

## Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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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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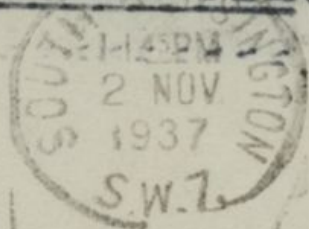
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By French packet NORMANDIE.



LETTER POST



Miss Emily Hale,  
22, Paradise Road,  
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 dearest Lady.*

All Souls: 1937.

I have two letters for which to thank you, and tomorrow sails the first boat since my return on Saturday. One letter was waiting my return and the other arrived this evening by the Bremen. Edinburgh was a very busy and tiring visit, but I believe satisfactory. I arrived on Tuesday morning and drove to the Maitlands, whom I had never seen before. They are evidently wealthy people, and both very attractive, especially Mrs. Maitland. Immediately I felt that I was back in South Kensington - one would hardly know that they were Scotch - and indeed it transpired that they had both lived in South Kensington. Mrs. M. is very musical, and is said to play very well - she was the first pupil of Sir Donald Tovey, who was the chief guest at lunch on the first day - the others Oliver Richmond and his wife - a brother of Bruce Richmond who is Professor of Latin. A nap after lunch; then hurried tea and gave my first lecture to a packed, but not very large hall at the University. After that back to the Maitlands to dress for a large dinner party there: Lord & Lady Normand (A judge); Mr. & Mrs. Cursiter (Director of the National Gallery); Mr. & Mrs. Peck (official of the Board of Education - his wife turned out to be one of our novelists whom I have never read, and a sister of Ronald and E.V. Knox); a Lady Finlay, said to own "The Scotsman", or her husband did; and a Mr. & Mrs. Blair, who were invited because they were just young people. The next day I had to go to a lunch at the Union given for the above-mentioned Peck, who made a speech - I have quite forgotten where I had tea; but after my lecture I dressed and went to Professor Kemp Smith's to dinner, and thence on to a "reception" (men only) at the University. Thursday Dover Wilson had a lunch party at a hotel; we had tea with the English Association at the North British Hotel, after which I gave a poetry reading - then I moved from the Maitlands, as Dover Wilson wanted me to spend a night with him at his house in Balerno, so that night I had a quiet dinner. On Friday morning (rainy) I took a walk with Dover Wilson over the Pentland Hills, went to lunch with the Adam Smiths (who spoke warmly of you) and wondered how on earth you found their house; went back to the Dover Wilsons, dressed, packed, and spent my last evening with a dining club, the "Common Room Club", where all the same men turned up again - Kemp Smith, Lord Normand, John Baillie (oh yes, that was where I had tea on Wednesday), Sir Donald Tovey, J.C. Smith and Sir Robert Greig, Dr. Moray Mackenzie etc. etc. And was very glad to get into my sleeping car - did not sleep very well, and dozed most of Saturday. Sunday a lunch



party of the Vicar's at the Kensington Palace Hotel, in honour of Archdeacon Phillimore, and I had to sit between two ladies whom I knew nothing about, and had also to talk to an earnest student from Ceylon. And last night a small dinner of the Literary Society, where I found myself between Duff Cooper and somebody named Tommy Lascelles who was not bad company. And I have tonight and tomorrow night at home; and Thursday to Mrs. Seaverns to meet Dr. & Mrs. Perkins, on Friday with John Hayward (sharing a car with him) to the Tandys Guy Faux' Day fireworks party - and on Saturday to Conrad Aiken's<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> (I shall be glad when that is over). And to-day I had to look in on Ottoline, and to my vexation found it a tea-party, and a young Italian, and Juliette Huxley, and Djuna Barnes! who has turned up in London, and I suppose I shall have to take her out to dinner.

I enjoyed Edinburgh nevertheless - one of the pleasant places to visit. My lectures were well received, and my reading still more so. I read what I wanted to - nothing choral or dramatic, because that is intended for other voices than mine - but some of the poems that are more difficult to read, ending with "Burnt Norton". I also attended Sir Herbert Grierson's Rectorial Address in the same McEuen Hall that you remember. There was considerable apprehension lest the students would be up to their traditional tricks of throwing tomatoes and bags of flour about: and as Lady Grierson only died the week before, the old man was very shaky. Fortunately, the students minded their manners; gave him a warm welcome, and sat through his address as if it were a sermon. It was the first rectorial address in the history of the university, that has been audible - and would have been more so if the microphone in front of Grierson had communicated with the hall, as it should have done, instead of merely with the B.B.C. I hope that you will meet Grierson when he comes to Smith, and give him my love: he is quite a grand old man, and a great scholar. You should get him to read from Burns - but remember that he is not a Scot - but a Shetlander, which is quite a different thing, because the people from Orkney and Shetland are pure Norwegians in blood.

I am very sorry about the 86 s! WAS that parcel left open at the ends, or not - because I gave careful instructions that the last parcel should be left open at the ends, and I want to know whether you are summoned to the postoffice to pay duty on open-ended books. I wait to hear about furs, or furbelows. I am glad you are going to concerts - even if no better than what you have just reported on - and hope that you are really seeing more people this year, and that your work, in the second year, can be taken more easily.

I am starting to get down to the play - this morning typed out a fair copy of as much of the second part as is written - and must quickly do another copy of the first part, because Martin Browne is wondering whether he should go to America or not (letter enclosed); and I can only say to him that I do want him here to produce The Family Reunion, only I don't want him to decide without having seen what there is of the play - and he can make up his mind whether the



text is promising enough -allowing for an indefinite amount of rewriting - to justify his waiting at home for it. The play is announced for the spring, so I do hope I can finish it! But a devil of a lot has got to happen in the last half of the second act - and the latent hostilities between Amy, Agatha and Mary have got to come to the surface with all the fury that Racine could give them - if I am to get away with the slowness of the action so far. Suspense there is - but there is a point beyond which suspense can be abused.

Did I tell you that I did write my commentary about the Nuffield gifts to Oxford? and somewhat about the National Theatre. I do hope that you will like what I have written about Oxford, because I feel strongly about that, and I should like to send a copy to that wooden Halifax (who sat across the table last night) and that wooly Lindsay. Speaking of Lindsay reminds me that Marguerite de Bassiano has turned up! still owing about thirty pounds to the bookseller - her daughter is having her exhibition of pictures - and wrote to me, yrs affectionately, bold as brass. Speaking of pictures reminds me that Wyndham Lewis (with whom I am at the moment on very friendly terms) has written a most amusing book of reminiscences, "Blasting and Bombadiering", which I must send you, because it has quite an hilarious account of an incident which I had forgotten, when he and I went to Paris in 1920 carrying a parcel from Ezra Pound for James Joyce, which proved to contain a pair of old shoes.

Here is a letter which is nothing but chatter - like too many of my letters, I fear - but when one has been away for a week without writing, one feels impelled to account for one's actions. I shant be able to write again till Monday or Tuesday - but I hope that this NOTE will do until then - and after that, except for a weekend at Kelham and a "Thanksgiving" weekend at the Morleys, I hope to have a quiet winter - enough to write you many of a different and more serious kind of letter than this. So I remain, dear madam, your devoted and obedient servant and adoring

T. P. S. S. S.

And I hope they sent you nice roses for your birthday, my dear, as I ordered them.



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TELEPHONE { 2881 TORQUAY  
TELEGRAMS }

HARDMAN'S  
LIVERMEAD  
CLIFF HOTEL  
TORQUAY

25-10-1937

My dear Tom,

We had a pleasant week in Edinburgh, and a foggy and unprofitable one in New Brighton, where Bobbie broke his record by being off with a bad chill. Now we've reached Devon & he's better, and business looks like being better too.

Next week, when we play at Bromley, I am living at home, and the American project will be up for serious discussion. One point



about it concerns me deeply, and I should be very grateful for your views upon it.

Ashley is anxious for me to go, if possible for the whole visit. But he is also, as you will have seen, advertising your new play for "the New Year". He has admitted that he was, in doing so, contemplating the idea of someone other than myself producing it, feeling that I should be more useful to his interests in the U.S. - But, for my own part, I am not prepared



TELEPHONE | 2881 TORQUAY  
TELEGRAMS

HARDMAN'S  
LIVERMEAD  
CLIFF HOTEL  
TORQUAY

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2.

to surrender that production for anything  
whatever, if you definitely want me  
to do it. You know you need not  
scruple to tell me honestly how much  
importance you attach to my participation:  
and I should be very grateful to know this  
in trying to solve whatever problem may  
arise.

I should be perfectly willing, if  
convenient, to go to America and should indeed enjoy



it: but the new play is to me the most important thing.

If you could send me a line about the matter to this address, I should be glad, & will keep it in confidence as far as you like.

Dore has very kindly invited Henry & myself to hear Spenser's play read on Sunday. I will let you know what it sounds like.

Yours ever,

Martin.



THREE BEECHES,  
BALERNO,  
MIDLOTHIAN.  
TEL. BALERNO 2216.

9th. October 1937.

My dear Eliot,

I now have the arrangements for your visit more or less worked out. There are one or two details still to be decided, but perhaps you will allow me to let you know those later. I enclose a provisional programme.

The two undecided items, lunch on Wednesday and Thursday, depend on whether there is something in the nature of a rectorial lunch. If there is, Mrs. Dover Wilson and I hope to invite a few friends to meet you to lunch on Wednesday; this would be at an Hotel in Edinburgh. If there is no rectorial lunch, we should have the same party on the Thursday, but I will let you know about this later.

I am announcing your University lectures as 'Two Lectures on Shakespeare.' This leaves you to decide on the titles of the separate lectures when you like.

As to clothes, Mrs. Maitland tells me that she is having a black tie dinner on the Tuesday. This means there will be no need for you to bring a double lot of evening clothes with you; a dinner jacket will do for all other evening engagements.

Please let me know if there is anything in this that does not seem to you clear. I am sure you will like the Maitlands



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES  
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN BLDG.  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

Oct. 19, 1971

My dear Bill:

I now have the arrangements for your visit more or less worked out. There are one or two details still to be decided, but perhaps you will allow me to let you know these later.

I enclose a provisional program.

The two undecided items, lunch on Wednesday and Thursday, depend on whether there is something in the nature of a reception lunch. If there is, Dave Wilson and I hope to invite a few people to meet you to discuss technicalities. This would be in the hotel in Chicago. If there is no reception lunch, we would have the same party on the Thursday, but I will let you know about this later.

I am announcing your University lectures as two lectures on Thursday. This leaves you to decide on the titles of the separate lectures when you like.

As to clothes, Mrs. Kallin tells me that she is having a black tie dinner on the Tuesday. This means there will be no need for you to bring a double lot of evening clothes with you; a dinner jacket will do for all other evening engagements. Please let me know if there is anything in this that does not seem to you clear. I am sure you will like the Kallinada



(2)

THREE BEECHES,  
BALERNO,  
MIDLOTHIAN.  
TEL. BALERNO 2216.

very much. They are charming people, and have got an interesting collection of people to meet you at dinner, including the Headmaster of the Academy, Curator of the National Gallery, the head of the Education Department, and so on.

Yours ever,

J. Doon Wilson

I don't think after all that there is a concert on Thursday. But I expect you'll be quite ready for an amply evening after all your labours. Three Beches is a very simple cottage & we shall give you supper not dinner. The Adam Smiths are very anxious to meet you & so we've surrounded you to them for lunch on Friday, ~~which~~ & as I have to be in Edinburgh early next afternoon I don't wish anything of you by 80 being.



LETTER  
NO. 100  
MAY 1914

very much. They are charming people, and have got an interesting  
collection of people to meet you at dinner, including the  
Headmaster of the Academy, Curator of the National Gallery, the  
head of the Education Department, and so on.

Yours ever,

David Wilson

BRATISLAVA

and thank you for the letter of the 10th inst.

The meeting was made in GREAT BRITAIN with a view to  
an early decision upon the subject of your proposed  
to a very simple and direct one which you  
offer with regard to the above matters. We  
very anxious to meet you at 2.30 on Monday  
you to have for lunch on Tuesday, which we  
have made of the most important of them  
I shall now send you a copy of the



Tuesday October 26th.

Breakfast at the Maitlands (6 Heriot Row). I understand Mrs. Maitland is writing to you.

5 or 5.15 p.m. First Lecture at the University.

8 p.m. dinner at the Maitlands.

Sleep at Maitlands.

Wednesday

1 p.m. lunch (not yet decided)

5 or 5.15 Second Lecture at the University.

7.30 (? 7.15) dinner at Kemp Smith's house (Ellerton, Grange Loan)

9 p.m. Small reception at the University to meet a few members of the University staff.

Sleep at the Maitlands.

Thursday.

c. 11 a.m. Grierson's rectorial address.

1 p.m. lunch (not yet decided)

4.30 Poetry reading to the English Association at the North British Hotel.

Quiet evening at Balerno, or a Concert in Edinburgh, whichever you prefer.

Friday.

1 p.m. lunch at Sir George and Lady Adam Smith's house, Balerno.

7.15 dinner at Common Room Club, Edinburgh.

11 p.m. train back to town.



Tuesday October 20th

Breakfast at the Kiltanna (6 Heriot Row) 1 Underland Mrs.  
Kiltanna is writing to you.  
9 or 9.15 p.m. First Lecture at the University.  
8 p.m. Dinner at the Kiltanna.  
Dinner at Kiltanna.

Wednesday

1 p.m. Lunch (not yet decided)  
10 or 10.15 Second Lecture at the University.  
7.30 (7.15) Dinner at Kemp Smith's house (Kilferdon, George Loan)  
9 p.m. Small reception at the University to meet a few  
members of the University staff.

Dinner at the Kiltanna.

Thursday

6.15 p.m. Gifford's memorial address.  
1 p.m. Lunch (not yet decided)  
10.30 Poetry reading to the British Association at the North  
British Hotel.  
Quiet evening at Belmont, some concert in Edinburgh, whichever  
you prefer.

Friday

11 p.m. Lunch at Sir George and Lady Abernethy's house,  
Belmont.  
7.15 Dinner at Common Room Club, Edinburgh.  
11 p.m. Train back to town.



*Don't trouble to reply to this unless you have queries*



Professor J. DOVER WILSON

Department of Rhetoric and  
English Literature  
Minto House  
Chambers Street  
Edinburgh

19th October, 1937.

T. S. Eliot, Esq.,  
24 Russell Square,  
London, W.C.1.

My dear Eliot,

Just a few additional items for you to insert in the programme I sent you:

(1) Mrs Maitland is arranging a lunch on Tuesday for you (quite small) mainly to meet Donald Tovey, a most interesting person as you will find if you do not know him already.

(2) Your lectures here on Tuesday and Wednesday are at 5.15 in Examination Room B, Old College.

(3) You have been invited to lunch <sup>on Wednesday at the Univ. Union</sup> by the Edinburgh Branch of the Association of University Teachers - in plain English, the Staff of the University. Don't be frightened, they won't worry you to speak, unless you want to, as the main guest is Peck, the Head of the Education Department, whom you will be meeting on Monday night.

(4) On Thursday my wife and I are having a small lunch party for you after the Rectorial Address, in Edinburgh.

We are all looking forward immensely to your visit which I hope you won't find too tiring. On Friday morning you can slack off





Department of History and  
English Literature  
Mills Road  
Cambridge CB2 3RQ  
England

15th October 1957

T. S. Eliot, Esq.,  
21 Russell Square,  
London, W.C.1.

My dear Eliot,

I am sorry that I have not been able to get a few additional items for you to inspect in the programme I sent you.

(1) The relevant material for your library for your collection (2) I have been advised that you do not know the already.

(3) I have been advised that you do not know the already. Examination has been held at the Old College.

(4) I have been advised that you do not know the already. The Association of University Teachers - in plain English, the staff

of the University. Don't be distressed, they won't worry you for good unless you want to be the same as the Head of the

Education Department, when you will be meeting on Monday night. (5) On Tuesday my wife and I are having a small lunch party

for you at the Rectory, 10, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. I hope

you will find the time to come. On Friday evening you can also get



and if you care and the weather is fine we might even go for a short tramp on the Pentlands or a run in the car.

Yours ever,

J. Don Wilson

one or two more points - to make all clear: -

1. Mr. Macmillan will see you to from the lecture on Tuesday. They may come too late (they have some committee meeting, they hope to cut); if they can't, they'll send you in their car.
2. I'll fetch you from their house for the lunch on Wednesday & deliver you back in time to dress for Kemp Smith's Turner ~~Kemp Smith's~~ ~~with~~ I am afraid you will have to find your own way to K Smith's house. But he will bring you on to the university & I will take you back to the ~~university~~ to sleep.
3. I'll fetch you again on the Thursday in time for the Redwood address, taking your luggage on board at the same time, as you will not be returning to the Macmillans after that - that is if you only have a suit case. If it's a large trunk, my car being a light one, just better call for it after the Empire Association meeting.



and if you are in the way of the line we might stop for a  
short time on the road.

W. J. ...

One of the main points - to make it clear -  
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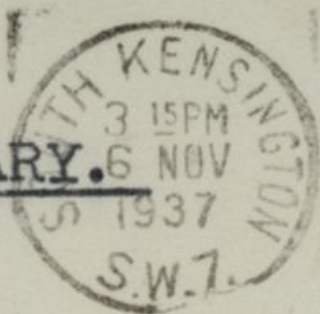
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By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.



POST EARLY  
IN  
THE DAY



Miss Emily Hale,  
22 Paradise Road,  
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

6 November 1937.

*My Dearest,*

I am too late for the Bremen, and I shall have time to write again before the Queen Mary. I dined on Thursday very pleasantly with Mrs. Seaverns, who had been having influenza, and looked not very strong, and Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, who seemed very well and cheerful; and came back with the latter as far as Aban Court. I shall expect to see them again week after next, after they return from their lecture visit to Campden. Last night I went out with John to the Tandy's Guy Faux night. Several visiting children of about the same ages added to the excitement, and it was fun setting off fireworks for them - we had supper at about nine o'clock, and got back rather tired at 11.30. Now (Saturday morning) I must leave presently to deposit my bag at Charing Cross, have some lunch, and go on to the funeral of Valentine Dobree's father at All Hallows near the Tower. Then back to catch a train at 4.30 for Rye; I hope I do not catch a cold at the Aikens'; but even with a cold I shall be glad when it is over. But a cold next week would be as good a time as any, because I have a good many people to see, and at least I would have the relief of cancelling engagements. And Marguerite de Bassiano has turned up again!

I am very sorry that I have not made it clear that I received all your letters so far - certainly all that you have been wondering about. I did not perhaps, comment on your visit to your mother, since I know all that that means, and I cannot help. And I did not want to express too much satisfaction with Dr. Lawrence's opinion, since it seemed to support my own - if it had been otherwise, I should still have felt that he knew much more about the details than I do; but as it is I am all the more contented. I will not pretend that I think it is all going to end suddenly and quickly, because I know you must be prepared to have to struggle with it for a long time to come, and the change will come gradually and imperceptibly. But I do feel convinced that you have very much more strength than a year ago, and the struggle will not be so hard, though there will no doubt be short periods when things will seem as bad as ever. I seem to detect a greater confidence also, perhaps largely unconscious, in your attitude to your students;



among whom I dare say you will after a time find a few girls with some reality to them, emerging from the usual colourless and characterless mass.

I must stop now, and start on my way.

*Loving prayers for Emili*

*from Tom.*

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COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT CROXLEY



COLNE VALLEY

PAIRD WILKINSON

MADE IN ENGLAND



By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.



POST EARLY  
IN  
THE DAY



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE  
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A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C.1

9 November 1937.

*Searso*

Another short letter to catch the Queen Mary, and acknowledge your letter of the 31st, which arrived this morning. I had been amused by your thinking the cable was from me - at a shorter distance I should have wired to let you know, but of course by the time I got the letter you had made the discovery. It occurred to me that it might be from the Perkins's. You seem to be very busy indeed at present, and I only hope that you will not be overdoing yourself. I was interested to hear of Niebuhr - it sounded just like him. His voice is rather rasping, and his platform manner fatiguing - too fast and too vehement: I only hope that he will mellow in time, for his intellect is quite first-rate, but he has a long way to go. He seems like a man who had been exasperated for years by small people, but had not yet developed to the point of serenity in it. But his passion for social justice is, I believe, quite sincere; and he has matured a good deal since he began. I think Edinburgh will be good for him. And I liked him.

Yes, the snapshot is quite good, and is cheerful. But I don't seem to remember the jacket you are wearing.

Rather a lot of evening engagements this week - tonight to dine with Wyndham Lewis (I must send you a copy of his amusing book of reminiscences), tomorrow John and I give a small dinner party: just Geoffrey Faber and Desmond Mac Carthy and a bottle of good Burgundy; Thursday to Richard III, which will be interesting to see, with Emlyn Williams, after measure for Measure. And last night a dinner of the All Souls Club, where D.-J. expanded on the subject of church music.

The week-end with the Aikens somewhat depressing, and myself not too much at ease. Mrs.A. does all the work of the house and the cooking. She seems very young, paints better pictures than I expected, and has a kind of coarse prettiness. Not a thoroughbred by any means; but was quiet, at least while I was there! I am sorry for anyone who marries Conrad - and has to live in Rye - a rather stuffy and depressing little town, I think; a very limited circle of acquaintances; and Conrad's interests are limited; and he has very little money and is writing another novel, I suppose



as unhealthy as the previous ones. It is depressing to be with an old contemporary of a good mind, who has arrived at forty-eight or so without yet having formed any philosophy of life or settled view of things, still living in a rather bohemian way, with elementary cooking. Last winter they were living in Charlestown, Mass. Fortunately his children seem to be rather able - his son doing rather well as a physicist, and a daughter doing well at Oxford. They all seem to want to stay in England, and Conrad said sensibly that he meant to stay in England until their lives were settled, and then go back to Boston to live (where I think he would be happier).

This weekend I have in London, and am glad of that,

Your loving

Don



By French packet NORMANDIE



Miss Emily Hale,

22, Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







THE  
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

*Dearest Emily*

16 November 1937.

Your letter of the 3d arrived this morning by the Normandie; it seems to have been a long time coming; and Edinburgh seems to me so long ago, that it is strange to hear from you that you are still waiting to hear about it. I did write on my return to give an account! There was no boat out during the latter part of last week. It was a busy week, as I had told you in advance. The dinner that John and I gave to Geoffrey and Desmond Mac Carthy was very successful: both the guests have written to him to express their enjoyment - which is natural for Geoffrey, but very unusual for Desmond. The Corton Charlemagne, the Richebourg '23, and the Biscuit Dubouché '84 were appreciated, as well as my Partagas Panetelas. Thursday I have to take off to go down to Sevenoaks to see C.R. Ashbee, who wants us to do his memoirs, and made me come down to him to spend an afternoon reading them - as they make at least seven volumes it is rather difficult, and he is to try to get some American Trust to subsidise them. Ashbee was one of the **founders** of the Arts & Crafts Guild Movement in Campden! and was in at the beginning with Alec Miller (he was very anxious to hear about the family, and Alistair, and Janey and her husband whom the Ashbees had not taken to any more than I did) and Hart, etc. Since those days he has done a number of things (he is an architect) and was most interesting in talking about Palestine, where he spent some years after the war - he was sent by the government to plan towns - and knows Sir Arthur Wauchope etc. I was interested to find that he is, in the Palestine embroglio, anti-Jewish - all the more interesting because I suspect from his physiognomy and from certain remarks in his memoirs, that he has Hamburg Jewish blood himself - and his appearance bears it out - and what he said about that hopeless mess was certainly most persuasive. We walked through Knole Park in the afternoon: I had never seen Knole before, and was surprised to find it such a jumble of accretions of every period - I had always supposed that it was a complete Elizabethan structure. We did not go very close to it. Whom else have I seen? I have had an evening with Wyndham Lewis, and have been writing a note on one of his books for a Lewis number of "Twentieth Century Verse" - not that I have any obligation to that periodical, but because I feel that I ought to support Lewis, who is certainly our greatest prose writer, as well as our best artist. And on Saturday evening I went with Mary Hutchinson to see Priestley's second "time" play: "I have been here before" it is called. Not nearly so good as the



one we saw. The philosophy is just as feeble, and a good deal more of it; and the character study less interesting. Only one scene throughout - which I now think, on the contemporary stage, is a mistake: anyway a play ought to be exceedingly absorbing to stand the monotony of one scene through - especially when it is a Yorkshire inn. Also, it seemed to me that the play was very slow (which was rather encouraging, because I know that is my weakness) and a great deal of time wasted by people coming in and out. And on Sunday night I supped with the Martin Brownes and read my play to them (at their request) - all of that that I have written. I didnt get home till nearly half past twelve. I left the text with Martin to mull over. I was much encouraged to find that they were really excited by it, and that Martin thought that the verisification really had got what I was trying to get. And he did not seem to be worried by the slowness of movement of the first act. He said that it would be very difficult to find the actors who could speak that verse properly, because it would be so easy to ruin all by speaking it as prose; thought that the casting should be very careful, and that a great deal of rehearsing would be needed. So we shall probably agree, against Ashley's impetuosity, to postpone production until the autumn; especially as Martin has got to go to America with the Murder troupe in January, for at least six weeks. I shall see Martin again about Christmas, when I shall have written more and when he will have had time to consider what I have given him. In short, I feel much encouraged! nevertheless, the part that I have still to write is the most difficult, and must move swiftly and surprisngly. I begin tomorrow!

Last night I dined with the Perkins, very happily, at Aban Court, and after dinner went up with them to their flat, and think they are very pleasantly situated. They have a self-contained suite of two nice bedrooms, a boxroom, and a bathroom, with an entrance hall. I hope to dine with them again on Monday week to meet Miss Sunderland Taylor. I do want to entertain them in some way, but so far have not thought of anything interesting.

Tomorrow I may dine with the Chandos Group, or not - Thursday I go with Beligion to Richard III, of which I will write later. To-day had Pickthorn to lunch: the place full of ecclesiastics, as the Church Assembly is in session. Peter Winckworth (a member) with whom I lunched on Monday at Windham's, tells me that Lord Hugh Cecil is to make an important speech perhaps on Friday. On Saturday I go to Kelham to see George Every and Father Gabriel. Next week is the Morleys' Thanksgiving Party and weekend: after that I hope not to leave London or The Family Reunion for a long time.



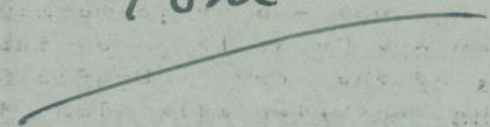
So much just an informative letter to catch up. Morley's comments were not on the cat poem but on my Shakespeare lectures. which are now being typed out again, so that I may send copies to you, to Granville-Barker, to Dover Wilson and to Martin Browne. Then perhaps next summer I shall re-write them (collating all the criticisms I expect from you all) and deliver them again in the autumn in Copenhagen. Now you say: sort out the books I find most helpful to me! I can't do that all at once. And some of them are I know helpful to me that couldn't possibly be in the same way helpful to anybody else. But as a first shot

<u>English</u>	Shakespeare The Bible	<u>French</u>	Pascal's Pensées St. Francois de Sales (L'amour de dieu)
<u>Italian</u>	Dante		

that's a large order. Some of the little books that one reverts to may be more suggestive. I will return to this. I am glad you make a real breakfast. Now I shall write again, by the next boat in three days, and shall not have to be informative.

*Toujours ton*

*Pom*





So much for the information I have given you. I have not had time to write out the book but I will try to do so as soon as I can. I have written the book and it is now in the hands of the printer. I shall write you again when I have more news. I am glad to hear from you and I hope you are well. I am sure you will be very interested in the book when you receive it. I shall write again when I have more news. I am glad to hear from you and I hope you are well. I am sure you will be very interested in the book when you receive it. I shall write again when I have more news.

English      Italian  
The Bible      Dante  
Breviario      (Il libro de' dieci)

that a large order. Some of the Italian books that are now in the hands of the printer. I shall write you again when I have more news. I am glad to hear from you and I hope you are well. I am sure you will be very interested in the book when you receive it. I shall write again when I have more news.

COFFEE VALLEY  
PARSONS MOUNT  
MADHAT CHOLEY



*Capoer  
Westerham*



Miss Emily Hale,

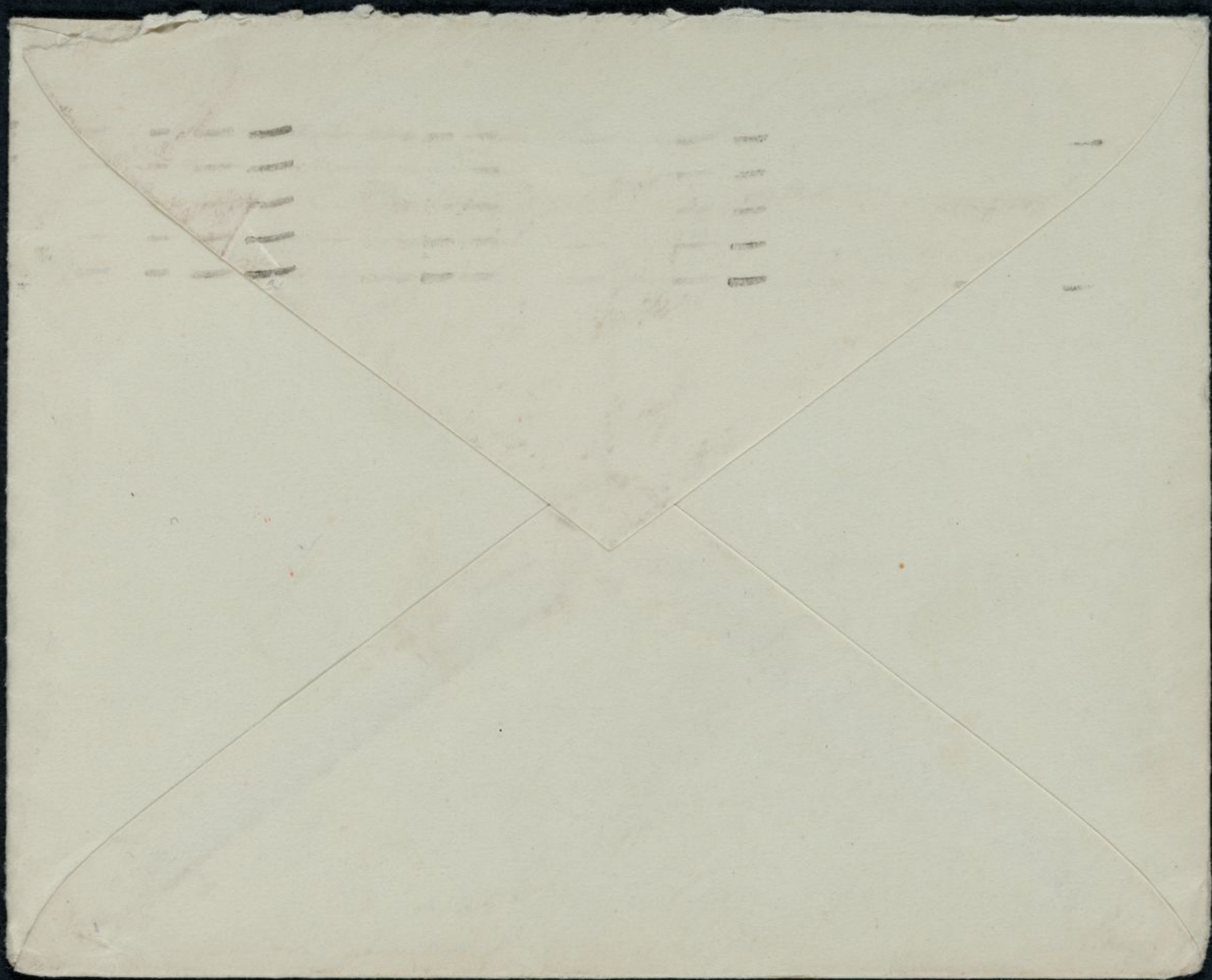
22 Paradise Road,

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

16 November 1937.

Σ.

How stupid of me. I meant to enclose this with my letter, and now I have missed the last post; so this will be another boat. I have been rather miserable about this. I do so dislike making myself disagreeable, that when I do, I am either so mild that nobody knows I meant anything, or else so violent that it is quite out of proportion to the cause. I did not get any answer to this. So I shall wait and then ring up Jones and Evans. And it is true that I had no opportunity to speak - I saw her for a few minutes and then Lelia came in, and I couldn't discuss this sort of thing before Lelia. What do you think?

T.

COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT DROXLEY



CRITERION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

125 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

1954

100-100000-100

THE STATE OF NEW YORK  
IN SENATE  
January 15, 1954  
REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONERS OF THE  
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES  
IN RESPONSE TO  
RESOLUTION NO. 100  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 15, 1953  
AND  
RESOLUTION NO. 100  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 15, 1953  
AND  
RESOLUTION NO. 100  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 15, 1953

COLLEGE VALLEY

FARMHOUSE

MADRID, SPAIN



13 November 1937.

Dear Marguerite,

I am writing this letter to leave for you in case I do not have the opportunity of a word with you alone.

Inasmuch as I introduced you to Jones & Evans, the booksellers (that is of course the only reason why this is my affair at all) I feel some responsibility in the matter of your debt to them. It has, I know, run on for some years. If you had been able to fulfil your promises to make small regular payments, I should not intervene either, but fifteen months seem to have elapsed without your making any payment at all. In these circumstances I feel justified in asking whether you propose to settle the account at all, and if so, when? because otherwise I shall feel it to be an obligation to pay the bill myself; and I can only do so with a really good grace, if I can believe that this sum of £37 odd is beyond your means, or could not be paid without very serious sacrifice on your part.

Of course, I will gladly lend the money if needed!

Sincerely,



COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT CROXLEY

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OLD DEUTERONOMY.

Old Deuteronomy's lived a long time,  
He's a Cat who is living nine lives in succession;  
He was famous in proverb and famous in rhyme  
For some years before Queen Victoria's accession.  
Old Deuteronomy's buried nine wives  
And more - I am tempted to say, ninety-nine:  
And his numerous progeny prospers and thrives  
And the village is proud of him in his decline.  
At the sight of his placid and bland physiognomy  
When he lies in the sun on the vicarage wall,  
The Oldest Inhabitant croaks: "Well, of all...  
Things...Can it be...really...No!...Yes!...  
Ho! Hi!  
Oh, my eye!  
My mind may be wandering, but I confess  
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy!"

Old Deuteronomy sits in the street,  
He sits in the High Street on market day;  
The bullocks may bellow, the sheep they may bleat,  
But the dogs and the herdsmen will turn them away.  
The cars and the lorries run over the kerb,  
And the villagers put up a notice: ROAD CLOSED -  
So that nothing at all may occur to disturb  
Deuteronomy's rest when he feels so disposed,  
Or when he's engaged in domestic economy.  
And the Oldest Inhabitant croaks: "Well, of all...  
Things...Can it be...really...No!...Yes!...  
Ho! Hi!  
Oh, my eye,  
My sight's unreliable, but I can guess  
That the-cause of the trouble is Old Deuteronomy!"

Old Deuteronomy sits on the floor  
Of the Fox and French Horn for his afternoon sleep.  
And when the men say: "there's just time for one more"  
Then the landlady from her back parlour will peep  
And say "now then, out you go by the back door  
For Old Deuteronomy mustn't be woken -  
I'll have the police if there's any uproar" -  
And out they all creep, and without a word spoken.  
The digestive repose of that feline's gastronomy  
Must never be broken, whatever befall.  
And the Oldest Inhabitant croaks: "Well, of all...  
Things...Can it be...Yes!...No!...  
Ho! Hi!  
Oh, my eye,  
My legs may be tottery, I must go slow  
And be careful of Old Deuteronomy."



Old Benton's eyes were a little  
 He's a fat old fellow, but he's  
 He was famous in his day and time  
 For some years before the war  
 Old Benton's eyes were a little  
 And more - I am tempted to say  
 And his name was famous in his day  
 And the village is proud of him  
 At the sight of his face and name  
 When he is in the town on the  
 The oldest inhabitant croaked: "Well, of all  
 Things... Can it be... really... Yes!  
 Ho! Ho!  
 Oh, my eye!  
 My mind may be wandering, but I confess  
 I believe it is Old Benton!"

Old Benton's eyes were a little  
 He sits in the high street of  
 The village was famous, the name  
 But the dogs and the children will  
 The name was famous in his day  
 And the village is proud of him  
 At the sight of his face and name  
 When he is in the town on the  
 The oldest inhabitant croaked: "Well, of all  
 Things... Can it be... really... Yes!  
 Ho! Ho!  
 Oh, my eye!  
 My mind may be wandering, but I confess  
 I believe it is Old Benton!"

Old Benton's eyes were a little  
 Of the Fox and the Hen in  
 And when the name says: "There's  
 Then the lady says: "You  
 And say "now then, one  
 For Old Benton's eyes were a  
 I'll have the police if  
 And out they all creep, and  
 The digestive power of that  
 But never spoken, whatever  
 And the oldest inhabitant croaked: "Well, of all  
 Things... Can it be... really... Yes!  
 Ho! Ho!  
 Oh, my eye!  
 My legs may be getting a little  
 And be careful of Old Benton!"



By German packet EUROPA.



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

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

*A. S. Eliot*

19 November 1937.

Rather tired tonight (a pity as the Europa sails tomorrow) partly in anticipation of my weekend at Kelham, where I shall be tenderly devoured by Gabriel Hebert, George Every and a few select students; and partly because of to-day: the morning (you will be glad to hear) spent in wrestling with the problems of my characters (the next scene the most difficult of all I think) then Stephen Spender to lunch to discuss his future books, and his play which is to be produced and published in the spring; then a dash to St. Stephen's Hospital, Fulham Road, to visit Janes, who was taken there suddenly with a chill on the liver (it would seem that he owes a good deal to Mrs. Webster and his son Fred, but he doesn't say so) and found him merry as a grig; delighted to find that he was the oldest man in the ward but that there were several younger men who looked much older; pleased with the food and the nurses; and having the benefit of the wireless whenever he wants it. However, Fred seems to have done well in packing Dad off to the hospital without his clothes, because that prevents him from leaving until the doctor thinks proper. However, it was rather fatiguing; and dashed back to the office before tea; and then had to dictate letters, talk to Morley about Spender, talk to my secretary about getting married (she has a young man in the Oxford Press) and go off to see Tandy and Ian Cox who want me to recite Cat Poems on the B.B.C. which I refuse to do. Wont do anything until I have finished with Harry and Amy and Agatha.

Next week must be a short week, as I go on Thursday afternoon to the Morleys for Thanksgiving and to stay over Sunday. After that, I hope to excuse myself from going away for weekends for some months to come - except that I shall probably have to go to the Morleys again to see the New Year in.

I dine again with the Perkins's on the 29th, to meet Miss Sunderland-Taylor.

I lunch on Monday with Ashley Dukes, to hear more about his season in America with Gilbert Miller.

When the Family Reunion is done with, I hope to take some



months to replenish myself, I think that I have got this play in me; but when I get it out, I know I shall be very empty and in need of nourishment: disinterested reading, and thinking and meditation. Such as one ought to be doing constantly. I see that when I have done this play, I must NOT immediately fall up my next year with speaking engagements and writing on behalf of causes, but try to take some time to read and think. I hope you agree, and will remind me of it when the time comes. At present, I am conscious of having so little to give, beyond what I am trying to write, and what I have to give out to people in the way of business. If I could only spend a few hours a day in reading and meditation, it seems to me that a great deal would accumulate which I should want to express in letters to you; and at present I am only living on my pemmican, and I seem to have nothing to give. So this letter is merely resting upon your shoulder, not giving you rest. But I always want to write, whatever I am at the moment.

Is the weather very cold now, and have you got some warm wraps?

Adieu to

Tom



СОВЕТСКИЙ СОЮЗ  
НАУКА И ТЕХНИКА  
СОЮЗ АУГРЕА



1898  
I am  
to  
you

1898  
I am  
to  
you

Dear Sir,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above mentioned matter. I am sorry to hear that you are having trouble with your horse. I will do all in my power to help you. I will send you a copy of the report of the veterinarian who examined the horse. I will also send you a copy of the report of the veterinarian who examined the horse. I will also send you a copy of the report of the veterinarian who examined the horse.

PARCHEMENT

COLNE VALLEY



By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.



Miss Emily Hale,

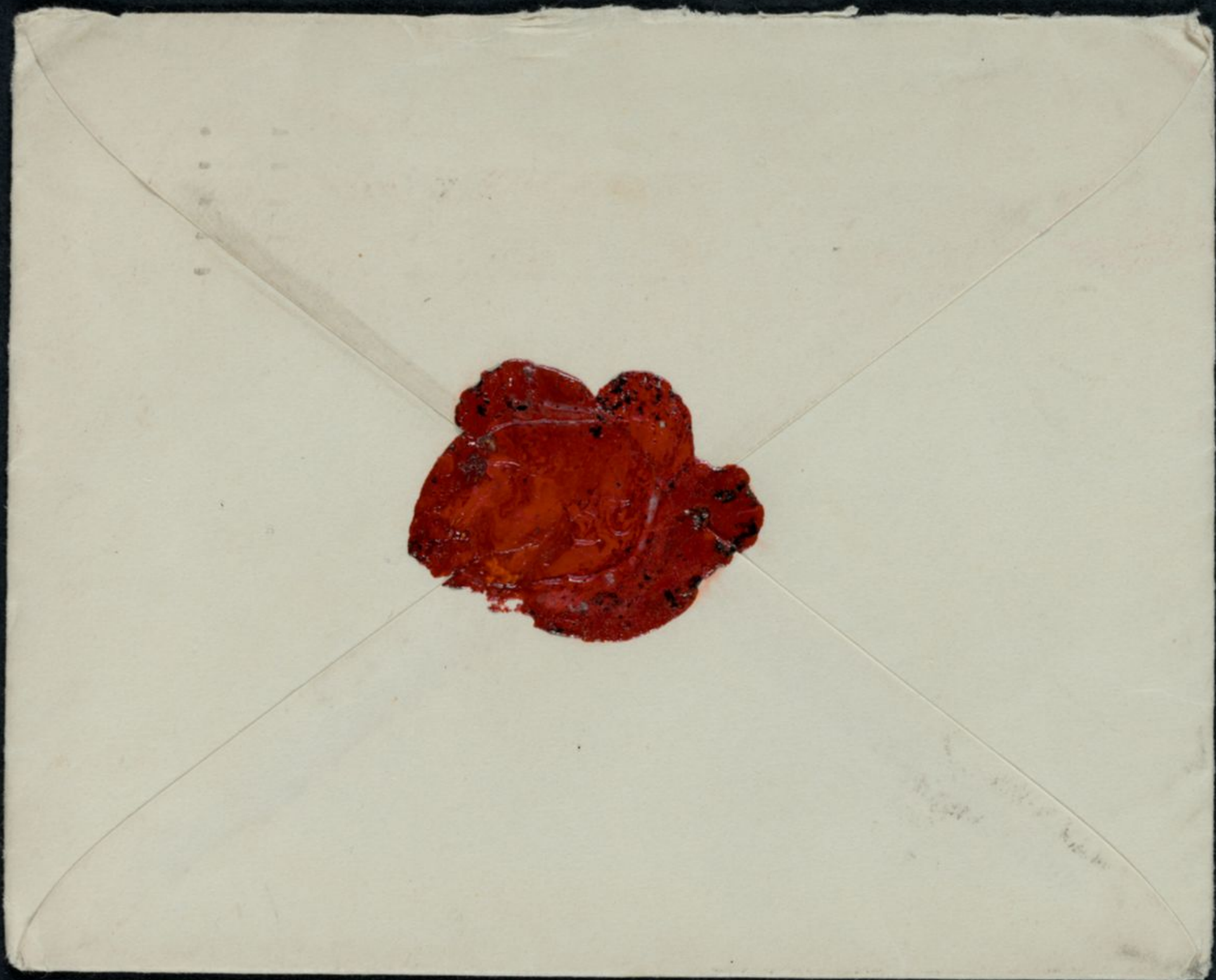
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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,

LONDON, W.C.1

*Dear Lady.*

23 November 1937.

This is a small letter to catch the Queen Mary, but I fear is the only letter possible until next week, as on Thursday I have to go to the Morleys until Monday - my last weekend visit until after Christmas, at least, I am glad to think. My visit to Welham this last weekend was pleasant and happy; though as you know, I think, visits there are not physically or mentally restful, they are spiritually refreshing.. But I grudge the time so long as it means Saturday and Monday morning away from play-writing.

You should be hearing by this same mail from Ashley Dukes, who wanted your advice about a publicity agent for Boston. The troupe, under the auspices of Gilbert Miller, arrives in Boston in the middle of January, and expects to stop there for three weeks. I hope that you will be able to see them while they are there; but whether you or anybody else knows of a possible local publicity man I am doubtful. I told Ashley that the people among whom an audience might be worked up are the Irish-American Catholics: and I have no idea how they are got hold of, or who could do it. Martin will go too, though he may not stay throughout the whole of the tour; but I am not counting on the new play being produced until the autumn; though it is just possible that it may be ready for the spring - but I am sure that the casting and rehearsing ought not to be done hurriedly.

Your short letter of the 16th arrived very quickly, by the Queen Mary, last night. I shall think of you in Cambridge (I don't know at what cousins') over Thanksgiving (I hope that you will be able to let me know in good time where you will be over Christmas). You ask me - rather in a vacuum! - to discourse on following one's own feelings or convictions against the most trusted advice. But advice is always relatively general - it can never be exactly for the particular you in the particular situation; and being a generalisation, is more apt to valid as to what is generally wrong to do, than as to what is specifically right for you at the moment. Nobody ever can understand quite fully what you are at a particular moment or what the particular situation for you is. And, in the face of advice, our personalities assert themselves more



often by arising and saying to us "I cannot do that" (something that we have been advised to do) than by saying "I must do this". But if we don't ultimately go by our really deep feelings - when we recognise them for such, and distinct from something that we want and therefore try to persuade ourselves is right - what are we to go by? If they are wrong, nevertheless we must find out for ourselves by living them out, that they are wrong, rather than violate them. There are times, certainly, when it is right to act in accordance with advice which one has not succeeded in making one's own point of view: those are the moments when one's own deeper feelings tell one nothing or seem to be indifferent, and we must rely on our general valuation of somebody else's judgement: but I am sure that one must not violate oneself....

Well, my dearest, this is perhaps not very useful - but imagine yourself as the person offering advice. If you knew that some person was sure to act on any advice you gave, wouldn't you in the end refuse to give it? wouldn't you be horrified by your own power, and say: I must withhold the giving of advice to this person, because it is better that they should act for themselves and be a person, even if doing something which I think wrong or injudicious? Nobody is wise enough to have his advice accepted always, and nobody is a real person who never acts against advice! Whose business is it to know you, so much as it is your own?

I dine again with the Perkins's on Monday evening, to meet Miss Sunderland-Taylor, and I shall write you that evening or the next day, according to when the fast boat sails.

Thank you for the concert programme - a very mixed one, and new to me.

Your loving  
Tom

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1913  
WE WERE  
BORN  
ON

1913  
WE WERE  
BORN  
ON

AMERICAN

REPUBLIC

OF THE WORLD



MADE AT CROCKETT

PARCHMENT

COLENE VALLEY