

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

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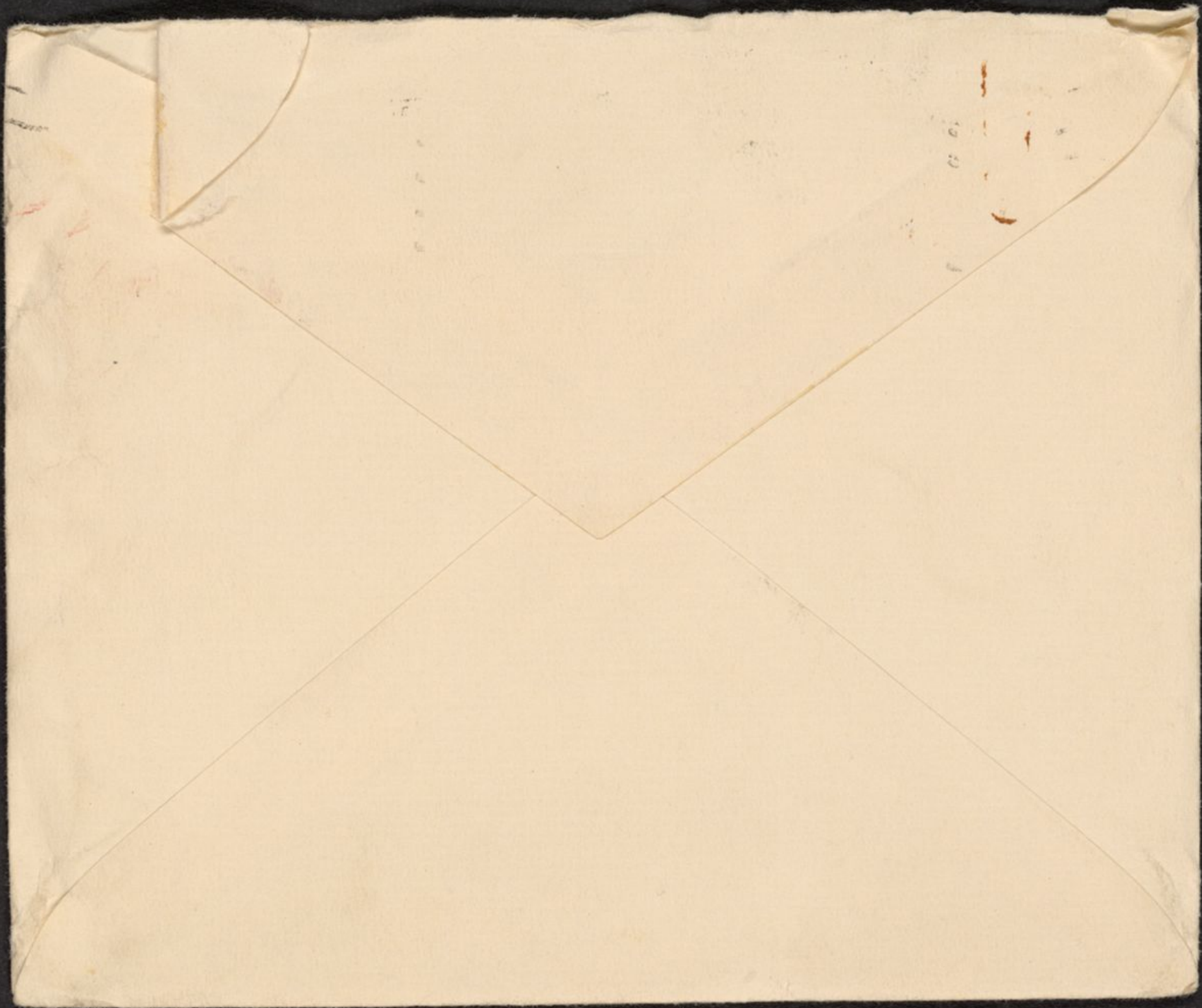


Miss Emily Hale,

41. Beacon Street

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.





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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

1 May 1931.

≡

*Emily dear,*

I am in rather a bad Temper this morning, because I did not get to sleep till four, and consequently overslept and missed a Holy Day (SS. Philip & James) and I hate having the rest of my time table thrown out too. But if I can write this letter without too many interruptions, I shall feel more amiable. To-day also was to be the day on which you were having your photograph taken; I shall be annoyed if I learn that that has been postponed.

First of all, I hardly need to assure you again that your letter did not hurt me, except in my realisation of what it cost you to write it. On the contrary, a man who receives such a letter as that ought to be very proud and happy, as I was. (Here I was interrupted for exactly an hour, first by Faber, just returned from his place in "ales, and then by Morley and Blake. Much of a publisher's business consists of talk). But every letter from you has something miraculous about it; it is a miracle first to have a letter, once a week; it is a miracle that you should care to write at all; and the great miracle is that two people, after so many years living wholly different lives in different environments, should at the end be not less, but more congenial and better able to understand each other. Even people living together are just as likely to become less as more alike; when people develop in different environments they almost inevitably must develop divergently. And we are neither of us merely going back, imaginatively, to any past; but have a very real present - that is what is so wonderful and good. It may be vain and presumptuous on my part, but I feel that we must have something very rarely identical in us, so that words like "congenial" and "sympathetic" give but a feeble notion.

Now, I had not meant to force upon you the discussion of a painful subject already discussed; and indeed my mood was more comprehensive than that; it was one manifestation of a mood I shall often have again always; whether my practical affairs were settled, as well as they could now ever be settled, or not. The struggle to make the best of things - I mean, the positive spiritual best, not merely "resignation" - will always go on. On the practical side, there is just one point to add. If she were an adult person, with adult perceptions and needs, the situation would have ended itself long ago; be-



FABER FABER

she would have seen it as clearly as I do, and faced it, and found it intolerable. But I do not really think that it is nearly so painful for her as for me, even apart from the fact that self-deception, in the face of everything, comes easily, and ~~the thought that~~ some persons have, from fear, such fundamentally dishonest minds that truth merely kills them. There are more trifling considerations, of course: such as the fact that she has almost no friends now except such as are primarily associated with me, and that a life apart would be a very lonely one. Anyway, I cannot assure myself that a separation would be better for her as well as for me; which leaves me to look for substantial certain reasons only on my own side - and that makes it more difficult. There is my work - and it is so hard to persuade oneself that one's work is important enough to sacrifice another person to it - at least, it is hard when one is middle-aged; and there is my personal development to talk of that seems even more egotistic than of work - but people must consider their own souls - yet here, I cannot get rid of the feeling that I ought to accept every obstacle, from this point of view, and not evade it. Oh dear, I am afraid I am being terribly "introspective", Emily dear; and certainly one advantage of a separate life would be that I should have no reason to be, to excess.

TUESDAY May 2nd.: One thing I hope you do not know is always having the times one has set apart for the one thing one most wants to do, interrupted by one thing after another; I think I deserve some credit for having kept my temper with everybody. If I could have my way, I should keep the last hour every night before going to bed to write to you; and then I might perhaps be able to say what I mean, to say it in order, and even perhaps (see the foregoing) say it grammatically. I am also very irritable at present because I have kept no whisky at home for three weeks, and the consequence of missing two or three hours sleep out of every night is nervousness; but I believe that temperance can become a habit.

damn

Looking over what I have written I dare say you will think: ~~damn~~ the man, he just can't make up his mind any way, and expects me to listen to all his excuses. Only one practical point to add to this now; and that is that to expect her mother to look after her is out of the question. She is 73, and not strong, and unfortunately V. (surely through some early emotional tangle again) is not often very nice to her, though she is constantly going to see her; sometimes I am really anxious about the strain on the old lady even as things are.

But it comes to merely the decision between the wrong of living with a person whom one really doesn't like at all (I have never put it like this to anyone else, of course, and hesitated before to do so even with you - for that really is bad I am sure for both persons - and the wrong of just slipping off any responsibility one has once



undertaken. I can say no more now.

Meanwhile your long and very informative letter of April 24th arrived yesterday morning. Reading - of course you must keep up with dramatic affairs to begin with - do you go to the theatre often? or is it very expensive? - and read any important new plays that you cannot see. I have just procured "Hay Fever" so your programme will come in very useful; and I hope to read it before the 6th. I am sending you Aldous's play "The World of Light", which I went to see - the first time to the theatre in three years, so of course I was more excited than anyone who is used to it. It was extremely well acted - I don't think it is a great success, but it is rather over the heads of the ordinary audience, who seem to take it rather as a satire on spiritualism than what he meant it to be - rather a study in various types of cowardice, mental dishonesty and self-deception. I liked it much better than I expected. I don't suppose it would do for amateurs, because the séance scene must need a good deal of special machinery. But glancing over the text makes me recognise how flat most plays read after you have seen them well acted. Enid is a good part, anyway.

I have not seen Karsavina's memoirs. I met her once at a party, a haggard little woman (very tiny) but full of vitality underneath I should say (she is a Mrs. Bruce in private life. Lopokova I have met several times, as she is Mrs. J. Maynard Keynes - more a plump peasant type, more placid; I think she was at her best in La Boutique Fantasque. The one of the dancers I liked best, personally, was Leonid Massine - a quiet, shy man, with little personality off the stage, but wonderful beauty and fire when dancing - he was wonderful in The Three Cornered Hat. Ten years ago I went a great deal to the Ballet, and those were its great days. Diaghileff was an odious creature - I felt extremely uncomfortable once in a box with him and some of his scented young men - at - off all things - Midsummer Night's Dream. But I had a faint notion of trying to do a scenario for a ballet, and that was why I met him.

But all your reading seems to be contemporary? Or may I perhaps select some French book that I haven't read and send you a copy? A good thoroughgoing long one, like the Chartreuse de Parme.

I have just read The Road Back by Erich Remarque, because a friend of mine, A.W. Wheen, translated it and sent me a copy. Very good, I think though not exactly first rate literature - a good picture of the immediately post-war Germany.

I dare say my feeling for music is largely sentimental. But some of that wears off; I used to admire Stravinsky very much but less and less. Whereas if my excitement by Wagner is sentimental at least he can revive it every time. But I like Beethoven and Brahms best. But I



only hear music now on the wireless or when I can afford to buy a record. There is a wonderful string quartette of Tsaikovsky which I like better than his symphonies. And any music is better than none!

I liked very much the silk I saw last autumn - it is hard to believe that is only seven months ago - it seems years. You must tell me about the dress selected for Judith.

But O dear, I felt very sad, and not sad exactly so much as in a Rage, because it seems to me that you have been denied everything in life that you ought to have had, and it enrages me at times to see other women having them - even just money. If you could only just have double your income - enough to dress the very best, and travel, and not have to teach. Thank you very much for telling me so exactly about your income - it is about what I imagined. I have a great deal of financial anxiety myself - but I will keep that for another time.

The comparison to E. Sitwell was not intended as a compliment, but merely to emphasise that although any scrap of a photograph is precious, I am very impatient for a really good one.

Well, your faults still seem to me very tenuous existences, my dear; but I know that whatever progress one makes, one still becomes conscious of more faults, and more conscious of faults, than before; and it is indeed a sign of growth. I know that whatever faults you have would make not the slightest difference to my admiration and adoration, because I know you better than your faults do.

And now this letter has been a very unsatisfactory one to the writer; and I shall make a fresh start on Friday. As for depending on someone's letters - sometimes I am really terrified by my dependence on you!

A toi

Tom



✓



65 Marchmont St  
W.C.1

Dear Mr Eliot,

Thank you for taking that article  
so seriously. It ought to be  
part of a longer work, in the sense  
that there is a lot more material,  
some of which I have collected, and  
a central idea more general than  
the stuff in the article. But  
I have not written any more - and  
hoped that would make itself

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878



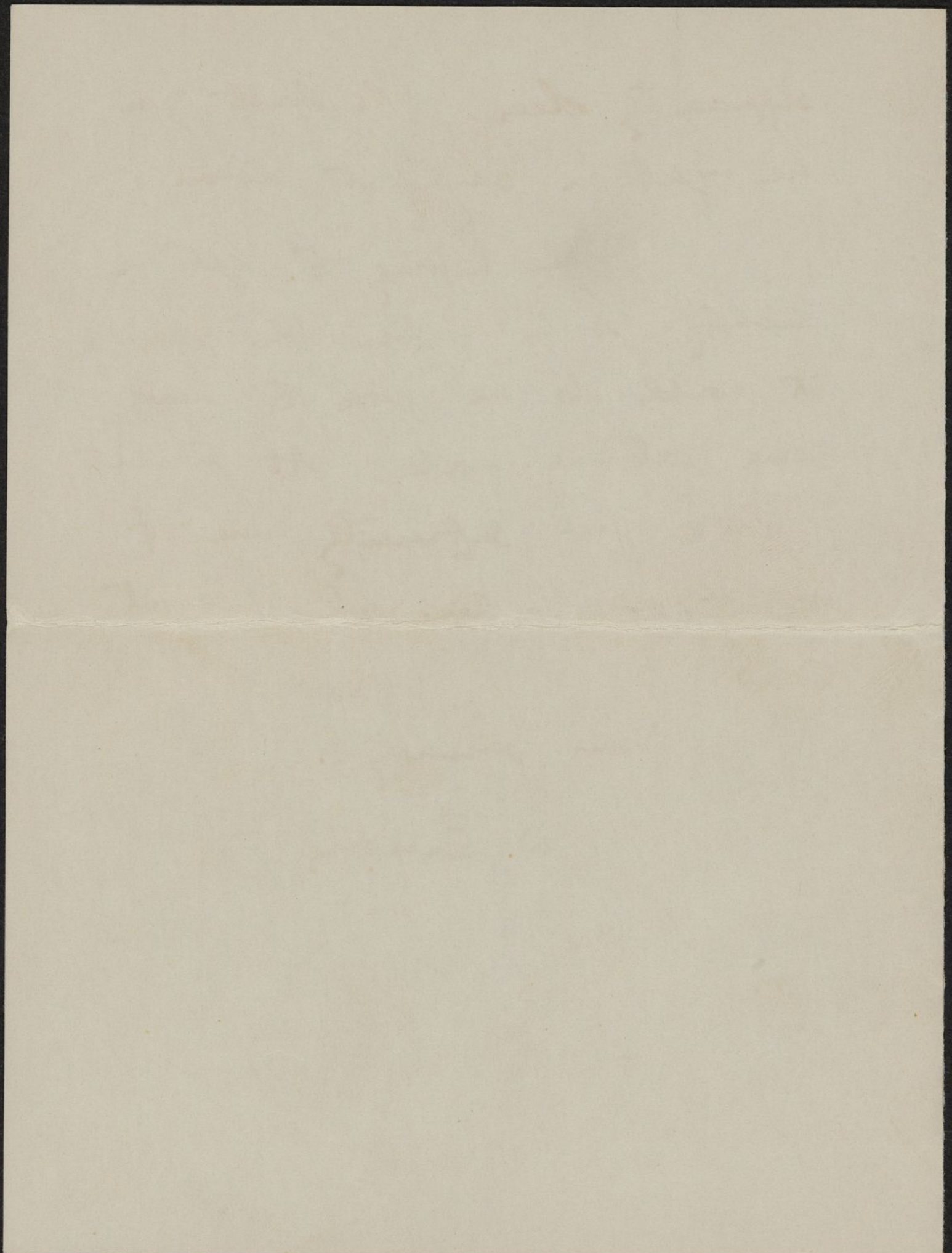
sufficiently clear. No doubt you  
are right in saying it doesn't.

I am hoping to get a  
teaching job in Japan this year:  
it would do me good to have  
some external work. At present  
I don't feel sufficiently sure of  
myself, or of the work I want  
to do.

Yours sincerely

W. Emerson.

A disciple  
of Richards's -





KINGSTON 5185.

KENRY HOUSE,

KINGSTON HILL,

SURREY.

Fr. & Oliver  
"The Endless  
age 65. 1/2 always before"  
millionaire who befriended  
The Criticism

14 31  
4

Dear Eliot,

I don't really care a  
tuppenny damn about reviews —  
indeed I don't now read them,  
because, whether favourable or  
unfavourable, they set up an  
imitation which makes me ill —  
but I should like you to glance  
through my books & then break  
mercantile criticism I wd. have  
wd. be that it interested you. But  
it won't. You are too much up



in <sup>the</sup> skies or down, in the fundamental  
depths. My book was written  
for my friends, cronies & acquaintances  
who have been ~~deep~~ engaged in  
the <sup>same</sup> ordinary employments of  
business, politics or country-gentlemanhood  
wh. ~~has~~ occupied me in  
my earthly career. I wanted  
them to nod their heads approvingly,  
to chuckle with me sometimes;  
and above all I wanted — so far  
as the thing lay within my  
very limited literary powers — to  
give them the utmost pleasure  
I could by lucid & economical



Statements on subjects wh.  
interested them & me. But so  
many of them are dead! If the  
book was written for any one person  
in particular it was written for  
my true & close friend Lord  
Milner.

But the reviewers will  
have it that I am attempting  
to write 'history' or 'political  
philosophy'. This is quite wrong.  
My humble aim is to  
write an agreeable book wh.  
men-of-the-world — who, like  
myself, have barked their shins &  
& had their heads broken on their  
life's journey — will really  
enjoy. My aim ~~is~~ is a  
good deal nearer 'Tristram Shandy'



than fibber. — But seriously  
I've tried to tell the truth about  
the world as I have seen it.

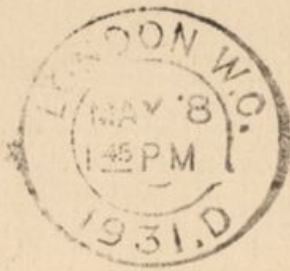
I congratulate you on  
your last number. I found  
it in it that interested me  
that I understand.

I've been pretty ill  
since Christmas, since which time  
I have not been so far as  
my garden goes; but I have  
been better than last three weeks.

Plenty, & again plenty, &  
still more plenty — that's been  
the trouble. And I'm still  
too tired out to do anything.

I hope you & Mrs. Clark  
have been luckier. My wife joins  
with me in good wishes. Yours very truly,  
J. S. Owen



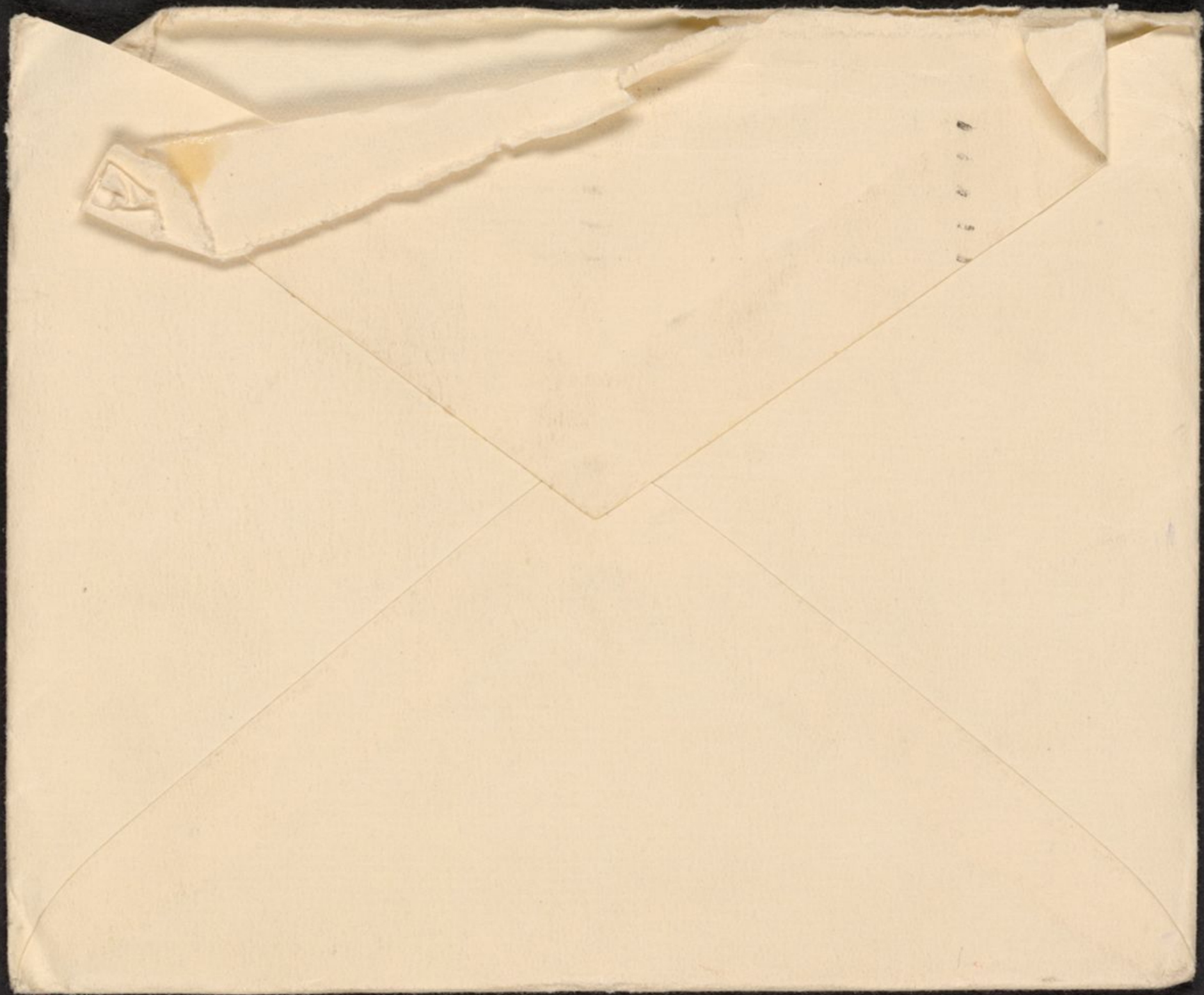


Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brimmer Street.

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.





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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

8 May 1931.

*My dear Lady,*

Not very much time this morning, but more than I expected, as Faber is at home with a cold and therefore a special meeting to discuss a series of books is postponed. I go to lunch at the Lauriers in Jermyn Street with young MacSweeney of the Colonial Office - one of the few other ligueurs de l'Action Francaise in England - and thence to a Shakespeare Association meeting.

I did not last Tuesday tell you that I liked your new letter-paper lettering. And I am vexed that I did not ask you for more particular information about your teeth, because I should like to know at once. "Infection" sounds alarming. Will you please remember when you mention such things to give more information at the time - otherwise I shall worry about it for a month! I have had tooth poisoning myself - in 1925 had to have a long operation under ether and months of injections for the toxæmia (my teeth now answer the rollcall only to the number of 26 out of the total 32) and the poisoning is held responsible for a cloudy spot in my right eye which gets no worse and will get no better, my oculist tells me: so you see I am justified in worrying about yours. And was it very expensive? I hope your teeth are better than mine, which are nothing but chalk.

I have read Hay Fever twice, and have thought of it every evening - you come on somewhere between one and two a.m. of my clock, I suppose. It is a very trifling part for you, but I should like to have known what you can make of it. Of course the play is very cleverly constructed, and I imagine plays very fast - the travesty of parlour games is extremely clever and effective. It is interesting to compare it with Aldous's - it is obviously much better technique - but how much easier it is to write a play when one has no serious idea at all, and merely a quick superficial observation of social behaviour!

I worry also rather about your overworking. I am sure that it is much more fatiguing to work up a part - particularly when one puts so much into it as you do - only for a few performances, than for a



FABER FABER

professional production with some chance of a long run - each performance must cost you far more in energy; and even though you are playing during a year a very small number of days compared to what you would be, if you were a professional, yet you are spending, I fear, far more. I know that I disperse, myself, far more energy than I should in different circumstances, and I know why I am tempted to do so; and I feel deathly tired all the time. And when you were teaching, too, I am sure that you gave out more than you ought to, to your pupils.

So you have a "set" of Henry James; I am glad of that, for he has always meant a great deal to me; largely because of a kind of spiritual insight which he shares with Hawthorne - who is also a favorite of mine. I think it took James a long time to understand the English; my theory is that no one can really get inside the skin of another country unless he has had to earn his living in it; James was always able to move comfortably, and without dangerously close contacts, among such very nice society, country houses and clubs and the highly cultivated Americans (who bore me) like Ethel Sands and the Pearsall Smiths; there was something well padded about his life. In this way, I think Europe retained for a long time a queer glamour for him, though he had always great insight too - one of the strangest is his unfinished posthumous "Sense of the Past" (have you read that?) in which I think he is trying to realise that there exists in England a kind of beastly vulgarity which he had not grasped so consciously before - I may be wrong about all this. I like particularly some of his middle period short stories (The Velvet Glove etc.) do you know "The Altar of the Dead" or "The Friends of the Friends"? One of the few people I ever knew who seemed to me to get this part of his work as I do (very few English can understand him fully) was my friend Jean de Menasce - he was a Jew from Alexandria - very sensitive - cosmopolitan - Balliol - polyglot - the best translator into French I ever had - his father was the head of the Ghetto in Alexandria and very important there, and when Jean was converted to Rome his father practically banished him from Alexandria and Jerusalem - and now, partly I think under the influence of our friend Maritain - Jean is a Dominican monk!

This is a letter without beginning or end - an interim between two Mondays, my dear, the day of the week for which I pray- so

que Dieu te protège -

*Tom.*



My dear Eli-

Put your date, place, and time on  
a card - and I will turn up, by all means,  
for a dialogue - any day after next

Monday -

Was there a "doleful" note in my  
letter? To be alone is not, in my case,  
dismal. I have so much to do - in so short  
a time. Your doleful man is I think, one  
with no resources - or possibly excusable if  
he has an incurable disease. Hardly even

Then -

V. Gurnian.



1801 GIBSON WILIE ROAD

G.W.V.

My dear [Name]

The new date [Name] has been  
I will turn up [Name] of all [Name]  
for a [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]

When [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]  
I will [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]  
I will [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]  
I will [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]  
I will [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]



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1931

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THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION was founded on the initiative of the late Sir Israel Gollancz in connection with the Shakespeare Tercentenary, 1916.

THE AIMS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE :

- (1) To promote the study and interpretation of Shakespeare.
- (2) To advance Shakespearian research.
- (3) To arrange lectures and meetings.
- (4) To publish papers, monographs, documents and texts of Shakespearian interest.

Meetings of the Association are usually held at King's College, Strand, during the Christmas and Lent terms at which papers are read.

The Association publishes monographs, documents, and texts of Shakespearian interest which are issued to MEMBERS, who pay an annual subscription of ONE GUINEA, the Life Composition fee being £15.

Those who do not wish to receive publications can become ASSOCIATE MEMBERS at a subscription of 5s. per annum, or £1 for five years. This subscription entitles an ASSOCIATE MEMBER to receive invitations to the meetings and other functions of the Association, and also one pamphlet published during the year. The Composition fee for Life Membership is £5.

All communications should be addressed to : The Honorary Secretary of the Shakespeare Association, King's College, Strand, London, W.C. 2.



## PUBLICATIONS FOR 1931

In the autumn of 1931 a new series of publications will be begun in THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION FACSIMILES, a series of rare texts illustrating life and thought in Shakespeare's England. The series will be under the general editorship of Dr. G. B. Harrison. The first four volumes are:—

- (1) *A Dialogue Concerning Witches and Witchcraftes*. By George Gifford. 1593. Gifford was a theologian of some repute, and held a position between the extreme scepticism of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* and the whole-hearted belief of King James the Sixth of Scotland in his *Dæmonologie*. Gifford's book gives a lively picture of witchcraft as practised, believed and questioned in an English village.
- (2) *Skjaletheia; or a Shadow of Truth in Certaine Epigrams and Satyres*. By Edward Guilpin. 1598. One of the most interesting of the books of Epigrams and Satire which followed the vogue set by Hall's *Virgidemiarum* in the spring of 1597. *Skjaletheia* includes a number of epigrams of direct theatrical interest, and gives some vivid pictures of men and manners in 1598.
- (3) *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-Men*. By I.M. 1598. This book (better known as *The Serving-Mans Comfort*) is of considerable importance to Shakespearian students, as it describes certain social changes which were happening as a result of the Great War of 1587-1604; in particular the decay of hospitality, and the rise of a new kind of 'gentleman,' who was much mocked on the stage in such characters as Jonson's Master Stephen and Sogliardo, and Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
- (4) *Vicissitudo Rerum*. By John Norden. 1601. A poem which has been generally overlooked. It gives a good picture of the Elizabethan idea of the Universe, especially in the general mood of despondency and futility which is noticeable at the end of the reign. Some of Norden's stanzas on Time are strikingly similar to passages in *Troilus and Cressida*; and the mood of the poem as a whole is much the same as that expressed in the utterances of Hamlet.

All four volumes will be issued to MEMBERS in return for the guinea subscription for 1931. Further volumes in this series will be issued in 1932, of which details will be given later.

Other publications and studies are in course of preparation and will be announced in due course.



- STUDIES IN THE FIRST FOLIO. By M. H. Spielmann, J. Dover Wilson, Sir Sidney Lee, R. Crompton Rhodes, W. W. Greg, and Allardyce Nicoll; Introduction by Sir Israel Gollancz. 18s. net. 1924.
- SHAKESPEARE AND THE THEATRE. A Series of Papers by W. W. Greg, C. M. Haines, G. B. Harrison, J. Isaacs, Richmond Noble, F. S. Boas, G. H. Cowling, M. St. Clare Byrne, and Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 16s. net. 1927.
- LAVATER, OF GHOSTES AND SPIRITES WALKING BY NYGHT. (Eng. trans. 1572). Edited with an introduction on the Ghost in *Hamlet* by Professor J. Dover Wilson and May Yardley. 16s. net. 1930.
- THE DISPUTED REVELS ACCOUNTS. By A. E. Stamp. 30s. net. 1930.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION PAMPHLETS

- SHAKESPEARE DAY. 1s. net. 1917. (No. 1.)
- THE PROBLEM OF 'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.' By the Right Honourable J. M. Robertson. 1s. 6d. net. 1917. (No. 2.)
- SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WELSH CHARACTERS. By A. E. Hughes. 1s. 6d. net. 1918. (No. 3.)
- THE AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE TAMING OF A SHREW,' 'The Famous Victories of Henry V,' and the additions to Marlowe's 'Faustus.' By H. Dugdale Sykes. 1s. 6d. net. 1919. (No. 4.)
- SHAKESPEARE'S 'TEMPEST' AS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED AT COURT. By Ernest Law. 1s. 6d. net. (No. 5.) (Out of print.)
- THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ACCOUNTS OF THE MASTERS OF THE REVELS. By Charlotte Carmichael Stopes. 2s. net. 1922. (No. 6.)
- THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH SECULAR AND ROMANTIC DRAMA. By Arthur W. Reed. 2s. net. 1922. (No. 7.)
- DRYDEN AS AN ADAPTER OF SHAKESPEARE. By Allardyce Nicoll. 2s. net. 1922. (No. 8.)
- RISE AND FALL IN SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC ART. By Roman Dyboski. 2s. net. 1923. (No. 9.)
- THE PROBLEM OF TIMON OF ATHENS. By Professor Parrott. 2s. net. 1923. (No. 10.)
- SOME PROBLEMS OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'HENRY THE FOURTH.' By A. E. Morgan. 2s. net. 1924. (No. 11.)
- SHAKESPEARE IN INDIA. Popular Adaptations on the Bombay Stage. By C. J. Sisson. 2s. net. (No. 12.)
- SHAKESPEARE AND THE STOICISM OF SENECA. By T. S. Eliot. 2s. net. 1927. (No. 13.)
- SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNIFICANCES. By Edmund Blunden. 1s. 6d. net. 1928. (No. 14.)
- LEADING MOTIVES IN THE IMAGERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES. By Professor Caroline Spurgeon. 2s. net. 1930. (No. 15.)

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY UNDER THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF  
SIR ISRAEL GOLLAN CZ

- I. SHAKESPEARE IN POLAND. By Josephine Calina (Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll) 6s. net. 1923.
- II. SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE. Criticism: Voltaire to Victor Hugo. By C. M. Haines. 10s. 6d. net. 1925.

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Route 6  
Clarksville, Tenn.  
April 23, 1931

Dear Eliot:

I am offering you another poem, and I hope that what appears to be a habit you will ~~xxx~~ find less insistent than mechanical: I send them around everywhere, and it is simply your turn to see this one.

I have received the April Criterion, and I am very much interested in your very intelligent and sympathetic review of "I'll Take My Stand". You summarize splendidly both its defects and its merits. We are unfair to other sections, but we decided deliberately to make the appeal sectional, in the hope that by stirring up emotion we might slip some ideas in unbeknownst. It is discouraging to see that a New Englander living many years abroad understands our position better than nine out of ten educated Southerners, who fatally lack, I fear, that gift of abstraction which I have decried in the Northern mind.

Yours ever,

*Allen Tate*

T. S. Eliot, Esq.  
The Criterion  
London, England

*P.S. I am pleased to see that your D.B. has  
put Shaper in his place.*

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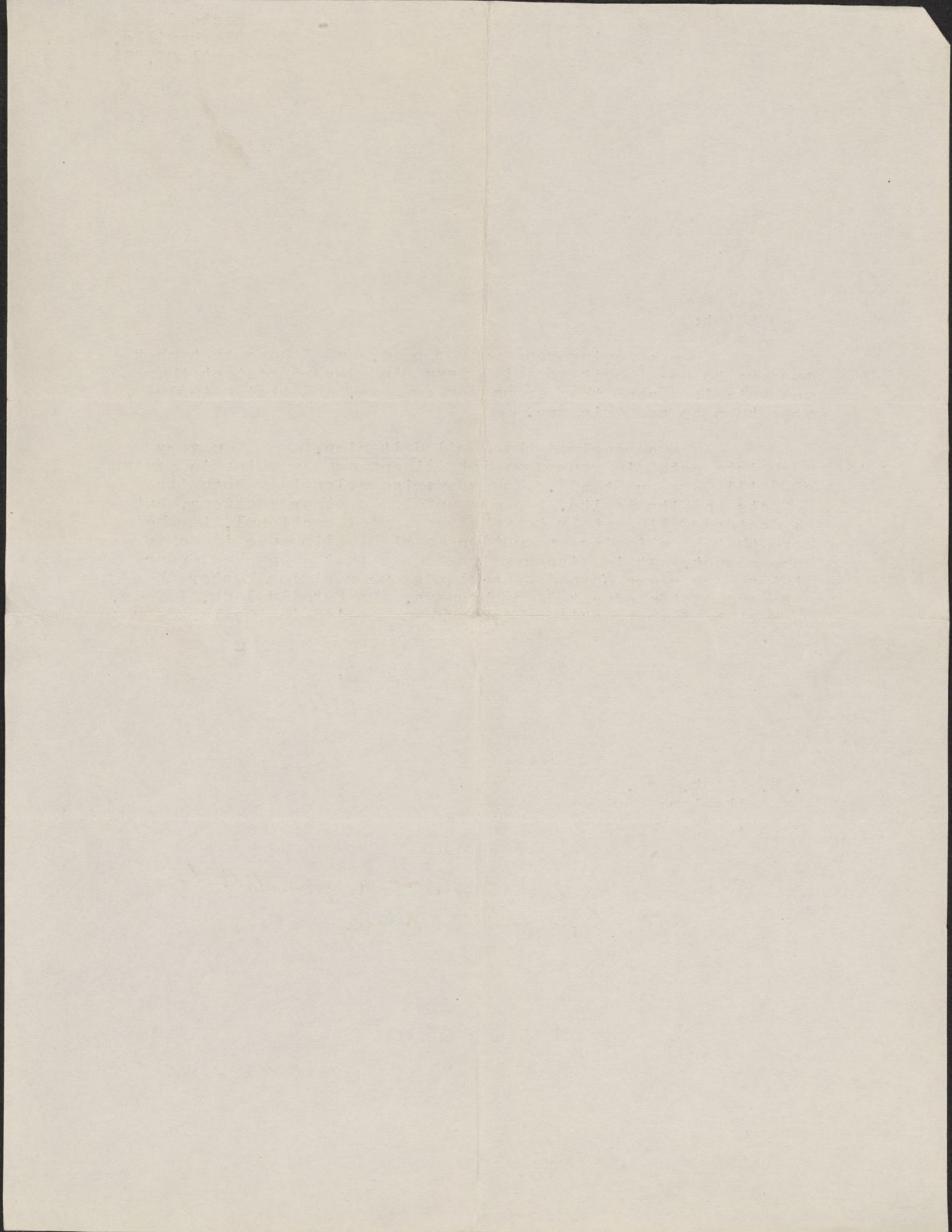
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Miss Emily Hale.

Ware Farm 41. Brunner Street

West Rindge  
N.H.

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.



977 P

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Tuesday, 12 May 1931.

*Done.*

I was grievously disappointed this morning to have no American mail in - just as it seemed that letters were travelling more quickly, and the weather not being stormy, there seemed no excuse for delays. I always hope for your letter on Monday, as that gives me (as well as something to look forward to over the weekend) two mornings in which to reply before the mail goes out; and I try particularly to keep Tuesday morning clear for writing to you. So if a letter comes tomorrow, I may not have much time, and the mail will have gone. I also always prefer to have a new letter from you under my eyes as I write at the beginning of the week; and then I like to write a supplementary letter a few days later.

I thought of your Judith part every night during the performances. I suppose it will be a fortnight before I can have any report from you of the performances. Will the photograph, I wonder, be wearing the new Judith evening dress? I hope it actually has been taken.

I am lunching to-day with Canon Underhill to meet his cousin, Miss Evelyn Underhill, who is a great authority on mysticism. (I think Baron von Hügel mentions her). Yesterday I should have gone to a performance of Coriolanus, but didnt - it was in Chelsea and at 11 in the morning, and when the time came I grudged the time. I am taking to lunch also a young American - a pupil of Paul More, who I expect to see next week - More is a very good friend of mine, and we correspond desultorily on theological topics. He is much more possible as a "friend" than Babbitt, who, with all his virtues, is arrogant and overbearing, and insists on master-and-disciple as the only relation possible; whilst More is genuinely humble and modest and disillusioned and almost a Christian, and likes cocktails and bridge. I imagine that there will be few American visitors this year - I fear that Mr. Noyes will be too feeble to come again.

Which reminds me - you will see why - that the little snapshot you sent me improves upon acquaintance - or I manage to supply more of you to it. And you don't really look like Edith Sitwell in detail.



FABER & FABER

ROBINSON

I always used to find a generic resemblance to you in some of the portraits of Nattier - do you know any - a French painter who did all the beauties and little princesses and duchesses of Louis XV's court - resemblance not in character and personality, but in physical type - so I think you do look rather French. What connects this with the Noyes's is that several years ago, when they were here, an envelope brought out a small book of snapshots - mostly of her travels I think, but I suddenly came across one of you, somewhere in the country, kneeling with your hand on the head of a dog - do you remember it - it was rather lovely though not very distinct. I wish I had some of that kind, but I want the proper portrait most.

*Tom,*

---





Miss Emily Hale.

41. Brunner Street.  
West Rindge Boston Mass.  
New Hampshire. U.S.A.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Friday, 15 May 1931.

*My dear Lady -*

I have been a Bear with a sore head all the first part of this week - though it was some satisfaction that no American mail came at all - your letter was fourteen days on the way - and was certainly a wee one when it came - but having just preached you a sermon on overworking I can hardly complain of your relaxing a bit before the play comes on - furthermore I am magnanimous not to expect you to have written again until say the 11th, having rested over the weekend; so I shall try to wait patiently until to-day week to hear about the performances. I am surprised that you should not have heard from me for so long; I always write something on Tuesdays and usually again on Fridays; but I am now putting an X in my diary for the days on which I write.

Thank you for your 1931-32 announcement, which incidentally tells me that you will be in Boston another winter, and also your address and dates for the summer. But will you be in the heart of a city all the summer, and won't you get to the country or seaside at all? I don't know Seattle, however, and perhaps it is very pleasant in the summer. Is it with the Perkins's that you will be staying? and does that mean that your uncle (I am not sure whether he is your uncle or whether it is Mrs. Perkins who is your aunt) is leaving King's Chapel? I hope not, as evidently it has been a great comfort to you to have them in Boston. You speak seldom of Miss Ware, and I imagine that your relations with her are less intimate and perhaps not quite so congenial as with the Perkins's - tell me if I am wrong. I try to visualise Miss Ware, but I cannot in the least remember what she looks like. But everything past becomes either more real or less real, in time, according to its importance.

I have Dr. Erich Alport of Hamburg, a very intelligent young man, waiting down stairs to see me, and then a young man named Bottrill, I think who has been a professor in Helsingfors, and then Mac Sweeney is to come to lunch, and we must go to tea with Mary Hutchinson; otherwise this might have been a very long letter; but I will write again a Monday-Tuesday letter - I shall have none from you till Friday.



FABER & FABER

MEMBERS

Evelyn Underhill (her name, as I only discovered at the end, is Mrs. Stuart-Moore) was delightful - but I will mention that again on Monday. What do you think I have been reading lately - among other things - sermons by the Revd. Dr. Wm. E. Channing (1843) - and Racine's Bérénice - that is superb!

Dans l'Orient désert quel devint mon ennui!...  
Je demeurais longtemps errant dans Césarée,  
Lieux charmants où mon coeur vous avait adorées...

Que le jour commence et que le jour finisse  
Sans que Titus jamais puisse voir Bérénice....

WHAT ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPH???

Tom Tom





Mrs Emily Hale,

~~41. Brimmer Street,~~

~~Boston Mass.~~

~~U.S.A.~~

West Rindge,  
New Hampshire



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

*Emily,*

18 May 1931.

*Tuesday*

I am only attempting to begin a letter to-day, to send off, probably even then unfinished - but then I never finish a letter to you, I just stop when I have to stop - as I have only ten minutes left this morning, and a committee this afternoon; but simply to cheer myself up on a Monday morning, I must begin. And writing to you is the only form of literary composition that I really enjoy. But one thought is in my mind: it is the 18th of May, and how soon are you leaving for Seattle? I hope that you will have let me know your dates exactly, because I want to be prepared for the change, and I should have fancied timing my correspondence so as to have a letter waiting for you there. I feel a little jealous of Seattle, because I have never been there; it is easier to think of you in an environment which I do know; and I confess I look forward already to September, when you will I hope be back, or at least not quite so far away - it will be almost like a meeting - well, no, not in the least: but coast to coast is enough distance, without a continent as well. And now it is one o'clock and I must put this sheet away, wondering if I may have the luck to type a few more lines this afternoon or not.

4:50 p.m. Now I shall write for just five minutes more before leaving. I was saying, last week, that I enjoyed Mrs. Stuart-Moore (Evelyn Underhill). Partly I think, because I so seldom have the opportunity of meeting Anglican Catholics socially, and particularly cultivated women of that belief. My private atmosphere is indifferent when not hostile, and my general social surroundings, the Bloomsbury Stephen-Strachey ramifications into the social world, are alien to all this; and the pleasures of social intercourse depend so largely upon the things unspoken and taken for granted: that not fitting completely into any one circle of people I have to cultivate as I can taken-for-grantedness in different worlds. The Underhills are very wellbred people and in the best sense worldly. Discussion at their tables would turn largely on references which would be unintelligible, say, at Virginia's, and, for that matter, vice versa; but you cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to me sometimes to mix with people who take Christianity for granted! I see plenty of



ecclesiastics from time to time, and also laymen of ecclesiastical interests; but there is always a purpose, something almost professional about all that.

Tuesday 19 May: I found your dear, but if I may say so, a little curt, letter of the 9th when I got here just before lunch - no, I do not say that because the envelope is addressed to "Thomas S. Eliot" tout court. - no doubt you are very tired; and I can imagine more or less the letting-down feeling of a play being over - having been someone else for so many days so intensely, and then being oneself again; and I imagine that you are depressed. I should be, I know. I know something of the after effects of substitute living - the momentary glow and the dead embers. I have just finished a Commentary for my June number - I get a certain satisfaction out of irony and sarcasm and tearing things to pieces, and I am tempted often to go in more for political invective; perhaps it is a dangerous temptation. I am sure I should loathe to see you in a Titian wig! I hate that colour hair, and should hate to see you in any but your own. And I don't believe for a moment that it was your best part, because it is not a good enough part to be that; when you play Bérénice or Phèdre or Cleopatra I may believe that is your best part - or Medea or Clytemnestra or Antigone; but not, please, Judith of Noel Coward. But I have no doubt you made all of it that can be made. And I still hope to see your photograph in the new Judith gown - here it is May 19th and I don't even know that you have had it taken, and you going off to Seattle.

*Am I Bille very blonde hair etc mmm -*

Your little letter saddened me, but perhaps I was sad already; much of the time I am furious rather than sad. I confess that there are times too when I am sorry for myself - and it is only a nuisance to remind myself that no one living has less right to be sorry for himself than I -

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà -  
Pleurant sans cesse;  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

or

Is the eye waxen dim, is the brown hair changing to grey  
That has won neither laurel nor bay?

There, you see how maudlin I can be, and there is no need to reprove me, for I know all that already.

I have been to another play - quite exceptional for me; I like the theatre so much that I am almost uncritical, and when I have been, am haunted for weeks by the emotions of the play. This was not a good



one, it is called "Autumn Crocus", by an author I had never heard of, and was the usual mixture of the farcical, the schabreux and the tearful that goes down, but there was a good part in it for Fay Compton, who is rather a good actress, and made me sentimental. It is a play which requires several actors who can talk fluent German, as the scene is laid in an hotel in the Tyrol.

By the way, forgive my egotism, but do you get the Criterion regularly? you are supposed to, but numbers may go astray. I ask because my recent "commentaries" (since the December number) are considered better than before!

To-day I had Mr. Bottrill (a Cornishman) from Helsingfors to lunch; he is going to Princeton and Harvard for two years. And Paul Elmer More is coming to dinner; we shall probably be drinking Madeira and talking theology all the evening, and I shall probably be thinking of Emily going to Seattle - and possibly to San Francisco. I wish I could settle the mystery of why some people deserve everything and have nothing; and the second class of people who have everything put into their hands and throw it away, and the third class who have everything and take it all for granted.

I am often tempted to send you books, but hesitate first because I don't want merely to litter your shelves, and second because you are so busy that you ought not to be distracted from real reading by this and that. Books come and pass through my hands so easily; I can have any I want. But I don't want to read, I have too much to do with books. But what about your reading? now what are you going to read this summer? And are you going simply to ignore politely my humble suggestion that I should like to be reading, <sup>with you</sup> at any time, some one book worth reading that neither you nor I have read before?

I suppose that I shall be sitting in London right ~~th~~through the summer. At present, I am sure that I cannot go away anywhere with Vivienne, because I could not stand it, and she does not want to go away without me, and does not want me to go away alone, so it is a deadlock.

What I always find it difficult not to be enraged by is the mental dishonesty and self-deception of human beings; and what I find it still difficult to accept is the terrible isolation of one human being from any other: but the latter is one of those unpalatable truths - and there are many - which Christianity has to teach us to face.



I wanted also to say that in the absence of the other. You little photo. Graph is more or more a Confal tone

Please remember that the merest scrap of a letter from you is something life-giving to me; I only wish that mine might mean to you a fraction of that. I sometimes have a fear lest I may be, or become, to you, merely the author of letters, and that if you saw me again, you might not be able to identify absolutely the man you saw before you with the author of the letters. Cyrano was a good letter-writer. It would not be so ~~xixx~~ on my part, but I identify you and your letters almost too well.

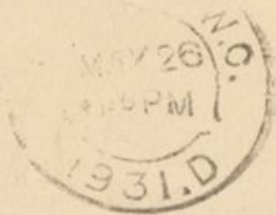
I lit a little candle, praying for you, before the Virgin this morning. Does all that seem fantastic make believe to you?

Your (sans réserves)

Pom.

I don't know how to address you this week - you seem to have withdrawn - to contemplation? But always "my Lady".





Miss Emily Hale,

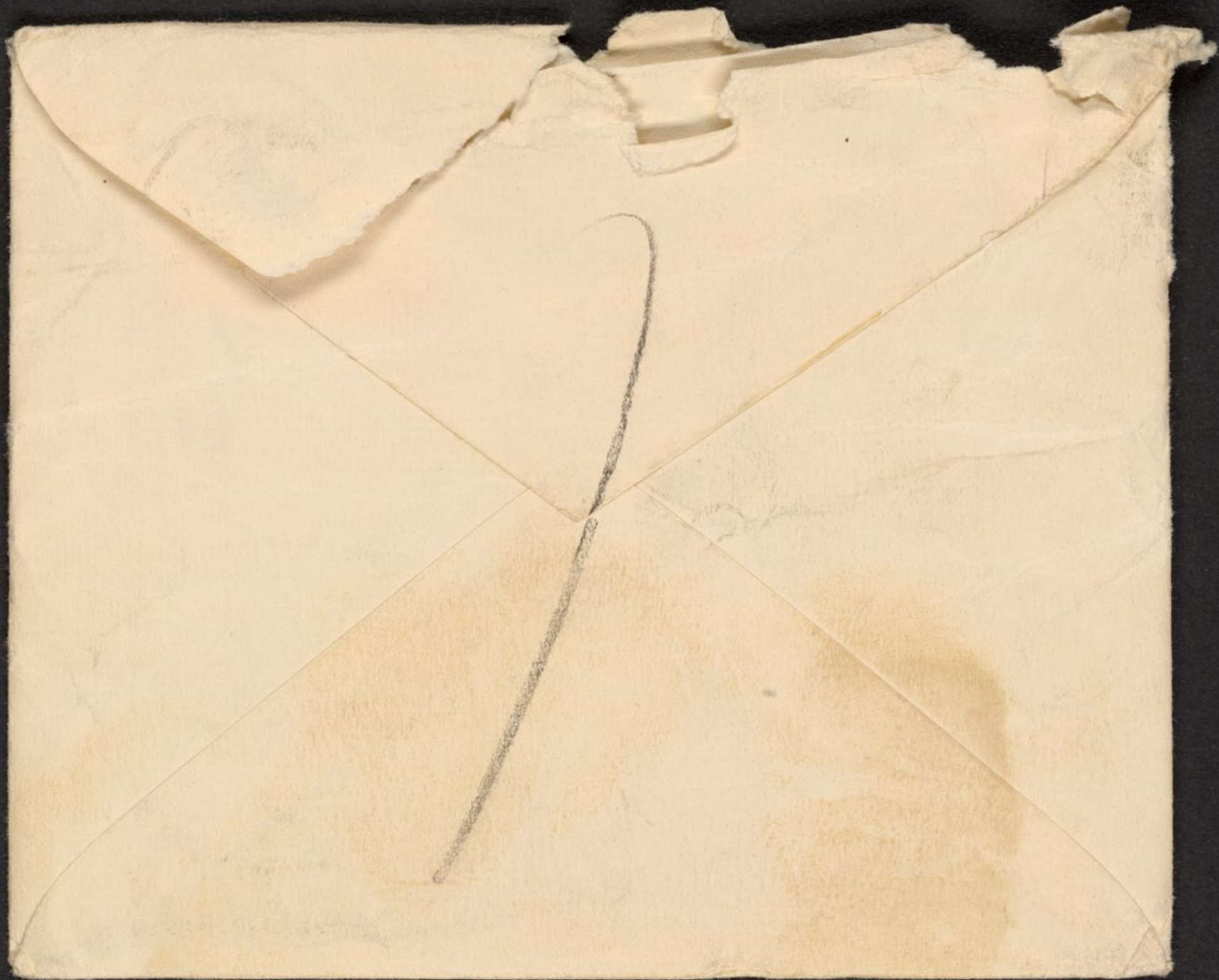
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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543  
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

26 May 1931.

*My dear Dove,*

I am in more cheerful mood than when I wrote last - it is not always easy to give reasons for one's own moods, is it - and the mood of your latest letter may always affect me even more than I know - but for heaven's sake don't let that remark affect your spontaneity - I somewhat shared your turn of dejection after the play was over; perhaps in a way the more depressing just because it was such a success, and the last of a season; and when One's life is a hard one any break in it may make it all the harder. I was also depressed by the thought that my Bird would soon be at the other side of a continent as well as a sea; and perhaps even this letter will have to be forwarded, and I suppose there will be a gap in what I receive. But I am glad that the performance was an unqualified success. And I shall look forward so eagerly to your return to Boston in the autumn - unless, that is, you accept a post somewhere else.

I shall hope to see something of the Thorps this winter, and will in any case make a special effort to do so, for your sake. Thank you for letting me know about them; and your remark answers a question I was about to ask about the Hinkleys, in view of their possible visit. I had thought it just possible that they might have inferred that you heard from me often - whereas I have been very negligent of them, on the whole; it has been my intention to write to Eleanor ~~XXXXX~~ delayed every week. I do not in the least mind the Perkins's or Miss Ware knowing anything you care to tell them about me - on the contrary - nor anyone who has your complete confidence. I have spoken of you to no one but Father Underhill, and that not even by name, as he does not know you; the only friend I have to whom I might have spoken is Whibley, and he is dead.

I hope the Thorps will let me know when they arrive, and if I can be of any use in helping to find lodgings, etc. I shall be very glad.

Bonamy is Bonamy Dobrée - his people come from Guernsey, hence the French name. He was a cavalry officer before the war, became a Major under Allenby in Palestine, after the war threw up his commission and took a degree at Cambridge - though already married to a dark lady named Valentine also of a military family who tries to write novels



FABER FABER

and whom I cant quite make out - then lived in the Pyrenees for two or three years, and since then has been the author of several books on Restoration Drama etc - he was, with me, a director of the defunct Phoenix society for producing old plays - we should have had quite a good time with that if the Revd. Montague Summers had not ruined its finances before we came in - and now has become a small suire in Norfolk as well (enclosed photograph of his house!) He was broadcasting Defoe talks after I finished Dryden. Though not intellectually profound, nor torn by the deepest emotions, Bonamy is a very charming and lovable person - he is one of the usual members of the monthly Criterion circle.

I was vexed not to have time to write on Friday after getting your dear letter - but I had a short morning and a confession (for Whitsuntide), and then Mrs. Joyce came to tea with us. My mood when I write I must add, is partly affected by the amount of time I have. If, for instance, I have managed to say all I have to say at the moment, and then a day or two later find myself with unlimited time (for me, that is) I am likely to feel a little gay and frivolous and relaxed. Indeed, for me, I could be, I feel, much more gay and frivolous with you than with anyone else; because one can be so much gayer with the person with whom can be most serious, than with anyone else.

I had Paul More to dinner last week, and a pleasant evening. I am lunching with him and Lowther Clarke, the head of the S.P.C.K. (that is not Prevention of Cruelty but the Propagation of the Gospel!) Well, I hope at least that my photograph will be on its way to me at the same time that you are on your way west.

I should be more lively this afternoon except that the dog fell off the coal house roof while following the cat, and I had to rush it to the vet. to have two toe nails removed: a very slight accident in itself, but V. always thinks that such things are due to evil plots by servants, and it takes some time to restore peace.

So life just goes on, and on and on.

your humble and grateful etc.

On Thurs. Friday  
I shall write to  
Seattle. I shant send  
many books there! except  
what you would leave  
behind.

Tom -



66 Maids Causeway: Cambridge. 18 May 1931.

Dear Mr Eliot,

Many thanks for your letter. I'm sorry you will have little spare time when you come up here, but I hope the weekend you spend here will be that from the 30th onwards: for we are playing Trowell's translation of Sophocles' 'Antigone', in which I shall be playing Kreon. It would be pleasant if your hosts at Corpus brought you to the Theatre that Saturday night. Otherwise I am doubtful when we shall next meet: for a week after this term ends we must leave our cottage in Sussex, and that week will be closely occupied in preparations for moving. We have found a house in Hunking orshire, about 12 miles from Cambridge, a curious building half Norman and half Georgian, on the banks of the Ouse, a place I can work in when the Festival Theatre will not suffer me any longer, or I feel the drama warm enough in my bones.

At the moment acting takes up all my time, and all the stuff from my brain. It is a revelation to me, why actors are generally stupid — though indeed this Theatre gives <sup>! ?</sup> <sup>are they?</sup> its dressing rooms more material for discussion than most, and there is always a certain intellectual relief in the society of Bronarski & his friends. Auden's 'charade' I know & admire. This is the only Theatre in England where such an experiment could be tried out: but Terence Gray is a curious, perverse man, and any suggestion made to him directly is always turned down. One can only wait for him to make his own discoveries (or sometimes slip by a delicate trail). Interested amateurs could



not, I think, make a working success of the charade, without expert supervision, and ~~the~~ the Experts in England could not deal with so concentrated a diction. and Indeed I have my own doubts about its actable quality, though I hope someday if I ever acquire enough experience to do any producing that I shall be able to try it myself. The chief difficulty for any verse play is that ~~not only~~ but the probable unconsciousness of the audience, but the powers of the actors. So far from 'putting across' concentrated verse most of them have no idea of speaking the simplest. Poetry is a real difficulty to them, and they regard it as a detraction from what might otherwise, in Shakespeare for example, be a good 'acting part.'

Thus a considerable complication is added to the already hard enough problem of finding a dramatic texture of speech which is not effete. Myself I hanker after some kind of free verse: but how the subtleties of this can ever be realised on the stage by actors who call Shakespeare's more expressive phrases 'tongue-twisters' I really do not know. No doubt one will find something. It's an interesting technical puzzle.

I've had a letter from Harriet Munroe of Chicago asking for permission to print 'Sagittarius' in a new edition of her anthology 'The New Poetry'. She said that she was applying to Faber's also; and, subject to your approval, I have given my consent. She also said that she had sent to me, care of your office, a copy of her magazine 'Poetry', in which there was a review of 'The Ecliptic'. Has this arrived? It has certainly not reached me. If you have it anywhere I should be glad to see it; for she has asked me to contribute to the magazine, and I should like to know what sort of magazine it is.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Gordon MacLeod.



CARLTON ELITE HOTEL  
ZÜRICH  
TEL. 36 636

Wegen Gliaz : I have come here  
to see Vogt who is fairly well pleased  
with the state of my eye but wants  
to do the major of the remaining two  
operations in the spring. This is  
rather ~~disconcerting~~ as it has me to  
change all my plans. I began the  
second part of my book about five  
weeks ago but perhaps I can have  
the first section of that complete before  
Am out to fixer.

As regards H.C. 3. I should  
like a very blabent yellow cover  
with very faint, <sup>vermillion</sup> vermillion letter



? Greater size  
of 1/4 the size covering the whole cover,  
my own name being very small but  
discernible. Also please change the date  
on title-page to 1931. However I  
shall write you again on this subject  
from Paris in about four days and  
meanwhile please do not take any steps  
whatever in the matter as there is  
one important thing I overlooked  
in London.

Yours truly,  
James Joyce

P.S. This is my normal handwriting  
eight or ten years ago. If only I  
could see it a little better all  
would be still well

2.5.31

91



14.5.31

Larchfield Academy

Helenburgh

Dumbartonshire N.B.

Dear Mr Eliot

Thank you very much for your  
letter and the MS of The Orators.  
Naturally I should prefer it to appear  
as whole but if you would like  
the first part alone I shall be  
pleased to let you have it.

The central idea is the Revolutionary  
~~hero~~ hero and the failure of the  
Romantic Personality (I had in mind  
personally the careers of Hamlet, Lear, and  
D.H. Lawrence). The four parts, corresponding  
if you like to the four seasons, and the  
four ages of man - Boyhood, Sturm und Drang,  
Middle-age, Old age - show the influence



of the Hero in his circle. Thus

Part I. Introduction and to Influence. Conversion (the Catastrophe)

Part II. Personal relation with Hero. (Catastrophe).

Part III. The Hero's teaching. The Hero impersonally  
considered (Part Catastrophe).

Part IV. Effect of Catastrophe.

All explanations sound a bit priggish and 'German',  
so I hope you excuse this being so.

Yours very sincerely

Wystan Auden

P.S. I forgot to thank you for the Türel. I'm  
afraid it's the sort of book one would  
only get through in Dartmoor.



1. 3. 31

Lieber Eliot

Ich danke Ihnen für 'Thoughts  
after Lambeth'. Es ist mir  
wertvoll, Ihr Denken - und  
gerade auch Ihr christliches  
und kirchliches Denken - zu  
verfolgen. Ich sympathisiere  
sehr mit Ihrem Standpunkt.  
Leid haben wir in Deutsch-  
land noch kein Oxford Move-  
ment gehabt, und werden es



vielleicht nie haben. Aber  
eine Concentration aller christ-  
lichen Kräfte halte ich auch  
für nötig und für Konsumend.

Ich las in diesen Tagen  
auch M'Greedy's Buch über  
Sie. Es tut mir leid für  
Sie und das Criterion, dass  
sich mein Beitrag den  
Lern des Iren auf sich ge-  
zogen hat.

In freundschaftlicher Gesinnung

Her ER Curtis



South Acre

Jateley

Stants

April 30 1931

My dear Tom,

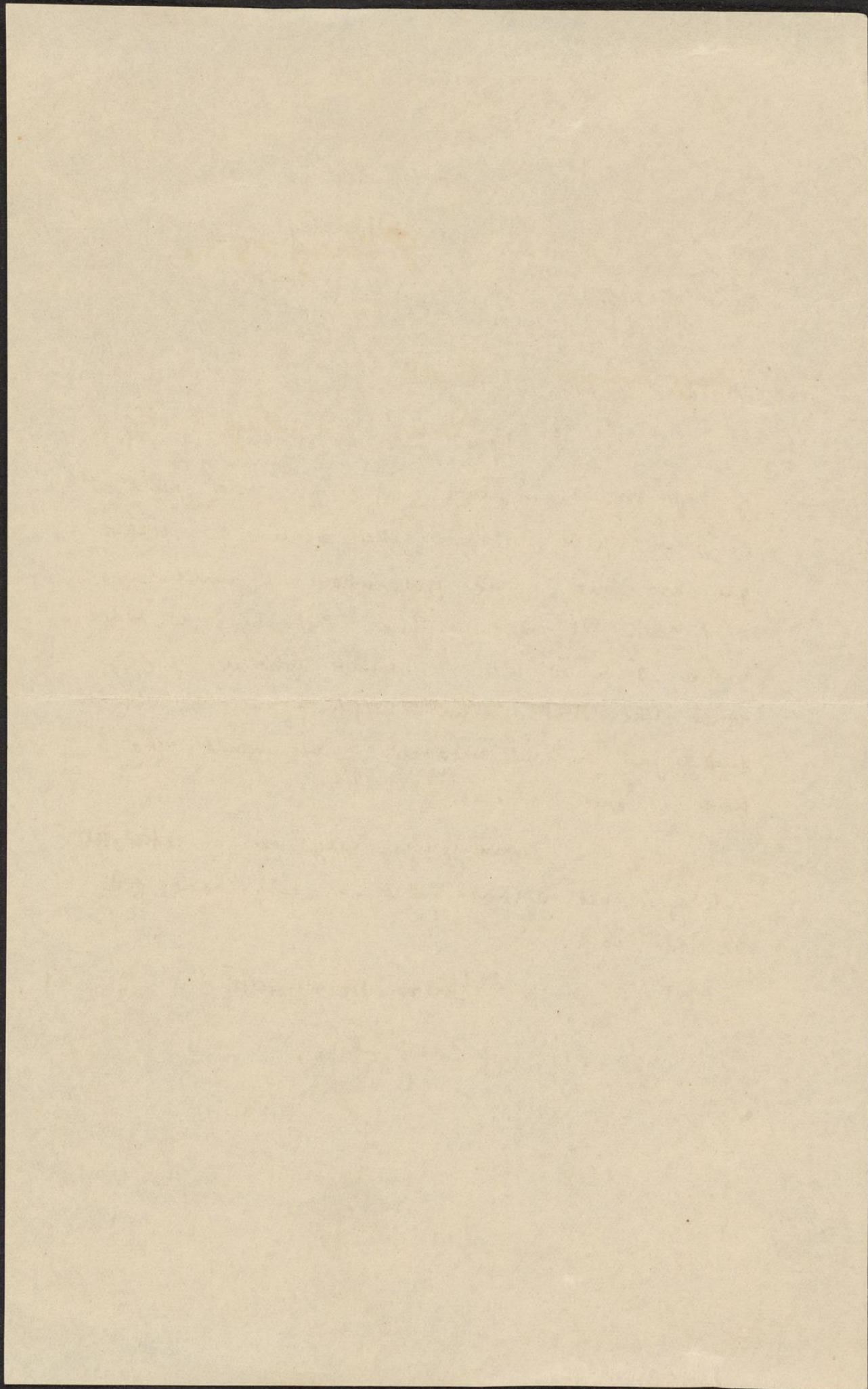
I should like to inscribe a copy of my book on Lawrence for you, not merely in friendship & affection, but because I believe you are one of the few who will understand it & why it was written. But, for some odd reason, I would like to know whether you would like this. About anything else I should send you without hesitation, but about this I have a queer scruple.

I am going away for a fortnight's holiday: but I have put a copy aside till I come back.

Yours affectionately,

John.







44 Brimmer Street

from S. E. MORISON

Harvard College Library, 515  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

9 May 1931

My dear Eliot

I am sending back  
the proof of my review of Hamlet by  
return mail but it cannot reach you  
by the 15th -

Thanks so much for sending  
me your most interesting "Thoughts after  
Hamlet". Although my faith is, I suppose,  
about the same as yours, I must confess that  
the pamphlet rather irritated me; as  
perhaps it was intended to do. Perhaps  
it is that I am far enough away from  
Wentworth to look back upon it a little  
sentimentally, as I think I detect now



Puntan Prefathers Dring in respect of the Roman  
Catholic Church; perhaps it is that as an  
Aristocrat I feel it a professional duty as  
well as an intellectual pleasure to put  
myself in their people's places and try to  
understand their points of view. You, in the  
country (I suppose) were brought up a  
Unitarian and still feel a certain resent-  
ment against what is denied to you of  
the dresses and mystic prostrations proper  
to youth; further you are not (God be  
praised!) an Unitarian. Hence, it seems  
to me, you are somewhat intolerant of the  
19th century retained - Unitarian point  
of view; and still more so of 20th century  
stunts occultism like Whitehead and  
Julian Bradley who are conscientiously  
and very Anglo-Saxonly (as you observe)



seeking for some God in whom they can believe. It is too much  
to expect that in this age the majority of thinking people can  
believe in ~~the~~ the God of their fathers - and if Whitehead or  
Julian et. can find a scientific sanction for Christian Ethics  
(Julian at least appears to have found it for the Trinity), that is  
to be welcomed: just as in the last century Emerson saved  
thousands of people from the pit of atheism. Your pamphlet  
teaches me with a very strong desire that you would write a book  
or pamphlet which could be a prose exposition of your own  
or if you wish - the Anglo-Catholic - faith - a most difficult  
thing to do in prose I admit - but you are probably the only  
layman who could do it, and the effect would be tremendous.  
I constantly meet young people who are groping for something in which  
to believe and I cannot help them - my faith is an instinct,  
an emotion - something hereditary and unexpressible - which I  
cannot put into words

Sincerely yours

J. M. Addison





April 14<sup>e</sup>

VILLA CAETANI  
VICOLO TRE MADONNE

ROMA (136)  
TEL. 88492

Dear Tom. Thank you for the little  
book. It is very clever. I am  
in need of your contributions  
to "Commerce". Is there no hope  
for 2000? The essay I sent  
you of Kasser. Can you do  
anything with it? Otherwise  
will you send it to me please.  
I sent you 5 of his punch  
translations and beg you to give



them to those who would  
like it. He has been here for  
a fortnight. Ruffels has diphtheria  
but is much better and is  
coming home from the clinic  
in a few days. Then Lelia  
and I go back to Kusailas.

It has been great bad luck.  
So let me have news of you  
soon and hope for Kommerce!  
I hope you are both well  
and I send you my best love

aff  
Margaret





VILLA CAETANI  
VICOLO TRE MADONNE

ROMA (136)  
TEL. 88492

It was quite surprising  
to say that your  
essay was simply  
clear it is really so  
much more than that.



VILLA CAROLINA

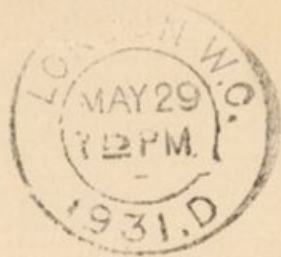
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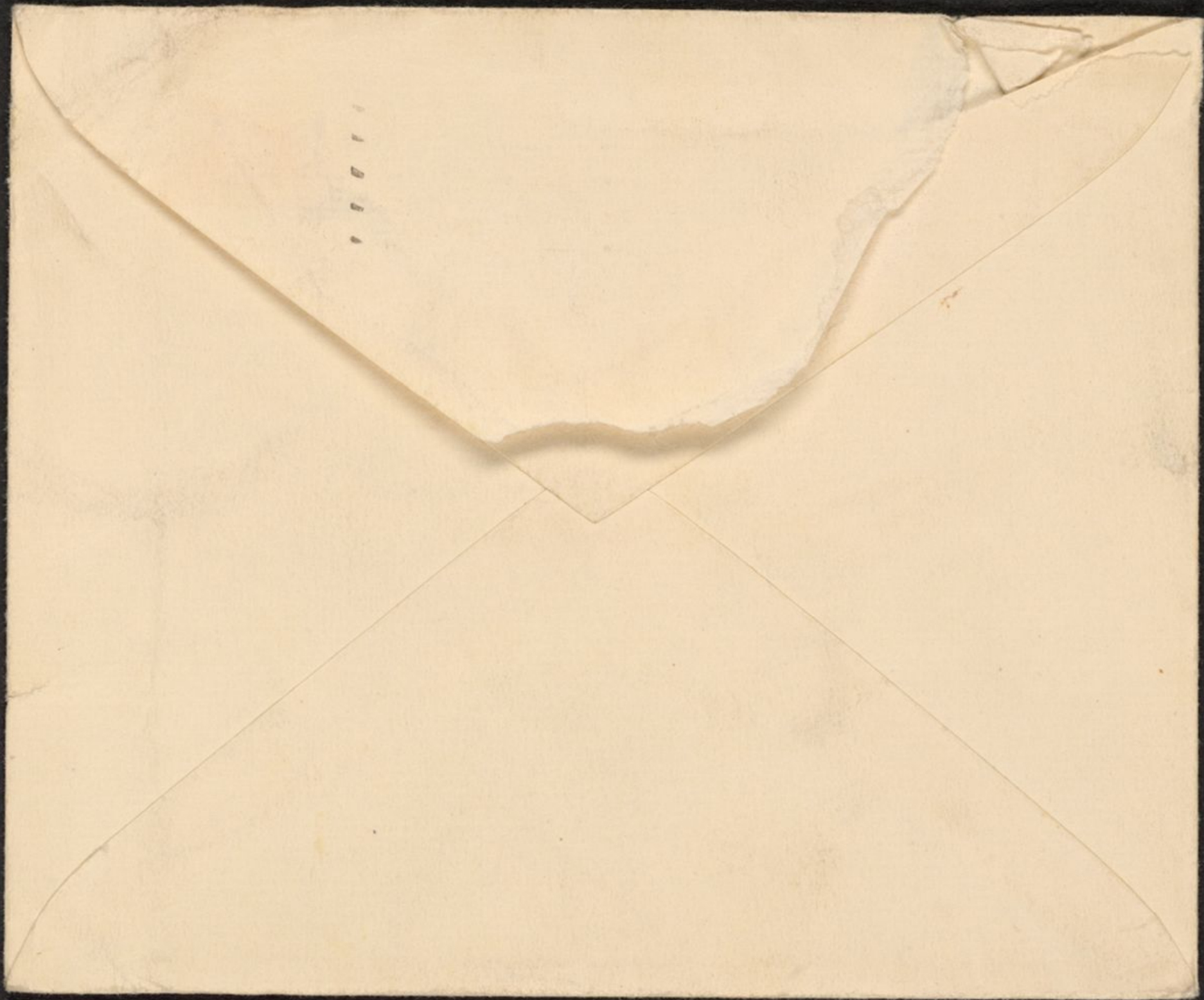
Miss Emily Hale,

41. Brimmer Street,

Boston Mass.

U.S.A.







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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Friday 29 May 1931.

*Emily dear,*

This will be a very tiny note: primarily to tell you that you escaped only by the closest squeak getting a cable from me! After posting Tuesday's letter to Brimmer Street, it occurred to me that you might have left Boston by June 1st. And particularly as my previous letter had been rather doleful, I did not want so long a time to elapse as the interval between forwarding to Seattle and your indirect journey thither, so I was going to cable to say that there was a letter which you might receive when it was forwarded to Seattle. However, your letter of the 18th arrived on Wednesday - but I should have sent the cable that morning before going to the office had I not been rushed. I confess that it would have been a pleasure to me - because it is rather exhilarating to send a message and know that you will get it within a few hours - though I hope I may never have any reason of serious anxiety for cabling. But I ask you, Madam, to give me the credit for great self-control so far, in cabling you only once - I reserve the right to do so on Christmas-ses and birthdays.

I have just been lunching with Joyce at Overton's fish shop near Victoria - discussing his publishing problems mostly, and humming bits of Wagner in turn - and now must write a note to Spens apologising for being unable to come to Cambridge this week end after all; and then Mr. Siepman of the B.B.C. is coming to consult with me; and then - most difficult, Mrs. Caresse Crosby of Paris is coming, to ask me, I fear, to write a preface for her deceased husband's poems. And then I must go back and whisk the Dog out to the veterinary in Hampstead to have its wounds dressed (it lost three toe nails, that's all). And I shall write again on Monday to Brimmer Street, and after that to Seattle. And when, my dear Lady, is Midsummer, pray? Shall I have a photograph by the middle of June or do you mean the first of August? I shall not breathe freely until I am sure that it has at least been taken - and then I shall probably hear that you don't like it and I must wait till Christmas. I am now in such a state that ANY photograph - whatever you think of it yourself - would content me.

I suppose that I am not to expect to hear from you for a period of about two weeks, while you are on your meanderings; but even a picture post card would be nourishing.



FABER FABER

1872

I can see, I think, that Judith was a difficult and in its way an interesting part to play; and I am much interested in what you tell me about it.

En t'embrassant les bouts des doigts & des orteils,  
je te prie de recevoir l'expression de ma consideration parfaite.

7.5.8.

