

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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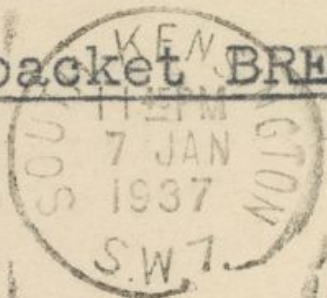
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By German packet BREMEN.



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

Dearest Lil,

7 January 1937.

I have been at sixes and sevens ever since I wrote last. After all the fuss of Christmas and church collections was over (complicated by the illness of the head verger) I had to take three days out, when I could ill spare it, to go to the Morleys: on Thursday evening so as to see the New Year in, and had to stay over the weekend as the family were celebrating his birthday on Saturday (and if I had come back I should have had to go to Alison Tandy's birthday party instead). They are so sweet and kind: yet it always a trial to one's weak spirit to do something for anybody which involves giving them the impression that it is they who are doing something for one - if you take my meaning. Then since my return my "spare" time has been taken up by this perfectly impossible task of "The Church's Message to the World" in twenty minutes on the wireless - it does not come off until the 16th February but they want the "copy" three weeks ahead - I have finished it but I may want to alter it after showing it to two or three people - I shall send copies to Martin D'Arcy, George Every and Philip Mairet. At the end of this afternoon I had to go to the "Community Centre" in North Kensington with Chancellor Vaisey, because I had promised him to give a 5-minute "good cause" talk about it on the wireless on the 24th, and I wanted to see it first. That talk has to be ready by Monday, and meanwhile I have to prepare a fifteen minute chat and deliver it at Chelmsford on Saturday afternoon, after Charles Williams's Epiphany play. And when these things are cleared up, I shall try to get my "Revelation" essay done by the end of the month: and after that perhaps I may be free to do some work. Oh yes, and I have to try incidentally to write a note about Irving Babbitt to please Mrs. Babbitt, and one about Paul More to send to Willard Thorp - apparently, from the joint letter I had from Willard and Asher Hinds, More is not expected to last very long.

I dare say you will scold me for being so weak as to undertake all these things, and if you do I shall have little to say in my defence. I hope that I shall learn better in time. It has been this Church Community and State business which has given so much trouble this year. And I do refuse a good many more invitations than I accept, and intend to refuse more and more. As things turn up at short notice that are difficult to refuse, it is best to decline everything which there is no personal reason and no moral obligation to accept.

So this is merely a very poor note indeed. I have not heard from you since Christmas, and I miss your letters sorely: but I did not really expect you to be able to write while you were visiting about, and now I suppose you are back again, and that's when I want to hear from you, to know how you feel on returning, and whether you feel any more at home there than you did at first.

I kiss your feet, and am in 1937, as
in every other year.

Emily's Tom

By C.W.S. BERENGARIA.



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

11 January 1937.

Dearest, (literally)

I was very happy to have your first letter to be received since Christmas - that of Dec. 26th, which arrived yesterday - such a very satisfying and ripe one. (My letter of the 16th December was intended for you just before Christmas, but I read that the packets were delayed by stormy weather). I did think of you very especially at the Midnight Mass of Christmas, but I did not think that you would be attending such a Christmas Mass, five hours later, when I was soundly asleep (you will have had my letter with the events of Christmas Day and after). Some day, by God's Grace, we shall be together in the same church at the same moment on Christmas Eve. Our beliefs are indeed nearer than I thought - though I am still convinced that there is a definite frontier to be crossed, not without passports. But it is a good beginning if we both understand that the Unitarianism in which I was brought up was 1200 miles West of yours - and that it was an Eliot Unitarianism: and unfortunately all Eliots believe that they are born to a more intimate understanding of Unitarianism than other people - in fact that to be a perfect Unitarian you have to be an Eliot. Yet I am aware that your Uncle John might be suspicious of my Uncle Christopher (admirable character as he is) and that he might be as horrified as I by the beliefs of my Cousin Frederick. The trouble with the Eliots is that they are men of action and not of thought and meditation (me, foreexample). The Eliots are all Whigs. That ought to make you more patient with me, who am trying valiantly to expiate the sins of the Eliots: who for 500 years have been in the highest ranks of the Civil Service (see "Murder in the Cathedral" only that's what Becket wasn't).

No, madam, I do not consider that the portrait is one of your best: it was merely the best up to date taken in Northampton. It stands on my dressing chest. And of course it has a value for me that it cannot have for anyone else.

As for what the doctor said - I am sure that you have gone on into another chapter - perhaps a short chapter before the next. It is indeed likely that I do not realise how "dependent" you are upon

me. It is difficult to think that anyone is dependent upon me, as I know I am upon them. But sometimes it seems to me that people like Frank Morley, and John Hayward, and several other people in varying degrees, "depend" upon me; and that so far as they are conscious they are more conscious of their dependence upon me than of my dependence upon them. It gives one rather a thrill to think that anyone is dependent upon one (even in the simple ways that Janes and Sollory depend upon me): but to think that anyone upon whom one depends is also dependent upon one is very queer indeed.

So you must remember, when you think of your dependence upon me, that I am equally dependent upon you - there is something very fortifying, I think, in a reciprocity of dependence. I can understand that during this period away from work, and among relatives (and with such near relatives one's feelings are always mixed) you should feel a little distraught. What I hope for, and am counting on, is a greater feeling of assurance, and of having a work to do, on your resuming your work at Smith.

As for memories. I like to think: this and this was lovely and perfect, and will always be lovely and perfect whatever happens in the future. It needs no improvement, and it cannot suffer from anything that happens. When we have been happily in union together: at the grave at Finchampstead, in the public bar there, at Greenwich walking along the river arm in arm, in the fog at Dulwich, in the smoky evening at St. Magnus Martyr, standing under a tree in the rain in a Gloucestershire lane, or at the Holborn Empire, or in a taxi, buttoning up your dress to meet the Murdocks! - or in this room on the last morning when you came in to say good bye - or on the beach at Woods Holl listening to the Bell, or at Clement ~~Crescent~~, or on the station platform at Springfield (the St. Louis Express stopped for a moment). These things just ARE AND PERSIST, and the future doesn't matter. Some historians write as if the whole value of the past depended upon the future: whereas it depends only upon what values are asserted by the action of the moment. The future is no more valuable than the past. I am so very glad for what I have! Not that I don't look forward to next summer!

I am glad that you will have spent part of your vacation with the Havens's in Pennsylvania. That will be a helpful change.

Dear me, I have been to a performance of the Chelmsford Diocesan Religious Drama League at Chelmsford; I have visited the Community Centre in North Kensington, for which I am to make a Broadcast appeal for £5000; and I have written my address for the Church Community and State series. Now I have to write an article about Paul More to send to Willard Thorp, and one about Irving Babbitt to send to Mrs. Babbitt, and then I can start on my "Revelation" introduction; and after that perhaps I can find time to start a play. Meanwhile Murder is going on at the Duchess Theatre, indefinitely.

Tommy Emile from her Tom

COLENE VALLEY

PARCENMENT

Faint, illegible text, possibly a list or description of parcels.

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COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT TROXLEY

By German packet EUROPA



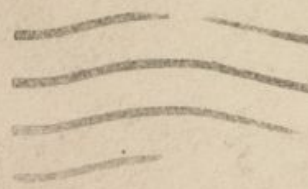
Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



NEW YORK
1891

NEW YORK

THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

15 January 1937.

Dearest Fine,

I must write a line to catch the Europa tomorrow - and I shall not be able to write this evening because I have promised Dukes to go to see the York Nativity Play which Martin Browne has put on at the Mercury, and this is the last opportunity. Dukes has taken Martin into partnership with him. "Murder" has picked up again since Christmas, by the way, and last week was the most successful they have had; so Mr. Mitchelhill wants to continue it indefinitely at the Duchess into the spring. That makes it uncertain whether they will try to go to America in the autumn. And I have to go to my office this morning, as my new secretary has just turned up again, and needs to be inducted, and besides there is a great accumulation of work for her. I have been without a secretary for two weeks, as the new one (not exactly new, as she was in the office already) came down with influenza and rheumatism. She is much quieter and less pugnacious than the last one, so the atmosphere is pleasanter.

I thank you for your little note of New Year's Day and for your long letter of the 4th. I am very sorry to hear of Betty Lou Snider's death. I remember her quite clearly, as she brought me my supper once when you left me to be fed in your sitting room: a nice girl I thought, and a serious one. I am glad that you did not hear of it until you were back at work again; and I hope that after the holidays, which as you know were not the holidays I should have wished for you, you are finding that the routine helps to balance you. I am ~~NOT~~ clear why you did not go to stay with the Havens's, or elsewhere; you did suggest beforehand that the dentist might keep you in Boston. I hope you will try to arrange definitely to visit friends during the Easter recess - I suppose that is of about the same length as Christmas. I thought perhaps you might visit the Thorps (I wish you had some close friends in New York, so that you might get a theatre now and then). I got off my note on Paul More to Willard yesterday - hurried and unsatisfactory of course. A piece of work I did for the BBC, selecting a programme of George Herbert's poems with an introduction for a 20 minute reading, involved me in more work than I had anticipated. I went to the rehearsal on ~~Monday~~ Tuesday, and then George Barnes, Mary Hutchinson's younger half-brother, who is now Assistant Director of Talks, fussed about wanting to have the poems read by two people in turn instead of one, and I didn't want Tandy's reading, to which he had given a good deal

of trouble, messed about like that, so for a compromise I agreed to come and read my own words of introduction. As the reading was at 10.40, that took up the whole evening. My Community Centre talk is accepted, but I must revise my Church Community & State talk in the light of criticisms of five friends; and I have started my "Revelation" essay.

I have finally arranged with Mrs. Seaverns to dine there on the 26th of this month.

I was interested in the leaflet of Canon Bell's Mission. I was not surprised, my dear, that you experienced some recurrence of the symptoms of depression at Christmas. Indeed, I expected it, and that was one reason why I wanted you to get out of Boston if possible. And I think that you ~~xxx~~ have probably not heard the last of them. And even if the next low moment is not as low as the last, it will probably seem so while you are in it; and it will probably be next summer or autumn before you feel yourself that you are on really firm ground. You have gone on very bravely, and I think that you will feel the reward of greater strength and serenity in time. I believe there is always a happiness possible and appropriate for every age and situation of life - we must learn to distinguish between the things we ought not to put up with but must make an effort to change, and the things we must learn to accept: and if we accept things we shouldn't (out of laziness, or fear, or a mistaken notion of duty) we are all the more liable to a brooding resentment over the things we ought to learn to accept. Of course, the happiness in some situations is much harder to come by than others - some happiness just comes of itself - but perhaps that which is more difficult to conquer is the finest and most enduring when it comes.

Always yours loving

Emilie Pomeroy

1954

1954

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF DALLAS, this 1st day of January, 1954, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears on file in the office of the County Clerk of said County of Dallas, State of Texas, to-wit:

1. A certain deed of conveyance, to-wit: a deed of conveyance from the State of Texas to the State of Texas, bearing date of the 1st day of January, 1954, and recorded in the public records of said County of Dallas, State of Texas, in Book 10, Page 10.

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COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL

MADE AT CRICKET

PAPER CHAMBER

COLNE WATLEY

By C.W.S. AQUITANIA.



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

18 January 1937.

Dear Tom,

I must write you a line tonight, though there is no boat for three days - but I am going to Hamlet complete tomorrow night, and if I can write on Wednesday, as I probably can, there will be other things to say - to thank you for your letter of the 6th, and to say how sorry I am to have your news about Miss Ware. It also goes to explain why you did not get away, and gives another reason besides those I know of, why your Christmas holiday was not a period of complete rest and refreshment. She is, I imagine, a person of great vitality, and so may recover from this attack: on the other hand it is sometimes more painful to see people of strong vitality attacked beyond their strength. I can understand your affection for her, and I know that she has had a useful part in your life that no other relative could have played. So I shall pray, unknowing what is happening, for her recovery.

I can also understand your despondency about your work; but dear, remember that this kind of despondency is caused by something quite outside your work, and is not a rational criticism of what you have done, and so you must struggle against it, not so much by thinking against the despondency, and trying to surpass yourself in order to satisfy yourself - but by quietly forgetting all about your doubts, so far as you can, and thinking of the work and the girls for whom you are working, rather than how well or badly you are doing it. Often, at such times, other people may judge that you are doing better than ever. It is not always when one feels most sure of oneself that one is doing one's best. If I could talk to you tonight I am sure I could persuade you and encourage you: let me feel that I can do something even with the typewriter and at ten days remove.

Emile's loving

Tom

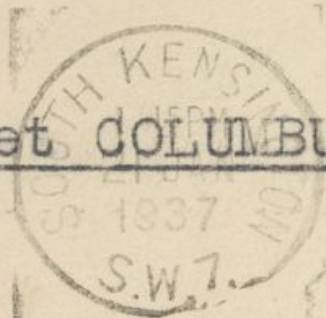
UNION

SOLAR VALLEY

THE GREAT

MADE IN

By German packet COLUMBUS.



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9943

TELEGRAMS: FABBAE WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

21 January 1937.

My dearest,

Your letter of January 12th came yesterday, together with one from Mrs. Perkins, and I write to express my sympathy in your loss. I had come to understand, of course, that your relations with Miss Ware were in some ways more intimate than with any other older person. So I know it is a very real loss indeed, and that no one can take her place. I realise more fully the strain that you must have been under, and I pray that God will give you the strength you need. I am glad that you have been at Penelope's and that she has been making you behave sensibly. My dear, I wish that I could have been on hand at this time to try to help you as is only possible when one word can be immediately responded to by another.

I have had a rehearsal for my next BBC talks, and hope to get a good start on my essay over this weekend. Martha Eliot is to be in town with her friend Ethel Dunham, and I have asked them to lunch on Saturday. She seems to be here entirely on business, and to be very busy indeed. And Martin Browne to lunch on Sunday, to discuss the future of the play, which is to go on tour soon. Martin produced a very good version of the York Nativity Play at the Mercury, which I saw a few days ago, but think I didnt mention. It was perhaps a little too consciously made to look like a Giotto, in staging design and colour, but on the whole was very well done. And night before last Mary Hutchinson - whom I had not seen for six months - took me to the complete Hamlet (Lawrence Olivier) at the Old Vic: it began at 7, and didnt end till 11.20! and we had to have some supper afterwards, so I was pretty late. But the play is worth it - I did not know how much better it is when it is not cut at all - there is one scene in particular, the passage of Fortinbras through Denmark, which is mangificently effective. Olivier is good - better than I should have expected, after his Romeo - except in the big soliloquies, which he overacts terribly. He has that trick of flopping on the floor and writhing about, which is not seemly for Hamlet.

My dear, I know that you will still have the strength to get through this term of teaching beautifully well.

With all my love and sympathy
Emile, from her Tom.

I suppose you
will reach
month
21st? or 22nd?
py - the nd?

How long does the
talk take -

THE REGION

GOLF VALLEY

MANAGEMENT

MADE AT BROOKS

ИЗДАНИЕ СЕРИИ

БИБЛИОТЕКА

СОФИЯ - АЗГЕА

MADE IN U.S.A.
FARMINGTON
GOLFNE WARE

DUCHESS THEATRE

CATHERINE STREET, ALDWYCH, W.C.2

Licensee J. P. MITCHELHILL

Manager JAMES DAVIS



EVENINGS (Except Monday) at 8.40

Matinees: WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30

LAST WEEKS

By arrangement with the Mercury Theatre

J. P. MITCHELHILL

presents

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL

A Play in Two Acts

by

T. S. ELIOT

Characters:

Thomas Becket	ROBERT SPEAIGHT
First Priest	ALFRED CLARK
Second Priest	DENIS CAREY
Third Priest	FRANK NAPIER
Herald	RUSSELL NAPIER
First Tempter and Knight	GUY SPAULL
Second Tempter and Knight	G. R. SCHJELDERUP
Third Tempter and Knight	NORMAN CHIDGEY
Fourth Tempter and Knight	E. MARTIN BROWNE

Chorus of "Women of Canterbury":

MARJORIE ANDERSON, BARBARA BERESFORD-PEIRSE, NINA EVANS,
VALERIE HALL, FAITH LORING, ELEANOR FRAYLE, NANCY LIND,
LOIS MILLER, PHEBE WATERFIELD

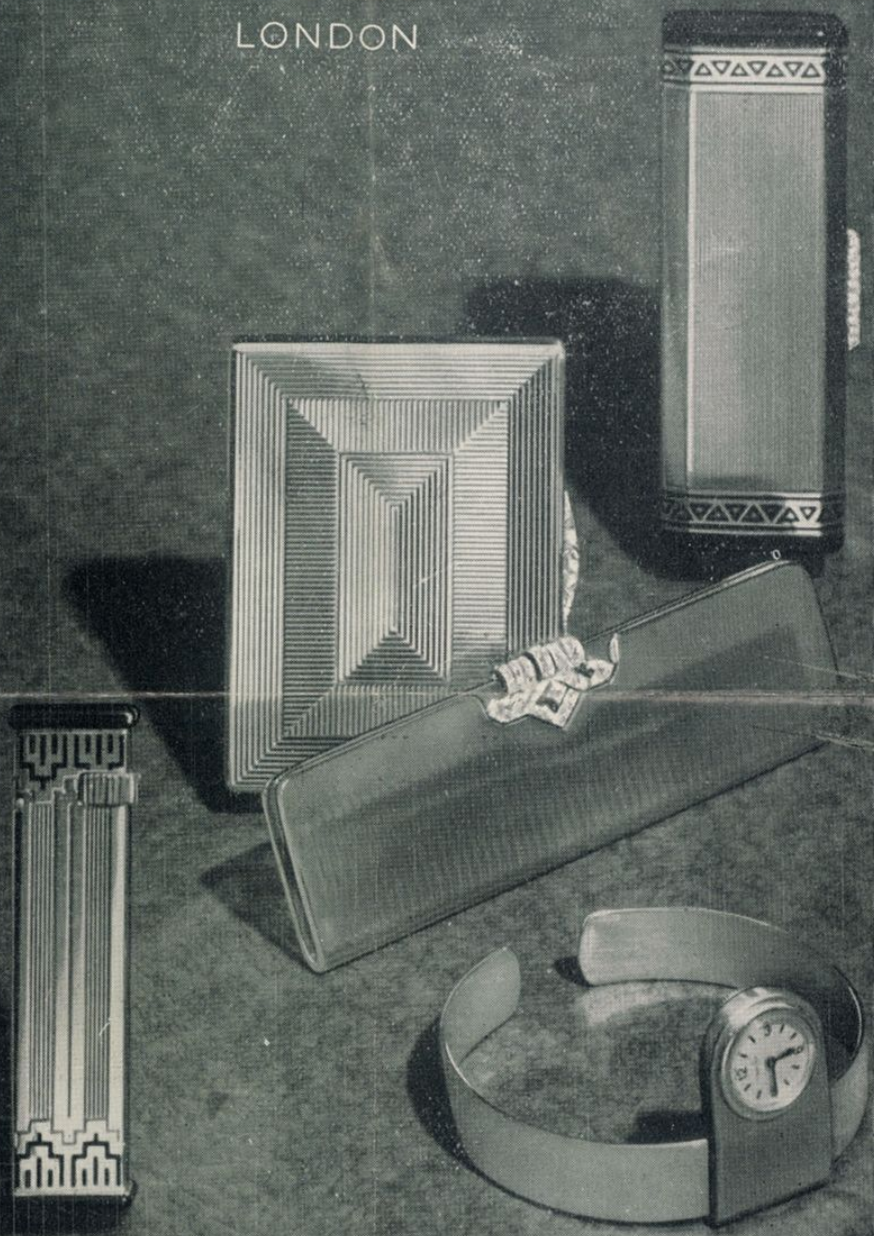
The play produced by E. MARTIN BROWNE

The Action passes within the Cathedral Precincts

*The Curtain will be lowered once during the 1st Act
to denote the passing of time*

One Interval of twelve Minutes

Cartier Ltd
LONDON



175. NEW BOND STREET

FROM CARTIER'S SILVER AND GOLD DEPARTMENT

By C.W.S. BERENGARIA.



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Called enclosure



THE
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EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

My dearest Paul,

27 January 1937.

I have your pencilled letter of the 12th from Penelope's, and your letter of the 14th (the former is a letter and the latter is a note, only the former is in pencil and the latter in ink) from Northampton. Alas I can only write a "note" (according to your exact measurements) in reply. The first part of this evening went in writing business notes, signing Vestry cheques, and writing a note to the vicar to say: "What about the item in petty cash 'Blake one pound for looking after garden?'" ; and after I have written to you I must spend the rest of the evening in composing a speech to make tomorrow afternoon to the General Meeting of the Catholic Literature Association. I shall have some time tomorrow evening and also Friday evening: so I shall probably write again, and more collectedly, either tomorrow or Friday. I certainly shall not after that for several days, because on Saturday I have to go to Cambridge with Faber (you may remember that we started in November but were withheld by fog and went to the pictures instead) to discuss the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Divinity Books with the Master of Corpus and Sir Edwyn Hoskyns. And on Monday evening there is to be a dinner in honour of "Murder in the Cathedral" at the Savile Club. Because at the end of the week "Murder" is to come off from the Duchess Theatre and go on tour; so Montgomery Belgion has got up this dinner, with Ashley Dukes and Bobby Speaight and Martin Browne and myself and a number of other people, no speeches and no evening dress, and Belgion says we shall have a very good Chateau Margaux. I have delivered my appeal on behalf of the North Kensington Community Centre, and I am told I did it ~~quite~~ quite well, and so far I have got in about £40 including the Misses Linwell of Tunbridge Wells who sent a subscription of sixpence for which I have written to thank them (I said "send your subscriptions, for which I will thank you myself...") but I expect about a hundred pounds more - and I appealed for £5000. So by Tuesday I may be able to write again.

Last night I dined finally with Mrs. Seaverns - alone with her - a very nice dinner - and we had a very pleasant evening. I think she is intelligent and perceptive - and I glad to think that she will be at Campden for a week next summer - and I think that she is appreciative of you and ready to understand your

difficulties. I find her very congenial.

I do hope that you have become absorbed in your work again: becoming "confused in class" is a small matter when one really cares about the progress of the individuals who compose it - any one who takes their work seriously may often feel "confused" in trying to explain it, and not being thoroughly glib. Of course I wish that you might get the kind of work, with dramatic production, that you really care for: but it is a great thing to do for these girls what you are set to try to do: and also if you have a couple of years at Smith, that should help very much in getting the work you want, somewhere else.

My dear, I count the time until you arrive in England. I only want to employ my time meanwhile so as to have something to show you (even if not to show anyone else) towards a play, when I see you.

*My dear very dear Emilie
from her Tom*

I am not so sure that I am satisfied with that Photograph. It might have been worse, but it might have been so much better. Still, there it is, for better or worse, framed, on my bedroom wall.

THE SONG OF THE JELICLES.

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats are rather small;
Jellicle Cats are merry and bright
And pleasant to hear when they caterwaul.
Jellicle Cats have ~~cheerful~~ faces,
Jellicle Cats have bright black eyes;
They like to practise their airs and graces
And wait for the Jellicle Moon to rise.

Jellicle Cats come out to-night,
Jellicle Cats come one come all.
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright,
Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball.

Jellicle Cats develop slowly,
Jellicle Cats are not too big;
Jellicle Cats are rolypoly,
They know how to dance a gavotte and a jig.
Until the Jellicle Moon appears
They make their toilette and take their repose:
Jellicles wash behind their ears,
Jellicles dry between their toes.

Jellicle Cats etc.

Jellicle Cats are white and black,
Jellicle Cats are of moderate size;
Jellicles jump like a jumpingjack,
Jellicle Cats have moonlit eyes.
They're quiet enough in the morning hours,
They're quiet enough in the afternoon,
Reserving their t^{er}psichorean powers
~~R&R~~ To dance in the light of the Jellicle Moon.

Jellicle Cats etc.

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats (as I said) are small;
If it happens to be a rainy night
They will practise a caper or two in the hall.
If it happens the sun is shining bright
You would say they had nothing to do at all:
They are resting and saving themselves to be right
For the Jellicle Moon and the Jellicle Ball.

Jellicle Cats etc.

MADE IN U.S.A.

PARACHUTE

COLNE VALLEY

EA

Duchess Theatre, Ltd.

Licensee: JOHN PERCY MITCHELHILL

CATHERINE STREET, ALDWYCH, W.C.2

Directors
J. P. MITCHELHILL
C. F. HALFORD

Directors' Office: TEMPLE BAR 1484
Box Office: TEMPLE BAR 8243/4
Manager & Stage Door: TEMPLE BAR 6867

25th January 1937.

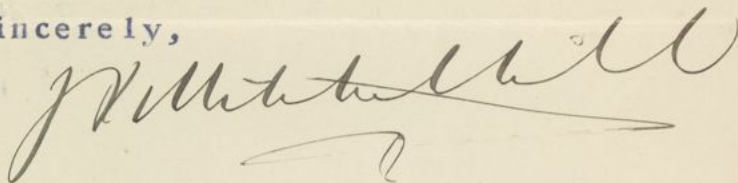
Dear Mr. Eliot,

Very many thanks for your kind letter.

It has been a privilege to present "Murder in the
Cathedral" at the Duchess.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,



T.S. Eliot, Esq.,
Oxford & Cambridge University Club,
Pall Mall,
S.W.1.

1864

It has been a great pleasure to receive your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

Very respectfully,
Wm. A. R. [Name]

HOPE COTTAGE
82 HIGH STREET
HAMPTON-ON-THAMES

TELEPHONE: MOLESEY 1413

Jan: 22nd. 1937

Most humbly we crave pardon most noble Possum
for not giving a single sign that a poem
about a Rum Tum Tigger Cat was received.
Received it was and much appreciated. During
the subsequent week the refrain got chanted
so often that it almost wore out — Sung in
fifty different sharps & flats it was by that
Pooney — there being no lantich brother to
say "Shurrup Alison!"

Alison she says you write to Possum and
tell him I loved that poem about the Rum
Tum Tigger Cat and will he write a poem
about Plente Spot which is neither Telleche
Cat or Polliche Dog so he must be Plente Spot
the Telleche Cat and what are we to do about
it? He don't behave like no cat that ever
was so much so that it was remarked that
Betty his mother might have been more careless
that we injured but Pop Tandy he says
De mortuis so we will let it rest. I mean

HOPE COURT
25 THOMAS STREET
HAMPTON & THAMES

to say it do look a bit empty. What sort
of cat goes for a perambulatory amble,
meander or mouche in the pouring rain
on a Sunday evening with the family Cur dog?
What sort of a cat goes for rides with the
youngest member of the family in a push-chair?
Now did you ever hear of a cat what sat on
the bath rack when you was having a bath and
put a cold paw on your spine? Cat he may be
in appearance but dog he is by nature. And the
outcome of all this will be either

(1) Plenty Spot chased to shades by other Hampton
Cats.

or

(2) 11th Tand, or families burnt as wicks etc
on Bell Hill Hampton. [The licensee supplies
the first match] Burning wicks is thirsty work
so trade at the Bell will be brisk.

Hoping you be tolerable in yourself as this
leaves me at present and with love from
the Family - from self
Yours respectfully
Pollitandy.

By U.S.L. WASHINGTON.



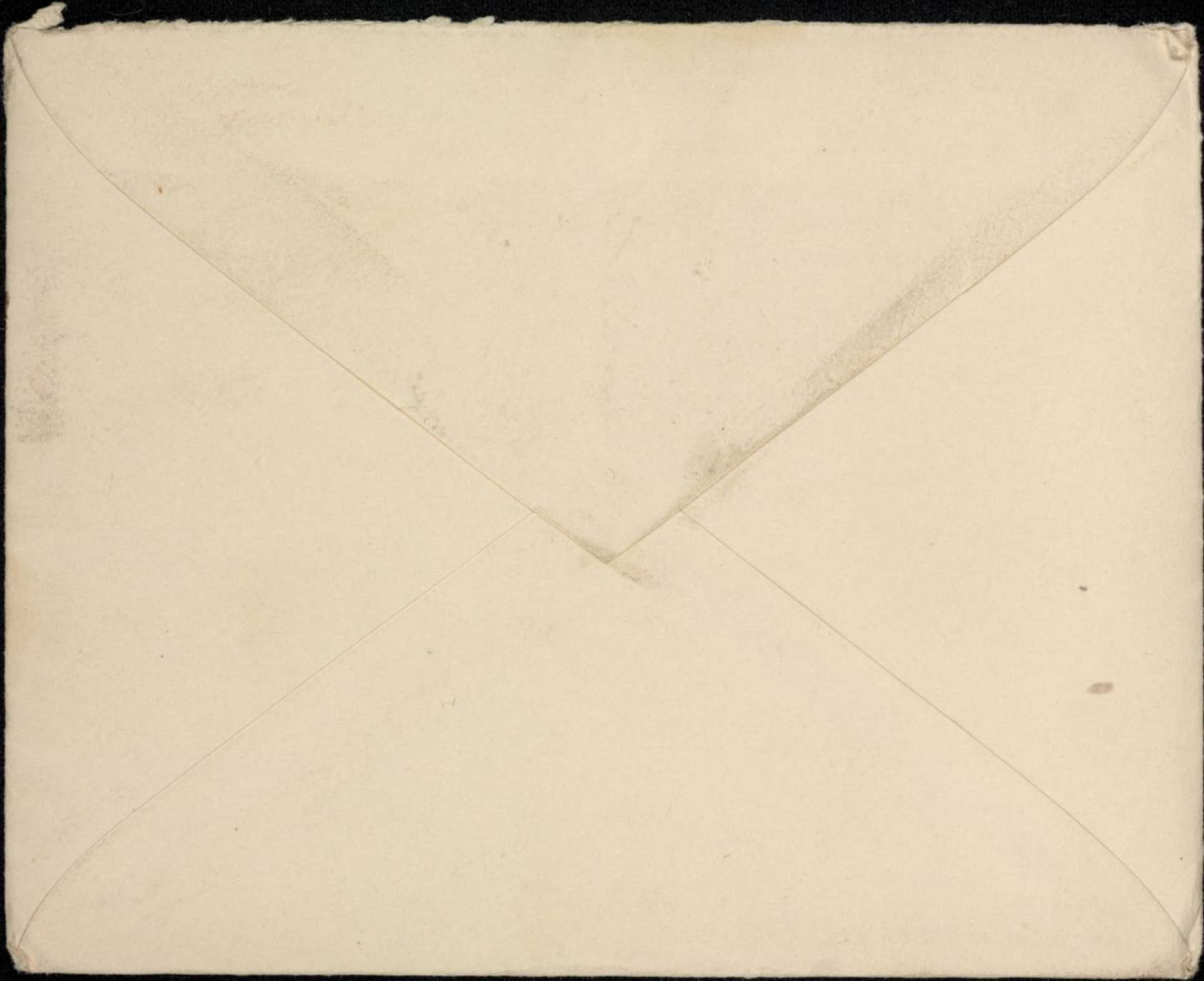
Miss Emily Hale,

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

Dear Emily,

29 January 1937.

I had made up my mind to write to you tonight - that sounds odd! I mean I was looking forward to having the time - but I had to bring home a lot of work, and business letters to write, besides those which I had given to my new secretary - because you see at the moment everybody - I mean all the directors - except Faber and me ~~xxx~~ ^{is} awgy with influenza - and I must get off a note to you at least by the Washington which sails tomorrow, and there is no other boat until the 3d - so this merely thanks you for your letter of the 21st, enclosing the cutting of Miss Ware's will, and conveys my constant prayers and a kiss, and we must go to Stratford to see Martin Browne's production of Midsummer Night's Dream, and indeed I admit I do like to do good causes and anything except writing poetry - except that it always appears afterwards that I do them worse than I do poetry - and I don't have to talk again until February 16th - but I have to go to Cambridge tomorrow to discuss the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and Divinity Books with Master Spens and Sir Hoskyns and Faber, and I will write before the 3d. and I am

my dear girl's

Tom

CORNER VALLEY

PARSONS BENT

MADE IN CHINA

THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

27 January.

Dear Father Cheetham,

In Prewett's petty cash items for this month I observe: "to Blake for keeping Garden in Order, £1:0:0." I have passed this, but I should like to know from you what Blake is supposed to get for keeping the garden in order, and what order in the garden is supposed to mean. Keeping the serpents out?

Yours

TSE

Prewett tells me this has always been done since head butts sacked the gardener & said Blake must do it. I know not all. I should

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By German packet HANSA.



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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

4 February 1937.

My dearest Giel,

It seems ever such a long time since I wrote last, and I hope the gap will not be tiresomely great. After the middle of the month - that is, after I have polished off my BBC speech and my Revelation contribution - I hope to have real leisure for work and letter writing. Somehow the work one doesn't want to do, always takes more time and interferes more with other important things, than the work one does want to do. The last week has been full. On Saturday I had to go with the Fabers to Cambridge, to stay with the Master of Corpus, to discuss the possibility of a new translation of the best text of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (which belongs to Corpus). This time, we did arrive, in spite of a snowstorm the day before (London was covered in snow) and a melting fog on the Saturday - arrived in time for tea with the Revd. Sir Edwyn Hoskyns (Lady Hoskyns in bed with a cold, which was a little difficult as the Fabers were staying with them) and then a meeting at Corpus. Afterwards, a large mixed dinner party in our honour - very tiring - I could hear myself at the end of the evening talking like automatism to a young lady who had taken her degree in theology, but who did not have much conversation. Early chapel, a walk with the Master, discussing the project of publishing a series of Divinity Books for schools - lunch with the Master and his wife (a terribly efficient woman, like the wife of a headmaster of a school) and three undergraduates, one of whom from Princeton. Asked about the American floods, neither I nor the undergraduate from Princeton knew the flood districts. Then I managed to get a nap, and woke up just in time to go to tea with the Pickthorns; then back to dress and Evensong in the Chapel (a sermon delivered by someone called the Master of the Charterhouse, with which Spens - the Master - disagreed violently; and then the long ceremony of dinner in Hall. There was no rest on returning on Monday, because this "Murder in the Cathedral" Dinner, which Montgomery Belgion, with the connivance of Bobby Speaight, had arranged at the Savile Club, took place. I went, and went away, with John Hayward. Apparently it was considered a success: but to me such dinners, like Criterion evenings, always seem incredibly dreary, and I find it hard to believe that others are enjoying them. I was suddenly struck with the pathos of all the men present, and could hardly bear it; but apparently they bore it themselves. And

last night I had to dine with one of my young men (more correctly, one of Ivor Richards's young men, Bill Empson, and two friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Trevelyan - rather frowsy and tedious young people - and then Empson took us on to John Hayward's (not realising how frequently I see John, but it was better than spending the rest of the evening with them alone). And we dined at a Chinese Restaurant (which is cheap) and I detest Chinese food, and the tedium of eating with chopsticks. And I am thankful that I don't have to see anyone until Monday: except that I have to (when I say have I mean that Frank rather suggested it) take Christina Morley to tea somewhere on Sunday, because Donald had been stricken with Scarlet Fever and taken from his school to the London Fever Hospital, and he can only be visited on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons, and so Christina is to be in town on Sunday. And I have just had to write Donald a letter.

That covers, sketchily, the small ~~chat~~ of the moment, of the past week. I was happy to get your letter of the 26th, and to know that you had just received two letters from me. (By the way, my curiosity would love to know to whom that inscribed copy of The Sacred Wood was inscribed!) ... We shall both, I hope, be dining with Mrs. Seaverns again if I can be asked to Camden when she is staying there - but I confess, as time is so precious, that I had rather be asked to Camden during the spaces when there are NO other visitors. (But do you think I don't remember that afternoon when I waited craning my neck for you at the Albert Hall, and saw you arriving, and then we went out into the pouring rain ('eavens 'ard it was) and I found a taxi by luck, and we went on to tea with Mrs. Seaverns?).

It is quite natural and right that you should feel dissatisfied with your teaching during the first term - for it is on the whole a new work for you, and one ought to feel dissatisfied with what one does at first - not that it is not galling to receive hints that one might be better. But I know that it is work that you can do almost better than anybody, when you master the technique of it. And it is not good to be depressed about it, and I hope you are really ceasing to be. Once you consider it really worth your while to do, you will do it as well as anyone could. And even if you would rather find a place elsewhere, I believe that two years at Smith will stand you in better stead than one. There are a good many people who can produce plays more or less, and there is no absolute criterion for it. But there are very few people in America who speak as good English as you do; and therefore - as you have a gift for teaching what you care about to the girls who care - very few who can teach it so well as you can. Not that I don't want for you what you want for yourself!

I now mean to throw myself in a fury at finishing this essay on Secularism for "Revelation" - and get rid of it - so as to be free to try to do what I want to do - though not what I know I can do. That is part of the excitement, as it always has been: trying something in the direct line of what I know I can do, but

possibly just a little beyond my powers.

Dear my Love, I don't want you to give up wanting any of the things you do want, but I do want you to be able to do to your very high best the things that you can do that lie immediately before you.

To my beloved Emile

from her Tom

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE
COTNE VALLEY
HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
THAT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
BOARD WILL BE HELD AT THE
HOTEL MICHIGAN, DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1912,
AT 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

WATERLOO, ONTARIO
COTNE VALLEY
MICHIGAN
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
HOTEL MICHIGAN
MAY 15, 1912
AT 10 O'CLOCK A.M.

MARCHING SONG OF THE POLLICLE DOGS.

There are dogs out of every nation -
The Irish, the Welsh and the Dane;
The Russian, the Dutch, the Alsatian,
And even from China and Spain.
The Poodle, the Pom, the Dalmatian,
And the mastiff who walks on a chain.
And to those who are frisky and froliccal
Let my meaning be perfectly plain:
That my name it is little Tom Pollicle
And you'd better not do it again.

There are dogs that are sniffy and curious,
There are dogs that are sleepy and dumb.
There are dogs that are sly and injurious,
There are dogs that are growly and glum.
There are dogs that are frantic and furious,
And I say of such: let 'em all come.
There are dogs that are rowdy and rolliccal;
Let my meaning be perfectly plain:
That my name it is little Tom Pollicle
And you'd better not do it again.

There are dogs that are frowsy and frumpious,
There are dogs that are weakly and frail,
There are dogs that are gloomy and grumpious,
There are dogs that are sickly and pale.
But I say to the surly and mumpious:
Just you tread on the end of my tail!
For my meaning is not amphibolical,
And I'd like it to be very plain
That my name it is little Tom Pollicle
And you'd better not do it again.

For our motto is recte et fortiter -
That's the word of the Pollicle Clan.
We will bark it at every auditor,
We will bark at dog, devil or man.
We will bark at defamer or laudator,
We will bark just as loud as we can.
And be ye the most diabolical
Of what diabolic may be:
Yet my name it is little Tom Pollicle -
And WHA MAUN MEDDLE WI' ME?

COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT CROLEY

By German packet BREMEN.



Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



9.20 'CHURCH, COMMUNITY,
AND STATE'—6
The Church's Message to the World
T. S. Eliot, Litt.D.

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 Dear Dove,

Friday 12 February 1937.

It is over a week since I have written, and it seems much longer I caught a violent and unmistakeable head cold last Thursday - sneezes and sneezes - the conventional precautions of Whisky, Aspirin and a mustard bath proved quite useless - so I spent Friday and most of Saturday in bed, and was completely cured on Sunday. It has not shaken my faith in inoculations, because it remained a head cold instead of getting at the chest as always before, and it went very quickly. I think it is simply that my body occasionally insists on having a day or two sleeping in bed, and so puts up the only pretense it knows - anyway, I felt better after it than before. It unfortunately occurred at a time when there were no engagements to be cancelled except the dentist (who is still working away at my broken tooth) and I was up and about in time to fulfil my engagement to go to the Pantomime with the Fabers and Morley (Christina wouldnt go because she hates Pantomimes): "Cinderella" at the Colosseum on the Monday. It seemed to me, who had never been to a Panto before, to be a very degenerate specimen of a very good tradition. Possibly it is part of the pantomime tradition that nobody in it can act. But I want to try again next year with some other classic of the pantomime stage, such as Ali Baba. On Tuesday I had to dine with the Maclagans, who are almost neighbours, and meet Miss Helen Waddell, the mediaeval scholar, whom I found to be Irish and very fatiguing, and they made me read "Burnt Norton" which I had never done in company before, and think I did not do as well as it should be done. And on Wednesday (after the book committee) I went to bed and slept; and last night I had to dine with Tandy at George Barnes's - which may be more useful for Tandy than for me. Oh yes, I had to take Christina to tea at the Berkeley on Sunday, because Donald has Scarlet Fever and has been sent from his school to the London Fever Hospital, and Sunday is the visiting day, and she had just been to see him, and had nowhere for tea before she took a train home. Donald has a very light case, however, and is all ready for jig saw puzzles.

I am looking forward to the end of my travaux forcés: my BBC talk is on Tuesday evening, and I hope to finish my Revelation article tomorrow, and then I have to write my Commentary, and during next week do some notes on the Late Crisis for the New English

Weekly, and then I am quite free. I don't know whether I shall like my Revelation Article or not: it is quite a long one, for me, as it is already 27 pages and should be about 34 altogether, and I daren't read over what I have written until I have finished. You shall see it as soon as I have a proof: but I have to send the top copy to John Baillie in Edinburgh, and the carbon to Oldham. But I think that I like what I say about D.H. Lawrence better than what I wrote about him in "After Strange Gods".

In your letter of February you speak of your relations with older women - I also owe a good deal to friendships with older men, especially Charles Whibley and Paul More. The enclosed from More's daughter gave me a great deal of pleasure, especially as I can reciprocate and say that I feel closer to More than to any other of my friends.

I will send you next week the "Listener" print of my talk. I am NOT profiting by it: the BBC give fifteen guineas, but I felt that one ought not to take money for doing a thing like that, so I have asked them to pay it to the Endowment Fund of St Stephen's. But I am getting 26 guineas for my 17th Century poetry selections, so I ought to be able to forego the other without feeling magnanimous about it.

I do hope, dear, that after your mild winter you are not now afflicted with extreme cold - because I think Northampton might be a very cold place indeed. Don't think that in anything I said about one's attitude towards pupils, I supposed for a moment that you were failing to give yourself completely to them. But some "giving oneself" is exhausting, and some is life-giving, and one has to learn to give to others in a way that is at the same time giving to oneself! I feel quite sure that you will do more for them and feel a greater assurance of success this term than before. And I do hope that you will be at Smith for another year at least, because it ought to provide a backing for getting almost any kind of job elsewhere that you want, including the producing of plays.

"Murder" is really going on the road: it starts in a week's time at Leeds for a fortnight, and thence to Manchester.

Lent has begun suddenly, so early that one is not prepared for it. Ash Wednesday is over, and Easter does not seem far off. I like to think that we are especially together at such seasons, Advent and Lent, just as I always feel you especially beside me when I pray. I am glad that Mr. Ockenden spoke to you about confirmation; and although I can understand that you cannot give the mind to it during this first and difficult year of teaching in a new kind, yet I hope that you will be at Smith another year at least, and that you will consider seriously taking advantage of this a year hence. After all, one cannot go on being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian at the same time.

I do long for you to be sitting before the fire with me, in

the evening when I am alone. And when I wake up in the morning,
always. And I long for June to come. But I hope that I may
have something, in the way of dramatic poetry, to offer you by
then!

to my Emilie from
her Tom

the eye, and then I am alone. ...
-frown, and I look for a moment ...
the ... the ... of ...
I ...

MADE IN GERMANY

PARCHMENT

CORNE VALLEY

MRS. HARRY B. FINE
59 BATTLE ROAD
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Dear Mr. Eliot-

My father has been
so ill that he has been unable to
write letters for several weeks. But
last night he gave me this one

for you.

I was going to write you myself
because I wished you to know
what very real pleasure your
letters and article have given
father. They both arrived last
week and I have read and
reread them to him.

We have often talked of you

visit to Princeton last fall and he
has said to me many times that
he feels closer to you than to
any other of his friends.

sincerely yours

Mary Darrak Fine

MRS. HARRY B. FINE
59 BATTLE ROAD
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

January 26-1937

my dear Eliot: -

One of the most serious inconveniences of my position is that I must remain dumb to your most interesting letters.

Your last letter interested me particularly by its statement of the similarity of our experience and views. I thought your little historical personal sketch written for the alumni Bulletin was in its way (including clearness and simplicity) one of the best things

you have done

I think a good deal as I lie
here about this sympathy of our
final positions and the thought gives
me great comfort and satisfaction.

sincerely yours

Paul E. Moore
M. D. 7.

By German packet



Redwood

Miss Emily Hale,
240 Crescent Avenue,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

*This is a
new pen. but
not a very good
one ✓*

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

19 February 1937.

My dearest Girl

I am writing to you on Friday morning to catch the "Europa", as I have arranged with Belgion to go with him to see "Uncle Vanya" (which I have never seen) at the Westminster Theatre to-night. I am feeling a bit freer. My broadcast was done on Tuesday evening, and I am told, went off quite well: anyway, I enclose the pages from "The Listener" which printed it in full. At the same time, I have sent off to Oldham my essay for his book; and if they (he and John Baillie) don't like it, there will be nothing to do but leave it out, as there isn't time, I am glad to say, for me to write another. And my next public engagement is on March 10th, when I have to do a turn at Londonderry House on behalf of the Red Cross League - I dislike doing this, but Enid Faber, who is very keen on this work, asked me, so what could I do? I also enclose my note about More from the Princeton Alumni Weekly: I don't know whether it is at all good or not, but (as you know) More liked it and that was the main thing.

Yes, I have heard about the Yale exhibition from both Miss Manwaring and Donald C. Gallup, who is the moving spirit. This Gallup is a rather pathetic young man, because he has no money, and must have squandered what is for him a very tidy sum on buying first editions of my books, old magazines, and even a brief correspondence of some years ago between me and Arnold Bennett. It seems very strange to me that an intelligent youth should take so much trouble and expense over fetishes. It is alright for Miss Manwaring, who is just a little hoarder and collector anyway and has I think very little interest in literature for its own sake. Did they accept the items you offered to lend?

I agree that Mrs. Seaverns is sensitive and perceptive, and I enjoy seeing her.

The photograph - it is a small cabinet of which I should like to know the date - head and neck only - in an evening dress of a sort of Jane Austin cut, with curls down over the neck. Right profile. My criticism of it is that though it an excellent pose the photographer has rather sentimentalised it, and used that detestable trick (especially unappreciative for a profile of beautiful

lines) of blurring the outline and making it fuzzywuzzy. That arty affectation has now gone out, and photographers like Man Ray now overdo themselves to make lines brutally hard and sharp. But I am glad to have the photograph.

You are perfectly right about my duty to avoid engagements; and you need not put such criticism so diffidently! Speak out bold & clear, as you have the right to. I know that talking is not my business - nobody ought to be expected to do both talking and writing anyway. The requests increase - and I refuse a larger proportion than ever - in fact I grudge the time I have to give even to dictating letters of refusal, though for ordinary ones my secretary now knows what to say without my dictating them all separately. A large number I know to reject without hesitation as unsuitable: I wish I had kept count of the number of requests I had to give Lenten addresses! I don't want to set up as a lay preacher. When the invitations come from people I know (e.g. the Principal of Pusey House who are having a Jubilee in June) I have to compose a fresh letter each time: when they are from strangers my secretary can do it. There are also letters from strangers asking for information about my work or what I think about this or that - I have had to stop answering these, because many of the questions would take thousands of words to answer properly; requests to sign manifestoes - which sometimes involve a letter of explanation of why I object to signing them; people who want poetry criticised - I don't do this any more, unless there is some personal claim.

I admit that I do need a period to fertilise my mind - fill up the reservoir - and let ideas germinate without forcing them.

I dined last night with the Stuart Moores - it was really on business, and I wanted to discuss this question of divinity books with her - it is a queer wildgoose chase - everyone agrees that good books for teaching divinity in schools are very much needed, but I have not yet found anybody to edit such a series. She has now set me on to the Headmaster of Marlborough and the Archdeacon of Auckland. I am very sorry that you did not meet her.

I very much hope that Neilson will want you to stay on for another year; and I believe that you will be, in retrospect and when you can see things in proportion, very much less dissatisfied with your work than you are still.

There is a prospect of our selling Grenville Place before the summer (I say we, because it is in the names of the vicar and wardens). I think it would be a very good thing, and the vicar would be glad to be relieved of running such a houseful. The house is old, and dilapidations at the end of the lease will be expensive, and it is not an ideal situation. It is possible that the curates may go to 22 Bina Gardens (Hayward's house) and in that case I should probably share a flat with the vicar. He understands that I should want two good rooms, and my meals to myself. He would take Elizabeth (I should be less anxious to stay with him without Elizabeth); and of

course it would have to be pretty near by. Otherwise, I had thought of sharing something with John. At least, I feel that he ought to have at least one of his friends fairly near by.

I kiss you and pray for you, my Emily.

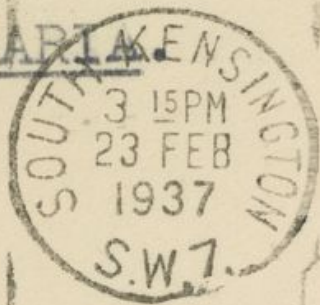
Your Tom

МАРШУКОВ С.А.

БУКСИВЕР

СОФИА АРГЕН

By C.W.S. BERENGARIA



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

23 February 1937.

Sean & Dove,

I have had a note from Oldham saying that he likes my Revelation essay better than any of the others - and I have had this note from George Barnes (Assistant Director of Talks at the BBC, Mary Hutchinson's brother) and I have written my commentary, and my notes on the Crisis for the NEW (and Mairet tells me that he likes them) and that ended up a busy week. Also I went to "Uncle Vanya" at the Westminster - a very good production, indeed, I thought. It was the first Tchekhov play that I had ever seen. I find from this that they are very much better on the stage than to read. When I have read them, they seemed almost tiresomely Russian, and inviting caricature, everybody miserable and helpless and dithering and drinking vodka instead of doing anything about it. But Uncle Vanya when acted did not remind me of its Russian-ness particularly, the people seemed like human beings. And it had a quality that came out in playing - something that I admire, and which presents a problem that I have not yet had to tackle myself: a kind of balance between the characters. I don't mean by balance, that each character should be fully drawn - I mean, I mean more than that - because each character can be drawn fully in such a way that they distract attention from each other, which is bad. I mean drawing each character fully within the circle of a given situation - the effect of a lot of people whose lives are inextricably tangled up with each other not because they love each other, or are congenial, or simply because of business and exterior circumstances, but in such a way as to give a pattern to the group, suggesting a kind of musical analogy - so that each has his part to play like an instrument in a small orchestra. That's what I should like to get - ~~ax~~ a situation - not just one figure to which all the rest are merely foils.

I dine with the Hutchinsons/ tonight, and on Friday take the Fabers to the "Ascent of F6" first night: Faber takes an almost childish pleasure in being sent complimentary tickets for a first night, something that never happened to him before (though he could have had them for my first night at Canterbury, but preferred to go later on). And while clearing up some odds and ends of manuscript reading, I am casting about in my head for my plot. The weather is bright and cold; I hope you are not petrified with cold

now after an unnaturally open winter up to February. What will you be doing at Easter? I hope that after the fatigue of the examinations, you have been able to get on more easily with the actual teaching and at the same time recover a bit.

to my Emili
from her loving Tom! "



3 Albert Terrace N.W. 1.

12/2/37

My dear Eliot,

It was nice of you to write. I am sorry that you should ever have felt misgivings that your trouble over Church Communism & Stalin had not been worth while. I can assure you that the result was very fine. The thought behind your words was apparent in the vistas which each sentence opened up, and yet the words remained simple and the sense immediately apparent. I found that I could understand what you were saying all the time, but that I was saying to myself "I must go and read this afterwards in order to follow up that train of thought". And curiously enough you were so excited that your voice changed. You need not fear that anyone will say again to you that your voice is not good for broadcasting.

Whatever you put into that talk was worth while. It ranks as the most moving broadcast I have yet heard.

Yours ever

George Bernard Shaw

12/2/37

At the time of the
writing

of the 2nd

It was not of your to write a very long letter
to the Board of Directors, but I have written to you
in the Board of Directors, and I will be very glad to
to see you and that the work was very fine. I
thought that you were very helpful in the matter of
the work of the Board of Directors, and I found that
I could not do it all myself. I was very glad to
find that I was not alone in my opinion. I was
very glad to find that you were not alone in
your opinion.

I hope that you will find this letter
of interest. I have not written to you
for some time, but I have not forgotten
you. I hope that you will find this letter
of interest. I have not written to you
for some time, but I have not forgotten
you.

Yours truly,
John D. Brown