Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Citation Information

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

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

1 folder

Contact Information

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MT·CRESCENT·HOUSE
RANDOLPH·N·H

RANDOLPH.
SEP
10
A.M.
1936
N. H.

Miss Emily Hale.
at Mrs. MacKenzie's.
Fitzwilliam
New Hampshire.

MT·CRESCENT·HOUSE
RANDOLPH·N·H

Thursday morning.

Dearest Gil

Your letter of Sunday only reached me last night: evidently it takes a long time between one part of N.H. and another. I am very glad that Fitzwilliam has proved satisfactory, & I hope the physical surroundings have contributed to the serenity of spirit which I want you to feel.

It is impossible for me to advise about next week, not knowing the Ellsworth household. But of course the extra move is fatiguing in itself, & a household of children might be more so. There does seem good reason

for staying at Fitzwilliam, if it can be arranged. As for me, remember that it does not matter a fig whether I am in the hills or at the sea, so long as I am without company and in conditions of ease & simplicity of meeting. I wd just as gladly come to Fitzw. as to Woods Hole. Only let me know by Monday at 31 Madison Street — we get back there on Monday evening — which direction I am to go, and if possible what train to take. And remember that our interests are the same & try to realise that the primary concern for both of us at this moment is that you should do what will give you the least fatigue. I am inclined to favour Fitzwilliam, but it does not

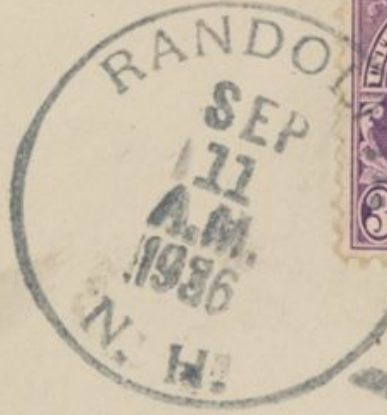
MT. CRESCENT HOUSE
RANDOLPH · N·H

matter to me what change in plan is made so long as I see you. Let us be at Fitzwilliam, if we can.

I am a creature of habit in letter writing: I want my own room my typewriter & the evening with no interruptions and everything else put aside, before I can write to you as I like to. And at the present moment I am of course impatient to see you and talk to you. But it is quiet & healthy here & I am glad to be with my family. No news yet as to when Henry comes:

there should be a letter to-day.

Eagerly awaiting some news -
to my Emilie from her Tom



Miss Emily Hale.
at Mrs. Mackenzie's.
Fitzwilliam
New Hampshire.

MT. CRESCENT HOUSE
RANDOLPH · N.H.

Friday 11th

Dearest Eve

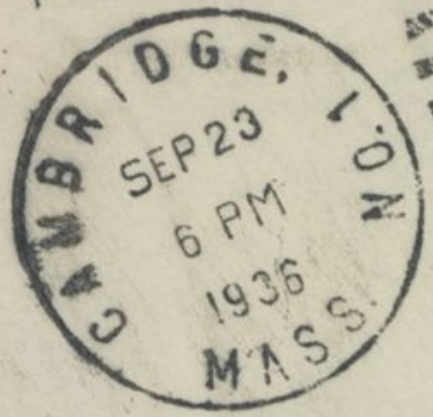
Your note of the 9th arrived more quickly. I got it last night. Well then, let it be Woods Hole. and I am to expect you to be at the Hinkleys on Monday evening. I don't know whether I shall get in, but I will ring up. Shall I pick you up there in a taxi on Tues. day morning? so we can go to the South Station together? Only 3 days more before that. The weather has improved here, & I hope we shall have sun

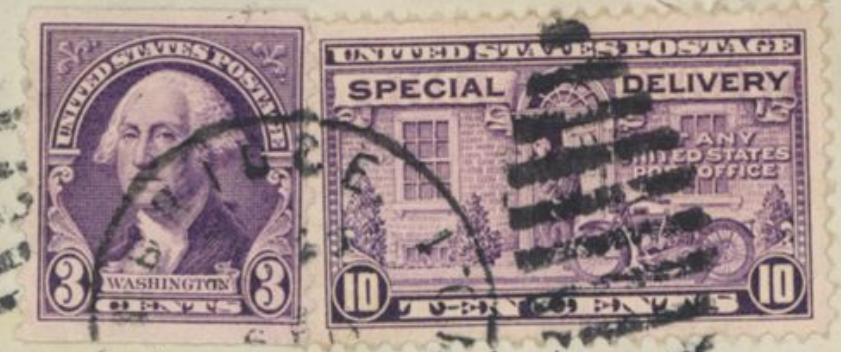
and warmth with sea
breezes.

Hoping to arrive to-
morrow, just for the
weekend.

Let us "lay foundations"
together.

My love to you
Your Tom.





Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Miss Ware,

West Rindge,

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Special Delivery

BURR
SEP 24
1936
R. I.

N. H.
WEST
SEP 23
1936

BOSTON MASS.
SEP 23
8 P M
1936
ANNEX TRANSIT

BOSTON MASS.
SEP 23
8 P M
1936
N. POSTAL ANNEX TRANSIT

31 Madison Street
Gray Gardens
Cambridge

My lovely girl.

23 September 1936.

I am hoping to catch you with this before you leave Rindge, primarily so that you may know that I was not able to see Penelope by herself last night. Besides her father, there was also an elderly Person whose status I could not determine - she seemed to come from Washington, but whether she was one of P.'s numerous relatives I don't know. The conversation was therefore of a general character, P. did not seem very well informed about your movements, and I felt that to mention having been at the Elsmiths etc. would have been rather dragging it in. So we had no private or confidential talk at all.

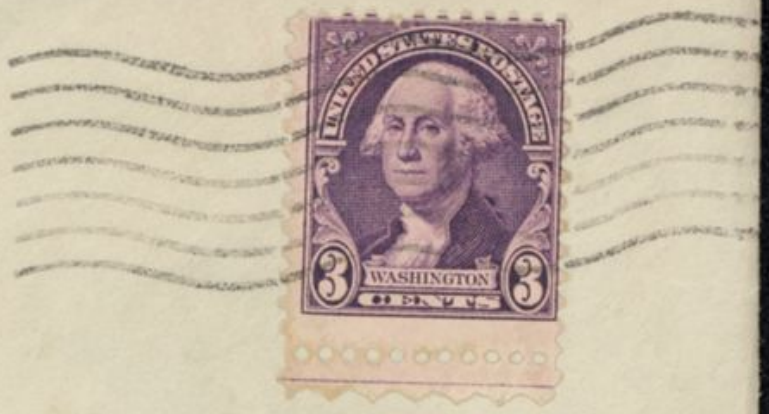
Your note from Rindge came this morning. I am glad that the country is so beautiful, and I was touched by Miss Ware's Union Jack. I am all the more sorry that I could not come, and hope that you have been able to make it clear to her that I should have liked to, and should have been glad to see the farm and to meet her again, and that I appreciate her asking me, and that my returning to Cambridge was entirely dip omatic and prudential. I have been seeing some of the old friends whom my conscience calls upon me to see once - am to lunch with Clement, and Leon and his wife will fetch me from Elizabeth's and take me to the train. I shall be back her on Friday morning, and shall expect some message from you about transport. I

think myself that it would be best for me to take the train, if you can charter a car to get to Northampton, but that will be at MY expense, please. I sounded P. as to her intentions, and gather that she means to spend Friday night with some relatives at Mt.Holyoke, but whether she expects to see you again on Saturday is not clear. If we meet, therefore, it would be better for her to think that my decision to pop down to Northampton was made at the last moment, after seeing her, as I said nothing to her about it.

I have a lot of business notes to work off, and then must dash out to buy my ticket to New York. I am not a bit surprised at your feeling that the ground is not solid under your feet; it seems to me the most natural thing during this strange period, and until you get settled. Dearest, I shall write much about last week later; I only want to remind you at the moment that I am very happy in you as always, and that we have a great deal to do in liv ng for each other's sake.

to my Emilie from her

Tom



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts.

31 Madison Street
Gray Gardens
Cambridge

30 September 1936.

My Own,

Your dear letter of the 28th was a very welcome one, especially because of the unfortunate interruption at goodbye time. That was Prof. F.O.Matthiessen of Harvard who so unconsciously broke the last moment. I had to talk to him for part of the way down, when I wished to be alone with my own thoughts and images. But afterwards I wondered whether you were not late for supper, staying so late as you did, waiting for the train: I thought of you sitting alone later at Mr.Hinckley's, with the Amherst heroes roaring in the next room.

I shant be able to write satisfactorily, or express myself well, until I get back to my own room. Here I have a typewriter, it is true, but I am under pressure of time: I have had notes and invitations to answer at the last moment, and in a few minutes must go to call on Mrs.Merriman, and thence to the birthday dinner at Henry's. I shall have time to write again, and will do, on Friday; and there must be a post from Quebec, so that you should hear from me again (but without typewriter) before the sea is between.

Well, that was a perfect birthday. I have never felt so close to you as ~~xxxxx~~ I have during and since that weekend. Each knotting of experience together brings greater happiness and greater pain, but at the moment the sense of a spiritual intimacy deeper than I should have believed possible, is the most acute. I know that I I am still pretty anaesthetic, owing to the rush of the last few days, and the prospect of the journey and the re-accommodation to the life in London without you; but I have a conviction of our having

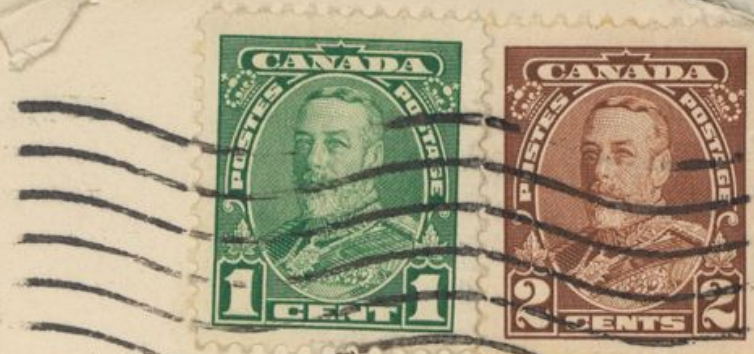
on a new stage of development together, and I feel a deep thankfulness for it and for all you give me (a great deal more than you can realise - but as I suggested, you can guess at it by remembering that it is equal to what I seem to you to give you). My dear dear girl, who seems now to be always with me as I seem to myself to be still in Northampton, I hope my invessant thoughts and constant prayers may help to hold you up.

It seems to me that I am more deeply and strongly in love with you than ever.

My own Emilie
from her own Tom.

By Quebec

QUEBEC
OCT 3
7 AM
1936
P.Q.



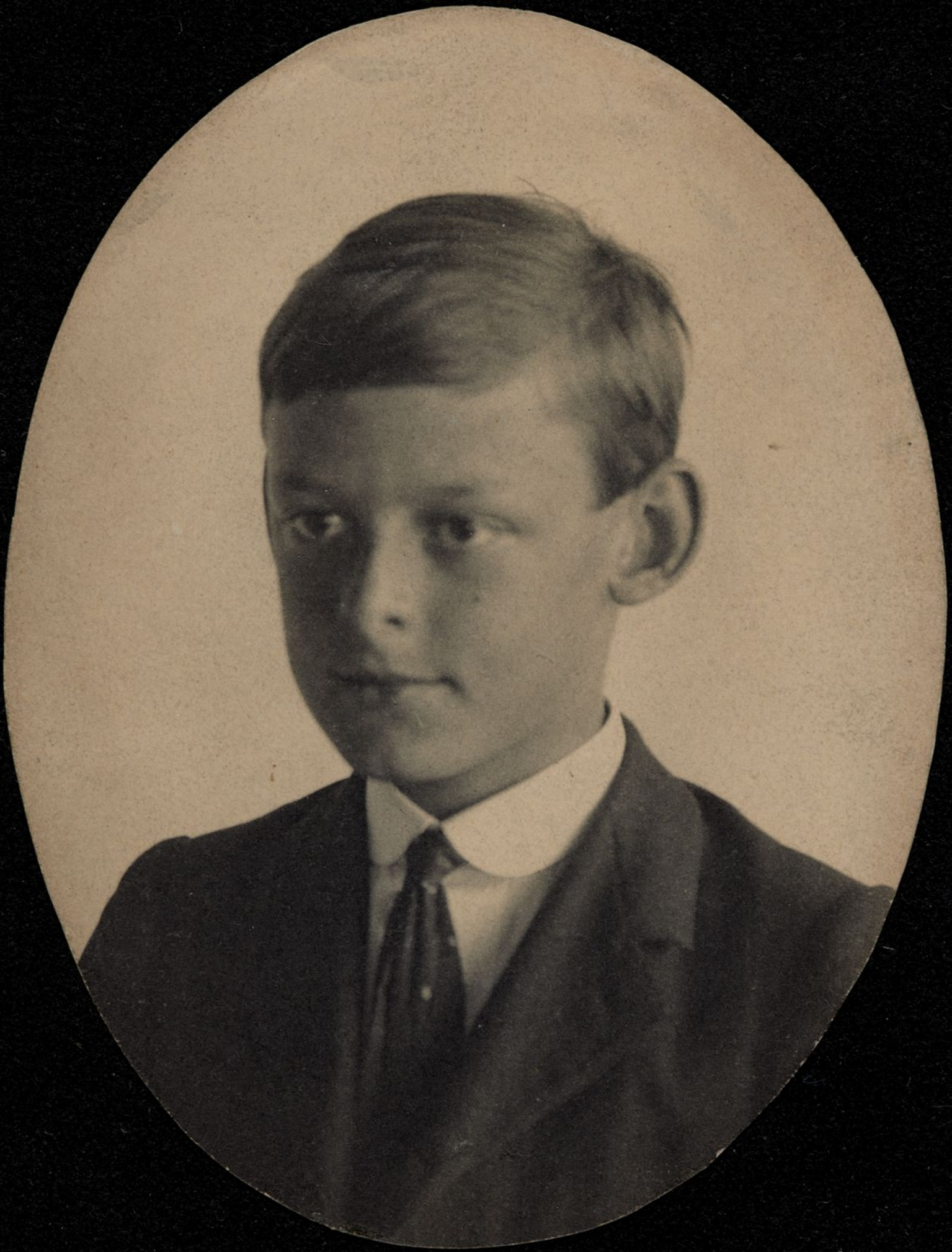
Miss Emily Hale,
240 Crescent Street,
Northampton
Massachusetts.
U.S.A.

If not delivered please return this Letter to :—

T. S. Eliot

24 Russell Sqre London

W.C. 1



T. J. E. as a boy in St. Louise.

Perhaps 10 or 11 yrs. old.

T. S. E.

with the

Frank Morley

collection

Probably

in the early

1920s

Friday Oct. 2nd

ON BOARD
CUNARD WHITE STAR
"ALAUNIA"

My darling,

I was very grateful for your letter (marked Cabin!) and especially for your wire, which I found in my luxurious entire cabin as we came down the river: but for the wire I should have been too stirred by compunction for not having got a letter to you sooner, though I don't know how I would have found time. The rush of the last few days, after leaving you, was probably the best thing for me – and having Tuesday taken up first by a reporter

The instinct of self-preservation, after the fever of the last few days, has turned to another form of anaesthesia — extreme sleepiness. I think this will last for a day or two, but occasionally of course sharp pangs come through. I can dwell however on the great happiness you gave me, as well as on the pain we both felt (I shall see your dear sad face at the train window until you give me new images to supersede it) and on THE Birthday out of all my life, every moment of it. The week at Woods Hole, bro

from the Transcript and then by preparations for Wellesley crowded more into the next two. (I saw Dr Perkins for a moment afterwards, but not Mrs. Perkins, to whom I am writing). I prefer to dwell at the moment on the more absurd incidents, as Harold Peters turning up at the train to see me off, with a present of two washable reversible adjustable & indestructible bow ties, such as he wears: they are quite ugly. I am wearing your beautiful brown one at the moment.

still more the concentrated communion together of Saturday + Sunday, brought a conviction of such peculiar closeness to you as is a new revelation of experience. It was fortified and confirmed by finding how close our feelings had become during this ~~last~~ recent phase of our life (I say "our", and not "your" - it all seemed somehow to be literally happening to both of us as one). I mean a level deeper than just "understanding" - I mean throbbing with one life.

Your "sweetheart" rose is still in my

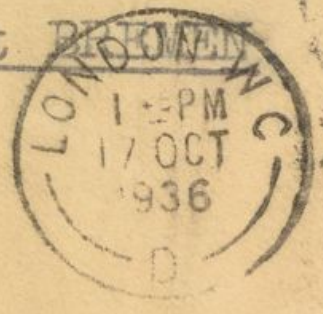
ON BOARD
CUNARD WHITE STAR
"ALAUNIA"

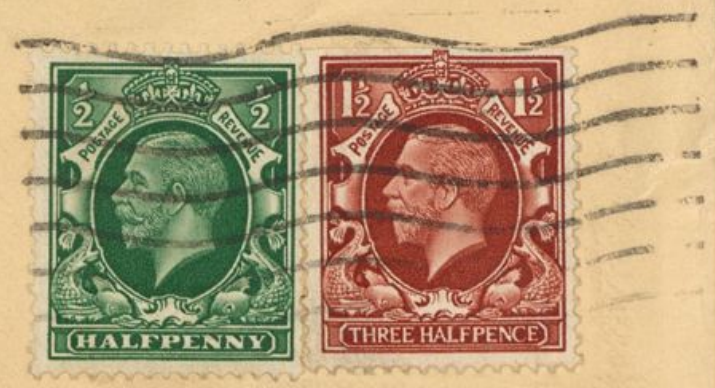
pocket. the rest kept elsewhere for preservation - and I treasure your gifts, the little as well as the big, for your loving care and thought. God bless you & keep you, my heart's treasure: from one who is more than ever yours and in you.

Your own Tom.

If possible, I will send a short cable to announce my arrival.

By German packet BREMEN





Miss Emily Hale,

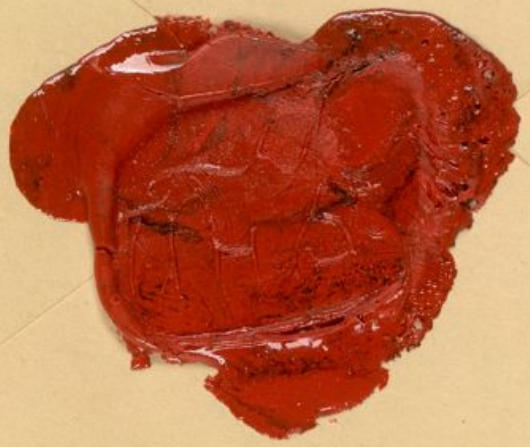
240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

from
T. S. Eliot
24 Russell Square
London W.C.1



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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

17 October 1936.

My dearest Pie, my Emily,

It is just a week since I landed at Plymouth. You may have wondered why I did not write at once (I cabled to thank you for your first letter received on this side) but I seemed to need a few days to get myself readjusted again. I was met at Plymouth by the Morleys, who seemed very glad to see me, and they motored me back over Dartmoor - which I had never seen before - to Lyme Regis, where Christina had been staying with the two younger children. We motored up to Lingfield on Monday - through Dorchester, which was also new to me, and Winchester - and I cam up to town from there on Monday evening. Elizabeth seemed glad to see me, and the Vicar (who enquired at once after Miss Hare) had put some flowers for me; but it was sad to come back with Mary gone: there was a Requiem for her on Wednesday morning, and I should have liked to have you there with me. On Tuesday I made my start at work, and spent the day reading accumulated letters. Wednesda evening I spent with Hayward (by arrangement before I left) and on Thursday I had to go to Mrs.Shakespear's to see Dorothy Pound who was leaving for Italy the next day; and last night (Friday) I found myself very tired and went to bed. However well one feels - and I do feel well and am told by everyone that I look well - the first few days of return to work, with the many arrears, are particularly tiring: after a week one becomes accustomed to it. Though I suppose, my dear, that the first weeks at Smith for you have been much more tiring, and I am anxious for more news of exactly how you feel and how the work is going. But also a return to the old environment is at first emotionally fatiguing, and that is more important still. One feels a curious and painful recrudescence of childhood: walking into my old room revived the feelings of a child on returning to the St.Louis house after the summer in Massachusetts - I almost smelt the grapes which were always on the table there when we returned; and returning to the office was curiously like the first day at school. One feels a peculiar shyness, wanting to slip in unobserved and not be greeted, and pretend that one has been there all the time. Well, I am beginning to get control of myself, and shall now be writing as garrulously as ever; but at first one's courage towards life is deficient.

Anyway, I am very happy in retrospect of my visit. I mean that it was only painful in the ways in which it had to be painful, and it contained no unexpected or unnecessary chagrins. Considering the various demands, we were together as much as I had any right to expect: the other things I did were all things that I had to do; and I am very

grateful for the Elsmiths' kindness. We could not have had a more satisfactory week as guests of people to whom I came as a complete stranger. That bell-buoy is still tolling in my ears and calls up the long beaches, the sea-gulls, the pine grove, and the room where we sat on two afternoons. And I am very happy to have seen you at Smith, and to able to walk with you in imagination down Crescent Street and Elm Street, and look over at Williamsburgh from Petticoat Hill.

How beautiful that New England country is, and some of its villages such as Williamsburgh, and how much ours. But there is an acute sadness and desolation about it, a sense of decay and walking among ghosts, that no English countryside gives me; and I am glad to think that our next country walk will be in Gloucestershire again. America seems (to me) more peaceful yet more sorrowful, and Europe much more alive. Smith at the club greets me with news of a good lot of Old Cheshire Cheeses, and Morgan tells me that he got a new chef who does the roast beef the way I like it (and indeed he does) and Old Mr. Sherwood says where have you been? haven't seen you for a long time... three dots and I settle down to the smoky winter and the soft damp air and the coal fire.

How good you were to me. I have the memory of the loveliest birthday that ever was for me.

Soon I want you to tell me all about your classes, and what you do in them, and ¾ when you have sized them up - the girls you have. You will soon have a few particular admirers too. I know that the work you are doing is not exactly what you like; yet I think it is work for which you are exceptionally qualified, and by doing a good job of it, as I am sure you will, you may be able to extend your province into dramatic work. At any rate, by doing this work at Smith, you will be in a much better position for commanding the work you want somewhere else, if you find that you want to change: it is not as if doing this work was putting you out of the running for dramatic training and production.

At this point a parenthesis to say that I had Ashley Dukes to lunch yesterday. He is full of optimism in every way, and has bought a piece of ground, which has immediately risen in value, and is going to build a new Mercury Theatre. Meanwhile Murder has started and is doing moderately well, and he is going to transfer it at the end of the month to the West End, the Duchess Theatre, where he hopes to get a new audience. There have been several crashing failures lately - Eugenie Leontovich has come a cropper as Cleopatra; I have never read a more thorough condemnation in The Times, I will send it to you: and this makes him think the chances better. So he Still hopes to bring the Company over to New York (and possibly for a tour, including Boston) at the end of January. He thinks that having allowed the WPA to fo it last year, at a nominal fee, will put the Immigration authori-

ties in a much better humour for letting him come, and make everyone more favourable. (Though of course, if Roosevelt is not re-elected, everything may be different).

I cant get to work on anew plot until I have got this Revelation essay done, and cleared up a couple of speaking engagements at Cambridge; after November I expect to be pretty free. Next week is full: I have Oldham to lunch on Monday, tea with Ottoline, dinner with the All Souls Club. Tuesday a meeting of the Council of Church, Community & State - Wednesday after the committee I must go to hear the Public Prosecutor deliever a lecture about Indecent Literature; Thursday a C.L.A. Book Committee Meeting at Oxford, at which I mean to tender my resignation as Secretary; Friday go to John Hayward's to meet Jenny de Margerie and the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld who want to discuss getting the Murder company to give performances in Paris.

I have been looking at Law's "Serious Call" again, and I dont care so much for it as I thought I did. It is good, but there is something rather shallow and 18th Century about Law's attitude. I might call it almost a handbook of "inner behaviour" than of profound devotion. It is remarkable for its time, which was a bad one spiritually; but I think I can find you something better. There is a recent book - of quite a different kind: rather an intellectual introduction to Christianity for modern people - by my f iend Iddings Bell of Providence, which you might find useful: I shall have some trouble in getting it, because I dont remember the name or the publisher, and it is published only in America - but I will try to get it for you.

I only regret that I did not see the inside of St.John's in Northampton, as you have begun to go there: I should like to be able to call up a picture of you in it. If, my dear, you intend to make communions there, I suggest that you should get in touch with the Vicar or Rector and ascertain his views. He might, or he might not, want to know that you had had what we call a "valid baptism", which means a baptism with the sign of the Cross in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; and he might or might not ask about Confirmation. The rule in England is similar to that of the Roman Church; but the Episcopal Church in America is independent and I dare say has freer regulations. I hope the Vicar is a good man: I should like to have met him.

I am not going to talk now about my missing you, because that will be easier for both of us in later letters, when we are more re-habituated to being apart. I had rather dwell again on the greater closeness to you that I feel always; and my gratitude that my visit has only brought us more closely and inextricably together. That is the blessing to come out of suffering together.

to my Emile from always her Tom.

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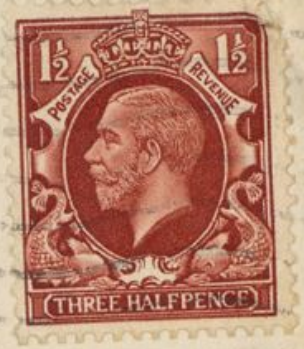
TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

By German packet DEUTSCHENLAND.



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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 Darling Fine,

22 October 1936.

I have been delayed a bit with this letter by a slight cdld, a vexing interruption at a time when I was feeling especially well and with a great deal to do. There have been many about, and I suppose that six weeks of purer air had weakened my resistance to the foul air of London - or such is Father Cheetham's opinion, as he had the same experience, he says, on his return from Canada. Anyway, I felt miserable on Monday, but did not like to break my engagements unless it was necessary, and so went on through ~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday, but yesterday felt too feverish to go out, and stopped in bed all day - also to-day until the middle of the afternoon, though I feel quite well again, and shall be out tomorrow. I shall however go to see my doctor presently about the inoculations. The annoying part is missing the meeting at Oxford which I should have attended, both because it was important and because I wanted to make sure that my resignation as secretary was accepted. Nothing to wrry about, and I dont think I am any the weaker for it.

I am glad to have your letter of the 12th with more news of your work, which I should think ought to become more and more interesting: and if the voices are bad, so much the more to be done for them - and so much less responsibility of yours if they never do become very good! I think your first impressions of discouragement at the apparent indifference and offhandedness of some of the girls may be mistaken: one's first impressions are apt to be of a monotonous dead level, and after a time one becomes aware of the few more interesting and responsive, and that alters the whole pattern of things. I am very glad to hear of Mr and Mrs Hill, as a beginning of new friends, and I am more than glad that you have made the acquaintance of the vicar and his wife. Don't apologise for your letter as containing "silly things", for they do not seem silly to me, and you know I want you to write exactly what you are feeling, about whatever is in your mind, at the moment of writing, and I am not to take any one letter too seriously, any more than you are to take any one of mine.

Everything that hurts or worries you at the moment you are to mention, even if you are not sure that you will not feel differently about them later; because I want to know you from day to day not as you think you ought to be but as you are at the moment. If you are anything like me, you will probably imagine yourself as a misfit for the first six months.

I want to know whether you sleep, and eat, (I was glad to hear that the food was good) and take a walk every day, or get some social diversion. As for the girls, you must remmber that being outside of a house has its drawbacks, though I am very glad you are - I mean that it will make things a little slower, getting acquainted with any of them informally, than if you were living with them. It is also slower in a college so much bigger than Scripps, and with so much larger a faculty.

It seems settled that "Murder" is to be transferred to the Duchess Theatre - it was announced in The Times to-day.

I am with you always, and in particular when you kneel in church; and you are with me at the same times, and now, and in the night.

My Emilie from her Pom.

I hope the Chestnut Stile anniversary was a happy blessed one.

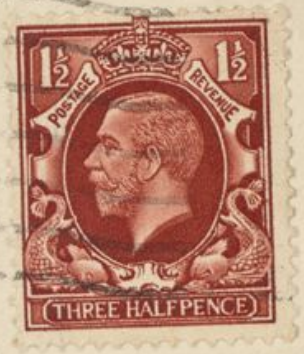
COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT BRIGHLEY

By C.W.S. "QUEEN MARY".

SOUTH KENSINGTON
11 45PM
26 OCT
1936
S.W.7.



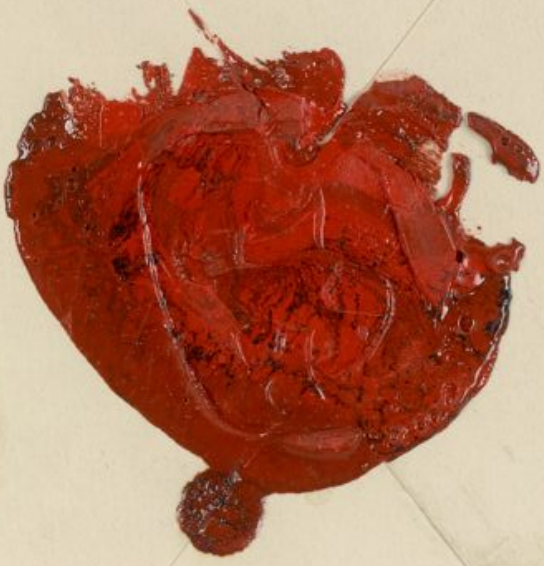
Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

26 October 1936.

Dear, my dear, my Emily,

The weather this evening is warm, wet and gusty; and the streets about Kensington are covered with dead leaves, not dry and flying and rustling, but wet and gluey, stretching out wide fingers and melting into the pavement. Preliminary to the season of fog and choaks and coughs; too warm for the coal fire and the toasted muffin. My cold I am recovered from, except for the usual catarrh: and I shall see my doctor for inoculations next week. Tomorrow is your birthday: I imagine bright and cold in Northampton, with a businesslike hard outwardness to the weather: but I hope that the local florist (one or the other) in correspondence with Green's under the Ritz in Piccadilly, will be able to provide sweetpeas, rather than the roses which I gave as the alternative. Anyway, if you get roses, you will know I meant sweet peas. I wish that your birthday might be as satisfying for you as mine was for me! I remember your Last birthday, October 27th 1935, VERY clearly indeed from breakfast to midnight. Did I say that all the memories I accumulated in a month of September, soothe the memories of a year ago. While my last pictures of you were in this room, and walking down the street while I waved from the window, the place was hardly endurable: but now that I have other memories, in Cambridge and Woods Holl and the last picture through the window of a railway carriage when I was distracted by Matthiessen, after Northampton and Williamsburgh, Kensington seems more needing you than deprived of you.

My cold is cured, as I said. I went out to a busy day on Friday. At 5.30 to John's, and to meet the Margarie and Madame de La Rochefoucauld. The latter was a charming woman, but rather shy; so that I regretted she had brought her daughter (a rather lovely girl who is in a convent school in Cavendish Square) and still more that Jenny de Margerie had brought a young son of Jean Giraudoux, who is either at Oxford or about to go to Oxford, and who sat and cracked his knuckles: the La Rochefoucauld might have come out more by herself: though, as for the daughter, it was pleasant to shake hands with a real descendant of the famous Duke. Madame de La Rochefoucauld paid me one very French super-compliment, as I call it. The conversation had turned from St.Theresa to St.John of the Cross, and Madame de La R. had quoted one saying of the Saint which she found it very hard to

accept. I said that I thought St.John was right, parcequ'il parle aux grands mystiques, qui ont le coeur plein d'amour, et pas ~~xxxxxx~~ aux petits mystiques comme nous qui ne comprennent guère ce que c'est que l'amour. And she answered simply, vous avez les yeux de ~~xxxxxxxx~~ quelqu'un qui croit que St.Jean de la Croix a raison. And the words that she wondered at (though she didn't know it) were those that I had put in front of Sweeney Agonistes.

Then we went on to Elizabeth Cameron's, where I spent the evening talking to one Freddy Ayer (Eton Swiss half-Jew) who is the antithesis to Martin D'Arcy in the philosophy school at Oxford: a mild little bird-like (thrush-like) man with a queer little bird of a wife: yet as good a man as D'arcy, I think, though in a bad cause. And Alan Cameron drove us home. I was very tired on Saturday, and read a detective story at the club: Sunday was spent in my usual Sunday way: to-day office work, ending by a late tea with old Jan Culpin, who is living at the Abbotsford Hotel across the street from Russell Square, as she has let her flat until the end of December. Tomorrow night I have to go to Hampton, to stay the night with the Tandys' in their new home. Faber is away, as he flew to Amsterdam while I was in bed, to see about some annals which the town of Amsterdam wish to publish. I am to spend the weekend with the Morleys. I have had to read and criticise a paper which Morley is reading to the Johnson Club on Thursday; but what is racking my brain is what to talk about to the English Club at Cambridge, and the following week to the literary society of St.Catherine's College in the same place. By the end of November I shall be free of these engagements.

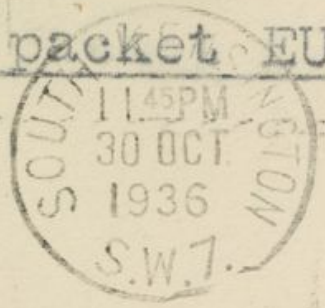
I suppose that nobody in America is thinking of anything but the election. So far as I can see, Roosevelt is much the best of a bad job: so much the best, that if he is not elected, I can predict nothing but riot and ruin for the country. If he is elected, there may be ruin too, but notso quickly as if Landon is elected.

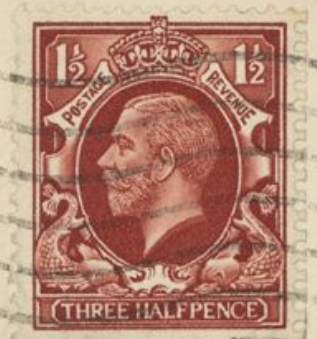
You must not think in all this chatter that I have forgotten your (and our) special problems. But I take it that for the present you ought to be engrossed in how to do a good job by your new pupils, in what seems to you a very limited job and not particularly your own - until you make it so: and that therefore you will be glad of chatter, knowing that a really personal and theological letter will be coming in time. You must know that in my thoughts and in my prayers you always occupy the same place. And you are to think that on your birthday, joined with mine, we are born each year into a new life together, always closer.

to my Emilie from her Tom

I hope that the enclosed effort will ~~meet~~ with the approval of your Uncle John.

By German packet EUROPA





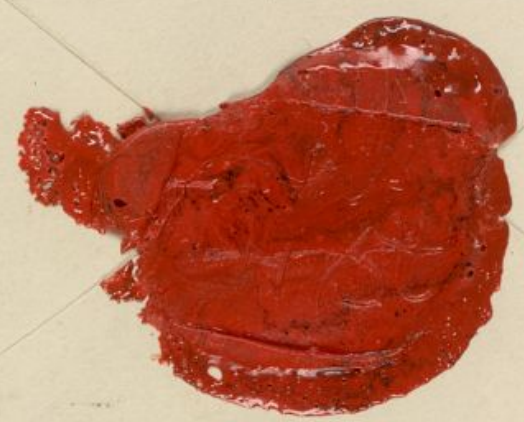
Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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 October 1936.

My dearest Girl,

I am grateful for your letter of the 19th, and I hope that your next letter will report that you have heard from me. It seems a very long time, but I did take a very slow boat, and I did not write at once when I got to London. I am glad to feel from the tone of your letter that you are feeling a little more settled at Northampton, andhope that that is growing every week. I am pleased to think that you have been taking enough interest in yourself to make some needed purchases - is it possible to get good clothes in Northampton? It ought to be, because I imagine that there must be many girls there from pretty prosperous families. Of course I wish that the celebrations at Chestnut Hill might have come in the spring, rather than now when you need all of your energies, and I realise how tiring it must have been for you (dont go by bus again) in more ways than one: yet I would not have tried to dissuade you from such an expedition, had I been on hand, for I know how much it would mean to you to be there. And I was pleased to learn that you had worn the blue earrings with the blue dress! I suppose the new dress, being seasonable, is not one that I am likely to see next summer?

I am in the thick of things again. (I hope those flowers were delivered on the 27th, and please tell me what they sent: I ordered roses if sweet peas were unobtainable). I have been writing a paper (on "The Idiom of Modern Verse") for the Cambridge Literary Society, (to be read on the 13th) and directly that is done I must write another for the Shirley Society of St.Catherine's College, which will then have to be cut down and improved for the B.B.C. for their series to the Sixth Form of schools, on Modern Poetic Drama. (I hope you will let me know the gist of your lecture at Concord - if it is to be written out I should love to read it). On Monday afternoon I have to speak a few words at a tea party to be given to raise money for the Group Theatre (Rupert Doone & Co.) by Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth. (I do wish Doone and his troupe were better, but I should like them to get enough money to go on). This afternoon I had a chat with the Revd. Mr. Fremonger, religious director of the B.B.C. about a talk that Joe Oldham wants me to give in February, one of a series (Sir W.Moberly, Arnold Toynbee, Dessop, H.G.Wood and Lord Lothian are the other

speakers) to drum up interest in the work of the Conference on Church, Community and State in July. But after the end of this month (November) I shall have a breathing spell, and except for this talk in F bruary and one at Kings College Cambridge in March, I shall be able to spend my time trying to work out another play - is it vexing to think that a year and a half has gone by without my having the time to get to work on it. The first night of the Murder at the Duchess Theatre is tonight. I went last night to the dress rehearsal. The theatre is a very nice one and just the right size, but has of course the old-fashioned flat proscenium, instead of the apron stage which is what we need; and the proprietor, a City man (smoking a cigar, of course) by the odd name of Mithhellhill (spelt just like that, it sounds bogus) had spent some money on new costumes (but the same old designs!) and a much more elaborate setting for the sermon scene. One considerable change is that Speaight delivers the sermon, not from a pulpit, but from beside the altar steps, which is liturgically correct. I did not expect to be pleased by this, but I came to the conclusion that it was the best thing, because the effect of looking almost straight down on a man in a pulpit, from the balcony, would have been unpleasant: and as the seating is more than half balcony, that is important. So it is the best possible arrangement in a theatre like this. I cannot guess whether it will be a success or a complete failure, or what sort of an audience it will get (the theatre is just off the Strand, near Covent Garden); I will send you any newspaper notices that I see tomorrow. If it succeeds, then the chances of bringing it to New York in the winter are much stronger.

I am going to my doctor on Tuesday to start inoculation against colds.

The blue tie has been worn, and with the right shade of blue shirt, it is quite successful! I shall continue to wear it.

I must end this rather dull letter, my darling, and get on with my Cambridge lecture. And I hope in a few days to write a letter which will give my dear a little more spiritual nourishment than this!

My beloved Emilie from her

Tom

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