give my "lecture de poésies", Sunday night dine with Sylvia Beach and André Gide (of all people!) and Monday night with the Stuart Gilberts'. And I want to see Massis and if possible Maritain. I shall be back by Wednesday morning (the 10th) at the latest; but I will try to make time for a letter from Paris - it won't be a very good one, because it will have to be done in pen and ink!

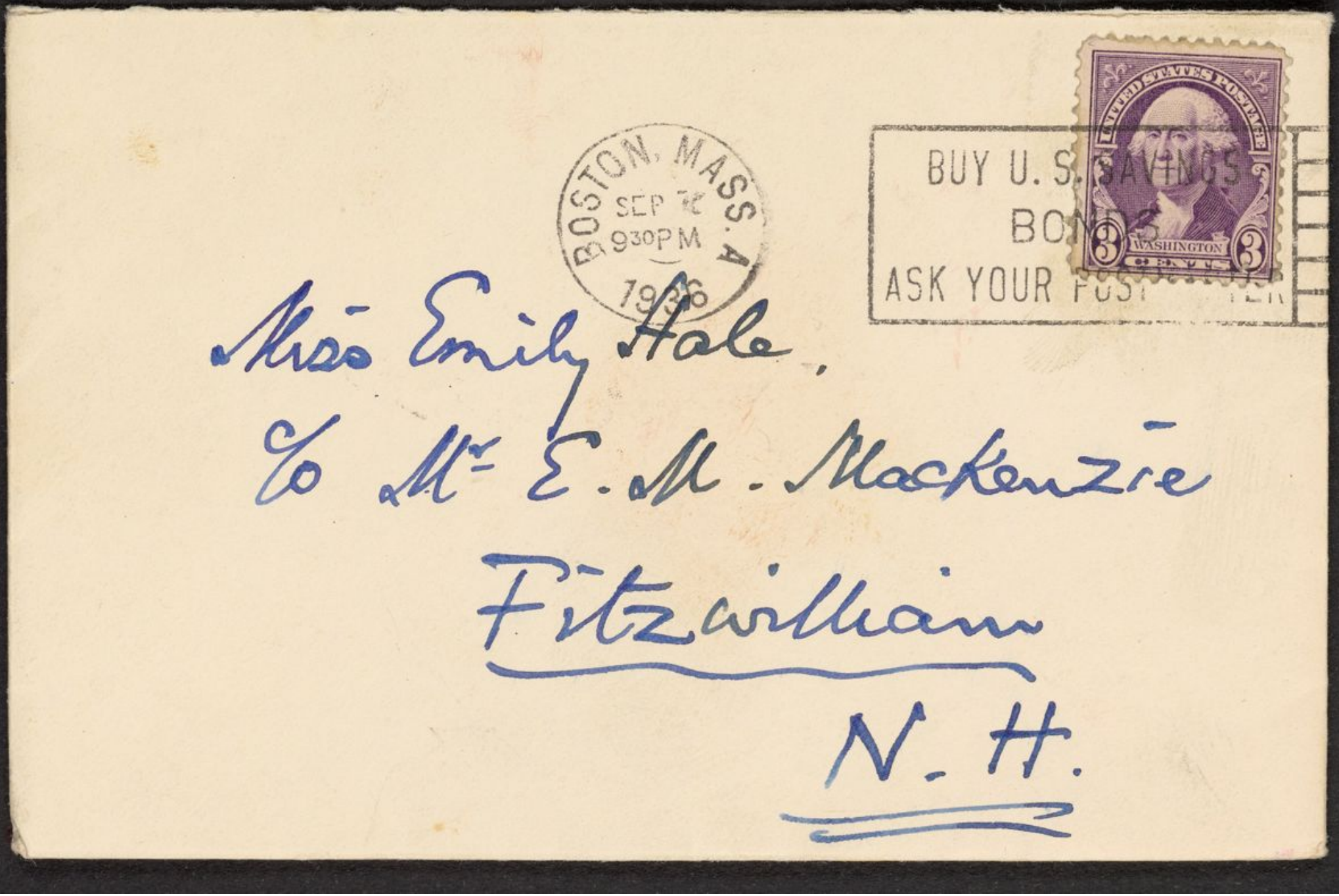
I hope that you will soon have some plans for the earlier part of your summer, to tell me. I do wish that you could get quite away from every nervous strain and from older people, for two solid months; and not have to spend your time working up your course for the autumn. I am delighted with all that you tell me about Neilson, and his giving you your title of Assistant Professor. But I cannot help

wishing bitterly that I could ~~xxxxxx~~ have the looking after you for the summer months and see that you rested and were built up properly for the winter.

So now, my dear Love, good-bye, as I shant be able to write you a proper letter until next Wednesday evening.

I love my Emily.

Tom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C/o Mrs E. M. Mackenzie
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N. H.

6. IX. 36

31 MADISON STREET
GRAY GARDENS
CAMBRIDGE

Dearest Sue

I can only write a short note tonight, as I have my packing to do - First to thank you for your sweet surprise note written just before you left; and then to say that as I cannot get to you on Monday - alas! - because Harry + T. will be coming for the weekend, so that I cannot leave on Sunday — Ada Sheff pro-

2/ prove to motor all the way down on Monday - I shall spend Monday night with them and take the 12.30 to Woods Holl on Tuesday morning. I wish that I could be with you sooner, for it is very trying to be in the same part of the world and not be with you.

So will you let me know the address of Mrs. Ellsworth - in case I am not not! - and when you will be

at Woods Hole yourself.
I trust you to explain my
difficulty & express my very
genuine regrets to our
kind hosts, and cannot ar-
rive in time to see Mr.
Emmitt.

I will write more himself
from Randolph, but as
we do not arrive till
Tuesday I may not be able
to write till Wednesday, &
then will write to Clement
Circle.

I have felt in the last week increasingly nearer to you - Say that I am right.

Tony Emilie from her devoted Tom.

Mt. Crescent House
Randolph
N.H.

FABER & FABER
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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

My dear Pie,

9 June 1936.

I am only writing to you tonight this little note, because I see that the "Normandie" is sailing tomorrow: this is merely a salutation, and you will receive a long letter, a journal of my visit to Paris (amongst other things) by the "Bremen" on Saturday. But I want to tell you at once that your letter which Sylvia Beach handed me on Friday, when after my arrival I looked in at 12, rue de l'Odéon, was a very great and welcome surprise, which helped me very much through the efforts of my "reading" - which went off, I think, very successfully. And tonight on coming back to Grenville Place, I found your second letter (of the 26th May), a rather sad letter to be sure - why do you say you feel "out of touch with me" when I feel every night, whether at Grenville Place, or in the train, or at the Hotel de Beaujolais, almost as if I had my arm around you - with some pleasant things in it (the letter) and some knotty ones, and much to answer and to talk about and much which makes me want merely to kiss you silently. But you see you have timed your letters most intuitively, and I have nothing to offer in return but my cable from Victoria this evening on arrival. And when I got to Gloucester Road I looked at the flower barrows and stalls but they had no sweet peas; and I will not decorate my room with anything else. Then I rushed out to the club to dine (the only fitting antithesis to dinner last night on the Ile St.Louis, after returning from a visit to the Maritains in Meudon, and then to see Jean Paulhan at the N.R.F. and then to see Joyce again in the rue Edmond-Valentin before going to the Gilberts to dinner: got to bed at 3 and up again at 7 - slept a bit on the boat, but am "dog-tired".) A successful visit. But when I am among distinguished people I want my Emily to be there with me, and then I should enjoy it; and when I am among simple nice people whom I like (like the Maritains) then I want my Emily to be there with me still more. Now it is nearly 11 and I must post this: but I will write again more fully for the German boat on Saturday.

to my Emilie
from her Tom.

By German Packet EUROPA.

154 Riverway — Boston

Miss Emily Hale,

~~5 Clement Circle,~~

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Care Dr. J. C. Perkins —

from T.S.Eliot, 71 Pall Mall, London S.W.1.

FABER & FABER
Limited
PUBLISHERS

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

12 June 1936.

My Darling.

First I want to thank you for your letter received in Paris (that was a very good surprise) and for your letter by the Normandie which was waiting for me on my return, and for your letter by the Queen Mary which arrived yesterday morning. (George Blake, who went over and came back on the Queen Mary at the invitation of the company, to broadcast, came in yesterday, and said that he had never seen such an exhibition of vulgarity as that of the first-class passengers, both ways, and added that the New York broadcasting people, who entertained him while there, were the toughest boys he had ever met). How beautifully you time your letters!

Then as for my visit, it was quite successful, I think. We went to a small hotel which Morley had found before, which I recommend: the Hotel de Beaujolais, behind, or rather in, the Palais Royal. You get rooms looking out on the garden of the Palais Royal, so that you have both quiet and a beautiful outlook; and 30 fcs. a night for a room with a bath is not dear. We had the Stuart Gilberts to lunch on Friday (he is a retired I.C.S. judge with a French wife, who has written a book about Joyce). In the evening I think the Morleys went to a cinema, because I had to dine alone with the Joyces: Joyce said he did not feel well enough to see the Morleys too, and they were thankful to slip off by themselves. There was some business to do with Joyce, concerning his new book which is very troublesome though unfinished, but we did not get down to that till late. I had first to hear all about Joyce's private troubles, which are extreme and Irish: his son's illness, his daughter's mental ailments which are very grave and very expensive. He is a very devoted father, and particularly attached to the girl - she is 28 now - whose case I fear is hopeless, though he will not believe it. Consequently we did not get to the restaurant (Fouquet's in the Champs Elysées) until nearly 10! so that it was half past one before I got to bed. Saturday morning we wandered about, and through the Luxembourg Gardens; and after lunch I called on Henri Massis; we dined at the Taverne Perigourdine in the Boulevard St.Michel, and I gave my reading at 9. There is a small room at the back of the bookshop which holds about 50 people - it was pretty full, a mixed English American French audience, very appreciative, at any rate Sylvia Beach was. We slipped away about 11 and sat for an hour in front of the Café de la Paix - the chief excitement being the late editions of a few papers, which were distributed by volunteers - they were the first papers that had appeared for several days. There was that vague tension and expectation which is so characteristic of a French crowd, and very infrequent in this

country - hoping for some sort of demonstration to take place - but nothing happened. The atmosphere of Paris was almost that of a holiday - everyone goodhumoured and in sympathy with the "stay-in" strikers. All the big stores, and many smaller shops, were closed; the strikers inside looking out of the windows, or standing behind the gates (usually the rather prettier girls were posted thus) holding out collection boxes - their relatives came and went, bringing provisions etc. - and on the Magasins du Louvre were displayed the Red Flag (but without sickle and hammer) and the tricolor crossed. Traffic was undisturbed, but much less than usual, which made walking all the pleasanter. On Sunday I went to the English Church near the Etoile, then to the Massis' to lunch, where I stayed rather late, as Thierry Maulnier, a young writer from whom I want a contribution on surrealisme for the September number, came in just as I was leaving. Then back to the hotel for a short rest, and we dined with Sylvia Beach and her friend Adrienne Monnier, who runs another bookshop across the way. The most important guest was André Gide; there was also Jean Schlumberger and a few other miscellaneous people. As Frank cant speak French at all he had the unusual experience of having to keep very quiet for a whole evening (he was even more voluble than ever the next evening, in compensation) but I think it was a good experience for him to spend an evening among French people like that. The conversation was amusing, without ever being remarkably interesting. Gide (he comes of a Protestant family anyway) rather more like a member of Bloomsbury society (which indeed he has frequented) than a typical Frenchman: full of charm, and rather empty of value. Monday was a busy day - and the first bright warm one - I took only winter clothes with me, and was glad of it - as I went out to Meudon in the afternoon to see the Maritains - arrived late, as I was carried on to Versailles by mistake, and had to wait for a train back: then dashed back to Paris to keep an appointment with Jean Paulhan, the editor of the Nouvelle Revue Francaise, whom I don't like much; then to see Joyce again to settle finally that his manuscript should be typed in Paris before sending to us. He wanted to stroll, which was a little alarming with anyone so blind, but there was fortunately little traffic; and we sat on a bench in the Square Ste.Clothilde, while he again talked about his daughter. Thus I was rather late to dinner with the Gilberts, who have a flat on the Ile St.Louis. The Gilberts very charming, and the dinner good; the people who came in after dinner - Desmond Harmsworth and one Jack Kahane - not so agreeable; but we stayed late, and had to walk all the way back to the Palais Royal. And so back by the morning train on Tuesday.

I will write to Paul Havens; I return Mrs.Havens' letter herewith. I am very glad indeed for his good fortune; and as you suggest, the gradual disappearance of your friends from Claremont will make the place less regrettable; and I am sure you will find people you like in Northampton. And before this letter arrives you will be in Cambridge, to which I address it. It will be pleasant, wont it, to be able to see your friends there more readily? As for August, you seem to have changed your plans, for you had spoken first of going to the MacDowell Colony (if you went there you might run across an old friend of mine named John Gould Fletcher). The summer theatre company sounds very

pleasant, but I am a little afraid of your getting fatigued - on the other hand the dramatic work may be a refreshing change, and you will be among younger people. I shan't attempt to influence your decision! In your letter of May 26th, the one which I found here on my return, there was more than a note of weariness - in relation to circumstances which I think I understand very well, and will therefore say no more about now. I am glad that you are thinking of replenishing your wardrobe, and hope also that you will have comfortable clothing for the hot weather.

By the way, I never heard from the Krauss's. Perhaps they were out of Paris. I was rather disappointed not to see them, but I hope they may come to London while I am here. I am writing now to enquire about boats at the end of August.

This has been a dull letter, I know, with so much "diary" to clear off: but I do like to keep you posted about ~~the~~ the incidents of my ordinary life. This month is a busy one, in one way and other; tomorrow to the Richmonds at Salisbury for the weekend, and then, if the weather is fine, I shall make my sentimental journey to Yeovil (less than an hour from Salisbury) on Monday, to have a look at East Coker. It's where my people lived for about a hundred and fifty years after they left Devonshire, and from which they came to Massachusetts; but I believe there are no traces of them left. And the following Saturday evening to see "Cranmer" at Canterbury: it will dismal to return to Canterbury without either St.Thomas or you. So if I go to Yeovil I shall not be able to write again until Wednesday.

Now that you are in Cambridge, I wish you would discuss the September problem with Ada. As for the week at Randolph, it's a question whether she will feel it necessary to ask Henry and Theresa and Marian to come too, as they did in 1933. If it was you and I and Ada and Sheff, that seems to me possible: but the presence of so many more of my relatives - including two whom you have never met - and the necessity of giving everybody a certain amount of attention - and Henry and Marian are very fond of me, I believe - and of doing things collectively, would rather rob the occasion of delight. In any case, it is at best an extra.

My Emilie from her Tom

18 RUE DE L'ODÉON VIe

Sunday June 7th

Dear Mr Eliot,

The Morleys slipped away last evening before we could remind them that we were expecting to have the pleasure of seeing them at dinner this evening. Will you please tell them that we are absolutely counting on their coming – Adrienne is particularly anxious for Mr Morley's opinion about one or two of the fine points in her cooking.

Please let me thank you again, Mr Eliot, for the pleasure you gave us all last night! We admired you so much and were so moved, and felt indeed that we were privileged mortals.

yours very gratefully

Sylvia Beach

235 East Ninth Street
Claremont, Calif.

May 21, '36

Dearest Emily:

What perfectly wonderful news! We are just as happy as can be to learn of your splendid job at Smith, and everyone at Scripps joins in the rejoicing. We wasted no time in letting the good news out, and trust that even Mr. Jaqua knows it by now, although he is so out of touch with the rest of us that he peobably does not. Just wait until I see him! I shall take pleasure in informing him. Good for you! It is just grand and so much what you deserve, for a change. I only hope that you will be able also to do some work in the drama department, knowing your great talents, but perhaps that will come later. Smith is very fortunate to have got you, we know that, and I am sure they will soon realize their blessing.

I have already got busy on your furniture, and hope to have it off to you within a fortnight. Mrs. Van Aver and husband (and soon-expected-baby) are leaving on June 1st, and wish the furniture to be packed on Sat. the 30. The moving people can then pick up the things in Clark basement, and keep it all together until the boat goes. I have investigated various ways of getting things east, and have come across a very (supposedly) reliable company, called the Judson Co. which comes straight to one's house from L.A., packs and crates things in one day, and sends them either by rail or by water. This method is said to be a good deal chaper tha by haying a local packer crate and pack and deliver to the harbor, and then a boat take them to Boston. I shall find out definitely the comparative prices. The Judson company makes a specialty of shipping, and has its own freight cars which it pools, so that if your stuff fills only a third or a hadf of a car, the rest is used by someone else. But perhaps you have special reasons for preferring the Luckenback line, and I shall await your directions before making any decision. I have had the Judson people very highly recommended to me, and suppose that they are perfectly reliable. Mr. Chester is very high priced. There are two supposedly good packers in Pomona, either of whom would gladly pack and store the goods until a Luckenback ship was sailing, and then deliver it to that ship. I shall have them all come give estimates, and let you know as soon as possible about the cost. You may be supprised to learn that when I asked Mrs. Van Aver if she and her husband were to pay the cost of the packing she seemed very amazed and said that they did not feel that they could possibly do so, and that you had never suggested anything of the sort to her. So perhaps a hint from you would bring forth an offer from them, or perhaps not! Paul and I shall send the things which you have so generously loaned us along with the rest, and Miss George is undecided whether to add hers or not. I believe she is writing to you immediately to find out if you do not really need them. Miss Klett has a few pictures which were iiny your office, to come with the other things. I presume that you are in no great hurry for them, but they will surely be sent off early in June.

The packer of whom Mrs. Van A. spoke turned out not to be a professional packer, and she feels it would be better not to trust him. I can't understand about their not wanting to pay for the packing.

Well, we also have some news for you, or have you heard it? I fear that someone may have beat me to the pleasure of exploding this bomb, but here it is anyhow: Paul has been selected by the nominating committee of the board of trustees to become the President of Wilson College, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania! Isn't that exciting? Now that I have got it out, I can go back to be beginning and tell the whole tale. About a month ago we were approached by the President of Russell Sage College, at Troy, N.Y., to know if Paul would be interested in the position of Director of the Liberal Arts school there. Paul was, and after a series of letters exchanged, the position was offered him. It was a very good job, a full professorship, at a much higher salary than here, and most of all, offered a real chance for growth and for showing what he could do. He would have tought one full course, but the rest of the job would have been administrative. Well, he had the infinite pleasure of going to Dr. Jaqua with this news, and asking what Scripps had to offer as a future. You will be pleased to know that in two long talks he told M. J. all the things that had been bottled up within him for these five and a half years, in itself a momentous experience! Mr. Jaqua called a committee meeting of the full professors to ask their advice, and they voted unanimously to offer Paul the same conditions here, and by all means to keep him at Scripps as he was considered invaluable. But Mr. Ja, being himself, offered Paul just half of what they had suggested, and implied by all his words and manners that he did not much care if we did leave, so we decided to go. ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ But before we had had time to accept the Russell Sage job, along came a telegram from the trustees at Wilson, asking if he would be interested in the presidency, and if so, could he come east to meet them. So he flew across onenight and met them in Philadelphia the next day, and was notified that evening that the committee had unanimously voted to give him the job. This must be ratified by the entire Board of Trustees on May 21 (today), but he assured Paul that this was a mere formality. Paul went to Wilson the following day, at the request of the old President, and had a chance to find out something about the job and the place. It seems to be a perfect dream, and we can hardly believe that we are alive. The campus is very beautiful, situated in the Cumberland Valley, just 20 miles from the Maryland border, and of course it was dressed in its spring glory when Paul saw it. Can you wonder that we are happy? We are naturally a little uncertain of our plans until we hear the results of today's trustee meeting, but we feel sure that there will be no difficulty. Now you know why I am so well posted on means of moving household goods east! We shall be coming some time this summer, probably in July, and one of the things we long most to do is to see you. We shall certainly arrange that very soon, one way or anyther. At present, there is so much to plan and to think of that our heads are in a whirl. We have tried to keep all this a secret until this trustee meeting is over and the thing will be made public, but it has got out and there is much excitement around Scripps. How sad it is to be leaving, yet we are so happy about coming east that we have not wasted much time in regrets. I am especially excited to be coming to live there, and have not the slightest

We are now trying to land the R. Sage job for Hal Davis

distress at leaving California. But to leave all our wonderful friends will be very sad, and out position ahead will not be easy, at first.

I still feel I should give you some Scripps news, though I have already written so much. Dear Mary Eleanor has had to go home, about two weeks ago. She has been troubled all year with her left wrist, and had to abandon her harp. Now suddenly it is worse, and she has had a kind of general breakdown. She hopes to return in the fall to work for a teaching credential, while holding her job as assistant in Clark. Ada Klett is facing an unhappy summer, for she must have an operation on her hip, which has been troubling her for two years. Dr. Loman discovered that the bone is out of the joint, so she must be 4 weeks in bed, then have the operation, and stay quiet 4 weeks more. If all goes well, she will then drive to Madison to take her doctoral examinations, and on to Vassar where she is to teach next year. She is looking forward eagerly to seeing you next year. So many of our faculty are leaving. The Langes are being replaced by a Miss Dakin , of whom I know nothing except that Jakie grew lyrical in a committee meeting and said " I have found a perfectly luscious woman of 28 " Now we know what was the matter with you, Emily! He must be insane, really. The Langes have not yet found anything , although they are going to be in a stock company in Whiteside or Whiteridge (?), N.Hampshire, for the summer. The Alexanders and Ramses are going on sabbatical leave- the Ramseses around the world. Miss Kay has given up her job (to be replaced by Betty Ely) and will be studying and working in N.Y. The Physical Education dept changes every year, always. There will be a new man in history, not yet selected. Our place is not to be filled, apparently, as Mr. Dunn will take over Paul's work in Humanities, but the English part will just be let lapse. Christine, as you know, goes on leave also. How amazingly a college faculty can change from year to year.

I really must stop now, although there are so many things I think of to tell you. We all send dearest love and many congratulations. I shall write to you just as soon as I find out more about the moving companies.

Devotedly,

Lorraine

By C.W.S. AQUITANIA.

5 Clementbriele
Camb

Miss Emily Hale,

Apartment 6,

154 Riverway,

BOSTON, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

from T.S.Eliot: 71, Pall Mall, LONDON S.W.1.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

18 June 1936.

My very Darling Pie,

I have been a very poor correspondent to my darling lately. After I came back from Paris, beginning business on a Wednesday, I had three very busy days making up arrears - and only wrote to you once - then on Saturday I went to Salisbury to stay with the Bruce Richmonds. They have taken a very delightful, straggling, big (but they think it is small) manor house at Netherhampton, nearby: where several rivers meet, under the downs. The only other guest was an old Lady Balfour, the widow of a Sir Graham Balfour, who had something to do with Education Acts at the beginning of the century, and was a friend of R.L. Stevenson, so that part of the conversation was guardedly literary. She was a very nice old lady, though, and insisted upon my coming to tea with her on the next occasion of my visiting Oxford - where I go tomorrow, for a meeting of the Book Committee of the Catholic Literature Association, but I doubt whether I shall finish in time at Pusey House to go to see her. I had not been in Salisbury since 1914, so it was almost new to me. We motored to Stonehenge, and to Old Sarum, neither of which I had seen before: Stonehenge (on a lowering grey day) looked especially grand with Sir Bruce Richmond inside it, busily explaining the sacrifical stone, and the altar stone, and the Sarsen stones and the foreign stones, and the orientation towards the Friar's Heel, all of which he had read up in a handbook. And we went to evensong in the cathedral (Richmond has made friends with the organist) and to tea with an old Canon Myers with a beautiful garden extending down to one of the rivers (the Avon, or the Nadder, or one other - there are four rivers about). And the Canon had a curious military cousin with a monocle, a Major who lives at Bexhill! who when Oxford was mentioned said "ah-uh, I was at the other place. Trinity, you know. Ah-uh, in my time we used to be rather boisterous. If we didn't like a man, we'd chuck his furniture out into the court and burn it. Ah-uh, I was always the ringleader, you know - even at school, when there was any trouble, the masters always knew I was at the bottom of it. Undergraduates don't seem to be what they used to be etc."-What? And we went to look at George Herbert's church and vicarage at Bemerton : but I was rather disappointed - there isn't the aura of holiness about Bemerton that there ought to be, and that there is about Little Gidding (see enclosed photographs, but I didnt get any of Bemerton or Salisbury, because the weather was too bad and the sky overcast).

Then on Monday I took the day off to go on to Yeovil in Somerset, which is only an hour away. You see, my family, my branch of it, lived at a village near Yeovil called East Coker, from the latter part of the 15th century to 1663 when they cleared out and went to Beverley Mass. It is a most charming village, with a very nice church, only disfigured by

a loathesome stained glass window put up by a distant American cousin in honour of the family, one of the ugliest stained glass windows that I have ever seen. But I like the country, and I feel at home in it; and the landlady of the New Inn (who identified me with the dreadful glass window, and then asked me what relation I was to Colonel Heneage, who I gather is the local magnate nowadays) gave me home made rhubarb jam for tea, and has a bedroom which I think will make a very good country refuge for me from time to time.

Tomorrow, as I said, I go to Oxford for a meeting; and the next day, Saturday, I go down to Canterbury to see Charles Williams's festival play ("Cranmer of Canterbury" - I have only glanced at the text so far, but it looks rather good) and back the same night.

On Wednesday afternoon, after the committee, I dashed over to the Mostyn Hotel, Portman Square, and saw Mrs.Krauss - her husband unfortunately was out - but the little girl, Miss Somers, to whom you gave such a guarded introduction - was there too. I liked Mrs.Krauss, and had a pleasant though rather superficial three quarters of an hour; I hope to see something more of the Krauss's, and more satisfactorily, when they return to London in October. I didn't make much of Miss Somers. But then I don't like people with brown eyes. I did indeed like Mrs.Krauss.

I have made a reservation on the Alaunia, sailing for Montreal on August 22nd, and bringing me to Boston about the last day in August. And I ought to return as soon as possible after my birthday (remember it if you can. And how, and where, and how much of, shall I see my darling?

A really hot evening in London, the first this year. I returned to London on Tuesday morning - on that evening had to attend a sort of party given to the St.Thomas More Society at Lincolns Inn by Lord Russell of Killowen - Professor R.W.Chambers reading a paper about More - then Sir Frederick Pollock (who is 92) proposed a vote of thanks at great length, and I had to second it more briefly - then took Belgion and Tom Burns to the club for a drinkafterwards. Last night had to take old Jan Culpin to supper and to the pictures (very bad picture, "Show Boat" with Paul Robson singing "Ole Man River" delightfully, and some nice Mississippi scenes which made me quite homesick, but the latter part of the film deadly. Jan is going to Germany for four months in a week or so, so she will be off my hands (she is rather expensive because infirm and one has to take taxis at every point) but I shall have Dodo, and Abigail Smith from St.Louis, to look after before long. This is merely to explain why I did not write earlier in the week.

to my dearest Emilie

from her

Tom

25 mai 1936.

Cher Monsieur et ami,

Sylvia Beach m'apprend que vous venez faire une lecture chez elle, à la fin de la semaine prochaine. Je pense que vous ne passerez pas qu'une seule journée à Paris. Voulez-vous avoir la gentillesse de me dire de combien de temps vous disposez ? Choisissez un jour — le lundi ou le mardi, par exemple, pour déjeuner ; répondez le plus tôt possible, je tâcherai de réunir quelques amis. Absent, croyez-moi, cher Monsieur, votre très dévoué

Lorna Gillet.

T. S. Eliot, Esq.
Faber and Faber Ltd.
24 Russell Square
Londres W.C.2

(Grande Bretagne)

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We are so looking forward to your coming on Saturday
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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My Darling Eve,

22 June 1936.

Your letter of June 12th arrived on Friday, the 19th: that was a rather busy day, as I had to go to Oxford after lunch for a meeting of my Book Committee at Pusey House: it was rather tiring, as the day was excessively sultry in spite of a good deal of rain - even during the rain it was as oppressive as at any other time. And on Saturday I had to take the office in the morning - with two interviews - and was then motored down to Canterbury by Mr.& Mrs. Tom Beachcroft and Montgomery Belgion. Saturday also very hot, but fine. It seemed very odd, you can imagine, to be going to Canterbury just a year later, simply as a spectator, and with you not there - it was not exhilarating. (But Miss Babington greeted me, of course, at the door of the chapter house). We went in to the Royal Fountain Hotel first, to greet the author, Charles Williams, whom I have known off and on for some years: a queer, likeable, rather pathetic fellow, a very humble person, very radiant and excited over it all, and the prospect of being presented to the Archbishop. The play is very good, I think: though the verse is only first-rate journeyman's work, it is quite fresh and good; and though there is no plot beyond a sequence of events and very little action or really dramatic dialogue, the final impression of Cranmer going off to be burnt was very intense. I will send you the text: at the moment I have lent text and programme to John Hayward, to enable him to write a note for the New York Sun. The play was enormously helped by Speaight as Cranmer: he got everything out of the part that there was: I thought indeed that he was a more perfect Cranmer than Becket. And Martin Browne as the Skeleton (you can imagine Martin as a very good Skeleton) had just as big a part as Speaight, and did beautifully with that. The costumes were done by Lawrence Irving, and I thought them better on the whole than Miss Pearce s costumes for me. If there is a review in this morning's Times I will send it to you.

I am very glad of your practical suggestions for September. Even if you did come to Randolph, I should not consider that as in the least a substitute for seeing you in some other way, and the obligatory division of attention would be a strain. Though of course, if I could have that as well, I should not want to do without it! But I think now that it will be better to collect my whole family (with the exception of Margaret, whose presence I am sorry to say would make it difficult for anyone else to get any rest or refreshment) in the mountains; and if Miss Ware would have us - if no more suitable asylum presents itself - I should be very glad. I had much rather be with

you at West Rindge than in Cambridge, where as you suggest, one would be, even in September, a little exposed - I should have to see something of Margaret, and if Theodore Spencer knew I was about he would want me to come to Manchester, and I suppose the Leon Littles would be at Marblehead, and so on.

I ought to arrive about the 1st of September. We should, I presume, go to Randolph from the 7th or 8th to the 15th, when Sheff must come back to prepare for Wellesley. I am enquiring about a boat as soon as possible after my birthday (do you remember what day that is?); so that there would be nearly a week before we go to the mountains, and nine days after we come back until you start at Smith. So if Miss Ware would have us at either end, I should still be able to have your company (though less exclusively) during the other part of my stay. I have just looked again and you say that Smith probably opens the 22nd - instead of the 24th as I thought - and perhaps you would want to be there a few days ahead? In that case, perhaps it would be most satisfactory for me if we could be at Miss Ware's directly I arrive, and make certain of a week then; and hope for as much time with you as possible during the week before you went to Smith; when I suppose the Perkins's might still be in Cambridge.

Please don't think that I dislike Miss Ware! and if she showed me such kindness I should certainly appreciate it! but I thought when I met her that she did not take to me, or perhaps had some prejudice which I could not divine. But you may be sure I should do my best to be as agreeable and charming as possible.

I become more and more restless and excited as the time approaches.

And is there really a chance that you may be in Campden next summer? Please tell me as soon as you can that you WILL: and I think with a job to come from and to go back to, and perhaps with help from the experience you have had of it, you may find it less fatiguing and exasperating than before. Ada mentioned in a recent letter having seen you, and said that you seemed worlds better for your success in getting the post at Smith.

And for your sound advice meanwhile, I thank you. O my dear.

to my Emilie
from her Dorr.

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

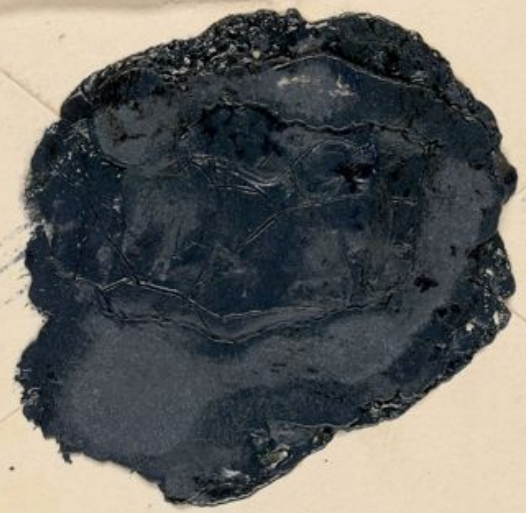
Miss Emily Hale,

at 5 Clement Circle,

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

from T.S.Eliot, 71 Pall Mall, London S.W.1.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
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Dearest Eve,

24 June 1936.
(SS.Peter & Paul).

I was, you may be sure, more than glad to find your letter of the 19th here for me on my return from Cowley - though I think that you have been a better correspondent than I lately, and I prefer to think that I write more often than you do. I have had three days of incredibly hard bedding, prison fare (but meat on Sunday at dinner, and 2 eggs on Saturday night), five to six hours of services, prayer and meditations each day - in bed at 10 and up at 6 for early Mass - but plenty of hot water when wanted, and what I value most, in this world, complete silence: that is, not having to speak to any one or listen to anyone for three days. I was very hungry when I got back, and now am very sleepy; but I want to get some letter to my darling by the Queen Mary tomorrow. I lunched with Martin and Henzie Browne: they say that "Murder" is to be brought to New York in January. But in January I shall not be there, and in June, I hope, you will be in Campden again. During this week I have to see Dodo (dinner tomorrow night) the Hotsons (lunch tomorrow) dine with George Barnes on Wednesday, go with Hayward to Faber's party on Thursday, and go to Fr.Cheetham's pageant for the Mothers Union on Saturday. I shall not go away again for the weekend until I start for the Fabers' in Wales at the end of July. And then back to put the Criterion in order before leaving for Montreal.

I am glad, O my dear, that you are feeling less tired; and although your engagement for August seems tiring to me, I know that it may be a liberation to you, and I do not reproach you for making it. I do wish that I could see you as the Duchess of Devonshire; I am sure that you will become the part better than the next Duchess of Devonshire would (David Cecil's sister) she has too prominent teeth. From what you say, I gather that <u>your</u> teeth have been well disciplined lately!

Remember that I arrive on or about the the 1st September. Can you arrange anything for us from then to the 7th or 8th? Or can you arrange anything for us from the 15th until you go to Smith? As for my coming to Smith, my Dear my Dear let that be as you wish: if you wish to show me off to your classes I shall be proud of your wishing and shall do my best (extempore): I will come or not come to Smith just as you prefer, you know how proud and happy I should always be to be of service to You - but I DONT want to be an embarrassment to you as I fear I was at Claremont.

As for your speech - I dont want to quarrel with Uncle John about it - I should have thought that your enunciation was a good deal more English than his, which (though very good) is very positively New England, even Maine - you speak a little louder and more distinctly than most English people, that's all, and pronounce your syllables more clearly. But that has nothing to do with the beauty of your voice, what, as I have said before, is as unusual here as in America.

About Mr.Philip Hale's book. A copy did arrive from the publishers, which I did not suppose to be personal. I sent it to the Music Chronicler (Radcliffe, of King's) in the ordinary way. I have strong scruples against recommending any book to a regular reviewer, even for mention. He did mention it, as you will see in the copy of the current number, which I send you. You will probably think it not favourable enough to show to your aunt. But it is the criticism of a man who did not know that it mattered to me whether he mentioned the book favourably or not, or even that he mentioned it at all.

Well well about Janey and the Wildgoose! I never thought that they would enter into the bonds of matrimony, I thought that they would go and set up housekeeping (temporarily) without them. It looks as if Janey would try to support her gloomy Wildgoose by dispensing tea to motorists, until they both get tired of it, and then what? Unsatisfied vanity on his side, because he cant support a wife and family; and there wont be any family, and they will separate in the end. The man's a weed, and she's a garden flower run wild.

As for England's politics.! that's a long story - I dont know when they have been noble - but there have been times when they certa inly have been more intelligent!

Oh dear, I have not yet answered your previous letter: but this must suffice to reach the Queen Mary tomorrow.

My Emilie

from her Tom

By French pkt. ILE DE FRANCE.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1 15 PM
25 JUN
1936
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

at 5 Clement Circle,

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

from T.S.Eliot; 71, Pall Mall, London S.W.1.

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Dearest love,

25 June 1936.

I must just write a short letter before I go for a busy day at the office before catching the 5.8 to Oxford; because of course while I am in retreat I cannot write letters, but I am saving Monday evening to write to you. (The busy season for American pilgrims has begun too, Dodo has just arrived as usual, which means ballet, and a son of my cousin Tom is somewhere about, and several other people with less claim upon me, and I had to have tea with Katie Spencer who is a little pathetic but whom I really dont like because she is so sharp-tongued). I have your letter of the 16th, which, although it is not very long, cannot be answered in a hurry, and shall be answered at leisure. I look forward eagerly to more explicit information about what we are going to do in September - and I hope that you will be able to have a really restful July and August first. It does not seem as if you could have spared yourself more, when a claim like that came upon you - but I know that you are very tired, and I long for you to get away from town. With great love and impatience, my dear dear Girl.

My Emily from her Tom

Of course I took that picture, silly: it is the first that I ever took of you, and thank goodness one of the worst. It was on the morning of my arrival in Claremont. And as I have the negative and one copy, and one copy is enough, I return it to you with Compliments.