

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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31



Miss Emily Hale.

~~41. Bummer Street,~~

~~1418
E. 63rd St~~

~~Boston Mass.~~

Seattle, Wash. U.S.A.

BOSTON, MASS.
JUN 12
2.50 P.M.
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

MONDAY 1st June 1931.

Emily dear,

I have just posted the book of drawings to Boston - I hope it may arrive before you leave, and not give you the nuisance of following you to Seattle - don't be deceived at seeing me in such eminent company: Will Rotherstein had eleven drawings which we were to publish, and wanted a twelfth, and so, being one of the firm, I was impounded in a hurry: most people consider the drawing Dreadful; I wonder what you will think; you can send the book to a secondhand shop. Rotherstein is at his best in drawing Jews - his Melchett and Einstein are very good, Beerbohm not quite so good, as he does not look quite so Jewish. I have put in "An Adventure", a little book which I found absorbing myself, and which, if you get it in time, might do on the Pullman across the prairies - and I thought it might interest the Perkins's too. I have complete faith in it; I mean that I believe the facts absolutely, though what they prove is an open question with several possible answers. I never knew either of the ladies, but the brother of one, Philip Jourdain, was a very kind friend to me, years ago; a hardheaded rationalist he was, a brilliant mathematician who should certainly have had a fellowship at Trinity and might have made a great name, but he died early of a general paralysis which struck him when he was still at Cambridge.

As for reading, I must add that I have found grandiose schemes for reading, outlines for months ahead etc. and plans for improving my mind, always failed. They are too artificial. Actually, I don't have any more time for what I call "reading" than you do. I mean I don't count reading done in preparation for a piece of writing, or for any purpose of the moment, only "disinterested" reading. I try always to have something going which has no immediate practical purpose - for instance, I keep St. Francois de Sales' *Traité de l'Amour de Dieu* on my table and potter at it. But I am not a believer in reading widely or omnivorously, only in soaking in a few things; and one essential for that is never to go on with anything that bores one. (My dear sister Marion used always to be reading with indefatigable industry, whole works - Parkman's complete histories etc. - I never could do that.) In fact, it takes

a good part of one's spare time to read a little of the Bible at all regularly - the New Testament, and a few books of the Old, such as Isaiah and the Psalms. And by the way, Madam, if it is not an impertinence - do you ever read the Bible? and do you say prayers at bedtime? It's a great satisfaction to me to be able to pray for the people I care for, and for some of those whom those I care for care for, both living and dead.

Here I am in the role of Uncle Tom: but that's all of that for the present. And there is what I care for disappearing into a wild wild West that I know nothing about; and I alone sit lingering here, interviewing Mr. Brace of Harcourt Brace & Co (Inc.), lunching tomorrow with Dr. Erich Alport of Hamburg (a dapper young cosmopolitan with a Balliol manner) to discuss Scheler, Heidegger, Türel and other German writers; and tomorrow Miss Spencer of Concord Avenue is coming to tea, and Mary Hutchinson and her brother Jim Barnes are coming to dinner. The Hutchinsons are old friends. St. John Hutchinson is a barrister.....

TUESDAY. What an incoherent letter. I have a few minutes before Mr. Arthur J. Penty comes to see me; he is an obscure economist who seems to me to have some interesting ideas, and who might possibly be useful.

What an extraordinarily long business it is, growing up! (This is reverting to your last letter). I suppose one grows up in spots, here and there, and never all over at once; yet is inclined to assume that one is as mature as one's maturest part of the mind - I know that I for one am always being pulled up with a start to find how very childish I am! I imagine however that any more or less conscious person always seems more mature to others than he does to himself; but I cannot conceive of anyone growing up more slowly and painfully than I. But I won't talk any longer about myself: the spring is beautiful and painful, and the hawthorn and red may and white may are out in bloom and the country is scented; but to-day is rather showery, and

Pollicle Dogs and Jellicle Cats
Must put on their Boots & their Waterproof Hats
And when they come in, Wipe their Feet on the Mats...

Toujours à la princesse lointaine -

And will you not
begin a little writing
again, this Summer?

Tom.



Miss Emily Hale.

1418 East 63^d Street.

Seattle

Washington

U.S.A.



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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

My dear Dore.

5 June 1931.

My dear, I hate to be forever writing in some "mood" or other, but I am afraid it must incline still to be either exaltation or depression when I write to you. And you see, to-day is Friday, and no letter from you has come all this week; and there has been an American mail these two days, and I have had letters from Eleanor and Penelope, which makes the deficit more painful. I suppose that you are either at West Rindge, or visiting somewhere else, and either have had no time to write, or else your letter has taken longer and just missed the mail. I wish that this, my first letter to Seattle, might be a brightened one; but when I have not heard from you I fall into such an arid and costive state that my little bits of diary news seem too flat and unprofitable to be worth mentioning. Perhaps I am rather a vampire! Anyway, when I have my nourishment from you my brain works actively; and when I haven't, I feel an empty husk.

I shall send you the English Review, and possibly other periodicals, but nothing that you cannot throw away where you are - the English Review, because I told you of my association with it. Actually, Ferrol runs it to please himself; it is merely that Jack Squire and myself are given a very good lunch at Eyre and Spottiswoode's once a month, over which Sir Dennis Herbert presides like a duenna, and little towheaded Lord Iddeleigh darts in and out like a rabbit, and afterwards we discuss review books and reviewers. I don't think much of his first number: all Humbert Wolfe's verse is paste jewellery; Osbert Burdett's story seems to me flat and a very doubtful selection to start off with; Amery and Benn say the same things they have always been saying, and Squire as Peter Piper chats in his usual way.

My dear, I haven't the heart to write more now, or until I have some news of Emily. You are, if possible, more incessantly in my mind when I write briefly than when I write at length.

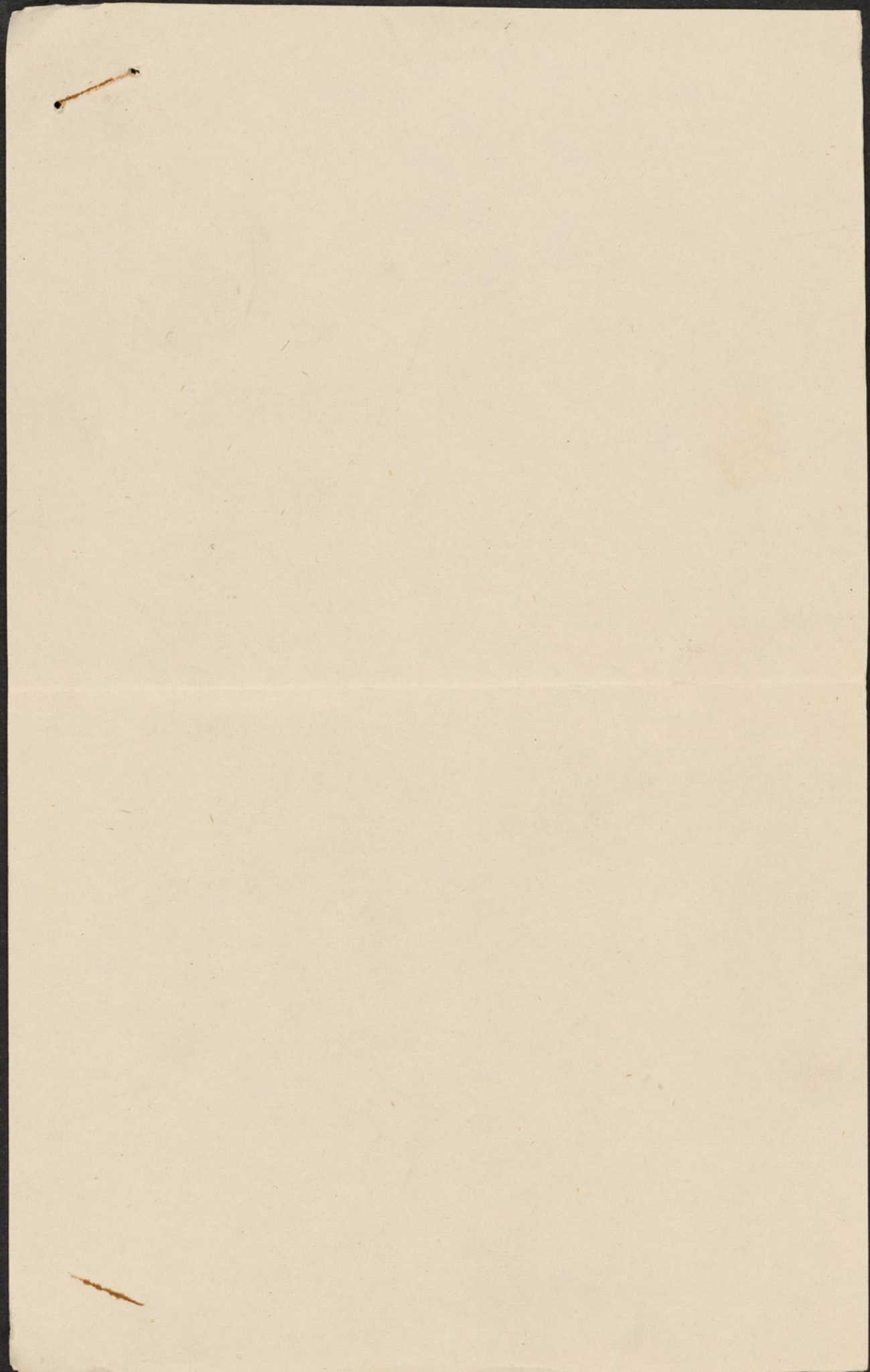
que dieu te bénisse -

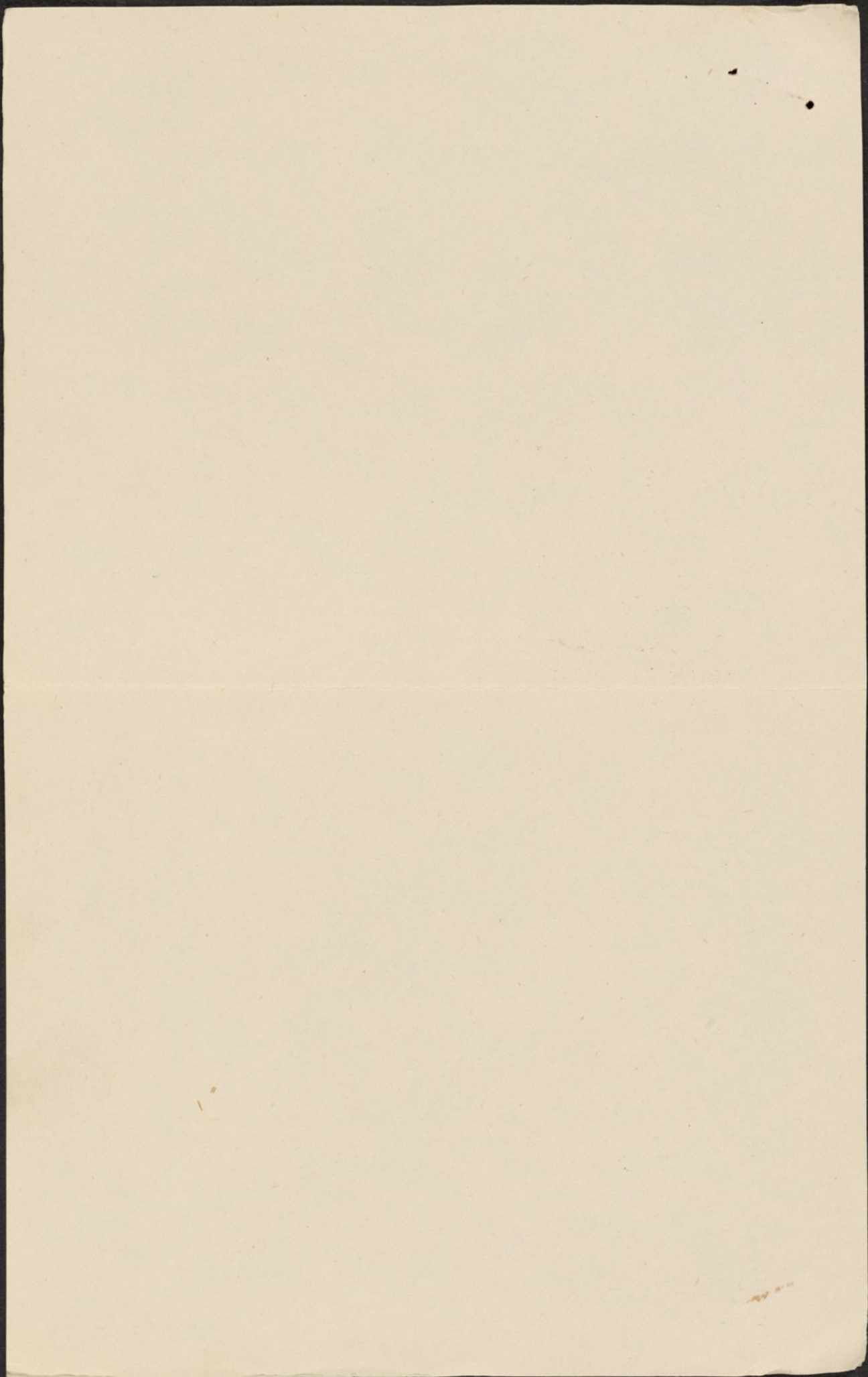
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A COMMENTARY

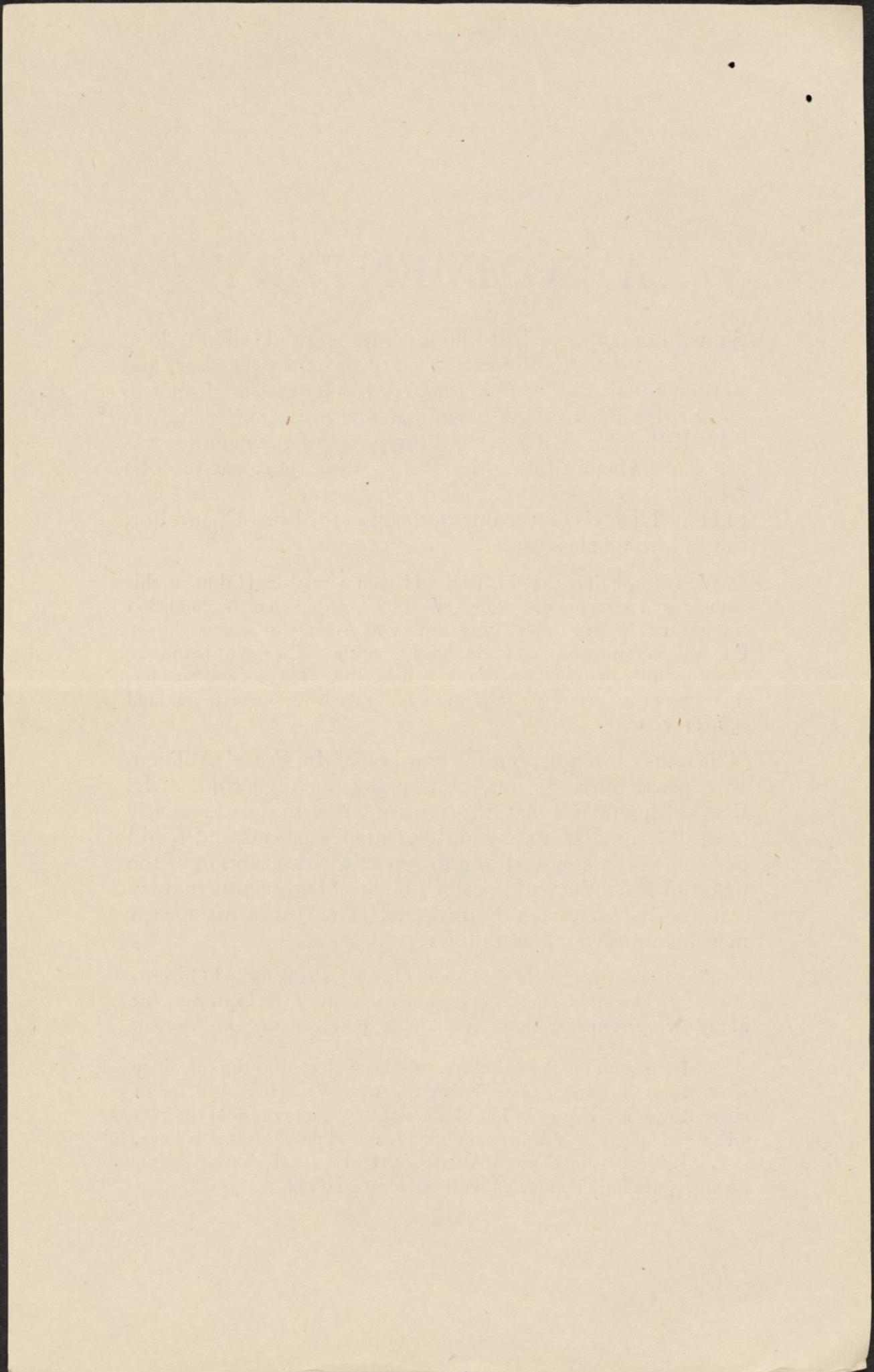
Something happened at the Fishmongers' Hall not long ago which deserves some further record than the short and simple annals of *The Financial Times*. It was the dinner of the British Bankers' Association. The presiding sprite was Mr. J. Beaumont Pease,¹ and the ghost of the evening was the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Pease, after the toast of 'His Majesty's Government', took the opportunity of conveying to His Majesty's Government, through the Lord Chancellor, the following message:

We believe that the financial and commercial condition of this country is in a *very serious state*. We do *not* believe that the condition can be met by *merely* marking time and *hoping* for better things. The position must be faced and faced *squarely*. *If* we as a nation are spending more than we can afford, it must stop. Bankers and business men know that there is only one end to such a course if pursued *sufficiently far*.

(The italics are mine, but the words are Mr. Pease's.) Then, after pease porridge hot, came pease porridge cold. Mr. Pease remembered that 'this type of gathering' had recently been described as an assembly of money barons and frigid penguins. This moved him to report the description of the penguin which he had read in a book of eighteenth century travels. It was a friendly bird, etc. The rest of his speech may be abbreviated as follows:

There are many bonds of sympathy between bankers and Government. . . . Unemployment is said to be the fault of the Government: in my own personal opinion it is not in the power of any Government

¹ Mr. Beaumont Pease has recently been elected to the captaincy of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrew's. He is also captain of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, and therefore will hold the two offices concurrently, a distinction only achieved previously, I believe, by Lord Forster and Captain Angus V. Hambro. Mr. Pease is also, I believe, distantly connected with Andrew Marvell.



to cure this evil, whatever its power may be to increase it. . . . Another reason why bankers and the Government should feel sympathetic towards each other is that we are both accused of extravagance. . . . Another bond of sympathy between us both is that we both depend for our prosperity, and even our existence, upon the prosperity and goodwill of the country. . . . Finally, we are both exposed to the same temptations. . . .

Lord Sankey, in responding, was in 'humorous vein', we are told, as well he might be after this exhibition of penguin frigidity. Having, in any case, been put into a jovial mood—shall we say a Sankey Mood—he had the happy thought to remember the Royal & Ancient. 'It is a matter of proud satisfaction to all of us (1) that at any rate an Englishman will shortly play himself in at St. Andrew's.' (Laughter.) (2) 'Permit me, sir, as the worst golfer on any course within twenty miles of Charing Cross to offer my respectful felicitations.' (Laughter.) (3):

We took office upon 8th June, 1929. It will very soon be June of 1931, and therefore, sir, your golfing experience will at once point out to you that the position is this: we are two up and three to go. (Laughter) . . . I spend half of my time on the golf links in bunkers. (Laughter). Certainly my best club and I think the best club of the Labour Party is a niblick. (Laughter). It makes us sympathise with that oppressed and hard-working individual the agricultural labourer. (4) . . . We live in an age of great social unrest. . . . Let me tell you at once that after forty years of weary waiting and unswerving loyalty what a pleasure it is to me to-night to sit next to the Chairman of Lloyds Bank. . . . Plenty of work will come. Of that I have no fear. But my anxiety is, and your anxiety is, while many are waiting for work they may be losing the will to work. That is the real danger of England. . . . I am sometimes astonished at the disasters which it is said will come over this country should we remain much longer in power.

Comment: (1) What! Were there no *Scottish* bankers at the dinner of this *British* Association? Bravo, Scotland. (2) There seem to have been a few Scots present after all. (3) More Scots. (4) What! No laughter?

Rather surprisingly, *The Financial Times* gives as a caption to its report of this dinner 'COMMERCE AND FINANCE IN A VERY SERIOUS STATE'.

Under the form of eternity, of course, such a gathering as that reported differs little from the annual feast of the humblest cricket club in the country; to a human eye it differs in this respect, that such wit and humour, when they irradiate, as they often do, the reunions of local athletic societies, are more in place there, and in better taste.

Let Mr. André Siegfried¹ wag his head over all this. Mr. Siegfried has written a good book, as was to be expected from the author of *Les États-Unis d'aujourd'hui*; it will have a large sale and library demand; it will confirm many intelligent opinions; but I fear that it will leave the majority of readers with the reassuring afterthought that after all, Mr. Siegfried is a Frenchman, and no foreigner can really understand British politics. And the trouble with the book is that it is too much economics and statistics—what, as Mr. Siegfried admits and emphasises, has already been pointed out by blue-book after blue-book. No blue-book ever led to a change of heart; and we are so habituated now to a mood of economic pessimism that another dose of it merely cheers us up. The fact is, that Mr. Siegfried, though brilliant and very readable, is superficial. It is pleasant to be told that everything is wrong, when it is all put so generally that clearly there is nothing I myself can do about it. But how much Mr. Siegfried leaves out! and how much of what he puts in is only the common ammunition of the more intellectual writers in the opposition press of the moment. Mr. Siegfried has hardly mentioned the public schools and the whole educational system; he says nothing about the family life, the religious and the moral beliefs of the ordinary Briton. He is right enough so far as he goes—but that is only a little way; the real drastic criticism of England of to-day could probably only be written by an Englishman; and the book would hardly be a popular one.

¹ *England's Crisis*. By André Siegfried. (Cape.) 10s. 6d.

A. COMPTON

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above matter.

The same has been referred to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. Compton

The man to write it is certainly not Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet we ought to examine the latest flowering of that hardy decennial, the *Fabian Essays in Socialism* (with a preface [1930] by G. B. Shaw. Fifth edition. Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d.). The succession of prefaces runs from 1889 to 1930: an attractive title for the new edition would be *From William Morris to Sir William Morris*. For the first edition, Mr. Sidney Webb told us in 1919: 'Walter Crane kindly designed for us a striking cover, and Miss May Morris a decorative back'. The fifth edition is as like a blue-book as possible, except that it is green. That is evidence of success. The authors, 'journalists and junior Civil Servants', set out to make it (in Mr. Shaw's words) 'as easy and matter-of-course for the ordinary respectable Englishman to be a Socialist as to be a Liberal or a Conservative'. And even by 1908 Mr. Shaw could boast that 'membership of the Fabian Society, though it involves an express avowal of Socialism, excites no more comment than membership of the Society of Friends, or even of the Church of England'; perhaps even Mr. Shaw hardly anticipated that in twenty years thence a *genuine* member of the Society of Friends or of the Church of England might become far more of a drawing-room rarity than a Socialist. 'To-day (in 1908) we neither respect our opponents nor confute them.' What was it to be by 1931!

And yet, gratifying as is this triumph, success is still incomplete. 'As I write,' says Mr. Shaw in 1930, 'a Fabian Socialist is Prime Minister of Britain. Two of our essayists are in the House of Lords: one of them a Cabinet minister and the other an ex-Cabinet minister' (i.e., Sidney and Sydney, who do not see quite eye to eye on matters connected with the Sugar Industry). 'Parliament swarms with Fabians,' etc. 'Our airs of democratic advance are equally imposing' (and this even before the Spanish revolution). And yet '*there is more threat of bankruptcy in it than promise of the millennium*'! So here is Mr. Shaw just as alarmed as Mr. Pease. Even Mr. Shaw is muttering 'bread and circuses';

THE CHAIR

The chair was designed by the architect... [The rest of the text is extremely faint and illegible.]

but the trouble of course is: Not Enough Socialism; we are trying to 'gain the benefits of Socialism under Capitalism and at its expense', and therefore

. . . our old Plan of Campaign for Labour, which has now been carried out only to land us in a no-thoroughfare, must be replaced by a new plan for the political reconstruction of British Society, eligible also as a model for the reconstitution of all modern societies.

This new plan—a Ten Year Plan, perhaps—seems a pretty ambitious one. But Mr. Shaw says that 'changeability is one of the recognized qualities of human nature' (p. xiii), although he acknowledges (p. xxxvi) that human nature has not changed since 1871. But the latter statement was made in 1908, so perhaps human nature has changed between 1908 and 1930; or perhaps it is merely Mr. Shaw's nature that has not changed since 1871. But the programme for change for 1931-41 comprises a drastic alteration of the Parliamentary system—an abolition of the Party system altogether; a smaller and more efficient Cabinet; and 'devolution'—which is something similar to what Maurras and his friends have been advocating in France for many years now—not, I believe, under the influence of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. It is odd that the hints for the 'new plan' should include so much that many people not Socialists had been approaching of themselves—such as home rule for Scotland and England; but no doubt the Fabians can take the credit for this, under the all-comprehensive theory of 'Permeation'.

Nevertheless, whether human nature in general changes or not, the human opinions of Socialists seem to vary a good deal. Since Mr. Shaw penned the preface upon which I have been commenting, he has been haranguing a gathering of librarians at Letchworth—it *would* be librarians at Letchworth—and in the course of an address on the English language, he is reported to have said 'I will remain a Communist until I die' (not I *shall*, you observe, but I *will*). In his preface indeed he remarked that the Russian revolu-

A COMMENTARY

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the subject, and to a discussion of the various theories which have been advanced to explain the origin of the human mind.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various theories which have been advanced to explain the origin of the human mind, and to a discussion of the evidence in support of each of them.

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tion was 'a most beneficent event' (though he still boasts of the 'resolute constitutionalism' of the Fabians). What does His Holiness the Pope think of that? But Mr. Lansbury (who may or may not be a good Fabian) is annoyed with the Pope for his disapproval of Socialism—Mr. Lansbury was not speaking at Letchworth but at Bromley—and repeats the familiar assertion: 'it is Capitalism, and not Socialism, that is on trial. . . . *If the Pope would come to England he would see the folly of trying to stop the progress of Socialism*'. Will Mr. Lansbury invite him? Let him see with his own eyes; let him come over this summer and have a bathe with Mr. Lansbury in the Serpentine, and a romp with him in the sand piles, and let him meet Mr. Lansbury's pals in Poplar, and he will soon recant and apologise! Yet I am not so sure. The present Lord Olivier, in his contribution to these Fabian Essays in 1889, was rather patronising to the Catholic Church.

The oldest socialistic institution of considerable importance and extent is the now decrepit Catholic Church. . . . The Catholic Church developed, relatively to the enlightenment of its age (*query: what age?*) the widest and freest system of education the world has ever seen before this century.¹ . . . Out of the wreckage of the Catholic Church, and amid the dissolution of the Protestant religion, there successively emerged, at an interval of some three hundred years, the two great socialistic institutions of the Poor Law and the People's Schools.

It must be admitted that Lord Olivier, if he patronises the Catholic Church, is downright disrespectful to Protestantism. What *is* the religion of a Fabian, anyway?

What Mr. Shaw and his friends do not seem to understand, in spite of the highly cultivated changeability of their human nature, is that the old contrast between Capitalism and Socialism is hardly going to suffice for the next forty years. It is not true that everyone will be born into the

¹ Lord Olivier seems to imply that the 'age' of the Catholic Church came to an end somewhere in the early part of the nineteenth century.

world either a little Capitalist or a little Socialist; and some persons even suspect that Socialism is merely a variant of Capitalism, or vice versa; and that the combat of Tweedledum and Tweedledee is not likely to lead to any millennium. Certainly, there are many people, and there will be more, who are seeking some alternative to both. There are many who suspect that Socialism is not radical enough, in the sense that its roots penetrate no deeper than the blue-book stratum of human nature. It seems to have moral enthusiasm without moral profundity. Mr. Shaw might know more about the changeability of human nature if he knew more about its permanence. And there are a great many hungry sheep who look up, and down, and all around them, and are not fed by the orations of Mr. Shaw, or Mr. Lansbury, any more satisfyingly than by those of Mr. Pease and Lord Sankey.

Whether human nature changes or not, certainly everything about it changes. One cannot but be affected by a sense of change in reading the Hon. Evan Charteris's admirable biography of the late Sir Edmund Gosse.¹ The book, I say, is an admirable piece of work; and whether or no we read the writing of Gosse, the book is well worth reading as a document upon an age that is past. The place that Sir Edmund Gosse filled in the literary and social life of London is one that no one can ever fill again, because it is, so to speak, an office that has been abolished. Mr. Charteris seems to me—who have no outside means of judging—to be very just and fair, neither ignoring faults nor diminishing virtues. I will not say that Sir Edmund's activity was not a very useful activity, in a social-literary world which is rapidly receding into memory. He was, indeed, an amenity; but not quite any sort of amenity for which I can see any great need in our time. Mr. Charteris compares him to

¹ *Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse*: by the Hon. Evan Charteris. Heinemann, 25s.

A COMMENTARY

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the subject. It begins with a discussion of the early stages of the development of the subject, and then proceeds to a more detailed examination of the various theories and methods which have been proposed. The author's own views are clearly stated throughout, and are supported by a wealth of references to the original sources. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is well adapted for use as a text-book or as a reference work.

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Sainte-Beuve; but I cannot see any solid ground for the comparison. Sainte-Beuve was not merely a 'man of letters', he was not merely concerned to exploit and appraise and enjoy the riches of French literature of the past; he had a devouring and insatiable interest in human nature in books, and was forever brooding over problems which are perhaps insoluble. The permanent and the changing in humanity; the problems of religious faith and doubt; the problems of the mind, the flesh and the spirit. Sir Edmund could not have written a masterpiece like *Port-Royal*, because he was not interested enough; he could not even have written a book comparable to *Chateaubriand*. He was interested in literature for literature's sake; and I think that people whose interests are so strictly limited, people who are not gifted with any restless curiosity and not tormented by the demon of thought, somehow miss the keener emotions which literature can give. And, in our time, both temporary and eternal problems press themselves upon the intelligent mind with an insistence which they did not seem to have in the reign of King Edward VII.

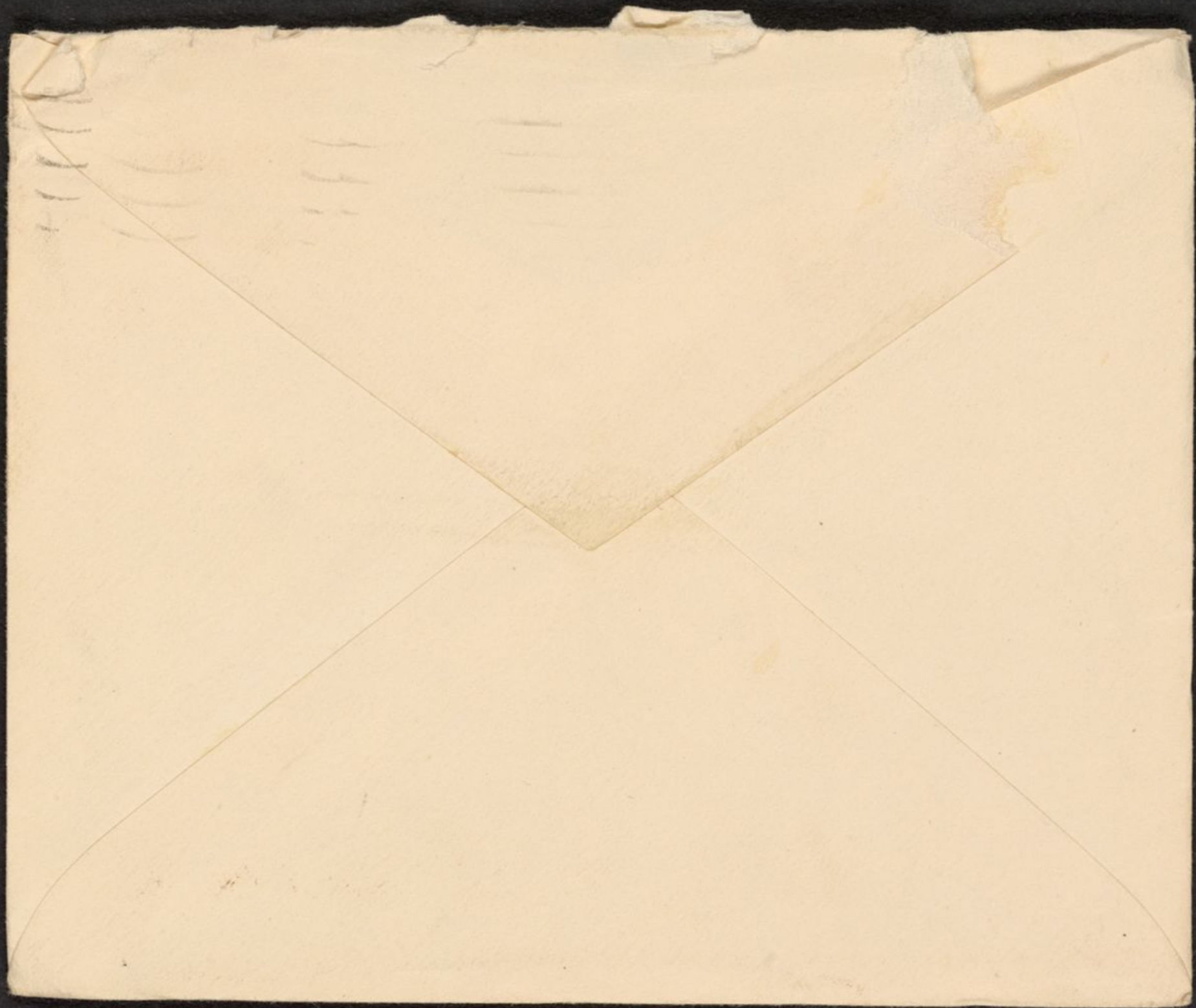
T.S.E.

arr. June 27



Miss Emily Hale,
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Seattle Wash.

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

9 June 1931.

Very dear Lady.

My wait of nearly a fortnight has been more than rewarded by your letter of the 28th from West Rindge. I hope, my dear, you will not think me very guilty of querulousness or distrustfulness. Your explanation of the "remote" mood is, in fact, what I wanted to give myself at the time; - but, you will understand, I think, one witholds from oneself just the explanation that one would like to make. At any rate, I do understand at once. And please, I don't want you to try to be "at your best" when you write to me - I had rather think of myself as one to whom you do not in the least mind writing when you are at your worst! and especially as your "best" to me is not a matter of moods or moments but is what you are always and permanently. I shall continue to write, myself, whatever is in my head at the moment - I sometimes plan out a letter during the night before, so as to be sure to say everything I want to say, and say it in the right way - but I always abandon any plans when the moment comes. Besides, if we could talk things out day by day, there would be no preparation, would there! I don't even bother about grammar, as you may have noticed. And, if the communication was as I would wish it to be, and there was no need ever to write, I dare say we might now and then be a little peevish with each other, possibly? Not that I felt peevish, exactly, when I wrote - sometimes I may seem so when I am merely discontented and doubtful of myself, and I have fits of believing that I cannot really be anything to anybody, except a person who can sometimes give a little help to younger people who want to write.

This is not a news-letter, only a hurried note of acknowledgement and very very deep gratitude and devotion from the Lady's humble servant. I wonder from where I shall hear from you next. I shall write on Thursday, and speak firmly about the photograph: cynical? I don't know - old, No; ordinary? Impossible.

Tom.



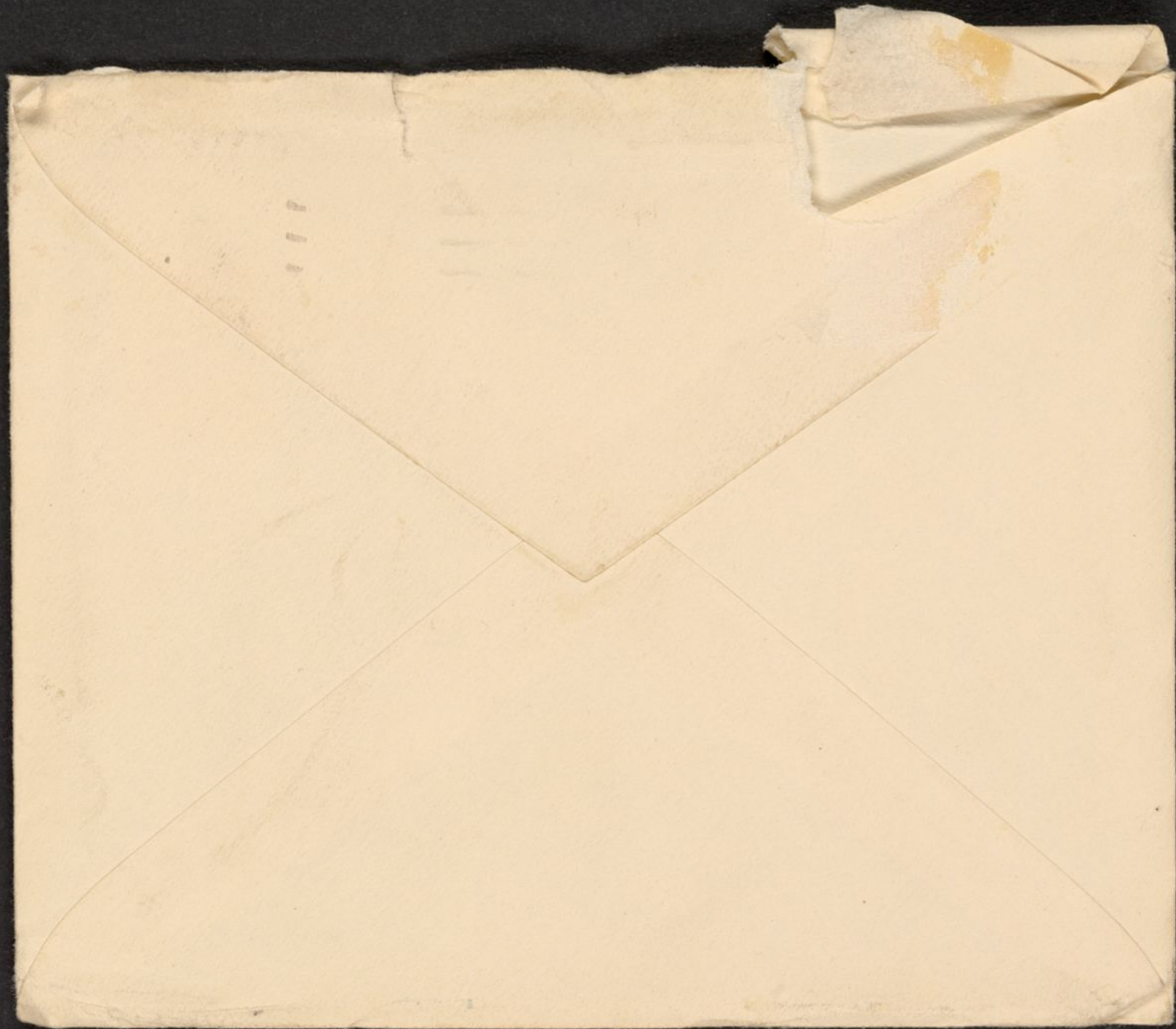
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

12 June 1931.
St. Barnabas'.

My dear Dove,

To continue. First of all, about the photograph. Do you suppose, for instance, that I was really pleased to send you those photographs of myself? They were good enough for ordinary purposes, but when it came to their representing me to you, don't you suppose that I cursed those pudding-faced soft smug effigies which appeared instead of the heroic countenance that I should like to show? By one and the same token, any photograph of you will at the same time appear beautiful to me and also absurdly a caricature - so it will be unkind if you do not send me at least one of the poses. And have you no less recent portraits? or, what I should particularly like, several snapshots? I should like you to have a small kodak and keep snapping yourself for my benefit.

I did not mean in the least that I had taken an unfavourable impression of Miss Ware - only that I thought that the Perkins's were much closer and more sympathetic to you.

I dare say that I am more fortunate than you, in having apparently more friends and acquaintances of approximately my own generation, as well as older and younger. It is true that they are divisible practically into professional friends and social friends - on the one hand the limited community of literary interests - on the other, a rather impersonal social form - both very pleasant so far as they go. Neither relation is quite the same as "personal" friendships; and I do not know anyone with whom there is no necessity of keeping up any "appearances" at all. Sometimes I feel more nearly relaxed and rested in the company of those who have not very keen literary interests: for instance, Harry Crofton, who was the first man under whom I worked in the City, at Lloyds Bank, and who is merely a very pleasant Etonian who should have been a diplomat but for ill health and drifted into banking instead. Faber is really about as near a friend, and as confidential a one, as anybody - that is not saying much - he is only a year younger than I - but of course the real centre of his existence is a very happy domestic life. I am extremely lucky in having such congenial associates in this business - even their wives are agreeable.

It is hard, often, to face the fact that under different conditions - which after all are only the conditions that ordinary people may expect to enjoy - one might be so much nicer a person, with so much richer and more beneficent a life, and with so much more to give to others.

Perhaps I have been more acutely conscious of "restriction" throughout. It is partly that I feel, and have felt all these years, with everyone I have known, to a greater or less degree, a sense of having to make an effort - of never being quite natural, and of gradually learning to cultivate an artificial naturalness and spontaneity; so that everyone is after a time fatiguing. So I have had the vision of being in the company of one person with whom there would be none of that artificiality - with whom one could be silent, or talk of anything from the most serious to the most trifling - and be always refreshed and never tired. And now I have some imagination of what that would be like. I have never approached that anything like so nearly in conversation with anyone as I have in correspondence with you; and my life is so much richer and more real than I could ever have dreamt of a year ago, that I often have a feeling of repose that I never knew before. It isn't always like that! as you now know quite well. But at the same time it is quite impossible that I should come to prefer this mode of communication or forget its imperfections. I often think that if I could see you just for five minutes, it would be a great help in writing: to assure myself that I could, and know that I had, spoken to you for a few minutes just as I write - and taken your hand and knelt at your feet.

Well! there is not much news in this letter, is there - but I imagine that I shall not hear from you again for some days; because you will have been travelling west - so I am all the more grateful for such a lovely letter to keep me in the interval: and there will be time for a diary on Monday. I wonder if you will come across one Professor Glenn Hughes (and his wife Babette!) of the University in Seattle.

Your humble Servant,

Pom.

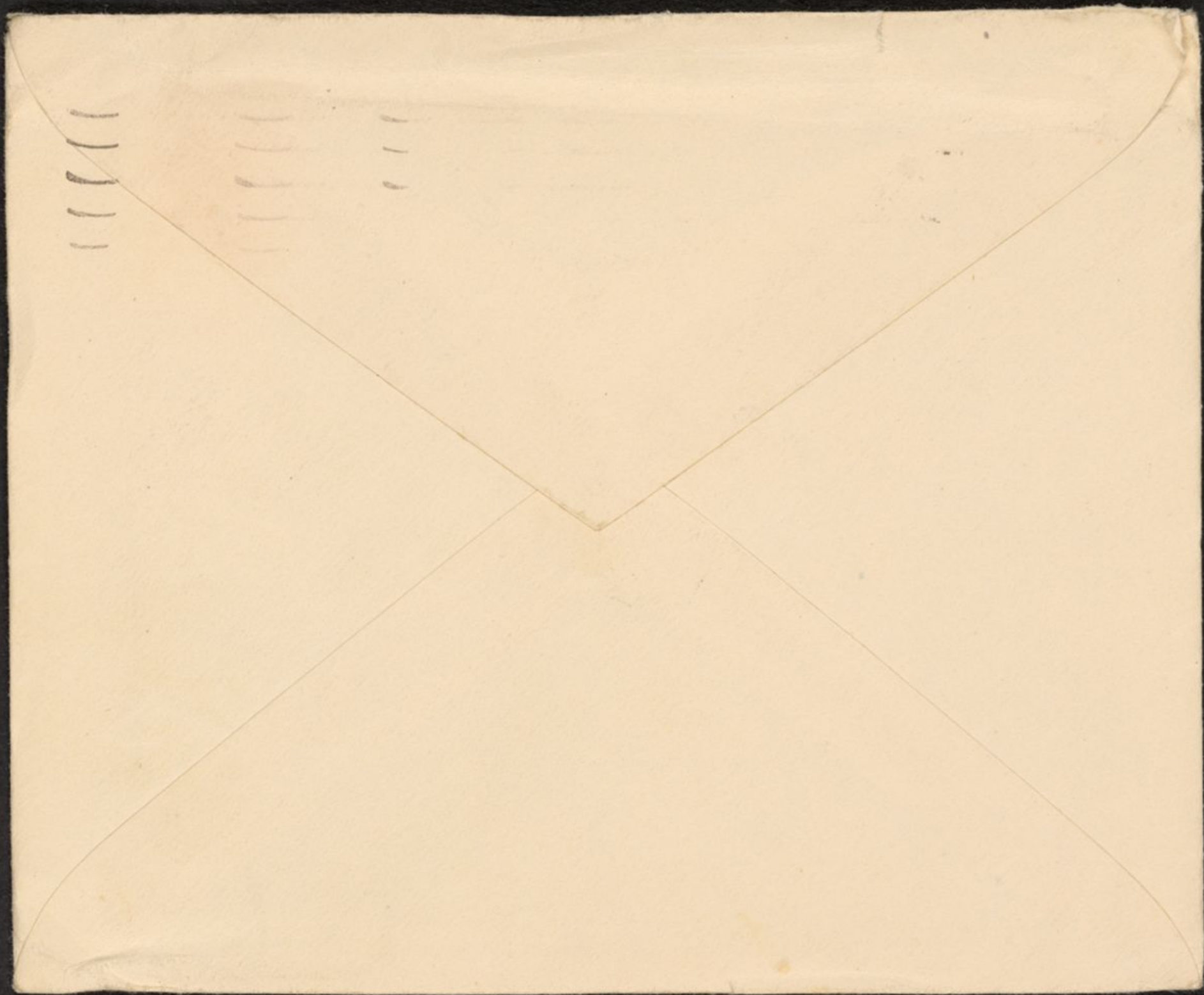
WE hardly know whether more to appreciate the literary form of, or the opinions expressed in, Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Criterion Miscellany After Lambeth*. Both are so admirable that we hope everyone will spend a shilling and buy the booklet. It reveals a breadth of view and a sane religious estimate which is badly needed in these times. Incidentally, it has won the unqualified praise of 'Artifex' in the *Manchester Guardian*. Amid all that has been written for and against the Lambeth Conference, this little masterpiece stands out pre-eminently as the best criticism and the fairest vindication of the Anglican standpoint which we have read for many a day.



Miss Emily Hale,
1418 East 63rd Street,
Seattle Wash.

U.S.A.

ans. July 4



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LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Emily my dear,

Monday 15 June 1931.

I shall start my rambling letter this afternoon, having just ended a committee meeting, and have a few quiet minutes in my own room before I leave; it is rather pleasant to sit here alone and look out over the greenery of Woburn Square with its tall spire, in this pleasant warm weather. Summer seems already half over; I wonder if I shall have been sitting here without intermission by the time you return from Seattle. I am glad you had a quiet fortnight at West Rindge, which I imagine as a lovely place, - near the mountains? - because your Seattle address does not suggest that you really in the country, or by the sea! I should like to know how you will occupy yourself this summer, and whether you will get any excursions away from the city - I suppose you know that part of the world very well. I seem to have very little to report of myself lately. There will probably be less: the June Criterion is finished, so far as I am concerned, the season is slack, people are beginning to think of holidays already, and soon there will be few people about except for casual American visitors. Of course I have plenty to occupy me at any time, during what time I have to dispose of - I have just done my "Ariel" poem for the next season, which is really the first section of the "Coriolan" I told you of, which I believe I really shall finish one day; I don't want to send you this until I have a proof as I may want to make alterations. And I have two essays to write; and some work to do on the British Broadcasting Corporation's programme for the autumn, and some English Church Union business. As for it's being better for you to have a regular full-time job like teaching in a school, you may be right. You seem to me to have kept yourself busy to the point of over-fatigue this last winter, but of course that is different

(TUESDAY: No letter, but then I didn't expect one to-day) and perhaps you would find it more steadying to have one routine; though I should be sorry for you to give up lecturing altogether, and to do no acting, but try to train crude girls to act instead, perhaps. Maybe the best solution would be a teaching post in Boston or some large city, so that you would not be restricted to the society of young

FABER & FABER

people. (I wonder what modern young people are like, especially in America - do they have different problems, I wonder from ours).

For myself, I know that I tend to keep myself too busy and to take on any job, paid or unpaid, that comes my way - perhaps it is the best I can do for myself in the circumstances, but I hope it will not permanently disable me from ever being able, at least, to lead the more quiet, meditative and reflective and appreciative, leisurely and retired life which I know would ideally be better for me. As things are, I am wholly dependent upon my office; I am a bundle of nerves by Sunday night, after two days away from it; and a bank-holiday as well is a nightmare. That is all wrong, I know; and I try to cultivate an inner sanctuary of calm and reconciliation independent of surroundings, but the restlessness induced by an irritating and unsatisfied life is very hard to master.

And now I shall post this, as I am not sure of being back again this afternoon; so God bless you and keep you.

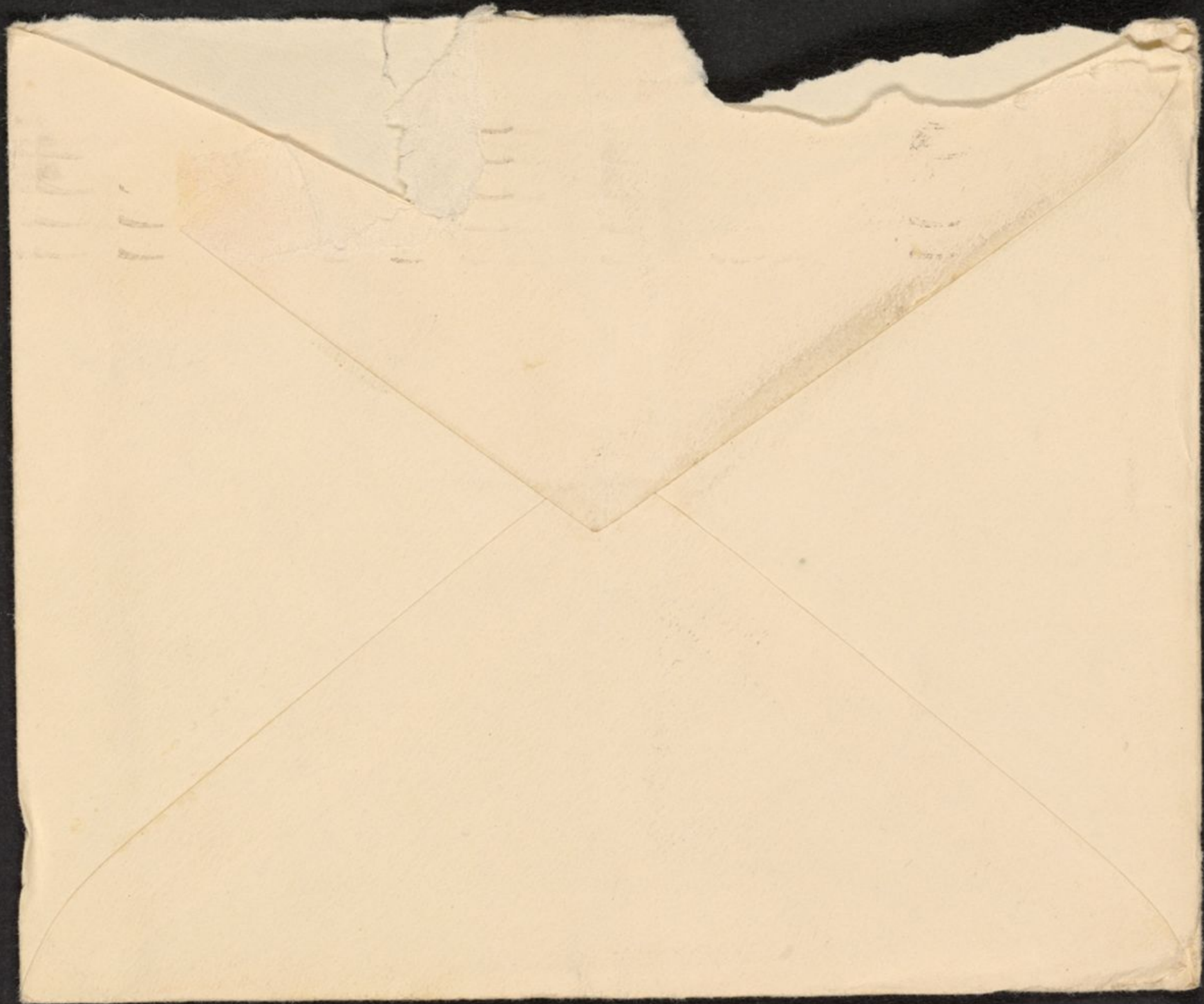
Tom.



Miss Emily Hale,
1418 East 63rd Street
Seattle Wash.

U.S.A.

arr. July 4th



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Dear Lady

19 June 1931.

I was gloriously happy to get a letter from you from Princeton, because I had not expected to hear again until you reached Seattle - incidentally I shall be uneasy until I hear from you from Seattle, and know that you have received my letters, one every Tuesday and Friday: one is always apprehensive on first writing to a new address, perhaps I wrote 1814 or West or 36th etc. (Here I was interrupted for twenty minutes by a charming young German named Clemen who has been at Cambridge: these modern intellectual young Germans don't look like Germans at all - some look English, some French or Italian, but the old-fashioned shaven-headed scarfed piglike type I never see). Anyway, I think it was very sweet and thoughtful of you to write; because I know how tired one gets travelling about and visiting, and how little time one has; and I fancy that with the end of the season and the break and change to other scenes you must at first be feeling very very tired - which perhaps accounts for your intimation that you only expect to live another twenty years! really, Madam, I should be very annoyed with you if you did not live longer than that, you must really have more consideration for me.

I imagine Princeton as a very pleasant place. I have often thought that I might like to retire to an academic life myself; but the only real temptation would be if I were offered Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's professorship at Cambridge, because it is light work and good pay. Some years ago it was thought that he would have to retire on account of health, and then, Whibley would have put me forward - he told me that "Q" himself would support my candidature, and the professorship is a Crown appointment, and the Prime Minister at that time was Baldwin, who was a friend of both Whibley and "Q", so I might have got it. But apart from great inducements like that, I know that I am better off in London than in a small society with pretty rigid social obligations and living in public: London is so big that one can "keep oneself to oneself" as they say, and for me there are advantages in that.

I doubt whether it would be possible for Thopp to get a broadcasting engagement unless he was here for more than one year, because the programmes for that part of broadcasting, the "educational", tend more and more to be made up long in advance. Still, I know the right people, and will find out; there might be a few vacant periods. It

FABER FABER

will be a delight to me to have any friends of yours here in London, and I shall see all of them that I can - that will not appear, I am afraid, very much, to anyone who does not know my circumstances. So I look forward to their coming. I find it easy, on the whole, to establish contact quickly with men, where any contact is possible; but, for every reason, difficult with women.

Now, please, you must get used to feeling "ill-informed" and put up with it - you don't know how ill-informed I am, and now I no longer worry about that: life isn't long enough to become well informed in. And as I don't know any more intelligent woman than Yourself: don't please be so "Ambitious". When I have settled on a book I want to read I will procure two copies and send you one.

Now I must go to lunch with J.B. Trend and a Spanish friend of his. I am longing for a letter from Seattle AND a photograph. You are very unkind about that.

Your humble admirer

Tom



Miss Emily Hale
1418 East 63rd Street
Seattle Wash.

U.S.A.

INDIA

1111

1111

23.6.31

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W. C. 1

This is only a line of
picting, doanling, in
case I should be pre-
vented from writing this
afternoon.

I had out my tin box
yesterday, and heard some
of your letters. I linger
so long over each that
I can't read many at
once.

T.



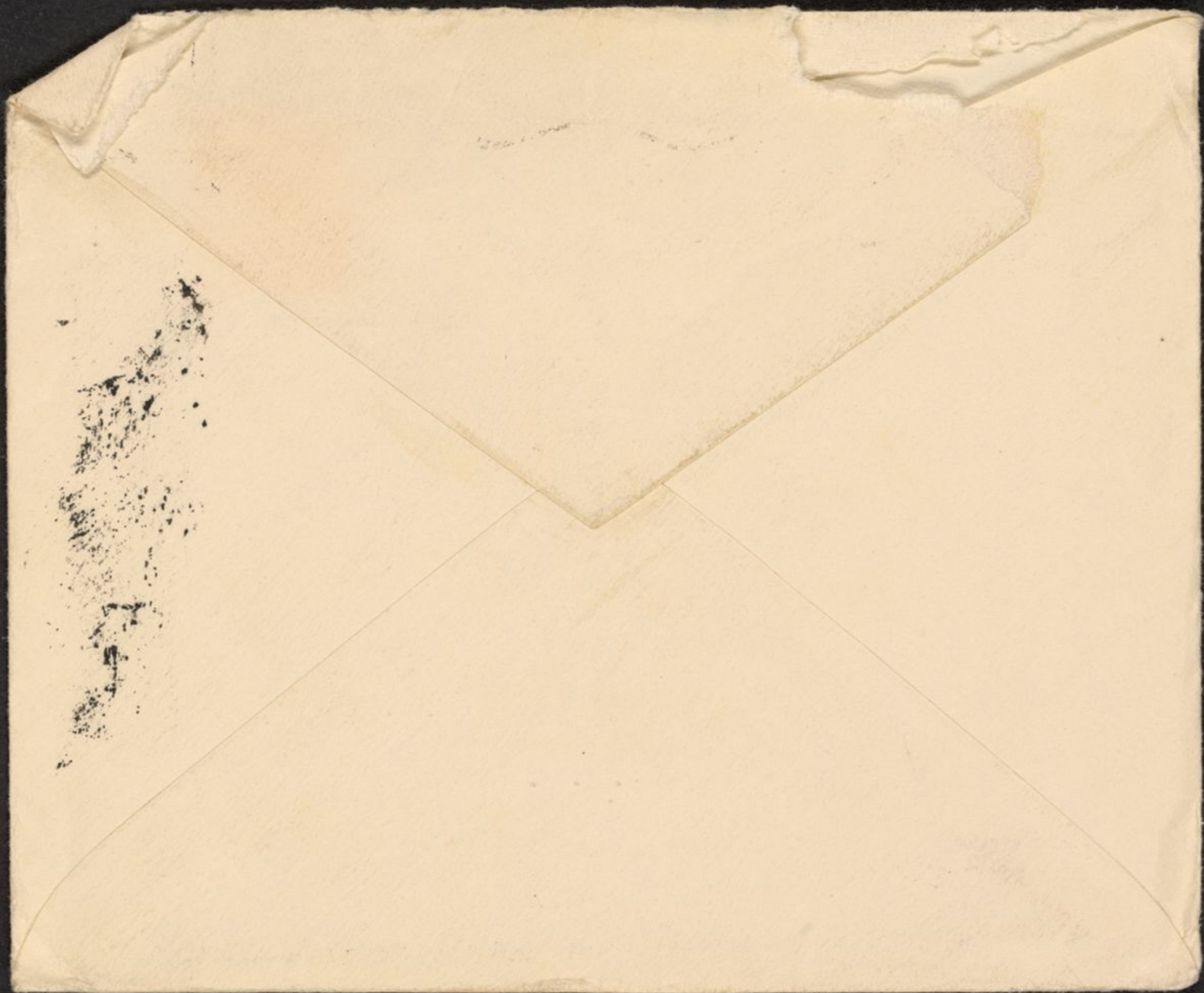
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543

TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

Dearest Lady.

23 June 1931.

It turns out that I have a little time this afternoon, but, not to disappoint you, I will say at once that I am feeling very stupid, tired, and lifeless to-day; I suppose it is partly the hot summer weather, and not having been out of London for a single night since November last, and no prospect of getting away either. But I always feel more lively again in the autumn; spring is unsettling, and summer is restless, and on a beautiful hot day I think I should like to have a look at Casco Bay or Jonesport Maine from the cockpit of a small sloop, again.

My life has not been very eventful. Last week I had Harold Monro and Frank Flint to supper. Flint is one of the most lovable men I know; and, what is rare in England, a man who has made his way up from the bottom and yet retained his simplicity and not been touched by the slightest inferiority feeling. For in England, any man who has not been to Oxford or Cambridge gets a slight social twist in his nature, and is always a little self-conscious and defensive among university men (with the exception, of course, of men from the better public schools who have gone into the army instead of to a university). But Frank was born in Islington and was a postoffice clerk; taught himself Latin and Greek and most modern languages; and is now rather an important official in the Ministry of Labour; and withal the most modest of men - so modest that one can never get him to write anything. Harold is a melancholy Scot, who was originally rich but imprudent. He spends his life in hopeless attempts to revive a life that came to an end in 1914, and his great interest is Poetry - a pretty indiscriminate interest too. He keeps trying to have parties of men for intellectual conversation; and somehow one is never able to forget that the purpose of the party is really to cheer Harold up - which has a depressing reflex effect upon oneself, and is exhausting. But some of his poems are very good, I think.

Have you ever read any of the Elizabethan dramatists? I am trying to do a leading article for the Times Literary Supplement on Thomas Heywood, and am finding it difficult because on rereading his plays

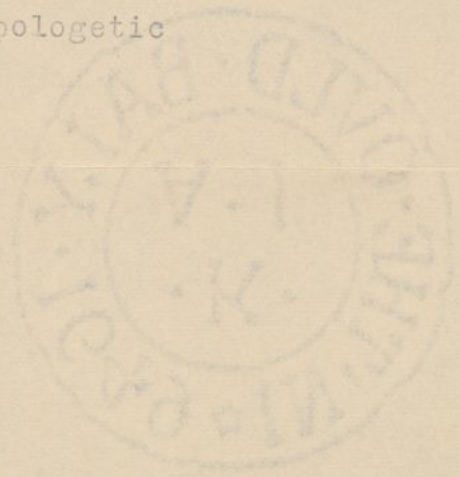
FABER & FABER

MEMORANDUM

they seem to me to be very bad - the poetry very inferior and the drama badly constructed, though I can see a few scenes here and there which would be effective on the stage. He is about the most over-rated of all of those dramatists, and I cannot see why. I have just read "The Witch of Edmonton" again (by Dekker and Middleton) and there are several superb passages in that - a wonderful tirade by the Witch herself, Middleton at his best. One of the pitfalls in writing about Elizabethans is that you never can be quite certain who is the author of what plays; having done an essay on Tourneur some months ago, I am beginning to feel uneasily that perhaps, as some maintain, Tourneur is Middleton after all!

I cannot, of course help just hoping that I may find a letter from you this week - but if not, I shall be resigned to it. What a dull epistle this one is! but however dully I chatter, you know that the undertone is always, always the same.

your apologetic



TEL. PADDINGTON 6690.

37, PORCHESTER TERRACE, W. 2.

29. May '31

My dear Tom

I want to see you very much - it means indeed a great deal to me that I should - I am anxious also to know how you both are. We arrived here about a month ago - the semi-invalid pair of us, having one or both of us been ill since New Year - We are still not really well and we are living very quietly. For this & other reasons we have taken a secluded house with obvious attractions near Newbury for the summer and we are going there on the 31st June. We shall be up and down as we have to see doctors and I have much tiresome & neglected business to attend to - We shall, I hope, be more there than here as I do not love London and I must try & finish my novel (2nd part of *A True Story*).

Could you possibly come in and see us by ourselves any evening next week except Tuesday & Wednesday, after dinner at about 9 o'clock? It would be kind & gracious of you.

I don't know how you feel about *Prénot*. I hope you will read "*Time Regained*" though if you are familiar with the original - if it means something important to you - it matters to no-one except me that you should read my translation. You got it -

I hope, from Chelto's according to my instructions?
If you care, read it from p. 208 on. From then on to
p. 274 and from p. 414 to the end are, for me, the
most wonderful he has written. written with the clairvoyance
of the dying.

With Violet's & my own love to you both

Yours affectionately

Sydney.

Tel. Yateley
109.

South Acre
Yateley
Hants

June 7th 1971

My dear Tom,

I hope you are well. Every now and then time comes to me a moment of inward travail and awareness when I feel that you are the only person with whom I can communicate. There follows a momentary desire to communicate - to write you a long, long letter, to convey all that I am in that moment. That desire fades; or rather seems to refine itself into a strange sense that I have actually been in communication & communion with you. Then all the desire to write you a long letter is quite gone, and there remains only the simple impulse to tell you what it was as I have said, and to wish you well.

Which simple impulse I have obeyed.

John.

South Africa
Yankee
Linn

South Africa
Yankee
Linn

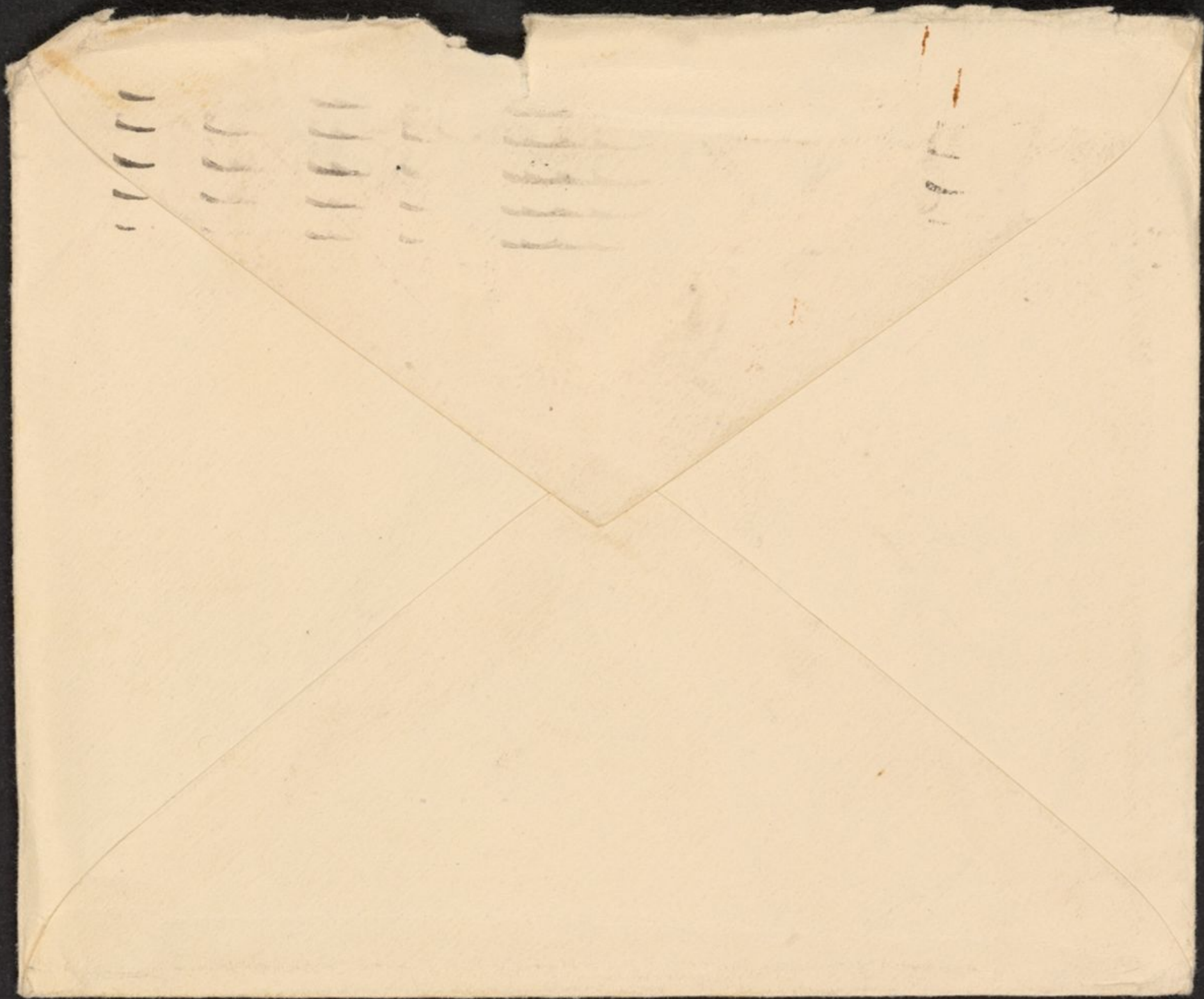


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SEATTLE, (Washington)

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Enc. Letter from John Biddleton Hurry

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE

LONDON, W.C.1

30 June 1931.

Dearest Lady

I hope you will forgive me if I find it very hard to write during such a very long interim: it is not that there is not as always more to say than I have time to say; but, as I told you, my mind dries up while I am merely waiting, waiting; and I have an unreasonable terror lest none of my letters to Seattle may have arrived - or what may not happen - in the apprehensive imagination - when a thread of communication already so long drawn is stretched further? I know that this interruption is inevitable, but I cannot help its being an intense strain upon me. So, my dear, my dear, I can only send you to-day - not liking to miss a single Tuesday, though I had not the heart to write twice last week - this greeting which carries with it, I hope you know how much that is unexpressed and how much that is inexpressible.

Tom

TEL. PADDINGTON 6690.

37, PORCHESTER TERRACE, W.2.

25. June '31

My dear Tom

Of course I was happy to hear from

you. We came up from Newbury on the 20th for Violet to see her doctor. We had some anxious days but she is now improving almost hourly and though she must keep her bed for the present, we hope to get back to the country within three weeks and then gradually regain her strength.

You don't mention Vivienne. I do hope her health is more satisfactory than when last we saw her. I shall be very pleased to receive a copy of the Criterion from you and shall be particularly interested in your review of Murray's book which I have not read nor shall I read. The combination of Lawrence and Murray can only be unutterably sickening, each being in his way, ^a moral ^{and} ^{the} ^{merchandise} of the retirement type. Please put your name at the foot of your review - it will enhance its value in a personal sense.

I am sad that I never see you but that happens in life & must be accepted. You have played a larger part in my own spiritual evolution than you perhaps imagine and my love of your poetry is as passionate as ever. You are the only poet who interests me though there is verse which I admire by others & one or two very modest lyricists for whom I feel affection.

feel like dipping into

When you do ~~read~~ Time Regained, read ^{from} page 208
to page 274. I constantly thought of you while I was
translating and it seemed to me that many pages were
intended more for you than for any other man.

Violet joins her love to mine and sends warm greetings
to Vivienne

As always affectionately

Sydney.

Tel. Yateley
109.

South Acre
Yateley
Hants

My dear Tom,

Yours is, of course, much the finest — much the most precisely penetrating — view the book has had, or will have. I can well believe that it cost you much pains.

But why, I wonder, did you have been doubtful whether that quotation from Lady Chatterley's Lover (p. 772) shocked me as much as yourself? It horrified me. There came a moment, afterwards, when it ceased to horrify me; because for that moment I ceased to be a creature of the world of good & evil — and that moment is always possible.

The comparison with Rousseau would have been, in one sense, juster; but it would not have served. Laurence was a Rousseau; what he was not is more important to show.

I think you are a little hard (perhaps because you feel the need to be hard to yourself, also, in this regard) on the 'love-idealists'. Assuredly, I started that way; and just as surely, I have been compelled to turn aside. I once wrote:

Lo! I have made love all my religion:
My life is built on this foundation stone:
Nothing remains to me, if it be gone.

It was literally true; and nothing did remain. But of that nothing I have had to build myself, or let myself be built, again. But I would not have it otherwise. There is truth, you know, in the old Platonic insight which, passing in to Christian mysticism, expresses itself in the truth that only through love of creatures can we come, at last, through annihilation & denudation, to the love which is beyond creatures.

"All these sad young men try to believe in a spectral abstract-ism called life." (I gather I am one of the s.y.m.m.) I can only speak for myself. I would ^{not} deny that I do believe in life, though I should certainly never dream of putting it that way. But as for its being a

"spectral abstraction" — never, never! It is the sole & total reality of myself — indistinguishable, I feel, admit, from what the true man of religion means by God. Myself, in the egoistic & personal sense, has no reality: solely real is that of which I am the vehicle & instrument. You may say: Why then not say outright: 'I believe in God the Father, Almighty...'? Simply because that is only a beautiful & profound mythology to me; and "the will of God" as it comes to consciousness in me is what I must respect my own integrity. That is my purpose; disobeying that, I become an unprofitable servant. The future is quite dark to me; my faith is that, by enduring to the end, through me some infinitesimal but necessary spark may be preserved alight.

Certainly it is true that I do not believe the ungod will be saved by Orthodoxy; but that is not likely because I know that, in the last resort, I am incapable of Orthodoxy — the health of my own integrity would be irreparable — and therefore cannot believe that others, like myself, can be saved by it. Put differently, I think that the desire to be saved betrays some lack of 'faith'. That is why I sympathize with it so deeply, because I have so little faith, so little courage; and the future seems so dark. But I repeat to myself: "He that endureth to the end..." and there come to me moments of peace & quiet confidence.

Implicit in my language is an answer to your objection to my using the terminology of the Christian Faith. First, it cannot be avoided by anyone who is conscious of re-living the experience out of which it grew. Second — which you naturally cannot allow — I know myself to be a Christian in the deepest sense, which (according to me) is what through Christianity — in its historical forms — I came to know myself.

There is so much more to say — but alas! no time

John.