

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

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

### Contact Information

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copy  
Jan 30<sup>th</sup>

Dearest Emily,

11 January 1953.

I was glad to get, this week, your letter of January 4th, as I intended to write over this weekend anyway. Though it does not contain much news of yourself (I had hoped to hear more about the Christmas play). I also should have liked to know something of your holidays, whether you had had happy visits, and how your health was at the beginning of the term, before the severe weather began. Except for the peculiarly suffocating type of fog that we have had, there weather here has been tolerable, though wet. I am still struggling over the reform of my Act III, which began to seem a more formidable problem from the moment an Edinburgh production was fixed. I do not know whether the dementi which I issued to the Press Association has appeared in the American Press: anyway, the contract will provide that the play must be produced in London first. The business side of the theatre is not a pleasant aspect, and the violent enmities that arise among managers and actors. Anyway, I have just thought of a new way of arranging that act, and shall now have a third go at it. What with this, and sitting once a week to Jacob Epstein who is doing a Bust, and a difficult situation that arose in the Alliance Francaise, and the Introduction to Pound's Essays that I have not yet written, and Mrs. Conrad Aiken wanting me to pose for her (that is the last straw) I have my hands full; and then two addresses to write for St. Louis (I must begin to enquire about plane flights)..

When I was in New York in May Kay Bell took some portrait photographs. Kay Bell is supposed to be a very good photographer, and is the wife of Eugene Reynal, who is a director of Harcourt Brace. I was surprised that among the various photographs she took, they chose that one, which is certainly one of the less flattering. I don't care much for an omnibus book like that, and it will not be published here: but there seems to be a college demand for everything in one bloated great volume. I haven't even asked them to send copies to any relatives and friends.

This is a horrid faint ribbon: my big typewrite is out of order and I must take it to the shop to be put right.

Do, when you write next, tell me more about yourself.

Lovingly  
Tom

**BY AIR MAIL**

**AIR LETTER**

IF ANYTHING IS EN-  
CLOSED THIS LETTER  
WILL BE SENT BY  
ORDINARY MAIL.



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← First fold here →

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address:-

T.S.Eliot,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

← To open cut here

← To open cut here

Harvest Emily,

7 February 1953.

I was glad to get your note - I might almost say scrawl - of January 31 - and I hope that you had a happy weekend at Farmington, though not, I should think, a very restful one, if you had to give a talk. I was much impressed by your article in "The Concord Journal": you are really a most accomplished dramatic critic! I don't know the play - I did see one play by Aldous Huxley; but I don't care for his books, and it seems to me, from what I have read or seen, that he does not love his characters - and so they are largely intellectual constructions rather than human beings. But I should think that any play of his would be most difficult to produce and act, especially for amateurs. As for the note by Harold Hobson, I have seen that before! Hobson rang me up to express his regret at having been misinformed: of course his misinformation came straight from Sherek. I dislike the vulgarity of the time table: play on hand at ~~10x~~ 9.55; accepted by 11.35.

I have just got another draft of Act III ready for my secretary's typing. When I have it complete in such form that no drastic alterations are likely, and can get extra copies typed, I shall send you one for your approval.

My time has been very crowded lately, what with Epstein one morning a week (but he is very agreeable company) and Mrs. Conrad Aiken once a week for three weeks: Epstein says the last sitting will be that of next Monday; and as for Mrs. Aiken, I shall give her one more hour. Needless to say, I find the Epstein bust the more interesting production of the two.

Where will you be in the middle of June? I think I have already said that I should probably go straight to St. Louis, and return for a fortnight in Cambridge about the 14th or 15th of June.

The floods did not affect Chelsea. The damage and loss of life and suffering have been appalling; but far far worse in Holland than with us.

I am very sorry to hear of Aunt Edith's sciatica, especially as I should imagine that she would be a difficult invalid. Sciatica can go on for a long time: people are sometimes comfortable in bed but in agony as soon as they stand up. Has she thought of having a chiropractor? A friend of mine here, a Frenchman, was restored from a bad attack by manipulation - though the process, he said, was very painful in itself. Oh dear, I don't know how you deal with all this, and keep going, in the midst of your academic duties.

With much love  
Tom.

**BY AIR MAIL**

**AIR LETTER**

IF ANYTHING IS EN-  
CLOSED THIS LETTER  
WILL BE SENT BY  
ORDINARY MAIL.



*ce. de. Marche 23*



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← First fold here →

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address:-

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

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← To open cut here →

Dearest Emily.

15 March 1953.

I have no word from you for a long time, and have no letter from you to answer. I have a letter a few days ago from Aunt Edith, speaking of your Greek play (which one?) in which you have been working with a company of both sexes, and I am eager to hear all about it. You will perhaps now be about to have your brief Easter vacation (I only remember that in America it never coincides with Easter): I hope I may have a letter from you before the term begins and you are again too busy.

I have myself a slight breathing spell just now. That is to say I think I have finished the play: I have re-designed Act I for the third time, and the two later acts seem to need only some minor touches. I seem always to write it first in two many scenes, and much of the coil consists in compressing the essentials into one: Act I was originally three scenes, and is now, as are the others, only one scene. The other trouble is in getting more of the dramatis personae onto the stage at once, so that they shall not be forgotten. At least, this time, they are all in at the end: Fluchère told me that one reason why the Cocktail Party had not been done in Paris was that no actress of repute would take a part which ended before Act III! It may however be some weeks yet before the play is so near its final state that it can be duplicated, and I can send you a copy. I don't like to let you see it until it is very close to what it will be on the stage.

Meanwhile I am sitting to work to do two addresses for delivery in St. Louis. Did I tell you my schedule? I hope to fly on the 29th May, spend one night in New York, in order to sleep (and I hope I can sleep there) and take a train to St. Louis. I may come back by way of Washington, if the Castles are still there (otherwise I might not have enough cash to go to an hotel) and then straight to Boston. I should get there at the middle of June. I must spend a night or two with Du Boises (and see my grand-niece Talcott) in Connecticut, and fly back about June 30th., as I shall have the London Library meeting and then start rehearsals. I go to Edinburgh for a week on August 24th, and may take another week in Scotland to rest a bit, as I see no prospect of a holiday till the end of the year. And in April I have to go to St. Andrews for a weekend, and in May (just before I fly!) the Alliance Française meeting in Bristol. I did ask you to let me know, when you knew yourself, what your own plans would be during the second half of June. And I do hope that this summer you will try to get to Grand Manan, or somewhere that will be equally good for you: your summer last year did not sound to me restful enough.

I do want to hear all about the Greek play.

Very lovingly  
Tom

BY AIR MAIL

AIR LETTER

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



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Second fold here

Sender's name and address:-

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

to open cut here

to open cut here

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

Easter Monday 1953.

*Dear Emily,*

Your welcome letter of March 23, received just before Easter, was surprising. I hope that your solitary rest cure in Washington Connecticut was satisfactory; it sounded a sensible thing to do with the little time at your disposal, and I trust that it did you good. I sincerely hope that your muscular trouble is not sciatica, or any of those nerve troubles, which are so very painful and which come and go at their pleasure without the doctor being able to do very much for one. I am surprised that you speak as if I had not written to Aunt Edith for a long time, as I wrote to her at the same time that I wrote my last letter to you. What I have failed to do is to write to Ruth George, and that I must do. I am distressed to hear from you, what I had not been told, that Theresa should be going to St. Louis and not Marian. I shall be very disappointed. Of course there should be someone to keep an eye on Margaret, but if Marian is never to be able to leave Cambridge for that reason, it is most unfair, and worries me considerably. And I had been so looking forward to having Marian with me in St. Louis. Of course Marian is too self-sacrificing. The trouble is too that Margaret doesn't want to be looked after, and I am afraid she would not consent to any stranger being about. I shall write to both Marian and Theresa.

But the most remarkable news is that you are coming to Britain. If however you propose to visit Edinburgh and see the play, I am sorry that you should tie yourself up at Alwick during just the week that I shall be there. It opens on the 25th; I expect to go up on the 23d for rehearsals. I was thinking vaguely of taking another week somewhere in Scotland, if I could find a quiet hotel, but I don't want to be in Edinburgh more than the one week, it is too public. Perhaps you could break the course for a night or so, as Alwick is near Newcastle, and Newcastle is not a long journey from Edinburgh. Let me know if I can help with accomodation. I have not yet had any programme of events for Edinburgh, so I do not suppose that they are selling tickets yet, but you had better enquire of your travel agency. In Edinburgh I shall have Theodora on my hands: she will be at the same hotel (the Beresford). That is a responsibility I must accept. When do you expect to be in London? I am here from the date of my return from New York (the 1st July) until I go to Edinburgh. If you are to be in London for any part of September I should like to know, so as to make my own arrangements.



I saw a performance of the Anouilh "Antigone" in French (not very Greek!) an effective stage play, and I suspect his best: his output is said to be deteriorating, and he is not now so much thought of in Paris. His most recent "Medée" is not highly praised.

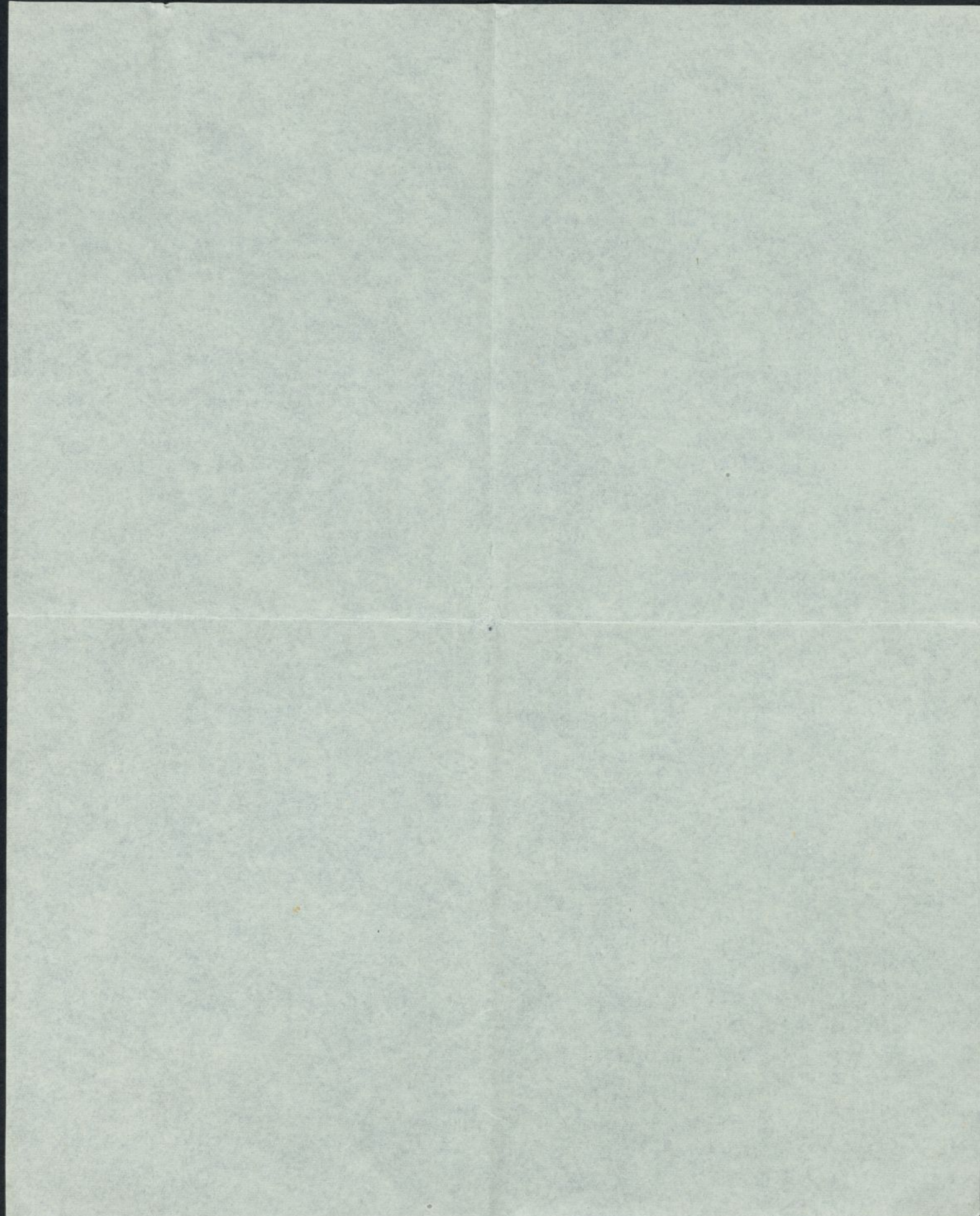
I am putting the finishing touches to the Confidential Clerk, after which I hope it will be ready for duplication. Martin is in Dorset, but I shall meet him next week to run through the text. I am most curious to know what you will think of it: it seems to me my best built play so far, and I don't think the characters will be at all reminiscent of any of my previous characters. Besides, Margaret Leighton, we have one Denton Elliott, and Martin was hoping that he might get Sybil Thorndike to play Lady Elizabeth Mulhammer, and Catharine Lacey for Mrs. Guzzard. All of the characters in the play are very lovable people, expect perhaps Mrs. Guzzard (though I like her). They have also got a good actor from the Old Vic, who plays the First Knight in "Murder". That was revived last week at the Old Vic, a wholly new (and superior) production by Benthall and Robert Helpmann, with Robert Donat (a good actor) in the main part. I was on the whole delighted with it: Helpmann is well-known as ballet dancer and choreographer, and his arrangement of the chorus (a much better mixed chorus than at Canterbury and the Mercury, with some older women, and suitably attired too) was admirable. The knights perhaps a little too comic (but the Old Vic audience is delighted) but still less out of hand than the Mercury knights, who fell into a most deplorable clowning after a time. Helpmann is aware that they must be checked from overdoing the humour.

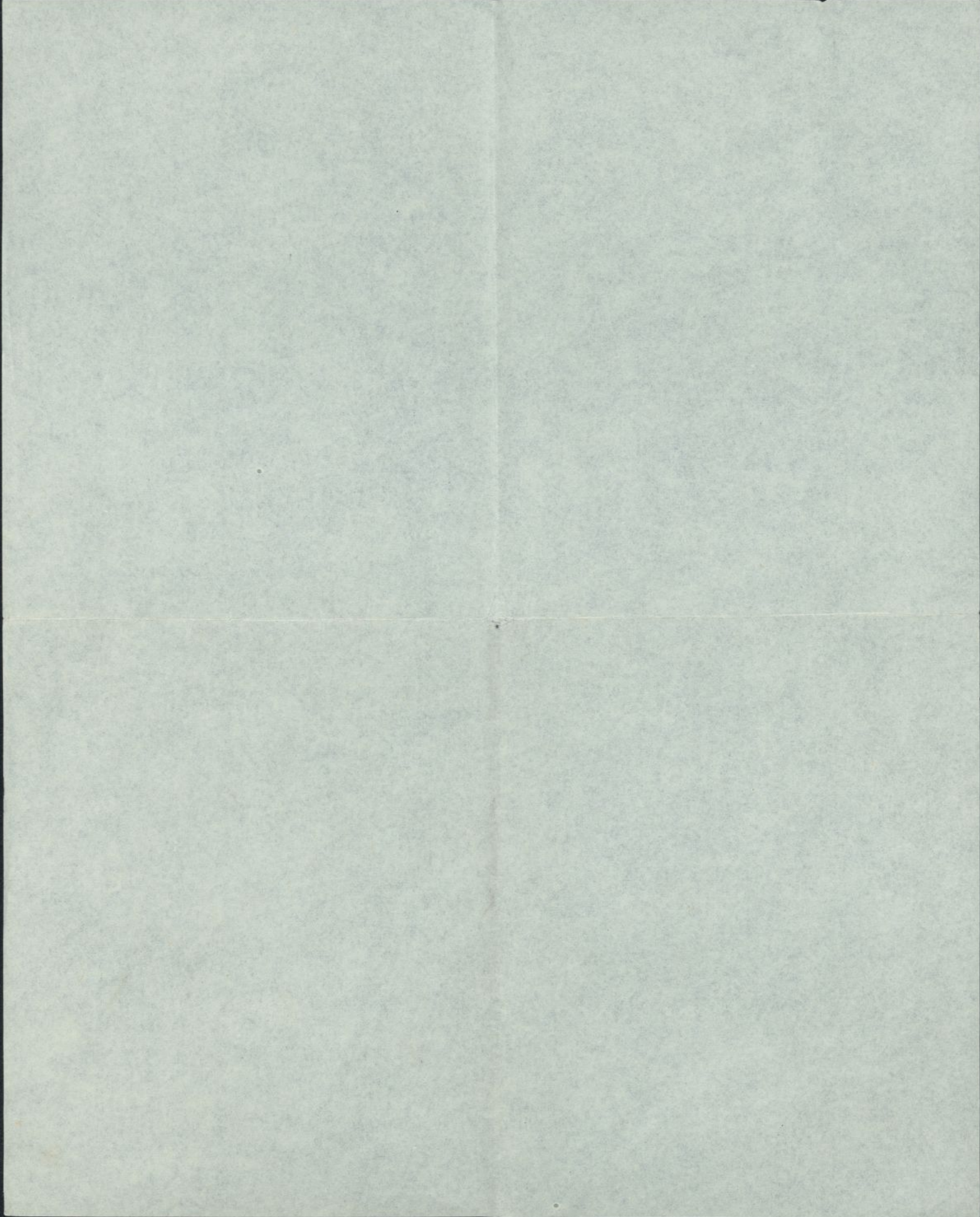
Meanwhile I am grinding out an address for Washington University. It proves to be slow hard work; it is hard to turn from a play to grinding out occasional addresses. Next week I go to St. Andrew's for an honorary degree, the weekend from April 16th, when I am to be a guest at Balcarres.

Lovingly  
Don

I have an Easter letter from Meg (who has had 'flu twice, she says). I thought best, in replying, to say nothing about your plans, but leave that to you.

You don't say where you expect to be during the second half of June.





22 Joy Avenue  
Webster Groves  
Mo.  
S. V. 53

My Dear

I am increasingly helpless  
without typewriter. This just  
announces my presence, on the  
eve of 3 days of University cere-  
monies - I leave for Washington  
on Friday, & shall be at Theresa's  
on Tuesday, & will telephone that  
evening to try to speak to you  
& arrange a day quickly - I hope  
without too much Academy.  
I have been surrounded by Eliot  
cousins, but a great support  
having Marian here.

With much love

Tom

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My dear,

19 May 1953.

ack.  
May 22

I am shockingly tardy in writing; but even now this will be very brief, as I now have before me three more days in London, then three in Bristol, conducting my Annual General Assembly, then three days in London to prepare for my voyage, and in less than a fortnight I shall be in St. Louis. My schedule from that point you know, I think: I shall stay first with my cousin Mrs. Martin at 22 Joy Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri, and then with Dr. Lawrence Post at 44 Portland Place. I spend the 4th June in Urbana Illinois; the Washington University ceremonies take place from the 7th to the 10th. I expect to spend the weekend of the 14th in Washington with the Castles (2200 S Street) and then go straight to Boston. I shall stop at Theresa's until about the 26th, when I shall spend a few nights with Du Bois's in Connecticut before flying back. That, at least, is the itinerary I design. I hope for a relative breathing spell in Cambridge (if, as I hope, many people have already left); and shall try to get to the country for a few days rest on my return, while preparing for the London Library.

As usual, I - NO, I have just found your telephone number Andover 2195 M, so down it goes in my diary in a space between Radio Cabs and the address of somebody in Chile. I can now telephone from Theresa's without bothering you. Greenock is not my idea of a summer resort for you (I have never been there, but I thought it was a partly residential and partly shipping suburb of Glasgow. But I don't suppose it is frequented by tourists, and there ought to be room in the hotels, if there are any. I might come there easily for a few nights from Edinburgh, either on August 29th (to which date I have a room at the Beresford Hotel), or I might visit friends in Scotland, nearer to Edinburgh, first, and come a few days later. We can talk about that in Massachusetts. My plans after Edinburgh will be partly affected by my degree of fatigue, and also by the amount of alteration to the text which the production at Edinburgh will prove to be necessary. I suppose you have a programme of the Festival, or that your people at Alnwick will book seats for any of your party there. The play opens on the 25th (dress rehearsals on the 23d and 24th) and I shall certainly see it again on the 28th. After I leave Scotland I may fly to Geneva to spend a few days with the Clements, which would be a restful change, or simply go to Sussex.

Anyway, I shall expect to telephone to you on the 15th or 16th June! I hope that all the arduous of the end of the school year will then be behind you.

Lovingly  
Tom

19 May 1953

I am exceedingly busy in writing; but even now this will be very brief, as I now have before me three more days in London, then three in Bristol, conducting my Annual General Assembly, then three days in London to prepare for my voyage, and in less than a fortnight I shall be in St. Louis. My schedule from that point you know, I think I shall say first with my cousin Mrs. Martin at 22 Joy Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri, and then with Dr. Lawrence first at 44 Portland Place. I spent the 4th June in Urbana Illinois; the Washington University ceremony takes place from the 5th to the 10th. I expect to spend the weekend of the 14th in Washington with the Gatties (\$200 & street) and then go straight to Boston. I shall stop at Theresa's until about the 26th, when I shall spend a few nights with Mr. Lota's in Connecticut before flying back. At least, at least, is the itinerary I design. I hope for a relative brevity; I shall try to get to the country for a few days rest on my return, while preparing for the London library.

As usual, I - NO, I have just found your telephone number and over 219 W, so down it goes in my diary in a space between Radio Cops and the address of somebody in Chile. I can now telephone from there without bother. I have never been there, but I thought it was a partly real and partly shuffling sound of Glasgow.

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→ To open cut here ←

Sender's name and address:-

T.S. Eliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ANDOVER,  
Massachusetts,

Miss Emily Hale,  
35 A School Street,

*Dates & addresses U.S.A.*

**AIR LETTER**  
IF ANYTHING IS EN-  
CLOSED THIS LETTER  
WILL BE SENT BY  
ORDINARY MAIL.

**BY AIR MAIL**



← To open cut here ←

My Dear Emily,

18 July 1953.

I was grateful for your letter of July 10th, detailing your immediate movements, but also ashamed that I had let so much time elapse without writing myself. After my return (uneventful except for 2½ hours delay here and there) I found that I was very tired indeed; and after dealing with a few business affairs I went down to the Fabers in Sussex, for a week (except for having to come up for one day for an Alliance Committee) where I intended to write letters, but wrote none at all. I am now somewhat restored: and after this week, when I have to conduct the annual meeting of the London Library, and go to Cambridge for a night for the annual Feast of St. Mary Magdalene, I hope to do as little as possible except rehearsals which start on the 27th. But there is, of course, the usual incursion of American visitors whom I must do something about - immediately Professor Stewart, who was kind to me at Princeton, and Dr. Iddings Bell, who was kind to me in Chicago.

I am glad that you are having some visits to friends, and I hope that the Furness Line will provide a comfortable voyage before the ardours of Alwick. I am writing to the Basil Street Hotel to reserve a room for you from the 16th to the 21st August, and I hope you will not mind if I ask them to send the account to me (as they do for Theodora - confidential - so they are used to that). I know that you would prefer to stay in the North; but as there seems so little prospect of your being in London after Edinburgh, and as I shall want to snatch a few days holiday then myself, it seems to me right that I should be allowed to do this much. And obviously I can't leave London during the final rehearsals. As for the period at Commonwealth Avenue, I can only wait for that to be over, for my visit alone convinced me that the situation there is more of a strain than ever.

I haven't yet seen Martin. I understand that the sets have been designed and made in my absence: but the eventual sets for the Cocktail Party were what I wanted, so I hope these will be - it is something perfectly straightforward, one for a private office and one for a small news flat. I don't think you need to let me know about your getting up for the rehearsal until the last moment: the only problem from my point of view is where you can spend the night, as Edinburgh will be rather crowded. For that reason, perhaps you had better let me know instantly whether you can come and if so whether you want me to try to find a room for you in my hotel, or what other arrangements you can make.

My last two days in Connecticut were very pleasant: but that apparently idyllic world of rich suburban New York is new and strange to me.

With much love  
Tom.

P.T.O.



To open cut here →

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

London S.W.3.

Cheyne Walk,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

T. S. Elliott,

Sender's name and address:

← Second fold here →

← First fold here →

Did I tell you - I know I tried to, but it was only just as we were leaving Commonwealth Avenue - that I was very happy with. (and shall treasure) your note of June 20th? And of course I was much pleased that you should have thought my St. Louis address, on the whole, suitable for the occasion.



Miss Emily Hale, *apt 17*  
~~35 A School Street,~~  
ANDOVER, 98 Comm  
Massachusetts, *Ma*  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Dearest Emily,

20 July 1953.

I received your cable to-day, and have made the reservation for you: Basil Street Hotel, from August 16th (Sunday) to the morning of August 21st (Friday). I'm delighted that you can come to the Dress Rehearsal in Edinburgh on August 24th. I will try to get you a ticket for the Opening Night (Tuesday the 25th) but can't promise! I don't think I can squeeze anyone else into the Box for four which I am to share with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek and Theodora. I hope that I can get you a seat somewhere. I don't know when the Dress Rehearsal begins, but probably one will have to have a high tea beforehand. Let us try to have lunch together on the Tuesday.

I am sending this instead of cabling back, as I don't know where to cable to. I presume that you are now at Squam Lake, and I don't know whether c/o Dexter would be sufficient.

Tom

EXTRA  
AIR LETTER  
ORDINARY MAIL  
AIR MAIL  
POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
BY AIR MAIL



Miss Emily Hale,  
22 A School Street,  
Cambridge,  
Massachusetts,  
U.S.A.

London S.W.8.  
Cheyne Walk,  
19, Cavendish Mansions,  
S.W.1.

20 July 1953.

I received your cable to-day, and have made the reservation for you: Basil Street Hotel, from August 1st (Sunday) to the morning of August 1st (Friday). I'm delighted that you can come to the Press rehearsal in Edinburgh on August 24th. I will try to get you a ticket for the Opening Night (Tuesday the 23rd) but can't promise! I don't think I can agree anyone else into the box for four which I am to share with Mr. and Mrs. Sherek and Theodora. I hope that I can get you a seat somewhere. I don't know when the Press rehearsal begins, but probably one will have to have a high tea beforehand. Let us try to have lunch together on the Tuesday.

I am sending this instead of calling back, as I don't know where to cable to. I presume that you are now at Spaum Lake, and I don't know whether a letter would be sufficient.

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address:-

T.S. Eliot,  
19, Caflyle Mansions,  
XCheyne Walk,

London S.W. 3.



← Second fold here →

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*apt 17*  
*98 Commonwealth*  
*Andover*  
Miss Emily Hale,  
35 A School Street,  
ANDOVER,  
Massachusetts,

BY AIR MAIL  
AIR LETTER  
IF ANYTHING IS EN-  
CLOSED THIS LETTER  
WILL BE SENT BY  
ORDINARY MAIL.



POSTAL LETTER  
for  
EUROPE  
4

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My Dear,

9 October 1953.

It is a very long time since I have written you a letter: and since my return from America I don't think I have written to anyone there (except my bread-and-butter and of course business). And I have not heard from you. I hope, by the way, that you got my radio. You were down in my diary as sailing on the 16th - in fact, the word "Caronia" is in your handwriting - so I was surprised when my wire to the ship at Southampton was returned. I sent a message to the ship. And I wrote several postcards from Geneva. That by the way, was a most successful fortnight's holiday, spent with the Clements, their daughter-in-law, and the two very likeable grand children. Eating, Sleeping, Walking, and excursions to the Canton de Vaud to eat in little inns and prowl among the fields and forests. Beautiful weather; and I managed to escape the notice of all the people (Intellectuals) who had assembled in Geneva for a Culture Congress (subject: "Anguish in the Modern World"). I got back just the day before the First Night at the Lyric: which went off very well indeed: after Edinburgh and Newcastle the cast were all at the top of their form, confident of themselves and their ability to control the audience, and working beautifully together. Jacob Epstein and family in the opposite box. I gave a dinner party to the cast afterwards - a small party of 18, including husbands and wives and one fiancée - they seemed to enjoy it - wrote me nice letters afterwards. I gather that the cast get on very well, no jealousy visible between Margaret Leighton & Isabel Jeans. (Isabel J. has in her dressing room (Margaret L. agreed amiably that I.J. should have the best dressing room, as the elder woman) large photographs of (1) a Bishop (2) a jockey. I thought that the former had been exposed for my benefit, but Christopher Sykes reports that he visited her on a later occasion and also noticed it - I think she told me that the Bishop was her godfather. The dinner had been well organised for me by John Hayward, while I was away; it cost £114! and flowers for the three ladies, there and in Edinburgh, cost about £20, but that can all be counted as Expenses Necessary). After this, I felt as exhausted (I got into bed at 2.55 a.m.) as if I had never had the holiday in Geneva. And since then I have been very busy with Arrears; with preparing an Iron Curtain Broadcast of 10 minutes for a series arranged by Richard Law; and now, with 12 "blurbs to write, and with the preparation of a Lecture on Poetry for the National Book League to be delivered in November. Do not blame me for doing the latter: it is was oblige Geoffrey Faber, who was the inventor of this "N.B.L." and to whom it is dear.

The other piece of news is (apart from the fact that the house is playing to full capacity) that Henry Sherek is off to New York to try to persuade Equity to let him take over an English company. (He has secured a theatre, 45th street). Maurice Evans tells him he won't succeed. Failing that, he proposes to organise a company on the spot (cutting out Gilbert Miller, who, as we know, is not brilliant at casting) to start as soon as may be.



BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← Second fold here →

T.S. Eliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

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For other items, and the rest of this letter, I see that I must take another Air Letter form, or simply write a letter (as I should have done if I had realised that this chronicle would take up so much space. So I trust that you will receive two air letters by the same mail, and that you will read them in the proper order.

*Dear Miss Hale*

← First fold here →

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.

Fabba Westcent London

Museum 9543

*Dearest Emily,*

9 October 1953.

This is the continuation of my Air Letter of the same date, and if, as they should, they arrive simultaneously, I shall expect you to read the other one first. My other piece of news is that I shall be taking two months holiday from December 31st, when I sail, in the company of Geoffrey and Enid Faber, from London, on the Union-Castle Liner "Rhodesia Castle" for Durban. The itinerary is as follows:

Las Palmas Jan 5  
Ascension Jan 10  
St. Helena Jan. 12  
Cape Town Jan. 17  
Port Elizabeth Jan. 19  
East London Jan. 21  
DURBAN Jan. 22. Stay in Natal until  
Feb. 1: Leave by motor coach for Cape Town,  
stopping ~~for a week~~ at Plattenberg Bay for  
a week - a sort of quiet summer resort with  
bathing.  
Cape Town Feb. 12. I shall stay with them  
for most of the time, at Queen's Hotel, Sea-  
point, but shall also visit Hope Mirrlees in  
Stellenbosch.

After that, the Fabers leave for Johannesburg, Pretoria, Salisbury (tour of S. Rhodesia) and then to Uganda to visit Mrs. F.'s sister who is a professor at a University for natives in that territory on the Equator, and also to visit an Astronomical Observatory for which All Souls' College seems to be responsible. They will fly from Entebbe to London. But as for me, I shall stay in Cape Town until Feb. 25th, when I return to Eng-

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land by the "Pretoria Castle". Arriving towards the end of the first week in March. I am following the advice of my doctor, who wants me to get out of England during January and February, to a warm climate so as to avoid bronchitis and pneumonia, but who agrees with me that the expedition to the tropics of darkest Africa, and the subsequent projection by Comet to England, would not be a good thing.

But, as I shall be able to avoid air travel, I shall take a small typewriter, and so shall be able to write letters.

My main object, is not to visit foreign parts, but to get away (1) from the London winter (2) from the people in London who plague me, and (3) to get a long sea voyage. And I am refusing to make any engagements in London until after my return: for May and June are the months in which one is most called upon to attend ceremonies at which it is necessary to make speeches.

So much for my own present and future, until the spring. I propose to write, if possible over this weekend, to Aunt Edith: I have the subject matter of a visit from my Cousin Will Eliot of Portland (who knew and loved, as did Earl Wilbur, your Uncle John) and his daughter ~~Rich~~. I had seen Cousin Will (who is 85!) in St. Louis, and then he turned up in London! and I must say that I find him a perfect pet. He is really the finest of that Portland family, and I am quite happy that he should be the Head of the Family. We had them to tea here - together with a strange girl, the daughter of Sam Eliot Morison, who is for some reason living at present in Chelsea - and I had them to lunch at the Garrick, where we all drank tomato juice and Malvern water, and Will admired the pictures. I was relieved to know that the Suit Case reached you in Sussex, and hope that it was according to specifications and the lettering right. I like to think of you, when you do travel, using that case. But I do long for news of you! And now, that the first arduous weeks of term are over

(indeed the Thanksgiving and even the Christmas holidays are drawing near) can't you find time to write and talk to me about your life on returning? It was such a brief glimpse I had: but that extraordinary dress rehearsal, only the later part of which we saw, and the dinner with Henry and Pamela Sherek, was a strange phantasmagory! Yet there was something propitious about that odd meeting.

With much love

Tom



*History  
of Winter Trip*

(Indeed the... and even the Christmas holidays are  
... to write and talk to me  
... of your life on the...  
... but that...  
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... about the...

*1902*  
*1903*

My Dear,

15 November 1953.

I think your letter of October 11 must have crossed one of mine - a letter in two envelopes. I ought to have written much sooner. I was indeed aware of receiving no birthday greeting, and feared that it might mean illness or distracting worries: and it was evidently both. I was very sorry to learn the double cause - the tooth and your aunt's relieving her pent up woes at your expense. What a beginning for a busy term with Miss Hersey! And now I suppose you are immersed in a Christmas play, under all the usual handicaps - I hope, that you are again producing with a cast of both sexes, as that is so much more interesting.

Although I have been a bad correspondent, I have at least written once to Aunt Edith - and to Miss Lavergna. The play still goes on to full houses: indeed the Queen and Princess Margaret went privately the other night (it being unofficial, her party occupied the front row of the Dress Circle, and ~~also~~, I was not summoned; so I knew nothing of it till afterwards). I hear indirectly, through somebody who knew a member of the party, that the Queen liked it very much - though I should be curious to know whether she thought it was a gay farce, as the posters describe it. I have been once with Martin, and made my round of all the cast in their dressing rooms afterwards. Some of them, of course, had begun overplaying for laughs, and I trust that Martin admonished them afterwards; Margaret Leighton ranting a bit too long in the second act - in response to pressure from her to know what I thought, I told her she was keeping onto the top note a bit too long, which she took very well. They are all nice people to deal with, so far as what I see of them. Martin is going over to New York shortly, to rehearse an American company that Sherek is getting together there. Do you know Ina Clare? I never heard of her, but she seems to be a star in New York. They open in January in New Haven, then go to BOSTON for three weeks before opening in New York, where Henry says he has got a very good theatre. Meanwhile I have sent the text to the printers, and hope to correct proof before the end of the year. I have been toiling on my National Book League lecture - a slight affair, but having to write a public lecture after such a hard year seemed the last straw: and that comes off this week. A week ago, I had my usual bronchitis for a week; but I think that now I shall be able to hold out until I sail for Durban.

I should like publicity and fame if it only concerned itself with what I write, and did not provoke interest in me as a person, which is odious. One must put up with the press repeating that I have made "a fortune" out of plays and poetry (and with the consequent appeals from begging-letter writers) - but the people who think that they have a right to know everything about one's private life! and the people who think that one ought to be always available for inspection, like a beast at the Zoo. All this is horrid. The net effect of notoriety of this kind is to make one feel very isolated, very tired, and very distrustful of people's motives. The last, one has to try to combat. But I don't think it has ever

*made me*

take a different view of myself. One never feels "distinguished" or "eminent": but one notices that other people, in public life, who might otherwise have seemed to one to be exalted, merely seem less distinguished. They become pathetic, uncertain of themselves, and frail. And the ones who accept themselves at the public valuation, seem hollow. (I wonder how real a person Winston Churchill is, apart from his public role! It was certainly silly of the Swedes to give him the prize for literature.) So I hope I shan't lose "the real me". I don't feel myself to be any different from the person I was before, indeed from the child of early photographs.

And then there are so many people to whom one is either a myth or an omnipotent being: and that a word from me will always get jobs for the needy, support for good causes, and get Ezra Pound out of prison.

I've been running on all about myself - but a sentence in your letter provoked this outburst. I want so much to hear from you before Christmas - a letter that I shall be able to answer before I leave.

And I depend upon you to see the C.C. in Boston, and tell me what you think of the cast in comparison to that you saw.

*With faithful devotion  
Tom*

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To open cut here

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

Sender's name and address:

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

P.S. Elliot

← Second fold here →



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

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*ask  
Nov. 21*

Dearest Emily,

26 December 1953.

I usually prefer to write to you when I am not writing other letters at the same time; and not, as on this occasion, in the midst of correspondence, partly the usual post-Christmas letters of thanks or greeting - thanks for presents of home made sweets from god-daughters etc. - and partly clearing up arrears - and letters to humble friends who are just the ones who must not be neglected - but also, clearing up arrears before my departure. There has been a spate also of men wanting testimonials for professorships, fellowships etc. Tomorrow (Sunday) I must go out to see my paralysed Russian in Wandsworth; Monday and Tuesday I have to have someone to lunch who wants advice; and in between I must do my packing, any last minute purchases, and then hope that the hire-car will arrive on time on Wednesday morning to pick me up, collect the Fabers and their luggage, and get us to Liverpool Street Station in time for the boat train for the Rhodesia Castle at 2.00. You will understand that when the moment comes - if it does - when I find myself in the right cabin on the right boat, with all my bags, I shall collapse into a pleasant stupour, not so much with thoughts of what I am going to, but what I am getting away from.

After this wail, or whine, I may say that I hope I may have a line from you at one of the addresses I have given, to tell me about your autumn term and the play, and your Christmas. (I trust that my cable, which has to be to Aunt Edith instead of to you, arrived at the right time). Also, I hope that Martin & Henzie (who has accompanied him on the pretext of some theatre congress, for which she has got some allowance from the Bank of England) will get in touch with you, as I asked Martin to see that you were given some preference for seats in Boston. I particularly want your comment of comparison of Ina Claire with Isabel Jeans, and any other criticisms of the cast and production. May I ever see the text of your lecture on the subject? Eleanor Hinkley has NOT written to me: perhaps she will after seeing the play herself. Did I not send you the Penguin Book (not about me, merely a selection of my prose with an excellent introduction)? I have ordered more copies, and have told Miss Fletcher to send you a copy when they arrive.

At the present I am feeling just tired, tired and longing to get away. I hope to get all my goods into two suitcases and a small handcase, so as to take a light typewriter with me: then I can write a few leisurely letters, instead of mere post-cards. I hope they will be more animated than this - meanwhile all my devoted affection at this season, and I hope you will have some peaceful days and nights away from both Andover and Boston.

With much love  
Dor.

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



NOTES  
1953  
CORONATION

Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER, Massachusetts,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*New Bedford Mass*

Sender's name and address: T.S. Elliot,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL



First fold here

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To open cut here

Dear Emily,

11 January 1954.

with  
Jan 20

This year you gave me no outline of your movements through the Christmas vacation, which has inclined me to postpone writing until I was pretty sure that you were back in the treadmill. But I hope that you have been able to get to friends in New Bedford or elsewhere, away from Boston. I wonder whether I timed my Christmas cable right - the one to you personally at Andover, instead of merely including you with Mrs. Perkins as heretofore. I have had a dictated note from Aunt Edith acknowledging my cable to Commonwealth Avenue: dated Dec. 30 but saying nothing of your having been there - merely asking for a copy of the Christmas poem. Perhaps she was hurt that I had not sent her one at the time.

I have however accomplished one long deferred Christmas gift: you may remember several years ago suggesting that I should send Meg and Doreen a ~~wicker basket~~ weed-basket for the garden. That was never done, simply because of my constantly postponing a visit to the Army & Navy Stores. But this year I wrote and asked if they still needed one, thinking that if I committed myself in this way I should be forced to spend a morning shopping. They wanted a small iron wheelbarrow, which I managed to get quite easily, together with a pair of garden shears, and Meg seems pleased with it.

I had a very quiet Christmas indeed - no dining out at all. I was very glad to avoid any festivities. The weather was mild until a week ago, when we had a heavy, though transient snowfall. An unfortunate day for it, as I had to lunch (an annual ceremony) with two friends, after which it took me an hour from Piccadilly to Russell Square, on account of tube delays; and in the evening (my only evening engagement) John and I had to dine with Louis Kentner (a pianist) and his wife, who are neighbours - to hear him and his brother in law Yehudi Menuhin play sonatas to us. They became carried away by their own music and went on playing until 12.30, and one could not take one's departure when so distinguished a violinist condescended to play in private. Exciting but very tiring, so that a couple of days later I picked up a cold - not serious, but have felt languid and torpid for several days since.

I found that I had to interrupt work on my education lectures (I mean, on re-writing them) to do an introduction which I had promised for a volume in the American translation of Valéry's Works. Drafted, and just about to be re-written: I was too stupid to write at the weekend. Shall I go to the Riviera for February? Every year I feel a greater aversion to moving about, and more so at present because of such an unsettled year last year. And I dread the visit to Hamburg just before the United States. I ought to reach Cambridge by May 23d, for the inside of three weeks. My doctor will let me go to the meeting in Florence only if I can get a boat from New York to Genoa; so I have told my secretary to tell the travel agency not to find a boat at the right time, as I don't want to

go. (The advantage of these letterforms over the American ones is that the continuation of a letter all goes on one side. When you dont number your pages I sometimes get very confused over which page follows which).

If I dont hear from you in a week I shall think you are ill. Also, I like to know what weather you are having.

*Write devotedly for Tom*

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→ To open cut here ←

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address: **T. S. Elliot**

**19, Carlyle Mansions,**

**Cheyne Walk,**

**London S.W.3.**

**Miss Emily Hale,**  
**35 A School Street,**

**ANDOVER,**  
**Massachusetts,**

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**



*ack.  
Feb. 20*

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,*

Caister Hotel,  
Durban.

26 January 1954.

I was very glad to get your letter, forwarded from London, yesterday; because I was firmly under the impression that I had given you the hotel address in Durban. I am very sorry I did not. I hope I gave you the Cape addresses: Queen's Hotel, Sea Point, Cape Town, from February 12th; but I expect to stay from the 19th~~th~~ until the 25th (the day of sailing for Southampton on the "Pretoria Castle") c/o Miss H.H. Mirrlees, Molenvliet, Stellenbosch, Cape Province.

The date of sailing was advanced about a week before we sailed, which is why I did not advise you or anyone of the change; but I am sorry indeed to have missed your cable message. It was sweet of you to think of it. But I should have thanked you for your Christmas Card - serious, individual and suitable as ever. All my other Christmas cards go to the Childrens Hospital after Twelfth Night. I had always been under the impression that etiquette required that the cable should be addressed to your Aunt - next time I must remember to send two cables, as I imagine that she would complain if she did not get one.

The greater part of the voyage was cold and cloudy; and as Enid Faber had started with a cold, which her husband caught, and eventually I got it, I am only gradually reducing the consequent catarrh. I have felt much better since the weather became warmer - that is to say, it has been very comfortable from Cape Town on. The great disappointment of the voyage was not being allowed to land at St. Helena - I had



been eager to visit Longwood, where Napoleon lived, and the island itself is said to be very beautiful in the interior; but we came on deck in the early morning to find the vessel flying the quarantine flag. A little girl, who had been observed to be rather ailing, was suspected of poliomyelitis (she was removed at Cape Town, and it is said that the supposed polio is, for the child herself, *something* very much worse - the poor little thing has a tumour on the brain). So, as we had only reached Las Palmas late in the evening, and as no one is ever allowed ashore at Ascension Island anyway, unless there on business, as landing is too risky, we did not set foot on shore until Cape Town. There, we were in dock two days. We were met by one of the partners of our S. African agents, who have been very useful indeed, and lunched with Mr. Barry, the Manager of Foyle's bookshop. At Cape Town, and at the two other ports at which we touched, Port Elizabeth and East London, we were interviewed by the Press: Geoffrey was more in the public eye than usual, as his knighthood had been announced in the New Year Honours List, and his Letters Patent have come, so they are Sir Geoffrey and Lady Faber - which I think gives them much pleasure. Port Elizabeth is rather a pleasant town: there we were given lunch/by bookseller Mr. Basil Fogarty. East London is a smaller place, looking rather like a lower Mississippi ~~town~~ river town. Here a Lady Teacher of Voice Culture telephoned to me as the boat lay at the dock, and brought two of her pupils (young women of about 22) who had "majored" in my work. This was just before we sailed; meanwhile we had visited the aquarium and bathed in a salt water swimming pool.

a/ This hotel is very comfortable indeed; and the food is superior to that of most African hotels. The superior servants are Indian; the lower servants mostly Basuto. The hotel is well situated on a hill overlooking the city and harbour, which is the mouth of a river. We arrived on Friday. On Saturday we were driven out to the estate of some people to whom I had an introduction from Margot Coker: it is the Tongaat Sugar Estate from which the

Mirrlees family draws its income. The Natal countryside is quite beautiful, not mountainous but hilly; the house itself at Tongaat is charming, in the Dutch style; and Mr. Douglas Saunders who lives there and was our host is the great sugar tycoon of Natal. We were taken for a drive round the estate, which is a model of planning: the ~~EUROPEANS~~ ~~THE~~ the Indians and the Natives (negroes) have separate villages, each with its church (or mosque or temple or all three) its market, its shops, its community centre and sports grounds: only the Health Clinic is in common. This enables the three races to get on in amity. It is an experiment, but so far a successful one. The villages are, moreover, very tastefully designed. We went into one of the houses for Natives, a typical field worker's house: provided with two bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, lavatory and shower bath. The old mammy who lived there was obviously very houseproud: the dining room suite highly polished. etc.

We have also visited an experimental agricultural station, and lunched with the professors. Fortunately, the other partner of our agents (Hardingham & Donaldson) is here to look after us, and is invaluable - he is now out getting my return ticket. For one cannot be in Durban without doing a little social work. This afternoon I have to go to the Library to inspect an exhibition of my work; later, we give a cocktail party at another hotel. Tomorrow morning we have to be received by the Mayor and Corporation. I shall have to visit the Art Gallery to see my portrait by Wyndham Lewis which is there. On Friday there is a reception by the local press. I have excused myself from a Luncheon of the American-Canadian Club at which I should have had to make a speech.

We shall have from Monday Feb 1st to Feb. 12th, freedom I hope from publicity and public events; but of course there will be one or two such affairs in Cape Town. Another cocktail party, and a luncheon at Foyle's bookshop at which I must speak for 10 minutes on "Poetry and Drama".

I return your two cuttings herewith with thanks. I have them, together with several others, forwarded with your letter from London and sent by Sherek (wh is in London, so perhaps he never went to Boston). The Monitor is favourable. While not exactly enthusiastic, these notices seem on the whole to ~~aggur~~ ~~aggr~~ well for New York. I hope for news of New York on my arrival at Cape Town, whence my next letter will come.

*With much love*

*Pom*

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Yours  
W. M. L.

Queen's Hotel,  
Sea Point,  
Cape Town.

13 February 1954.

My Dear,

As your letter forwarded to Plettenberg mentioned not have heard from me I sent you a postcard by air mail. But I have no idea how long either surface or air mail takes from S. Africa to the U.S.A., or what sort of air service there may be between the two countries. I hope however that you have received my earlier communications by now. Plettenberg was quite successful - all but on or two days were of the most perfect weather imaginable, and the suff bathing convenient and delightful. And that was about all we did. The motor coach between Durban and Cape Town stopped (overnight) at Kokstad, East London and Port Elizabeth before bringing us to Plettenberg; we resumed the journey a week later, and after one night at a town called "George" arrived here yesterday afternoon. This is a rather grand hotel, on the sea front, but some twenty minutes by bus from the centre of Cape Town. This morning I am writing in the Fabers' sitting room, as she is out at a hairdresser's and he has gone to visit an aurist. I hear her coming in now. Tomorrow we are invited by the curator to visit a bird sanctuary (I have seen flamingoes at Durban!); Tuesday I dine with the Dean; Wednesday is Sir G. and Lady Faber's Cocktail Party; Thursday I dine with the Bishop; Friday is the Foyle's Luncheon at which I have to speak; and thence I go out to Stellenbosch to Hope's until I sail on the 25th.

I had rather hoped to find a letter from you here. And there has been no communication from Sherek either. I am wondering what the New York press has done by way of an autopsy.

I am not sure that your air letters havenot reached me more quickly by coming via London and my secretary, than they would have done direct. But if I hear from you while I am here I will write again before I leave.

Lovingly  
Tom

PAR AVION

AIR MAIL

LUGPOS



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,  
Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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

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BRIEF PER GEWONE POS GESTUUR WORD

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS  
NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER

FIRST FOLD-EERSTE VOU

Queen's Hotel,  
Sea Point,  
Cape Town.

SECOND FOLD-TWEEDE VOU

As your letter forwarded to Platteborg mentioned not have heard from me I sent you a postcard by air mail. But I have no idea how long either surface or air mail takes from S. Africa to the U.S.A. or what sort of air service there may be between the two countries. I hope however that you have received my earlier communications by now. Platteborg was quite successful - all but on the days of the most perfect weather conditions.

17 February 1954  
Cape Town,  
S. Africa,  
Queen's Hotel,

My dear Emily,

III Sunday in Lent: 1954.

oobu

I arrived after a calm, though cold voyage (for the chilliness began hardly more than 24 hours from the Equator) on Friday nine days ago. I came in for a return of winter, from which I did not suffer, except by extreme sleepiness and lassitude, from which I am beginning to recover. Anyway, this is the first letter I have written to America since my return. I found a-  
waiting me, the cable you so kindly sent for my departure, which arrived just too late.

The holiday was, on the whole, very successful. Being with Faber, I had of course to call upon, and accept hospitality from, various local booksellers; the two cocktail parties given by Sir G. and Lady F. in Durban and Cape Town were of course tiring; and I had to speak for ten minutes after a Foyle's Bookshop Literary Luncheon in Cape Town. But the week at Plettenbury Bay, with very good bathing twice a day, and the final week at Stellenbosch with Hope Mirrless were very restful; and the weather was on the whole very good - a little tootropically damp in Natal, but delightful at Plettenburg and the Cape. And the two voyages were restful enough - there were a few people I knew on the voyage home, but not too many and I took part in none of the festivities. I feel, as I did four years ago, that I do not want to visit that unhappy country again - the race tension, not only between White and Black, European African and Asiatic, but between British and Afrikaans - are too oppressive: nor would I have gone this time except for the Fabers. But I am sure I am all the better in health - as soon as I become re-acclimated to England.

I must thank you for all your letters, including the one that I found waiting for me on the "Pretoria Castle". The Merry Wives I have always thought Shakespeare's feeblest play, and I doubt if its repetition would please him: so I am very happy to know that you got through it so well. By now, I have all the cuttings from New York (I have not yet seen Sherek, but am dining with the Brownes on Tuesday) and it is on the whole better than I expected. I did not think this play would get such a warm reception as the C-P. But I hear rumours that people are still going to see it. Apparently, the cast did better in New Haven and Boston than on the first night in New York (when Joan Greenwood had a bad cold - hence the "huskiness" of which reviewers speak). Martin thinks that individual performances are first rate, but that it is not so close a team as the London cast (which I must visit very soon). I have been struggling this week, with my secretary, to cope with invitations from Copenhagen (C-C first night) Lille (C-P first night), Florence, Cambridge and (the most difficult, because a Prize is involved) Hamburg. Also Athens. Also a Brains Trust in Chalfont St. Giles - that is the easiest. And various applications for testimonials, charity, and pre-faces to books. And the Sons of the Clergy. This is an



Miss Emily Hale,  
 35 A School Street,  
 ANDOVER,  
 Massachusetts,  
 UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address:  
 T.S. Eliot,  
 19, Carlyle Mansions,  
 Cheyne Walk,  
 LONDON S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
 MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

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*Tom's*  
*Tom*

I hope that when the situations are a bit cleared up, I may write simply as T.S.E. and not as the reporter of what I have been doing and what I have to do.

interim report. To-day, after early and late Mass, followed by a Meeting of the Parochial Church Council (disturbed by a bit of friction between an overworked and sorely tried Vicar and a persistent but reasonable Member) and then after lunch a visit to my paralysed Russian friend in Wandsworth, I feel very tired. Tomorrow I must stop in at the London Library to get some books I want for my next prose work (if I write it) and then introduce a new member to the Garrick Club; and then try to clear up more of my business correspondence.

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

*subs.  
April 27*

*My Dear*

10 April 1954.

Your letter of March 16th arrived after I had written to you on returning from the Cape. I was much interested by your account of the Murder production at Harvard - I hadn't even known that it was to be done, because the League of Dramatists handle all permissions, and I don't even know where and when a play has been done until I get their statement of account. Mur-  
der seems almost as remote now as if someone else had written it - indeed, The Confidential Clerk is beginning to be rather faint in my mind (but that's a necessary preparation for ever starting anything new): and now that it is finishing its run here - for it is to come off at the end of April, owing to the fact that Denholm Elliott and Margaret Leighton are both under contract to Korda for films after that, and Elliott especially would be difficult to replace - it has joined the works in which I am no longer much interested. It has had as good a run as could have been expected: they seem to think that it may just survive in New York until the warm weather.

But you suggest that I should write a word of congratulation to "the person suggested on the programme" of Murder: and I have looked through the programme without finding any mark of the person you have in mind. If you will tell me which person I ought to write to, I will do so. You don't mean this John Ratté (as near as I can make out the name?)

But I am distressed to hear about the eczema - an extremely unpleasant complaint to have, and indicative of nervous exhaustion. Thank goodness not on your face! For there I know it can imperil the eyesight. I am still alarmed lest that might happen, and I beg you to let me know of your progress.

I have not been very well myself: an acceleration of the pulse which my doctor thinks must be due to some sort of mental worry. He's pretty sure that there's nothing organically wrong, but I await the result of a cardiogram, as they call it, which should confirm his diagnosis. I have been depressed by being awarded the "Hanseatic Goethe Prize" of the University of Hamburg: because it requires me to produce an Address in honour of Goethe (not one of my favourite authors) to deliver in Hamburg at the end of the year. Now, Prizes, like Honorary Degrees, come too late to appear as more than interruptions of the work I should like to be doing (though for sentimental reasons the degree from Washington University did mean a good deal to me, because



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I thought Grandfather would have been pleased, and my Father too).

I will write to Aunt Edith. I fear that your "spring recess" is now long since over.

The Brownes spoke most warmly of your kindness to them: they were as always very happy to see you.

I hope to take a week or so holiday in May, by flying over to Geneva to stay with the Clements, which is always pleasant and restful. I have become attached to Geneva: curiously I no longer have the slightest desire to visit Paris; but Geneva suits me. Then I have to make an after dinner speech at the Authors' Club, and respond for the Guests at the Annual Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy.

But I do want news of your eczema. That's the greatest worry.

With much love

Tom

I return Henzie's letter.

I was sorry for you having to do the Merry Wives. Shakes-  
peare's worst play - and I have no doubt he was ashamed of it.

My dear Emily

8 May 1954.

I have this morning your letter of May 5 (and, as occasionally with your letters, I cannot decipher the last few lines squeezed in tightly). I returned on Tuesday, after three weeks in the Clinic. All I have to do is to take three pills a day and proceed slowly. I wask for an hour every morning, but next week am to be somewhat more active, as I am to go to-day week to "Bailiffscourt", Clymping near Littlehampton (Sussex) for a week or ten days - I was there two or three years ago after having pneumonia - a comfortable and retired hotel on the coast. After that I am expected to lead a normal life, except that all formal and public engagements are cancelled until the autumn.

This was merely a "paroxysmal tachycardia" of nervous origin (goodness knows what caused it) and no organic trouble at all - apparently I have a strong heart. But when the pulse beats at twice the normal rate something has to be done about it, as the strongest heart would tire in time. My reason for cabling was, that I heard that the American radio, following a quite unjustified report in the Evening News here, had put out an alarming bulletin, which had led to Marian and Robert Giroux cabling for information, and Marianne Moore and one or two other people writing in great anxiety.

You had mentioned your aunt having a shock: I do not know what is meant by that - it sounds like a "stroke". I hope it is not so serious as that. I also hope that friends are assisting financially, for the expense of a nurse (which usually means also more continuous domestic help) must be very serious indeed. I also fear that this will impose heavier claims on your time and strength.

You say nothing more about the eczema: is it cured or not. I have just succeeded in reading the end of your letter and am relieved to conclude that it is not you, but others who have sprained their ankles.

With much love

Don

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME

*Mich.  
May 5*



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← First fold here →

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address:

T. S. Elliot,

19, Gaeyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

— To open cut here —

Dearst Emily

19 June 1954.

I have not written for some little time, but I have no recent news from you either. I hope that by now you have settled your summer plans: I am sorry that you should be staying in Andover through July; and I trust that you made at least provisional reservations for August and into September, before letting your house definitely. I do hope that the good person will stay on with your aunt at least through the summer - and I hope you will not be spending most of your time in July at Commonwealth Avenue. I did write to Aunt Edith, by the way, a week or two ago.

I have no news of myself, except that my doctor is satisfied with my progress. Marian and Theodora arrive tomorrow. I shall be greatly relieved if I find that the flight was no great strain: but if it was unpleasant for her I shall be anxious all summer about the return flight - and that will much abate the satisfaction of having her here. We go to Farringford on either the 1st or the 5th July, whichever suits her and Theodora best (Theodora is supposed to be going to Norway for that period of three weeks). I think they are here until the end of August - not all of August in London; and when they leave I propose to get a week with the Clements in Geneva.

As you may suppose, I have had no public or social engagements (by social meaning parties of more than one or two people) and of course have dined out only on my housekeeper's two evenings a week out. I have just been to the oculist, and have to have all new lenses after only seven months of the last set. One of my eyes seems to have got stronger, and I need not be dependent upon distance lenses now.

Sherek has advertised that he is taking the Clerk to the newly instituted Paris International Theatre Festival, but goodness knows how he is to assemble a company in the time. His notion was that he could get good people with the inducement of a week's engagement in Paris, but that he would book them for a provincial tour in England as well.

The 50th anniversary of Sybil Thorndike's stage career has been celebrated - I have had an exchange of letters with her for the reason that I wanted to apologise and explain my absence from a supper in her honour at the Garrick Club, of which I was one of the promoters - Also apologised on discovering that in speaking of her in an essay in "The Sacred Wood" thirty-five years ago I had spelt her name wrong, and nobody had ever corrected it. (I didn't put it quite as badly as that!)

With much love  
Tom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



*Closed with new safety seal*

Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Second fold here

Sender's name and address: P.S. Elliot,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
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To open cut here

ER2

22 July 1954.

Dearest Emily,

I was glad to get your letter of the 16th, and to learn that you were in Andover, not Boston, and that a Miss Tucker had been found for your aunt. I hope you will soon put a greater distance between yourself and Boston. You were right about Mr. Wason: after an apologetic reference to his deafness he took a modest corner and nothing was heard from him. He looked most agreeable, as indeed they all were: but the conversation at the tea table was rather monopolised by the very talkative sister-in-law (I was not sure whether she was Mr or Mrs Wason's sister-in-law). The car must have been the same: for indeed it was somewhat shabby, and the springs lacking in springiness. It was a pity that the Admiral (if that was the Admiral) had the benevolent desire to show us so much of the island; for it was that bumpy drive that was too much for Marian - she had enjoyed the tea party very much. She is well, I think, and looks better for this holiday, which I am sure she enjoyed. Of course she can do very little: a short drive and a short walk, or, if she goes out to a meal, nothing else in a day after seeing people. We have been comfortable - I engaged a cottage in the hotel grounds: expensive, but then, as I can do nothing for anybody (or very little) in America, I might as well do everything I can for my visitors here. (Which reminds me that I shall have to have Dick and Amy Hall to a meal in August!)

Weather better this week, but still very cool for July. We go back to London tomorrow - Marian and Theodora go to Cambridge on Monday.

With much love

Pom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME

REFRESHWATER  
EVENING  
3:00 AM



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Sender's name and address:

T.S. Eliot,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
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To open cut here

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Dearest Emily,

25 August 1954.

Sept 9

Your friends, Miss Hancock and Miss Wilkinson, came to tea with me at Russell Square: Miss Hancock (for I think that is the younger one) rather touchingly shy and timid, wrote a charming note of thanks afterwards, a thoughtfulness which is always appreciated. Amy and Dick Hall have been, and gone on to Edinburgh: the close of a five months European holiday on the occasion of his retirement from the Boston & Maine at 65½. Marian and Theodora fly back tomorrow, and I shall be relieved when I get a cable to announce their arrival, which I hope to receive on Friday. I go to Geneva (c/o J.K. Clement, 1 rue de l'Evêché) on the 6th to the 20th. Badel wants me to come to Paris for the reprise of the Cocktail Party at the Vieux Colombier and unveiling of a bust of Jacques Copeau, but I don't know when; and Suhrkamp and Grundgens want me to come to Frankfurt on Sept 26th for the performance of the Privatsekretär (I have just been reading the notices of its première at Recklinghausen in the Ruhr. Critics very favourable and one or two quite enthusiastic, but expressed surprise that the first performance should have been in much too big a theatre and for an audience supposed to consist chiefly of coal miners). Arthritis improving under treatment, but going three times a week for treatment does interfere with working hours. Meanwhile it rains and rains every day: such a summer has not been known in the lifetime of anyone living. Crops probably ruined. News about E.D.C. very depressing.

I hope that you at least get some warmth and sunlight, and that you are now away at the seaside. I am a long time without news from you, and I hope there will be something before I leave for Geneva.

Lovingly  
Don





Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*1/2 cc Emily*  
*Reinders MH*

Sender's name and address:

T.S. Eliot,

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

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To open cut here



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

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## PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London W.C.1.

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*Jessie Emily*

4 September 1954.

*ack. Sept 9*

I must write something now, as for the next two weeks I don't expect to write anything to anyone except postcards. I leave for 1, rue de l'Évêché after breakfast on Monday, arriving presumably in time for a late lunch in Geneva. I return exactly two weeks later. I've decided not to go to Paris or Frankfurt afterwards as my doctor is much opposed to it - not that he is dissatisfied with my state of health, for he finds me in very good condition, but on the general grounds of conserving strength at my age, and avoiding all fatiguing travels. A première of one's own play is bound to be fatiguing, because of the number of people one gets involved with. So after my return on the 20th I do not expect to go abroad again until I pay my visit to Hamburg: unless I go south for a few weeks in the winter. But I don't know of anywhere that I want to go. I hope to be in America in the spring: I have made a provisional engagement for a reading in New York on May 14th, which would go a good way towards paying my expenses.

The autumn term is drawing near, and you do not seem to have had a very successful holiday yet - too many brief visits; and I infer that you will be settled in Andover again after Labour Day - this very next Monday, I believe.

I went with Martin to Golder's Green the other night to see the touring company in *The Confidential Clerk*. This is the company that went to Paris, where, I gather, they had good audiences mostly English and Americans, but a bad press - mostly second-rank French critics who, I suspect, did not know English very well. And one needs know English pretty well to follow the story, I think. It was not - Martin agrees with me - a suitable play to introduce to the French public in English. I hope that this bad

start will not impair the prospects of a production in French, as the Cocktail Party has done so well - the critiques of that in the Paris press were excellent (as were the notices of the Recklinghausen production of the Clerk in German). But the company gives the effect of all second-line touring companies: you can't say that anyone is bad, but the effect is of very flat champagne. The best performance was that of Alison Leggatt, who was as good as ever, and even I thought a little better, as Mrs. Guzzard. Isabel Jeans is still charming, but tends to grimace too much for comic effect. (However, it can't be good for any artist to have to play to dull provincial audiences in August). Bobby Speaight as Sir Claude is rather wooden; he has no grace of movement, and little mobility of feature - the character became surprisingly unsympathetic. Rosemary Harris, the Lucasta, is young and not very sure of herself, and had injured her voice, I was told, taking the part of a raucous American girl in some Tennant production - she had certainly not yet recovered it, because when she spoke softly she was often inaudible, so that a good deal of Act II was lost. It would have been better if Sherek had not taken the company to Paris, and then he could have started his provincial tour later in the year, when there would have been better audiences.

I was much alarmed by the reports of the hurricane in the English press, but a letter from Marian, dated Sept. 1st, speaks of it rather lightly. But it is odd that she does not speak of the Old North Church: the Times had a photograph of the steeple falling. As our great-great-great grandfather was Minister there for many years, I regard it as a kind of family loss. Anyway, I was relieved to infer that it had not seemed so terrible in Cambridge, though Marian is always too ready to minimise her own troubles. The holiday was a great success, I am happy to think.

I hope I shall find a letter from you on September 20.

Lovingly

Don

My Dear Emily,

26 September 1954.

ack. 0222

I was very happy to get your completely legible letter of the 21st, though for some reason your typing would be also completely legible through the paper to anyone who took the trouble to hold the letter up to a mirror (I have tried it on your hand mirror). Perhaps it is because you don't use a backing sheet? I am glad to have more cheerful news than that contained in your letter to Geneva. I think I understand what some of your experiences were in trying to collect money for Miss Nevins. But it is surprising how many quite prosperous people succeed in not coming in contact with people who need help. On the other hand, there ~~are~~ people like the lady (previously unknown to me) who wanted me to pay for her to have lessons in Hebrew so that she could write a book about Job, then decided that what she wanted was to study Greek in order to write about Greek influences in my own work, and when I said I could only afford to help people with definite and pressing needs, complained that my letter was insolent.

I am also glad that a new nurse-companion has been found, though one who may eventually be found guilty of imperfection. And when they are not found wanting, I fear that they are heavily imposed upon - I suspected that Miss Lavorgna could hardly call her soul her own when she was there. And finally, I am glad to hear that Drama has been given some status. When it is wholly outside of, and in addition to normal studies, it must inevitably interfere with them - and they with it - so that neither activity is as profitable as it should be.

But I'm alarmed to hear that Miss Hancock thinks I am going to give a talk at Abbott. (If I gave all the talks and readings expected of me my main purpose in coming, to see my kin and friends, would be wholly frustrated, instead of merely partly frustrated. I have undertaken to give two readings in New York, for which I expect to receive \$500 each - which I should hope to see me through a visit of four or five weeks. You understand, I am sure, that my aim must be to give the minimum number for the maximum fees, furthermore, if I did too many on one visit, I might have difficulty in finding good appointments near at hand on the next visit. I have just heard from Jean McPherrin and somebody else asking me to give a reading at Wellesley, but I shall explain that I should prefer to save that for the next visit, as it offers \$500 also. Perhaps when I saw Miss Hancock I had just been, or was just going to Cambridge (England): but I went there for a couple of nights merely to be with Marian and Theodora (I took them one afternoon to Ely) and to dine in College - do people think that I never go anywhere without giving a lecture there? I said I hoped to visit Abbott again - knowing that if I came out to see you there in term it would probably get known - but I'm afraid that I can't do any set pieces for them. I have too much to do, this coming year, to have time to prepare lectures to offer.

I had a thoroughly satisfactory visit to the Clements in Geneva - the two postcards I sent you from there will probably arrive in two or three weeks time as usual - the weather was warmer than in England, and several days were delightfully hot. Jim had a liver attack, which happily did not turn to jaundice, which kept him in doors for the first week; but I had several pleasant drives in the country. And I am always happy in Geneva - as I don't suppose I ever shall be happy again in Paris.

*Lucretia Tom*

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BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Sender's name and address: F.S.Elliott

19, Garlyle Mansions,

XCheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

→ To open cut here →

ack.  
Nov. 17

My Dear Emily

22 October 1954.

I have just written half a dozen air letters, including one to Eleanor Hinkley who has invited me to stay with her when in Cambridge next May (a rather surprising initiative which touched me) and should be sorry not to include in the pile for the post a word however brief to you. It is some time since I have any news from you, you know. I should not have been writing any of these letters this afternoon except that the Richmonds have asked me to come tomorrow (Saturday) morning instead of tonight, as she has had to have a plaster cast removed from her ankle and couldn't drive the car. I dread weekend and other brief visits more and more. I shall not go away again until the spring, unless I leave London, either for abroad or for the seaside somewhere, for my own good, to escape fogs and people. But the Richmonds are very old friends, of somewhat the same status as the Castles in Washington; and as he is now 82, I think, I don't like to let the year end without having paid my respects to them.

After next week I am to leave off my massage and deep heat, which has been taking up so much of my time. The shoulder is very much more supple - I continue doing exercises night and morning - but may need some more treatment after Christmas. And now that I have done my broadcast about David Jones, and my article on Wyndham Lewis for the Hudson Review, I shall return to Goethe, because I want to get that maddening piece of work off my hands before I contemplate the winter. Doctor would like me to go away from the middle of December until early in February, and I am resisting this, especially as he wants me to go south - preferably to Marrakesh, which sounds appallingly boring, and I can't work so far from a library. I want to go to Brighton for January, but that does not seem to suit his book. And I do want to re-write my Chicago lectures (it has been suggested to me that I should adapt them for broadcasting as "Reith Lectures", the chief broadcast talks of each year) in the hope of beginning work on a new play in about a year's time.

The outlook in England not very cheerful at the moment. Last week I got a good deal of walking, because of the bus strike (as a result of which every private car in England seemed to be massed on the streets of London); but the dock strike is much more serious. I suspect that it is partly a communist response to the success, or partial success, of Eden in contriving some sort of Western European agreement.

Do write, however briefly, or I shall conclude that you are ill.

With much love  
Your  
Tom



Miss Emily Hale,  
35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,  
Massachusetts,  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Sender's name and address: P.S. Elliot  
19, Carlyle Mansions,  
Cheyne Walk,  
London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
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→ To open cut here ←

Dear Emily,

14 November 1954.

letter & mine  
crossed with  
this.

I have not much to report, yet it seems that I have not yet acknowledged your letter of October 22. I was sorry to think that you were so tired, so early in the term, and fear that you will be pretty well exhausted before Christmas. I find that I myself seem to tire more easily than before my illness, though when I am not tired I think my brain works as well as ever. I am struggling to finish my Hamburg address, though I do not propose to go there until the spring: towards the end of April, if they will have me then - but until I am sure of the end of my writing, I cannot fix any of my dates for next year. My doctor persists in urging me to go abroad for my winters, though there is nowhere I want to go, by myself - and the really good winter climates are so remote - and I don't like to waste so much time, for I cannot work satisfactorily in distant resorts. I might go to visit friends in the South of France in January - alternatively, I might try Cyprus in February - French North Africa does not offer the inducements for the foreign visitor, as it looks too unsettled politically.

I remember meeting young Harford Powell: his father I remember dimly at Harvard, as an undergraduate who dabbled in literature - an uncle was in my class. He seemed a serious young man, not so young either, perhaps. Your Aunt Edith does not seem very old to me - my sister Margaret will be 83 in ~~three~~ a fortnight or so, and Ada was two years older than ~~three~~ Margaret.

Why does "Pygmalion" have to be so much modified? The plot turns, if I remember rightly, upon a falsehood - as one would expect of Shaw: namely, that social status is merely a matter of speech. No one has ever come nearer than Shaw to fooling all of the people all of the time: at least he has fooled the great majority of the people all of the time, and that is success enough. But I should think that "Pygmalion" would be at all an easy play to produce.

The letter from Miss Wilkinson was nice: I return it, with your other enclosures, including the report on Alnwick, under separate cover.

I wrote to John Bayley a short letter of condolence on his mother's death.

The Christmas poem sent by Surface mail.  
With much love  
Tom



BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Sender's name and address: T. S. Elliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

To open cut here

East Emily

29 November 1954

Personal Christmas card sent Dec 13

I was glad to get your letter of the 17th, but shocked to hear that my Christmas verses were un-inscribed. I can only think of two explanations. One is that you didn't open the leaflet at the right place; the other that I addressed the envelope first, and thought that I had already inscribed the verses. (If so, I wonder how many other people, who don't know me well enough to mention it, got un-inscribed copies - I have had to send about 130 so far). Anyway, I will send another copy, inscribed, at once. I am glad however that you like the verses. But the format is not quite the same as that of the original "Ariels", and neither I nor the Sales Manager is pleased with it. The cover looks like a solemn little pamphlet, or account of some charitable society, whereas it should look like a Christmas Card, bright on the outside and suitable for the mantelpiece. This was a bad mistake on the part of the Production Department.

I am distressed to hear about the progressive deterioration of Mrs. Perkins's eyes. This will also make life still more trying for you, I fear; and presumably add to the expenses. Does the beneficent Mrs. Lyman continue to fill the gap in emergencies?

I think I mentioned that Eleanor Hinkley had invited me to be her guest in Cambridge. This was very unexpected and surprising. I have accepted with the proviso that it should not be for the whole of my stay, on the ground that I am an inconvenient guest who occasions many telephone calls, who is out most of the time, and who must treat his hosts as unpaid hotel keepers. Also, Berkeley Place is not altogether the most convenient ~~dwelling~~ quarter for me: it would be better if I staid at the Faculty Club and took my meals with Theresa, who is used to my ways.

As for news of myself, I am well, and, no doubt as a consequence of having given up smoking, free from bronchial trouble. I have finished my Goethe Address - at least, I have given it to my secretary to copy out fair - it is very long and will have to be cut in delivery, but they will print it in full (in German). I must now take up the question of when to go to Hamburg. I must avoid the winter (the earliest possible now would be late January) so I want to fit it in as late as possible in the spring before coming to America - say late April. Until this date is fixed I cannot make any reservation (I suppose I shall have to come by air). I want to leave America on such a date in June as will make it impossible (1) to attend a Class Reunion at Harvard - that means leaving before June 14th; (2) to go to a Congress in Florence at the urgent request of the Mayor for the 3d year running: this means staying in America till about June 14th. It is difficult.

You say nothing about your Christmas play, or about your Christmas holidays. I only pray that the situation at Commonwealth Avenue will not develop in such a way as to rob you of all the days of rest at Christmas time. And I imagine that Aunt E. is fretful if any of the traditional Christmas ceremonies and social exercises are omitted.

It has happened lately that I have got involved in diplomatic courtesies to a greater extent than usual: I had to propose the vote of thanks last week to the wife of the Swedish Ambassador reading a paper on Queen Christina of Sweden; this week a Jugoslav reception; and next week farewell receptions by two departing ambassadors, the Italian (who is going to Washington) and the French!

*devoted love  
Tom.  
I have noticed that the  
gun on the envelopes  
is weak.*

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→ To open cut here →

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER  
MAY BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

Sender's name and address: T. S. Elliot

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

← Second fold here →

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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



26 Feb. 1953

em. Maule

Dearest Emily

My first attempt at letter writing will be a brief one. I want to thank you for two letters, & apologise for your having to cable. It is so difficult to know what to notify what to say on such occasions - I had hoped it would wear under a week of confinement, and out before anyone knew anything about it. The cause was a physical strain this time - a case of constipation - but the effect proved tenacious - over a month to get my pulse normal - I was in the clinic 2 weeks longer than the press was aware of. At home for the last few days, ordered to take short walks, but not go to my office etc. Until the very severe cold weather breaks. Feeling very languid, stupid, & without ambition: I suppose that's quite normal. But it seems that my programme after March can be carried out. I'll write again next week & much interested by your views of Abbott.

With affectionate love  
Tom

BY AIR MAIL ELSEA  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME  
2 45 PM  
26 FEB  
1955  
S.W. 5.



Miss Emily Hale  
35 A Storer Street

Andover  
Massachusetts  
U.S.A.

First fold here

Sender's name and address :

T S. Eliot

19 Careys Mansions  
Carey's Wall  
London S.W.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

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To open cut here

ack March 22

My dear,

5 March 1955.

It is better to write briefly than not at all, and it will make a start, as I am paralysed by the thought of all the letters of acknowledgement and reassurance that I have to write, beginning with my relatives in America. I seem to be making progress in spite of the very wintry weather (it is snowing again this morning). I had two days at my office this week, going and returning by taxi, but then a day in bed - possibly a reaction from taking so much digitalis, but the doctor hopes and believes that it was a chill on the liver, as the symptoms were accompanied by a slight temperature. At any rate, I am going to church this morning (late) and to work on Monday in the normal way; and I see my doctor again on Wednesday.

I may go to Littlehampton for a week or so before Easter; but at present the hotel is not yet open, and anyway while the weather is so cold one is as well off at home. The doctor has insisted that I should try to come back from America by boat, even if I have not time to go that way; so my secretary has secured, through the travel agency, a cabin on the Queen Elizabeth for the 15th June (which lets me out of attending the 45th reunion of the class of 1910), an inside cabin, but very expensive. I have not yet broken the news to the Mayor of Florence and now the Bishop of Chichester and Martin Crowne are pestering me about a Religious Drama Conference in Oxford at the end of July. I loathe all conferences and congresses. Do you remember the Dean of Chichester, Duncan-Jones? He died while I was in the clinic, of heart failure, at the age of 75. He was a valuable man, a good fighter and I almost always found myself in agreement with him, and I shall miss him. Indeed, much more congenial to me than the little bishop is, though the bishop is a pet - but not a cosy pet.

I suppose that you are freezing in Andover now: I think of you getting up and getting your early breakfast, in this weather, and then trudging over to take a class at eight o'clock or so. I hope that the central heating of your house functions well, and that that is looked after by the people on the other side of the partition. Miss Sweeney, isn't it? I remembered the name because Jack Sweeney, of the Widener Library, and his wife, are coming to tea to-day.

Lovingly  
Tom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address : T. S. Eliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

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AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

← To open cut here →

3 April 1955.

I am rather slow in answering your letter of March 22, written on the first day of the holidays. I imagine that those brief holidays are now over. American Easter holidays confuse me because they do not always seem to include Easter - at least, I remember that it was so at Harvard in 1933, and not even Good Friday was a holiday. I am happy at least to know that your production of "As You Like It" was a success - though it is very rarely, I think, that you have had anything that could be called a failure. I wish that your headmistress was as appreciative as the audiences. I gather from your letter that the vacation ends on April 5th - a very strange date. (Do they deliberately avoid ~~Easter~~ including Easter?)

Your advice about cabins is good, I am sure; and I will get an outside if I can. The voyage on that boat is a quick one - I should have preferred a smaller and slower ship. I dread the company, when travelling alone: and on such a huge ship, at the most crowded time of year, there are certain to be people who know me. And I suppose it means dressing for dinner, and talking to people. Well, I shall spend as much time in a deck chair with my eyes shut as possible.

Where will you be between the 22nd May and about the 12th June?

If I went to the Religious Drama conference it would only be for one night: but I have made it clear that even that depends upon what my doctor thinks of me on my return.

I am really getting on pretty well, though it takes time to recover confidence. One remains aware of one's heart, like a little dynamo going round inside one, for a long time after such an illness. That's only a kind of nervous consciousness.

Do say nothing more, in this letter, of the prospect of getting a half time job somewhere. How do you go about making enquiries. If you had to move from your very attractive house, I should hope that, other things being equal, it might be further away from Boston.

But I will write again to Aunt E. presently.

With much love

+ devotion

Ron



BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME

*ach - 10/1/55*



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Sender's name and address: T.S. Eliot

19, Carlyle Mansions

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

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OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open cut here

8 May 1950 <sup>ad. 12</sup>  
May 12

Dearest Emily

I have got back safely from  
Hamburg - not so tiring as it might  
have been, and very pleasant - &  
this is a brief note before I fly to  
New York. I shall be there till the 16<sup>th</sup>  
(c/o Robt. Grioux, 219 E 66) and then  
in Washington (c/o Wm R Laster, 2200  
S Street) till the 22<sup>nd</sup>. I shall first  
be at Theresa's, Eleanor's afterward.  
I have your telephone number -

Your aunt has asked me to give  
a reading for her King's Chapel garden,  
and I have already promised a reading  
in Cambridge for the benefit of the  
Harvard Advocate. But I never  
expect my visits to be a rest cure!  
I'll telephone from Theresa's.

With much love

Tom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME



Mrs Emily Ware

35 H School Street

Andover

Mass.

U.S.A. Service

Sender's name and address:

PS Bliss

19 Conlyde Mansions  
London S.W.3

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To open cut here

2200 S STREET  
WASHINGTON 8, D. C.

18. V. 55

Dearest Emily

I arrived yesterday (after  
a week in New York without  
a free moment) to the compara-  
tive leisure of Washington -  
but a very chilly Washington  
compared to sunny New York.  
I found also your two letters  
and post card. (My writing  
must be very bad. The name  
is CASTLE. And I gave the  
money for German & Austrian  
flood victims in 1954, not  
English flood victims.

Well, it's a fine matter about  
TEA, and let the hour be  
what it will. After giving  
two readings in 3 days in  
N.Y. I feel like an auto-  
matic toy, wound up. But  
in N.Y. my escape by a back  
door was carefully organized.  
I expect in Boston to have to  
make myself agreeable to pa-  
rtisans! E.B.P. seems to  
be running to form: I know  
a parallel case of a woman  
in England who will seek  
her nurse companions - to

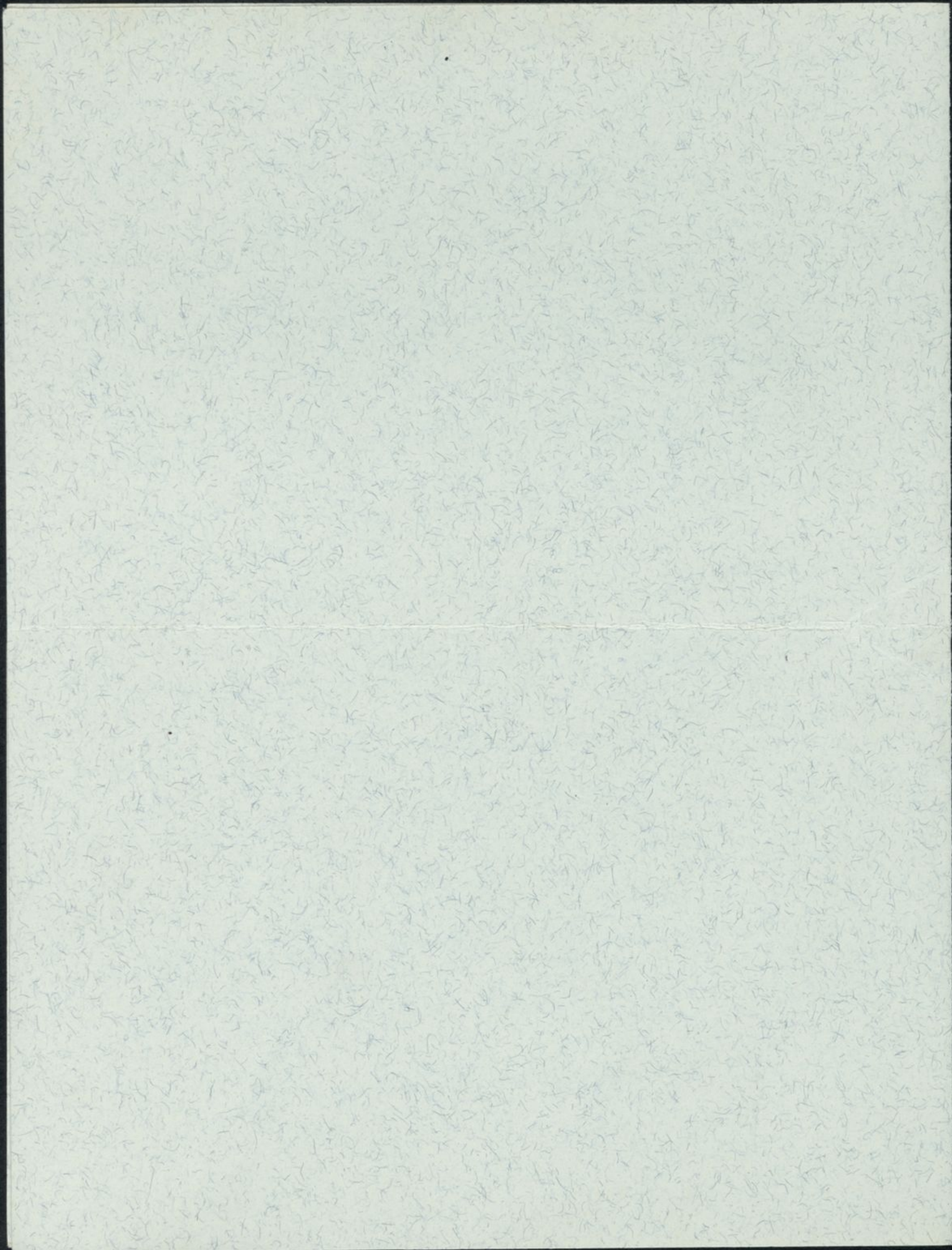
the despair of her daughters.

With much love

Tom

arriving at Theresa's on

Monday.



Dear Emily

27 June 1955.

I was very happy to find your letter of June 11th in my cabin, and glad to know that the hat-box had been delivered and found satisfactory. I like the colour rather better than that of the suitcase; and the box, I must admit, was not so expensive as I had expected anything of the sort to be in America.

I am glad that you should be away from the vicinity of Boston, and hope that the weather has improved. The day I sailed was the finest of my whole visit; the voyage was very calm - but I have assured my doctor that a voyage on an Eastward bound liner from New York, in June, is anything but a rest cure. On the Q. Elizabeth, dancing goes on from midnight to three a.m.; and on the first two or three nights some of the young barbarians were very noisy going to bed afterwards. Then there were all sorts of people wanting conversation and autographs - some of them telephoned to the cabin - but I managed to evade Miss Gilda Dahlberg, who thought that a common interest in the theatre was enough to form an introduction, and mentioned that she knew Tyrone Power and (as an afterthought) Noel Coward. Some of them were very pleasant - an intelligent Polish doctor who knows Martha Eliot, a freshman from Bryn Mawr (Miss Barbara Mitnik) and two nuns. Otherwise, the company looked to be the descendants of the lower classes of every European race, and very prosperous. One friend on the boat, Ben Huebsch the published.

My doctor is pretty well satisfied with me, as indeed he should be, to find my heart functioning quite normally after that arduous five weeks. Well, I did all I could in the time, and I couldn't have seen more of you or of anyone within those limits. I did very much enjoy my day with you. It seemed very odd, to deliver you and say good-bye at the door of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

I'll write again soon, as I'm sure I have forgotten to say something. I've been rather languid, but enjoying the relative anonymity of London, where no one knows who one is.

Now I shall write a note to Mrs. Osborne, before going out.

Very much love

Tom



BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME

CHELSEA  
7 15PM  
27 JUNE  
1955  
S.W. 3.

*Ans. July 5*

Miss Emily Hale,

~~35 A School Street,~~

*90 Comm Ave ANDOVER, Ch 17*

*Boston* Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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Sender's name and address : T. S. Elliot

19, Carlyle Mansions

ANDOVER  
JUN 29 AM  
1955  
Cheyne Walk,

London S.W. 3.

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OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

→ To open cut here →

am. Geog 4

Dear Emily

18 July 1955.

I was very glad to get your letter of July 5th, a week ago, but I wish that you had repeated the Grand Manan address in full, as I am not sure in my mind that there isn't more to it than just The Anchorage. However, I will send this there in hope, and write again shortly to Andover. It is in any case a great relief to know that you should be so far away both from Commonwealth Avenue and from the heat, and with so beloved a friend. The heat wave has even reached England: for the last three nights I have slept under a sheet only, which is something unheard of in recent years, and I am now sitting in a sleeveless shirt and my most tropical trousers. July has proved a crowded month, so that even my weekends have been broken, and tomorrow (Sunday) I have to lunch out for the third Sunday running. My niece Theodora has been here, and my cousin Abigail Smith (St. Louis, now Lexington). Hope Mirrless has been and gone, and the Hotsons have just arrived. The place is full of American publishers and other visitors. Last Thursday a Buckingham Palace Garden Party. The only reason for going to those more than once is Loyalty, and the fact that you hand your invitation card in at the gate, so that somebody (I don't know who) can check who has been there. I have a simple method: to arrive at the gate at Hyde Park Corner, walk leisurely across (it takes about twenty) to the lower gate in Grosvenor Place, and walk out, taking a taxi in which someone else has just arrived. I don't stop unless some acquaintance accosts me, and nobody did. On Tuesday I have to conduct the annual meeting of the London Library - dreading this, as there is an old she-dragon who is going to complain that the Library isn't open for long enough hours. I have seen the Greek Play (Oedipus Coloneus) beautifully acted at Bradfield College (in Greek). Gilbert Murray was there, but, I am glad to say, ignored my presence. I have attended a luncheon for President Pusey. I should like to go to Cambridge for a Feast, but I may be forced into going to Oxford for a night for that Religious Drama meeting.

I shall be glad to take flight on August 4th. My address thereafter for three weeks will be c/o J.K. Clement, 1 Rue de l'Evêché, Geneva; for the fourth week probably c/o Henri Fluchère, Ste. Tulle, Basses Alpes, France. (I am rather more precise about addresses than you are.)

I had mistaken the date for Mrs. Osborne - and expected her the 27th June. My secretary, when no reply came from her, very sensibly rang up the E.S.U. and found that it was to be July 27. So I shall try again.

I am thankful that your aunt's devoted friends should at least be trying to protect you from her, and I do hope that

you will let nothing but real crisis shorten your holiday, and that you will respond to no appeal unless it comes from a more trustworthy source than your aunt herself.

*Lovingly  
Tom*

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Sender's name and address:

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



Miss Emily Hale,  
The Anchorage,

GRAND MANAN,  
New Brunswick.

Dearest Emily

31 July 1955.

n

I am writing over the bak holiday weekend, because I fly to Geneva on the 4th: which means that I shall be without a typewriter for a month, and therefore unlikely to write more than picture post cards until September. I think I gave you my addresses, but in case I have not done so, here they are:

To August 25th: c/d J.K. Clement, 1 rue de l'Evêché, GENEVA.  
From Aug. 25 to Sept. 1st: c/o Henri Fluchère, Ste.-Tulle, Basses Alpes, France.

I am glad to have a quiet weekend, as Tuesday and Wednesday will be busy days, with Omar Pound and his wife, Theodora, and the Hotsons to entertain in succession; and all the last minute duties and errands before leaving. I have had Mrs. Osborne and her daughter to tea, which was very pleasant. She is a very nice person, I think. Last weekend I went to Cambridge for a college feast on the Friday, spent Saturday partly with my godson (who is now a don at Corpus) and partly with Theodora at the Garden House Hotel, and on Sunday, by an arrangement made by Martin Browne, was motored from Cambridge to Buckingham, in the morning (Martin said that the Rockefeller Foundation paid for the car, as it was owing to their generosity that the conference could take place). At Buckingham I was given lunch by Martin and Henzie, who motored me to Oxford, where we arrived in time for Martin to open the Religious Drama Conference, with a paper which had already been circulated, and was followed by representative delegates, each reading a paper which had been circulated. The papers were short, as an interpreter had to translate French-German-English. I got the impression that Religious Drama was not very flourishing outside of England, as the Roman authorities discouraged it, and the Lutheran and Calvinist authorities disapproved of having anything to do with the Theatre. But that our example was very encouraging to them. I made a few extempore remarks, autographed programmes for several of the foreigners, we had a rapid dinner in Hall, and Martin delivered me to the 7.48 train to Paddington.

This letter is going to School Street. Now I will write a short note to Grand Manan. I HOPE that you are still there with Dorothy. And I imagine from the temperature here, which is very warm and dry and pleasant, that the heatwave in America is not done with. Oh I do hope you are still at Grand Manan.

Lovingly  
Tom.

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME

RELEASE  
5 15 PM  
1 AUG  
1955  
S.W.3.



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

*Archives* Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*New Brunswick*

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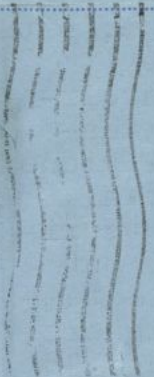
Sender's name and address: T. S. Elliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

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To open cut here

Dearest Emily.

31 July 1955.

I have just written to School Street, saying that I hoped you were still at Grand Manan, and in that hope I write to you at Grand Manan to say that I have written to you at Andover. And I leave on August 4 and my addressee will be

To August 25th: c/d J.K. Clement,  
1, rue de l'Evêché,  
Geneva, Switzerland.

From Aug 25 to Sept 1: c/o Henri Fluchère,  
Ste.-Tulle,  
Basses Alpes,  
France.

And on Sept 1st I return to London.

I don't like to think of your going back to Boston. And I don't like to think of your going back to Abbott Academy.

I wonder whether I should put "Canada" on or not. I know that the Maritime Provinces are part of Canada now, but I have the impression that they didn't want to be, and that they were bullied into it. Do find out how people feel about Canada, and tell me.

With much love

Tom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AÉROGRAMME

HELSEF  
F 15 PM  
1 AUG  
1955  
S.W. 5.



Miss Emily Hale,  
The Anchorage,  
Grand Manan,  
New Brunswick,  
Canada.

First fold here

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Sender's name and address: T. S. Elliot  
19, Carlyle Mansions  
Cheyne Walk,  
London S.W. 5.

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To open cut here

card  
Sept. 22

Dearest Emily,

4 September 1955.

I imagine that my postcards from Geneva will have been seeping through very slowly, and perhaps only now beginning to await your return to Andover, I am writing briefly to report that I have concluded my holiday, flying back from Marseille on Thursday afternoon. I have had a very successful vacation, with beautiful weather. This summer, which has brought protrating heat (followed by terrible floods) to the eastern United States, has given Europe, England included, a brilliant season of warmth and sun, never too warm. I had three weeks in Geneva (with several pleasant excursions into the country in the Clements' car) and a delightful week at Ste. Tulle. I have not for a long time slept so well as at Ste. Tulle: a quiet little village with very good air, well above the level of the Durance valley, air scented with lavender, mint, thyme, rosemary and rue and other herbs.

Because of the suffocation of New England, I was the more exasperated at your having to cut short your stay at Grand Manan, which must have been ideal for this season. And all the more exasperating to find that your cancellation was unnecessary after all. So I hope that you are still at the seaside, or away from Boston. For it is still very warm here, so I imagine that it must still be very hot with you. And those tempests on top of it. Theodora tells me that the humidity has been most oppressive.

September still brings visitors. My cousins, Sam and Elsa Eliot, have just been here; my grand-niece Priscilla arrives on the 14th. There are the Richards's to be seen. Goodness knows what importunities I shall find at my office. But I hope to get down to the Fabers for a short stay at the end of the month.

With all my love  
Tom.



BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



.....Miss Emily Hale,

.....35 A School Street,

.....ANDOVER,

.....Massachusetts,

.....UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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Sender's name and address : ..... T. S. Eliot

.....19, Carlyle Mansions

.....Cheyne Walk,

.....London S.W.3.

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← To open cut here →



ack. 6/2/55

27 September 1955.

Dearest Emily

I am writing rather hastily to thank you for yours of the 23d. I have many letters I ought to write, including one in reply to your aunt: I was so angry still at the time when it arrived that I postponed answering until I had cooled. I had my grand-niece Priscilla for five days (not here, of course, but at Basil Street) and had to give her all the time I could spare. She is a pathetic child (twenty-one, and in her senior year at an institution called Skidmore College) and very much the product of parents who could not get on, and of a divorce; and now that her father is dead there is no one very near to her. Now Robert Giroux is here; and I depend so much upon him when I am in New York that I must show him every hospitality I can here. And next week I have the unwelcome task of opening an exhibition of the late McKnight Kauffer's posters, simply because I was more a friend of his than perhaps anyone in ~~ENGLAND~~. England. One delightful experience since I last wrote: through the kindness of Ashley Dukes I saw ~~EDWIGE~~ Edwige Feuillère in La DAME AUX (I can't control this machine La Dame aux Camélias. She is a great actress: it was amazing to see what she made of a play which could easily seem ridiculous - especially the last scene. And played very quietly indeed. There is no English actress to equal her, to-day.

Yes, there are insoluble problems: and certainly the problem of your aunt will only end with death. And she seems physically so robust. A child to the end, spoiled by her husband and by her friends. Oh dear I am so sorry.

Lovingly  
Tom

Meg writes that Dorcen  
had had to have an  
operation on her knee.



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,  
ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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*Dearest Emily*

*scribble*  
16 October 1955.

I have written no letters for a fortnight, as I have been again in the Clinic, but this time for - athlete's foot! Let me begin the story on the Monday on which I recorded some poems for Mr. Bartok (son of the ~~musicia~~ composer) for an American firm named "Caedmon" which is highly recommended by Conrad Aiken and Marianne Moore for verse recordings. This took place in George Hoellering's film studio, which is, as you know, a disused church in Avenue Road St. John's Wood. The day was fine and warm, but the studio was cold and damp. If I had been able to rest at once I should have got over it; but I had two dinner engagements, on Tuesday and Thursday, with Montgomery Belgion & Hope Mirrlees respectively, another recording appointment on the Wednesday, and a television appointment on the Thursday. So when I saw my doctor (a regular appointment, not because of the cold) on Friday, he said I should go to bed instead of going to the Fabers for the week end. Now the bathroom at Carlyle Mansions was having some repairs, Madame's bedroom was being redecorated (badly needed, but against her protests, because she dislikes the smell of paint and says she won't be able to sleep there for two months) the place was in confusion with paintpots, cloths, testles, and the usual coming and going of men in long white coats, so I went to the Clinic. And as I was there, my doctor seized the opportunity of giving me intensive treatment for this athlete's foot, which I contracted 21 months ago at a chiropodist's (which means that one cannot be too careful about chiropodists - you are warned) and which had responded to ordinary treatment up to a point, but had returned worse than ever this summer. And that took two weeks! And the cortisone (I don't remember how to spell it - it's not in the dictionary) produced a boil on one toe, and then that had to be treated. However, here I am again with clean feet: but an uneventful life for the past two weeks.

Television is unpleasant, I would never have done it for any reason but a sense of duty. But I was to open this Kauffer exhibition; and they begged me to do a short (5 minute) chat about Kauffer in this medium, beforehand, as she said that it would bring three times as many people to the exhibition. It's far worse than broadcasting, first, because you have to think of your expression of face, as on the stage; and second, because you have to memorise (as on the stage) Fortunately, this one was filmed, in order to be presented some days later: so that I was able to memorise each paragraph one at a time, and they put the bits of film together afterwards. If I had had to memorise all at once it would have been indeed an ordeal. One point that was rather amusing: when I had got through very successful, as I thought, the man said: "Mr. Eliot, would you mind - I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to take that last paragraph again: when you got to the last sentence, your face began to show such evident relief."

I was on the Clinic on the day the exhibition opened: but they sent a man with a recording machine and I made my opening speech onto the tape! I gather that the speech went down very well (I began by saying "this is my first experience of opening an exhibition in my own absence") but I haven't yet seen the exhibition.

Well, this is all I have to say about myself. I was happy to hear from you that Mrs. Crane is handling her job well. It must be much more pleasant for you, in that respect. Curious that Miss Hersey should immediately be dropped into oblivion! But it's only when the successor is unpopular that the late Head is venerated; and the less popular the new one is, the more the late one is idolised. When I was at Milton, everyone said what a wonderful Headmaster Mr. Apthorp had been. Poor Richard Cobb!

I will write to Aunt Edith soon.

My grandniece is a very odd girl: I can't make her out. And do well-bred young women nowadays refer to young men as dates? It sounds so very vulgar!

I hope I may soon have more news of the way this term is developing for you.

*With much love  
Tom*

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→ To open cut here →

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Sender's name and address:

T.S. Elliot

19, Carlyle Mansions,

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

← Second fold here →

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Massachusetts,

ANDOVER,

35 A School Street,

Miss Emily Hale,



10 November 1955.

any  
Recall

Dearest Emily

I was glad to get your letter of November 3, announcing the receipt of my cable. I had intended to follow up the cable with a letter. But I had lost two weeks of October through being sent to the Clinic for treatment for athlete's foot, and was in confusion of arrears. That seems to be cured for some time to come, at least, and also I feel cheered to be told by my present doctor that a recurrent discomfort and pain, which I have had every few weeks for the last five years, and had understood just had to be put up with, had been wrongly diagnosed by the specialist to whom I had then been taken, and that it can be dealt with. If the treatment doesn't do it, there is a small operation possible; but he prefers treatment. On the other hand I am having somewhat to "favour" my eyes at the moment, until I get my new spectacles: as it is the lenses that help one eye, make the other still more blurred, so that whether I have my reading glasses on or not, one eye is doing all the work.

No, the postal card of Hamburg was not meant to keep; but I am fearful of Theresa putting too much junk into the Collection. There is too much already, and anything she gets her hands on goes in, so I no longer send her small items of the sort that do to amuse a few people who know one well and then should be destroyed.

Did I tell you what a good job Irene Worth made of Ugo Betti's play (now at the Haymarket) "The Queen and the Rebels"? It's too difficult a part for young amateurs, I fear, but the play is very interesting.

I am very happy to hear about your birthday celebrations and friends' reminders of themselves on that day. As for the poem, my dear! Yes, I remember very well indeed your previous wish - and I must confess that at the time I was a little hurt - because it seems to me that the poems among my published work in which you are involved, are so much more serious a tribute than anything that could be done as vers d'occasion that I thought, well, for Emily I am a good prose writer but of no great interest as a poet. Perhaps that was an exaggeration.

The weather here still mild and an unusual number of sunny days, for London and for the time of year. I hope that your winter too will be postponed as long as ever it is.

With much love

Tom

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME



Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: T.S. Eliot

19, Carlyle Mansions

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

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To open cut here

First fold here

13 December 1955.

*cables  
Jan 3  
1956*

*My dear,*

It is a long time since I have heard from you, but a letter from Aunt Edith, a few days ago, tells me that your last play was very successful, after giving you great anxiety; and that you have been kept very busy by Christmas festivities at the school. I do not know what happens in this country in girls' schools, but from Theodora's accounts to me, I get the impression that girls' schools work their faculty to exhaustion, before the Christmas holidays, with extra-curricular activities which are nominally voluntary but are hardly avoidable. It is lamentable in every way that people should reach Christmas Eve in a state of extreme fatigue from futile activities.

I am quite unscrupulous about Christmas social duties. My secretary gives me something like 150 cards to autograph, and they go out to a list of people which she keeps up to date. I go to the wine merchant and order a bottle of sherry for the Vicar and a small box of cigars for my doctor. John Hayward sees to a present for the housekeeper and one for the charwoman. And my godchildren, and of course several poor persons, get cash. I don't go to midnight mass because my doctor disapproves of my being out late, and nobody invites me to Christmas dinner. I shall however have to have tea, or a meal of some kind, with Janet Roberts's family after Christmas.

I understand that you are to go to Commonwealth Avenue on the 23d, I hope only over Christmas itself. I should be very grateful for a letter, however brief, before Christmas, telling me where you are to be during the holidays.

I have drafted the first act of a play, and am now stuck after the first ten minutes of the second. The third (supposing that I ever execute the second) seems to me to offer insuperable problems. I try to cheer myself up by reminding myself that I thought I should find no way out of the tangle I had got my characters into at the end of Act II of The Confidential Clerk. I shall be doing well if I get a first draft of Act II in the next two months - after which I must drop the play (exasperating) until July, probably, in order to write a lecture for Minneapolis.

I shall send a cable to Andover, and another one to you & your aunt: but do let me have a word before Christmas!

*With much love*

*Tom*





Miss Emily Hale,

35 A School Street,

ANDOVER,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

← First fold here →

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address: J.S. Elliot

19, Carlyle Mansions

Cheyne Walk,

London S.W.3.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

← To open cut here →

MRS. HENRY WARE ELIOT  
84 PRESCOTT STREET  
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

The Surprise  
present exceeded  
my hopes! I could not  
ask for a more  
welcome present than  
that.

T.

