# Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale



## Citation Information

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

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

1 folder

## Contact Information

## Download Information

24 Russell Square
London W.C.1

CAMBRIDGE
9 30PM
2 JUN
1941


NORTHAMPTON
JUN 20
930AM
1941
MASS.

Miss Emily Hale
c/o Rev John C. Perkins
~~22 Paradise Road~~
Commonwealth Ave
~~Northampton~~
Boston Massachusetts

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

U.S.A.

Apal-17

P.C. 90

P.C.

OPENED BY

EXAMINER 1067

Letter 82.

Magdalene
Cambridge.
2. vi. 41

My dear

As you will understand by the heading, I am reduced to this painful means of communication, so this letter will be short, dull, badly expressed and becoming illegible. But on a tour including Cambridge, Oxford, London and Hindhead, I have too much else to carry - but am now wishing that I had brought a typewriter. This has been a pleasant visit, in spite of not the most favourable weather; I have seen a good deal of Joker, who is just as good company as ever, and most, though not all, of the people I wanted to see, besides partaking of a modest, but good, small college feast. In London I did my broadcast talk of "East Coker" to India, and lunched with the man in charge, a lively Pathan. And afterwards the BBC with unexpected generosity raised my fee from five to eight guineas.

I am pleased to say that in spite of the weather I do not appear to have

caught a cold so far, having been rather careful to avoid chill and fatigue. This is a change, and a very welcome one, rather than a holiday: I hope I may get that later.

When you suggest that if I thought any of my friends "lost" I ought to feel it my duty to see them rather than avoid them, I think you are simply failing to consider the literal meaning. As one cannot possibly <u>know</u>, one is not justified in treating anyone as "lost": but supposing one <u>did</u> know, what would be the use of seeing him? You could, by hypothesis, do him no good, and might do yourself harm. You would not, of course, abandon a friend merely because of <u>some</u> irreclaimable vices: but you should if you thought him completely & hopelessly turned to darkness & evil will. And I say one has no right to believe that of anyone.

There is another unpraiseworthy obituary in The Times today - this time of Hugh

Walpole, & I am wondering whether I ought to try to reply. But I can't write more now – my hand has given out, & I must do a legible envelope!

Lovingly Tom

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

SURREY
11. — AM
10 JUN 41



10 JUN 41


EXAMINER 860

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins, D.D.,

90, Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

MAGDALENE COLLEGE,

CAMBRIDGE.

2. June 1941.

To the Editor

The Times

Sir

One trait of the late Sir Hugh Walpole, of which I hope posterity will not be left in ignorance, was a capacity to appreciate, and admire generously, the work of authors very different from himself. He held in the highest esteem, for instance, the novels of Mr James Joyce and Mrs Woolf. That he was quick to appreciate the work of younger men, and ready to

help them and testify to his belief in their future, is equally certain. These qualities, combined with his personal charm and unassuming manner, have, I feel sure, given him the affection of many with whom the public may not suppose him to have been associated.

Yours faithfully

T S Eliot

Letter 83. Hindhead,

Dearest, 9 June 1941.

I arrived here on Friday night to find your letter 87 waiting for me; and was very glad to have your directions for letters, as I thought they were about due. I suppose that by now your labours with examinations and marks must be nearly over - yes, you go to Petersham tomorrow, and as you go from there to Boston I presume that you are able to excuse yourself from the college exercises. My more recent letters I suppose will be forwarded; and after next week I shall write to Madison Wis. I am glad to hear of your parties and of your new dresses, though it seems to me that your new ones usually turn out to be old ones dyed, turned or remodelled. However, I need no assurance that you looked very well in it, though no doubt thin and rather worn at the end of the year.

My visit to Cambridge was fairly full. I dined with John one evening - that was interrupted by the Iron Duchess coming in with two young men who wanted to play duets on the Rothschild piano - I always find piano duets at best comic rather than pleasing, and orchestral music on the piano does not give me much pleasure - they banged away at Coriolan and the Unfinished Symphony, while one waited for the inevitable stutter on thekeys when they turned a page over: lunched with him twice, once at a cafe, and tea the last day. I had tea with the Leavis's of Downing, who have a terrifying little prodigy of seven, who pulled a chair up next to me and produced my poems, asking me to explain differences of text between the volume and some original publications in periodicals - he is also a pianist and a mathematician, and is teaching himself French. I dined with the Mannheims, who pressed upon me a pound jar of marmalade - they are embarrassingly generous people. I had tea on Sunday with the Innes's, who are aging and lonely, and dined with Mr.Innes in Trinity on Monday. The college feast on Sunday was small and simple, but good: I don't suppose we shall ever return to the opulent feasts of former days. On Tuesday I crossed over to Oxford by the old route via Bletchley, and spent thenight as usual with the Livingstones. On Wednesday night, the Fabers motored over to Much Hadham, as Dick was having his 40th birthday, so bang went the pot of marmalade as a gift - anyway the children need it and I don't. That was a warm pleasant night, and Much Hadham Hall was looking very lovely: we drove back - it is light very late, you know - in what to our surprise proved to be a thunderstorm. On Friday afternoon I made my way to this hotel: it is very small and unpretentious, but the food is excellent, the air is delightful, and it is very quiet. Mrs. M. has delayed her arrival: I suspect that she finds she is getting a better rest by sending her relatives away and stopping at home alone - but she will probably come later in the week for a few days. Without her, I do not enjoy it much, though the change is good, and I feel

Letter 83. Hindhead,

Joan

5 June 1941.

I arrived here on Friday night to find your letter 87 waiting for me; and was very glad to have your directions for letters, as I thought they were about due. I suppose that by now your labours with examinations and marks must be nearly over - yes, you go to Leatherham tomorrow, and as you go from there to Boston I presume that you are able to excuse yourself from the college exercises. My more recent letters I suppose will be forwarded; and after next week I shall write to Madison Wis. I am glad to hear of your parties and of your new dresses, though it seems to me that your new ones usually turn out to be old ones dyed, turned or remodelled. However, I need no assurance that you looked very well in it, though no doubt thin and rather worn at the end of the year.

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stronger - I was delighted to get through my Cambridge visit without catching cold. I go up to London tomorrow, to attend Hugh Walpole's memorial service and to see Kurt Hahn at the office in the afternoon, and dine out with Richard Jennings; but I shall not stop more than the usual two nights. (It is somewhat on my conscience that I do not take any share in fire-watching at the office at night: but you know I have no head for heights and I think I should be of no use on a roof). I expect to spend Thursday night with Read in Bucks; I have to come back here for the weekend. On the following Monday I go to Oxford to spend two nights with Christopher Dawson. I am tired of all this moving about, and that week I intend to spend only one night in town and take a long rest at Shamley, and try to get on with writing, which I cannot do under these unsettled conditions (at this point the housemaid came in and talked for some minutes, and as she comes from Durham I can't understand her - I think it is a combination of Durham and badly fitting false teeth: I sympathised with her for some time under the impression that her husband was very ill, but it transpired that he is an orderly in a hospital).

I enclose a copy I kept of a letter to the Times about Hugh Walpole - they had said that he was not popular with other writers, and I wanted to contradict that without seeming to do so. To my surprise they printed it, along with several others. I have never read any of his books, except for an extract from one which I once published in the Criterion: but he was kind to me once and gave me a useful testimonial. Besides, I always got on with him very well. I gave him the pencil notes of East Coker - there were only a few pages - to sell at a Red Cross auction: they have now turned up in the possession of my collector Mr. Gallup of Yale.

Thank you for the very sweet and understanding end to your letter. My spirits vary of course, from the fluctuations of public affairs, and often when I am thinking about the future of the world in general I wonder whence salvation for it will come - such salvation as is possible in this world and for the world - apart from the variations of mood which go on at all times: and a great deal of the time one's private emotions are numbed in the feeling of their insignificance.

Yours Going Down

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Yours loving Tom

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.


Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins, D.D.,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P. Prof. Weaver
Dept. of Speech
University of Wisconsin
Madison Wisconsin

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 84.

Shamley Wood.

23 June 1941.

Dear Sue,

I did not write last weekend, having to be again at Hindhead, and going to Oxford on Monday. I made my weekends at Hindhead as short as possible, and I cannot type very contentedly in a hotel bedroom, because I am always conscious of the neighbours - my small typewriter being a noisy one, too. I think that Mrs.M., who did not come to Hindhead at all, profited in health by the absence of her family: she takes a great deal of responsibility for her sister (hereinafter mentioned as Cockie) who is not only delicate (especially since the ardours of her escape from France) but after twentysix years of her own flat and devoted servants and her regular bridge parties in her small circle in Pau, suffers from the lack of the kind of interests which would sustain her as a guest in another household in a different environment. And at Hindhead she suddenly developed some eye trouble - very fortunately there was an eye specialist near by who saved the situation.

What with having spent Whitsun at Cambridge, I have had an unsettled three weeks, and am only beginning to get into order again. Last week, for instance, I spent Monday night at Christopher Dawson's on Boar's Hill - with good conversation, and I think it gave him pleasure: his health is always poor, and he is rather cut off from conversation at present. Tuesday night at Corpus, after the C.N.L. meeting; Wednesday ~~and~~ with the Fabers, and came here on Thursday. The weather has been favourable to basking, and I have spent a good deal of time in a deck chair: yesterday I went in the afternoon with the local doctor who has attended me - a pleasant Scot - to a private lake in Wonersh for a swim, and tea with his family afterwards. I don't ordinarily, as you must have noticed, see much of local society. The house is outside of the village and on a steep hill; neither Mrs.M. nor Hope is curious to make new acquaintances, and of course, what with rationaing of food and of petrol, there is not very much entertaining nowadays. But I find that this suits me, as after my visits to Oxford and London, which are pretty crowded with people, I want either to work or repose in solitude. The villagers here are said to be apathetic to communal activity - perhaps they are too near London - and I don't think that there is very much I could do for the intellectual and spiritual advancement of the place even if I had the time! Thank you, my dear, for your reassurances about my usefulness (letter 88 of May 27 received a week ago, nothing since). There are more things to do, and less time to do them in, than in "normal" times, and there is less to show for one's work. I often hanker to be doing some one important work, but to expect to find something to do which would have both immediate and permanent value would be absurd. I have undertaken one task for the summer which I think worth while, though as there is a considerable fee attached to it I cannot claim complete disinterestedness: it is a selection of Kipling's poems with a critical introduction - I think it is a good time to attempt to rescue his verse from the depreciation it has suffered, and give it a dignified though not exaggerated place. He did stand for

Letter 84.

Shamley Wood.

25 June 1941.

Dear Eric,

I did not write last weekend, having to be again at Hindhead, and going to Oxford on Monday. I made my weekends at Hindhead as short as possible, and I cannot type very contentedly in a hotel bedroom, because I am always conscious of the neighbours - my small typewriter being a noisy one, too. I think that Mrs.M., who did not come to Hindhead at all, profited in health by the absence of her family: she takes a great deal of responsibility for her elder (heretofore mentioned as Cockie) who is not only delicate (especially since the ardours of her escape from France) but after twenty-six years of her own flat and devoted servants and her regular bridge parties in her small circle in Paris, suffers from the lack of the kind of interests which would sustain her as a guest in another household in a different environment. And at Hindhead she suddenly developed some eye trouble - very fortunately there was an eye specialist near by who saved the situation.

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some things which are worth reasserting at the present time; and the kind of poetry he wrote is apt to suffer from extreme popularity follwed by undue neglect. It is all the more interesting to deal with someone whose kind of poetry is so very remote from my own. Also I have promised to write one issue of the News Letter this summer. It was my own suggestion that the only way to give Oldham a holiday (which he badly needs, when he is tired he neither thinks nor writes so well) was to get four friends to write one number each: no one person could undertake the whole period now, because that would involve transferring oneself to Oxford, which none of us can do.

I am in much better health, weather favouring. I hope I shall be able to finish my poem.

I trust that having to comply with the full regulations of Michigan summer courses will not mean very hard work: when you get started I hope you will tell me just what the work is, and what the lectures are about. I am very glad that your last class was such a good one, and that it can leave you with the sense of having accomplished something for some intelligent girls.

You were not present, some years ago, when I had the Perkins's to tea at Grenville Place and Evelyn Underhill came: but I think that you went to her house with them afterwards. You will be sorry to hear that she is dead. She had always been very frail, and had a heart attack about ten days ago. She had been living in Hampstead, and I was able to go to the funeral, with Enid and her sister. I have been told that Mr.Stuart Moore hoped I would write a note of appreciation to the Times: but the official notice seemed to me adequate, and I did not know her well enough to have much of value to add; so that I am still havering over it. I saw her last about two months ago. Her cousin the Bishop took the funeral, but I did not have a change to speak to him: I had had a note from him only a few days before, when he had been staying at East Coker, which is in his diocese.

You said something about a photograph, which has not yet arrived. I should like it now more than ever, but I suppose it would be very expensive by air mail. I had to send a few copies of letters from Paul More that way - they were asked for by his literary executors - and even that cost me six shillings.

I shall write again at the end of the week.

Your loving

Tom

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I shall write again at the end of the week.

Yours lovingly

Dorothy

EXAMINER 1545

4,
ondon



Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Mrs. Mears,

116 East Gilman Street,

MADISON,

Wisconsin,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C

OPENED BY

Letter 85.

Shamley Wood.

29 June 1941.

My Dear,

This letter goes on a long journey to Wisconsin. I have two letters from you during the week: 89 and 90. I wish that I had enough expert knowledge to be able to follow your account of the new hairdressing: I do not understand how cutting off hair on top can help to provide rolls at the sides; but it sounds very satisfactory, though I should prefer to have four photographs to show all the elevations. And no photograph has yet arrived. The portrait of Börre very handsome indeed: and thank you for the cutting. Ted Kauffer cabled to me for permission to do something of the sort: but I wish they would not call my lines a "poem" - I was under the impression that I was writing prose. Furthermore it does not seem to make very good sense without the particular series of photographs for which each clause was designed. But at the same time, I am glad to have some words of mine appear, more especially as the BBC seem to have forgotten all about the invitation to broadcast. (On the other hand, I am comblé with favours by the Pathan running the Indian waves: his last move was to turn up at Russell Square and present me (with great dignity) with a huge umbrella he had had made for me - the handle is made out of an enormous ancient tobacco pipe - it is rather showy). I am very much interested to hear about your wardrobe, which sounds highly satisfactory, though I am jealous that it should benefit Wisconsin rather than London and Gloucestershire.

I have been profiting by the summer sun, and except for typing, I spend most of my time while in Surrey in a deck chair in the garden, at some distance from the house so as to be retired, with a lovely view of Hascombe Hill and Chanctonbury Ring in the remote distance. I have read through Kipling's poems several times and made a tentative selection, and next I must read his autobiography - I only want to know about his methods of working, as I am not attempting any biographical study, but I want to try to find out also about contemporary opinion of his verse. I have toilsomely drafted a Section II of Little Gidding, and don't know whether I am pleased with it or not. Tomorrow (Monday) I go to Oxford: Tuesday a lunch with Cyril Connolly to discuss "Horizon"; Wednesday lunch with Vansittart (now retired) and return to the country on Thursday. I have finally sent a paragraph on Evelyn Underhill to The Times, because her husband (the information conveyed through a third party) was so anxious that there should be something from me; and Cornelia Sorabji is, I fear, going blind. I should like to be sitting on the back garden terrace at Stamford House, perhaps discussing the draft of a new play with you - The Family Reunion owes something to that terrace. And I hate to think of Mrs.Perkins having no garden to care for in the summer. Campden means the happiest days of my life, and comes back to me, with an ache! when I sit in a garden on a summer day.

Letter 85. Shamley Wood.

29 June 1941.

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While I was working on the poem I had to look up something in Dante, and came upon the lines

> e serbolo a chiosar con altro testo
> a donna che saprà, se a lei arrivo.

"and keep it, with another text, for a Lady to comment, who will be able if I get to her".

Your loving Ron . .

Let me know if any letter of mine is missing.

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e serbolo a chiosar con altro testo
a donne che saprà, se a lei arrivo.

"and keep it, with another text, for a lady to comment, who will be able if I get to her".

Let me know if any letter of mine is missing.

EXAMINER 7486

mt...
mley w...
mley Gree...
ldford, Surrey.




Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Mrs.Mears,

116 East Gilman Street,

MADISON,

Wisconsin,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 86. Shamley Wood,

Dearest Emily, 7 July 1941.

Your letters 91 and 92 have arrived. The weather does not appear to have favoured you: bad weather in Petersham and a heat wave in Boston. I hope that the latter was not too exhausting, as I fear that the middle west is likely to be very hot too. My notion is that Madison is on a lake, but not one of the great lakes. I remember that they offered me a degree in 1933, but I could not go out to take it. I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr.Lyman, as I knew that your uncle valued his friendship very highly. The Petersham inn sounds ideal as a retreat when you are very quiet: if it harbours the days and Laura Furness I judge that its atmosphere is not one of reckless debauchery.

I have been acquiring rapidly a tan, early in the season for me. The garden is large, and one can sit in a deck chair in a retired corner and bask. I have grudged all the hours spent indoors - I don't like typing in the open air - so have written as few letters as possible, and have done my reading, and scribbling of notes towards the next poem (now about 4/5 drafted, but I am not very well satisfied with it) in the garden. The faithful Rufus Noel Buxton cycled over to tea yesterday - when he comes I have to deliver him a short impromptu lecture on the writing of verse; and to-day Philip Gibbs came to lunch, and also a retired Chief Constable of Lincolnshire: the first Chief Constable I have ever met - I did not dare to tell him that he was exactly like the Chief Constables in the detective stories (which will not mean very much to you who do not make a habit of that class of fiction). The eccentric Robert Sencourt, whom you may remember turning up in a very small hired car (which he drove very badly) together with a nephew, one afternoon in Campden some years ago, is going to be visiting somebody not far away next weekend and proposes to come over: as he is a devout R.C. he ought to get on well with the household - Mrs.M. will be taking her deferred holiday in the company of her other daughter, Mrs.Coker. Tomorrow to London for two nights: I believe the Fabers and I go to see a musical revue one evening. Mr.Bokhari, the strange Pathan of the BBC has presented me with a second very large umbrella: he and his umbrellas are really turning into a nightmare. I dined with the Dobrees last week: they have taken a furnished house from a friend, in a very charming old street leading out to Hampstead Heath, downshire Hill: we dined in the garden on fish salad and a bottle of white wine. Georgina is still flourishing with the Hotsons; I hear that Leslie had difficulties with the President of Haverford (Felix Morley, whom I don't like much anyway) and is moving to Washington.

I hope that air mail comprises transit by air from New York to Madison, as you seem very far away now. I shall be glad when you are back in the East completing your vacation.

The Kipling matter is not quite settled: there is just a

Letter 86. Shamley Wood,

7 July 1941.

Dear Lady

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chance of its falling through, though I do not think it will.

I don't know what part I could take in village activities, even if I had the time. It is not a very active village, and villages so near to town do not have the unity and communal activity that you can hope to find in Gloucestershire and elsewhere. There are few resident large landowners hereabouts, and many more or less temporary people. My rheumatism is getting better, and I hope to store up much more vigour for the winter than I did a year ago. In another week or two the Fabers will go to Wales, and I look forward to spending nights at Much Haddam instead of in town at this time of year. I don't know yet when I shall pay my Welsh visit: I have to go to Oxford for a weekend conference at the beginning of August, and might possibly go on from there.

I wish that I was in the Campden garden with you.

Yours, dusted

Rom

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Yr. affectd.

Ros.

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Miss Mears,

116 East Gilman Street,

MADISON,

Wisconsin,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXAMINER 2497

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 87.

Shamley Wood,

14 July 1941.

Dearest,

No letter this week, but I am not surprised: you have been moving about, if you had got to Madison you might not have time to write at first, and letters will take longer. I do hope that you find your lodgings satisfactory, that you are well fed, that the course is not a disappointment, and that it is not too hot. I am sorry that you should have to plunge into lectures immediately after the visit to Boston, which is always tiring, and without having had any time of relaxation. I have still been enjoying the summer in the country, and last week in town was enlivened by our having three people to dinner on one evening, and going to a revue (not at all bad, as revues go) on the other. London is very quiet at present, and I may have to stop a third night this week, as I am to have three teeth out! and four more in three weeks' time. I am afraid, however, that it will not improve my appearance much, as they are all back grinders - mostly dead ones - which the X ray has shown to be poisonous. They may be the cause of this year's rheumatism in my shoulder. I expect it will need a number of supplementary visits, for fitting plates top and bottom as well as for sundries; and I shall not be able to get to Wales until after the middle of August - not that that matters, with so much country life anyway. I am, fortunately, well supplied with clothes, and shall not have to use any coupons for some time to come, in the normal way. This weekend has been varied by a visitor, a friend of Miss Moncrieff who was also a resident of Pau, and who returned on the same boat with her: she told me some interesting tales of nursing Spanish soldiers in the hospital in Pau: she is a Catholic and the soldiers of course were Republicans, but she got on very well with them - they asked to have her go back to Spain with them to ensure their being well treated there. All this although she did not know Spanish. Which reminds me that Robert Sencourt turned up, as odd as ever, on Sunday, and whisked me off to tea at the house of his host, who proved, as you might guess, to be the Duke of Alba (the Spanish Ambassador) but was not there. No one was there except Arthur Bryant (tapping out a book on the terrace) and his wife, and later Sir Eric Phipps, who was a guest in the same house. I was returned in an immense American car, so big that it had to go round about to avoid the narrow lanes. Also, I have finished the poem, but am very doubtful about it: doesn't strike me as up to the others, though I want it to complete the form of the set. I shall try it on John Hayward first, who is my best critic; and if I don't like it after a few weeks, I shall simply put it away and return to the attempt in several months. But I found I couldn't apply my mind to other things while it was sticking inside me, so I thought it best to get it written out and put it away. My immediate jobs are to write an introduction for a miniature anthology of modern poetry that we are publishing, and to outline the Kipling - I have made a selection, and am waiting to find out whether it makes a book of the right length. I don't have to go to Oxford this week, as we are meeting in London.

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I did not thank you for the stamps, which come in useful for supplements, as there are no threehalfpenny stamps in the books. One of them was Canadian, and I put it out to return to you, as I don't know anybody in Canada to send it to, but it seems to have blown off my table.

I believe that one feels very seedy for a few days after having poisonous teeth out, but much better afterwards. If I am feeling low, I shall take a week off.

I am anxious for news from Madison.

Your loving Tom

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EXAMINER 2266 EXAMINE

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. J.C.Perkins, D.D.,

90, Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,
Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY PENE

Letter 88. Shamley,

21 July 1941.

Dearest Lady.

Your letter 93 from Madison has arrived: and though it took under three weeks, the fact that I wrote to you at that address last week for the first time, and now am writing to Commonwealth Avenue for fear of missing you there, makes the distance seem very great and the time very brief. But I suppose it is the usual length of a summer course, six weeks or so. I was very glad indeed to have the information about your habitation and routine. You do not make it sound unpleasant; I am glad that you are seeing old friends and acquaintances, and a complete change from New England should be a tonic. I feared thatthe heat would be extreme, and the kind of house that you are living in is such as can be very stuffy at night; and the mosquitoes must be tremendous, what with the lake and all. I hope that it is pleasant to sit out of doors, or in a boat on the lake, if the lake is not too big. But it is not ten years yet since you were in California! you must have returned by sleeping car in 1934 when you left Scripps - for if you had crossed the continent in your Ford I think I should have heard about it, from Mrs.P. if not from yourself.

My tooth extraction passed off pleasantly enough. The nurse told me she had a cottage near Stoke Poges, and that she played the harp under the trees in fine weather: to which I seem to have remarked that it was nice for the birds. That sounds odd, and perhaps I had not quite recovered from the gas, or perhaps I dreamt it all: but anyway it added an agreeable touch of fantasy to the occasion. I suffered not at all afterwards, but he did not have time to get the whole of one of the teeth out; so on Thursday he completes the operation and removes the other teeth in a nursing home. If I am well enough I shall return to the Fabers for the night, and save the expense of a night in the home. And after that I shall have to chew with my front teeth for some time. The only thing I dread is that it should be a long time before my fine new teeth fitted me: some people have to go through a vexing long time of refitting, and Geoffrey's teeth are not right yet. I have to postpone my lunch for Mr. Bokhari, the presenter of large umbrellas. I have an American attaché fromthe Embassy to lunch on Friday: he seems to know Henry and Theresa. Bobby Speaight lunched with me last week, solemn and serious as ever. He is broadcasting East Coker tonight, and I hope I do not forget to listen. (There is a good analysis of the poem in the last Southern Review (Spring) by one J.J.Sweeney). He is also doing a broadcast version of Murder in the autumn - the BBC think that people don't listen much to that sort of thing in the summer.

Your phonetic and voice courses I should of course be unable to understand an account of, but I should like to hear more of the theory of criticism. Is it dramatic criticism, or criticism

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of verse speaking, or just criticism? In the last event I think I have some idea of the probable contents: a great deal of Ivor Richards, with dashes of Empson, Edmund Wilson, Michael Roberts and possibly TSE, with Coleridge and Arnold in the background.

I go to Wales possibly in the latter part of August; obviously I must hang about London until I am sure of my teeth. That will be a good time anyway, given fine weather, as the bathing is at its best then. Meanwhile, as I have the dentistry this week, and at the end of next week I have a weekend Moot at Oxford, I propose to take the following week off for a rest - or a partial rest: I have cleared away some minor items, such as writing advertisements of next season's books (the ones that I am responsible for) and writing a preface to Anne Ridler's "Little Book of Modern Verse", and am gathering forces to start on Kipling. I am fortunate in not having had to go to Oxford lately: owing to the fact that Miss Iredale has had to take a holiday, and also that she is having to find new lodgings as Marjory Perham needs the room for other purposes, we meet in London instead, on Tuesday afternoons.

I shall be glad to have the princess back in the State of Maine - I don't think I knw Sebasco, and I have never been to Grand Manan, though I have seen it in the offing. But Maine is I am sure the best place for you to be in August and September, to recuperate.

Your loving servant

Tom

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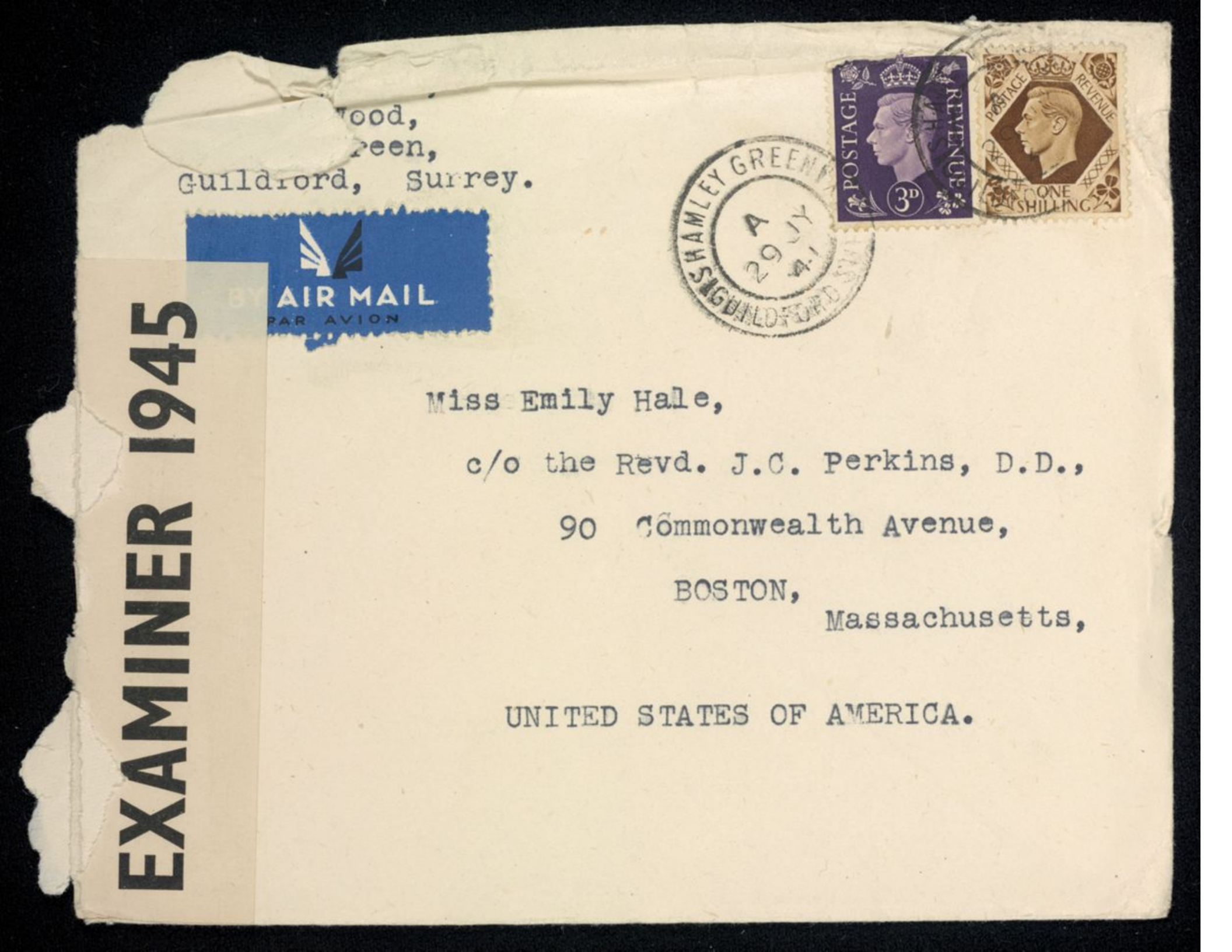

Wood,
Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

EXAMINER 1945

SHAMLEY GREEN
GUILDFORD
29 JY 41

POSTAGE REVENUE 3D

POSTAGE REVENUE ONE SHILLING

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins, D.D.,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 89.

Shamley,

28 July 1941.

Dearest,

I am not up to much in the way of a letter, as I have felt rather knocked about after having my teeth out (the second batch) in a nursing home on Thursday. I was given a very good new anaesthetic - "evipan" - which is an injection and therefore not disagreeable like gas or ether - which put me out for two hours. The dentist took half an hour tussling with my teeth; and I not only feel battered, but suffering, as one always does, from the poison getting loose. No doubt I shall be very much better for this: freer from colds and rheumatism, but at present I am sorry for myself, and very languid. Whether I go on from London to the weekend meeting of the Moot at Oxford I leave open; but in any case I expect to take next week off. This will be my last week at Oak Hill Park until October: I remove as usual to Much Hadham Hall.

I was glad to get no.98: you have a pretty strenuous course, and I hope that the dramatic event will not be the last straw; but I think that the stimulus of doing what you enjoy most will make up for that. I have read the Anderson play, but I don't remember it: the versification is very poor, but he has some dramatic ability. I wish indeed that I could see you; and I should also like to see you as Lady M.: though when I say "Lady M." I mean, modestly, Lady Macbeth.

I know that you did not meet Evelyn Underhill at Grenville Place - I remember that occasion quite well - but I had thought that you did go to Campden Hill Square with the Perkins's. Cheetham is carrying on bravely, with one curate, occasionally getting away for a short rest, but running the magazine etc. and assisted in looking after the church by several zealous ladies, several of whom are always about, polishing brass and silver etc. and by Miss Bingham.

Bobby Speaight gave a very good broadcast of East Coker, which I wish you could have heard. I am relieved to hear that no photograph has yet been sent: as for any of myself, that will have to wait, because we are not allowed to enclose photographs, printed matter etc. in letters. Anyway, none has been taken, not even a snap shot.

I hope for a full account of the play, and perhaps, by separate letter, some pictures of it and you in it.

With all my love

Tom.

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from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford.





Miss Emily Hale,

The Anchorage
Grand Manan
New Brunswick
Canada

BUY DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

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P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINER 1065

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R 1065

Letter 90.

Shamley,

Dear T.

8 August 1941.

I returned from Oxford to find your letter 96, and enjoyed your description of Wisconsin scenery, which I have never visited. You seemed to be exceedingly busy, and about to be more so, and I hope that your activities will not interfere with each other, and still more that you will not be too exhausted to enjoy your holidays in Maine. By today you will have left for the East, I hope contented with the results of your western interlude.

I feel very much stronger again. Last week, for the first few days, I felt rather seedy from my operation, and did not go up to town until Thursday, the last night before the Fabers left for Wales. On Friday I went to my conference in Oxford, which passed off very interestingly, and the hostel provided good food. The conference broke up on Sunday, so after tea I went out to the Christopher Dawsons on Boar's Hill and spent the night with them: I like Dawson and find his conversation profitable. Monday was Bank Holiday and the office was shut. I was expecting some people named Cox to lunch with me, and to take me to "Fantasia" afterwards: rather to my relief, they did not turn up, so, having nothing better to do, I decided to do what I have only done once or twice in my life, and go to the film by myself (I very rarely go even in company). I thought it over ambitious, though the more abstract patterns very very interesting, and some of the lighter stuff was very charming in the usual Disney way: there is a delightful dance of toadstools. But the whole idea of a picture accompaniment to music is wrong, and the particular accompaniment to the Pastoral Symphony cheap and vulgar: Disney, or the Disney Corporation, has a very remarkable imagination, but it is not the imagination of an adult. The programme idea of the Pastoral rather impaired my enjoyment of the music at best; and I shall be still more bothered by having acquired this tasteless illustration of it.

My mouth has quite healed, but I am taking this week off, partly because my secretary is awy anyway, and to get a little more continuous attention onto Kipling. I want to finish the first draft of the introduction, or come within sight of it, before I go to Wales on the 26th. I am amused to find myself sympathising with your feeling about excess of female company, because I find I suffer from the same complaint while in the country: tomorrow Theodora Bosanquet, Lady Rhondda and an unknown friend come to lunch, making a party of five females and myself (Miss Moncrieff, otherwise "Cocky", having departed for a sojourn at Bude, which is no doubt a relief to her sister). I could not stand it week in week out, if I did not have the change of London - and to say this is no personal reflection on my hostesses either. So I wish all

Letter 90. Shanley.

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Dear ——

I returned from Oxford to find your letter 96, and enjoyed your description of Wisconsin scenery, which I have never visited. You seemed to be exceedingly busy, and about to be more so, and I hope that your activities will not interfere with each other, and still more that you will not be too exhausted to enjoy your holidays in Maine. By today you will have left for the east, I hope contented with the results of your western interludes.

I feel very much stronger again. Last week, for the first few days, I felt rather seedy from my operation, and did not go up to town until Thursday, the last night before the Esdaire left for Wales. On Friday I went to my conference in Oxford, which passed off very interestingly, and the hostel provided good food. The conference broke up on Sunday, so after tea I went out to the Christopher Dawsons on Boar's Hill and spent the night with them: I like Dawson and find his conversation profitable. Monday was Bank Holiday and the office was shut. I was expecting some people named Cox to lunch with me, and to take me to "Fantasia" afterwards: rather to my relief, they did not turn up, so, having nothing better to do, I decided to do what I have only done once or twice in my life, and go to the film by myself (I very rarely go even in company). I thought it over ambitious, though the more abstract patterns very very interesting, and some of the lighter stuff was very charming in the usual Disney way: there is a delightful dance of teadatoels. But the whole idea of a picture accompaniment to music is wrong, and the particular accompaniment to the pastoral Symphony cheap and vulgar: Disney, or the Disney Corporation, has a very remarkable imagination, but it is not the imagination of an adult. The programme idea of the pastoral rather impaired my enjoyment of the music at best; and I shall be still more bothered by having acquired this tasteless illustration of it.

My mouth has quite healed, but I am taking this week off, partly because my secretary is away anyway, and to get a little more continuous attention onto Kipling. I want to finish the first draft of the introduction, or come within sight of it, before I go to Wales on the 26th. I am amused to find myself sympathising with your feeling about excess of female company, because I find I suffer from the same complaint while in the country: tomorrow Theodore Bassanquet, Lady Rhondda and an unknown friend come to lunch, making a party of five females and myself (Miss Moncrieff, otherwise "Dodo", having deserted for a holiday at Bude, which is no doubt a relief to her sister). I could not stand it week in week out, if I did not have the change of London - and to say this is no personal reflection on my hostesses either. So I wish all

the more that you could have a more varied society.

My extra job before going away will be to compose one issue of the Christian News Letter.

I wish that you could pick up Boerre and take him to Maine with you, but a large and lively dog is by no means acceptible in every hotel: but it is such a pity that you cannot have him with you on holidays in the country, when his companionship would be so agreeable. I hope you are sleeping and eating well, and that Maine will reconcile you to having your photograph taken!

Very lovingly
Pom

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I wish that you could pick up Boerre and take him to Maine with you, but a large and lively dog is by no means acceptible in every hotel: but it is such a pity that you cannot have him with you on holidays in the country, when his companionship would be so agreeable. I hope you are sleeping and eating well, and that Maine will reconcile you to having your photograph taken!

Yours lovingly
Jo

From T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood, Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

GUILDFORD
11.45 AM
19 AUG
1941
SURREY


Please Forward.

EXAMINER 4327

Miss Emily Hale,

The Anchorage
Grand Manan
New Brunswick
Canada

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BUY
DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

BOSTON, MASS. 1
AUG 29
530 PM
1941

NORTH HEAD
AM
AUG 30
41

P.C. 90

**OPENED BY**

**EXAMINER 4005**

Letter 91.

Shamley,

18 August 1941.

Dear.

It was good of you to write at as much length as you did, (no. 96) while in the midst of rehearsals with what energy the heat left you (I don't think extreme heat suits you very well). By this time I trust that you will have had some refreshing sea breezes, after such an exhausting climax in Wisconsin. For I know how much you would put into any part - more, probably, in this case, than some of the others will have put into more conspicuous parts, and probably more than a local company and audience could appreciate: and I only hope you have also got something out of it. I look forward to an account, together with any cuttings of interest, in due course.

I have had to lay Kipling aside (as well as a good deal of correspondence) this last weekend in order to write a number of the Christian News Letter. As I told you, four people are each writing one, in order to give Oldham a holiday: Mrs.Stocks (a rather Fabian sort of woman who is the head of Westfield College, but I don't know what Westfield is, except that it is a women's college and not in Oxford or Cambridge) Walter Moberly, the Rev. George McLeod and myself. This was rather a toil, as I had no particular News to communicate. I also had to spend Thursday night (in lieu of a weekend) with the Oldhams at their house in Chipstead, where they were the guests of their tenants - not altogether satisfactory to be the guest of a guest: they had wanted me to go long ago, and would have been disappointed. So my week was rather cut up, with two nights at Much Hadham. This week I spend one night with one Eri c Gregory (a friend of John Hayward and the Kauffers) at Swan Court, Chelsea, and the second night with the De la Mares: rather tiring these one night stands. Then next week I go off to Wales, for ten days or so, taking Kipling with me and a fishing rod for Tom (I have at last obtained the silver mug for Edward Adam Roberts) and after that the autumn is at hand.

I don't want you to get the imprssion that the umbrellas were altogether foolish. They must have been very expensive, as they were made to order, and the tobacco pipe handle is a beautiful piece of carving, though too ornate for the present purpose: the other umbrella I have become attached to and am using, though I fear that in the U.S.A., where such eccentricities are more noticed, it would call too much attention to the carrier. Did I remark, by the way, that Bobby Speaight's reading of E.Coker was very fine? He is one of the few actors who can read non-dramatic poetry properly. Shamley Wood has been refreshed at the weekend by the presence of Mrs.Coker - she must be forty something but looks much younger and has a good deal of her mother's efficiency. This week is crammed with engagements: the American attaché, then two Belgian politicians, several waifs who want help etc. I

Letter 91.

Blanley.

18 August 1941.

Dear

It was good of you to write at as much length as you did. (no. 96) while in the midst of rehearsals with what energy the best left you (I don't think extreme best suits you very well). By this time I trust that you will have had some refreshing sea breezes, after such an exhausting climax in Lagomania. For I know how much you would put into any part - more, probably, in this case, than some of the others will have put into more conspicuous parts, and probably more than a local company and audience could appreciate: and I only hope you have also got something out of it. I look forward to an account, together with any cuttings of interest, in due course.

I have had to lay Kipling aside (as well as a good deal of correspondence) this last weekend in order to write a number of the Christian News Letter. As I told you, four people are each writing one, in order to give Oldham a holiday: Mrs. Stocks (a rather Fabian sort of woman who is the head of Westfield College, but I don't know what Westfield is, except that it is a women's college and not in Oxford or Cambridge) Walter Moberly, the Rev. George Wood and myself. This was rather a toil, as I had no particular News to communicate. I also had to spend Thursday night (in lieu of a weekend) with the Oldhams at their house in Chipstead, where they were the guests of their tenants - not altogether satisfactory to be the guest of a guest: they had wanted me to go long ago, and would have been disappointed. So my week was rather cut up, with two nights at much Hadham. This week I spend one night with one Fr. O Gregory (a friend of John Hayward and the Vaughans) at Swan Court, Chelsea, and the second night with the Le Mesas: rather tiring these one night stands. Then next week I go off to Wales, for ten days or so, taking Kipling with me and a fishing rod for Tom (I have at last obtained the silver mug for Edward Adam Roberts) and after that the autumn is at hand.

I don't want you to get the impression that the umbrellas were altogether foolish. They must have been very expensive, as they were made to order, and the tobacco pipe handle is a beautiful piece of carving, though too ornate for the present purpose: the other umbrella I have become attached to and am using, though I fear that in the U.S.A., where such eccentricities are more noticed, it would call too much attention to the carrier. Did I remark, by the way, that Bobby Speaight's reading of Fr. Coker was very fine? He is one of the few actors who can read non-dramatic poetry properly. Stanley Wood has been refreshed at the weekend by the presence of Mrs. Coker - she must be forty something but looks much younger and has a good deal of her mother's efficiency. This week is crammed with engagements: the American attache, then two Belgian politicians, several walls who want help etc. I

shall be glad to get away, but I shall miss your letters: I am always fearful of asking people to forward letters unless I am absolutely sure of their efficiency, and Ty Glyn Aeron, Ciliau Aeron, Lampeter, is rather much of an address for the ordinary English speller.

Whenever I see that there is an enclosure I hope that there will be a snapshot of yourself - though it is a long time since I have had one which ~~xxxxxx~~ gave more than an identification of yourself. I will write to Mrs.Seaverns: indeed, I have often thought of her, and ought to have written months ago.

Always Your humble and devoted

Tom

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Love to Mrs. Lewis and Joan

Ever

, Russell Square
ndon W.C.1.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

EXAMINER 2469

Miss Emily Hale,

The Anchorage
Grand Manan
New Brunswick
Canada

BUY DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

BOSTON, MASS. SEP 6 2-PM 1941 3

NORTH HEAD SP 9 41 N. B.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 92.

Shamley,

25 August 1941.

Dearest Lady,

Your letters 97, the last from Madison, and 98, the first from Boston, have arrived during the course of the week. I am taking a typewriter with me to Wales on Wednesday, and from your directions my first letter from there must go to Northampton: the end of what has seemed a very short summer. This afternoon I must pack two bags, as lightly as possible in case of a shortage of porters: I spend tomorrow in town and the night at Much Hadham, and proceed to Paddington the following morning. When I return I may spend a week at Hadham - with a view to giving the Mirrlees a protracted rest from my company while things are quiet. The tiresome thing is not being able to drop work altogether: they still hope to bring out the Kipling book before Christmas, but the subject is so difficult that I should like until spring. On the 2nd of October I go to Bristol, and from there for the weekend at Wells on the 4th. The Christendom group want me to come up to talk to meetings at Newcastle and Durham at the end of that month, but I don't think I shall have time to prepare for such an occasion! Meanwhile Little Gidding stays in retreat. I have not had any further passages with the dentist's nurse, and the dentist seems pleased with my mouth: he has been making minor repairs (for repairs there will always be so long as I have one tooth left) but I am afraid that I shall not appear any more comely until the time comes to remove the offending biters.

It is disappointing that there have not been better reviews of your play (you don't say what you think of the play itself) but that is more or less what I shrewdly anticipated: amateur critics and amateur audiences in what I believe is called a hick town are not what you want. I am relieved by your reassurances about your health: with the combination of hard work and extreme heat (I should have liked a little of that American heat myself) it is not surprising that you are thin - I hope that when you say thin you are not dissimulating extreme emaciation. I trust that rest and sea breezes will produce the required degree of plumpness and curves on face and neck, together with a sea brown.

I have met Mr.Bailey myself - though not under conditions under which either of us appeared to best advantage, perhaps, as my sister Margaret had me to tea to meet him, and you know that Margaret does all the talking herself. Who is Mr.Martin - the only Mr.Martin I can think of is an Abyssinian statesman. I awaitwith as much anxiety as a parent the result of your examinations. I hear that Eleanor is still following courses at Harvard: what in you is a commendable devotion to improvement for professional purposes is in her, I fear, merely a bad habit - I mean that while I sympathise with her reasons for ~~for~~ it, the habit of going to lectures easily becomes a substitute for thinking. I do wish that I was returning from Wales via Cheltenham and car to Campden: that gave me not only a pleasant holiday in Wales but still pleasanter expectations during it.

25 August 1941.

Dearest Sally

Your letters 97, the last from Madison, and 98, the first from Boston, have arrived during the course of the week. I am taking a typewriter with me to Wales on Wednesday, and from your directions my first letter from there must go to Northampton; the end of what has seemed a very short summer. This afternoon I must pack two bags, as lightly as possible in case of a shortage of porters: I spend tomorrow in town and the night at such Oadham, and proceed to Paddington the following morning. When I return I may spend a week at Oadham - with a view to giving the wireless a protracted rest from my company while things are quiet. The tiresome thing is not being able to drop work altogether: they still hope to bring out the Vipiting book before Christmas, but the subject is so difficult that I should like until spring. On the 2nd of October I go to Brisfol, and from there for the weekend at Wells on the 4th. The Christendom group want me to come up to talk to meetings at Newcastle and Durham at the end of that month, but I don't think I shall have time to prepare for such an occasion! Meanwhile little Oadham stays in retreat. I have not had any further passages with the dentist's nurse, and the dentist seems pleased with my mouth: he has been making minor repairs (for repairs there will always be so long as I have one tooth left) but I am afraid that I shall not appear any more comely until the time comes to remove the offending bites.

It is disappointing that there have not been better reviews of your play (you don't say what you think of the play itself) but that is more or less what I already anticipated: amateur critics and amateur audiences in what I believe is called a dick town are not what you want. I am relieved by your reassurances about your health: with the combination of hard work and extreme heat (I should have liked a little of that American heat myself) it is not surprising that you are thin - I hope that when you say thin you are not dissimulating extreme emaciation. I trust that rest and sea breezes will produce the required degree of plumpness and curves on face and neck, together with a sea brown.

I have met Mr. Bailey myself - though not under conditions which either of us appeared to best advantage, perhaps, as my sister Margaret had me to tea to meet him, and you know that Margaret does all the talking herself. Who is Mr. Martin - the only Mr. Martin I can think of is an Olympian statesman. I sympathise as much anxiously as a parent the result of your examinations. I hear that Elsa-Mor is still following courses at Harvard: what in you is a commendable devotion to improvement for professional purposes is in her, I fear, merely a bad habit - I mean that while sympathise with her reasons for ~~ix~~ it, the habit of going to lectures easily becomes a substitute for thinking. I do wish that I was returning from Wales via Shelbourn and car to Hampden: that gave me not only a pleasant holiday in Wales but still pleasanter expectations during it.

By the way, the blue tie you gave me is still my best blue (summer) tie; the brown tie is the best for my tweeds; the very light brown is considered perfection with a tropical tussore suit (when that can be worn) and there is a crimson tie which I wear on Saints' Days. But I never say in the presence of ladies "a lady gave me this" because I do not want to encourage presents of ties from ladies - there is only one who can choose a good tie.

Always your
(most loving
Tom

By the way, the blue tie you gave me is still my best blue (summer) tie; the brown tie is the best for my tweeds; the very light brown is considered perfection with a tropical tuxedo suit (when that can be worn) and there is a crimson tie which I wear on Saints' Days. But I never say in the presence of ladies "a lady gave me this" because I do not want to encourage presents of ties from ladies - there is only one who can choose a good tie.

Yours for ever
Lucy Stone