

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Copyright Not Evaluated

The copyright and related rights status of this Item has not been evaluated.

Please refer to the organization that has made the Item available for more information.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbsc.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Hale, Emily, 1891-1969
Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965
Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale
1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-12-18 09:57:15 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/cf95jh92j>

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSEum 9543 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

My Dear

29 January 1949.

avg. 3

I have time for a few lines this morning, and to thank you for your letter of January 22, with the snapshot of you carrying a large lamp (which I remember) to or from the school and your house - I regret that it was taken from such a long distance - the lamp is much more recognisable than yourself. To-day opened with a heavy fog, which is now apparently burning away, of which I am glad, as I have to take the 4.45 train to Oxford in order to speak at Pusey House (the forgotten engagement imprudently entered into over a year ago!) sleep there, attend a Mass of Charles King and Martyr, lunch with the Warden of All Souls' and return to town on Sunday afternoon. After ~~Saturday~~ ^{Saturday} I intend not to go away again for a weekend until March, as ~~Kriszay~~ is a precious day for work, and on Sunday I can write letters.

The Cocktail Party (Martin prefers my first title "One-Eyed ~~RILEY~~ Riley": I had thought of "The Intruders", but he says it is too suggestive of "aeterlinck, and I think myself it sounds rather Scandinavian and heavy) has got to such a stage, in its second draft, that Martin is satisfied with Act I - I have had my Mrs. Bland for two days typing out a fair copy for him to show to some theatrical promotor who is interested. I am now struggling with the revision of Act II, which is more difficult. My opinion is that anybody can write a good first act @ the first part of "The Family Reunion" is quite good. And I don't think that Acts III and IV (eventually it may be telescoped into three acts) are going to present insoluble problems: Act II is I think the toughest to deal with. Some of the characters have to come in for one reason at one moment, who for another reason would come in more effectively at another moment. In other words, if Julia came in before Celia, it would give the light touch which is needed there: but unless Celia comes in first, how is she to have the short conversation with Edward which is necessary for the plot? Well, Celia first this time, and see how it looks; and then perhaps re-write it the other way round. This is the sort of dilemma that real dramatists never seem to get in to.

I think that the public engagements must abate - that is, the ones that can't be avoided: though the business of refusing takes up time too. The dinner in my honour by the Alliance Française was achieved almost by a trick, certainly by force: Monsieur Chailley (on the telephone) said that my secretary had committed me to it - she says certainly not, but as she was away with a cold on the day he rang up I had to take his word for it. Anyway, he had assumed that she had; so he said the invitations had gone out, and the Ambassador had agreed to make the speech in my honour, and in effect that there would be the devil to pay for

M. Chailley if I didn't come. So of course I went. It was preceded by a long meeting of the Executive Council, at which I had to take the chair, in the absence of the President who was conveniently in South Africa: and a committee of Frenchmen all talking at once - and then M. Chailley's grievance because he was called Secrtaire Administratif instead of Secrtaire Générale like his predecessor; and then a radio interview in French for the French Service, and finally the dinner - but there I insisted on speaking in English. The other engagement, next week, is truly obligatory: it is merely to take the Chair at a Luncheon of the Anglo-Swedish Society in honour of the Strindberg Centenary. At this moment, that could hardly be refused. As I have remarked, the Swedes believe that I have been deeply influenced by Strindberg. So I have just skimmed through a new biography, and re-read several of the plays, which I don't think I had looked at since I was nineteen or twenty, and which I have never seen - and I think if I read much Strindberg I should go mad.

The play must be finished by the end of June. Then it looks as if Marion and Theodora really would get here; so my visit to Germany will have to be in October (assumed that the play is performed in September), and I shall have to write a couple of addresses for it in July and August.

I had a cable from Mrs. Ted Spencer the day after, but have not yet heard from Ivor. It was a great shock: I was very fond of Spencer; even his weaknesses were lovable. And he looked so well, and happier than I had ever seen him. The morning after I dined with them, he trotted round with a couple of packets of a kind of cigarette he thought less harmful to the throat, some lozenges, and a bottle of penecillin - because he thought I was coughing too much. That was characteristic. He was over-social, and at the same time over-worked. It is a great loss.

Janet's address is still: College of St. Mark & St. John, King's Road, S.W.10. She has gone away for a short time: I shall see her again when she gets back and discuss her prospects. She will have to earn her living, and I don't know whether she will be able to keep all the children with her; but she is able, has connections in the publishing and journalistic world, and there are people ready to try to find work for her.

Wasn't it Margaret Harris who was in your box at Tristan and Isolde, Or was it Margaret Farrand?

The next play seems to follow very hard on the heels of the first; and I hope they are not overworking you. And I don't like to think of your having to shovel snow: but I suppose it now costs about ten dollars to get a man to do it, if you can get anyone at all. I think that Miss Corcoran (no that isn't the name) or the School ought to do it for you. You haven't told me anything about the Christmas holidays.

Laughy Tom

PUSEY HOUSE

Hilary Term 1949

There will be a series of DISCUSSIONS in the Common Room at 8.15 p.m. on SATURDAYS. The following are the Openers and Subjects:

January 22. THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD
'Lambeth on Unity'

January 29. DR. T. S. ELIOT, O.M.
'Lambeth on Education'

February 5. MR. TOM DRIBERG, M.P.
'This Week at Westminster'

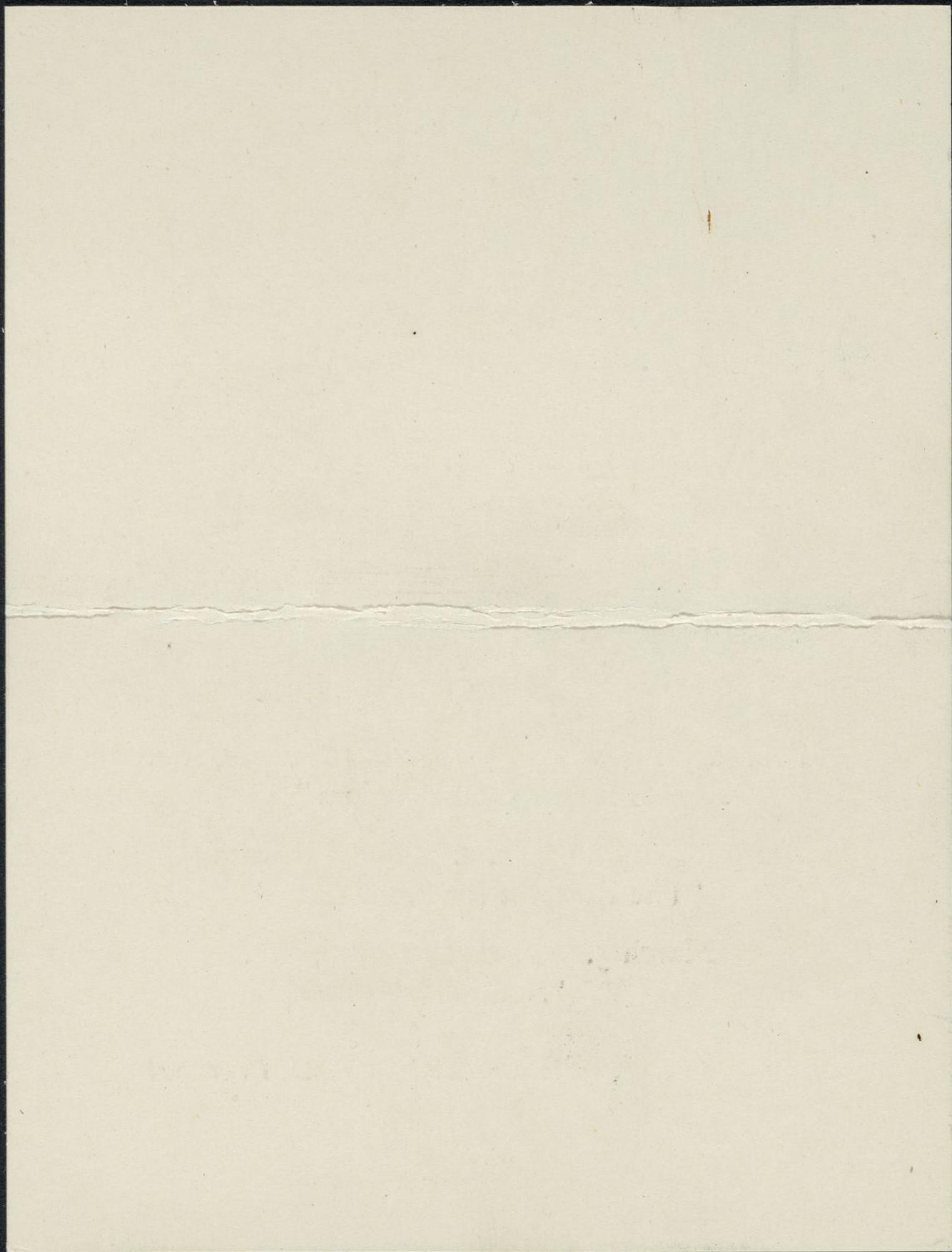
February 12. PROFESSOR EMILE CAMMAERTS
'Marriage and the Family'

February 19. VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOKE, M.P.
'Planning and Freedom'

February 26. MR. E. MARTIN BROWNE
'The Prospect for the Theatre'

March 5. MR. EVELYN KING, M.P.
'Neutrality'

FREDERIC HOOD, *Principal*



Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

*order
March 21*

My dear

27 February 1949.

If your letter has lain for some time in my pocket unanswered, it has not been out of my mind. Nor indeed has the problem, the situation of you and me been out of my mind, in these two years, for one day. But you can imagine, I think, that it might not be an easy letter to answer; it has been re-written many times in my head. I don't know whether my feelings can be made intelligible - I cannot say that I wholly understand myself or the process by which I have got to what I am - but one wants to avoid as far as possible misunderstanding where misunderstanding, by some simplification or false analogy, might be so easy.

The adjustment has been difficult enough. I cannot, and do not wish to draw comparisons; I only say it was a great shock to me, from which I can only partially recover; that it is a permanent grief and often an active pain. This, in my own kind: it is a different kind of pain and no comparison can be made. But I have reviewed the situation, and questioned myself, constantly - for it always seems, among other things, so unreasonable and almost demented. And yet the result is always the same: that the prospect of sharing my life with another person in complete intimacy is one ~~which~~ which I recoil. To call it before/ simply laziness, or selfishness, is not satisfactory: that could not account for the strength of the feeling of panic. Perhaps I ask too much of life, in this respect, that the impossibility of complete identification with another person gives me a vision of loneliness far greater than the loneliness of being alone. This is a sort of ultimate feeling which can only be experienced but not explained, perhaps.

I dislike to talk or write in this way, as it seems to put me in the position of thinking only of myself - and that, so far as it is analysable, is only an element in a total pain, in which the thought of you and your life is the most important. I have always found that one can never recover from those mistakes one has made which have hurt other people: those which have hurt only oneself can be forgotten or borne.

Whether I should have written before on this matter I do not know. I have often thought of it; and it seemed to me that I ought not to do so except in response to some direct question from yourself, such as you have just put.

15
You have told me that you were hurt by my saying that I should have to get to know you all over again, or something to that effect, and I am sorry I wrote that: but it seems to me to correspond somewhat to what you yourself feel when you say that "beyond this answer, I cannot see how I can relate myself to you at all". I only know, my dear, that you mean a very great deal to me - there has been no other woman in my life at all; that I always long to be in touch with you, and that any long silence between us makes me unhappy; and that your unhappiness is mine.

I may continue this: I think that would be better at least than holding this letter up any longer. It would have been written nearly a week ago, but that I was distracted by an unfortunate occasion of bitterness between two people, in which I was involved as a friend of both, and in which an oversight on my part had made matters worse, which upset me too much to concentrate.

Your Tom

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

cc'd. April 27

Dennis Emily.

13 April 1949.

I have had no letter from you since you wrote on March 21; and I imagine from your cable that my answer to that must have gone astray. It was written during your holidays, but I sent it to 35 School Street, as I thought it so likely to miss you elsewhere; and even if it was delivered fairly quickly it would only await you for a few days. It may be that it was sent on to you somewhere else, but I should have thought that it would have come back before you cabled. Anyway, I am very sorry that you should have a puzzling silence, and that you were worried over it.

I have been quite well, but rather tired - though perhaps half the fatigue is anticipation, as I see no prospect of relaxation before the end of the year. There is the working over of the play, for which no time would be too much; the arrangements for Marion and Theodora, working out their time table and making reservations in London, Suffolk, Cambridge and Edinburgh; and after they have come and gone I shall have to prepare myself for my visit to Germany in October - which I rather dread: I shall have to talk at half a dozen places from Hamburg to Munich, and perhaps spend a couple of days in Vienna as well; and then a brief visit to Brussels at the end of November. And then I must be thinking about preparing lectures to make possible a visit to the United States next year. Incidentally, I am having some dentistry once a week to preserve my few remaining lower teeth; and sitting once a week to Wyndham Lewis for a portrait: he is to have an exhibition soon, and he says that he can always sell any portrait or drawing of me! so I could hardly refuse that to an old crony. I hope to get away to the country and stay with the Richmonds at Whitsun; but I shall have at the beginning of May to go to represent Harvard at the installation of the Chancellor of the new (and I suspect superfluous) university of Nottingham founded by Boots Cash Chemists - that's one night; and perhaps (it will be difficult to avoid) spend a night or two in Birmingham at the Annual Assembly of the Alliance Française. Meanwhile Martin Browne is spending Easter in Florence, and I hope to have a revised version of the play for him when I come back. I am afraid he has ambitions for something which would be more of a popular success than anything I am capable of producing (though I think this should have a more immediate appeal than the Family Reunion, and there are no bogies and no chorus in it). And as his promoter (a strange West End theatrical magnate named Sherek) observed, you can't expect to get a Star for the heroine if you

kill her off before the last act. But I am not sure that my plays are suitable for Stars; though I was delighted to be told by the Italian Ambassador (a very nice man, and very much a gentleman) that Alec Guinness would like to act for me - I admire his work very much, and I have a part he could do better than anybody, though I am not sure it's big enough for him. I should be happier if I thought that after a week in Edinburgh they would be contented with a London run at a small theatre like the Mercury. When I have finished the revising, and have had some copies made, I shall send you one; but I don't want to show it until I have put right all the things in it which I myself see to be wrong at the present stage.

This is Holy Week, with services to attend; and as usual I take the watch at the church from 3 to 4 on Good Friday morning, so that I shall probably sleep half of the afternoon. Most years I have been able to arrange things so as to be free during this week from the oppression of work; but I must devote Saturday and Monday to the play.

I had been hoping to hear of your visit to Washington, and the rest of your holiday; and to be assured that you were starting the new term in good health. I wish you did not have the necessity of getting your own meals, as well as the hard day's work: of course I know that a full time servant is a luxury that few women can now afford - unless at least they can share a house and a servant with a friend, and I know that is impossible for you in Andover. You are always in (and on!) my mind - but I won't repeat that, as I said it in my last letter - unless I hear from you that it has not turned up.

Lovingly
Tom .

SPRINGFIELD
EXTRA STRENGTH

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

Recd. April 27

Dear Emily,

24 April 1949.

I am rather worried by your long silence, since I have sent a cable and two letters; so if I do not hear from you in a few days I think I am likely to be cabling to enquire! I dare say that you starting to rehearse a new play for the summer term, and very very busy; but I am always afraid of your falling ill. Unfortunately, the fact of air transport being now so quick - a letter is sometimes answered - a business letter I mean! - within a week, that one starts to worry sooner than when letters took ten days or so.

I have been very busy indeed, partly because of the dentist taking one morning a week, and still more because of sitting to Wyndham Lewis for a portrait. This is a pure obligation, as he thinks it should be very salable; but this last week and next he wants two afternoons in the week, so as to have it finished in time for his show which is next week. And in that week I lose a day and a half by going to Nottingham. Perhaps I need not have accepted that task, but it did seem as if it would be rather churlish not to accede to this request from Harvard. I have, however, re-drafted Acts I and IV of my play; and two or three days ought to see the revision of Act II. Act III, which I have not turned to since the second draft, is liable to give me more trouble: because the sort of faults which I have been trying to correct in the other acts will now be more visible. Besides adjusting the mere mechanics, and fitting the different parts together more closely, the chief task is breaking up long speeches, making the dialogue more concrete, and avoiding abstract language except in the few places where it can be effective. Martin returns from Florence in a few days time; but I think that the three revised acts should be enough to enable him to start casting. But it may not be easy to get first rate people for a play of which only one week's performance is assured.

Since Good Friday the weather has been very fine; the season is very forward because of the mild winter, and the lilacs all just fully out in the parks and gardens. It is now sure that Marion and Theodora will come, as I have just heard that they have return passages for August 30th.

*Do please write
even very briefly,
as I do worry. Lovingly,
Tom*

FABER AND FABER LIMITED
PUBLISHERS
11, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.
LONDON, ENGLAND

COLNE VALLEY
PAROCHIAL

to be printed by the
Printer to the
Council of the
Parish of Colne Valley

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

1 May 1949.

Dear Miss Quiley,

This is the briefest of notes to acknowledge and thank you for your letter of April 25 and enclosure (that sounds a pretty extensive and difficult programme - I don't much relish the work of Miss Lowell or Miss Millay! but - I should have loved to hear the other things - at a time when you had a heavy programme ahead of you). I am delighted to hear you are doing *The School for Scandal*, and it ought to do them a lot of good, because it's good English and needs careful speaking. But you will be very very tired when June comes.

The reason for my lack of time is that I have had to have two three hour sittings with Lewis for his portrait (but I think this one really is a portrait and I quite like it, the other was just a Portrait of an Unknown Gentleman (if that)) so that he could have it finished by tomorrow when his paintings have to be hung. And tomorrow I go to Nottingham - a complete waste of time for me, but I felt I could not refuse Harvard's request. (They posted off a gown and hood for me to wear, and they haven't arrived, so I shall just have to borrow a plain gown at Nottingham!) Martin is back, and I have sent him my revisions of Acts I, II and IV: I shall try to get the revision of Act III done by the end of next week. Then I shall feel a little freer. And a morning a week with the dentist has taken time out too; but that is nearly over - it was worth while for preserving my few but important remaining teeth.

I hope the DOG belongs to you - but you don't say who is the nominal mistress. It is a pity that you always have the vacation problem for boarding a dog out.

I shall write at the weekend. This is only to say how glad I was to hear from you at last. The letter arrived just in time to prevent my cabling.

With much love
Tom

*ack
May 1*

FABER AND FABER LIMITED
PUBLISHERS
24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1
LONDON

COLLIER VALLEY
PARCOURT
COAL

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

Dorothy Emily,

15 May 1949.

*cech.
June 13*

I am hoping that the pressure of the play will relax in a couple of week's time. I have just completed a re-writing of Act III which Martin wants tomorrow, to make up a full text which he is having copied in connection with the casting. All I have heard from him so far is that Alec Guinness - an actor of whom I have always had a high opinion - is interested in one of the parts. Act III is going to put me into some difficulty: there is a very small part, for the nurse-secretary of a doctor, with a dozen perfectly straight lines purely for directing the audience, which I think he will want to give to Henzie. Now, although Henzie does not exactly look the part, I shouldn't mind her having it; but I am afraid he would want to take the opportunity of using her as an understudy for one of the three women's parts, all important ones, and for all of which she is completely unsuited. It is tactless of Martin to want to put her into any play he produces; but one understands the domestic situation only too painfully clearly. I have made some sacrifices for Martin already over this play: I hope I shall not find myself in a very trying position.

Of course, there are a number of alterations to make in the text still, mainly in the mechanics of the play. For instance, as the man's wife is absent from the first party (that is part of the plot) and as I have changed the scene from a house, presumably provided with a servant or two, to a flat with no domestic, the snacks which he provides have all to be what can be got out of tins - such as olives, nuts, and potato crisps. I find that I could have little sausages (the kind with toothpicks in them) out of tins, but only if the host had some friend in America to send them to him, and that is too complicated. My second party is much easier to manage, because I have it provided by a caterer who sends two men.

I hope to get most of these details right in the next two weeks, and then Martin can have the final text (final subject to alteration in rehearsal) duplicated. I will ask him to have a few extra copies made for me, so that I can send you one. So far I have done the typing myself, and one doesn't want to make several copies of a text so long as it is still subject to much alteration.

The rehearsals begin on July 25, and will all have to be in

London, as the Lycaem Theatre in Edinburgh, he tells me, will not be available until the Sunday before the opening Monday. I shall go up on the 20th and attend the last rehearsal in Edinburgh.

So I hope to have a couple of weeks without any pressure of work, before Marion and Theodora arrive on June 22nd.

When you go to Seattle, will you stay with Mrs. Kraus? I suppose you have other friends there too; and I hope it means a lovely climate and outdoor diversions. That will be more of a change than you have had for some years now; but I should think it would be almost as expensive to go to Seattle as to come to Europe! What change if any is there in the health of either of the Perkins's?

With all I have in front of me, I have to look forward to the end of the year - after Edinburgh and Germany and Brussels: I suppose I shall certainly be sent to Berlin and to Vienna now, for it does not look as if there would be any serious trouble this year - and then I shall undertake no writing for a couple of months. In the winter I must begin to prepare more American lectures; it looks as if I should come in October and lecture in Chicago. (It will really be more satisfactory, I think, to spend a few weeks lecturing in Chicago and earn enough money for a few weeks in Boston, than to go to Princeton as I did with no lectures to give but the obligation to stop in Princeton).

You have now only a month more, I think, before the end of the school year. So it is not too soon to let me know, when you next write, what are the principal dates - when you leave (but you have already said that you must be out of your house by June 1st, so I need to know at once what your address will be - I don't want any more letters getting lost.

*I suppose you are in the middle
of your play now. I want to
know how it goes.*

With great love

Tom.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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 WC 1

My Dear Emily.

12 June 1949.

I had been hoping to hear from you, before now, about your plans for the summer, just when you left Andover, and so on. I know you have been very busy during these last months, but I never like not to know where you are, and what is the best address at which to reach you at any moment. So do please send me a note with the schedule on it.

For one thing, the last act of my play only awaits the typist; and when I have it back I shall want to send you a copy for your perusal and censure if necessary. But I want send it until I hear from you, as I don't want anything more to go astray. I am now nervous of anything being misdirected from Andover or mis-delivered there.

Well, I hope and believe it is a better play, theatrically, than *The Family Reunion*. The best acts, in my own opinion, are the first and the last; and if the acts are to be uneven in interest, those are perhaps the best places to do well in. I do wonder what you will think of it: it is much more sober in style than the *F.R.* with no lyrical passages; no chorus and no ghosts or spirits (three of the characters started out as somewhat more than human, but they have consistently taken on flesh and blood in the re-working). I have heard nothing yet about the casting - I mean, I have not heard whether Alec Guinness has accepted, or who else Martin has in mind.

The usual after-effect of finishing any long piece of work with me is a disinclination to do anything else. The mind has become set, and it is difficult to turn to anything else. The last two weeks I was working with several interruptions: first the Alliance Française General Assembly weekend at Birmingham; then Whitsun with the Richmonds in Wiltshire (very pleasant, but I was getting over a cold and slept a good deal of the time); and the day after I got back I had

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

to go to Oxford to deliver my Poe lecture again in French, to oblige Fluchère - to whom, after all, I am under obligation. I have to go to Oxford again for a night next week, in order to take my first dinner as an Honorary Fellow of Mertin; and then Marion and Theodora will be here almost at once. Meanwhile, I have to work out a five-minute broadcast appeal for the Protestant Cemetary in Rome (where Keats and Shelley are buried) at the behest of Victor Mallet - I suffer from the handicap that neither Masefield nor De la Mare, either of whom would be suitable to make such an appeal, is in good enough health for this sort of thing (Masefield has been very ill) and there is nobody else in my generation. Finally, by the end of the month, I must try to have ready a broadcast about Ezra Pound: obviously a duty, once I have been asked by the B.B.C. to do it.

My own dates are: July 7 - 11, the Garden Hotel, Cambridge.
July 25 - August 3, the Swan Hotel,
Southwold.
August 20 - 27 the Beresford Hotel,
Edinburgh.

and otherwise I am in London.

My dear, it is a very long time that I am without news of you. Do you find it difficult to write, or ~~xxxxxxx~~ do you not like to write any more?

Loveingly Tom

I just found myself typing the envelope CONCORD and had to tear it up. Is it possible that I sent the missing letter to Concord!

Handwritten text, possibly a name or address, located in the top left corner of the page.

Handwritten text, possibly a date or a short note, located below the first line of text in the top left corner.

Addresses in this
letter

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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

18 June 1949

ack. June 24/49

My Dear,

Your dear letter of June 13 arrived at a welcome moment. I have stayed indoors all to-day, though a beautiful day, with a snuffling cold - the second I have had in this deceitful June, it seems to me I have never felt so chilly in June before - having put off two engagements I was glad to put off; taking cough medicine and writing (1) an appeal for the Protestant Cemetary in Rome, to be broadcast: this at the request of Victor Mallet, our Ambassador - it's the cemetary of Keats and Shelley; and (2) a short discourse for the meeting of the Poets' Theatre Guild, an affair of Martin's of which I have to be the (honorary) president. Speaking of Martin, you surprised me by voicing exactly my own views. I do think that the next time, if there is a next time, I might do better; and in any case I don't think it's good to be always produced by the same producer, any more than it is to have the same actor in the leading part. I fear there will always remain something amateurish about Martin. I knew that he had set his heart on doing this play; and I did make a sacrifice for him, as the Old Vic would have taken it, on condition that they used their own producer. But what is deplorable is not so much the personal relationship with Martin, but the complication of Henzie. I suspect that loyalty to Henzie (and all the more because it must have been a mesalliance from the point of view of his family) impairs his taste and judgement. He first suggested her for the part of the "nurse-secretary" (a very minor part indeed, which I could hardly have refused him, except that he added that she would be a useful understudy: I replied that I thought the nurse secretary should be someone who could understudy "Celia" - you will understand what I am talking about when you get the text); then yesterday he proposed her (several possible actresses being occupied or engaged with films) for the part of "Julia" - an elderly woman whose part I consider of the first importance. Now I haven't any racial objection whatever - there is one part for which I should have been lucky to get Peggy Ashcroft but that she is going on indefinitely with the Henry James

heiress: but the trouble is that Henzie isn't a very good actress, and her looks are completely incongruous. So I had to tell him that I didn't think Henzie looked at all right for this part, and I considered it myself the principal female part in the play. But it is really rather poor taste for a producer to try to put his wife into the play he is producing - unless, of course, she is an actress of unquestioned reputation. So I have my apprehensions about the forthcoming production. But it shows great insight on your part to have doubted the advantage of going on with Martin.

I was glad to hear about the success of The School for Scandal: that is a great satisfaction - though it is exasperating not to find the programme enclosed. It was a very good choice for the girls, and they will have benefited by it, but it was courageous of you to venture it. You must be very tired now, and I am deeply sorry you cannot get well away, to Seattle, and must make your headquarters as before at Commonwealth Avenue, only taking the usual short visits in the neighbourhood, and a brief month at Grand Manan. I like the snapshot of you and Rag Doll, though I do not quite understand the sort of cap you appear to be wearing. (Did I ever tell you of the man on the train to New York, busily reading "Time", who turned and said "Is this Mr. T.S. Eliot?" I said "yes, but why did you think so?" He said "I have been looking at your photograph," and showed me a horrible photograph in "Time" from which I should have confidently hoped no one would ever recognise me).

I am glad to have your news of Eleanor (from whom, of course, I never expect to hear directly) and of Uncle John. I will certainly take the occasion of the overlooked birthday to write to him. I had been hoping to have some news for Aunt Edith - you know she asked me to do something about her projected Garden photograph book - I have been dilatory, with so much on hand; but after I heard from New York people that this would be the sort of book they were more likely to import from London, I wrote to Batsford's here - who publish that sort of book - and am still awaiting a reply.

Two days ago Meg Nason came in to see me. It was a pity that I was engaged to lunch with a man who was leaving England for some time; and she was up for a matinee and going

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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 WC 1

23 July 1949.

Dear Emily

I was very glad to get your letter of July 15. I thought I had written since the middle of June at least once! but life has been very crowded and the weeks have hurried by. And the last week of June I spent mostly in bed with bronchitis - the third attack that month: but since then the weather had been really hot - a drought in fact, and I bathe conscientiously in two inches of water - and I think I am pretty well. I took Marion and Theodora to Cambridge for three days, which I think they enjoyed, in good weather; and on Monday (to-day is Saturday) we go to Southwold, Suffolk, for ten days. Tomorrow (Sunday) I spend the afternoon in a first "reading" of the play with Martin Browne and such players as he has got together - on last hearing I was assured only of Kathleen Nesbitt, but a likelihood of Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans - and Alec Guinness still not wholly impossible. To-day (except for an afternoon walk in Battersea Park) has been spent in revising one short passage, of which I have produced five new versions. It's interesting, that the parts which give me the most trouble are simply the joints (the ins and outs) and the places where the characters have to make the most every-day remarks. The more intense or poetical parts I can manage for myself; but when it comes to the commonplace remark in the words in which most of us would say it, I find I need help. Then there will be the cruel business of cuts: the play is going to be too long, but I'm afraid it can't be cut without mutilation, or without leaving out some of the bits that will amuse the audience most. Of course I can print it at full length. But I don't see any one big cut that would not cause me a pang for the production.

I found that Mrs. Bland (who is leaving, by the way, and I am in the agony of selecting a new secretary, but Mrs. B. was not really satisfactory) did not send you the typescript when I thought she had, but you should have received it by now. I want to say at once that I hope and believe that some of the

already

things that you will criticise have been put right. For instance, Act I has now been reorganised so that it can be run as one scene, without the two "curtains" or "dim-outs" which figure in your copy. The dialogue in Act II has been considerably shortened. The final Curtain is now a little different, because Martin pointed out to me that "what a relief" might find too responsive an echo in the breasts of the less appreciative members of the audience.

With all this, I have also had to have some business in connection with the choice of an actor for Becket in the film: our choice had fallen on a parson - who will have to be released from other work for six weeks if he is to play it, and the person who ultimately has the right to decide whether he can be released or not seems to be Queen Mary! So that is doubtful: but, as Hoellering said very rightly I think, the face of the Archbishop in this film should not be recognisable as that of any well known film actor. Also, I am having to correspond with a certain Lord Henderson, of the Foreign Office, about my tour of Germany, which I am trying to postpone until the latter part of October, as the German universities do not start their term until the end of that month.

Of course I know all about the Saturday Review, Mr. Hillyer, and the mendacious abuse poured upon my head - I should hardly apply the term "sharp lancet" to a form of vilification to which I am accustomed from Moscow.

I am so glad you have had a happy and healthful fortnight at Woods' Holl, in congenial society, and got browned. I wonder whether I should ever venture to bathe again, in these cold waters, certainly not in the North Sea. And, as you can't get to Seattle, I am glad you will have Grand Manan again.

I shall write again after August 4th, when we return, and shall be busy with rehearsals from then to the 20th when we go to Edinburgh. It was good of Aunt Edith to write to me about Cousin Laura: I had a more reassuring letter from Theresa, but I fear that Cousin Laura will not be there when I come again next year. No, the Nobel Prize money is not taxable, and is intact except for the tithe which I have of course devoted to charity. I hope your teeth are comfort-

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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 WC 1

31 August 1949.

My Dear,

Your letter came from Grand Manan a few days before I left for Edinburgh, and I did not feel that I could answer it then - though, if I had not heard from you I would have written before Edinburgh. In any case, I had been living in a turmoil ever since returning from Southwold, with rehearsals taking a good deal of time. We got back from Edinburgh on Saturday evening, after a very full and tiring week there. During the following days I spent every evening with Marion and Theodora, and saw them off last night to New York. So now I have a comparatively free interval - I shall take a long weekend end with the Fabers in Sussex; and hope to be sufficiently restored by that to be able to start on the three addresses which I have to prepare for Germany. My tour, by the way, has been put forward to the 26th October (returning on the 18th November) so that my visits to university towns may fall after the students have reassembled. The combination of the work, the emotional strain, and the calls upon my time, have left me very tired indeed.

I enclose three cuttings of newspaper notices - The Times and the Telegraph of London and the Evening Record of Glasgow. These are the most interesting; some, of course were far from flattering; but all were obliged to admit the excellence of production and acting; and the general effect is to give the play a very good start for London. I understand that there must be an interval, as Guinness, Fleming and Ursula Jeans all have immediate film contracts to fulfil, but that it is intended to open in London in November, with, I hope, nearly the entire cast, because there is not one whom I should wish to dispense with. This is by far the best production that Martin has done so far, and I am inclined to withdraw my less favourable opinion - this was thoroughly professional and most intelligent. I must say that one of the reasons why this is his best is that Henzie is not in it.

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

to/ That remains a difficult and delicate situation; and I am prepared for the question of Henzie as a possible under-study ~~may~~ arise in London. It is quite clear that she was bitterly disappointed: but I do hold to the opinion that a producer should not cast his wife for a part unless she is a very good actress indeed. I think that it has been good for Martin to be working under a shrewd commercial producer as able and intelligent as Henry Sherek - an extraordinary man who looks about as tough a businessman in the entertainment industry as one could imagine, but who is apparently not Jewish and is an Etonian. Sherek was extremely useful to me in the press conference; and, although he made me appear at the end of the first night, on the stage, said wisely that he did not want me to make a speech.

It is a satisfaction to think that the production will, if anything, enhance the reputation of all who acted in it; that it will give Irene Worth (who has never done anything so conspicuous before) the prospect of good engagements - she gave a most moving rendering - and that it starts Cathleen Nesbitt in a type of role which she can carry on with as long as she acts at all - and she needs the money as she has a husband and two children to keep.

I am sorry that the script of my play was so badly packed. (Incidentally, I have now engaged a new secretary, who will start in ten days time - highly recommended by the Editor of "Truth", whom I know, and formerly secretary to Charles Morgan! She left that post recently because she was dissatisfied, apparently the Morgans got her to do housekeeping work, and she wanted secretarial duties rather than making out laundry lists). I was, of course, very much distressed and unhappy over ~~what you said~~ your own distress. I don't know yet whether you are not - as seems to me - reading into the play much which I should deny to be there. In the first place, neither the situations nor the characters are in any way "personal". I recognise that element in The Family Reunion; but I think that I have now worked ~~ed~~ through that to something pretty objective. I see no trace of myself, or of you, or of anybody else, in the characters: I took elements of Julia and Alex from two people I know, but there is a good deal else there too; and even if the two people con-

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare Morley Kennerley (U.S.A.) T.S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

MUSEUM 9543 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

cerned should recognise the borrowing, I don't think they could be anything but flattered. The situations, and the relations between characters, have no foundation whatever in my own experience. The mentality of Edward is wholly different from my own; his feelings towards his wife utterly different from anything in my experience; and the only personal echo that I recognise is some lines about feeling old - which particularly appealed to Robert Flemyng as he is getting to an age at which he thinks he understands them. There is no original for Lavinia, and as for Celia, only a very remote suggestion came to me from Cara Brocklebank's telling me about a friend of hers, who had been a lively society girl just after the first war, and who had become an anchoress - that is, the most austere possible religious life - whose prayers were of very great help to people. The play is in fact, about the making of a saint; and nowadays, it is necessary to give people a very violent shock indeed, to make them take holiness seriously. The purpose of the social setting, and of the sub-plots of the Chamberlaynes and Peter, is solely to set this forth in the sharpest relief.

So, if there are any misunderstandings to be cleared up, I hope this will go some way towards doing so.

I am afraid you reached Grand Manan in a very exhausted condition, after being so long with the Perkins's in that terrific heat; and I do hope that the summer will have abated before you return, and that you will not have to start work in anything like the temperature you left. Oh dear.

With much love

Tom

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS
24 Russell Square London WC1

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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

My Dear

20 September 1949.

I know I am too late to catch you before you leave Grand Manan, so I want to write to greet you on your return to Andover. I do hope that you start the term really rested, and that you do not return to a period of excessive heat. But the weather here has been so mild that I fear it has been very hot with you; and there is still no portent of adequate rain (I should like to feel that I should be justified in taking a bath in really deep water).

Since I last wrote the time has passed quickly, in a way: the effort to turn to new, but not stimulating work, after the summer's exhaustion, and fighting my own dulled brain to do it, has made me rather oblivious to the passage of time. There is no news of the play; it seems that it is proving difficult to find a theatre in London for some time; and Mr. Sherek, I hear, is playing with the idea of taking it over to America first. I am very doubtful about that. I don't want to stand in the way of the actors - if they play succeeds there; but I am sceptical of its reception in New York; and I am not even sure, after the campaign of defamation of my character in the Saturday Review of Literature, whether there might not be some deliberate efforts to make it fail. That depends on who the critics are who influence box offices in New York. Well, at least I shall have no leisure to think about it on my way from Hamburgh to Munich and back. All I can think of seriously is keeping going until December! But before I go I must put the text in order for the printers.

I do mean to write to Uncle John this week. You don't know, I suppose, whether Aunt Edith ever received a letter I wrote her after making my enquiries about the possibility of finding a publisher for her garden book. That was months ago. My enquiries came to nothing: nobody dares such an

expensive venture in these times; and I am afraid she was dreadfully disappointed.

Well, I hope I shall hear from you after you have got started; somehow I did not expect another letter from Grand Manan. I am very dull and lifeless at present, so forgive me please.

Always lovingly

Tom

Not knowing the date of your return I think it safer to send this to the Academy. I hope that is safe.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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 WC 1

My Dear

27 September 1949.

ack - 6.11.46

I had had your previous letter for several days, when to my surprise and please your letter of September 22nd arrived on the morning of the 26th: so it was very well timed, and much more gladdening than a cable. Also the letters themselves gave me much pleasure, and you have also reminded me of things which I forgot * I always forget something in letters. First, I did receive your cable on the eve of the first night, and I thank you very much for it. Then, thank you for your criticism of the play itself. In the production, what you have as Act II was run as Scene II of Act I. The purpose was to shorten the evening to the extent of cutting out one interval. Unfortunately, III and IV could not be run together in the same way because of the change of scene. The effect is lop-sided; it is now Act I that is much too long; if one act in the middle could simply have been dropped out, the play would have been the right length. We have cut and cut and pieced together, as well as we can, and it is still too long.

Now about the future of the play. Sherek tells me that none of the London theatre managers want to take it on now, and that he can't get a London theatre until the spring at the earliest. So he has been discussing it with Gilbert Miller (a famous name, I believe, in the New York theatre) who is much interested, and has offered him a theatre immediately after Christmas. I was much averse to taking it to New York first, because I am sure there is at least an initial public waiting for it in London; and, of course, my friends here express indignation and humiliation that London can't take it, especially at a time when the level of plays is so very low. (It's very curious: we have a number of first rate actors and actresses here, and they have to act in such bad plays.) However, the most cogent

argument is, that if he takes the play to New York in December, he can keep this excellent cast together; whereas if he merely waited for a London theatre, we should probably have to assemble a new cast. And it's not merely that these people are so good, but that they all seem very keen on the play itself. So it is just possible that you may be able to see it before I see it again myself. I can't really afford to come over for it, because I can't spare the time to come over twice next year, and I must take a longish holiday as soon as I can. I have practically agreed to go out to Cape Town with the Fabers in January, spend a week at the Cape, and take the next boat back: that would give me five weeks away, including four weeks at sea. And apart from wanting the holiday as soon as I can get it, the sensible thing seems to be to take a holiday before start on composing my Chicago lectures - I haven't even had time to think about a subject yet.

I was too nervous, the first night, to get much of an impression; for one thing, I was as nervous about the actors dropping their cues or getting their lines wrong as the family of a beginner are at her first amateur performance. And, in a box, one did not feel in touch with the audience; I was told that they responded enthusiastically, but I shouldn't have known the difference if they had been merely being polite. So I was surprised by the good reviews. (I believe that some of the cheaper press, The Daily Mail and Express for instance, were rather disparaging: I did not see these). And by the way, it seems to be Act III (in your version, the consulting room scene) that went over best; Guinness and Irene Worth did an awfully good job; and the effect of the last act depends so much on the impression made by the end of the previous.

The motor tour to Melrose, Kelso, Jedburgh and Abbotsford was one of the most successful parts of the Edinburgh visit, and Marian enjoyed it very much in spite of her arm. We left her after lunch to rest in the hotel in Kelso while we went to Jedburgh, and picked her up later to go to tea at Abbotsford, where we were entertained by a very charming and rather pathetic Miss Maxwell-Scott - her father, Sir Walter, came in later, looking rather like a retired elderly cavalry officer. All this was due to the good offices of my little friend Joe Chiari, formerly French consul in

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare 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 WC 1

Edinburgh, who persuaded the British Council to provide the car, and who conducted us himself, and who knew the Maxwell-Scotts. The weather was benign, and the Roxburghshire countryside is very beautiful.

Do you know, it never occurred to me to ask about photographs of my portrait. I will ask Wyndham Lewis whether he had a photograph taken before it went to Magdalene. I have not seen it since it was framed: I should have liked to go down to Cambridge, and see it hung; but I don't think I can spare the time, specially as I have to go down next week for one night to Oxford, to attend a Merton Gaudy. If I can get a photograph I will send you one.

Well, I have now written out my three addresses for Germany, and must turn to my short discours de reception for Brussels, which will have to be translated into French.

I am sorry to hear about Uncle John. I always felt that Aunt Edith, even with her disabilities, was likely to outlive him.

I am very glad if you got at least a different impression of the play on a second reading.

The California snapshot I have in an album with many others. And thank you for the Campobello - for the first moment I thought you had taken to trousers (there are far too many trousers about Chelsea, especially on a Sunday morning). And now you have started term. I shall be interested to know what play you choose next.

To-day I am taking Meg Nason and her sister (whom I have never seen) to lunch. I had a pathetic letter from Meg which I shall send you. She didn't want to bring the sister, who appears to be rather eccentric and self-centred; but the sister (who has tried to get me to come out to Richmond to see her) had got to the point of grievance

thinking that Meg was preventing her from meeting me: so
it must be done.

with much love and
grateful thanks for
your letter

Tom.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1. *am. Nov. 17*

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

My Dear

25 October 1949.

I might have tried to do the same as you succeeded in doing, and have sent a birthday letter to arrive exactly on your birthday, but I preferred my usual method of a cable - to 35 School Street. (All your recent letters have had simply the Abbott Academy address, so I have been writing there as I thought perhaps you considered it more reliable. Well, it is on your birthday that I fly to Hamburg, and I have no address except c/o Miss B.D. Maclean, Foreign Office (German Section) S.W.1. The Foreign Office send a car at 8 a.m. to take me to the air port. I am happy to say that Ashley Dukes (who has been supervisor of drama, you know, for the British Zone) is flying with me, and will travel everywhere with me as far as I go in the British Zone: for the last five days I am handed over to the Americans, who are to deliver me at Frankfurt by the morning of the 19th November, to take a plane for London. On the 1st November I am in Berlin for three nights; then on to Hannover, Munster, Goettingen, Bonn, Cologne; thence to Heidelberg and Munich (American). In most places, I have to deliver three lectures, and in some give a poetry reading also; and also meet religious groups in Hannover and Cologne. I will send you a copy of my official programme later.

You will know by now that The Cocktail Party is to open in New York (after a week in Brighton in December) in January. I shall not come with it - in all probability. Did I tell you that I was intending to go to South Africa with the Fabers? This is pure holiday: ordered by my doctor for some time past - two weeks at sea, two weeks at the Cape, and two weeks return voyage. It is not quite certain, because, although we have reserved passages, we are still having difficulty in finding hotel accomodation

at the Cape: we don't want to be in Cape Town itself at the height of the summer, but at one of the seaside places nearby. I shan't know until I get back from Germany whether we have been successful.

Anyway, a visit to New York is anything but a holiday; and while I should expect somehow to get the funds to spend a week in Boston (if I came) it would be very hurried; and I do very much need a rest, and I would rather come for a longer time when I come in October, than have a hurried visit in January.

I have made still more alterations in The Cocktail Party - some of which will meet your wishes, I think. I have very much altered the intrusion of Julia into the consulting room, and I have toned down the martyrdom. Some people here have found that too merciless; and especially for New York I think the revision is better. After all, only pretty highly developed Christians can take it as it was; and I do not want to be thought to be indulging in the kind of sadistic brutality which is alarmingly common in fiction and in films (it emanates, I fear, from New York anyway).

I learn that Murder in the Cathedral is being performed in Berlin - to the rage of the Russians - and that it has become a kind of political issue - Becket being identified with Cardinal Mindzenty and Archbishop Beran: the literary and dramatic aspect is rather obscured. Familientag (The Family Reunion) is to be performed in Goettingen, I think.

I am very sorry to hear that your holiday at Grand Manan ended with an illness - a weakening one - and am rather apprehensive about your starting term in such a state of health. And can I find you a new star sapphire to replace the lost one - and would it replace it for you if I did? Yet I should like to try.

Also, I am sorry that you are depriving yourself of Ragdoll. I fear that your circumstances are very straitened, if you cannot keep a small dog; and that mounting costs of living are pinching you and all women in your position. I should like to come over just to

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

make you eat a beefsteak. The devaluation of the pound will not affect me in America, since I have to earn there in any case the money to live upon while there. Otherwise, it has worried me a good deal.

I shall try to write to Uncle John - a brief ~~note~~ ^{note} - before I go. Otherwise, I shall be writing no letters for three weeks to anyone: these three weeks have been a nightmare to me for a long time, and I shall only be able to write after they are over. You must remind me to tell you about Meg and her sister.

That was not my secretary's fault but mine: and I thought that a newspaper cutting looked more "alive" if fragments of its surroundings appeared. I have now a new secretary who is very willing and efficient.

*Ever lovingly
Tom.*

Printed and Published by the Faber and Faber Printing Works, London, E.C. 4

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square, London, W.C. 1

Telephone: 3791, 3792, 3793, 3794, 3795, 3796, 3797, 3798, 3799, 3800, 3801, 3802, 3803, 3804, 3805, 3806, 3807, 3808, 3809, 3810, 3811, 3812, 3813, 3814, 3815, 3816, 3817, 3818, 3819, 3820, 3821, 3822, 3823, 3824, 3825, 3826, 3827, 3828, 3829, 3830, 3831, 3832, 3833, 3834, 3835, 3836, 3837, 3838, 3839, 3840, 3841, 3842, 3843, 3844, 3845, 3846, 3847, 3848, 3849, 3850, 3851, 3852, 3853, 3854, 3855, 3856, 3857, 3858, 3859, 3860, 3861, 3862, 3863, 3864, 3865, 3866, 3867, 3868, 3869, 3870, 3871, 3872, 3873, 3874, 3875, 3876, 3877, 3878, 3879, 3880, 3881, 3882, 3883, 3884, 3885, 3886, 3887, 3888, 3889, 3890, 3891, 3892, 3893, 3894, 3895, 3896, 3897, 3898, 3899, 3900, 3901, 3902, 3903, 3904, 3905, 3906, 3907, 3908, 3909, 3910, 3911, 3912, 3913, 3914, 3915, 3916, 3917, 3918, 3919, 3920, 3921, 3922, 3923, 3924, 3925, 3926, 3927, 3928, 3929, 3930, 3931, 3932, 3933, 3934, 3935, 3936, 3937, 3938, 3939, 3940, 3941, 3942, 3943, 3944, 3945, 3946, 3947, 3948, 3949, 3950, 3951, 3952, 3953, 3954, 3955, 3956, 3957, 3958, 3959, 3960, 3961, 3962, 3963, 3964, 3965, 3966, 3967, 3968, 3969, 3970, 3971, 3972, 3973, 3974, 3975, 3976, 3977, 3978, 3979, 3980, 3981, 3982, 3983, 3984, 3985, 3986, 3987, 3988, 3989, 3990, 3991, 3992, 3993, 3994, 3995, 3996, 3997, 3998, 3999, 4000

tel: Bielefeld 2496

Office of the Educational Adviser
Bielefeld
B.A.O.R.15.

Ref: Ed/82359/1/9/v.

24th October, 1949

Subject: Itinerary of T.S. Eliot in the British zone,
Berlin and U.S. zone 27 October - 19 November.

HAMBURG

- 27 October 1250 Arrive Hamburg by plane. To be met by representative of Education Branch Hamburg. Mr. Eliot will be staying at Land Commissioners House.
- 28 " 1600 Reception by Jungius Gesellschaft.
- " " 2000 Lecture at Hamburg University. Subject: "The aims of poetic drama." Audience will consist of students, members of Jungius Gesellschaft which is a learned society, and their guests.
- 29 " 1100 Lecture at English Seminar of University. Subject: "The development of Shakespeare's verse." Audience consists of students and staff.
- " " 2000 Lecture at Die Brücke. Subject: "Idea of a European Society." Audience - general.
- 30 " Sunday. Free for engagements made on Friday and Saturday.
- 31 " 1320 Fly to Berlin.

BERLIN

- 31 October 1425 Arrives Berlin. He will be met by representative of Education Branch Berlin. Mr. Eliot will be staying in Delbrücke 12-15.
- " " 1900 Reception by Anglo-German club. Address on "Idea of a European Society."
- 1 November 1800 Lecture at Technical University. Subject: "The aims of poetic drama."
- " " 1700 Lecture at Information Centre. Subject: "Idea of a European society."
- 2 " 1930 Attend performance in Hebbel Theatre. Translation of "Murder in the Cathedral." Suhrkamp Verlag publish the text.
- 3 " 0930 Depart Berlin for Buckeburg by plane.

HANNOVER

- 3 November 1140 Arrive Buckeburg where he will be met with car allocated by Zonal Travel Directorate. The car will stay with Mr. Eliot until he arrives in Frankfurt 16 November where it will be dismissed. He will be staying with Land Commissioner at the Residency.
- 4 " morning Rest period.
- " " 1430 Lecture at Beethovensaal, Stadhalle Hannover. Subject: "Idea of a European Society."
- " " 1630 - 1730 Rest.
- " " 1730 - 1830 Travel to Brunswick.
- " " 1845 - 2000 Lecture at Technical University: "Idea of a European Society." *Supper party afterwards.* Escorted by University officer - stay the night in Hannover.
- 5 " 1030 Mr. Eliot will be met at Evangelische Akademie - Hermannsburg. (About 70 kilometres from Hannover). Programme arranged by Dr. Ruppel. Days programme lasts until 1900 hours. *niching talk to school children.*
- 6 " Sunday - rest.
- 7 " Morning - Leave Hannover for Göttingen. Staying at V.E.P. Mess Herzberger Landstr. 99.

Also
Poetry
Reading

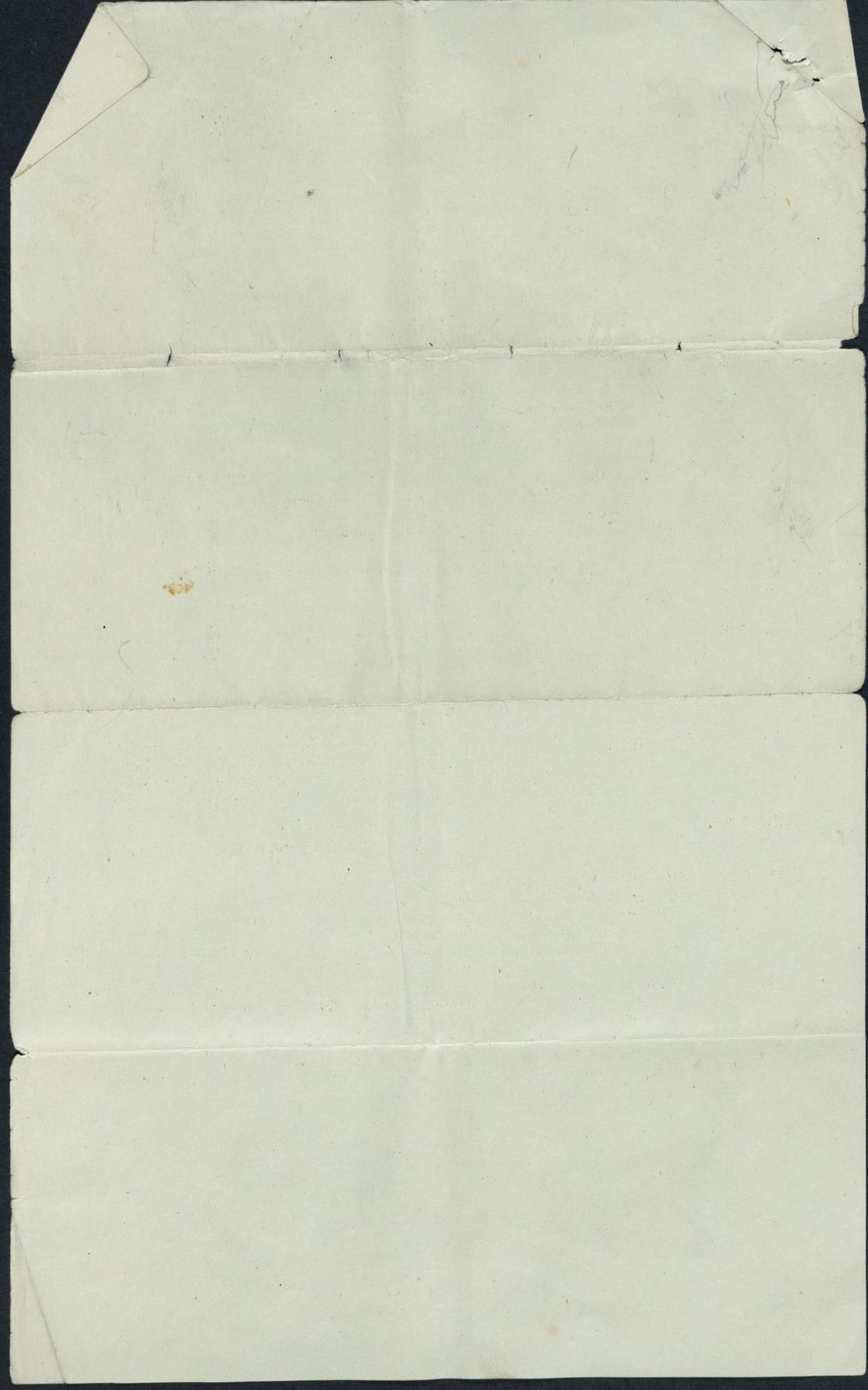
Phone
Mrs Marshall
about Pieper

Food chef bear
named
Mullins

car arrived
one hour late!

not good.
plumbing defective.

Remind Mrs
Fletcher about
Columbia



(who thinks he knows what I mean better than I do.)

GÖTTINGEN

- 7 November 2015 Lecture in University Aula. Subject: "Idea of a European Society." Reception in rektor's room after the lecture.
- 8 " 1630 Tea with small group at house of Prof. schaeder.
- " " 2015 Lecture in university Aula. Subject: "The aims of poetic Drama." After lecture reception by the town in Nansen House. Guests of this reception will include members of town theatre and other cultura; organisations.
- 9 " 1300 Meeting with students of English seminar.
- " " After lunch. Depart Göttingen for Bielefeld.

MÜNSTER

Pr. Josef Pöppel?

- 9 November On arrival at Bielefeld he goes to residence of Educational Adviser. (Address: Bielefeld, Lessingstrasse 3).
- 10 " 1030 Depart Bielefeld.
- " " 1200 (approx) arrive Munster. Mr. Eliot will be met at Canal Bridge at entrance to Munster on the wandendorf road (Map Ref: 950746) by NEO, who will conduct him to Hüfferstift, Hüfferstr. Brief, informal reception by Rektor and representatives of the University-Senate, followed by lunch in Studentenheim, Aasee.
- " " 1430 - 1630 Informal discussion with Rektor and Senate, and, if Mr. Eliot desires, inspection of most interesting university buildings (library, Schloss etc.)
- " " 1630 - 1800 Tea in "Die Brücke" with British Resident, Education Officers, and Town Officials.
- " " 1800 - 1900 Lecture in "Die Brücke" on: "The idea of a European Society." (in English).
- " " 1915 (approx) depart for Bielefeld (guide provided from Munster to show Mr. Eliot's car to Bielefeld road).
- 11 " 0845 Depart Bielefeld.
- " " 1000 (approx) arrive Munster (guide provided as on previous day at same place).
- " " 1015 - 1100 Lecture in Auditorium Maxima to university Audience on: "The aims of poetic drama." (in English).
- " " 1115 - 1230 Informal inspection, if Mr. Eliot desires, of most interesting buildings in the city (cathedral, Friedenssal etc) under guidance of Oberstadtdirektor. *Drink from the Golden Goblet for 7 years (honour).*
- " " 1230 - 1400 Informal lunch as guest of city of Munster, (Clemensstr.).
- " " 1400 Depart by road for Bonn (guide will be provided as on day before to show Mr. Eliot's car to Pusseldorf-Cologne-Bonn road).

Düsseldorf

BONN

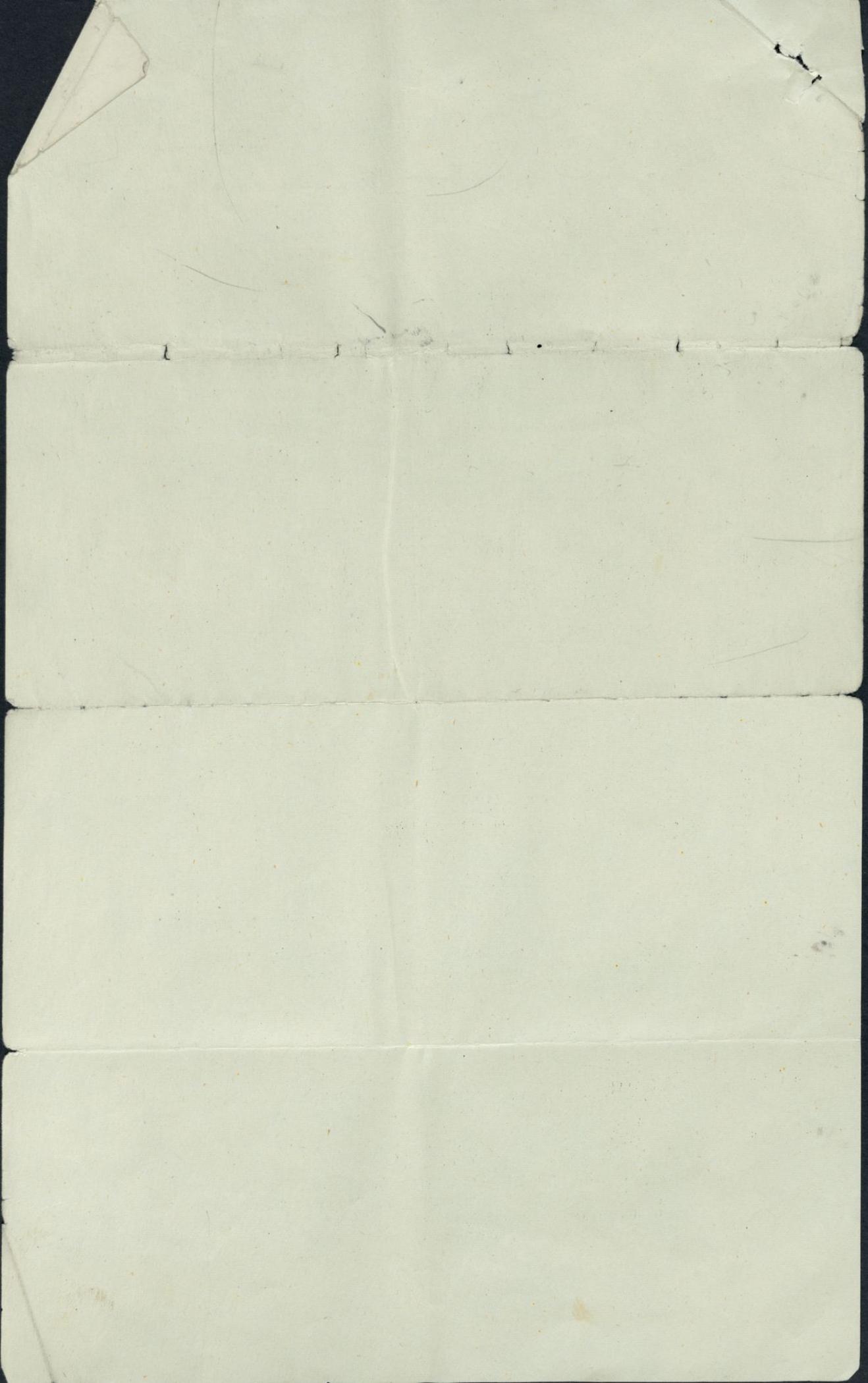
- 11 November on arrival in Bonn he goes to Country Club, Zittelmann Strasse where he will be staying. *closed for repairs.*
- 12 " 1700 Lecture in University. Subject: "The aims of poetic drama."
- " " 1800 Reception by university.
- 13 " 1100 Public lecture, subject: "Idea of a European Society."
- " " Mr. Ashley takes departure, Pusseldorf, by air for UK.
- 14 " Morning depart by car for Cologne.

Sunday

Düsseldorf

COLOGNE

- 14 November On arrival in Cologne to Transit Hotel. Eugen Langenstr. 6, Marienburg.
- " " 1300 Lunch with university Officer - Leyboldstr. 8, Marienburg.
- " " 1500 Public lecture in University. Subject: "Idea of a European Society." University and town audience.
- " " 1800 Reception by Mr. Reed - Assistant Commissioner Cologne. To meet Germans followed by Anglo-German dinner party.
- 15 " 1100 Lecture to students of English Institute. Subject: "The development of Shakespeares verse."
- " " 1500 - 1600 seminar in English Institute. Mr. Eliot may meet students and be asked to answer questions relating to his work.
- 16 " Depart Cologne for Frankfurt.



AMERICAN ZONE

Mrs Jungmann

Frankfurter Hof

St. James
Club

- 16 November Arrive Frankfurt from Cologne. Reports to ~~Carlton Hotel~~.
Representative from American zone will be there.
Stay night in ~~Carlton Hotel~~. Frankfurter Hof.
- 17 November 0930 Depart Frankfurt by air for Munich arrive about noon.
" " Afternoon - Lecture in Munich University "poetic drama or Shakespeares verse."
" " 2000 Lecture in Amerika Haus "Idea of a European Society".
Stay in Munich.
- 18 " " 0800 travel by car to Heidelberg arrive about 1600.
" " 1900 Lecture in university Aula "Idea of a European Society."
Stay night in Heidelberg.
- 19 " " Morning - free.
- 19 " " After lunch depart by car for Frankfurt. Reports to travel Bureau by 1600 hours.
- 19 November 1730 Departs Frankfurt by air for UK.

Hammer

Die Str. 3

Landschafts-Druck

St. Hochwunden

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (U.S.A.), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

27 November 1949.

My Dear,

*ack.
Dec 13/49*

I was very glad to get your letter of the 17th (which for some reason took longer to reach me than air letters usually do) and am ashamed of not having written sooner after my return from Germany a week ago. But I was utterly exhausted; I had office business that needed attention in the day time, and after I got back in the evening I was too tired to do anything but go to bed. So I have written no letters to anybody until this one. I hasten to report however that in spite of the season, the fatigue, the overheating of houses in Germany, and the prevalence of colds there as elsewhere, I contracted no minor ailments at all, and was able to fulfil all my engagements.

I have been meaning to draft a kind of summary account of the tour, and send one copy to Marian to circulate to the family (but with strict injunctions that Theresa is not to be allowed to sweep it in for the Eliot House ragbag) and this I still hope to do after my return from Brussels next Monday. - In that week, the rehearsals for the Brighton production of the Cocktail Party is to begin, with a new Lavinia and a new Peter, but otherwise the same cast. It is to run from December 19th for a fortnight, and then go to New York at once. I shall go down for the first night. Also I shall have to look at, and discuss, the filming of Fr. John Groser in the role of Becket which has been taking place.

I am still very tired, and the more so because of a very long and tiring evening at the University of London night before last - a degree giving ceremony. It is puzzling to me that universities seem to prefer to give degrees

to those who have degrees already, instead of distributing their favours equitably. I am now pretty sure that whenever I take a new degree I shall find myself with people whom I have been with under the same conditions somewhere else. There ought to be a sort of little club of the habitual degree-takers. This time there was the American Ambassador, a very agreeable fellow (but I should like to know why he gave his daughter the Christian name of "Sharman" - I thought it was "Charmian" until I saw it on the list of guests) whom I had met at Oxford; and Sir John Anderson who had been at Cambridge with me eleven years ago: I looked round in the expectation of seeing Anthony Eden and Bernard Baruch, but they must have received degrees in some previous year. I had resolutely declined to make a speech, on the ground that I should be too stupified by German fatigue, and the speech was made by Sir John Anderson - much more suitably and better. But there was a dinner beforehand, and a reception afterwards. I had been brought up to believe that when royalty was present (this time it was Princess Alice, who is the wife of the Chancellor the Earl of Athlone) nobody - or certainly not the guests of honour - should leave before they did, so I confidently expected that the Princess would behave as princesses should, and take her departure at the earliest possible moment. But time wore on and there she sat: finally there was a movement towards the door, and then I found myself being sucked in to a smaller reception in the Principal's room, and there the Athlones were still, fixed in chairs. I then discovered to my mortification that all of the Honorary Graduates, with the exception of Lewis Douglas and myself, had managed somehow to escape. Finally, at half past twelve, dropping with fatigue, I made my excuses and was sent home in a car.

No crowd of people, however, of any nationality known to me, or in any country in which I have had to attend large parties, is quite so tiring as a German crowd. The French are bad enough, but the Germans are just as blood-sucking and in addition have no small talk whatever. The consequence is that you find somebody, whom you know you will only be talking to for about three minutes, before somebody else is pushed up, starting conversation and asking your opinion about the most profound and insoluble problems of philosophy and life. I was glad to find however that they did not try to make me talk politics, or trap me into expressing

my opinion about Dismantling; and I met a few whom I liked very much and should like to keep up with. In particular, Prof. Pieper of Muenster, who had me to tea just with his family (and made me lie down for an hour beforehand in a hotel bedroom he had taken for that express purpose). There were three charming children - Thomas, Monica and Michael - with beautiful manners: he told them that as they could not talk English and therefore could not do much to entertain me in conversation, they would have to perform for me; so in they came with three little flutes, and tootled three melodious little trios very nicely.

Other exceptional events were the introduction of a news-reel team into one lecture in Berlin - three very powerful searchlights trained most painfully on me, and a rattle like machine guns; and the searchlights used up all the electric current so that there was none left for the microphone, and the people who couldn't hear me protested. Microphones have a way of failing in Germany, just as their bath and washstand stoppers leak. (I find it difficult to wash when I can't make the water stop in one place). I took part in a religious discussion group of Bishop Lilje which lasted a whole day, and after lunch had to address about 40 schoolchildren who were brought in to see me (I don't think they understood what I said, but as their teacher of English was present they had to pretend that they did). The most tiring was having to lecture in Hannover and in Brunswick on the same day (with receptions of course); and flying from Frankfurt to Munich in an American army plane with a dozen G.I.'s, change, lunch rapidly, lecture at 3 in the university, attend a reception by the Rector (Rectors of German Universities, by the way, have to be addressed as "Magnificenz!" and Deans of Cathedrals as "Spectabilitaet!") and lecture again at 7, followed by a brief press interview, followed by supper in a restaurant.

The rest of Germany will have to keep for my Official Report.

You may be quite sure that I shall refuse to appear in public in Cape Town! The Fabers will do everything in their power to keep the visit as incognito as possible: and I shall mention the doctor's orders firmly in any emergency. As for my doctor, I was of course very disturbed by Marian's mishap. But ~~he~~ inoculated me last year, and Theodora at the same time as Marian; and I do not think that there is any other explanation except that Marian is a very exceptional case. Theodora told me that the year before, at ROCKPORT, she had an infected finger, and also a bruised leg, and that both took an exceptionally long time to heal. But it ~~as~~ was very unfortunate that she had not had her inoculation done in good time before she came.

I imagine you as now working morning, noon and night, with the play as well as the usual routine. Theodora told me that the teachers at her school were driven very hard in December, and that they have to run a bazaar (to help pay for the building) and produce themselves an entertainment (of a comic nature, all the more painful) for the amusement of the parents; and it does seem to me that all you who teach are expected to do a great deal more than you are

paid for. And your Christmas and Easter holidays are not only very short, but reduced to a few days by the necessary visit to Commonwealth Avenue. Please tell me about the play you are doing for Christmas.

I had hoped that my C.P. might open in Boston, but apparently it is to start at once in New York. I am very doubtful about New York taking to it. I do hope it may be possible for you to see it (and I should like you to meet Alec Guinness, who is the most intelligent male member of his profession here among my limited acquaintance. I think Irene Worth, who is an American, is intelligent, but I have not seen enough of her to know).

Why shouldn't you bring Eleanor over to Europe with you next summer? She at least could afford it, I feel sure; and it is time she got away from her very limited environment for a ~~time~~ while.

I'll write again after Brussels.

With much love

Pow

The Hotsons have arrived, bearing ham and eggs, and have started at once going to Purcell concerts.

My Dear,

19, Carlyle Mansions.

31 December 1949.

New Year's Eve.

ade-fau-27

I am writing on this shabby-looking paper because I have run out of thin letter paper; and I believe that if airmail letters are over-weight they are sent ignominiously by a slow boat. After my long letter after Germany, I am afraid I postponed writing again until I had heard from you; but for several days now I have had your letter of the 13th (rather slow for air) and the charming card with charming verses. I knew that you would feel very exhausted at the end of the term, and in no state of energy for attacking the problems of Christmas presents and cards; and I hope you had a quiet restful week after Christmas, in New Bedford. And on Monday you will be back at work again. It is strange to think of "The New Lady Bantock" (sometimes called "Fanny and the Servant Problem" - but that title can never be used again, as her servant problem was so different from the modern one!) as still surviving for amateur theatricals. I have no doubt that it went well, under your direction.

When I last wrote I had still, I think, to pay my respects to Brussels, convoyed by Bobbie Speaight (who loves that sort of ceremony, and took upon himself all the practical arrangements). Brussels is only an hour and a half away by flying time; and on returning one arrives half an hour after setting out, owing to the hour's difference in time. We were the guests of a Baroness Lambert - evidently a very wealthy woman, for she lives in a splendour which is no longer reached in this country except perhaps by a few of the Rothschild connexion (and I understand that the baroness's late husband was one of those connexions: but she herself is Viennese and very dévote - there is always a monk or two wandering about her vast palace. I had only to make two public utterances - one a few (supposedly) extempore words in French after a lunch party, the other a formal discourse which I had had translated for me, and read from manuscript. Bobbie delivered the Sermon from "Murder in the Cathedral" - in French: rather a tour de force, but he did it very well. Not much sightseeing: we were taken on Sunday to Louvain (for Mass): a twice reconstructed town, but reconstructed rather well. All this was tiring: and yet, after Germany, one was so much more at ease with Belgians that it seemed rather like a holiday. Then back to London to face new rehearsals of "The Cocktail Party". I don't think that the new young man (Peter) is quite so winning as the former; but Eileen Peel is, I think, even better as Lavinia than Ursula Jeans was. It is finishing tonight at Brighton. John and I went down for the first performance, staying the night with a friend of his who lives there: a very good first night indeed. I met Mr. Gilbert Miller, who is financing the New York production: one of the most repulsive men, on first acquaintance, that I have ever met. The company fly to New York on the 15th, and open on the 23d. I wonder whether Dorothy (who sent me a Christmas card of her assembly of grandchildren) or any other friend will ask you to New York during the run (which may of course not be a long one!) and if so whether you will want to go. I am, at least, very well pleased with the production: Martin has excelled himself, and the

cast is altogether first-rate, though Alec Guinness and Irene Worth must be accounted the particular stars. There is some magnificent acting by those two together. My chief feeling about it at the moment is one of anxiety and responsibility towards the cast: first because of their flying there; and second, if New York does not like the play, I shall feel that I have let them down badly. It's very touching, their enthusiasm: and especially Guinness and Irene Worth, who are almost alarmingly inside their parts. Indeed, I sometimes shudder at the responsibility that an author assumes, towards those actors who really live their parts: I have made Bobbie Speaight's life very different from what it would have been without "Murder" - and is it something to be thankful or repentant for? I don't know.

Anyway, my other occupations, which have been numerous and pressing, have been interfered with by continual alterations of the text; and, of course, just as I am about to leave for South Africa, the proof begins to come from the printers. Martin keeps proposing little changes. The usual procedure seems to be this: in order to try to shorten a play which is much too long, Martin suggests omitting certain lines here and there. I usually resist at first, but give way because of the need for abbreviation. Then I come to think that it is better in the shorter form, and pass the text for the printer in that way. Then Martin comes back and says he finds that those lines are needed, and he wants to put them back. Even when we agree that something is superfluous, a few lines are needed to sew the cut together, and somehow or other cutting seems to have the effect of making the play longer. In order ~~to~~ to avoid Julia's eavesdropping on the consultation with Edward and Lavinia, I have had to give her at that point more lines than she had before, in order to explain why she is there at all (but this is quite right: the audiences were justified in objecting to her overhearing what was going on, and there is no need for her to overhear it). So I don't think the play will run (with interval) for less than two and three quarter hours. (I am told that there are no Bars in New York theatres: so that those folk who feel that they must drink repair to neighbouring hotels: I don't know whether this means that intervals can be shorter than in London or have to be longer).

Incidentally, besides all the correspondence that had to accumulate while I was away, my visit to Germany has stimulated correspondence from Germans. And I have not only to pass proofs, but to prepare before I go a text for Harcourt Brace & Co., and texts for the French, German, Italian and Swedish translations.

And I sail on Thursday. My dates are these: arrive at Cape Town (on the "Edinburgh Castle" of the Union Castle Line) on January 19th. We spend three days (Geoffrey and Enid FABER and myself) as guests of Judge and Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin (Mrs. Millin is one of our authors - wife of a Judge in Johannesburg) at a seaside place with the name of Fish Hoek: then go, for the rest of my stay, to the Robin Gordon Hotel, St. James - a seaside place accessible to Cape Town. There, I believe, we

bathe (I have even been led to expect the sight of General Smuts in bathing costume): I hope escaping the shark, the octopus, and various poisonous fish. I may run up to Stellenbosch to see Hope Mirrlees, but otherwise shall be inert and incurious. I return from Cape Town by the same ship on February 3d, arriving at Southampton on February 17th. The Fabers proceed to Durban, and Johannesburg, and fly back by way of Khartoum and Cairo. They should reach London not much later than I: but, as my motive is entirely health, I thought that the rapid transit by air from midsummer in South Africa to midwinter in London might not be prudent; and besides, it wasn't South Africa that I wanted to visit, but it seemed that South Africa was the only place within the Sterling Area that I could visit. In other words, I am going on the most practicable sea voyage, on my doctor's instructions. Also on his instructions, I shall decline any invitations to make speeches.

I did succeed in getting a quiet Christmas. I feel really very exhausted after this past year, and very stupified. I shall take a light-weight portable typewriter, so I may write to you from the Antipodes: for the first half of the voyage I know I shall do nothing but sleep and eat. And when I come back I shall immediately have to face the question: what am I going to lecture about in Chicago in October Next? I shall be in Boston of course at both ends of that visit.

The German account was not to be a round robin - I mean there would be a copy direct to yourself. But it hasn't been written.

Eleanor was always a stay-at-home. I remember that when they were little girls, Aunt Susie once arranged to spend a winter at Vevey. After a short time they had to come back to Berkeley Place, because Eleanor pined and wouldn't eat. I remember that Sheff was exasperated with the child for her failure to appreciate the benefits of foreign travel.

Tomorrow I have to go to Janet ROBERTS (Roberts) for tea, with the children (this always means reading Uncle Remus to them) she is doing very well as assistant editor of the literary section of the New Statesman - then dine with Mary Trevelyan - one of several kindly thorns in my flesh - then go to a Silver Wedding Party of the Martin Brownes. Monday I must dine with poor Mr. Sencourt: Tuesday evening and the whole of Wednesday for packing.

With much love

*Yours
Tom*

My Interpreter in Germany - Bertha Hochberger - is coming to tea tomorrow. I acquired several kindly thorns in Germany: Bertha, Elisabeth Jungmann, Paddy Duder, Josef Pieper and the Pieper Trio etc.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Second block of faint, illegible text, appearing as a separate paragraph.

Third block of faint, illegible text, continuing the document's content.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text, showing further details of the document.

Fifth block of faint, illegible text, positioned above the signature area.

Handwritten signature or name in the center of the page.

Final block of faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page.

able: it was about a year before I felt really at ease with mine; and I don't expect ever to be able to eat stewed figs or stewed raspberries, or celery, again. And it isn't easy to smoke a pipe, but that won't bother you.

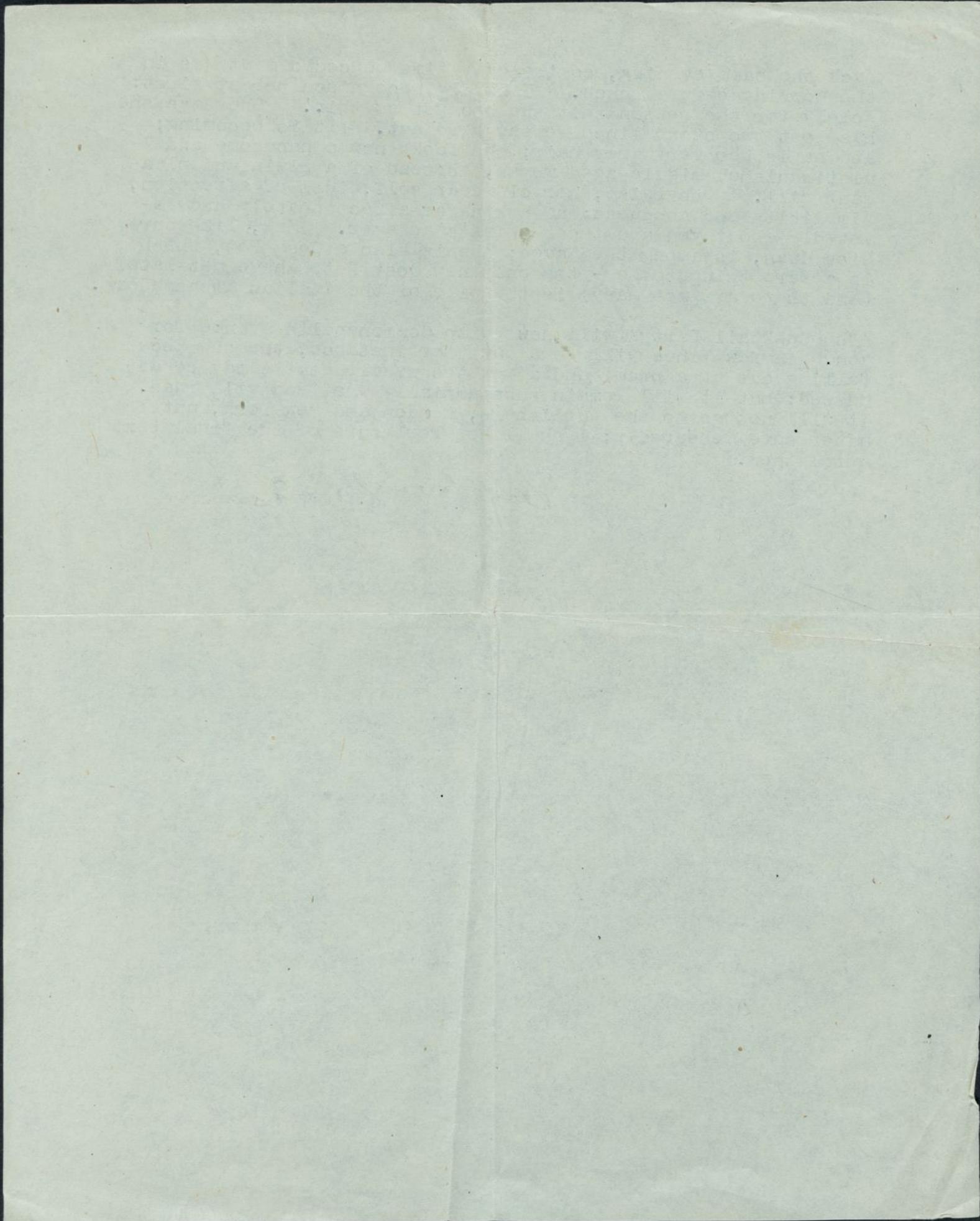
Longly Tom

tion

back the same evening, so the only time we could meet was in the morning before lunch. I hardly recognised her at first: solely for the reason that she had got so thin! She says she has lost two stone since we saw her last. It is becoming; and so is her very grey hair; she looks now a handsome and distinguished middle-aged woman, instead of a plain and pleasant girl. Otherwise, her old dear self, full of affection, simplicity and goodness; and asking as affectionately and devotedly about you and the Perkins's as ever. Meg, like our Miss Swan, is among the Saved; she is also a Cosy Pet, which is a rare thing to be - the only new Cosy Pet I have met lately (and there are not many) is the wife of the Italian Ambassador.

"The Cocktail Party" will now go to Commonwealth Avenue for you. A few lines will come out (for instance, the one about falling out of a pram) and a few technical details may be adjusted; but it will remain substantially what you will read. It will not go to the publishers, London and New York, until after some rehearsals; I shall not feel sure of the final text until then.

Very lovingly
Tom



AIR LETTER LUGBRIEF

BY AIR MAIL PER LUGPOS

KAAPSTAD
1930



Miss Emily Hale,

35 School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SECOND FOLD-TWEEDE VOU

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER
WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

AS ENCIETS INGESLUIT WORD, SAL HIERDIE
BRIEF PER GEWONE POS GESTUUR WORD

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS
NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER

FIRST FOLD-EERSTE VOU

T.S. Eliot,

Robin Gordon Hotel,

St. James,

Cape Town.

19, Carlyle "angions,

File
March 12

19 February 1950.

Sweet Emily.

I arrived back on the "Edinburgh Castle" on Friday, and seem to have used up all my proper writing paper and envelopes before I left. I hope you received my cable thanking you for your cable and letter to the ship - the latter received on arrival at Cape Town: the letter was the first first-hand report of the first night of the play. (Theresa, who wrote a little later, said she wanted to speak to Ethel Barrymore: why didn't she?)

Now I must try to summarise the expedition. As you know, I went out with the Fabers, who were with me the whole time, saw me off (after our lunch with Gen. Smuts) and who are now in Johannesburg (I am rather anxious about them, because there are very serious Native riots going on there) preparatory to flying back by way of Victoria Nyanza and Khartoum. The "Edinburgh Castle" is a very comfortable ship, with a most agreeable Captain. On the voyage out, I was not feeling very sociable, and we hoped to get a table to ourselves; but (perhaps owing to not bribing the Head Waiter: libellous, do not repeat) we found ourselves sharing a table with a little Mrs. Potter. At first we took turns sitting next her, as a kind of social duty, but in the end even Geoffrey succumbed to the innocent charms of this little person who was going out all alone to take up a post in a girls' school in Cape Town; and when Mrs. Potter (who entered into every competition with zeal) appeared at the Fancy Dress Party as a Sunbird (tissue paper and gilt, and very ingenious) it was I (representing Sherlock Holmes, in a dressing gown and with a magnifying glass and pipe) who escorted her in the parade. Alas, Mrs. Potter did not win a prize, but Geoffrey did - as Captain Kidd (you had to choose a prize from the ship's shop: he chose an alarum clock which cost three pounds more than the prize award, and it stopped three days after we landed). But, apart from Mrs. Potter, we did not mix much with the other passengers. We were met at the quay by Sarah Gertrude Millin and her husband Mr. Justice Millin of the S.A. Supreme Court. Their influence helped wonderfully in getting through the formalities, which in South Africa are considerable: I needed a special licence to disembark, being classed as an "alien" - i.e. a British subject by naturalisation. Also, they want to know the number of your typewriter, and other unexpected data. We spent the first three days as their guests at Fish Hoek, a seaside resort near Cape Town where they had rented a house for a month - excellent bathing from a beautiful sandy beach - and were waited on by a RHODESIAN cook named Addison (who seems to have been named Absalom, but he changed it to Addison) a formidable and sinister looking Native, but a wonderful hand at preparing the local fish (which are brought in on the beach and are very fresh) a Coloured girl named Leah, and a black laundress named Evelyn. (Mrs. Millin had been having trouble with Addison, because he was waiting for his bride (aged eight) in RHODESIA to grow up, and meanwhile wanted to import a concubine into the household, which she told him wouldn't do. However, he was a very good cook.

Handwritten signature or name

Main body of the document containing multiple paragraphs of text, which is extremely faint and illegible due to low contrast and blurring.

We were taken the next day to the Opening of Parliament. It was opened by the Governor General. In deference to local feeling (and the the feeling of the Dutch, hereinafter called Afrikanders /because they detest the Holland Dutch about as much as they do the English) the Governor General is now always a Boer - a comic old peasant named Van der Zyl. The Government filed in - looking the most illiberal type of Flemish peasant which is wht they are. It was obvious that England had lost the South African War. If only the Boers had won it, we should at least have preserved Cape Colony and Natal; whereas, after the Union, the whole Country is run by the Afrikanders.

South Africa is a nightmare. It is the Country of Fear. They fear the millions of Blacks, boiling in unrest. In the country areas, these Natives live miserably, largely because their methods of farming wear out the soil, and because they will raise too many cattle (ten cows, however skinny, are the price for a bride - this custom is called lobola); in the towns (notably the poison spots of Johannesburg (gold) and Kimberley (diamonds) they live in squalour, T.B. and V.D. The younger generation of Afrikanders want to get rid of the English; they wont have Italian immigrants (who would be desirable in that climate, and the best roads were made by Italian prisoners) because Italians are Roman Catholics and the Afrikander is a bigoted Dutch Reformed Protestant; they would be anti-Semite (and the Semites are mostly English Jews. The "Coloured" (i.e. a race of mixed Hottentot, Dutch, Portuguese, English and Malay descent) at the Cape are looked down upon, but look down upon the "Natives" (Bantu and other pure Negro peoples); the Negroes and the Indians dislike each other; and the Malays disdain everybody. The business life of the country is in the hands of the English, and the political life belongs to the Afrikander: which is an unhealthy division.

This is not to say that it was not a pleasant holiday. The scenery is very fine: sometimes reminding me of New Mexico, sometimes of Provence; the summer climate is delightful - a strong Arctic wind on the coast (the bathing in some places very cold) and great dry heat inland. Stellenbosch (where I went to lunch with Hope Mirrless and her friend Lady Clerk of Penycuik) is a most charming little town - we lunched there again with a nice South African who was a friend of Frank Morley as a Rhodes Scholar. And it is not to say that we did not meet some very agreeable people. - Hope had some friends, a General Van der Spuy and his wife, living in a most beautiful ~~odd~~ house in the country near Stellenbosch, who were charming. I liked the Millins (but she is Jewish, and intelligent) and I liked Millin's colleague Mr. Justice de Villiers and his wife, who were on the boat coming back. Mrs. Deneys Reitz is charming, but then she is a product of Newnham College. As for Field Marshal Smuts, with whom we lunched on the day of my departure, I am still not quite sure that he is a great man: I may be influenced by the fact that I read a book about him on the voyage back, from which I discovered that he ~~had~~ some of the things he said to me were given almost verbatim in some previous conversation - I fear that he may be merely a talking machine,

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a header or introductory paragraph.

Second block of faint, illegible text, appearing to be the main body of the document.

Third block of faint, illegible text, continuing the main body of the document.

Final block of faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page, possibly a conclusion or footer.

The Afrikans language is a barbarous deterioration of the original Dutch - so inferior to Dutch that there are only political reasons (that is to say envy and jealousy and vanity) why they should stick to it instead of adopting English. They have no literature, but are taught to believe that their poets are at least as good as Shakespeare and Milton. They have no music. They have no art - except that there is an interesting painter named Irma Stern - who is of course Jewish & she really is rather good. They have no theatre, except for the Experimental Theatre of the University (again, of course, presided over by a very agreeable English or Anglised Jew) which puts on four plays a year - Thornton Wilder, Anouilh etc. all European or American importations. They have nothing to talk about, for intellectual conversation, except the Native Problem.

It is indeed the Dark Continent.

Owing to being on my own, the voyage back was more social than the voyage out. I had to sit at the Captain's Table: with Lady Worley (I have no idea who she is, but a very sporting old lady of 72 who bathed every day before breakfast - and owing to my encouragement she appeared in the Fancy Dress as a Geisha Girl - and won a prize; Commander and Mrs. Standley R.N. returning after four years service at the Navy Yard at Simonstown - and a Canon Gillingham, who seems to be a distinguished cricketer, but who had gone out for a holiday because he suffered from lapses of memory. There were also the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland - one of the Dukes whom it is not good form to know - who are (or say they are) great friends of Gilbert Miller - and if you have even seen Gilbert Miller that should warn you. There was also the rattle-brained Diana Lady Balfour of Inchrye, who painted seascapes in her cabin looking out of the porthole: she invited me in to look at her work, with the result that I am to be given a painting of sunset at the equator (framed).

I am rather alarmed by the success of the Cocktail Party. During my absence, John and Father Cheetham have been pestered by agents of "Time", wanting to know how many umbrellas I have etc. Apparently there is to be a feature number about of me of the kind in which one's private life is exposed naked. Cheetham refused to talk: John has been discreet. I shall not be too elated by this success: because my experience with "Murder" tells me that plays always succeed for the wrong reasons. I am anxious to learn your detailed criticism of the last act.

Dont regard this as a letter, but as a necessary bulletin. At least, it is a much fuller bulletin than anyone else will receive. After Germany, I thought I would write a kind of report which would do for everybody, but I never did - I can only write to one person at a time - so please accept this for what it is worth - and remember that none of my remarks about S. Africa are for publication - and await a letter when I have got back into my routine.

With much love
Tom

The first part of the report is devoted to a description of the general situation in the country. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and the consequent destruction of property and the loss of life.

The second part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the country. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and the consequent destruction of property and the loss of life.

The third part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the country. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and the consequent destruction of property and the loss of life.

The fourth part of the report is devoted to a description of the state of the country. It is found that the country is in a state of general depression, and that the people are suffering from want and distress. The cause of this is attributed to the war, and the consequent destruction of property and the loss of life.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

*ack.
March 12*

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

My Dear,

5 March 1950.

I am trying at the moment to settle down to writing a preface to a mystical anthology by an Indian, a preface to a philosophical analysis of English poetry by an Italian (both excellent works which the sales manager thought could only be marketed with a preface by myself) and then an introduction to Huckleberry Finn (a book which I admire extravagantly) - the last because Fabers wanted Hayward to do an anthology of English poetry for them, and Hayward, who is reader for the Cresset Press, would only agree to do it if I did Huck Finn for them (them is Denis Cohen, who is a neighbour). But after I have written this letter and eaten my supper (this is Sunday night and the housekeeper will have left a tray of cold meat and cheese for me, and some coffee to hot up) I must try to indite a message to Karl Shapiro, on the occasion of his taking over the editorship of Poetry Chicago, and a message to Hans Egon Holthusen for "Merkur" (messages, and testimonials for people who want professorships or fellowships, take up more time than I wish they did). And I must try to think of the subject of my lunchtime chat to the Devonshire Club in April: this I was forced into by Monsieur Grumbar, the man who persuaded me to be a vice-president of the Alliance Française (after which I discovered that at certain times of the year the president is absent looking after his farm in RHODESIA, and I have to take the chair for him. And being vice-president of the Alliance Française, I have to go on Wednesday (all dressed up) to a reception of the President of the Republic at 10.30 p.m. at his Embassy.

All this sounds very lighthearted (to say nothing of having lunched to-day at the Spanish Embassy, where I explained to the lady on my left how Mr. Henry Sherek got sciatica

got sciatica because he is so large round the waist that he can't buckle the belt of an aeroplane belt round him; and discussed with the lady on my right the importance of teaching the elementary schoolchildren of Norfolk to perform on musical instruments - a point on which we seemed to see eye to eye: all this was because the Spanish chargé d'affaires (who would be an ambassador except that we can't recognise a "fascist" regime: but what a row that Fuchs affair has started, and I should not be sorry to see John Strachey in difficulties - my information is that he is just a very stupid man, a stupid ambitious man -) wanted to assemble a large number of representative Britons to go to hear a Spanish pianist at Covent Garden - who was indeed very good, struggling against a very inferior local conductor. Thus most of this Sunday (the morning having been given to St. Stephen's) is spent. And what I really ought to be thinking about is the subject for my lectures in Chicago in the autumn.

(It is maddening to have to give lectures in order to pay for a visit to America. According to TIME, I am making 1600 dollars a week from the play (I have had no account yet, so I don't know what I shall get); I shall certainly sell a good many copies of the play there (a copy of the London edition is on its way to you); but I make quite enough for my needs here, and I want to be able to use the money there, as you know. I am to talk to my solicitor about that tomorrow.)

The future of the play is very confused. Actors' contracts expire on June 1st. According to Martin, Miller wants to continue the run; Alec Guinness wants to perform the play in London - but Guinness's agents say, on the other hand, that he has got to make a film for Rank. There is a suggestion that if the company goes on in New York a new company should be assembled here. All these rumours will be out of date in three days time, so better not to circulate them. Meanwhile the Familientag (Family Reunion) seems to have had a great success in Duesseldorf (the Germans would like a play like that) directed by the great Gustaf Gruendgens, and earning D-Marks which I can spend only in Germany. Inside the disused church in St. John's Wood, Hoellering has erected sections of a Norman cathedral which look so like granite that you have to tap

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London Museum 9543

the walls to assure yourself that they are papier-maché,
and I am shortly to see some "rushes" (whatever they are)
of the Revd. John Groser as Becket.

I am impatient for news from you - I don't know when your
Easter vacation (a very brief one) comes - except that I know
it comes well before Easter - and I don't know whether you
are doing a play this term or not. I do hope that a letter
is crossing this one.

Lovingly Tom.

Also, I am still re-writing the last act. It has
been agreed that it would be better to keep Peter on
the stage until nearer the end - so I shall try to do
it - but whether I can keep him on without giving him
something more to say, and so lengthening the act, I
don't know.

General Ledger, Chairman, Richard L. M. ...
Director, ...

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1

London W.C.1

WATERBURY
WATERBURY

“THE COCKTAIL PARTY”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Mr. Henry Sherek's statement that Mr. T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party* was turned down by the Old Vic must be qualified by the fact that its rejection was solely due to conditions being attached to its acceptance which were inconsistent with the Old Vic's policy. There was no question as to the artistic merit of the play nor could there have been, as it was not written at the time of the offer.

Yours faithfully,

LLEWELLYN REES, Administrator,

The Old Vic.

Waterloo Road, S.E.1, Jan. 7.

provided by the north-eastern clubs, Newcastle United piercing the Oldham defence seven times (Milburn scored three goals) and Sunderland putting the ball into the Huddersfield net on six occasions. The Midlands had an indecisive day, for although Derby County recovered after the interval to beat Manchester City in a high scoring game in which Stamps claimed three goals, those great cup-fighting sides Aston Villa and West Bromwich Albion (in addition to Wolverhampton) had to be content with drawn matches. Indeed, it was only a penalty in the last few minutes that saved the Villa against Middlesbrough. For the rest one can say that Birmingham City were one of the four Championship sides to fall, while the best individual feat of the day went to Briggs, the Grimsby Town centre-forward, who scored his side's four goals against Luton Town.

“ THE COCKTAIL PARTY ”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—While agreeing up to a point with your Dramatic Critic's friendly comments upon Sherek Players' decision to send T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party* to New York before showing it to London audiences, we think it should be known that there are other factors which induced us to take this step. It is true that there is still no suitable London theatre available, but a more important factor is that the life of the country is dependent upon every one doing his utmost to bring about the importation of American currency to this country. Even art should play its part.

If we had put on *The Cocktail Party* first in London and it had achieved only a moderate success, an American production would have been ruled out, and no dollars would have been earned. If a similar fate awaits the play in New York it makes no difference to its production in London, as we are definitely putting it on here, whatever happens in America. I do not agree that a National Theatre would obviate this happening, because immediately before we acquired the play it was turned down by the Old Vic, who are a sort of *locum tenens* until a National Theatre appears, and it does not seem, for the reasons stated above, that acting in any other way would have been as advantageous to the country as the procedure which is now being adopted.

Yours very truly,

HENRY SHEREK, Chairman of the
Council, Sherek Players, Limited.

40, Pall Mall, S.W.1, Jan. 5.

under one commanding officer, who will be known as the Commanding Officer, Royal Marines, Deal, and Commandant, Royal Naval School of Music.

THE KING'S EPIPHANY GIFTS

Holy Communion was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace yesterday the Feast of the Epiphany, when the customary offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh was made on behalf of the King by Lieutenant Colonel Henry de Satgé and Brigadier Guy Rasch, Gentlemen Ushers to his Majesty. The Rev. Maurice Foxell, Sub-Dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. M. Ridley, deputy priest.

Mr. Stanley Roper, organist, choirmaster and composer at his Majesty's Chapels Royal was at the organ. A guard of honour of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty in the chapel.

NAVAL PROMOTIONS

The Admiralty announces that the following promotions and retirements have been approved:—To be promoted to rear-admiral, to date January 7:—Captain J. Hughes-Hallett, Captain R. M. J. Hutton, Captain I. M. R. Campbell, Captain A. K. Scott-Moncrieff, and Commodore W. W. Davis.

To be placed on the retired list in the rank of captain, to date January 7:—Captain J. Terry, Captain J. P. Wright, Captain H. W. Williams, Captain S. H. Paton, Captain A. K. Boswell, Captain H. St. L. Nicholson, Captain C. Peachey, Captain C. P. Frend, Captain Fancourt,

AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF MR. ELIOT'S PLAY

CAST SAILS FOR NEW YORK

Mr. Alec Guinness and Miss Irene Worth have left England for New York to take part in the production there of Mr. T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party*. With two exceptions, the cast will be the same as that which appeared in the festival performances of this play at Edinburgh last year. The opening performance in New York has been fixed for January 21.

Our Dramatic Critic writes:—

It is disconcerting that Mr. Eliot's comedy should be produced in New York before it has been seen in London. At the Edinburgh Festival last year *The Cocktail Party* was generally acclaimed as the best work of one of the most distinguished minds now serving the contemporary English theatre. Brilliantly entertaining in itself, the comedy is written in verse which—endowing everyday speech with delicate precision and strictly occasional poetic intensity without breaking its own texture—marks an important advance in the evolution of modern stage poetry. That there should apparently be no room on the London stage for a play of such rare quality will seem to many to strengthen the case for a National Theatre.

between Pakistan and Afghanistan
Pakistan and India.

While on the one hand Afghanistan lays claim to the tribal territory of the North-West Frontier, which she contends should be formed into an autonomous State known as "Pathanistan," on the other hand India and Pakistan are at loggerheads over Kashmir. Therefore, although the present Indo-Afghan treaty of friendship is on the face of it innocuous and admirable, it is certain to cause suspicion in Pakistan, which feels that Indian newspapers and propagandists have in recent months been giving undue publicity to and unjustified support for Afghanistan's claims against Pakistan.

NAVAL BASES IN BERMUDA

Mr. Dugdale, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral H. A. Packer, the Fourth Sea Lord, left London airport yesterday for an investigation of the naval bases in Bermuda.

They originally left on Tuesday night, but the aircraft in which they were travelling, a B.A.O.C. stratocruiser, returned to London in the early hours of the morning because of bad weather.

Mr. Dugdale, when asked if there was a question of cutting down expenditure, replied: "Our aim is not to have any undue extravagance anywhere. We shall be away for about a week."

EUROPE ASKED TO CUT AID

REQUESTS BY ...

TIME AND TIDE 14 JANUARY 1950

TIME AND TIDE

Diary



How many times has a Chancellor of the Exchequer preached in a cathedral? I don't know the answer, but will present the question gratis to anyone already feverishly concocting a quiz against Christmas 1950. There have been priestly and episcopal Chancellors of the Exchequer in the past no doubt, so I daresay the occasions would tot up.

Sir Stafford Cripps' exploit cannot, therefore, truly be described as unprecedented, although he is certainly the first to have preached in the present cathedral of St Paul's—both the first Chancellor of the Exchequer and the first layman. It is something new for a layman who is also a Minister in the Government in power to occupy a well-advertised pulpit, and to occupy it at a time when election is already in the air.

What Sir Stafford Cripps said is immaterial. It is the unexplained innovation which shocks. Heaven forbid that there should be a division between religion and politics or that too much should be made of what may be a momentary eccentricity. But even as an eccentricity it is disturbing and if it became a habit, with Ministers holding forth from cathedral pulpits up and down the country shortly before a General Election, it would be good neither for the Church, for politicians, nor for the country.

CONGRATULATIONS to the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Mail* on having opened their columns to all points of view in the nation's debate. All-party programmes have been arranged by both papers and it looks as though there will be some lively exchanges. Mr Herbert Morrison, that bonny fighter, will be seen laying about him in both arenas. Others who appear on both pro-

grammes are Lady Violet Bonham Carter and Mr David Eccles. Mr Harry Pollitt will sustain the Communist case in the *News Chronicle* and Mr William Gallacher in the *Daily Mail*.

There is room and to spare for there to be very little repetition of combatants and it will be sport for a connoisseur of politics to compare day by day the arguments as they develop in both papers. It will also be a liberal education—my apologies, no political implications meant—I should say a *political* education to the young voter and to older ones who are being attacked by that dangerous social disease, apathy.

Today, when much so-called political debating has degenerated into doctrinaire statement and propaganda, the *Chronicle* and the *Mail* have given a really valuable lead.

THE fact that a theatre cannot be found in London for Mr T. S. Eliot's *Cocktail Party*

is something more than a disappointment. It might almost be called a scandal. Mr Sherek's letter to *The Times* has hardly helped matters. New York, I read with astonishment, was to have the play first because, if it does not do well there, that will not spoil its chances of later production here; whereas if it does not do well in London, New York may not be so willing to have it and a possible dollar-earning export would thus be lost.

A defeatist kind of publicity to give to a play just before it goes to America but, leaving that consideration aside, what is going to happen to our standards if a man in Mr Sherek's position yields to the current utilitarian line of thought and makes a decision about a play of the significance of Mr Eliot's primarily on the grounds of its dollar-earning prospects?

that we are hard put to it not to laugh out-
 at the crude and pathetic goings on. Were
 set, not in New England, but in a slum in
 Dickens' London, it would be mercilessly gayed.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

conflicting ideas and ideals, of appeasement and
 isolationism, of lack of interest and the then
 prevailing inability to see further than a stone's
 throw into the future; building up to the climactic
 battle sequences.

This war photography is probably the most
 impressive ever incorporated into a fictional, if
 basically factual film. Interspersing specially pre-
 pared shots with newsreel scenes and much actual
 U.S. Naval Combat film, it is a triumph of pains-
 taking synchronization and careful cutting,
 giving a horrifyingly graphic picture in black and
 white and technicolor of the war on and above
 the sea. Behind the violent death and noise and
 colour of battle, the camera returns again and
 again to the ceaseless hum and concentration of
 the communications centre, the focal point
 around which everything else revolves.

As the planes fly out to locate the elusive
 Japanese aircraft carriers, there is the tense,
 agonized quiet of the wireless room, as they wait
 —captain and crew—for the signal that the car-
 riers have been sighted.

Apart from Gary Cooper himself, this is not an
 actors' picture, but there are a couple, at least,
 of nicely controlled performances: Walter
 Brennan's salty, blunt Admiral and Jane Wyatt's
 graceful and fresh interpretation of the con-
 ventional, patient wife.

After *Task Force* we may look forward to a
 succession of war themes: *Battleground*, about the
 battle of the Bulge, *Ambush* and *Twelve O'Clock
 High*. But, with the pessimism born of experience,
 we can hardly expect them to continue the good
 work at such a highly skilled level of filmcraft.

It has been argued that a few minutes of the
 Gigli voice is sufficient justification for the whole
 of *Canzone Eterna*. But, according to my reason-
 ing, nothing can justify a poor film. The over-all
 banality can be lessened but it can't be excused—
 although I doubt even that, for the sheer grandeur
 of the fragments from *Othello* shows up in pain-
 ful contrast the hackneyed tedium of everything
 else. In any case is it quite fair to expose Gigli,
 the man, to the ruthless probing of the camera,
 which seeks out with merciless exactitude all the
 hundred and one reasons why tenors, as a race, be

important as liberty of ideas.

At St Thomas' Church, Soho (the police will
 explain where it is, second set of traffic lights up
 Regent Street, but not easy to find), a company is
 giving till the middle of January *Seed of Adam*, an
 elaborate and imaginative production by Hugh
 Manning. No false simplicity here; lighting,
 music, full choreobantics, together with Charles
 Williams' strange fantasy of evil striving against
 the miraculous birth make a disturbing hour's
 traffic on the altar steps. It is bravely spoken and,
 as Mary, Diana Maddox, moving, speaking and
 singing beautifully, makes a strong focus for
 attention. A moment one remembers—Caesar's
 command that all the world should be taxed
 sends the chorus severally down on its knees,
 numbering off like a drill squad, until the teller
 comes upon Mary, who suddenly speaks a
Magnificat instead. That stays in the mind; so,

We detect a new sharpness, with that slight,
 faintly irreverent, acid tang hitherto only to be
 found in the more penetrating war literature. A
 sharpness which allows that senators in Washing-
 ton, through arrogance, ignorance or sheer
 wrong-headedness, could have as much adverse
 effect on battles thousands of miles away as a
 swarm of Japanese carrier planes in the thick of
 the fight; a sharpness which accepts that no one
 Service—each with its various warring factions
 to undermine, however unwittingly, the over-all
 efficiency—is either perfect or infallible.

Certainly *Task Force* is not nearly as incisive
 or as tight as *Command Decision*. Mainly, I think,
 because the former is strictly an action film while
 the latter was a conversation piece (an inadequate
 description but roughly indicative of its intellec-
 tual climate) and whereas the screen so abounds
 with superb action that we almost take it for
 granted, good talk is rare enough to be remem-
 bered and cherished. Also Gary Cooper is a more

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman, Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (U.S.A.), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

*ack.
April 5-50*

My Dear,

26 March 1950.

Your letter of March 12 would have been a surprise, if I had not had a letter from Meg a few days before (thanking me for my book) telling me that you were coming this summer and were expected at Broadway. It was unselfish of the Perkins's to urge you to come, and I am very glad you consented. I wish you were coming by boat instead of flying machine, although it is probably a good time of year for flight, because a sea voyage can be restorative; and I warn you that after a transatlantic flight one is too tired, and tired in an odd way, to be fit for anything for four or five days. You ought to arrange, after a flight, to have a day in bed. Now, first, please let me know by which line you are coming, and when the time comes cable me the number of your flight (it is on the ticket) and I will see what can be done about meeting you and where (the trouble is that one is never sure just when a plane will arrive). What is more important and practical, let me know at once whether you want a room in a hotel reserved for you on arrival. I should like to help in that way: and I don't see any reason why I shouldn't pay for it either. (You know it is always fretting me that I can do nothing financially for anybody in America, and this sort of little thing relieves my feelings a bit.

Do let me have these particulars at once. I'll write again about the Cocktail Party. "Dear Brutus" ought to give you no trouble as you know it so well, but I shall think of it through April. Meanwhile, I hope you are having your holidays properly.

Much love

Tom

Printed and Published by the Faber and Faber Company Limited, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1

Telephone: 4741, 4742, 4743, 4744, 4745, 4746, 4747, 4748, 4749, 4750, 4751, 4752, 4753, 4754, 4755, 4756, 4757, 4758, 4759, 4760, 4761, 4762, 4763, 4764, 4765, 4766, 4767, 4768, 4769, 4770, 4771, 4772, 4773, 4774, 4775, 4776, 4777, 4778, 4779, 4780, 4781, 4782, 4783, 4784, 4785, 4786, 4787, 4788, 4789, 4790, 4791, 4792, 4793, 4794, 4795, 4796, 4797, 4798, 4799, 4800, 4801, 4802, 4803, 4804, 4805, 4806, 4807, 4808, 4809, 4810, 4811, 4812, 4813, 4814, 4815, 4816, 4817, 4818, 4819, 4820, 4821, 4822, 4823, 4824, 4825, 4826, 4827, 4828, 4829, 4830, 4831, 4832, 4833, 4834, 4835, 4836, 4837, 4838, 4839, 4840, 4841, 4842, 4843, 4844, 4845, 4846, 4847, 4848, 4849, 4850, 4851, 4852, 4853, 4854, 4855, 4856, 4857, 4858, 4859, 4860, 4861, 4862, 4863, 4864, 4865, 4866, 4867, 4868, 4869, 4870, 4871, 4872, 4873, 4874, 4875, 4876, 4877, 4878, 4879, 4880, 4881, 4882, 4883, 4884, 4885, 4886, 4887, 4888, 4889, 4890, 4891, 4892, 4893, 4894, 4895, 4896, 4897, 4898, 4899, 4900, 4901, 4902, 4903, 4904, 4905, 4906, 4907, 4908, 4909, 4910, 4911, 4912, 4913, 4914, 4915, 4916, 4917, 4918, 4919, 4920, 4921, 4922, 4923, 4924, 4925, 4926, 4927, 4928, 4929, 4930, 4931, 4932, 4933, 4934, 4935, 4936, 4937, 4938, 4939, 4940, 4941, 4942, 4943, 4944, 4945, 4946, 4947, 4948, 4949, 4950, 4951, 4952, 4953, 4954, 4955, 4956, 4957, 4958, 4959, 4960, 4961, 4962, 4963, 4964, 4965, 4966, 4967, 4968, 4969, 4970, 4971, 4972, 4973, 4974, 4975, 4976, 4977, 4978, 4979, 4980, 4981, 4982, 4983, 4984, 4985, 4986, 4987, 4988, 4989, 4990, 4991, 4992, 4993, 4994, 4995, 4996, 4997, 4998, 4999, 5000

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

17 April 1950.

*ack.
April 24*

Dearest Emily,

I got Aunt Edith's cable, telephoned through by my secretary, just before leaving for a weekend with the Fabers, and was able to cable an answer from the station. I have now written briefly on my return. I am terribly distressed, though not at all surprised, at his age and in view of his increasing infirmity. I know that it will make matters especially difficult for you coming early in the summer term, when you are very busy with rehearsals, and I am very worried by this strain upon you. Are there other friends who can be of use to Aunt Edith, besides the nurses? I cannot imagine how she can run the flat; and I fear that she will be in a very helpless and dependent state.

Now you will need your holiday more than ever, and I hope that nothing will occur to interfere with it. I am thinking particularly of your aunt's drain upon your vitality. I have reserved a room with bath for you at the Basil Street Hotel at the corner of Knightsbridge and Sloane Street. I know it is good, because Marian and Theodora were there last year, and I have taken a room there for the latter for the month of July. It is convenient for both Chelsea and Kensington and for the centre of London, and I do not know of any good hotel nearer. I have taken this room from the night of the 12th, so that if you arrive early on the 13th it will be ready for you. I also hope you will arrange your plans so as to have two days there, because I think that after the tiring flight you should rest in comfort for at least that length of time before going to Broadway. Broadway should be restful when you are up to it; but I suspect that you will want to be helping Meg and Doreen, taking part in the ordinary

household duties etc.

I am very sorry if my letter did not express pleasure in your coming: I suppose it was because there was a certain timidity, diffidence, in my feelings, and some awkwardness in my behaviour - surely you can understand that, It is getting on for two years since I last saw you, and you are never far from my thoughts. But I very much want to see you here, for the fugitive and also rather public meetings which are all that seem possible in America under modern conditions are very unsatisfactory. (If I can find any device by which I can in future visit America in any other way than as a public lecturer, that may be bettered).

The play is being rehearsed under great pressure: owing to the fact that the Old Vic season at the New Theatre closed earlier than was expected, they have had to bring it on; and on Monday they open for a preliminary week at Southsea. I cannot at this stage judge how good it will be, though I think Rex Harrison is much more promising than I had feared. Anyway, I hope it will still be running in June.

With much love

Tom

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

My dear

*ack.
May 23rd*

18 May 1950.

I am very glad that you wrote about your mistake in the days, as I had got it into your head that you were arriving on Saturday the 17th June. However, the room at the Basil Street Hotel (Basil Street runs off Sloane Street just by the corner of Knightsbridge) is reserved from the 12th (so as to be available however early on the morning of the 13th you arrive. Please let me know your "flight number" so that I shall be able to make enquiries about your plane. If you were held up by fog you might even be a day late, and I should want to notify the hotel to keep the room. Also, if you decide not to go at once to the country, but stop in London a little longer to rest, cable me. Also, I should like to know what your address will be for two or three days before you fly, in case I have any arrangements to cable you about. I do hope everything will go smoothly.

Marian has been informing me about the Perkins's, as she goes in to see Aunt Edith and has seen both of them. I am so glad that Sophie Krauss has been with them.

I have had a very tiring time lately. The worst of the 13th is that I have to "open" an exhibition of James Joyce manuscripts etc. at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Oxford Street at 8.30 p.m. on the 13th, and I can't get out of that. I imagine that you will want to stay in that evening, even if you don't go straight to bed on arrival and stay there until the next day.

The first night went off well, and also the party I had to give afterwards at the Savoy. John made all the arrangements for that. There were about 60 guests - practically none of my personal inviting - the cast, everybody connected with the theatre and production

also the Arts Council, the four ambassadors who were present - some important people were missed out, but by the time we know they were coming the table accomodation in the room was all filled. Rex Harrison is a less subtle and varied Reilly than Guinness, but a very finished actor indeed, and very agreeable to deal with. Nor do I like Margaret Leighton so well as Irene Worth, but most people like her just as well. The others are all good, and Gladys Boot (from the Liverpool Repertory) is a real discovery.

I had to go to Cambridge for that weekend, and have to go tomorrow to Newcastle for the Annual Meeting of the Alliance Française, which will be trying; and I have kept postponing writing any long letters about the performance - this is the only letter I have yet written to anybody. And I am now regretting my engagement in Chicago in October - but it seemed the only way of getting over this year - because I shall have my nose to the grindstone writing lectures all the summer. I wonder if Meg will ask me down for a night while you are there: I could stay at the Lygon Arms or anywhere that a room can be found, for I dont suppose there would be room for me at the Bindery.

Lovingly
Tom

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

*ans. -
June 7*

My Dear,

29 May 1950.

I am terribly distressed by my mistake about the date: of course I would not have made any engagement for that evening if I had realised that it was the evening you would be in London; and I am all the more upset by its changing your plan. But I think I will keep the room anyway, because you must have somewhere to go to where you can lie down, take a bath, rest and change before you go on. So, if I may, I shall lunch with you at the Basil Street Hotel; and, if you must, you can take an afternoon train to Broadway. (I will look up trains, I don't remember there being a station there; and you must arrange to be met by a car at whatever station serves Broadway). I must find out at this end whether it is the airport, or the terminus in London, that you arrive at at 9.30 - I imagine the former. I shall see if I can get a car and meet you at the airport: that saves time, and saves getting a taxi at Buckingham Palace Road. No, you say Evesham is the Broadway station: I will look into that, and if so I ~~write~~ write to Meg and ask what arrangements can be made for meeting you there. And I will keep the time from July 12 as free of engagements as I can.

Penelope is in London and is dining with me tonight at the Connaught. I have not seen her yet.

Louise

Tom

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Kingsway, London W.C.2

London, W.C.2

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London, W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

Dearest Emily

3 June 1950.

I am told by the Pan-American office that flight 100 is the regular daily flight from New York to London, and that the plane is due at Heath Row at 10.35 a.m. You were told 9.30, and I presume that the difference of one hour means that the time-table is given in Greenwich time, instead of daylight-saving. I propose to hire a car so as to be at the airport before the plane is due. In case you pass through the customs before you see me, you had better tell the porter that you think you are being met, and - just in case I am not there, I do not want you to miss the chance of going in the bus. But if all is well, you will find me there, and I propose to take you straight to the Basil Street Hotel, where you can have a bathroom and a bed to lie down on if you want to. Then I suggest that you should have a rest after an early lunch in the hotel with me, and take the 4.45 (if that is the train now) to Evesham. I am writing to Meg to ask how you are to get from there to Broadway. I want to get this off to you, and I shall see you in ten days time.

*Lovingly
Tom*

The last two days have been very warm; hitherto the weather has been chilly and dull; and I expect you had better come prepared for the usual mixed English summer. It seems incredible that it should prove as fine and dry and sunny as last year.

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

27 Abchurch Lane London E.C. 4

Telephone: 3771

German Cocktail Party

TRANSLATING T. S. Eliot's play The Cocktail Party into German is Countess Nora Wydenbruck. The play is to be produced in Berlin and Dusseldorf.

The countess, 56, London-born, is the daughter of a former First Secretary of the Austrian Embassy. She has lived in this country since 1926. Her home is in Kensington.

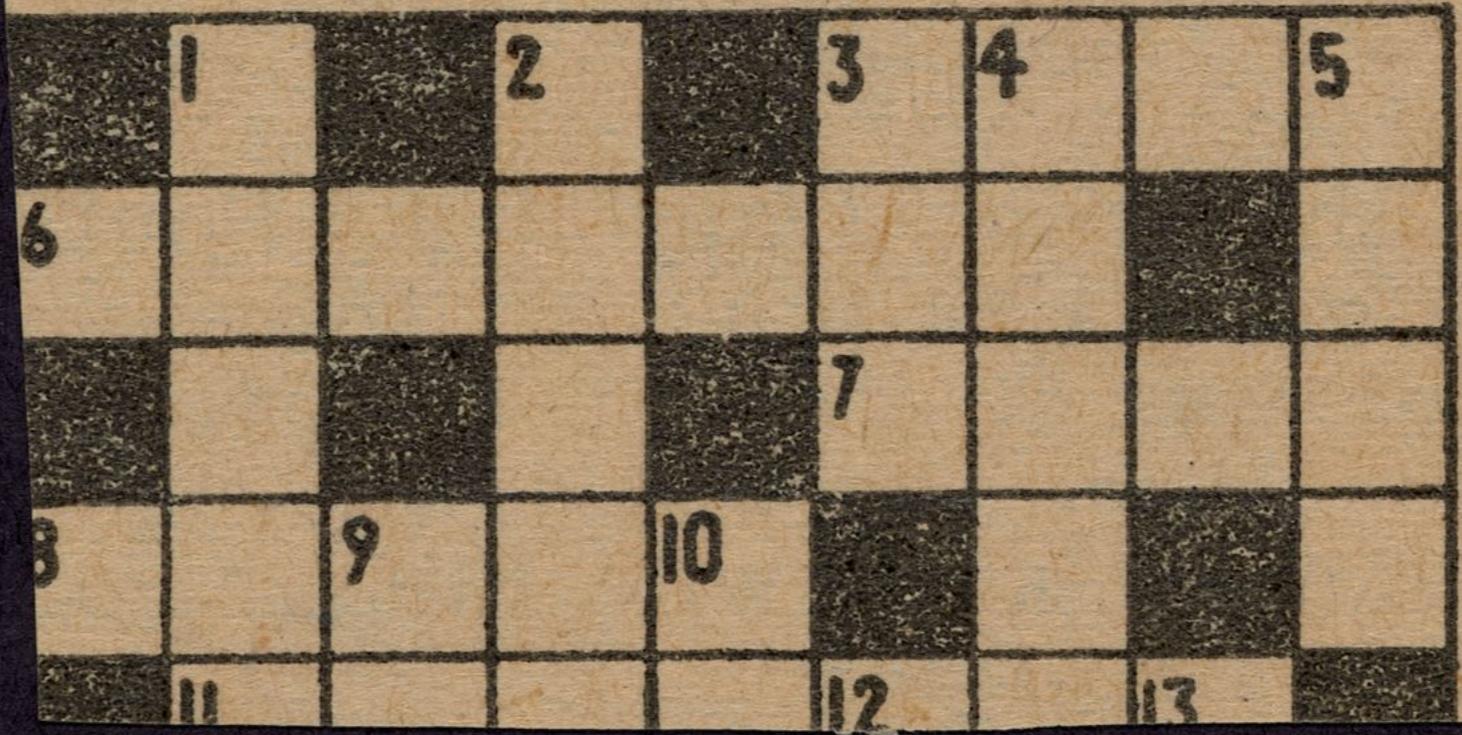
She has translated Eliot before. Her previous translation was of his Four Quartets. Next week she will go through her translation with Eliot, who knows German.

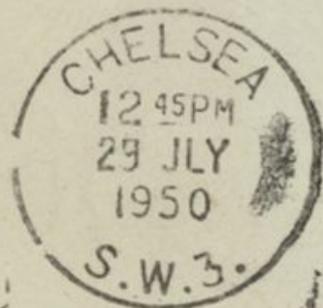
A jewellery exhibitor said to-day that he will quit the BIF next year.

Fair tents blaze

Sideshow tents, screens and poles being taken to a fair site by a British Road Services lorry caught fire in Woodmansterne lane, Carshalton, to-day.

JUNIOR CROSSWORD





Miss Emily Hale,
at "Garthover",
Sheep Street,
CAMPDEN,
Gloucestershire.



DINNER

TO THE REV. M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.

Lord Pakenham presided at a dinner given at the Hyde Park Hotel last night in honour of the Rev. Martin D'Arcy, S.J. The health of the guest of honour was proposed by Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., and seconded by Mr. Douglas Woodruff. Among those present were:—

The Italian Ambassador and Duchess Gallarati Scotti, the French Ambassador, the High Commissioner for the Republic of Ireland, Lady Helen Asquith, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, Father Corbishley, S.J., the Rev. F. C. Devas, S.J., Lord and Lady Dormer, Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes, Mr. Richard Fort, M.P., the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., Mr. Graham Greene, Mr. Victor Gollancz, Alice Countess of Gainsborough, the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Mrs. A. Herbert, Sir Harold and the Hon. Lady Hood, Mr. Christopher Hollis, M.P. the Hon. Quintin Hogg, M.P., and Mrs. Hogg, the Earl of Iddesleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, M.P., Sir Shane Leslie.

Sir Theobald Mathew, Mr. Stanley Morison, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Mr. Richard O'Sullivan, K.C., Lady Pakenham, Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, Dr. John Rothenstein, Lady Rennell, Sir Charles and Lady Russell, the Hon. Edward Sackville-West, Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., Mr. Robert Speaight, Professor and Mrs. G. Temple, Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. D. Waters, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Professor Hubert Wellington, Mr. R. W. F. Wilberforce, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Woodruff, and Colonel and Mrs. Joseph Weld.

that weakened basic principles.

A STIMULATING NOTE

It was not complacently assumed, however, that everything was right with the Press, and a stimulating note was sounded by Mr. L. P. Scott (United Kingdom), who wondered whether the criticism of the Press so frequently heard did not justify a little stocktaking on the part of journalists. Perhaps they were no longer running newspapers, he said; perhaps the Press was now only one of the largest entertainment businesses in the world. He thought there might be something beneficial to be obtained from a Press council of the kind that had been suggested in the United Kingdom, as it was possible for freedom to degenerate into licence, and self-control might obviate Government attempts at Press control. His views were reinforced by Mr. W. Addison (South Africa), who

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

My Dear,

29 July 1950.

I intended to write to you last night, as it was the one evening for the bharrowoman to stay and cook a supper; but I found myself so tired that I went to bed very early. And this morning your letter arrived. I have thought every day of the weather for you, and have rejoiced in the last warm and sunny days; and today again promises well. And of course I was anxious for a report of the Cockerel. Your letter relieved my mind; the food you say is good, and you have a garden to sit in. I am really sorry that you have to go to the Heaton's', as at best that can hardly be so restful. Another year I hope that you will manage a holiday staying longer in one place: the ideal is like this, in a village where you know people, but where you are not a guest: for it can be no more restful to be a paying guest than the other kind, when the people are friends or old acquaintances. I only hope that Fowey will prove equally satisfactory. Apart from other burdens and strains on your mind, I have been extremely distressed to see you so exhausted as you have been. When you first arrived, the stimulus of the voyage, the unusualness of it, and the arrival itself somewhat concealed your underlying fatigue; and then I did not know how much was just the strain of the flight itself, a strain which I know from experience. You seemed to me more tired in London; even making allowances for the drawbacks of the bindery, and the unfortunate laryngitis; and I could see that it was a fatigue for the past year as well. I am sure that your present work is more than you ought to be doing; and I shall be very anxious if you do not return much more restored than you are yet.

Of course I have thought constantly about the political situation, which is certainly very grave. I have no private sources of information, either. I do not think that there will be anything like a general conflagration this summer; but if I had any reason to believe that there was good reason for your returning earlier, I should let you know at once. (I have asked the Basil to have a room for you on the 16th, and if I do not hear from them by Monday I shall ring up).

I quite agree with you that this way of house-keeping during a housekeeper's holiday is not satisfactory; and another year I should either have a temporary to sleep in and get evening meals, or else go away. But the former is better, as I think it is too tiring for John also. But yesterday morning he had a short letter from our Kathleen, whom we had prized so highly, saying briefly that she was not coming back as she had decided to marry an old "boy friend" in her village in County Clare who keeps a pub and has a nice house. She ignored the fact that we had paid her wages during the holiday and that she owed us furthermore a month's notice! But I do not think she is anything but featherbrained; and I suppose that when she gets back in her own remote fishing village, London and everybody in it seem very unreal to her. Nevertheless, it seems that she took all her possessions with her when she went. During the day John has secured another woman who is highly recommended by the agency and who has excellent testimonials - a Frenchwoman who has been in this country many years, married to an Englishman who deserted her - and she is coming towards the end of next week. Meanwhile I had the dinner for Fr. D'Arcy on Monday, took Theodora to the Cocktail Party (and to see Irene Worth and Ernest Clark afterwards) and to supper on Tuesday, dined alone at a club on Wednesday (but of course a man I knew was dining there) and with Montgomery Belgion on Thursday. But I am not working so hard now that my lectures are partly off my hands.

I was very happy to have you in London, though I wish you had been feeling stronger, and I wish we could have had good weather with one good outing somewhere;

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

but, as you say, meeting in public places only, or with other people, is constraining. I shall never forget that drive after the picnic, through Campden in the twilight, and life of new people (John Gielgud seemed especially incongruous) going on through lighted windows, and the agony.

I shall hope to get a glimpse of you on the 8th, at Paddington and King's Cross, but you must let me know what train you are taking.

With much love

Tom

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

ROBILSONS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1

London W.C.1

24 Russell Square, W.C.1

Museum 9543

My dear

Friday August 4.

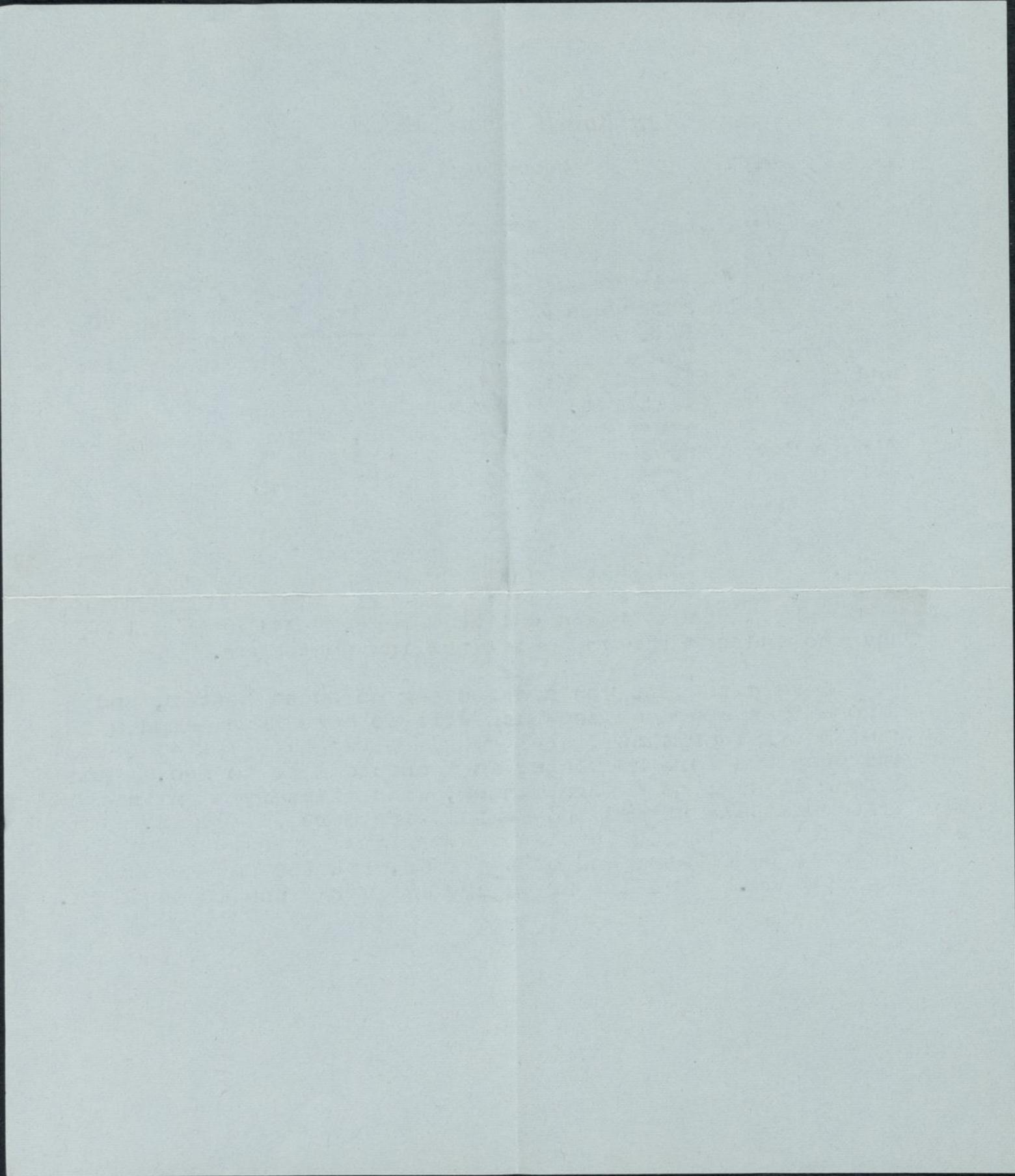
I am extremely vexed and depressed by the fact that I have had to arrange a business meeting for tea time on Tuesday - a difficult meeting which involved finding a time possible for an author, another director and myself; and this was the only time in the near future which was possible for all three. So to my disappointment I shall not be able to meet you at Paddington, but I will come to King's Cross and see you off. I particularly wanted to get you across from one station to the other; and I am very grieved that I cannot.

The room at Basil Street is reserved for you for the 16th. I suggest that I shall come there at about 10 and wait until you are ready: that will give you time for breakfast and a bath and a little rest. After that I have no address for you until the 1st September.

I am glad that you are feeling somewhat better, and I hope that Aberdeen and Bath will do more than Campden can; but I fear that I shall not see you leave as restored and prepared for the winter as I should like to see. And I fear it will be a hard winter, with military affairs disturbing all others and making life more difficult. The general opinion is that there might be another satellite war before the end of the year, but that no general catastrophe. But I fear we are all very much in the dark.

With much love

Tom



My Dear

19 September 1950.

This is a last letter before sailing on Saturday. I was glad to get your letter of the 13th. I was naturally rather worried by your news from Shannon, not so much for fear of disaster - as it was evidence of Pan-American cautiousness - but thinking of the extra fatigue which the delay must have caused. And you had a second delay at Gander. It is good to know that people thought you looked better for your vacation, and I hope that Mrs. Chipman cossetted you, for you must have arrived at the end of your strength.

I was also glad to have your news of your family. I hope that Uncle John will be up to seeing me, and will be able to recognise me, week after next.

I have naturally been very busy during these last weeks, with all the matters to be put in order before leaving. I dread moving about more and more, but it will be a relief to board the ship. At this stage, one is harassed by both the problems one is leaving behind and the others that one is facing: once on the boat, there are only the latter.

I expect to arrive in Cambridge on Monday the 2nd, and will ring up from the Faculty Club. Would you please send me a line to await me there (or 670 Theresa) giving me your telephone number again?

With much love

Tom

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address:-

T.S. Eliot,
19, Carlyle Mansions,
Cheyne Walk,
London S. W. 3.

← Second fold here →

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Miss Emily Hale,
35 School Street,
ANDOVER,
Massachusetts,

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
IF ANYTHING IS ENCL. 1950
CLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.



← To open cut here

← To open cut here

Hotels Windermere

Chicago

37

My Dear,

Hotel Windermere East.
12 October 1950.

I ought to have written to you at once, and wished to do so: but the battle with the cold and its consequent lassitude, in the first very busy three days, left me feeling too tired to sit up to a typewriter during the intervals. My train proved a very slow one (Teresa, in changing the berth for a compartment, had changed the train also, without knowing it, to a much slower train leaving at the same hour). Then Professor Nef had a dinner party the same night; the next day was spent in making arrangements, and that night there was a dinner party at the Chancellor's, followed by my first lecture. And last night I had my first "seminar", which meant talking for most of the time during two hours. There are also press interviews. This afternoon, after lunching with the Chancellor, the President, the Vice-President, and Julian Huxley, I came back to the Hotel and lay down for most of the afternoon. I had some supper sent up to my room, and after I have written this I shall go to bed. I do not have to speak in public again for a week, so I hope that I shall make more rapid progress. The climate of Chicago



FRONTING SOUTH ON JACKSON PARK
5611 STREET AND THE LAKE

comprehends a very warm sun and a very cold wind, and what with the heating which is more than I am used to, one has to be careful of sudden changes between heat and cold. But my rooms at the hotel are comfortable; and I have as a luxury a French breakfast served in my room. The people are extremely friendly; and to judge from the reception of my first lecture, they are very easily pleased.

I shall write at more length in a few days time.

I wanted only to write at once to say that I had been very sorrowful, and that your letter was such and came at such a moment that it helped me. I wish I could help you as much. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

*Very lovingly
sady*

Tom

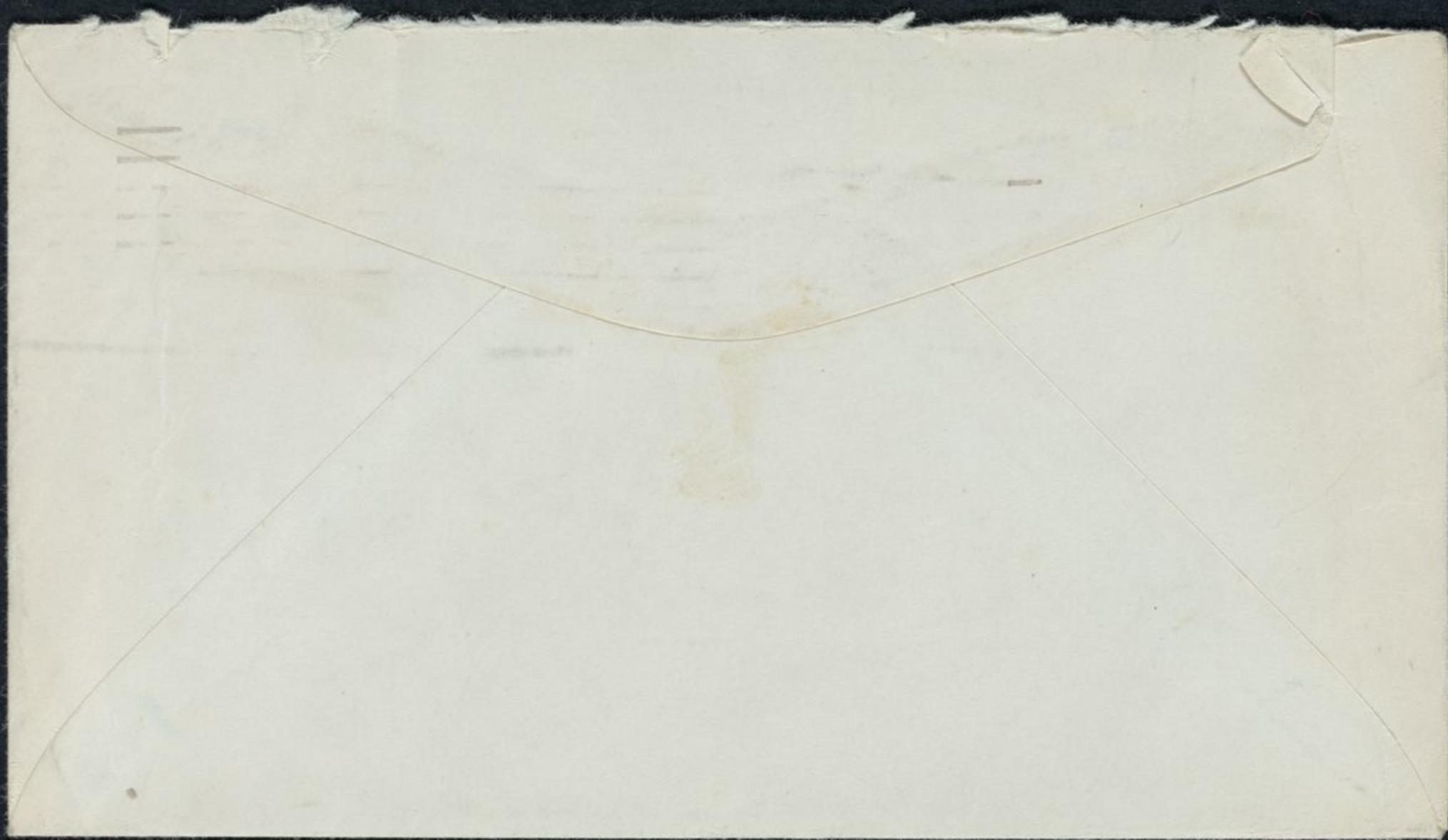
T.S. Eliot.
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS
COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL THOUGHT



AIR MAIL

*Encl.
Oct-23*

Miss Emily Hale,
35 School Street,
ANDOVER,
Massachusetts.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO 37 · ILLINOIS

COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL THOUGHT

My Dear,

20 October 1950.

My cold hung on until a day or two ago, since when I am completely recovered; but the intense heat (which seemed to abate a little last night, but to-day is bright and sunny and may be very warm again) especially after a cold summer in England, has been rather exhausting. People here regard their climate as something unique, and I wonder if the weather has been the same with you. The heat in the middle of the day does not surprise me so much, but it is unexpected to find that it has been very warm at night as well. And the compulsory dinner parties are of course tiring. I dread large dinner parties anywhere, but the din of twelve or more people talking at once (and they tend to talk rather loud) is a great strain. A dinner of the Social Thought Committee on Monday, my "seminar" on Wednesday, a dinner of Professor Nef's last night; this afternoon a tea party of the English Speaking Union to-day, (at which I may be called upon to say a few words) and dinner (a large party I am sure) by Prof. Williamson tonight (we are publishing a book of his). Tomorrow, only a lunch of the Episcopalian Committee with Canon Bell; and Sunday apparently free. Next week I have to give lectures on two evenings, dine with Mr. Zabel (formerly editor of "Poetry"), attend Von Hayek's seminar, go to a cocktail Party of the Chancellor's and dine with a Mrs. Seymour. Besides the university people, and the church folk, there are also certain old friends of Henry's whom I must be polite to. After lunch I take a nap, and work on revising my lectures (That is finished now, and I must start in to write the Spencer Memorial Lecture which I deliver in Sanders Theatre on Nov. 21st). In the morning I get my exercise by a mile or so walk to my university office, where Mrs. Armour and Miss Michaelson look after my business, and I dictate letters and sometimes interview students or the press. It is in fact exactly the life you would expect it to be, for the next three weeks. I have not seen much of Chicago, but this part of town is pleasant, and one can walk in Jackson Park nearly, which abuts on the lake. The people are very friendly, and to judge by the reception of my first lecture, easily pleased. I like Chancellor Hutchens, and John Nef, who is immediately responsible for

me, is the soul of kindness (his wife, who reminds me ~~xxxx~~ in her conversation of Mrs. Nickleby - and think of Mrs. Nickleby on the telephone! - is rather trying, but very well meaning). (She has a "play-reading" group, and I have got to hear "The C^ocktail Party" read by them. She sometimes rings up to tell me of her difficulties in casting).

I assume that Uncle John's condition is much the same, as I have not heard from you, but I have been hoping for a line from you every day.

Louise
Tom

Hotel Windermere East,
1642 E. 56th Street,
Jackson Park,
Chicago.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS
COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL THOUGHT

*ask
New-ent*

My Dear,

26 October 1950.

Your letter of the 23d saddened me still further. First, I can imagine the strain of the present situation at Commonwealth Avenue. I am not surprised by what you tell me of Aunt Edith's preparations. It is in character: I think that many people try instinctively to deaden the pain by attending to even the most trivial details. I remember a friend of mine telling me, after his father's death, that his mother seemed to be chiefly concerned for some days with counting her letters of condolence, and thinking out who had, and who had not, among her acquaintance, written to her. That is one way of getting through things, for some persons: concentrating on forms and ceremony. But while this makes it easier for her, it undoubtedly makes it all more painful for you.

I am sorry that my letters have not seemed more personal: but perhaps I too cover things up by attending to activities of one kind and another: I regarded these weeks in Chicago simply as something that had to be lived through, because it had been at the time the only possible way of getting to America, and seeing you and my family. (It is certainly not so bad as a lecture tour). But one's private life seems almost something to be put into storage, under such conditions as these. And one has to pretend to like it. Then I have felt very homesick and depaysee too. I never feel quite myself on these crowded visits: perhaps I shall not be able to think again until I get home. But, if I seem impersonal, remember also that I don't feel quite at ease, that I can't feel quite at ease in these circumstances and ~~in~~ with you as things are now. That may improve with time, I hope and pray it will; but the awareness that my feelings are something that I cannot explain, and that cannot be understood, makes me feel that I must seem to you a remote and far from likeable character. So that any expression of tenderness and affection seems almost an impertinence; and it is easier to appear on terms of greater intimacy with many people whom I know and care less about. You must see that I can-

not be quite relaxed or spontaneous at present! And it is all a source of great unhappiness.

Tonight my second lecture, tomorrow a party of the Hutchins's, Saturday Professor Waldemar Gurian (a former contributor to the Criterion, before he had to leave Germany). ~~Qu'est-ce~~ "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a à cinq heures?" "A cinq heures, monsieur, il y a conseil". "Eh bien, s'il y a conseil, nous allons y aller" (the "Antigone" of Anouilh).

I pray that you may get some rest from this terrible strain. And that if Uncle John dies while I am in America, it will be at such a moment that I can come to the funeral. I cannot forego my visit to Washington, because I feel that to go to see Pound, once, whenever I am in this country, is a debt of Honour

with much love

Toni

P.S. My Spencer lecture has now to be in the afternoon (Nov. 21) I suppose at 4.30, because Sanders Theatre is to be in use for "The Skin of Your Teeth" in the evenings. If you will let me know that you can come then, and that you want to come, I will ask Harry Levin to have a ticket reserved for you.



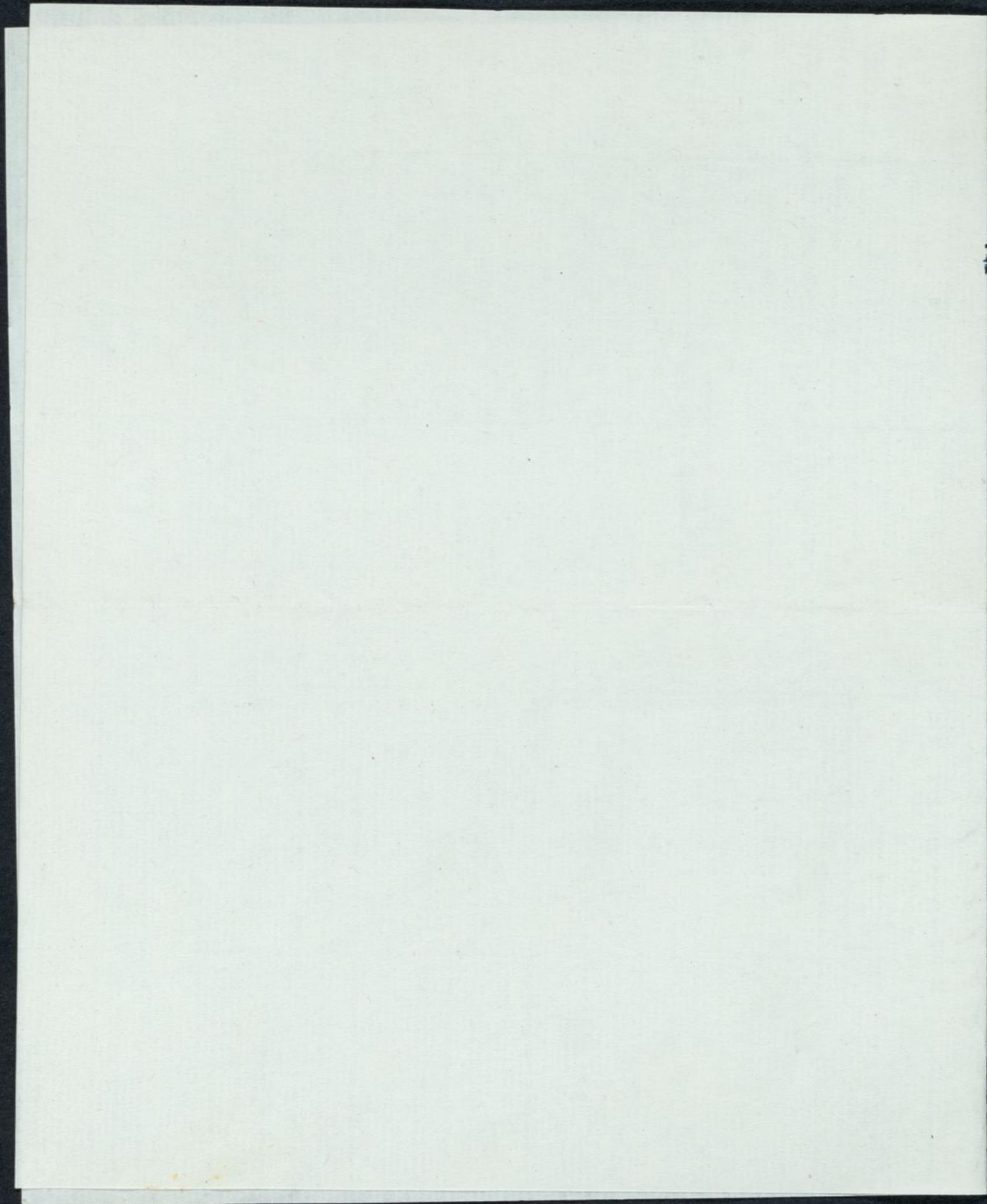
Dearest Emily

26 October 1950.

I shall write again this afternoon in reply to your letter of the 24th, received yesterday, with its very sad message; but I want to get off a note this morning (interrupted by telephone calls: I answer telephone calls after breakfast, but in the afternoon I just let it ring) to send a greeting and loving thought for you all day tomorrow. I hope this will reach you at breakfast time on the 27th, to let you know that the day it is will be in my mind all the day.

Lovingly

Tom



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO 37 • ILLINOIS
COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL THOUGHT

My Dear

11 November 1950.

I have been trying to write to you for days, and to thank you for your letter. My last weekend, all the time I had to myself had to be employed in finishing the Spencer lecture, so that my secretary could make a fair copy of it this week; and I had also the affliction of Mrs. Nef's Drama Reading Circle, who read of course "The Cocktail Party" (in which I had to ^{take the} role of Reilly): a rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, and the reading on Sunday evening in front of all the other members of the circle. Mrs. Nef is decidedly featherbrained, and is regarded as a mildly amusing and extremely fatiguing eccentric; but I had to do this out of courtesy to her husband, who has been so very kind in looking after me. And during the week, when I have had a spare hour, I have simply lain down, for I have not always slept well. So I have written no letters except those I dictate - mostly declining invitation to speak. This afternoon a broadcast reading, and this evening a dinner of the Social Thought Committee. Tomorrow Maritain turns up in the morning, I have to lunch with some friends of the Nefs in Winnetka, and then pack. On Monday I go to Madison for the night, spend two nights with the Nefs, and go to Washington for the weekend. And I shall be in Cambridge on Monday the 20th.

The most urgent thing is to give you my present list of engagements, so that you can let me know of a day to come out to Andover.

Tuesday afternoon the Spencer lecture: Nov. 21st.

Thurs, Thanksgiving Day, with my sisters.

Sunday Nov. 26 I have promised to take one meal with Eleanor Hinkley.

Monday Nov. 27 dine with the Society of Scholars; possibly reception at Harvard Advocate in afternoon.

Tues. Nov. 28 dine with the Finleys at Eliot House.

I do not know whether you stay at Andover over the weekend after Thanksgiving Day (or what you will do on the day itself).

I must spend one night, as is the custom, with the Clements in Wayland: they are to try to get the Littles and Halls to dinner, as on

previous occasions. As for the rest, apart from my sisters, I must see the Lambs, and if possible Mrs. Merriman. I will come to see Aunt Edith at her convenience.

I hope you have been in touch with Theresa, as I asked her to get tickets for you from Harry Levin.

Your letter was a help: but at present I do not know what I can say in answer to it. I hope for a line from you at the Dana Palmer house, or perhaps the Faculty Club, or c/o Theresa, would be a better address. I do not know exactly how the Dana Palmer House is run, or whether letters are delivered there.

*Lovingly
Tom*

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman. Richard de la Mare, Vice Chairman
Morley Kennerley (USA), T.S. Eliot, W.J. Crawley, P.F. du Sautoy

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

Fabbaf Westcent London

Museum 9543

31 December 1950.

Qch

My dear,

The delay of your cable was aggravated by the fact that it went to Russell Square, and that it happened that I was at home because I was in bed with a touch of bronchitis, and my secretary was away because I had given her permission for a little longer leave to visit her family in Leeds. And the one which Aunt Edith had sent earlier, warning me that he was failing finally, did not arrive until after yours. I hope that my own (direct) cable went though quickly.

You will have had a wretched Christmas, and a very bad preparation for the new term. I imagine that it was harder for you at the time than for your aunt, as the arrangements for the funeral would probably keep her mind occupied. How much handicapped you will be in health, at the beginning of the winter, and how much anxiety and responsibility Aunt Edith is going to be for you from now on, are my chief subjects of concern.

I have of course written to her now that I am up and about again. What a dear man he was. The thought of him, as I remember him at his best and happiest, makes me abashed and humble.

I found myself very tired and very busy, of course, on my return; this bronchitis was due I think to the combination of accumulated fatigue (this visit was, in an impersonal sense, the most tiring yet and the most public) and the difficulty of re-adaptation to the English climate at its most disagreeable for this time of year - cold, damp, dark and drizzly. And if I wasn't a churchwarden I would not go to midnight mass and walk home afterwards.

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

I will write a line to Meg, and if there is anyone else whom you would like me to notify, please say so.

I think of you with much anxiety.

and much love

Pam