

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

1 January 1946.

Dear Sir,

I wish you a very Happy New Year: and hope that it will be the happier for having given Miss Tucker notice. (It does seem a tall order to expect you to produce Richard II with little girls between now and the middle of February!) You see, I found your letter of December 27 on my return from Shamley. A dolorous visit it was: for I took to my bed there - the first Christmas Day I ever remember spending in bed - with a temperature. It was all the worse because they had no domestic staff at all, owing to the fact that they are moving next week to Hindhead. There were only Mrs. M., Hope who had been having some mysterious infection that sends her temperature up and down, and Jimmy James the housekeeper. How Jimmy ran the whole house and brought me all my meals is a miracle. I naturally came back as soon as the doctor let me - hiring a car to bring me from door to door. I got back yesterday; tomorrow I go to University College Hospital, but they may have to keep me there a few days before operating, as I have a bit of a cough. And I am feeling very limp, so I hope that a fortnight in a hospital is what I need; it's all I feel fit for.

I expect I shall be able to scrawl fairly early next week, and I shall arrange to have cables sent. I do hope that Henry's health will at least not deteriorate rapidly while I am laid up. This is only an interim note to send you my loving thoughts at the beginning of another year.

Your devoted

Tom.

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24 Russell Square London WC1

14 January 1946.

*David Emery**ade Jan 28*

I had been in two minds whether to cable to you and to Henry; but I thought that that might be making too much of it, and, however I put it, might sound alarming rather than reassuring. For it has only been a slight illness, as one might have every winter, but just enough to induce the cautious surgeon to postpone my operation until summer. So here I am back in Chelsea after ten days in hospital, being nursed for a slight bronchial cough and a temperature which never went higher than 99.6. But even a slight cold is enough to make an operation out of the question, unless it is an operation of the kind that must be done at once if at all. There is always, apparently, some possibility in such cases of pneumonia after the operation; and a surgeon naturally does not want to run that risk, for the sake of his own operation. So all that has happened is, that I have had an ordinary winter illness in a hospital instead of at home.

Even a delay of a few days (as they hoped it might be, at first) would have worried me. As you know, I have been told to be ready to come over in February if Henry's condition deteriorated; and I should have been afraid of not being quite fit to come. Of course, if Henry's pneumonia had happened before I had made the arrangements, I should not have dreamt of having the operation until after my next visit. So no doubt it is all for the best that I should now have to wait until perhaps July or August.

Now I am to stay at home for a couple of days, and then take it easy for a few more days, and I shall not go out in the evening for a month or so.

I will write again later in the week. At the moment I have about twenty personal letters to write, and I don't want to overwork at first. I am glad to be back where I am well fed, for the hospital fare is meagre: friends supplemented it

with bread, butter, cheese and jam. At the moment, everything in London is meagre, because of the transport workers strike: but we are fortunate in having the contents of Christmas parcels from America (I had five from the States and one from Australia!).

I am glad to know that you have secured more time for your production of Richard II. I don't see why Kinchin-Smith should mind your not doing the Trojan Women, if you write and explain to him: only if you want to keep the text, on the chance of your wanting to produce it somewhere at some time, you will ask him whether you may.

Lovingly

Tom

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27 January 1946.

ack. Mar 6

My dearest Emily,

I have your letter of January 21st, and am distressed that you had not heard from me for so long, especially at a time when you have had such a distressing burden to bear all alone. I wish that I could be with you at this time, to share, if not to lighten it. I can only hope that now it will not be long, and will not be painful for her; and it is also for you that I pray in this crisis, in your great solitude. I know you have friends who will be altogether sympathetic and helpful, but that is not the same as having others who suffer directly as you do - brothers and sisters. This is therefore much harder to bear for you than Ada's illness for me (though I sometimes think, if it could only have been postponed for two years - yet I have never felt any regret at not having been able to visit her during the last illness: if I could have come before it, or if I could have been there at the end, that would be different). I wish that Mrs. Perkins might be a little different - but that is wishing so much! And with the future so uncertain for you.

During the last fortnight - for it is a relief to speak of ordinary affairs - the flat has proceeded apace. John has been up for the day, and, with the assistance of four lady and one gentleman friend, has seen his furniture moved in. Since then my builder (who is ready to make himself useful in any way) has set up his bookcases and filled them with books, and is getting up the boards and runners for curtains and polishing the floors. The electricity and gas are on, but the gas heaters will be of no use until the gas company repair them; however, most of the rooms have points for electric heaters as well. The carpets may be down this week, and then the only need will be some temporary curtains. I have also engaged a housekeeper - the middle-aged Frenchwoman. As she is at Worthing, and can't find a temporary room in London, I hope to have the kitchen ready, and her bedroom, first, put her in for a few nights, to give her time to see what stores are needed, and acquaint herself with the local shops; then I shall take up residence myself, and John last of all, as Victor Rothschild needs him in Cambridge during most of February. It is a large flat, though I think, with all our books,

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we shall pretty well fill it; but I fear that the very long passage way will require some sort of heater when we can get it. I do not know what Madame Frenay's cooking is like, for she has lived in England for twenty-five years, and since the death of her husband, she has usually been a nursery governess. But she seems a very practical, economical French type, not waspish and grumbly, who ought to be a good manager.

I have been busy also with the preface to the book about Poland, which I have now finished, and with turning one broadcast for Germany into three - I have done the first. And this week brings some of the little jobs. The general meeting of Books Across the Sea, at last, and I trust my last one; and also the opening of the new quarters in a public library in South Audley Street - I have to be there to greet the Mayor of Westminster, and the guests of honour, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Wilkinson, if they arrive. And a verse reading on Saturday night at the Student Movement House. Nothing, I think in February, but in March I have to go to Pusey House (Oxford) to read them some of the material for one of my books; and also, I have to do another reading for Moira Brook Gwynne's pupils at the Institute of Education. (At least, you can't reproach me for the last item, as I only do it because of her being a friend of yours.) Did I tell you that we are publishing Margaret Thorp's book on the cinema this year? -)

The weather has been much milder - to-day foggy, but the sun came through later: so the gas pressure has been good. I am getting on pretty well in health, too. Thank you for sending the cutting about Ezra: I file everything I get about his case, though it does not as a rule give me as good information as I receive privately (your reporter said he was translating Cicero - it was Confucius!) but I like to know what the American papers say. But the man Col. Donaghy seems intelligent and sympathetic. It is possible that the case will never be tried. The future will be hard for him in any case, though I dare say that political events in international politics will help to alter his status: though for every other reason they give rise to the gravest anxiety. I return at the end, my dear, to my thoughts of you in your great distress.

Devotedly
Tom.

Good luck to stay Faber - Surely my Xmas cable arrived?

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16 February 1946.

Dearest Emily.

I do not think I have ever allowed such a long time to elapse without writing any private letters. I owe letters to all my family, some of them since December. But I have never had such a number of details to attend to, at the same time as feeling utterly exhausted. That is largely due to my illness, I suppose, though I am very much better now; though I should probably have experienced this overpowering fatigue anyway, after the end of the war and the sharpening of anxieties public and private. Also it has been increased by having had to live in such an unsettled way (and under conditions in which I knew that any illness that meant staying in bed would be almost impossible to deal with - you can't get in to hospitals or nursing homes) and having one problem after another concerned with the flat to deal with. And apart from business, there have been the usual engagements which I could not decline: the whole of my last three weekends was taken up with preparing the three broadcast talks for Germany. These are now done, and are being translated: so this Saturday morning I have the unusual freedom of being able to sit down and write this letter - I have only had the evenings to write in, when I feel too tired to do more than fiddle with a book, play a game of patience, and go to bed.

Anyway, the situation now is this: that I am going to start sleeping in the flat tomorrow night, and shall test Madame Frenay's cooking. It is now just habitable, except for John's quarters. There are only temporary carpets, and curtains for only four windows, and the curtains in my rooms are too wide and too short, and will have to be cut up and resewn as soon as possible. There are gas heaters working in two rooms, and electric in the others. The corridors are bare boards. I have bought a couple of standard lamps for myself. My books are to be moved in a week from now, and I shall move my clothes from Elvaston Place as and when I can. For the next week or two I shall have to ~~continue~~ continue sending my washing from Elvaston Place, until we find a laundry which

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24 Russell Square London WC1

10 February 1946

Dear Sir

I do not think I have ever allowed such a long time to elapse without writing any private letters. I owe letters to all my family, some of them since December. But I have never had such a number of details to attend to, at the same time as feeling utterly exhausted. That is largely due to my illness. I suppose, though I am very much better now, though I should probably have experienced this overpowering fatigue anyway, after the end of the war and the sharpening of anxieties public and private. Also it has been increased by having had to live in such an unsettled way (and under conditions in which I knew that any illness that meant staying in bed would be almost impossible to deal with - you can't get in to hospitals or nursing homes) and having one problem after another concerned with the flat to deal with. And apart from business, there have been the mental engagements which I could not decline; the whole of my last three weekends was taken up with preparing the three broadcast talks for Germany. These are now done, and are being broadcast; so this Saturday morning I have the unusual freedom of being able to sit down and write this letter - I have only had the evening to write in, when I feel too tired to do more than tiddle with a book, play a game of patience, and go to bed.

Anyway, the situation now is this: that I am going to start sleeping in the flat tomorrow night, and shall feel more comfortable. It is now just habitable, except for John's quarters. There are only temporary carpets, and curtains for only four windows, and the curtains in my rooms are too wide and too short, and will have to be cut up and resewn as soon as possible. There are no heaters working in two rooms, and electric in the others. The corridors are bare boards. I have bought a couple of standard lamps for myself. My books are to be moved in a week from now, and I shall move my clothes from Riverton Place as and when I can. For the next week or two I shall have to arrange to continue sending my washing from Riverton Place, until we find a laundry which

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will call in Chelsea: most laundries now will not undertake to call oftener than every two or three weeks, some keep the washing for a month. The things one has to buy are very expensive (14s. for an ordinary broom, and 25s. for a platerack!) and one seldom gets exactly what one wants; and many things one cannot buy at all. People are very good about lending: I should not be able to sleep there but for some blankets lent by Mrs. Codrington, and some pillows and sheets lent by Lady Vansittart (friends of John's). To get a dustbin I have had to get Jean Kennerley, who used to live in Chelsea and knows all the tradespeople, to go in to Timothy White's in the King's Road (for the Kennerleys, like me and everyone else who has just moved anywhere, have no prospect of a telephone for at least six months) and ask the manager to keep a bin for a friend of theirs, out of the next lot he gets in.

I think Madame Frenay promises well; she has lived in England for twentyfive years, so that her cooking may have deteriorated: but she gives me the impression of being an economical manager. Also, she is cheerful and pleasant.

There are of course problems to be solved over gas, electricity etc. and the Electrolux refrigerator which may or may not be reparable.

I tell you all this because it may give a faint impression of why I cannot, just yet, even begin to find out about passages to America. I should really consider it irresponsible of me to make definite engagements in America at this stage. You say "other people keep engagements", but I don't think people should make engagements when they do not know whether they can keep them. In my present state of fatigue, I cannot look forward to the trip as anything in the nature of a holiday. If I get a fortnight altogether under restful conditions I shall be lucky. The commerce with New York publishers and authors will be wearing; I can hardly escape some public engagement with Books Across the Sea in New York; I shall have to go to Washington for a day or two to see

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24 Russell Square London WC1
MUSEUM ROAD 254 3 (4 lines)
FABER WEST END LONDON

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FABBAE, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Pound, and I can't well go to Washington without seeing the Library of Congress people. Americans are so full of energy and expect the same of others; they love public affairs, speeches and talks, and I shall have to fight tenaciously and at the same time tactfully in order to avoid being completely worn out. For one thing, I am better known than I was 10 years ago; for another, one cannot look upon the ocean voyage as a period of rest now. Herbert Read, who is just going to New York to lecture at Yale, has been told to be ready to sail on any day after the 21st; but he may have to wait up to three weeks, and if so the dates of his lectures will have to be readjusted accordingly.

I feel at the moment, as if I should like three months complete rest before facing it.

I am further distressed by learning from you that your mother's illness may be more protracted than was anticipated. This means a fresh adjustment for you, emotionally, to a strain that you may have to bear for months. I am very very sorry for you. Whether it makes it easier or harder to be so very busy at the school as you are, I cannot judge; but I fear your getting over-tired while you have this burden, lest when the burden and the work both cease you will find yourself in a state of utter exhaustion.

*Lovingly,
Tom*

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MUSEUM 2543 (Wales) FABER WEST END LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

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Yours truly
Faber

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

22 February 1946.

ade. Morley

My dear Gie,

I cabled a reply as soon as I got your cable, but I have had to let several days elapse before writing this letter. After what you had said about the possibility of your mother lingering on, your cable came as a sudden relief. But I know that the event could only have been one of mixed relief to you: because at that time one cannot think of the loved person merely as a human being who had nothing to look forward to in this life but pain and misery, but as the person one remembered before he or she was taken away while still in this life. And however one welcomes death for the sufferer, there is an immense tearing pain of separation from anyone in the closest relation possible to oneself. And then a feeling of great loneliness, even if, rationally speaking, the loneliness was already there. So I wished fervently that I could have been with you at this time.

You will let me know about the funeral, about your life during this period, and I hope about everything that you felt and suffered.

I shall hope to make investigations about permission to come to America, as soon as John gets here and I can pass the business of running the flat and getting it into further order, over to him. I am now installed at 19, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. So far, the French housekeeper, Madame Frenay, seems very satisfactory, practical and cheerful, and seems to cook and serve my food very well. She makes excellent soup, certainly. It is also pleasant to have somebody to put the hot water bottle in one's bed etc. What her drawbacks may be, I have yet to discover: it is difficult to say yet how economically she can keep house, because there have been so many odds and ends to buy at the start. The great difficulty at the moment is that we cannot get any laundry to call here: the laundry crisis is really very acute, they are short both of staff and of vans, and laundries say that they cannot take on new customers. There is a charwoman who comes twice a week for the heavy cleaning, and at present Madame

G. C. Faber, Chairman, C. J. Stewart, R. H. de la Mare, J. V. Moore, & Morley Kennell (Incorporated in England) [Litho W.] Glasgow

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24 Russell Square London WC1
MUSEUM 2543 (Area) LONDON WEST

22 February 1946

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MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Frenay, with my approval, is having her an extra morning a week to do washing: but of course it is impossible to wash sheets in a flat, without special equipment. And of course it may be a long time before we get a telephone. But with all the difficulties, I am very glad to be in a place that I can call my own.

My books, and the rest of my personal effects from Elvaston Place, were moved in on Saturday. The books are now ranged in shelves in my study, but I shall have to take two days, when I can, to get them dusted and put them in order. And until the decorator can get enough wood to put up some more shelves for me, there are two crates of books which must remain unpacked. I have not yet had time to unpack my bags. This morning I went to early communion at Chelsea Church in Sydney Street (not Chelsea Old Church, Sir Thomas More's, which was utterly bombed) at 8.30, returned for breakfast, and then off again by bus to 11 o'clock at St. Stephen's. (I wish I could retire from being churchwarden, but there simply is no one else available yet, and Cheetham himself is in a pretty nervously exhausted condition after the war and its worries, and I cannot add another problem to his troubles just yet) and then had to lunch with Cheetham and the Archdeacon of Middlesex - he always wants me to be there when he has to entertain church dignitaries. And this evening I had to go to a reception for a Chilean poet, a Madame Mistral, who is here on her way back from Stockholm where she has received the Nobel prize. It is a great nuisance, from my point of view, having so many foreign poets (whom one does not want to meet, anyway) visiting this country nowadays. I shall have to see Madame Mistral again with my Chilean friends, and there is a French poet, Pierre Jean Jouve (one of the better senior poets) whom I shall have to see at lunch this week. All this is to my mind a complete waste of time, but these are inevitable diplomatic amenities. The difficulty is that I am the only senior poet in England available, whom these people have heard of. The Poet Laureate lives in the country, and Walter de la Mare lives just far enough away and is just old enough so that he can't be called upon, and he hasn't got the inter-

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MUSEUM 9243 (4 lines)
FABER WESTCENT LONDON

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G.C.Faber, Chairman C.W.Stewart R.H.I.de la Mare F.V.Morley & Morley Kennerley (u.s.a.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

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national or cosmopolitan touch anyway. And now, a visit by a poet to another country is almost a matter of political importance, especially as the visit is always arranged by the British Council.

I have just been running on, but the only thing on my mind was to send you my devoted thoughts at this time of trial for you, my dear.

Your loving

Tom

G. C. Faber Chairman C. W. Stewart R. H. de B. ... (a) T. S. Elliot W. J. Crowley

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MILZEM 9243 (1942) FABER WEST LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

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of trial for you, my dear.

*Yours lovingly
T. S. Eliot*

THOMAS ELIOT

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MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

My dearest Emily,

19 March 1946.

*ack
Mar. 28*

It was very agreeable that your letter of March 6 should be the first addressed to me at 19, Carlyle Mansions. It helps to make me feel settled. It is now really becoming habitable; and John arrived on Thursday, so that I can now turn over the actual running of it to him - he would be able to attend to nearly everything if we only had a telephone. I was also relieved to have him come, because I was aware that the housekeeper (hereinafter known as Mme. F.) was in a state of tension waiting for him and no doubt wondering whether she would get on with him, and whether he would not turn out to need more attention than I had warned her of. Mr. Rainsley the builder has been invaluable, and has attended to numbers of small details, and has started laying the corridor carpet, which makes the place look much more inhabited. If Madame F. is strong enough for the work she should find it an ideal place, with a homelike French atmosphere, and, in future, no doubt, French visitors. She is an excellent cook. And the work should not be too hard, with a charwoman two mornings a week: she comes in a third morning to wash the clothes, as laundries call only every three or four weeks nowadays. I only go to St. Stephen's at 11 o'clock on Sundays, as the buses do not run early enough to get me there by 8; so I go to the local St. Luke's, which is not sympathetic, but I have always a strong feeling that one should have some connexion with the parish church; and I can easily get to St. Stephen's for 8 o'clock mass on a weekday.

The weather has continued very cold. During this weekend I have attended first to furbishing up a paper to read to the joint meeting of the Salisbury Poetry Society and the Salisbury Religious Drama Society when I go to stay with the Richmonds on the 29th, preparing notes for a lunch hour Lenten talk on Words & Meanings at St. Anne's Soho, and considering my poetry reading to M. Brooke-Gwynn's Institute of Education tomorrow morning. This week I attended a meeting of the Conseil d'Administration de la Fédération

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1

19 March 1946.

Handwritten signature

It was very agreeable that your letter of March 2 should be the first addressed to me at 19, Gail's Mansions. It helps to make me feel settled. It is now really becoming a habit; and John arrived on Thursday, so that I can now turn over the actual running of it to him - he will be able to attend to nearly everything if we only had a telephone. I was also relieved to have him come, because I was aware that the housekeeper (hereinafter known as Mrs. T.) was in a state of tension waiting for him and no doubt wondering whether she would get on with him, and whether he would not turn out to need more attention than I had warned her of. Mr. Rainey the builder has been invaluable, and has attended to numbers of small details, and has started laying the corridor carpet, which makes the place look much more finished. It makes T. as strong enough for the work she should find in an ideal place, with a homelike French atmosphere, and, in future, no doubt, French visitors. She is an excellent cook. And the work should not be too hard, with a charwoman two mornings a week; she comes in a third morning to wash the clothes, as I usually call only every three or four weeks nowadays. I only go to St. Stephen's at 11 o'clock on Sundays, as the buses do not run early enough to get me there by 8; so I go to the local St. Luke's, which is not syncretistic, but I have always a strong feeling that one should have some connexion with the parish church; and I can easily get to St. Stephen's for 8 o'clock mass on a weekday.

The weather has continued very cold. During this weekend I have attended first to preparing up a paper to read to the joint meeting of the Salisbury Poetry Society and the Salisbury Helicon Drama Society when I go to stay with the Diamonds on the 29th, preparing notes for a lunch hour lecture talk on Wordsworth's 'The Excursion' at St. Anne's School, and continuing my poetry reading to M. Brocklewyn's Institute of Education tomorrow morning. This week I attended a meeting of the Council of the Association of the Federation

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Britannique de l'Alliance Française, of which I am now a member: it is at least good practice, attending a committee meeting conducted in French (though most of the members can speak English more fluently than I speak French).

I was very glad to have your account of your mother's funeral. I am glad that Palfrey Perkins took it, as I am sure that he would conduct such a ceremony with dignity and taste. I hope that the right people were present, and that the right friends showed the right attentions. I do hope that some relatives of mine were there, though I should now hardly count upon the Hinkleys, who become more and more remote to my mind. But I should like Henry and Theresa to have been there, though they never knew your mother; and somebody like Laura Furness.

And it was probably good at the moment to have to plunge again into the play at once; and very good that it should have been such a success. (I have never seen it, but I have read it and thought it very amusing, though all of Coward dates very quickly - in general I dislike everything the man stands for - I have never met him, but I think I know his type). And after that, I am glad that you are going to the country (is it that Unitarian Retreat House to which you have been before?) for the Easter holidays. May they be days of peace and re-cueuillement for you, and a happy Easter. I don't know what M. Farrand (Thorp) could be hinting about me: the only big thing I know is that we are to publish her big book on the American film - this, through the activity of one Peter Mayer, who has himself written a book on sociology of film for us. I was invited to a conference of some kind at Princeton in the autumn; but if, as I hope, I can get a passage in May, I shall certainly not be present at Princeton in the autumn. I wish you could come and bless this flat by coming to tea at once.

Your loving

Tom

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1
FABER WEST LONDON
MUSEUM 3243 (4 lines)

Britannique de l'Alliance Française, of which I am now a member; it is at least a good practice, attending a committee meeting conducted in French (though most of the members can speak English more fluently than I speak French).

I was very glad to have your account of your mother's funeral. I am glad that Railway Parkers took it, as I am sure that he would conduct such a ceremony with dignity and taste. I hope that the kind people were present, and that the right friends showed the right attention. I do hope that some relatives of mine were there, though I should now hardly count upon the Rinkley, who become more and more remote to my mind. But I should like Henry and Theresa to have been there, though they never knew your mother; and somebody like Laura Parsons.

And it was probably good at the moment to have to plunge brain into the play of once; and very good that it should have been such a success. (I have never seen it, but I have read it and thought it very amusing, though all of toward dates very quickly - in general I dislike everything the man stands for - I have never met him, but I think I know his type). And after that, I am glad that you are going to the country (is it that Unitarian Retreat house to which you have been before?) for the Easter holidays. May they be days of peace and re-creantment for you, and a happy Easter. I don't know what M. Warrand (Thorp) could be writing about me; the only thing I know is that we are to publish her big book on the American film - this, through the activity of one Peter Sawyer, who has himself written a book on sociology of film for us. I was invited to a conference of some kind at Princeton in the autumn; but if, as I hope, I can get a passage in May, I shall certainly not be present at Princeton in the autumn. I wish you could come and pass this last by coming to see at once.

John Galsworthy

John Galsworthy

G.C.Faber, Chairman C.W.Stewart R.H.I.de la Mare F.V.Morley & Morley Kennerley (u.s.A.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Scout Emily,

ack April 13

29 March 1946.

I have just time to write before going to Salisbury for a weekend with the Richmonds. I have not the slightest desire to go, except as an act of piety to an old friend to whom I owe a great deal twentyfive years ago: but the weather is fine and almost hot, and I dare say I shall enjoy it after I get there. Or rather, after tonight, for after I had accepted the invitation (not having seen them for nearly two years) Lady Richmond (rather unfairly, I think) engaged me to address a joint meeting of the Religious Drama Society and the Poetry Society tonight at the Deanery. I expressed the hope that it would be a small gathering, and was told that it would be - only the members of the societies, numbering about 80. But I learn from another source that the sixth form of the Godolphin (girls') School is to be there, so no doubt the sixth form of the Bishop Wordsworth School, and probably the choir boys, will be there too. All I can do for them is to re-warm an address on poetic drama which I wrote for Sweden, which now looks somewhat stale. In reading an old paper I am apt suddenly to come across some statement which I now disagree with.

I am preparing my application for transit facilities to America. It has to be signed by Faber, stamped by the bank (and I forgot to ask whether that meant my bank or the firm's bank) then returned to Cook's, who forward it to the Department of Overseas Trade; and if it comes back with their approval, I then proceed to apply for an American visa. When the visa is secured I can ask Cook's to apply for a passage. My only fear is that all this may not be through in time to get a passage so as to do business in New York before people start going away for the summer. In that event it would have to be September. It looks as if the money allowed should be ample, but I am afraid that New York is now very expensive.

Welcome as your last letter was, I am equally anxious for the next, as I think that after the strain you have been

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1

FABER WEST LONDON
M15 2JF (+lines)

29 March 1966

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Welcome as your last letter was, I am especially anxious for the next, as I think that after the strain you have been

through, and then the production of the play, you may feel very exhausted when the vacation starts. (I never know when that date is - no, it began on March 22, so you are already have through it). I fear that the two weeks you get are all too little, and that you will find the last term very tiring indeed. So you should really aim at a good summer holiday this year, whatever your plans for after that may be. I shall of course cable you when I know the approximate date of sailing.

With much love

Tom

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very exhausted when the vacation starts. I never know when
that date is - no, it's not on March 22, so you are already
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With much love
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MERCURY THEATRE

A SEASON

OF
NEW PLAYS

BY
POETS

THE SHADOW FACTORY

by Anne Ridler

PROGRAMME 6d.

THE SHADOW FACTORY

by Anne Ridler

Characters in order of appearance

Factory Girls : Lil	ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD
Ivy	GILLIAN HOWELL
Spencer Harding, Director of the Factory	ROBERT SPEAIGHT
James Firbank, Education Officer	E. MARTIN BROWNE
William Jennings, Departmental Manager	DONALD MORLEY
Maria, the Director's Secretary	GENITHA HALSEY
Timothy Garnish, artist	ALAN WHEATLEY
Mrs. Tippett, canteen maid	GWEN NELSON
Blake, caretaker	NORMAN TYRRELL
Gladys, Factory Girl	ANGELA BROOKING
The Rector	FRANK NAPIER

The play produced by E. MARTIN BROWNE

Décor by FRANK NAPIER and BETTINA TIMBERLAKE

Vocal Music recorded by the CON MOTO CHOIR

(conductor Arthur Oldham, who also composed the Lullaby)

Act I. Scene 1. The Director's office: Scene 2. The Canteen a fortnight later.

Act II. The Canteen, Christmas Eve: Scene 2. The same, ten minutes later. Scene 3. The same, January 6th, midday.

THERE WILL BE AN INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES BETWEEN THE ACTS
COFFEE IS SERVED AT THE MERCURY BAR

ANNE RIDLER

before her marriage was secretary to Mr. T. S. Eliot. Has written one previous play, *Cain* (Nicolson & Watson), and two books of verse, *Poems* and *The Nine Bright Shiners*. These are published by Faber & Faber Ltd., who will shortly bring out *The Shadow Factory*

Licensee, *The Mercury Theatre*
Manager for *New Mercury Ltd.*

C. M. DUKES
G. C. HOROBIN

For *The Pilgrim Players*

Manager	CYRIL COLLINS
Stage Manager	BETTINA TIMBERLAKE
Assistant Stage Managers	ELIZABETH LATHAM, DONALD MORLEY, FRANK TAYLOR
Press Representative	H. C. G. STEVENS
Publicity Manager	GENITHA HALSEY

Scenery built by BRUNSKILL & LOVEDAY
Costumes made by BETTINA TIMBERLAKE
Furniture by OLD TIMES FURNISHING CO.
Telephones by courtesy of the G.P.O.

BOX OFFICE OPEN 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.
PARK 5700

NEW PLAYS BY POETS

The poet needs a stage if he is to write good poetic drama. The stage needs the poet to lift its action above the merely naturalistic and its diction above the commonplace. Poetry and drama have too long been divorced from one another and this season is an attempt to bring them together again.

Most of the plays are first plays and employ a mixture of verse and prose. Please support and make known the Poets' Theatre, that it may offer may poets the chance of production.

THE MERCURY & PILGRIM PLAYERS
(In association with the Arts Council of Great Britain)

In accordance with the requirements of the London County Council:—

The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit doors, and such doors must at that time be open.

All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction whether permanent or temporary.

Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, sufficient space shall be left for persons to pass easily to and fro and to have free access to exits.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE PLAY

With theatres still keeping wartime hours it is often inconvenient to arrange the evening meal, at times either before or after the performance. A visit to any of the following restaurants and cafes will solve the problem as they provide excellent meals at moderate prices and all are within two minutes walk of this Theatre

THE ALBION RESTAURANT

top of Kensington Church Street
Dinners and Suppers. Open 6-11.30 p.m.

THE PRIMROSE RESTAURANT

33 Notting Hill Gate
Morning Coffee. Luncheons. Afternoon Teas. Snacks.
Open 10 a.m.-6.30 p.m.

THE NINETY-EIGHT RESTAURANT

Notting Hill Gate
Luncheons. Teas. Dinners.

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Leaves Emily

15 April 1946.

Recd April 26

The enclosed (which looks exactly like the passport photographs taken of me 20 years ago, and does not really show my cadaverousness) is evidence that I have been taking steps. I had first to fill in a form for the Treasury asking permission to use Faber & Faber's money, get it signed by Faber, get it stamped by the bank, and get Cook's to submit it to the Exchange Control. This went through quickly, once prepared; but I have been hold up for a week simply for the passport office to put "U.S.A." on my passport - it was there before, but crossed out during the war - the only country my passport is good for is France. A simple thing like this takes a long time, and I have been waiting a week for it. When I get my passport, I apply to the American Consulate for a visa: this ought to take only a morning, or perhaps a day; after that I write to the Department of Overseas Trade to ask them to assign me a passage, through Cooks. My only worry is that there will be delays such that I shall have to postpone coming to the autumn, as I do not want to be in New York during July, whether the publishers are still there or not.

Frank Morley writes that hotel accomodation in New York is very scarce, and kindly offers me shelter in a large flat where they are now living: address, Apartment 40, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21. There is no telephone, but I should like you to send me your telephone number, in the hope that I can find some place from which to make private trunk calls in arrival. I propose to spend a week or two straight on in New York on arrival, then come up to Boston, then go back to New York, and keep the latter part of my visit for New England.

I have not said anything about looking forward to seeing you, out of a kind of superstitiousness: lest the more I said about my visit, beyong a bare report of the steps taken towards it, the more likely that some accident would prevent it! But if you are to be in Concord through June, then, when I cable you on securing a passage, will you secure a room for me at the

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MUSEUM 2543 (4/52) FABER WEST LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

15 APRIL 1946.

Handwritten signature

The enclosed (which looks exactly like the passport photograph taken of me 20 years ago, and does not really show my cadaverousness) is evidence that I have been taking a good deal of care to fill in a form for the Treasury asking permission to use Faber's father's money, and it is signed by Faber, and stamped by the bank, and got back to me to submit it to the Exchange Control. This went through quickly, once prepared; but I have been held up for a week simply for the passport office to put "U.S.A." on my passport - it was there before, but crossed out during the war - the only country my passport is good for is France. A similar thing like this takes a long time, and I have been waiting a week for it. When I get my passport, I apply to the American Consulate for a visa; this ought to take only a day or two, or perhaps a day; after that I write to the Department of Overseas Trade to ask them to assign me a passage, through Cocks. My only worry is that there will be delays such that I shall have to postpone coming to the autumn, as I do not want to be in New York during July, whether the conditions are still there or not.

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FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

hotel during, say, the fourth week of my stay, or the fifth (but I should hope to see you before then!)(I should, in any case, want to come out to see you on my first visit to Cambridge). I do not know how much privacy or anonymity is possible in Concord: the ideal, of course, would be to be invited together by some friend of yours like Dorothy Elsmith, but I suppose that may not be possible to manage.

I should have written sooner, but I have had to give all my spare time to writing an article about Ezra Pound for Poetry Chicago - they cabled for it by May 1st, and in the circumstances this has had to take precedence over anything else. Now it is done, and was difficult to do. At the same time, we have had to look for a new housekeeper. Madame Frenay finds the job too much for her; though she really has a very easy time, as the charwoman has done all the heavy work. The charwoman is very good indeed, but the result has been that the rooms have not been as free from dust as we could wish. The fact is that Madame Frenay should not have taken the job; it obviously attracted her, and if she had been in normal strength all would have been well; but she had a serious operation last winter, and she should do only very light work. We have decided on a more humble person, a Yorkshire woman with a daughter of 14, who will be with her at weekends, whose appearance is encouraging (the mother I mean) and whose reference is very good. She comes after Easter. I am really rather relieved to make the change now; as it is essential, from John's point of view especially, to have somebody whose health will not fail suddenly. It is a great inconvenience for him, not being able to get a telephone - perhaps not till late in the year.

I shall try to find the copy of your letter to Scripps - but it will be difficult, with the disorder everything has got in to with so much moving about. I am sorry I did not return it at once, but I do not think you asked me to? I am very glad you have had a good though short holiday in Farmington.

Ever loving
Pound

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24 Russell Square London W.C.1
LONDON WESTMINSTER, LONDON
MILBURN 9243 (4 Lines)

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(but I should hope to see you before then!) (I should, in any
case, want to come out to see you on my first visit to Cambridge).
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friend of yours like Dorothy Elam, but I suppose that may not
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time to writing an article about Sara Pount for Poetry Magazine -
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had to take precedence over anything else. Now it is done, and
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though short holiday in Farmington.

John
Faber

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

6 May 1946. *ackd May 22*

Dearest Emily,

I have your letter of April 23, which I must keep by me, as it contains your programme for the summer. I must keep in mind the periods June 5 to 17 and 17 to 23. From what I am told, I ought to hear within a week, whether I shall get a passage within the time set, though I shall not be advised of my date of departure until three or four days ahead. Cook's, and other people, seem to think there will be no difficulty: but my arrangements must depend, not merely on the date of departure, but on the speed of the particular vessel that carries me. I am all the more anxious to come now, as I hear that Henry is again not very well, so I shall aim to run up to Boston for the first weekend after my arrival for a first survey of the family scene. On that occasion, would you prefer me to come out to Concord, or would you prefer to come in to Boston? If I find any difficulty in adjusting myself to life in America, after these years, and with the differences between America and Europe which will no doubt be so immediately apparent at the present time, that is all the more reason for seeing those I love as soon as possible, to reconcile me to the rest. But I know that Americans individually are full of good will and sympathy, and that the Senate does not provide faces representative of the best of the country, or even of the average. (I know H.H. Farmer, who is one of the most distinguished of the Congregationalists: he used to be a member of the Moot. At one time he was a professor of theology in Connecticut).

You do not say where "Blithe Spirit" (which I have never seen) is to be produced. Is there any hope of my being able to see you in it, at the beginning of July? It is many many years since I have seen you on the stage.

The domestic situation has been very unsettled. The Yorkshirewoman is shy and reserved and inscrutable. Twenty four hours after she arrived she declared that she would have to leave, the job was too much for her. It would seem that that was the effect of being here over night in the company of

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MUSEUM 2543 (4th floor) FABER WEST END LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

May 1946

Dear Sir,

I have your letter of April 23, which I must keep by me, as it contains your programme for the summer. I must keep in mind the periods June 5 to 17 and 17 to 25. From what I am told, I ought to hear within a week, whether I shall get a passage within the time set, though I shall not be advised of my date of departure until three or four days ahead. Cook's and other people, seem to think there will be no difficulty, but my arrangements are at demand, not merely on the date of departure, but on the speed of the particular vessel that carries me. I am all the more anxious to come now, as I hear that Henry is again not very well, so I shall aim to run up to Boston for the first weekend after my arrival for a first survey of the family scene. On that occasion, would you prefer me to come out to Concord, or would you prefer to come in to Boston? It is difficult to adjust myself to life in America, after 12 years, and with the differences between America and Europe which will not doubt be so immediately apparent at the present time, that in all the more reason for seeing those I love as soon as possible, to reconcile me to the rest. But I know that Americans individually are full of a will and sympathy, and that the general does not provide a representative of the best of the country, or even of the average. (I know H.H. Turner, who is one of the most distinguished of the Connecticutists; he used to be a member of the Wood. At one time he was a professor of theology in Connecticut.)

You do not say where "little spirit" (which I have never seen) is to be produced. Is there any hope of my being able to see you in it, at the beginning of July? It is many many years since I have seen you on the stage.

The domestic situation has been very unsettled. The Yorkhircowman is shy and reserved and insufferable. Twenty-four hours after she arrived she declared that she would have to leave, the job was too much for her. It would seem that that was the effect of being here overnight in the company of

Madame Frenay. The latter had got into such a panic about her health that she was in a state to infect anybody else. But it gradually appeared that Ellen Cross was not afraid of work: for whereas Mme. F.'s reason for going was that there was too much work (though all she did was the cooking, the bedmaking and the marketing - anything else that the char did not do was not done, and the place was not very clean. But of course marketing is very tiring nowadays, with the endless queues: yet that part of the work would be the same anywhere) Ellen gave as one reason that there was not enough work for her! So we engaged another woman - who, two days before she was due to arrive (having seemed keen to get the place) wired to say she had taken another post. Servants are constantly doing that to new employers nowadays - it has happened several times to the Mirrlees. Ellen then said "what a wicked woman" and has offered to stay indefinitely, and as she is very clean, hard working and efficient, we hope that she may settle down. (Especially as John is so much handicapped without a telephone, and I gather that there will be no more telephones in Cheyne Walk until they have dug up the street and laid new conduits). What we think she may have got into her queer head is that Madame Frenay was a "lady", and that that was what we really wanted. Ellen would like entertaining, but is shy of appearing in the drawing room. I should like to feel that no change would have to be made while I am away. Fortunately John has friends in the neighbourhood, who will telephone for him, or wheel him round to their houses to telephone.

I shall hope to inspect not only your present lodgings, but your habitation for next winter. It seems to offer certain advantages; I am sorry about the view, but I am glad you are to be nearer to the school, for midwinter weather.

I have just finished an article on Maynard Keynes for the New English Weekly, and my last chore this season will be to try to write something about Charles Williams. The death of distinguished friends is an inconvenience. This last year I have had Valéry, Keynes and Williams to write about; to say nothing of the bother about Pound - I have sent off an article about his work to "Poetry" (Chicago) which should appear in June.

I hope it will not be long before I can send you a cable.

Lovish Tom.

I have finished at 11:15 on Sunday evening for the new
English weekly, and my last copy of the paper will be the
to write something about Charles Williams. The date of the
I finished it in an hour. This last year I have
had many things and I wish to write about it and about
of the other about found - I have not out an article about the
work to "poetry" which should appear in June.

I shall hope to suggest not only your presence, but
your reputation for work. It seems so often to
advantage; I am sorry about the view, but I am glad you are
to return to the school, for which I am sure.

I hope it will not be long before I can send you a copy.

Yours
Lewis

Henry might like to see these enclosures.

I did not see the production of "The Family Reunion" at Birmingham: it seems to have been surprisingly successful, produced by Hal Latham. The Director of the National Theatre of Madrid wants to add to his repertory: "Blithe Spirit", "Dangerous Corner" (Priestley) and "Murder in the Cathedral". A curious mixture: he seems equally enthusiastic about all of them. I have not heard further from Dukes about the production of "Murder" in Germany.

Henry might like to see these photographs.

I did not see the production of "The Family Reunion"

at the Lyric; it seems to have been surprisingly suc-

cessful. Produced by Willem de Sille, the director of the

National Theatre of London, he would want to see to his credit;

"The Family Reunion" (1911) and "The

Don in the Cathedral". A curious mixture, it seems to

be really enthusiastic about all of them. I have not heard

from Mrs. Duke about the production of "The

Lyric

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

My dear

16 May 1946. *ade May 30*

I hope - but no more than hope - that this is the last letter I shall write to you from here: as I have completed all the formalities (except being sure that my lawyers hold a power of attorney, which I shall do tomorrow, and paying enough money into our joint household account to fulfil all my obligations in my absence), get my letter of credit tomorrow, and then wait for a passage at three or four days notice. So I hope to see you early in June. As I have said, I shall cable you when I know the date of sailing.

19 May. I now am told that I am to sail on the 24th to Montreal, and by a ship which sounds small and uncomfortable: the Manchester Trader, or some such name. But I do not yet know from what port, presumably from Liverpool or perhaps Glasgow, which will very likely mean leaving London the night before. Anyway, I shall have my hands full between now and Thursday night. I have assured myself of the power of attorney, and shall pay the money in tonight. I ought to be in New York by the 1st or the 2nd, unless it is a very slow boat indeed. I told you that the address is c/o F.V. Morley, Apt. 40, 131 East 66th Street, New York 21.

*Hoping to see you in
perhaps 3 weeks*

*Lovely
Tom*

Faber, Clouston & Stewart, R Hill Street, Manchester & Morley, Kennerley & Co, 25, Elton Street, W. J. Clouston

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24 Russell Square London WC1
FABER WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9243 (4 lines)

Handwritten signature

I hope - but no more than hope - that this is the
last letter I shall write to you from here; as I have com-
pleted all the formalities (except being sure that my
lawyers hold a power of attorney, which I shall do tomorrow,
and paying enough money into one joint account
to fulfil all my obligations in my estate), but my letter
of credit tomorrow, and then wait for a passage at three
or four days notice. So I hope to see you early in June.
As I have said, I shall advise you when I know the date of
sailing.

I now am told that I am to sail on the 24th to
Montreal, and by a ship which sounds small and uncomfort-
able; the Manchester trader, or some such name. But I do
not yet know from what port, presumably from Liverpool or
perhaps Glasgow, which will very likely mean leaving Lon-
don the night before. Anyway, I shall have my hands full
between now and Thursday night. I have assured myself of
the power of attorney, and shall pay the money in tonight.
I ought to be in New York by the first of the 2nd, unless it
is a very slow boat indeed. I told you that the address
is c/o F. V. Morley, Apt. 40, 131 East 66th Street, New York
21.

Handwritten note: Keeping to see for
packages 3 weeks

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 21.

13 August 1945.

Dearest Emily

I have not heard from you for over a fortnight, and suppose that you have been flitting about: the forecast of your summer arrangements which you gave me was very meagre, so I suppose your movements have not been arranged very far ahead. Meanwhile, the news about Japan is such as to lead to the hope that it may be possible, if financial restrictions are relaxed, to cross the Atlantic a year hence. The question of our flat is still in suspense: I am hoping this week to have the builder's estimate, and to make the application to the Board of Works. The landlord has been making difficulties over the alteration of plumbing, but the builder hopes that if we can produce a licence to do the work, he may be more amenable. I have had another tooth out, which was certainly poisoning me, and alternately, as is usual, feel much better and rather worse, according to the movements of the liberated poison. I am clearing up at Shamley, taking a little more up to London every week, and trying to make arrangements for the moving up of two box-loads of books, which constitute the greatest problem. Hereafter, I shall be at Shamley only from Friday to Monday, until the middle of September when I go to Lee for a fortnight: so Russell Square is now my only address. If I get the flat, it might be ready for occupation before Christmas: if not, I shall stop at 14 Elvaston Place until another flat is found. Last week I conducted the Valéry memorial meeting: a brilliant speech by Denis Saurat, and Day Lewis read his translation (good, but hardly inspired) of *Le cimetière marin*. The International Arts Guild, which held the meeting, is a strange affair of which the leading spirit is a small Roumanian, who gave us supper afterwards at Schmidt's: a very miscellaneous party of ten, none of whose names I caught. The week before I went with Mary Hutchinson and Pierre Leyris and his wife to an admirable performance of "The Duchess of Malfi": that is to say, very well produced and directed, Gielgud as usual very good but just disappointing, and Peggy Ashcroft much better as the Duchess than I should have thought her capable of (she is MaryH.'s daughter in law). Very depressed by the thought of the atomic bomb.

G.C.Faber,Chairman C.W.Stewart R.H.I.de la Mare Morley Kennerley (u.s.a.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

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Concerned by Gerald Graham's private affairs; trying vainly to find out where Ezra Pound is and whether he can have help in finding defending counsel and whether evidence from England will be taken - gradually going through my correspondence with him, but finding nothing of the slightest bearing on his case. Doing no writing, but when the flat is settled, on e way or the other, I must try to work out a routine between Russell Square and Elvaston Place. And not a word yet from Paris about M~~g~~urtre or from Zurich about Familienfeier. I am hoping that they will retain the Mikado, as otherwise Japan will be chaos, and we have enough of that to cope with in Europe. What I am anxious about in the Labour Party is Mr. Laski and all he represents: for the immediate future, I am not sure that Bevin and Truman are not perhaps better for the situation than Churchill (Eden) and Roosevelt would have been.

When I don't hear from you, I seem to have had no personal thoughts, experiences or feelings of any interest to talk about.

But lovingly

Tou

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1000 - 6
1000 - 6

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21 August 1946.

Beloved my Female,

I am trying out this small typewriter again to see whether it is in good enough order to take down to SShamley on Friday: if it is, then I shall be able to write letters and not just brief scrawls. I shall be glad of a week in the country, as a respite after the fatigue of getting used to the old routine, which is felt after the arduous, but certainly not routine, life of these two months. I shall ask John to forward any letters that come up to the last few days, in the hope that I shall not be a whole week and more without a word from you: the truth is that I am insatiable, and two days after a letter begin to feel as if I had not ~~heard~~ from you for weeks: so I hope you will practise yourself what you ask of me, and write very brief notes often, rather than long letters rarely. Yet on the other hand I do want your news too, not only your health, but to understand as much of your daily life as is possible at such a distance. But what I most need, day by day, is the constant reassurance of your love, which always seems such an incredible gift that I sometimes tend to fear that I have merely dreamt it, and now I crave always more and more of your spiritual gifts to me. So remember that every word will ^{ke} me better able to bear the grief of separation from you.

I do not know whether I could bear possessing the pink portrait. It gave me such a sharp ecstasy of pain to look at it even when you were near - what would it be if it meant that I should not see you again in this life? And yet I should want it to be with me and nowhere else. And to whom should I leave it? except to Henry's collection at Eliot House - that is where I should like it to find its last restingplace.

If I keep on writing as I do, you will perhaps begin to

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24 Russell Square London WC1
FABER WESTERN LONDON
M11 2EH (0743444)

21 August 1946

Beloved my Kencie,

I am trying out this small typewriter again to see whether it is in good enough order to take down to SShamley on Friday: if it is, then I shall be able to write letters and not that brief scribbles. I shall be glad of a week in the country, as a respite after the fatigue of getting used to the old routine, which is felt after the autumn, but certainly not routine, life of these two months. I shall ask John to forward my letters that come up to the last few days in the hope that I shall not be a whole week and more without a word from you: the truth is that I am insatiable, and two days after a letter begin to feel as if I had not heard from you for weeks: so I hope you will practise yourself what you ask of me, and write very brief notes often, rather than long letters rarely. Let on the other hand I do want your news too, not only your health, but to understand as much of your daily life as is possible at such a distance. But what I most need day by day, is the constant reassurance of your love, which always seems such an incredible gift that I sometimes tend to fear that I have merely dreamt it, and now I crave always more and more of your spiritual gifts to me. Do remember that every word will make me better able to bear the grief of separation from you.

I do not know whether I could bear possessing the pink portrait. It gave me such a sharp ecstasy of pain to look at it even when you were near - that would be it if it meant that I should not see you again in this life. And yet I should want it to be with me and nowhere else. And to whom should I leave it? except to Henry a collection at Elton house - that is where I should like it to find its last resting place.

If I keep on writing as I do, you will perhaps begin to

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complain that I never tell you my news - or even that I am suppressing it! Still, I think you can bear it for a while; and I do not like to put any of my humdrum news into a letter of this kind. I might observe, however, that I am thinking of having the hernia operation in October or November: my doctor says it only means two weeks in a nursing home; and now, for the first time, I have a kind of home ~~for~~ of my own in which I can idle if necessary for a week afterwards, and be looked after. My hernia is very slight: I had it as a child, but from the time I went to Milton until I was examined for the American army I was supposed to be cured (and in the years when you first knew me I took a great deal of violent exercise and was very muscular, not the skeleton I am now). I could get on quite well as I am; but during the fly-bomb period I always slept in my truss, for fear of being blasted and being unable to find it, and therefore not able to make any violent exertion: and that was uncomfortable: and if I live long enough I may see more wars and disasters, or end in a concentration camp, and it is as well to be prepared. So there may be a fortnight then during which I shall be unable to write, but I shall give you due warning when the time comes. My doctor is on holiday during September, and will take me to the specialist for examination on his return.

This machine is not so bad: it looks as if I should be able to write next week. But I hope, faintly, for another air-letter from you before Friday.

Your humble and dependent

Tom.

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

Museum Street (London) 24 Russell Square London WC1

complain that I never tell you my news - or even that I am
 enjoying it! Still, I think you've been in for a while;
 and I do not like to put any of my humorous news into a let-
 ter of this kind. I might observe, however, that I am think-
 ing of having the hernia operation in October or November;
 my doctor says it only means two weeks in a nursing home; and
 now, for the first time, I have a kind of home run of my own
 in which I can take it necessary for a week afterwards, and
 be looked after. My hernia is very slight: I had it as a
 child, but from the time I went to Milton until I was examined
 for the American Army I was supposed to be cured (and in the
 years when you first knew me I took a great deal of violent
 exercise and was very muscular, not the skeleton I am now).
 I could get on quite well as I am; but during the fly-dumb
 period I always slept in my truss, for fear of being disabled
 and being unable to find it, and therefore not able to make
 any violent exertion; and that was uncomfortable; and if I
 live long enough I may see more wars and disasters, or end in
 a concentration camp, and it is as well to be prepared. So
 there may be a fortnight then during which I shall be unable
 to write, but I shall give you due warning when the time
 comes. My doctor is on holiday during September, and will
 take me to the hospital for an examination on his return.

This machine is not so bad; it looks as if I should be
 able to write next week. But I hope, faintly, for another
 air-letter from you before Friday.

Tom
 [Faint circular stamps and illegible text]

as from 20 Balcombe St

(but actually at the Student
Christian Movement conference
reeling off addresses under terrific
pressure).

Dorset Square

N.W.1.

Sept. 1st '46.

My dear Mr. Eliot,

It's no use pretending that
your letter did not make me sad. You
had given me a hint that such a thing
was possible in a conversation we had in
Kingsway some months ago, but even so
it comes as a sad blow. Nevertheless
I accept it and am grateful to you
for writing so fully. I am immensely
glad that the conditions have now
come in which you can pursue your
own work - that is, unqualifiedly good
news.

But I am sad because
I did get immense help from you, for
which I want now to say the most
enormous 'thank you'. You see I am

acutely conscious of being the most
awful brand in the News-better. Joe
wrote out of great experience, an intimate
knowledge of affairs & men, none of which
I have as my own. I am the merest
coney & you were a rock to me. I always
had the security of knowing that you would
not let the second rate get by without
some stinging comment, & that you saw
further & were more radical than
most of my advisors. I shall miss
that security quite wretchedly. But the
effect of the ~~loss~~ ^{is to} realization of all I am
losing ~~is to~~ ^{is to} intensify the gratitude I
feel for having had you so long & your
help in such generous measure.

I have been asked to take on
the editing of another paper - I think
Joe will want to talk to you about it.
It's an absurd proposal, but one of those
tricky decisions which has to be handled
carefully to avoid doing damage. I shall
want to have a talk with you every few months
if you can spare time. Plans ~~to~~ ^{to} will brew up ⁱⁿ ~~when~~
you could help me greatly. ^{Very} affectionately, ^{Walter}
Bliss

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

My own woman

2 September 1946.

On returning from Shamley I was overjoyed to find your three air-letters (18. 25 and 29 August: I read them in order, of course) waiting for me. I should have been very uneasy to find nothing. I am very glad that you should write me frequent short letters, from Grand Manan, for the important thing is that you should make the most of your brief holiday: I had rather this, and that you postponed any lengthy replies (you need never reply except to a direct question!) until the vacation is over, and I do not want you ever to feel that everything I say in a letter needs more than an acknowledgement. (I wonder whether I detected a suggestion in your first letter that I had been talking too much about myself! Of course I want to know what you are thinking and feeling - always: but all I have wanted from you from Grand Manan was constant reassurances - such as you are giving - but I always want more - and I am naturally very sceptical (that is why I had to be a Christian, because I couldn't believe in anything else) and besides I have never, so far as I know, been loved by any woman.) I am glad to have a good report of Grand Manan and what it has done for you; I am amused to hear about Mary Foss - I should like to see the photographs she showed, and hope there is one of Mrs. Williams bathing in my hat - of course she is plebeian and one must be prepared for indiscretions. I like to think of you basking in the sun, and not thinking much, and I hope not unhappy.

As for the possible engagements in America next year, remember: I probably should not be able to come for more than two months again; I therefore should not want any more lecture engagements than I needed to pay my expenses; I should not want to go very far from New England. The point is, the minimum of time spent in work, and the maximum with you and of course with Henry.

I cannot help enclosing a letter from Mrs. Bliss, the

C. Faber, Gantman, C. W. Sticker, R. H. de la Motte, F. M. M. & M. M. K. (near) T. S. Elliot W. J. Crawley

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MUSEUM 25+3 (Lanes) FABER WHOLESALE LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

2 September 1946

In replying from Stanley I was overjoyed to find your three air-letters (18, 25 and 29 August; I read them in order, of course) waiting for me. I should have been very uneasy to find nothing, but I am very glad that you should write me frequent short letters, from Grandpa - man, for the important thing is that you should make the most of your brief holiday; I had rather this, and that you postponed any lengthy replies (you need never reply except to a direct question), until the vacation is over, and I do not want you ever to feel that everything I say in a letter needs more than an acknowledgment. (I won't say whether I detected a suggestion in your first letter that I had been talking too much about myself! Of course I want to know what you are thinking and feeling - always - but all I have wanted from you from Grandpa was constant reassurances - such as you are giving - but I always want more - and I am naturally very sceptical (that is why I had to be a Christian, because I couldn't believe in anything else) and besides I have never, so far as I know, been loved by any woman. I am glad to have a good report of Grandpa and what it means for you; I am amused to hear about Mary Rose - I should like to see the photo-graphs she showed, and hope there is one of Mrs. Williams' picture in my hat - of course, and a picture and one must be prepared for indignations. I like to think of you peaking in the sun, and not thinking much, and I hope not unhappy.

As for the possible arrangements in America next year, I probably should not be able to come for more than two months; I therefore should not want any more letters arrangements that I needed to pay my expenses; I should not want to go very far from New England. The point is, the minimum of time spent in work, and the maximum with you and of course with Henry.

I cannot help enclosing a letter from Mrs. Pias, the

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Editor of the Christian News-Letter, accepting my resignation. I also had lunch with Oldham to-day, and he was equally charming and reasonable. Of course I haven't really been much more than of negative use - I have stopped them from publishing some things which would not have done the periodical any credit. But I am so thankful to be able to retire now on the quite genuine ground of lack of time: for I had been fearful of having to retire sooner or later on some matter of policy.

For the first week after my return I was still in a state of exaltation; during the following weeks I went through an agony of missing you; within the last few days I have gained some stability, I think. I remind myself that this has been a beginning, not an end - the beginning, I believe, of learning to know and understand you better and better - for understanding of another person (as, indeed, of oneself!) is an endless process - so that what matters is progress. I know that there is always a greater depth for love to penetrate, and a further distance for understanding to go. No man has seen God at any time, and no one has attained to the absolute of Love.

Your devoted & humble

Tom

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MUSEUM 9243 (4 lines) FABER WEST LONDON 24 Russell Square London WC1

Editor of the Christian News-Letter, accepting my resignation. I also had lunch with Olan today, and he was equally charming and reasonable. Of course I haven't really been much more than of negative use - I have stopped them from publishing some things which would not have done the periodical any credit. But I am so thankful to be able to retire now on the quite genuine ground of lack of time; for I had been fearful of having to retire sooner or later on some matter of policy.

For the first week after my return I was still in a state of exaltation; during the following weeks I went through an agony of missing you; within the last few days I have gained some stability, I think. I remind myself that this has been a beginning, not an end - the beginning, I believe, of learning to know and understand you better and better - for understanding of another person (as, indeed, of oneself!) is an endless process - so that what matters is progress. I know that there is always a greater depth for love to penetrate, and a further distance for understanding to go. No man has seen God at any time, and no one has attained to the Absolute of Love.

*Yours truly
G.C. Faber*

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON WC1

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24 Russell Square London WC1

My beloved woman,

4 September 1946.

To-day is Wednesday, and I have had no letter from you yet this week: if there should be one tomorrow I should write again in the evening; but alas in a weak moment I promised to go to Hythe for the weekend to join Hope and the Field Marshal: the latter especially as she is just about to leave for Mentone where she has taken a house (she has just been staying with Lucy Cohen, that admirable woman, and says that Lucy has two kinds of toilet paper in the lavatories and asks her guests to use the cheaper kind). The Field Marshal will be a loss to England: she hopes to establish residence in France, to avoid the income tax, but I don't think she will, as one has to remain abroad consistently for eighteen months to do so, and she could not stay so long in one place as that. I have started working at home in the mornings and think I shall be much better for it. Martin has replied very sweetly to my long letter of explanation, and says he agrees that I should not devote so much time merely to revising the Family Reunion, and he intends to put it on at the Mercury anyway after he has given a run to a play called Tangent. I have done my eulogy of Charles Williams, and shall send it to you, as soon as I am writing to 6 Hubbard Street, to read and pass on to Henry. Now I am ready to polish off Culture. Curiously enough, I find that I am much less fatigued, after a day in which I have spent the morning at home doing my private writing, than after a whole day at the office. There have been minor ennuis: after the subsidence of the row between Stephen Spender and Roy Campbell (which ended in Stephen's presenting me with a plastic cigarette case and some complimentary verses, to which I had to reply in kind), a row between Stephen and A.L.Rowse; a letter of bitter complaint from Ogden saying that a book I sponsored has maligned Basic English; a letter of complaint from an economist who says that a blurb I wrote gives the impression that the London School of Economics and H.J. Laski are the same thing, and so on. And our Sales Manager is very ill; Sybil Colefax is in a hospital with, as her secretary told Miss Melton "a broken head", and I have still to visit Tereshchenko in his Wandsworth hospital and Mrs. Webster in her Battersea Poorhouse.

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1
Museum 2543 (4 lines) FABER WEST LONDON

4 September 1945

My dear Mrs. ...

To-day is Wednesday, and I have had no letter from you yet this week: it therefore should be one tomorrow I should write again in the evening; but alas in a week moment I promised to go to Mythe for the weekend to join Hope and the Field Marshal: the latter especially as she is just about to leave for London where she has taken a house (she has been staying with Lucy Cohen, that admirable woman, and says that Lucy has two kinds of toilet paper in the lavatories and asks her guests to use the cheaper kind). The Field Marshal will be a loss to England: she hopes to establish residence in France, to avoid the income tax, but I don't think she will, as she has to remain abroad consistently for eighteen months to do so, and she could not stay so long in one place as that. I have started working at home in the morning and think I shall be much better for it. My wife has replied very sweetly to my long letter of explanation, and says she agrees that I should not devote so much time merely to revising the Family Record, and she intends to put it on at the very end anyway after he has given a run to a play called Tangent. I have done my copy of Charles Williams and shall send it to you as soon as I am writing to G. Hubbard Street, to read and pass on to Henry. Now I am ready to go to the office. Curiously enough, I find that I am much less fatigued after a day in which I have spent the morning at home doing my private writing, than after a whole day at the office. There have been minor events: after the independence of the row between Stephen Spender and Roy Campbell (which ended in a rather a pleasant way with a plastic cigarette case and some complimentary verses, to which I had to reply in kind), I now have a letter of complaint from an economist who says that a diary I wrote gives the impression that the London School of Economics and H. L. Laski are the same thing, and so on. And our sales manager is very ill; Cyril Colfax is in a hospital with, as my secretary told me, a "broken heart", and I have still to visit Tereshchenko in his Wandsworth hospital and Mrs. Webster in her Battersea farmhouse.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare Morley Kennerley (u.s.a.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

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There, my dear, is a sample of what I call Chat: I hope to make that side of my correspondence lighter and crazier than the kind of dreary documentary diary which I have a recollection of sending you too often. But if I had you with me all the time I should no doubt babble a good deal, so why not in type? But what I wanted tonight was to see an envelope for me with the handwriting of my Emily, and I am rather scatterbrained without it. I had hardly begun to get used to the strange feeling that being with you was different from before (and the reasons for this go much deeper than I can plumb) than I have had to accustom myself to the fact that being without you is different from what it was before. It seems to me that what I am in love with is now much more you and less merely my idea of you, that I ask nothing of you except what you are; and that the real I belongs more completely to you than ever before. Also, that you are really all the time with me. And you know I suppose by now that I am both submissive and overbearing, both humble and arrogant?

Your loving

Pom.

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24 Russell Square London WC1

Slowest, exaggerating female,

16 September 1946.

I should quite enjoy having a row with you, though I should prefer it to be on a subject on which I was in the wrong (this is my small typewriter, which constantly misses the spacing) so that I could eat humble pie afterwards, which I certainly cannot on this occasion - except for one thing, that it makes me miss you and long for you more acutely than ever. To be loving in a letter is some solace for absence (quand vous n'etes pas avec moi, mon seul divertissement est de vous ecrire - Mme de Sevigne to her daughter) but to be annoyed with the beloved by letter is to realise the emptiness of absence more acutely than ever. I wonder how the first day of Concord has gone, and how the correct but (according to my fleeting impression) fundamentally uncertain of herself Miss Tucker has behaved. Also, I await news of the lodger: who I hope will prove all that a lodger should be. I am glad that I know the house, though I am not sure which is your bedroom, or your private sitting room, or whether you share with the lodger that bedroom which has several doors to it; and I should like to know whether you have to sit with the lodger, and talk to her, in the evenings, and generally how evenings in Concord are spent. I should not like to live in Concord: the contrast between the dignified past, and the rather suburban present is too sharp. I have written to Aunt Edith, to thank her for the five pound note for Books Across the Sea and the letter which Uncle John wrote for her. Thank you for writing to Theresa: I hope that she will be able to thaw a little of the frost with which Henry surrounds her (incidentally, she has been more worried about him lately, but it might be better if instead of so much worrying (not that there is not enough excuse for it) she were to smack him now and again). This is my first letter to greet you in Concord, and I hope to be intimate to see you at Hubbard Street before the end of the summer term.

Your Tom .

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1

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FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

26 September 1946.

Beloved,

I returned from church this morning to have the delightful surprise of finding your Birthday Greetings on my table, and reading them before breakfast. That is still better than a cable, to have a letter on the day itself. So the card, with its very Vermont scene (except that there is more activity in the farmyard than I noticed in Vermont myself) comes from "The Shop"; and your touching poem was composed at The Anchorage. I shall probably get a birthday card from sister Margaret in a month's time: no other members of the family ever notice my birthday - I used to get a message always from Fr. Cheetham, but he is on holiday in Ireland - so my only other remembrance comes from the Mirr-lees.

I have also two letters from you to answer. First, that of the 19th, which, being about business, was addressed to Russell Square. I am very appreciative of your efforts on my behalf - which suggest an amusing comparison between myself and the unlucky King of Sweden

Compelled a needy supplicant to wait
While ladies intercede, and slaves debate

though the comparison of President Havens to a slave hardly bears examination. I think Toronto is too far afield, and any engagement in Canada would have to be arranged either before I entered the U.S.A. or after I had said good-bye, which would be a complication: the complications of leaving the U.S. and getting permission to re-enter would be too much. As for Harvard, I have spoken to Ivor Richards, who says that I should do a lecture and a poetry reading there. I want to do poetry readings rather than lectures: for one thing, they require little preparation; for another, I have more conviction in their value to the audience - any lecture of mine worth listening to, would be more profitably read in print than heard. I shall have certainly one lecture: the grit-

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MILSUM 9543 (4 lines) FABER WEST LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

25 September 1944

Dear Sir

I returned from church this morning to have the
delightful surprise of finding your birthday greetings on my
table, and reading them before breakfast. That is still
better than a cable, to have a letter on the day itself, in
the case, with the very warmest wishes (except that there is
more activity in the library than I noticed in my
self) comes from "The Firm"; and your birthday poem was con-
signed at The Antheum. I shall probably get a birthday
card from sister Margaret in a month's time; no other mem-
bers of the family ever notice my birthday - I used to get
a message always from Mr. Chestman, but he is on holiday in
Ireland - so my only other remembrance comes from the Mir-
less.

I have also two letters from you to answer. First,
that of the 19th, which, being about business, was addressed
to Russell Square. I am very appreciative of your efforts
on my behalf - which suggest an amusing comparison between
myself and the unknown King of Sweden.

Secondly a needy applicant to write
with the best interests, and always debate

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require little preparation; for another, I have more confi-
dence in their value to an audience - any lecture of mine
worth listening to, would be more profitably read in print
than heard. I shall have certainly one lecture; the first

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

ish Academy Lecture which I am to deliver in March, on Milton. I may also be able to refurbish my Paris lecture of 1945 - but it would have to be a good deal altered, because unluckily it has already appeared in print. I shan't have time to prepare a variety of lectures, because I expect during the beginning of 1947 to be polishing off my Essay on Johnson's Lives of the Poets: but I could probably make one lecture out of selections from that. The other points are: I want to make Boston, not New York, my centre. I want to crowd my speaking engagements into the month of May, so as to be free to devote myself to personal relations during June. And let me put the figure that I want to reach at say a thousand dollars - probably that the utmost that my exertions and my reputation will come to. Anyway, I don't want more money than my expenses in America will come to: it isn't worth while with the income tax formalities.

I think poor Mr. Havens ought to be reassured about the honorary degree! though it is not quite my province to do so. I am not anxious for more honorary degrees. It would mean a day wasted, at least, which I could spend more pleasantly; there is always the fear lest I may have to make a little speech at some lunch or dinner afterwards; and the ceremonies are very boring; and at that time of year, I know from experience that having to wear a heavy gown on a hot afternoon is very trying.

I don't suppose Concord Academy pays for graduation addresses. English schools don't; Milton doesn't; and I should not like to take money for that sort of thing. I should do this simply because you wanted me to.

I can arrange about Harvard, and I will write as you suggest to Willard Thorp and Mr. Havens. It would probably be easy to get something in New York (I shall ask Frank what he advises); Wellesley would probably be glad to pay for a reading, and perhaps other small colleges in New England.

No, there is only one honorary degree I covet, that is

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MUSEUM 9243 (Ames) FABER WESTGATE LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

I am so sorry that I cannot deliver in March, on which day I was also to deliver in Paris. I have been very busy since I have to be in London for the time being. I have already appeared in print. I don't have time to prepare a variety of lectures, because I expect during the beginning of 1947 to be publishing off my nose one of the lives of the Poets; but I could probably make one lecture out of selections from that. The other points are: I want to make a book, not a volume, by the way. I want to crowd my speaking engagements into the month of May, so as to be free to devote myself to personal relations during June. And let me put the figure that I want to reach at say a thousand dollars - probably that the amount that my exertions and my reputation will come to. Anyway, I don't want more money than my expenses in America will come to; it isn't worth while with the income tax formalities.

I think poor Mr. Stevens ought to be rewarded about the honorary lectures; though it is not quite my province to do so. I am not anxious for more honorary degrees. It would mean a day wasted, at least, which I could spend more profitably; there is always the fear that I may have to make a little speech at some lunch or dinner afterwards; and the ceremonies are very boring; and at that time of year, I know from experience that having to wear a heavy gown on a hot afternoon is very tiring.

I don't suppose Concord Academy pays for education at all. English schools don't; Milton doesn't; and I should not like to take money for that sort of thing. I should do this simply because you wanted me to.

I can arrange about Harvard, and I will write as you suggest to Wilbur Ford and Mr. Stevens. It would probably be easy to get something in New York. I shall ask Frank what he advises; Wilbur would probably be glad to pay for a reading, and perhaps other small things in New England.

No, there is only one honorary degree I cover, that is

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

a Doctorate of the University of Coimbra, which has the most magnificent doctor's gown in the world, only I shouldnt be able to afford to buy one. The University of Paris would be pleasant, if it wasn't that the French expect one to make a very elaborate speech in French: it's almost as great an ordeal as being admitted to the Academy. The only other things I want (except of a more personal kind) are to be Warden of the Cinq Ports and a member of the Kildare Street Club in Dublin.

I have now remembered the name of the man who translated the Trojan Women: it is either Kitchen- or Kinchen-Smith. I think Moira Gwynn knows him. I shall now try to get in touch with him again.

I'll consider flying - but preferably west, and back by boat.

I want to know more about your daily routine, cooking and housekeeping, whether you have to sit and talk to the lodger in the evening, and whether you find her at all congenial, just tolerable, or intolerable.

I am obliged also to say something in response to your letter of the 18th, which is your reply to mine of the 14th. I had deliberately put the matter as impersonally as possible - because only in that way could I hope to show you how and why it concerned me to pursue the discussion. I think it is you, my dear, who re-introduce the personal tone, when you say you see no distinction between what I believe and what my Church believes. Let me put it this way. Suppose that I belong to a Club, and a friend of mine declined to become a member, but nevertheless insisted on coming in and taking meals there. I should not say to him: "I dislike and disapprove of this"; I should say "this is contrary to the rules of my Club; if people generally insisted on behaving in this way, it would cease to be a Club at all, it would be an ordinary restaurant. It is my duty, if you persist, ~~to report~~ the matter to the Secretary of the Club and ~~informing~~ the Hall Porter". This is a very low

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
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24 Russell Square London WC1

sort of analogy, yet it can throw some light. Because I know you wouldn't use a Women's Club to which you did not belong. At the other extreme, I doubt whether you would think of communicating in a Roman Catholic Church, though you could get away with it just as easily, if you were unknown to the priest. Now, all that I have asked you to do is this: to tell the vicar of any Episcopalian church, before you think of going up to the altar to receive communion there, that you are a Unitarian and have no intention of becoming anything else. Then, if he accepts you, it is not for me to object; only, you would have to do the same at any new church you attended, because you cannot know what the views of any particular incumbent will be. You may remember that, after making some difficulty, you finally agreed to speak to Mr. McLaughlin in Camden. McLaughlin was a man rather lax in his views, but you told me that his reply was that he did not object, but that if you made a regular practice of it, he would not be satisfied unless you signified your intention of becoming a member of the Church. What I think of the soundness of this distinction does not matter.

Some years ago, I put the general question to a Bishop, who told me that it was my duty to put the facts before the vicar, whenever I had knowledge of somebody communicating who was not a member of the Church, and that there my responsibility rested. On that occasion, I thought it more considerate to speak to you, and say nothing to the vicar unless you refused to speak to him yourself.

If you do not take this precaution in every case, then you are receiving the sacrament under false pretences. I hope you will see now that this is not a personal matter, but that I am trying to fulfil a very disagreeable duty, and therefore must have a straight answer, Yes or No, to my request.

I should like to end on another note, but I have found the writing of the above rather exhausting. I shall write again ~~an~~ the weekend, and I shall not allude to this matter again until you have had ample time to reply. I shall probably be

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MUSEUM ROAD (LONDON) FABER WESTCENT, LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

sort of analogy, yet it can throw some light. Because I now
 you wouldn't use a woman's dress - which you did not before.
 At the other extreme, I doubt whether you would think of com-
 muniting in a Roman Catholic church, though you could get
 away with it just as easily, if you were unknown to the priest.
 Now, all that I have asked you to do is this: to tell the vicar
 of any Episcopalian church, before you think of going up to
 the altar to receive communion, that you are a Unitarian
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 you cannot know what the views of any particular minister
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 you finally agreed to speak to Mr. Laughlin in regard to
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 told me that it was my duty to put the facts before the vicar,
 whenever I had knowledge of somebody communicating who was not
 a member of the Church, and that there my responsibility res-
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 to you, and say nothing to the vicar unless you refused to speak
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 are receiving the sacrament under false pretences. I hope you
 will see now that this is not a personal matter, but that I
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G.C.Faber, Chairman C.W.Stewart R.H.I.de la Mare F.V.Morley & Morley Kennerley (u.s.a.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

MUSEUM 9543 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

unable to write next week until the end of the week, as I go from Monday to Friday to Oxford, for a meeting of the Archbishop's Committee on Catholic-Protestant relations; I shall be the guest of Canon Mortimer at Christ Church.

*Always yours
Tom.*

G. O. Faber, Chairman C.W. Steyer, R. H. de la Mare, F. Morley & Morley, Kennerly (as A) T. S. Elliot, W. J. Crawley

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1
MUSEUM 2543 (4 lines)
FABER, WESTCENT LONDON

I shall be the guest of Canon Northing at Christ Church.
Archbishop's Committee on Catholic-Protestant relations;
to from reply to Dobby to Oxford, for a meeting of the
unable to write next week until the end of the week, as I

*Message from
Canon*

ALPHABETIC
G. O. FABER
LONDON

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEUM 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

28 September 1946.

Dearest Woman,

Your letter of the 24th came this afternoon: I was distressed to hear of the loss of your friend Mrs. Little. I regret much that I never met her: what you tell me now amplifies what you have said before, from time to time, and makes it clear that you have lost a friend whom no one can replace. (It seems curious that the Brownes should have met, and can remember, one so important in your life whom I have never known). You do not say, nor do I remember, how long you had known her, or for how long she had been such an intimate of yours. I am sure that you will constantly miss her, especially in your relations with the Perkins's; it must have come acutely home to you after the experience at lunch there, a few days before, which you mention in this letter. (Well, one can hardly expect real understanding from one's nearest relatives: but I wish you had someone near to you in blood, with whom you could at least feel the repose of warm affection that I can get with Henry and Marion. I can't talk to them intimately, and with Henry certainly there are always reasons why I find being with him, after a time, a strain: but I always feel that I am prized, and that the affection I can give them means a great deal to them). And it is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that one cannot give eyes to the blind - least of all to the mentally or spiritually blind, for at least, with physical blindness, one can do a great deal to replace the lack of sight - and the physically blind know what it is that they lack.

Your other piece of news, about the lodger, is more cheering. I do hope that she will wear well, as she has begun well; and I like to think that you expect to take more evening meals at home than you had anticipated. I also like to think of you engaging in cooking. Now I shall, in due course, want to be reassured that your work in Concord, and in running a house, and going in to lecture in Boston, are not in combination going to be too much.

Theresa's letter is not very forthcoming, certainly:

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABER WEST LONDON
MILBURN 243 (4 lines)
24 Russell Square London WC1

28 September 1955

Dear Madam

Your letter of the 24th came this afternoon: I was distressed to hear of the loss of your friend Mrs. Little. I regret much that I never met her: what you tell me now amplifies what you have said before, for that to me, and even it clear that you have lost a friend whom no one can replace. (It seems curious that the Browns should have met, and perhaps, one so important in your life whom I have never known). You do not say, nor do I remember, how long you had known her, or for how long she had been such an intimate of yours. I am sure that you will constantly miss her, especially in your relations with the Perkins; it must have come acutely home to you after the experience of Janet there, a few days before, when you mention in this letter. (Well, one can hardly expect real understanding from one's nearest relatives; but I wish you had someone near to you in school, with whom you could at least feel the repose of warm affection that I can get with Henry and Marion. I can't talk to them intimately, and with Henry certainly there are always reasons why I find being with him, after a time, a strain: but I always feel that I am prized, and that the affection I can give them means a great deal to them). And it is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that one can not give eyes to the blind - least of all to the mentally or physically blind, or at least, with physical blindness, one can do a great deal to realize the lack of sight - and the physically blind know what it is that they lack.

Your other piece of news, about the lodger, is more cheering. I do hope that she will wear well, as she has been well; and I like to think that you expect to take more evening meals at home than you had anticipated. I also like to think of you enjoying in cooking. How I shall, in due course, want to be reassured that your work in London, and in running a house, and going in to lecture in Boston, are not in combination going to be too much.

Theresa's letter is not very forthcoming, certainly;

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

I am sure not deliberately or conscibusly reserved. Perhaps, if I could ever have discussed my own affairs more freely with Henry, and got through his reserve, it would have been easier for Theresa; but I do think that she has been somewhat numbed by living with Henry, and I think that a great deal of the time he must be very depressing for her. I am still worried by her remarking to me, one day in July, that Henry was fonder of Marion than of her; and also by her feeling that Henry mustn't see her talking too much with me, out of his hearing. They are devoted to each other in their way, and yet it is not a perfectly happy atmosphere. I think he has brooded too much on his "failure" in life, which seems much more of a failure to him than to others; and I am always constrained by the feeling (which Theresa has too) that he contrasts his own "failure" with my "success" (though he doesn't know at what price that "success" has been paid for): but I am the last person to have the right to censure him on this ground. Well, you have made your approach, my dear, and you can do no more at present. Perhaps, with my next visit, and their gradually getting to know me better through frequentation, things may alter.

A magnificent birthday cake arrived from Meg (who is rejoicing in her approaching two weeks holiday in Cornwall) and a boiling chicken from Polly Tandy; and at the same time a case of provisions arrived from an unknown lady in Australia, so we are set up for the moment. I shall be glad when this theological conference is over: but the contribution they expect from me & a paper which may be incorporated into their report to the Archbishop) is directly in line with one of the chapters in my book (I have written the introduction and the first four chapters, and there remain but two chapters to add) and the discussion, or some of it, may be helpful to my own work. Besides, it is an aspect of the problem in which my own thinking is, I believe, rather pioneer.

*Yours loving
Tom.*

*I have got in touch with Kincaid Smith
of The Projan Women.*

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

MUSEUM 2543 (W. 25) FABER WESTERN LONDON
24 Russell Square London WC1

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 freely with Henry, and not through his reserve, it would
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 July, that Henry was a "topper of position" and also
 by her feeling that Henry must have been talking too much
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Dear
 Henry
 Faber