Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Citation Information

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

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

1 folder

Contact Information

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By German packet EUROPA.

Miss Emily Hale,

22, Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
TERION
RTERLY REVIEW
TED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 5949
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

The reopening of the Mercury Theatre has been delayed by the demand for English tours of *Murder in the Cathedral*. The main company, with Mr. Robert Speaight as Becket, opens at Golders Green to-night, and will continue on tour until shortly before it leaves for America in January. A second company with Mr. Christopher Casson in the principal part will make further tours. Towards the end of October the Mercury will present a three-act comedy in prose by Ashley Dukes, which is provisionally called *House of Assignation*. In December, however, the presentation of verse-plays will be resumed with *Christ's Comet*, by Christopher Hassall. It is hoped to produce a new play by T. S. Eliot in the New Year.

1 October 1937.

My Dearest,

I sent off the draft by this same boat but in a different envelope, so if you do not receive it by this mail, you have to let me know at once. Now I wonder whether it is really enough to buy a really good fur piece, so if it is not, let me know that. Not that you have to buy a fur, if you prefer something else! It is never quite satisfactory asking people to get their own birthday presents, but with anything pertaining to dress, it is the only thing one can do.

I do not suppose that I shall have a letter from you until the end of next week, especially as you were plunged into the midst of work immediately on arrival, and before getting settled. I am naturally anxious to hear all about the new conditions, and the work and the girls.

By the way, the bank said they could not draw on Northampton, so it is on Boston, but if you have an account in Northampton I expect your bank there can collect it for you.

I have had a reasonably quiet week, working every morning at Shakespeare - I still have ten pages to go - and one morning at the dentist - very little to do this time, and three sittings put me in order for another six months - and I hope you will like my new blue suit and blue winter overcoat. The Morleys went off to Hamburg on Tuesday - I saw them off at Liverpool Street - and tried hard to persuade me to accompany them (they return tomorrow); but what with Shakespeare and these weekends, I did not feel at all like going. The Tandys tomorrow will be easy enough, but I rather dread the De la Mares and still more Conrad Aiken's in November. Had dinner with Philip Mairet on Monday; Martin Browne is coming in to see me this afternoon.

I should like to know when you expect to get to Boston. I do not want to say much more at present about psychology, especially as I am speaking rather in general and for the outside. My only direct experience is half a dozen sittings, many years ago, with a German who used to come to London for a few weeks every year, and whom Ottoline wanted me to see. He was not a pure analyst, but combined it with physical treatment of his patients. He was very highly thought of, and was said to have helped Lord Salisbury a great

deal with insomnia - David Cecil confirmed this to me. My own experience during that very short time was (1) that as soon as he began enquiring about dreams I began having the most complicated and cryptic dreams, such as I had never had before; and these stopped as soon as I left off; and (2) he did not tell me anything about myself of which I was not already conscious, although to be sure I did not see how he elicited the facts from the dreams. I believe there are cases in which a specific trouble (like insomnia) can be helped; what I distrust most is the general treatment which goes on indefinitely - and with some people, becomes a lifetime habit, though they may change their analyst from time to time. What a doctor needs is not merely scientific attainments but wisdom, which does not always accompany them, by any means, and spiritual purity. They may not always distinguish between the particular twists which are a definite handicap in ordinary living, and the general difficulties which may be simply the product of circumstances, and just have to be borne. Furthermore, they are most apt (especially if Jewish) to take a materialistic attitude, or, what is almost worse, a vaguely spiritual attitude, and assume that everything can be put right, on the ordinary plane of existence. But I am not only rather in the dark in your case, but am perhaps too deeply involved with you emotionally to be able to take a detached view. I should not, however, be convinced of the opinion of any doctor whom you did not know, and who did not know you.

There, that's all now. The lapse of time between now and our voyage to the Docks is constantly changing like an accordeon - sometimes it seems last Saturday, and sometimes months ago. I have to be glad of this, that our summer was I think the happiest of those that you have spent at Campden; all I missed was a few weeks of you in Rosary Gardens. And you do not know how grateful I am to you for your goodness and sweetness, and what a help you have been and continue to be.

Your loving
Don

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

AN EPISTLE

To the Hearned and Ingenious Dr.Morley.

The Elephant of forty-nine
Cannot be caught with hook and line,
Especially when it leads into
The Precincts of the Hamburg Zoo.
The Whale, of nearly thirty-eight,
Has less grey matter in his pate.
The Elephant, of beasts alive,
Is quite the most Conservative:
While other creatures change and roam,
He lingers in his jungle home
In vegetarian flatulence,
Slow in attack, strong in defence.
The Whale, of more mercurial mind,
Is driv'n about by Tide and Wind;
A mammal with no nobler wish
Than live like fish among the fish,
A Monster who escap'd the Flood
With watery diluted blood,
And, sacrificing hoof to fin,
Perpetuates pre-diluvial Sin.
Yet ah! might even Whales repent?
And leave their fluid Element?
Prepare the higher life to meet
And stand at last upon their feet?
With fatted calves we'd welcome them
Into the New Jerusalem.

Anon.

By German packet EUROPA

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1 15PM
8 OCT
S.W.7.

POST EARLY IN THE DAY

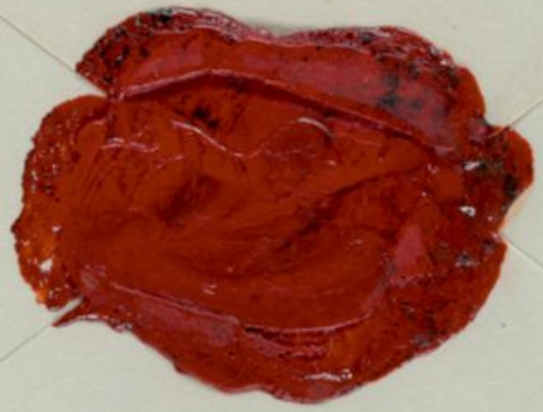
Miss Emily Hale,

22, Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My Dearest,

8 October 1937.

I am vexed by not catching an earlier boat than this, but I have had a very full week. First, your long letter, or journal, arrived on Monday and gave me much comfort - incidentally to know that you had changed into a cabin to yourself in a better class; and this morning your first letter. I shall not expect any letter of any length for some time again, as you must be very busy indeed. Your long letter was full of good matter, and the best substitute for your presence that I could askfor. I am running through it again now - yes, I agree that that reference to Norton was very ill-timed and placed - but I dislike, and would suppress if I could, all the lectures I wrote that year - there is a kind of intemperate feverish aggressiveness about them, out of relation to the subject matter, that spells an abnormal state.. I hope that in some ways - I know, not in all - I have improved since that year - but I hope I have become somewhat more gentle. A certain amount of success, and a life of comparative serenity, is good for one. I had not realised that Tandy's style reflected mine at all (that is a kind of thing it is always difficult to see for oneself) but I can see how it might be so. As for Read, I agree that was not thrashed out satisfactorily - for one thing, I did not want, as editor, to write a reply longer than his letter. But my point is, that if that sort of action was calculated to " bring the Germans to their senses" I should feel it a duty; but as it merely stiffens and incenses them, and makes them feel (rightly or wrongly) that they are being preached to by folk no better than themselves who don't understand their difficulties anyway, I deplore it. That is not to suggest that people as individuals should conceal their opinions about German behaviour. But I feel also that English opinion is apt to be one-sided, and that the people who cry loudest about Germany are often those who have preferred to turn a blind eye to persecutions in Russia - and I do think the English have a very irritating way of offering moral instruction to other nations - and I am not sure about the goings on on the Afghan frontier. Now about Harry's entrance - I am struck by what you say, and will certainly raise the point, to see how it strikes other theatrical people, when I have the manuscript complete. What I had meant was that he had noticed from outside that the room was in fulll view, so that that would be his first thought on entering. But I dont know that that will work - very likely the audience needs to get a good look at a leading character

on his first appearance, before he goes into violent action. I have nearly finished the Shakespeare - only a couple of pages of summing up to do now, one morning's work. I think I will have a few copies made, so as to send you one; because I do not intend to print it for a long time, and I think it is well worth careful revision in the light of criticism and further thought. Then I may use it again as lectures in Paris or Copenhagen if I go there next year. And thank you for your encouragement in this task. As for your own mind, my dear, do not worry or hurry! a little gentle exercise each day - I find that the maximum of real thinking I can do is at most three hours in a day; and the deepest subjects are those to spend least time on at once - because one can only hope to solve the problems in the course of living, and with the grace of God - so long as they are "never far" from the mind.

I had a pleasant weekend with the Tandys and their children - except that on Sunday afternoon he had a B.B.C. acquaintance and his wife over from Hampstead, and they stayed to supper, and were rather uninteresting people, and I felt that that part of the time was rather a waste. I have had to dine with Morley and his parents, who were leaving for Baltimore - and with the Reads last night, which is always rather an effort - and to-day I take Mrs. Irving Babbitt to lunch (she returns to Cambridge tomorrow) and then have an interview with my Portuguese politicians about the Salazar book, and then be transported to the De la Mares' which I rather dread. They have a rather grand manor house in Hertfordshire, I believe, and Mrs. de la Mare's grandfather was the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and it all sounds rather pretentious, unlike the simplicity of Woolfs and Tandys. (I don't mind staying with <u>really</u> grand people, now and again, but I am not so happy with the betwext & between). But they are very nice in their way, and he is a colleague, so it is a kind of diplomatic courtesy on both sides.

My dear, I am not likely to get <u>used</u> to your being so far away from me - the only thing I can agreeably think at the moment is that I am three weeks nearer to seeing you again. But I want so often during the day to take your head on my shoulder and rest you - and myself.

I think Margaret Thorp should be pleased with the review of the Kingsley book (you shall be on the free list again, I shall see to that) but alas for poor Miss Dunn, my reviewer (a very competent Shakespeare specialist) who had several Shakespeare books sent him, has discarded hers as not really worth the space.

I have heard nothing from the Perkins's lately, and should like to know their plans.

to Emilie from her Don


MOZART'S GEBURTSHAUS.
Küchen-Haus
Soleleinrichtung
Getreide
Salzburg.
Cosy

VERSENDET
EUROPÄISCHE
DURCHBRIEFPOST

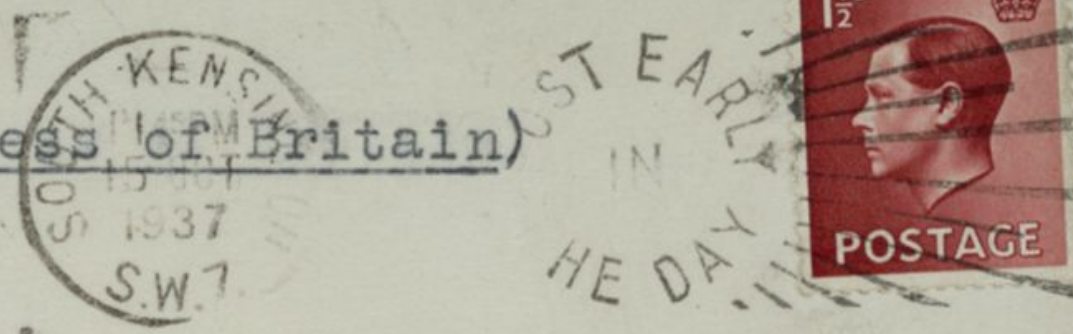
Miss Emily Hale
240 Crescent Street
Northampton
Massachusetts.
Ver. Staaten von
Amerika

Casy-Verlag, Salzburg, Getreidegasse 16

Mozart (1756–1791) Geburtshaus, Wirkungsstätte

Mrs P. kindly forwarded a postcard but your news is very unsatisfying. I shall therefore be glad to be back, but the weather here has been satisfyingly hot & sunny, & I feel a good deal of benefit already. I hope to find a letter or a cable on my return. T.S.E.

Via Canada (Empress of Britain)



ans
Oct. 24th

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My Dearest,

15 October 1937.

I am not well served with ships this week - there is nothing better than the Empress, via Montreal, so this letter may reach you no sooner than my next. I have finished my lectures, and have only a few corrections to make; and a full programme has been arranged for me in Edinburgh, and after that is over I shall feel that I have done my duty, for some time to come, by the minor races in the Empire. And my visit will probably bring me a load of manuscripts from aspiring poets. Then I shall really start to work on my play, and to tell the truth, I am sincerely dreading the moment, because, after such a long interruption, the plunge is fearful, and one is terrified of proving that one has undertaken something beyond one's powers. But after the first week of pacing up and down every morning for three hours and producing nothing, I shall get used to it again, and there does seem just a chance of doing what I should like to do. Meanwhile I am busy with a Commentary, to turn in for the December issue before I leave for the North: first on the future of Oxford, with the Nuffield endowments, and second on the National Theatre - a cognate subject really, as they both arise from gifts of money by rich and well-meaning men. And I look forward with exquisite pleasure to a week-end in town with nobody to see: tomorrow morning writing, a sleep at the club after lunch, work between tea and dinner, and early bed. Monday night was the All Souls Club, as guests of the Dean of Chichester, discussing the Edinburgh Conference, Tuesday "Measure for Measure" with Belgion and Charles Williams - a very bad production, we thought, chiefly bad as producing (Tyrone Guthrie's) but also in speech - one could hardly hear the poetry at all, and the play was played entirely on its plot, and it's not a very good plot, or only good half way through (but I think it takes a great dramatist to get away with such poor plots as Shakespeare could); and on Wednesday dined with John Hayward - the Huthhinsons came in before dinner, also a young friend of John's named Sir Colville Barclay (of Barclay's Lager Beer) who is in the diplomatic service and is a son of John's friend Lady Vansittart. Last night to bed early, and up early this morning for the first time since Sunday.

It is of course right that we should face our shortcomings and study them - but this has its own dangers - we can easily become too engrossed in them, and if we think them very peculiar and

unusual we are wrong. You have said often enough that you think your life has been very self-centred, and egotistical - and I think often enough to do for a long time to come! You know that I think you tend too much to brood upon your faults, which are only such as you share with most other people. And remember that I (for instance) don't feel any more advanced than you do; and that all real help is in God, and in ourselves when seen in relation to God, and some little bit in those who can help us towards God; and that when we feel ill and failing, to concentrate our attention upon our weaknesses and failings is sometimes the worst thing; and that the one "fundamental trouble" is separation from God, and we were made for action, love and meditation, but not for brooding upon our faults.

Inever have enough of your news, and of your thoughts and feelings. I am trying to learn, this year, to dash off short letters frequently, rather than wait until I can write a really good letter - which so often is only just after a good boat has gone!

Always your loving

Tom

By German packet BREMEN

SOUTH KENSINGTON
11 45 PM
19 OCT
1937
S.W.7.

POST EARLY IN THE DAY

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

19 October 1937.

Dearest,

This is a line to reach you by the Bremen - not very much later, I hope, than that by the Empress. I have already had to despatch one letter by the same boat - as Frank Morley's father died very shortly after they reached Baltimore - to Frank's mother: I am now glad that I had dinner with them on their last night here - just a fortnight ago, I was wearing a new shirt, and to-day I am wearing it for the first time after washing. This is the second letter of condolence within a week: the first to Valentine Dobrée (you remember her, pleasantly, I believe) whose father (Col. Sir Alexander Brooke-Pechell) had died - she was very much distressed. But I had, as I said I would, a quiet weekend: supper with Joh. Hayward on Sunday with the Kennerleys; they had all been out in the afternoon to Much Haddam Hall to see the De La Mares. Monday I had Roger Hinks to lunch, to ask about the book he has promised us on Roman Art; to-day John Betjeman (a former pupil of mine at Highgate) to discuss a book for him to write on English Architecture; and this afternoon I had arranged at the club at six o'clock a meeting between a man I know in the Anglo-International Bank, who is looking for a new job because international banking is disappearing, and a man I know in the Bank of England, who I thought might help him towards an interview with Sir Otto Niemeyer. This morning I wrote a column for the Times Literary Supplement about Paul More's book (a very slight posthumous work, which I think had better not have been printed, which made matters difficult); and I have during the rest of this week to revise my Commentary and perfect my Shakespeare lectures. Then on Monday night to Edinburgh, and it will be with great relief that I shall board the sleeping car of the Night Scot (or whatever it is called) at Edinburgh on Friday night: though when I get back I shall be completely free from engagements and have to look my play face to face for the next six or seven months. Meanwhile, another quiet weekend, during which I shall have to look into the works of Professor Dover Wilson, one of my hosts in Edinburgh - I believe he has written a book on Hamlet, and I ought to know about it before I stay with them.

I shall think of you on the 27th, during my lecture! my message for your birthday must be sent before I leave.

I am glad to have a note from Mrs.Perkins, saying that they are going to Lincoln next week and expect to be at Aban Court by November 2nd. I have had no letter from you (I am not complaining, because I am not in a position to complain, merely stating) since that of Oct.5th - which I have already acknowledged. I will write again at the weekend.

And meanwhile, my prayers for my darling -

Your Tom

THREE SONNETS

to Geoffrey Cust Faber Esqre., as a reply to a ballad entitled

"Nobody knows what you've done to me".

GEOFFREY! who once didxx walk the earth like Jove,
Who on his brow and shoulders once did drape
The Victor's laurels and the prophet's Cape,
Ruling the world below, the sky above;

With monsters of the sea and jungle strove,
Triumphant, as a God in human shape
Sustained by juice of juniper and grape,
Respected by the Trade in Bath and Hove,

Now takes to crooning like a Haarlem coon,
A blackface Ruth amid the alien corn
Upon the cob; and in degenerate verse

Which still declines from bad to worse and worse
Like Lucifer he falls: from dewy morn
To noon: still falling through the afternoon.

II.

CUST! whose loud martial oaths did once proclaim
Thee the most virile of the Brownlow clan,
Captain or colonel - but more than man,
Gallant protector of th' oppressed dame,

A spotless knight without reproach or blame
In Cheapside, Lothbury, or Barbican,
How can you do it? Answer now: how can
You be so lost to dignity and shame

As caper to the rhythm known as "swing",
And dance to the lubricious saxophone,
And sway your hips to the barbaric drum?

Can such things be? O death where is thy sting,
When drunken Muses on the banjo strum,
And pipe to negro ditties of no tone?

III.

FABER! of thy great exploits 'twas not least,
That thou ofttimes didst twist the mighty tail
(Alone thou didst it) of the basking whale
And tamed with words the elephantine beast,

COLNE VALLEY

PARCHMENT

MADE AT CROXLEY

And (what were minor trophies for thy feast)
   Slew the wild albatross, the penguin pale,
   And the white liddell hart in coat of mail,
And the sly cat of Bina Gardens fleec'd;

Great hunter! whose past glories we dissect,
   To what decay'd estate art thou now come,
   Ensiren'd by the Cotton Club bassoon,

Enchanted by the Broadway dialect,
   And, masticating Wrigley's pepsin gum,
   Expectoratest in the loud spittoon.

Anon.

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

aus-Nov 8

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1 15PM
25 OCT
1937
S.W.7.

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TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest,

24 October 1937.

This is my last chance of writing for a week - I would have written before, but there was no boat during the latter part of the week. This goes on your birthday, and I will write again on Saturday night, on my return from Edinburgh. How I look forward to that being over!

I have your letter of the 12th, and I trust that you eventually received my reply to your steamer-journal. I am not sure, now, whether I did write anything about my weekend at the Woolfs - sometimes my mind skips a revolution between letters, but it doesn't seem important enough to write about now, except that I saw the rings of Saturn for the first time, and the moons of Jupiter, through Leonard's new telescope. But astronomy rather frightens me, like precipices. Thank you for sending Mrs.Elsmith's card, with her flattering mention of me also - though I prize the front still more than the back. I am eager to know what garments, if any, you have bought as a birthday present.

I am a little anxious lest you find your "housekeeping" - getting your own breakfasts and clearing them up, and looking after your rooms - becoming rather heavy with all your work to do. I should hate to have to get my own breakfast now, though I did it for three years in the Harvard Graduate School - and from my experience I wonder whether you give yourself enough breakfast: but it is easy to boil an egg, and just as easy to boil two, and they make no mess and give the minimum of washing up, and tea is easily made, and toast and marmalade and good butter is possible: so please don't dash out to work after a dish of corn flakes and half a cup of cold milk. Are your rooms properly heated?

I confess that I am very glad to hear Dr.Lawrence's opinion, which sounds to me very wise: but when he speaks of injections does he mean you to come down to Boston once a month, or does he mean to arrange for you to have the injections locally? I trust the latter; for I feel that frequent visits to Boston, apart from the expense, would be so fatiguing as almost to nullify the benefit of the injections. I do not speak of your visit to your mother, because I know too well what that must have cost you,

I only don't want you to take your present feelings about values, revision of your life etc. too heavily. This is not an attempt to be merely soothing, but my experience, such as it is, of such feelings. It is partly mistaken, and therefore dangerous, at any point to say: "Up to now I have been all wrong and all blind, but now I see and am going to revolutionise my life". For one thing, one's past hasn't been quite so wrong as one sees it at such moments, and for another one's immediate future isn't going to be so different as one hopes. Therefore, one is in risk of another vision of "up to now I have been wrong": one should be wary of an ambition which may expose one to despair. I don't say at all that there are not sudden turning points in one's life, when one does "change" suddenly for the better: only one does not know which moments they are until long after. It is necessary to have deliberate intentions and plans for improvement of one's life; but I always remind myself: "The next step, and the ground may give way under you; and you will realise that when you thought you were walking away steadily from your old sins and faults, you were only aiming straight at new ones". Never feel overwhelmed by one's past: and never feel certain of one's future - that is the advice I can give myself. And it is certainly a matter, not of my experience but of the experience of the saints, that every advance in spirituality, while it preserves one from the possibility of committing old sins, opens up possibilities of new ones. St.John of the Cross on "spiritual sin", long after he had passed beyond the possibility of sin on the ordinary human plane, is most instructive. For at every stage of development, there is some danger to which we are exposed: the higher we go, the greater the danger. I have only got far enough to be able to see, first, that the same sin in me would be a greater sin than for a man who had not got so far; and second, that there are new possibilities of different sin. This all may sound very alarming; but what it is meant to convey is this: that we are not to brood on the past, because our past sins are not so great as they appear - because they were committed by people who were less conscious than we are now. We are not to think about them, because if we do we are more likely to fall into a pit which we might have noticed: but on the one hand rejoice that by the grace of God we have been brought beyond them, and on the other remember that our present state has its own dangers - we have to find out at every step: what would be sin for me now. And so we go on. I may say all this again and again, because it will take me a long time to understand it and to be able to put it into words properly.

I go tomorrow night to Edinburgh; I am back for breakfast on Saturday; and I will write over the weekend.

Your devoted Tom

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT SATURDAY OCTOBER 30 1937

AN ANGLICAN PLATONIST

THE CONVERSION OF ELMER MORE

PAGES FROM AN OXFORD DIARY. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton University Press. London: Milford. 7s.

This little posthumous book is not quite what it at first appears to be. A rapid glance would give the impression that it was a series of religious meditations or *pensées* by a devout layman; but it is not quite that; and in these matters the "not quite" marks a difference of kind. To appreciate the nature of this book one needs to know something of the life of Paul Elmer More and of his works. Readers who have this acquaintance should possess themselves also of this book, which is the nearest approach to a personal confession that could be expected from so reserved a man as More. Others should read several of his larger works before they attempt it.

More wrote a number of books of great importance; but what is of the *first* importance is not any particular book or books, but the witness of the whole life-work of a great and good man—a testimony of a different nature from that of his intimate friend Irving Babbitt. During the greater part of his life his name was bracketed with Babbitt's; the two men were isolated in the American society of their time; and indeed Babbitt, in a University life which was taking, as it still takes, a direction contrary to that which he approved, seemed more isolated than More in the literary world of New York. But in later years, when Babbitt had become famous and the disciples of "Humanism" had gone out from Harvard to spread the gospel in other universities, it was More who appeared the lonelier figure. For he had turned to a still more solitary road, that of Anglican orthodoxy.

More's early education was received in the schools and University (Washington University) of St. Louis, Missouri. His religious upbringing, from which he early rebelled, was that of an antiquated and provincial American Presbyterianism. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and for several years was Greek master in a local school. It is possible that one or two elder scholars in St. Louis gave him his first curiosity about Indian philosophy and Sanskrit literature. A little later, two graduate students at Harvard, Paul More and Irving Babbitt, were toiling over Sanskrit and Pali with equal ardour: this and other common interests—as well as common distrust of the tendencies of modern education—brought the two men together. Babbitt continued in a university career, in which he was treated for many years sometimes with hostility and usually with neglect. More, after two years of solitary reading and thought in the remote New Hampshire village of Shelburne, eventually became literary editor of the New York *Nation*, then in its prime: for some years the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Nation* provided the political and literary opinions of all cultivated New Englanders. During this period More wrote most of the articles collected in a number of volumes known as "The Shelburne Essays." After his retirement from literary journalism he lived at Princeton, New Jersey, where, in Princeton University, he took small classes of classical men in Greek philosophy; and he became a frequent visitor to Oxford. It was during this later period that he produced his greatest work; and his gradual conversion to Christianity is to be traced through the four volumes of "The Greek Tradition," two supplementary volumes, "Platonism" and "The Catholic Faith," and three more volumes of Shelburne essays ("New Shelburne Essays"), in which he is preoccupied with religion rather than with literature.

It is as a contemporary witness to Christianity and to Anglicanism that More remains of the first importance. But his eventual Anglicanism cannot be evaluated without reference to the process by which he arrived at it: the volumes mentioned above should all be read, and in order, as an account of a spiritual pilgrimage as well as for their objective value. His faith remains to the end rather personal and individualistic; and this is why we said at the beginning that the book before us cannot be taken as a manual of devotion. We would not venture to say that More's reading of theology came late in life, but certainly his understanding of it did; and his theological learning, which was great, strikes us as the learning of a lonely man—one who learnt from books and solitary thought, rather than from communication with living theologians. His faith is coloured by two influences: first, his lifelong Platonism, which gave him a bias towards the Greek fathers rather than the Latin, and, second, a passion for England, and especially for Oxford, as strong as that of Irving Babbitt for France and Paris. Had Babbitt ever been converted he could only, we believe, have been converted to Rome. More was naturally a convert to Canterbury. He appears at moments more Anglican than Anglicanism; and at times (as in his introduction to the compendium of seventeenth-century theology, "Anglicanism," which he edited with Dr. F. L. Cross) almost seems to assume that the English Church began with the Reformation. Accordingly, while he is in general a sound and safe guide, he is at times narrow (as in his treatment of the mysticism of St. John of the Cross in "The Catholic Faith") and at times downright heterodox, as in his treatment of the Doctrine of the Eucharist. Such discussion as that of the R.P. de la Taille or Dom Vonier would have seemed to him legalistic and even presumptuous, and he praises the theology of Anglicanism for affirming the Real Presence and refusing to attempt to define Its actuality further:—

> There is more of wisdom as well as of modesty in the position of our great Anglican divines who, from the days of Henry VIII to the present, have resolutely refrained from analysing the operation of the sacrament, and have held its efficacy a mystery to be felt and not expounded.

But the man who can go on to say "Nor do I personally care to be a partaker in the Communion" has surely some cardinal error fundamental to his whole doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. And one cannot help feeling that—as is not surprising in a lonely and self-taught theologian—More had an inadequate conception of the divine nature of the Church as the Living Body of Christ.

There is one other limitation, of a different order, to More's presentation of the Christian Faith. It seems to us that the demons of doubt or atheism whom More overcame were those powers and principalities operant in his youth, rather than those of to-day. It is not so much against contemporary lack of faith that his force is directed, as against the scepticism of the later nineteenth century which he had himself lived through. But that is only to say that he did one thing and not another; and that there is other work to be done than what he did. And scattered through this book, as through all his others, are sentences of a wisdom and understanding of life which is very rare to-day. We will end with one sentence inspired by Oxford as seen through his imaginative love of that University, which has more pertinence than the effusion of Matthew Arnold:—

> Though we have pretty well forgotten that etymologically "school" means "leisure," nevertheless the very foundation and function of a university is to provide a place where a society of scholars may withdraw for the uninterrupted pursuit of the contemplative life.

ND ITS ALTERNATIVES

OR PARTY?

An electorate may go beyond decisions on broad lines of policy and so involve a country in plebiscitary rule; a Parliament may perpetually overthrow the Cabinet, or the Cabinet may seek to govern without a Parliament. Such things have happened; but the danger to democracy in modern Europe comes from an hypertrophy of party, the causes of which Professor Barker submits to a searching examination.

The greater prominence of party in modern politics need not in itself occasion misgiving. Universal suffrage carries an elaborate party organization with it. The question is whether there is any substantial measure of agreement upon fundamentals between these new mass-parties. If there is, each will be content to regard itself as part of the nation. If there is not, one of them will claim that it alone represents the nation. This is what has happened in several Continental countries since the War, and Professor Barker takes Germany as the clearest example.

The party creed developed into a general *Weltanschauung*; the party sought to provide for its members the whole apparatus of life—mutual benefit, education, sport, military exercise, whatever the mind can crave. When parties thus become total there is, in the last resort, only room for one. And when one total party triumphs the state goes—or, rather, as the current phrase has it, becomes totalitarian.

Such is the slippery slope down which a democracy, racked by its own dissensions, can easily slide.

Contemplating these grim possibilities, Professor Barker finds that they have their root in a misconception of the purpose of democracy. It cares more for the means than for the end, more for the discussions which lead to action than for the decisions finally taken. What matters ultimately is the freedom secured by "the grand dialectic of public debate, in which thought clashes with thought until a reconciling compromise is found." But the mass-mind has its weaknesses.

Advertisement and mass-suggestion, nowadays so highly developed, can readily play entrancing tunes to stir the emotions. When this is done, and successfully, the high democratic art of

BAGHDAD SK

BAGHDAD SKETCHES. By FREYA STARK. Murray. 12s. 6d.

These sketches belong to the period when Miss Stark was beginning her work as traveller and commentator, learning Persian and Arabic in the city where Arab and Persian civilizations meet and blend, and living in Baghdad's native quarter. Incidents, related unobtrusively, remind the reader that the adventure required unusual courage and presence of mind. "As I came away the long bazaar was lighted, with busy clusters round the coloured crockery of the eating shops. I walked, feeling in love with all the world, and was suddenly shocked to see an old shoemaker cross-legged in his booth staring at me with eyes of concentrated hate." That was in Nejf, but the same look can be met in Baghdad.

Nor is it only human bigotry that can be unpleasant in those ancient lands; she has a brief pungent chapter "Concerning Smells."

I used to lie awake and wonder about it at night, and admire the malignity of a smell which could lie dormant all day when one might escape it by going out, and leaped upon one as soon as one was safely imprisoned in one's bedroom.

Yet, though she got a sore throat, she escaped the diphtheria, which seized on friends who lived a most sanitary life at Rustum Farm, far from such slums as mine. That they should get it and not I was the sort of injustice which makes one wonder whether the gods really approve of prudence as much as people who give you advice would like you to believe.

But this is a hard question, beyond a reviewer's province.

Miss Stark writes nothing which is not charged with personal quality, though in this book—which consists of sketches written, most of them, for the *Baghdad Times*—there are passages which contain it in rather thin solution, being sprightly rather than witty. The six pages given up to poking fun at a set of official regulations for European and American ladies travelling in Mesopotamian regions are an example; for the regulations, though expressed stupidly, have as their chief quality dullness, which means that Miss Stark's book goes suddenly dull also. Nor is "In the Moslem Quarter" what we expect from this author.

To awaken quite alone in a strange town is one of the pleasantest sensations in the world. You are surrounded by adventure. You have no idea of what is in store for you, but you will, if you are wise and know the art of travel, let yourself go on the stream of the unknown and accept whatever comes in the spirit in which the gods may offer it.

It is right to say that such banalities are few. For the most part these sketches are a revelation both of the writer's independent mind and of the Arab life in which she

Mrs.Faber,
1, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

Turkish bath slight chill unsafe leave till morning

send thousand pounds love

(Given at St. Jas. St. P.O.
at 12.50 on Sat. 30 Oct. 1937.)

1, OAK HILL PARK, FROGNAL, N.W. 3.

HAMPSTEAD 4839.

25.10.57

Dear Tom.

Mungojerrie & Rumpelteazer are pleasant on paper, & thankyou for them. They have brought home to me the quiet charms of Jan with great force. They shall make their bow before the 3 junior Fabers next Sunday, when we are meeting to celebrate Ann's 16th birthday. What shall Q & I do to celebrate our 20th wedding Anniversary, which is incredible thought / in 3 years time? Perhaps you had better begin an Epic

Poem right now, so that it will be ready in plenty of time –

But First — I must have help over over my Competition. In not more than 12 words, less if you like, ~~that~~ ere must be "a telegram from a husband telling his wife he will not be home from business that evening for some reason or other". Do <u>not</u> include wife's name or address. Sender's name may be included "Telegrams may be humorous, serious or topical."

Don't forget the prize – <u>my</u> prize I wanted to add, is £1000 – & I have generously offered £10 & a GRAND dinner to helpers when the cheque comes home.

All love & thanks
Enid

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

Poem enclosed + comments

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SOUTHBANK,
COLLINGHAM,
YORKS.
COLLINGHAM BRIDGE 262.

15.10.37

Dear Tom,

Thank you very much for your letter. My father's death is the worst blow I have ever had, because he has been so near to me all my life & every year I have found something more to love & admire in him. I can never remember a single harsh or cross word from him to me. He was so gentle & never considered my faults.

It was kind of you to write. We shall certainly try to see you when we come to London later. Yrs ever

Valentine Dobrée

Morley's Comments on Shakespeare Lectures!

TSE: re Vampires 14.x.37

Good business. In the end this is bound to be as it ought one of yr best essays (for what such essays, in comparison with yr proper work, are worth). Has the quality of stimulating a number of secondary questions, which as they have occurred to me, the answers to them will have crossed yr mind. More to the immediate point is that the pieces will serve brilliantly for the Edinburgh purpose. As Q. Elizabeth said in another context, 'far too good for em'.

p9 In yr agitation yr English, though generally gaining salt, sometimes goes to pot. The 'they' here is loose. ✓

p15 you are a dirty dog, leading yr listeners up the garden by mentioning Marlowe & Sh. & then quoting Webster. For readers this don't matter — but listeners can't look ahead, nor stop to lean back, not while you go on talking with yr mouth full. Be decent — give them a Marlowe quote first & then the ✓

development. Don't be afraid of being too precise: show them with a leading string -

p11 Good climax. Suggest deleting (as) after ✓ Othello. & new paragraph for the soft soap to ease up into.

p19 1st para last line: Make it read

'Now, as in 'K John', is there only one character with the gift, etc; as well as the Nurse Old C has it too etc'

p25. Elliptical. If you don't want the comet to come back, maybe ought say parabolical. But Elliptical is better word -

p34. last 2 lines. More than human. See again page 2. All very difficult. You've already made a second shot at the sentence. A third?

?

All very depressing. So good that its clear. You ought not to waste time this way FVM.

MUNGOJERRIE AND RUMPELTEAZER.

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer were a very notorious couple of Cats.
As knockabout clowns, quick-change comedians, tightrope walkers and acrobats
They had an extensive reputation. They made their home in Victoria Grove -
That was merely their centre of operation, for they were incurably given to rove.
They were very well known in Cornwall Gardens, in Launceston Place and in Kensington Square:
They had really a little more reputation than a couple of Cats can very well bear.

If the area window was found ajar
And the basement looked like a field of war,
If a tile or two came loose on the roof
Which presently ceased to be waterproof,
If the drawers were pulled out of the bedroom chests
And you couldn't find one of your winter vests,
Or after dinner one of the girls
Suddenly missed her Woolworth pearls -
Then the family would say: "It's that horrible Cat!"
"It is Mungojerrie - or Rumpelteazer!" - and most of the time they left it at that.

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer had a very unusual gift of the gab.
They were highly efficient cat-burglars as well, and remarkably smart at a smash-and-grab.
They made their home in Victoria Grove. They had no regular occupation.
They were plausible fellows, and liked to engage a friendly policeman in conversation.

When the family assembled for Sunday dinner
All ready to placate the man that's inner
With Argentine joint, potatoes and greens
Which were being made ready behind the scenes -
And the cook would appear, and say with sorrow:
"I'm afraid you must wait and have dinner TOMORROW!
"For the joint has gone from the oven - like that!"
The family would say: "It's that horrible Cat!
"It is Mungojerrie - or Rumpelteazer!" - and most of the time they left it at that.

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer had a wonderful way of working together.
And some of the time you would say it was luck, and some of the time you would say it was weather.
They would go through the house like a hurricane, and no sober person could take his oath
It was Mungojerrie? or Rumpelteazer? - or could you have sworn that it mightn't be both?

And when you heard a dining-room smash,
Or up from the pantry there came a loud crash,

Or down from the library came a loud ping!
From a vase which the dealer had certified Ming -
Then the family would say: "Now which was which Cat?
"It was Mungojerrie - AND Rumpelteazer!" - and there's nothing at all to be done about that.