

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Copyright Not Evaluated

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

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

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

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

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

Citation Information

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

Contact Information

Download Information

Date Rendered: 2019-12-18 09:54:54 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/bz60d267z>

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



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

*V. Woolf's notes
enclosed*



13

All Souls', 1939.

Your most recent letter is no.9 of October 18. It would help if you would mention in each letter the number of the last letter received from me, and whether there are any lower numbers not yet to hand: for one likes to know what letters the correspondent did not have before writing. I will do the same. I am returning in a separate envelope the charming and tactful letter from Miss Sunderland-Taylor - together with notes from Belgion and Martin, on my two books respectively, and a cutting from "The Catholic Herald" (A Roman paper): as, in case the censorship starts to operate for American correspondence, the inclusion of enclosures might delay letters. The envelopes of enclosures I shall not number, and shall send by ordinary three halfpenny slow coach.

I had a hard-working weekend at Kelham, of course; but had one of the small comfortable guest rooms, with a gas fire and running hot water - hot enough to fill my hot water bottle from. Also, the cooking is rather better, though their expanded vegetable growing has not yet borne fruit in the way of greens. They are busily breeding pigs, and have started a herd of sheep as well, though football is still practised, of course - they were having a match on Saturday which I did not attend. I had a good deal of time with my particular friends, Father Gabriel and Brother George, and the rest had to go to meeting George's favorite pupils and classes, giving two poetry readings, and seeing individual students at odd moments. One was an Indian Christian from Malabar, voluble like most Indians, who wanted to persuade me (1) that India should be given immediate full Dominion status (2) that the Malabar Church (which has been in existence since the 7th century, so that these Indians have been Christians quite as long as we have) in communion with the Church of Syria, is not guilty of the Monophysite Heresy. He presented me with a copy of their liturgy in English. There was also a Bulgarian deacon who is waiting to get back to Bulgaria, and meanwhile being kept by the community; but he was no trouble, as he can speak nothing but Bulgar, Serbo-Croat, and Russian. Monday I had my committees, and Tuesday dined with Alida Monro, who is now living altogether at Selsea, in some financial difficulty, but still keeping poodles, one of which she had with her.

I should think that Aunt Irene was in clover at Northampton, and hardly dare hope that she will ever return to Boston. But if people take to her as you say, it probably makes things easier for you than if they didn't! and it wouldn't do her any good not to be liked! I had a nice letter from Theresa, still preoccupied with Henry's operation, which had not yet taken place; but she expressed sympathy with you very tactfully, and I think you will have a welcome from her when you next go to Cambridge. I dare say that Theresa is more reserved in the family atmosphere of New England than she would be in Louisville Ky. or New York!



Your next letter is no. 9 of October 18. It would help if you would mention in each letter the number of the last letter received from me, and whether there are any lower numbers not yet to hand: for one likes to know what letters the correspondent has not yet received. I will do the same. I am returning in a separate envelope the drawings and sketching letter from Miss Gumbel-Taylor - together with notes from Salvia and Martin, on my two books respectively, and a cutting from "The Catholic Herald" (A Roman paper); as, in case the correspondence starts to operate for American correspondence, the inclusion of enclosures might delay letters. The envelopes of enclosures I shall not number, and shall send by ordinary three halfpenny slow coach.

I had a hard-working weekend at Kilmory, of course; but had one of the small comfortable guest rooms, with a fire and running hot water - hot enough to fill a hot water bottle from. Also, the cooking is rather better, though their expanded vegetable growing has not yet borne fruit in the way of greens. They are daily breeding pigs, and have started a herd of sheep as well, though football is still practised, of course - they were having a match on Saturday which I did not attend. I had a good deal of time with my particular friends, but had to work in their hours, and the rest had to go to work in their hours. Pupils and classes, giving two poetry readings, and seeing individual students at odd moments. One was an Indian Christian from Mysore, who like most Indians, who wanted to persuade me (1) that India should be given immediate full Dominion status (2) that the Malabar Church (which has been in existence since the 17th century, so that these Indians have been Christians quite as long as we have) in communion with the Church of Syria, is not guilty of the Monophysite heresy. He presented me with a copy of their liturgy in English. There was also a Bulgarian teacher who is waiting to get back to Bulgaria, and meanwhile he is kept by the community; but he wants to go, as he can speak nothing but Bulgarian, Serbo-Croat, and Russian. Monday I had my committee, and Tuesday dined with Miss Moore, who is now living temporarily at Salva, in some financial difficulty, but still keeping goodies, one of which she had with her.

I should think that Aunt Irene was in clover at Fortnamp-ton, and hardly care how that she will ever return to Boston. But if people take to her as you say, it probably makes things easier for you than if they didn't! And if you can't do for any good not to be liked! I had a nice letter from Theresa, which I discussed with Henry's operation, which has not yet taken place; but she expressed sympathy with you very tactfully, and I think you will have a welcome from her when you next go to Cambridge. I have said that there is more reserved in the family atmosphere of New England than there would be in Louisville, or New York!

I have been trying to work out a reply to your question about authority in the Church - which is certainly unreasonable, according to your formulation! - but that is not very simple. I will only say this at the moment: that "authority" in this sense is a different thing from the individual (or even bureaucratic) authority of individuals, and quote this sentence from Charles Williams's The Descent of the Dove which I have just been reviewing - for The New Statesman, of all papers: "The recognition of authority is the desire for union, but also it is the knowledge that the individual by himself is bound to be wrong".

I have a wool shirt - I bought two more this season, as I thought the price was bound to go up - which goes perfectly with a dark grey suit and the dark red tie you gave me. That is a satisfaction. The two tawny ties I keep for my country tweeds (every weekend lately) and I am having the bright blue wool tie (which was always a shade too bright, you know) died a darker shade and shall wear it in town in the winter.

Our Sales Manager, Mr. Crawley, reports from the booksellers that "Cats are giving general satisfaction" so we are having the rest of the edition bound.

I have been trying to work out a reply to your question about authority in the Church - which is certainly unresolvable according to your formulation - but that is not very simple. I will only say at the moment: that "authority" in this sense is a different thing from the individual (or even corporate) authority of individuals, and quote this sentence from Charles Williams' The Descent of the Dove which I have just been reviewing - for the New Statesman, of all papers: "The recognition of authority is the desire for union, but also it is the knowledge that the individual by himself is bound to be wrong".

I have a wool shirt - I bought two more this season, as I thought the price was bound to go up - which goes perfectly with a dark grey suit and the dark red tie you gave me. That is a satisfaction. The two bowties I keep for my country tweeds (every weekend lately) and I am having the bright blue wool tie (which was always a shade too bright, you know) tied a darker shade and shall wear it in town in the winter.

Our Sales Manager, Mr. Grawley, reports from the booksellers that "Data are giving general satisfaction" so we are having the rest of the edition bound.

Kent College,
Canterbury
6/71, HOLLAND PARK, W. M.
PARK 6086.

29/10/39.

Dear Old Possum,

The Practical
Cats have given the most complete joy to us
all 4 that we have had since the war
began: they will continue to do so, for we
shall read them again and again. They have
been read aloud after the News, and proved
a most successful antidote to the effects
thereof. I feel strongly that a wider public
would find the same beneficial result, and am
even daring to suggest this to the B.B.C. -
Hope you don't mind - if so, say so,
and I will withdraw!

Their success is hard to analyze, but
it struck us that each feline personage was

both a complete individual and an
unmistakable CAT. This apart from
names, rhythms, and so on.

Our love and thanks accordingly.

Yours ever,

Martin.

Henzi adds thanks for having solved the
problem of what to give most of our best
friends for Christmas!

Monks House, Rodmell, Lewes Sussex.
Monday 7th Oct.

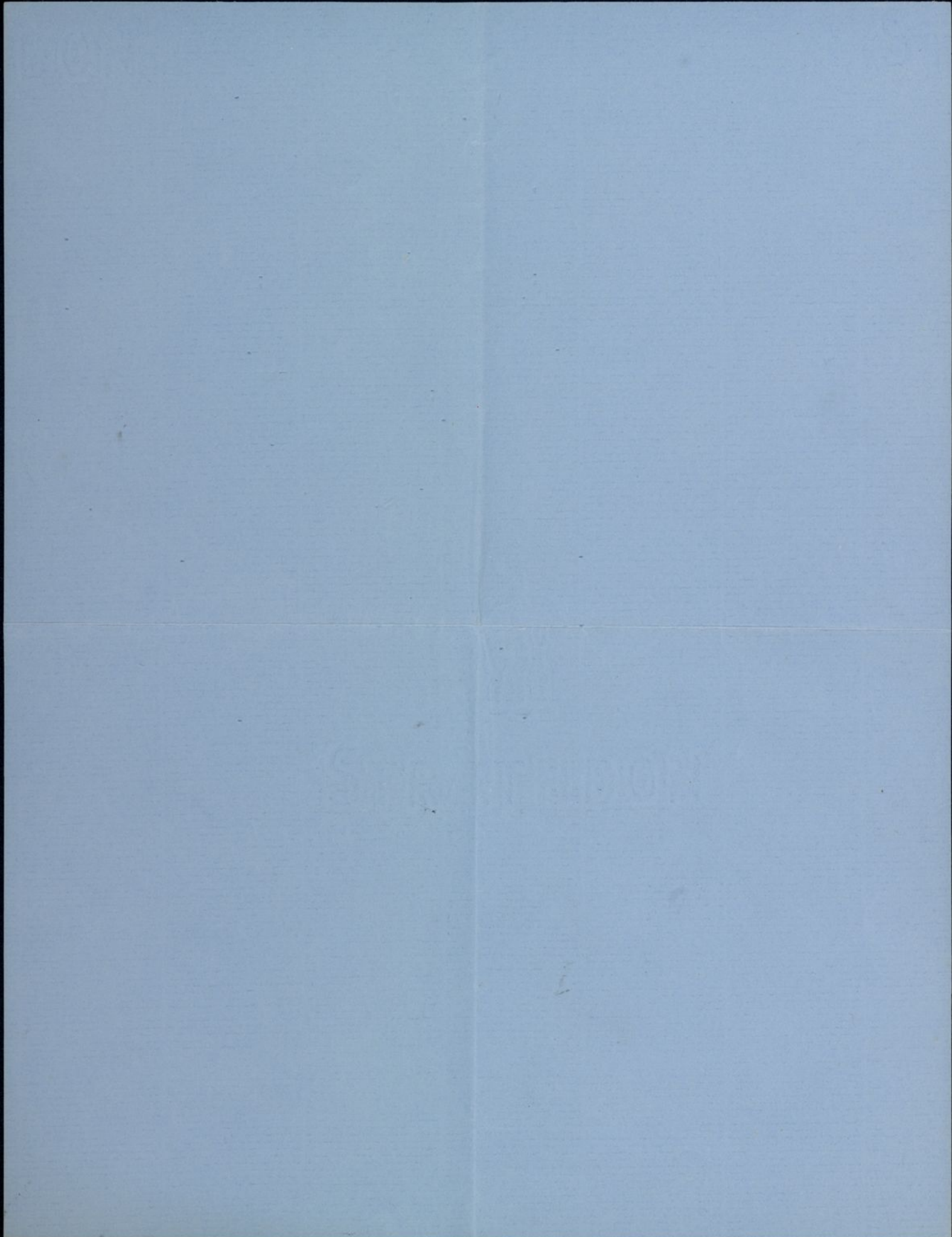
Dear Tom,

We were much distressed to get your wire. And now its pouring; and you missed a lovely fine day; and Lord and Lady Gage; and a grouse; and a sirloin; and everyone was bitterly disappointed. Gernal hopes were expressed that the flu was slight. It is also beginning here.

But about the future--- we come up on Friday for a week; then shall take stock of the situation. Anyhow, even if there are no bombs, London seems a bit murky. But, leaving reflection on the war unexpressed, will you come to tea say next Tuesday at 37 Meck. Sq--- providing you dont mind a cup without a saucer; a chair without a cover; and two or three wash stands in the sitting room. But there must be a week end too.

Heres the post; and heres Old *P*ossum and the cats. So theres something for me to read this wet evening. Cant I claim the immortality of having christened you Old *P*? Oh dear, dont do me out of that little clutch upon the skirts of posterity. Yes, I'm sure it was me.

Very wet, very disappointed not to have had a long long gossip, your old Mangy farmyard Tabby, *Virginia*



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



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



49a Wordsworth Street Penrith Cumberland

Guy Fawkes, 1939

Dear Old Possum - I must add my thanks to Michael's for the Practical Cats. It would be the best of presents at any time but it's particularly appropriate and delightful in these days when we are surrounded (sometimes almost swamped) by children - with the two Madges, there are four in the house under 6. They ^{poems} have triumphantly passed the test of use - fragments are quoted at meals and on walks, by all including our nursemaid, ~~xiangxi~~ and the Jellicles have taken their place alongside my Uncle Arley, Peter Rabbit and the Man of the Wilderness. The only difficulty we have found with the poems was a tendency to make the Great Rumpuscat rhyme with the Sultan of Muscat,

which doesn't work; and there's been a bit of argument as to ~~the~~
~~right~~ where the accents fall in

And when you creep into your cosy berth -
the caesura, I hold, comes in the middle of into.

Henrietta Mary Roberts is a Jellicle. She has moonlit eyes, is
rather small, and when we make a mock of her by tying a blue ribbon
on her absurdly long dark hair, she's unquestionably the Jellicle
Belle of the Jellicle Ball. And we have called her Pussycat since
she was born. As for Andrew, I find it comforting to mutter

For he will do
As he ~~and~~ do do
And there's nodding anything about it!

when I discover hairbrushes in the bath, toasting-forks in the bed,
earth down Henrietta's neck, and other evidences of our active
life

high-spirited son.

We like Penrith very well - Helvellyn is our horizon, and on market-days the farmers' wives sit in black rows selling butter and eggs. We celebrate all the festivals and feasts we decently can, but after banging off Guy Fawkes in the cellar yesterday, we cant think of another occasion till St Andrews Day. I am very happy at having rediscovered my real trade as a maker of turnip lanterns - and possibly as their Muse.

By the light of the turnip lantern
By the light of the turnip moon -

'That's rather like Mr Eliot's poems' said Anna Madge, and I blushed at the compliment, unless she meant I had been cribbing the Jellicles. But my inspiration runs out there, and the two profession
al

poets in this house are too proud to patch up someone else's work.

We have all been thinking that it would be most delightful if some week-end you could visit us. I gather you have a friend with some influence on the L.M.S., and if you could arrange with Skimble to have the Sleeping Car Express stopped at Penrith - the lightest matter for him I'm sure - we should light the turnip-lantern for joy.^x

With all our good wishes.

Yours

Janet Roberts.

x and send for a bottle of Chateauneuf du Pape. Please come.

10. xi. 39

casual contribu-
he 'inetics the
dozen writers
handsome
office each
patoon for
There
on of
ket
er.

which would be perfectly intolerable, and that a place can be found for everybody, including agnostics. The scheme provides for an unofficial group of intensely genuine and practising Christians, to act as the salt of the earth—they are carefully distinguished from the ecclesiastical hierarchy, whose functions are quite different; for a State organization and a system of education which would probably be staffed more or less by Christians, as at the present day, but which would apply Christian principles to law and administration, and train the people not necessarily to believe, but to think in Christian categories; and for the body of the nation living as to-day for the most part by conventions, but (as not to-day) by conventions which create no flagrant conflict between what is dictated by circumstances and what is inculcated by the Christian religion.

Thus summarized, the plan may sound fantastic. It is actually nothing of the kind, but a deeply sensible and practical suggestion. Theorists among the lawyers, diehards among the economists, and agnostics among the *intelligentsia* will doubtless think it all horrible. They would think exactly the same, however, of any change that was at once positive and far-reaching, whether Christian or otherwise. And since there is not much else left to be tried, it seems well worth while to give this plan profound consideration.

After this discussion of the question, what sort of a State is wanted to work with a Christian Church, the third and fourth parts deal with the Church, which Mr. Eliot with real perspicacity observes must be "established," though guarded from pure nationalism; and with the general necessity for putting things right way up instead of upside down. That is to say, religion is to be commended because God matters more than anything else, and not because it is a safeguard for democracy or a pre-condition of "moral rearmament." Mr. Eliot settles the hash of this last monster very effectively in one of his appended notes.

The lectures are anything but dull, nor is the argument at all difficult to follow with understanding. The book is produced in an exceptionally attractive form by the enlightened publisher.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.
SOCIAL RELIGION. By D. C. Macmillan.

(Scribners, 10s. 6d.)
The author of this well-intentioned, but inconclusive, book begins with an attempt to define what exactly he means by the Kingdom of God. He refuses to fudge the matter in regarding the social gospel as containing no more than a glimpse of an ideal Utopia, inapplicable in the present or to any other times at present. Nor will he admit Schwegler's interpretation of our Lord's teaching was correct in the period before the Sermon on the Mount; on the contrary, for the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Man are not the realization of a definition which would welcome contrast with the social gospel (or the social gospel) which is eschatological.

Mr. Macmillan's little shaky definition of the divinity of Christ is generally doctrinal in the religious trying to be fitted to the confidence of the reader leaves a little shaky. Mr. Macmillan's little shaky definition of the divinity of Christ is generally doctrinal in the religious trying to be fitted to the confidence of the reader leaves a little shaky.

Disregarding notes and an appendix, they are divided into four parts. In the first, the reader is invited to direct his attention to the real, instead of the formal, values by which Western democracy lives. These are not quite the same as those of the authoritarian States, though they do not work out very differently in practice, except in certain limited respects. The main difference is that while the rival system knows that it is materialistic in aim, "Liberalism" has ceased to know anything positive without thereby ceasing to be materialistic. But England is not, according to Mr. Eliot, un-Christian so much as neutral and negative.

Left to itself, society will either proceed into a gradual decline, or will reform itself into a totalitarian democracy that will be wholly secular. The alternative is what *The Church Times*, though not Mr. Eliot, has called a "Christian revolution." The second part of the book suggests the barest outline of such a reform, based on the thorough acceptance of those Christian principles which the bulk of the nation already professes. Great pains are taken to show that nothing is intended like a rule of the saints,

Annual Selection.

REVIEWS.

A CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.
THE IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.
By T. S. Eliot. (Faber, 5s.)

THESE lectures should be a challenge to Christian citizens, who may be hankering after building Jerusalem in England's grey and unpleasant streets; an inspiration to Christian sociologists, because they sketch the basis on which a Christian society might work and keep off actual sociology; and an embarrassment to Christian politicians, who, unfortunately, have seldom, for the last two hundred and twenty-five years, taken the Church of England seriously.

Disregarding notes and an appendix, they are divided into four parts. In the first, the reader is invited to direct his attention to the real, instead of the formal, values by which Western democracy lives. These are not quite the same as those of the authoritarian States, though they do not work out very differently in practice, except in certain limited respects. The main difference is that while the rival system knows that it is materialistic in aim, "Liberalism" has ceased to know anything positive without thereby ceasing to be materialistic. But England is not, according to Mr. Eliot, un-Christian so much as neutral and negative.

Left to itself, society will either proceed into a gradual decline, or will reform itself into a totalitarian democracy that will be wholly secular. The alternative is what *The Church Times*, though not Mr. Eliot, has called a "Christian revolution." The second part of the book suggests the barest outline of such a reform, based on the thorough acceptance of those Christian principles which the bulk of the nation already professes. Great pains are taken to show that nothing is intended like a rule of the saints,

THE CHURCH TIMES

internal government and utterly unscrupulous in its international relations.

information, indeciment of the dipthe Manchester this week: if he survives people do well satisfied man real ut

The people, like the guileless leader-writer in the *News-Chronicle*, who still blame Mr. Chamberlain for the breakdown of the negotiations with Russia and still clamour for the reopening of negotiations with the Kremlin, are obviously incapable of appreciating facts. M. Stalin never intended to make any agreement of value with Great Britain and France. The Nazi-Soviet pact was decided before the Franco-British military mission went to Moscow, and it is probable that the details of the partition of Poland were more or less decided months ago. It is equally probable that M. Stalin promised more than he has yet fulfilled, and more than he ever intended to fulfil, for both the Russian and the German tyrants are masters of double-crossing. But it is blind folly not to recognize that Russia, equally with Germany, is the enemy of freedom and decency. The Governments of both countries are openly anti-Christian, and in practice this means that their one principle is that might is the only right. They are working together more closely than is generally recognized. If Russia seems to have gained most from the collaboration, Germany's gain is not inconsiderable. Together they are threatening the existence of every small European nation. Finland's national existence is in evident peril. Denmark may be swallowed, Norway is being bullied, Holland and Belgium are properly fearful. Switzerland is wondering whether Italy can save her from aggression. The grim shadow of Stalin and Hitler is darkening the decent everyday life of all the European peoples.

British newspapers are almost unanimous in the belief that Herr Hitler is misled and bewildered by the unanimity of the British Empire in the determination to resist aggression, by the American refusal of the Neutrality Law, and by the British treaties. But we doubt very much if the Führer is yet very much misled. His substantial victory is unquestionable. The sureness of his speech at the Nuremberg rally on Tuesday may have been, to the surprise of those who thought to keep his people's faith, a masterpiece of bluff. It might also well have been a masterpiece of genuine conviction. In view of the situation we suggest that the British Government should take notice of the danger of a German attack on the security of the British Empire.

After a delay of several days the British Government has announced that it has authorized the installation of His Beatitude, the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the Holy Sepulchre. The delay has been caused by the resentment of the native Arab lay members of the Orthodox Church against the traditional ecclesiastical subjection of the Church in Palestine to the Greek Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre. It is not to be supposed that the present action of the British administration implies any lessening of a popular resentment which, indeed, has considerable justification. The Greek monks in Jerusalem, from whom the Patriarch and the Metropolitan of Nazareth are always chosen, have small concern with the Orthodox congregations in the towns and villages. Many of them—this, we believe, is not true of Mgr. Timotheus—know no Arabic, and the Arab clergy are treated as social and ecclesiastical inferiors. One result has been that in the past few years there has been a considerable trek, sometimes of whole Christian villages, from the Orthodox to the Roman Uniat Church. It would obviously be to the advantage of all the Orthodox communities, and certainly of the Mandatory Power, if the Patriarch of Jerusalem were an Arab. The difficulty is that an Orthodox bishop must be a monk, and though the Patriarch of Antioch is an Arab, the number of Arabic Orthodox monks is extremely limited.

Lord Halifax admitted on Tuesday that grumbling is a traditional and not indefensible British habit, but nagging is always a vice, and a considerable amount of the criticism of the Government's war

Lord Halifax admitted on Tuesday that grumbling is a traditional and not indefensible British habit, but nagging is always a vice, and a considerable amount of the criticism of the Government's war

George Allen & Unwin

Hitler's Route to Bagdad

by BARBARA WARD, BARBARA BUCKMASTER, and others. With an introduction by Leonard Woolf. Authoritative writers turn each of the Balkan countries in turn—examine their internal situation and problems, racial, political and economic, their foreign relations—and suggest what steps the Western Democracies should take to help them keep their freedom. 10s. 6d. net

Searchlight on German Africa

by F. W. PICK. This history of a German colony bought by the Reich in 1914 also includes numerous documents published for the first time which show Germany's colonial policies from inside, right down to Hitler's advent to power. 5s. net

Democracy Up-to-Date

by SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS. Constructive suggestions for new methods by which we can adapt our democracy to the very rapidly changing economic and political circumstances in which it has to operate. 2s. net

Twelve One-Acts: from the International One-Act Play Theatre

edited by ELIZABETH EVERARD. Elizabeth Everard has made a special study of the one-act form of drama, on which she is recognized as one of the leading authorities in this country. 5s. net

Human Nature Writ Large

by F. CREDY. A study in Western anthropology, or a survey of a community and analysis of its habitual modes of behaviour to show how they meet the essential needs of human nature. 15s. net

Publication date: Tuesday

40 Museum Street, W.C.1

CONSTABLE

"Katherine Mansfield has so penetrating a mind and such a talent for expression that she would be interesting whatever form she were using and whatever subject she was writing about . . . The fabric of her writing has no weak or dull places." *Ottmer.*

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

The Times Literary Supplement: "This is an important book. It shows Katherine Mansfield in all her moods, and gives cohesion and a continuous dramatic excitement to these seemingly casual jottings. . . ."

"It is one mark of the best writing that from its style alone it is impossible to name the sex of the writer. Katherine Mansfield's work is sexless in that kind of examination, but it has a special texture of delicacy and sensibility which reveals her." 7s. 6d. net

also by

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BLISS SOMETHING CHILDISH
THE DOVES' NEST JOURNAL OF K. M.
THE GARDEN PARTY LETTERS OF K. M.
IN A GERMAN PENSION POEMS

CONSTABLE**A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY
MR ELIOT ON IDEALS AND METHODS
DEMOCRACY'S SPIRITUAL PROBLEM**

ONLY THOSE WHO have done some hard thinking for themselves concerning the nature and destiny of contemporary society will appreciate how much objective analysis and self-scrutiny has gone to the making of this slim book by Mr. T. S. Eliot on "The Idea of a Christian Society." It was written before the outbreak of war; its origination, Mr. Eliot tells us, was in the moral shock produced upon him by the crisis of September, 1938, which caused in him "a feeling of humiliation . . . not a criticism of the government but a doubt of the validity of a civilization." But it was written with the possibility of war in mind, and it is acutely pertinent to the situation to-day.

What is the idea—in Coleridge's sense of the word—of the society in which we live? Mr. Eliot begins by asking. We conceive of it under several different phrases the meaning of which we forbear to examine; they are regarded as sacrosanct, as sufficient in themselves to establish the superiority of our form of society over its nearest and now insistent rivals. We speak of it sometimes as a "liberal" society, less often as a "Christian" society; but the blessed word which is chiefly used to validate it is "democracy." Of our claim to be a Christian society Mr. Eliot quickly disposes:—

To speak of ourselves as a Christian society in contrast to that of Germany or Russia, is an abuse of terms. We mean only that we have a society in which no one is penalized for the formal profession of Christianity; but we conceal from ourselves the unpleasant knowledge of the real values by which we live.

HUMAN EQUALITY

At this point we must break into Mr. Eliot's argument, in order to interpose that we mean a little more than this, if and when we call ourselves a Christian society. We may be mistaken in our belief, but we do believe that there is something Christian in the principle of political equality; that it is an expression in the political realm of the respect for human personality which Christianity inculcates. This expression may be inappropriate or exaggerated or premature; and certainly it is preposterous to call ourselves a Christian society on the strength of it; but just as certainly it is a part of what is intended when we apply that adjective to ourselves.

Mr. Eliot, however, declares that he does not understand what is meant by democracy, as the word is used to-day; and he is on firm ground when he insists that the word "does" not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces you dislike—it can easily be transformed by them," for what is in fact meant by "democracy" is a system that might well be used to introduce totalitarianism. In so far as the word includes the English word known as "liberalism" it is enough to say that they are disappearing; the sphere of private life which "liberalism" nominally defends is being steadily whittled away. The tradition of "liberalism" derives from our achievement and successful practice of religious toleration; but that worked because in fact the members of the various communities were all substantially agreed in their assumptions concerning social morality. The comfortable distinction between public and private morality is no longer valid; now the individual is increasingly implicated in a network of social and economic institutions from which, even when he is aware of their control of his behaviour, he cannot extricate himself. The operation of these institutions is no longer neutral, but non-Christian. Mr. Eliot sums up his examination of the present condition of our society: It is in a neutral or negative condition; it has ceased in any effective sense to be a Christian society; and, if the forces now operative are allowed to continue without a deliberate and successful attempt to control them towards specifically Christian ends—an effort of which the magnitude can only be dimly conceived—this neutral condition of society will either proceed to a gradual decline "or (whether as the result of conscious or not) reform itself into a positive society which is likely to be effectively secular."

THE HUMAN IDEAL

Unfortunately, the majority of people who think about contemporary society regard the second alternative as the ideal, and even a majority of the professed Christians who think about it are content with it. As Mr. Eliot duly observes, we need not assume that this secular society will be very like any at present observable: "The Anglo-Saxons display a capacity for diluting their religion, probably in excess of that of any other race." But those whom a diluted religion of the state is as repugnant as the prospect of what D. H. Lawrence called "the greedy slipping into decay" should be able to see that the only alternative is that of a positive Christian

society, the idea of which Mr. Eliot proceeds to outline.

He distinguishes three elements, or aspects, of the Christian society: the Christian state, the Christian community, and the community of Christians. First, the men of state, who need not be ardent Christians, must at least have been educated to think in Christian categories, and be confined both by their own habit of mind and the temper and tradition of the people to a Christian "frame of reference." Second comes the Christian community, whose Christianity will be largely unconscious, and consist mainly in religious observances and traditions of behaviour: "The mass of the population in a Christian society should not be exposed to a way of life in which there is too sharp and frequent a conflict between what their circumstances dictate and what is Christian." This condition is very far from being fulfilled in England to-day; the life of the remoter rural parish comes nearest to it, but this has not been typical of English life for a century, and is, even now, still in rapid decline. Modern industrialism has produced a world to which traditional Christian social forms are ill adapted. The notion of adapting Christian social ideals to the forms of life imposed by industrialism is a false simplification, whereby Christianity resigns all claims to shape society. So is the idea of returning, by an act of the moral will, to a simpler mode of life: if that happens, it will be from natural causes.

Few will dispute that a great deal of the machinery of modern life is merely a sanction for non-Christian aims, that it is not only hostile to the conscious pursuit of the Christian life in the world by the few, but to the maintenance of any Christian society of the world. We must abandon the notion that the Christian should be content with freedom of salutes, and with suffering no worldly disabilities on account of his faith. However bigoted the announcement may sound, the Christian can be satisfied with nothing less than the conscious pursuit of society—which is not the same thing as a society consisting exclusively of devout Christians. It would be a society in which the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community—is acknowledged for all, and the supernatural end, beatitude, for those who have eyes to see it.

CHRISTIAN GUIDANCE

To prevent the tendency of the State towards experience and cynicism, and of the mass of the people towards lethargy and superstition is the function of the third element—the "community of Christians," composed of both clergy and laity of superior intellectual or spiritual gifts, which would give the tone to the educational system, consolidate a religious basis for the culture of society and "collectively form the conscious mind and conscience of the nation."

The Christian society, thus outlined, is one to which the Church could be in vital relation; by its hierarchy in direct and official relation to the State, by its parochial system in contact with the smallest units and individual members of the community and in the persons of its more eminent "clerks" forming part of the community of Christians. A national Church is therefore necessary—a Church which aims at comprehending the whole nation; but the idea of the national Church must be counterpoised by the idea of the universal Church. Only if it fully recognizes its position as part of the universal Church can the national Church combat the tendency to religious-social integration on the lower level of State or race. The prior loyalty of the member of the national Church is to the universal Church.

It must be kept in mind that even in a Christian society as well organized as we can conceive possible in this world, the limit would be that our temporal and spiritual life should be harmonized; the temporal and spiritual would never be identified. There would always remain a dual allegiance to the State and to the Church, to one's countrymen and to one's fellow-Christians everywhere, and the latter would always have the primacy. There would always be a tension; and this tension is essential to the idea of a Christian society and is a distinguishing mark between a Christian and a pagan society.

It is inherent in the nature of Mr. Eliot's argument that he does not entertain the illusion that it would be easy to bring such a society into being. Not only are the social, economic and political processes actually in motion to-day, carrying society away from not toward, such a goal but to the majority of the intelligentsia the goal itself is undesirable. First, because such an idea of the good society is Christian in a definite sense which is alien to the ordinary vague use of the word and perhaps intolerable to the "liberal" mind;



T. S. Eliot, from a drawing by Sir William Rothenstein

secondly, because such an organization of society (though it is quite reconcilable with our English political system) is, in the true sense of the word, aristocratic. That is enough to scare the "democrat," who is seldom realistic enough to analyse the structure of the democratic society in which we live, or to form a clear conception of the nature of the controlling powers in it.

ABUSE OF POWER

If such a critical attitude towards our society were more prevalent, so would be a realization of the new urgency of the perennial problem of politics: how is power to be made responsible? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The events of the last twenty years should have compelled us to ponder that problem more anxiously than we are naturally inclined to do: for our instinct, confirmed by a century of relatively privileged and prosperous living, is to trust to the general "sense of decency" in the depositaries of power, and to the efficacy of popular protest against abuses of power. A "sense of decency" requires a smiling climate to make it reliable; and under the new strain of totalitarian war, which presses hardest on the professional classes among whom the "sense of decency" is chiefly cherished, it may collapse with surprising rapidity.

Yet the task of strengthening this ethos, or rather of regenerating it—for nothing less is in question—is being practically disregarded. We seem unable to recognize the relevance to ourselves of the new totalitarian systems. The relevance is great and alarming: for by our political tradition we are accustomed finally to rely on popular protest as the remedy for abuse of power; but the startling success of the new techniques of Government and propaganda should have taught us that the very impulse to popular protest can be stifled with ease. The true nature of the problem of the responsibility of power is revealed: it is not, as it seemed to be, a problem of checks and balances but one of religion, ethics and education. The constantly accelerating movement towards social integration on the material level puts decisive power more and more into politically irresponsible hands. The theory of responsibility to Parliament and to the people remains; but the theory corresponds less and less to the sociological reality.

COORDINATION

Hence the incessant cry for coordination—another of the blessed words by which we are bemused. For at best this would be a coordination of mechanisms, sufficient supervision to ensure that the cogs do not revolve in different directions and strip one another. Subordination is more nearly what is required; a widespread acknowledgment of the ends for which society exists, and a common recognition of a hierarchy of values by which its activities can be ordered—in short, a system of spiritual and ethical priorities to which, even in time of war, the system of mechanical and productive priorities must be subordinated, or with which it must at least be harmonized.

Such a system can only be based on religious postulates. The totalitarian régimes have these religious postulates. Because they

(Continued in column 1, page 642)



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Saturday November 4 1939

CHIEF CONTENTS

Special Article	PAGE
A Christian Society	640
World Affairs	634
Military	635
Religion and Philosophy	636
Costume	636
Historical Biography	637
Sociology	638
Announced for Next Week	638
Novels of the Week	639, 643, 644
Letters to the Editor	
Intellectuals Astray	641
"We Saw Him Act"	641
"The Story of Don Juan"	641
"The Future of Scotland"	641
Obituary	
R. Lane Poole; A. J. Fowler	642
Literary Biography	642
Poetry	644
Sport	645
Travel	645
History	646
Topography	646
Antiquarian Notes	648

For Index of Reviews see Back Page

THE SPIRIT AND THE CRISIS

Doubts about the validity of civilization are not surprising when we are witnessing the infliction of a deep spiritual wound on the world. It is not easy to see the flower to be plucked from the danger. Many sensitive people in despair cry out, "Chaos is come again." It is understandable, but history has shown again and again that when the world appears to be growing swiftly and steadily worse, a heaven is stirring in the race of men which leads to salvation. At periods of confusion, when all that the civilized heart desires seems in downfall, the vital spirit of humanity is never utterly stilled. The great affirmation of *De Civitate Dei*, a living stimulus to this day, was written when the Goths had laid Rome in ruins.

Yet the need of prophets is eternal. The review on the opposite page of Mr. T. S. Eliot's arguments for a Community of Christians has applicability to a recent event which was not foreseen by the author, and carries with it in some sort a commentary on the Pope's Encyclical letter. Both the Pope and Mr. Eliot deal with the clash between the present direction of social life and the practical application of Christian doctrine. The Encyclical letter springs directly from the war; Mr. Eliot's book was written before that horror broke upon us, and is a forewarning arising from the crisis of September, 1938. Mr. Eliot, anguished by the forlorn effects upon masses of people of an industrial system based upon profit-making and by the deadening of the spirit involved in a machine age, is scornful of the worship of the blessed word "democracy" and sees in it another pretence that a political democracy is identical with a Christian society. The first we have, the second we must know we have not. This assumes overmuch. For, while it is true that if we pursued Christ's message to its logic in practice there would be no usury and no wars, there can be few thinking people who make an identification of political democracy as we know it and Christianity, few who regard democracy, even in a better form than it has so far attained, as the final bastion of civilization. The perils of complacency about our political and social state are obvious. Democracy is an idea, an aspiration. We are not deceiving ourselves with unctious when we say that democracy in its present stage of development, with all its imperfections about it, is a first experimental step towards the Christian brotherhood Mr. Eliot desires, an ideal towards which mankind has made an age-long, heroic endeavour. Democracy is meeting a brutal challenge in its infancy and is being defended not for what it is but for what it may become.

That is true of the Churches, too. Again, we must beware of the evil of complacency. Mr. Eliot will gain a large measure of support in showing the danger of distinguishing between public and private morality. If there is a possibility of forming a positive Christian society, in which the mechanics of the work-a-day world can be harmonized with the religious life, it is greatly to be desired and it demands an urgent effort. But that the religious-minded can all be drawn into a national church has a limited persuasive grace to those whose sincere convictions about God range outside the accepted doctrines of the Churches. The institu-

tionalism Mr. Eliot envisages leaves those whose thoughts transcend the wonted themes beyond the pale.

The task before Christian people is to live their creed, to profess a faith and not belie it in their actions. It is an enormous and baffling task and its first address must be to statesmanship, which is too often engrossed with immediate exigencies to heed the pressing demand for a high and disinterested conception of the future. The Pope's letter moves by its passionate sense of present realities, and should lead to a new stirring of the religious life. It is a reinvigorating affirmation of justice and of pity. A strangely beautiful theme is touched upon with a strange beauty of lyricism. Appeal to the "virtues which give society the fragrance of nobility, humanity and reverence" strikes a new and welcome note amid the uproar of propaganda. This lyricism has in itself a vast significance. For lyricism dies in a reign of violence, and a world without it is a dead world. Such utterances and, with whatever reservations are made about suggested cures, such searching examinations of the social conscience as Mr. Eliot's, are evidence of the working in the best minds of a generosity of the imagination which will save men's highest faiths from decaying into dust.

Reviewer or Gutter?

It must give a shock to any literary organ to find a novelist and critic of Virginia Woolf's distinction demanding the abolition of the reviewer. In a pamphlet issued by the Hogarth Press, particulars of which are given on another page, Mrs. Woolf sees no further necessity for the reviewer of "imaginative literature—poetry, drama, fiction," though, by an exception of which the logic is not easy to trace, she grants exemption to "the reviewer of history, politics, economics." Her conclusion seems to us to be reached partly through the fallacy that there was once a golden age of reviewing, partly by a distinction between the "critic" and the "reviewer" which has no substance. We doubt if the age of Lockhart, Croker and Maginn, or the years of later Victorian reviewing with its cornucopia of sentimentality, had any advantage over modern days except that which was common property then—plenty of time and space. As for the line drawn between the critic, who deals "with the past and with principles," and the reviewer who because he takes "the measure of new books" has to be reminded that "it is impossible for the living to judge the works of the living," it is surely blurred by the consideration that if the living are often distorted for us by personal rancour or friendship and the prejudices of the hour, the dead are often lost in the changes of mental climate and idiom. The one obstacle to understanding is no graver than the other.

The functions of the reviewer Mrs. Woolf would hand over to an official (or two) called Gutter and Stamp. Gutter will tear out the heart of the work by summary and extract; Stamp will fix "an asterisk to signify approval, a dagger to signify disapproval," and between them they will give the reader all the guidance he can hope for. But Gutter and Stamp will labour under all the difficulties that, in Mrs. Woolf's opinion, paralyse the reviewer. They will have to work speedily; they will have to struggle with a flood of publications; they will be (we hope) human, not mere rubber, and therefore liable to personal and contemporary prejudice; they may even render differing verdicts in different papers, which Mrs. Woolf finds so fatal to the authority of reviews. And will the author, whose sufferings under the reviewer's lash wake so much sympathy in Mrs. Woolf, be any better pleased? We think that "dagger signifying disapproval" will pierce his heart more cruelly than a reviewer's, often courteously tempered, strictures. Mr. Leonard Woolf, who adds a postscript to the pamphlet materially differing from Mrs. Woolf's views, observes that as a rule the reviewer "has nothing to say to the author." The author in fact often does best to ignore his reviewer. He probably cannot cure his own defects, and they may be the defects of his qualities. But the reader will always need guidance to the new books. Most literary organs supply this at lengths varying from two columns to a third of a column or a bare paragraph. It is extravagant to maintain that no judgment worth while can be given within that framework. Second thoughts, more amply expressed, are valuable also; but it is the tempo of a whole civilization that must be slowed before elbow-room can be found for them again. We hope that this respite from hurry will one day be granted! Meanwhile we trust we shall not have damaged Mrs. Woolf's brilliant paradoxes by refusing to ignore them till November, 1940.

Letters to the Editor

INTELLECTUALS ASTRAY

Sir,—Along with the intellectuals who were lately reproved in your leading article, I have gone astray. That is, I consider there can be no better world until Britain and France have suffered as they forced Germany to suffer. But I cannot help protesting when I am told that, because I am a pacifist (a meaningless word) I suffer from "sheer goodness of heart and horror of slaughter." Opposition to war implies no such simple and humane basis. Other things besides bodies soon die and rot in a war: for example, truth. One recalls the grief-stricken words in which that famous strayed intellectual Lowes Dickinson (whose "Magic Flute" is much needed to-day) described the effect of the war spirit upon Cambridge. "All discussion, all pursuit of truth, ceased in an instant."

To such an end, to darkness and not dawn, is the intellectual working who believes in war as a means to freedom. Can anyone seriously believe that we shall see a rebirth of, for example, English poetry as a result of the petty mental habits engendered in war; by insolently referring, *tout court*, to "Hitler" and "Ribbentrop" in news columns; by using vulgar patriotic cartoons representing Nazism in apellike form? The passions of men, wrote Wordsworth, do immeasurably transcend their objects. One can only hope so when the objects are the contemptible features incidental to the war mentality. You may free German intellectuals from Nazi oppression, but as long as you thus cherish the Nazi in your brain and soul you are merely creating a Britain for which no poet would feel as a lover or a child.

Yours, &c.,
DORIS N. DALGLISH.

"WE SAW HIM ACT"

Sir,—The Memorial Volume on Henry Irving, reviewed in your last issue, contains a chapter entitled "Irving as Philip," which is attributed to me. A slip in front of the contents page contains the words: "Lady Dickens wishes it to be stated that the sections on Philip written exclusively by her on page 78, and from the second last paragraph on page 78, and from 'One day when Irving was driving down Piccadilly' on page 79, to the end." As these words imply that I am at any rate partially responsible for what is said about Irving as Philip, I ask your permission to set out the true facts.

On the invitation of the late Mr. Saintsbury, I made a contribution to his projected volume. It contained no reference whatever to Irving as Philip. Later, Mr. Palmer, who went on with the work of preparing the volume after Mr. Saintsbury's death,

asked me if I could write something about Irving as Philip. I replied that I could not remember him in the part, and was therefore unable to write anything about it. Nevertheless, when my proof arrived I found that my contribution was entitled "Irving as Philip," and that matter had been interpolated in it which was derived from some other source unknown to me.

Correspondence followed. In the course of it Mr. Palmer submitted a form which I rejected as unsatisfactory, but which he has printed in front of his contents page.

I am one of the few people still living whom Irving honoured with his friendship; I counted it a privilege to pay my tribute to his memory. I am the more shocked that it should be presented under a heading which cannot but mislead the reader, and that, in spite of my protests, I should be exposed in the evening of my days (I am nearly 88) to the charge of giving my recollections of something which, in fact, lay outside my experience.

MARIE DICKENS.

"THE STORY OF DON JUAN"


Sir,—In criticizing "The Story of Don Juan" your reviewer remarks that the author, Mr. John Austen, stresses the significant point that, "in his [Tirso de Molina's] play, it is the spirit of the Commander that appears at Don Juan's feast and not his statue." There is error here, since it is in fact the stone statue that turns up at the feast. Moreover, the drama is at its best in the scenes with the statue, when the too easily conquered women cease to appear.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR J. MONTAGUE,
1, Gowanlea Drive, Giffnock, Renfrewshire.

"THE FUTURE OF SCOTLAND"

Sir,—In the review of "The Future of Scotland" by Dr. James A. Bowie, which appears in your issue of October 28, the reviewer quotes from Dr. Bowie's book to the effect that 87 per cent. of Scotland's population emigrated in the decade 1921-31. The figure given on page 23 of "The Future of Scotland" refers to an emigration of 8 per cent. in the period mentioned, and the figure appearing in your review is doubtless a misprint.

Yours faithfully,
W. R. CHAMBERS, Ltd.



HARRAP BOOKS

TEAMSMAN

The author of *Farmer's Creed* continues the story of his experiences as a farm labourer in Cheshire and Derbyshire. Illustrated with woodcuts by Kingsley Cook, one of which is reproduced (in reduced size) above.

H. E. BATES: "Twice as good a book as *Farmer's Creed*, more solid, more real, and better written."

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS: "I found to my great pleasure that it transplanted me at once out of all the worries and anxieties of the present time into the quiet and solitude of a peaceful countryside. Such books are indeed a great boon."

CRICHTON PORTEOUS

Special Limited Edition

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL'S

MARLBOROUGH

will be issued on December 1st in four volumes, uniformly bound at 45/- the set.

Single volumes are not obtainable in this edition.

SIXTEEN DAYS

The last novel of the peace and the first novel of the war! Set in Geneva during the September, 1938, crisis it shows how Munich made love impossible and how an 'Aryan' German decides to oppose the Nazi perverters of his country. It is a love story, an adventure story, and a spy story. The author (whose *Three Over the Frontier* received high praise) has put his beliefs into practice and is now serving as Volunteer No. 692 in the French Foreign Legion. (8/6)

HANS HABE

I HAVEN'T UNPACKED

The autobiography of a Yorkshire weaver and world-traveller which seems likely to rival the success of *A Modern Sinbad and Coming, Sir!* Recommended by J. B. PRIESTLEY, VISCOUNTESS SNOWDEN, PROF. BONAMY DOBREE, PHYLLIS BENTLEY, WALTER GREENWOOD and others. 2nd Printing. (8/6)

WILLIAM HOLT

ENDLESS VOYAGE

A young Swedish sailor's true narrative of his twelve years as an ordinary seaman on tramp steamers in many parts of the world, and of his attempts to escape to the imagined glamour of life ashore. (8/6)

NILS FREDRICSON

HARRAP

Obituary

R. LANE POOLE

To Dr. Reginald Lane Poole, who has died in his 83rd year, students of medieval history, antiquarianism and of academic research generally are heavily indebted. His pen was as prolific as his interests were varied, and the number of his published works, reports on manuscripts for the Royal Commission and articles in English and foreign periodicals would make a long list. His best achievement, perhaps, was his study of Wycliffe and his editing of several of Wycliffe's works. He was a younger brother of Stanley Lane-Poole and a grand-nephew of Edward William Lane, the famous Arabic scholar and translator of "Arabian Nights."

A. J. FOWLER

The late A. J. Fowler was the younger brother of H. W. and F. G. Fowler, authors of "The King's English," "Concise Oxford Dictionary" and "Modern English Usage." He assisted H. W. Fowler when he conceived the notion of an "unconcise dictionary" of current English and carried the project a certain distance before his death. Thereafter, in collaboration with Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Le Mesurier, A. J. worked, until taken ill some months ago, at what is provisionally called "The Oxford Dictionary of Modern English." This work, which is now far advanced, will be a large dictionary in one volume confined to modern English.

A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 640)

happen to be repugnant to us we have no right to deny that they exist; or that, though at a low level, they are explicit and coherent. What have we to oppose to them? We have a sentimental respect for the individual, which, because it is sentimental, offers no resistance to economic and social processes which steadily diminish the concrete reality of the individual—the person exercising responsible freedom. We have a fairly rich array of vestigial Christian values compacted together in the form of a tradition of political and personal freedom which is more a legend than a reality. Probably Mr. Eliot is right when he says that what we chiefly dislike about totalitarianism is the element of authority; being scared of overt and responsible authority we submit, unwittingly, to the constant encroachments of clandestine and irresponsible authority.

As Mr. Eliot recognizes, there is no short way out of the condition in which we are. If we are to avoid, or to even have the power of overcoming, secular totalitarianism, we have to begin at the beginning. The work to hand is primarily a work of education both in the more specific and the more general sense. The latter comes first. Of the elements of the Christian society the first we can hope to bring partly into being is "the community of Christians," a body of people persuaded that the Christian conception of man is the necessary foundation of a politics that can contend against the demonic forces of a machine age. There, no doubt, is a prime difficulty. Christianity in England, when it is not a social convention, tends to be individualistic, emotional and eccentric; that it is a system of truth from which flow inexhaustible governing principles in metaphysics, ethics and politics is too rarely admitted even as a possibility by the intelligent man. To bring the contemporary intelligence to an attitude of respect for Christian thought is an undertaking as arduous as it is urgent. Mr. Eliot's book is a very valuable contribution towards this end.

Literary Biography

LOVE AMONG THE ARTISTS

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN'S FRIENDSHIPS

SINCE FIFTY: Men and Memories, 1922-1938. By WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. Faber and Faber. 21s.

Sir William Rothenstein, middle-aged and lately Director of the Royal College of Art, would naturally write a graver and weightier book than the William, the "Will" Rothenstein, who in earlier volumes of memories took his readers for enchanting voyages through the best parts of Bohemia. Only once in the new book does he deliberately look back to the Paris of his youth, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec and Conder, the Rat Mort and the Abbaye de Thelème, Jeanne d'Avril and Mimi Patten-en-air (whom this elderly gentleman has now so far forgotten that he calls her "Nini"). Yet, fortunately for his readers, the man himself is unchanged at heart. He has preserved his innocent delight in knowing a great many other distinguished people and in having a finger in a great many important pies. He is as ingenious as ever (and, by the way, is it quite fair to call Roger Fry disingenuous without giving an example to prove it?); as in his comment on Sir Max Beerbohm's neglect to answer his letters: "Perhaps the increasing number of autobiographies in which letters are quoted make writers self-conscious." He is as frank as ever with his opinions, be they what used to be called bromides, or, as many of them are, wise and shrewd. He has lost none of his capacity for friendship, and none of that endearing quality which draws his friends and acquaintances to confide in him.

There is no malice in him, in the English sense of the word, no hint of a George Moore; and that is why one of the chief delights of the book, as of its predecessors, is his shrewd judgment of persons. In T. E. Lawrence, he writes, "who disliked most women, there was a feminine element. Accustomed to flattery, he could be unconcerned; he tried to evade it, yet I think he would have missed the interest he everywhere excited"; and elsewhere he suggests that the trouble with this "thwarted nature" was that he "shirked the immense effort required to produce great literature . . . he toyed with the idea but funked the complete sacrifice." It was because George Moore, we are told, "realized that he could have neither the respect with which Hardy was surrounded, nor the honours offered him, that he made his silly and ill-natured attacks." The sentence comes early in a chapter on Hardy's funeral in Westminster Abbey which includes a delicious little comedy of A. E. Housman and Barrie each manoeuvring to make the other be the wrecker of a project for a picture of the pall-bearers at the grave by declining to sit to Sir William—who, very naturally, declined to be further bothered with their wriggles and gave up the idea. These sharp little strokes at great men's weaknesses help little to show up Sir William's generosity of judgment and ardour of admiration. And his shrewdness is not confined to his judgment of persons. He has heard many speeches in which the arts have been called the great bond between the nations. Is it so? he asks, and easily disproves it by two instances. The effect

of art, he concludes, is like the effect of wine as Johnson saw it. "The arts bring a warmer sympathy than sympathy is already there, but are ineffective when relations are disturbed." The truth comes all the more weightily from one whose profession is art and whose life has been lived for art.

Pages full of personal yet discreet talk about famous and interesting people, reproductions



Sir William Rothenstein, from a recent self-portrait

of their portraits by Sir William and examples of their letters to Sir William, and other pages telling the history of the arts from the inside make an attractive setting for some of the author's profounder reflections on art and life. In the third chapter is a paper of permanent value on the difference between teaching art and training teachers of art. He laments the divorce of the modern painter from worthy subject-matter. Living in London impoverishes their ideas; and to this triviality of subject Sir William ascribes much of the prevalent improvisation. He himself is one who "likes doing it"—likes painting and carrying a painting through. To him a sketch is a flirtation, and he prefers a real love affair. But the modern painters, even some among the most eminent, will not submit to the necessary discipline and the labour, and the result of indiscipline and of want of good subject-matter is that "the art of painting has not advanced, but deteriorated."

A mere gesture, a flourish towards an end, is considered, by many, sufficient; as though one should set out, with rucksack on back, for Land's End and, walking to Paddington Station, return home.

Painting, he is convinced, must get into touch again with common life, and especially with country life; and Sir William's constant efforts to get encouragement for the practice of mural painting tend in the same direction.

Anxious about the future of painting, he is no reactionary but a generous admirer of all he finds good in modern work. Generally, his understanding of the "left" tendencies in youth is sympathetic—with caution.

To-day more courage is needed to support the less popular side, that is, less popular among the intellectuals, than to give adherence to that which is connected with "Labour."

Spiritual beauty is not so common that it must be denied to those belonging to a class with which the time is out of sympathy.

For himself, at this point in his full and eager life, he looks back with serenity and no little dignity:—

It has been for me to paint as it were in prose; at least, I have tried to give to my prose something of dignity, even something of ecstasy. The ecstasy of poetry has been for others more gifted. Yet it is in the atmosphere of poetry and among men of large vision and magnanimous natures that I have been most happy and in his last word on the irrepresible urge of the artist to create, he makes a confession in which any reader of Roger Fry's recently published lecture on Egyptian Art will recognize Sir William's right to be known as an artist, "the revealer and the sole ruler" in the world of appearance:—

What a chance to be able to spend one's days in close contact with realities! Apparent realities only, that I know; yet again and again I have felt the most satisfying answer to the problems of existence to be that of mere superficial appearance. I enjoy this absorption in the appearance of things.

O fortunatum nimium, since he knows his own good.

"The Study of the Nibelungenlied; Being the History of the Study of the Epic and Legend from 1755-1937," by Mary Thorp, is announced by the Oxford University Press in the series of "Oxford Studies in Modern Languages and Literature."

POET NATURALIST

EDWARD THOMAS'S IDEAL

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS. By JOHN MOORE. Heinemann. 15s.

To write sympathetically about Edward Thomas requires a complete freedom from the thought of self-glorification. The subject is so compellingly attractive—that in the play of his life we are sure to look wholly at its staging. Mr. Moore's work is excellently done because, while scarcely noticing the technique of his production, we wonder at the end how it could possibly have been improved. He has told the story beautifully, with real understanding of its tragic and desperate sincerity, its sometimes misguided course, its loneliness, failures and final spiritual victory. There is candour in his criticism of the indecision and lesser faults, but a restrained emphasis on the essential melancholy which is deeply sympathetic and often moving. All lovers of Thomas will wish they could have written such a book. To mar their satisfaction comes only the selfish thought that as his reputation now grows so fast their private sanctuary of delight must be shared.

No fears need be felt that Edward (as he is called throughout) will fall among the "popular" poets, but his life story should be better known, for apart from revealing a rare beauty and sensitivity of soul, it is an indictment of the utterly false values of commercial journalism which permits such thought and talent to grind into itself and be pulverized. This is admirably suggested by Mr. Moore in acid comments on "the world, the press, and the devil." When Edward was killed at Arras, Robert Frost wrote: "I don't suppose there is anything for us to do to show our admiration but to love him for ever." But Frost had already shown his. Let us hope that the journals and reviews, which will not be at all pleased at being publicly acclaimed with the distinction of refusing prose and verse alike of Edward's, have properly repented; but they were anyhow too late to help unlock the prisoned immortality of the man himself. "I shall be unprintable at forty," he had written. At forty he was dead, but the War, by a strange paradox, had become the one way to lead him from the bondage of hack-writing to the Canaan of—not calm, for calm he knew only in hours—meditation and his joy in nature.

AS LETTER WRITER

Mr. Moore keeps most of the letters or suitable extracts from them for the end of his book. They are not, of course, as remarkable as the poems, but fluctuate equally between restlessness, self-distrust, irony and tenderness. Others more revealing he has wisely placed in the strictly chronological order of his study. Ian MacAlistair, Gordon Bottomley, Jessie Berridge, earlier Harry Hooton, later Eleanor Farjeon, and of course Helen all the time, received the best of them, which were written in times of depression. Always as shrewd and refined in self-analysis as in his criticism of "two dozen minor poets," Edward lived in a series of great troughs and occasional crests. Mr. Moore shows the dreaded ocean churning when anything he really wanted to write had to be rushed to fulfil a contract, while everything else was written out of sheer financial necessity. Yet never was there a slipshod sentence in the slightest guide nor an unfair or hasty judgment in the most trivial review. Though the poetry which Frost and the War at last called out, which Hudson had foretold years before, showed Edward what was the ideal form for his thought, Mr. Moore will not forget that he did in fact, nearly always hating it, write beautiful prose. The specimens in the foreword by Mr. Lloyd George prove the same.

FAMILY LIFE

Mr. Moore has resisted any temptation to over-quote; once he misquotes the opening line of "If I should ever by chance." He has splendidly portrayed the domestic affairs, the many homes, Helen, the growing children. He is very fair to Edward's respectfully Victorian but discouraging father. He knows well much of the country without which his book would be incomplete, but confuses Brentwood in Essex with Brentford. Sometimes his rapid estimates are startling: "Jefferies was not a very good writer, though he was sometimes a good journalist"; but Hudson's attitude towards human beings as "that of a great naturalist examining something in his collection" is delightfully defined. It seems pointless, in quoting "Lights Out" at length, to omit the second verse. The early chapters on boyhood, Oxford and marriage are compact and picturesquely written, the detail of the soldiering days is faithfully recorded. There might have been more about the period when Edward stayed with Frost, who had become his most intimate friend, and visited the group of Cotswold poets, the time of which he wrote in "The Sun used to Shine." For this included August, 1914, and in that month from its first Sunday (the 2nd, by the way, not the 3rd) he was happy, not because of the War but in spite of it. By the coincidence of being among the countryside and cultured men, looking beyond bogus patriotism and the gospel of hate, he saw the beauty of nature and humanity more keenly than was even his wont. It is an example for us all.

ESTHER MEYNELL'S

Life of Mary Russell Mitford told in the form of fiction

English Spinster

"Mrs. Meynell is a sedative in a fevered world." HOWARD SPRING

H. J. MASSINGHAM'S

Latest and best countryside book

The Sweet of the Year

Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

A charming record of that most delightful period of the year . . . the English spring.

CHAPMAN & HALL

Novels of the Week

DANGEROUS LIVES

ESCAPE. By **ETHEL VANCE**. Collins. 8s. 6d.

Here is an exciting and romantically meditative story of contemporary Germany. The excitement is the more engaging feature; the other would have been more telling but for the suspicion that Miss Vance, an American author, has swallowed a mouthful or two while bathing in the waters of Teutonic romanticism. The story, nevertheless, is swift, ingenious, touching. It describes a woman's escape to life and liberty from a prison hospital where she is under sentence of death for treason, and in the description it catches with sincere and informed sympathy moods that are doubtless predominant in the Germany of to-day.

It is an artfully constructed tale, its details as nicely calculated as in a murder mystery solved by pure reasoning. The woman is Emmy Ritter, once a celebrated actress, who had lived in America for many years. In trying to dispose of a house she owned in Germany she was trapped into crossing the German frontier and, through her association with an exile formerly engaged in anti-Hitler propaganda, was secretly put on trial and condemned to death. Nothing of all this is related directly; the facts are cleverly brought out in the opening scenes in the prison hospital, where Emmy is recovering from an operation performed by the hungrily philosophical Dr. Ditten, and in the interview that Mark, Emmy's son, has sought with a high Gestapo official. Mark, who is an American subject, a painter and a near-Communist, has followed his mother to Germany after receiving from her a note scribbled during the trial that had been smuggled out of the country by a former servant of the family.

On the one side, then, leagued in a tenuous conspiracy of ideals, are these four characters—Emmy, Mark, the philosophical doctor and the morose but faithful Fritz. On the other side, it so happens, are the Countess, an American widow with ash-blond braided hair more Germanic than the Germans, and the corseted and monocled General who is her lover and for whom she regularly sings "Du bist die Ruh." This balance of forces yields painfully sharp and continuous drama; the excitement could not be bettered. The doctor, driven by a Nietzschean yearning for living

dangerously as well as by the nostalgia of childhood sentiment, gives Emmy a dose of digitalis the night before she is to be beheaded and then signs the death certificate; her body is handed over to old Fritz, who is armed with hot-water bottles, a dummy corpse and a coffin; in the extremity of despair at a last-minute hitch Mark makes an unwilling accomplice of the spiritually blonde Countess, whose heart has gone out to him in pity almost indistinguishable from love and whose humanity now proves stronger than her Germanism; the dummy corpse is publicly buried; the General, his male vanity pricked, smells a rat; and at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour Emmy is got away across the frontier with an ageless Frenchwoman's passport and Mark and the Countess confront with open eyes the destiny which each has shaped for the other.

The thrills of the story are managed with triumphant skill. Alone they provide reading of the kind fairly described as breathless; the later half of the book is best gulped at a sitting. But Miss Vance offers more than that. The play of character and motive through all the collisions of love and loyalty which she devises is deeply revealing of the emotional tension of life in Nazi Germany. Or so the reader must suppose. In the atmosphere of espionage and terrorism which the book powerfully evokes the alternative to submitting to the forces of evil is to believe, with Stendhal, that exposing oneself to danger elevates the soul. That, at any rate, was Dr. Ditten's solution of his personal problem; that also was the Countess's personal sacrifice to the Germany she loved. The only trouble is that Miss Vance sentimentalizes what many in this and in other countries, not excluding Germany, call "the real Germany." The all but sententious porcelain stoves of the Countess's Prussian home, the cleanliness and order, the old rosewood piano, "the poetry growing out of the immaculacy of linen and polished wood and butter fresh out of the crock," "a poetry made of the provocative vagueness of beech forests," whatever that may mean—all this belongs to the perverted blood-and-soil romanticism of Teutonic myth. Because it constantly intrudes here the story is most satisfying merely as an escape story.

NO ARMS NO ARMOUR
By **ROBERT D. Q. HENRIQUES**
Nicholson and Watson 8s. 6d.

This is a prize-winning novel and an exceptionally good one. First, it portrays with vigorous art something of the life and spirit of the British Army, or at least of a light artillery battery, at home and abroad. Next, it is a psychological study of the flowering of a mystical philosophy of life in a young subaltern outwardly indistinguishable from his fellows. The two themes are harmonized with excellent judgment.

It has been a vice of the Army, Mr. Henriques maintains, that soldiers are encouraged not to admit to a brain, even to glory in a lack of cleverness. That was the first discovery made by Tubby Windrush which started him on the quest for the man underneath the soldier. He was a nice boy, modest, charming, inarticulate, apparently fonder of horses than of anything else in the world. Each of the three senior officers of the battery contributed to his unfolding of mind and spirit. Sammy, an ascetic, scholar, hero and almost anything but a regulation Major, infected everybody with his gentleness and with a mystic embracing love that Mr. Henriques tries hard to put into words; the prickly Daddy Watson, embittered and inflexible, drew Tubby's eyes towards horizons of the intellect; the ex-ranker Bert sustained his faith in the common man. Outside the world of soldiering there was Lydia, who was rich and had a mind of her own and was yet as green and as unawakened as himself.

Tubby's human emergence, as Mr. Henriques calls it, begins when he is flung in a steepchase and is for months held captive in the body. His spirit soars; the poetry he had read at school and forgotten comes back to him; he grows aware of Lydia in an altered fashion. It is a still ingenious but rather dissatisfied and interesting-looking Tubby who returns to the battery and soon afterwards goes out to the Sudan. What follows is vividly observed and rendered with a fine dramatic sense. Sammy's death when the battery is ambushed in the desert, the contest of raw nerves between Daddy and Tubby in the maddening intimacy of the desert fort, the court-martial of the otherwise most disciplined old sweat in the battery—these are handled with impressive power. And then there is the best thing of all in the book, the journey to the Abyssinian border in which Tubby achieves the physically impossible through the spirit's endurance and emerges at last, as Kipling might have said, a man. The weakness of the novel is that all the talk of the soul and the soul's vision is much too explicit; in fiction even more than elsewhere the inexpressible, after all, is what cannot be expressed. But for all that this is an absorbing novel.

STRANGE RIVAL
By **J. D. BERESFORD**
Hutchinson 8s. 6d.

Fiction, in Mr. Beresford's hands, has never been mere social entertainment or analysis. He has always revealed life as a mystery to be explored, an opportunity for growth which may be seized or missed. And this is particularly true of his latest novel, of which the hero, Trevor Lovelace, is a middle-aged country gentleman, a widower who writes occasional essays as carefully but ineffectually, in his own eyes, as he runs his small estate. And as on a late October day he leans on a bridge reviewing in detail his past, he reaches the depressing conclusion that at fifty nothing awaits him but a slow decline to the grave.

Amanda, however, who personifies in her beautifully poised personality the spring of life renewed, descends upon the village and awakens in Lovelace first the desire and then the capacity to get out of a useless, impeded life into some sort of reality. In her a selfless love, instead of being dammed by unhappy circumstances, has grown through them. Her faith has passed into knowledge and knowledge into being. And in her spiritual maturity Lovelace finds at once his inspiration and, as a lover still prone to love's idolatry, his testing. The shell of intellectual pride is broken and love in him for the first time released in an overwhelming flood. But the flood has to be directed and controlled along a channel which is in some measure blocked by events in Amanda's past life and more essentially by the standard of perfection which she sets him, by her gentle insistence that human love should be a way out from the life of the intellect and that the greater love must be forgotten in the less.

Amanda is at times a little too good to be true, too perfect an embodiment of saintliness; sane and warm; a womanly impulse. But her and Lovelace Mr. Beresford has most sensitively humanized the problem of achieving maturity in love on all its levels. Lovelace's own mental pilgrimage towards truth previous to his meeting with Amanda is also suggestively sketched along lines which Mr. Beresford, as philosopher, is well qualified to expound. Outside the two central figures, however, the focus is rather vague. Poor Mrs. Carpenter, for example, the vicar's wife, is little more than a "from within image" of conventional Victorianism. The rural and family background is little more than a plausible setting for the drama. But the drama is finely and absorbingly human.

The greatest war correspondent finds in the present war the theme for his greatest novel

PHILIP GIBBS'S

BROKEN PLEDGES

Coming Nov. 7th. 7/6 net

A moving novel of Nazi cruelty

PETER MENDELSSOHN'S
ACROSS THE DARK RIVER

A sensitive, beautifully written novel of the sufferings of Jewish refugees by the author of *All That Matters*. 8/6

A brilliant new novel by the author of "Snell's Folly"

J. D. BERESFORD'S
STRANGE RIVAL

A challenge to disillusionment and a search for truth. *Strange Rival* will bring to readers in these troubled times a spirit of calm and repose. 8/6

Thrilling modern Spy Story

ANDREW SOUTAR'S
A STRANGER CAME TO DINNER

Finest Spinner, that grand old myologist, has had many triumphant adventures, but none have been more exciting than in this grand topical spy thriller. 7/6

By the author of "This Porcelain Clay"

NAOMI JACOB'S
FULL MERIDIAN

First review:—"There is abundance of human interest in the recital, which owes its origin to a skilful narrator." "There is some fine character drawing in this book." 8/6

HUTCHINSON

New HURST & BLACKETT NOVELS

INDIAN RIVER

A moving story which lifts the veil of the caste system in India

by "RAJPUT"

Author of "KHYBER CALLING"
Lt.-General Sir George MacMunn writes:—"It is a book full of charm and colour."

... Your knowledge and colour are so much superior to the ordinary writer of Indian stories, that I hope it may be widely read." 7/6

CHARLESTON BOUND

A glowing chronicle of the American War of Independence
by **S. B. LESLIE**

This is a glowing, full-blooded chronicle fit to rank with the finest American novels about the turbulent 1770's and '80's, which will interest every English reader. 7/6

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

A New Peter Clancy Mystery
by **LEE THAYER**

A new murder story by the author of "The Strange Sylvester Affair," etc. 7/6

DETOUR

by the author of "Double Jeopardy"
MARTIN M. GOLDSMITH

"It's a tough story, yet it has a real-life ring, which makes it all horribly plausible."
—Dennis Wheatley

DEATH ON THE AGENDA

Crime Book Society Recommendation
by **MARGARET BIDWELL**

"Good, sound straight detective story... Best novel, I think, and very much to be encouraged—has an excellent first-hand, localised setting."—*The Observer* 7/6

HURST & BLACKETT

RECOMMENDED

FICTION

FIRST CHOICE

ESCAPE. By **ETHEL VANCE**.

URCHIN MOOR. By **NAOMI ROYDE SMITH**.

NO ARMS NO ARMOUR. By **ROBERT D. Q. HENRIQUES**.

STRANGE RIVAL. By **J. D. BERESFORD**.

THE NAZARENE. By **SHOLEM ASCH**.

BANNERS IN ASIA. By **W. L. RIVER**.

DETECTIVE STORIES

STOP PRESS. By **MICHAEL INNES**.

CATT OUT OF THE BAG. By **CLIFFORD WITTING**.

DRAMA OF RELATIONSHIPS

URCHIN MOOR. By **NAOMI ROYDE SMITH**. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

Julia is a woman who is more interested in her house than in the people who live in it; and her story, though not without humour and incident, is told in the quiet vein of contemplative satisfaction in which most of her life was passed. Her perceptions are sharper where material beauty is concerned than where human emotions have to be understood and dealt with. It is from this fact, fundamentally, that spring all the difficulties of her adult life, because, though she tries conscientiously enough to understand her family, in the last resort her thought is for things, not people, and her care is for their material well-being.

In rather strange circumstances, just after the last War, she meets a widower at his beautiful old house in Somerset. The mistress of the house has grown old, and the house has fallen upon evil days, but it captures her imagination, and it is of it that she is thinking she marries Ryackard Cardwell. She is blissfully happy in the possession and care of this lovely place, to which successive generations have added unevenly and yet with a final effect of perfection. Her husband, too, seems happy enough, though her attention is obviously less for him than for his home; but the greatest

sympathy lies between her and her stepson James, the impulsive to help whom was part of her motive, though an unconscious one, in marrying. James shares her passion for the house, and she loves him dearly and spends much effort to smooth away the half-hidden resentment that exists between him and his father. But because she is not clever at handling relationships, the resentment persists and finds its climax in the tragic affair of the refugee actress who comes to stay with them for a while. When that is over Julia finds that she must at last choose between James and the house—she must either agree or refuse to accept the girl who will be her successor there, and who already loves the place with the same love which she has always felt for it herself.

Other New Novels

on pages 643 & 644

T.S. Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
LONDON W C 1.



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON, ⁸3

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



9 November 1939.

14 - My dear one.

Your most recent letter is that of Oct.23 (numbered 9 - but the one before that, of Oct.18, was also numbered 9: otherwise they are all in order. I meant to write earlier in the week, but have to give one morning to business correspondence, and another to criticising a memorandum on Evacuation for the News Letter. I went to the Woolfs on Saturday morning: going anywhere by train is something of an adventure because you cannot be sure what train there will be for where until you get to the station. They had told me to take the 11.45 for Lewes, but I found that train was off, and I had to run very fast to catch the 11.28 for Brighton, where I changed. Of course, when I arrived at Lewes finally, there was no bus. I meant to take the bus because petrol is rationed, and one wants to spare one's hosts supply: but although the trains are different the buses which formerly connected seem to stick to the same time table. So they had to fetch me after all. A pleasant quiet weekend, with wet gusty weather blowing leaves off the trees (which have turned a very fine brown this year) and a dish of late raspberries, which have been surprisingly late this year. Lunch on Sunday with Virginia's sister and family who live a little way off. The Woolfs have moved from Tavistock to Mecklenburgh Square, but now spend most of their time in Sussex. People find that they do not mind the darkness so much in the country. Why they have had no one billeted on them I do not know: the other house is full of members of the family. I had expected to come up on Sunday for an emergency meeting of Oldham's in connexion with peace aims, but that was postponed, so I could stop until Monday. It was more restful than Kelham: this weekend will not be so restful - I spend Saturday night at All Souls' with Geoffrey, witnessing Tom's performance in The Mikado in the afternoon, and come back Sunday morning in order to give a poetry reading for the S.C.M. in the afternoon.

I send separately the T.L.S. review, which you will see is a fine splash for them to give. The book has not moved very fast yet, having had only one other review, a rather dull one by Evelyn Underhill in Time and Tide: but Cats are being reprinted! They have been selling at upwards of 200 a week, though they have had only two reviews. Frank has just sent me a copy of the American edition, which has a copy of the jacket bound inside it. Geoffrey has just had a letter from him, more encouraging than the one I had: this gives the impression that although he is still very irritated by much about him, and the general attitude of people about Europe being that of spectators at a football match, he is settling down better and getting his mind in order. It is hard enough to do that here!

November 1932

Mr. ...

Your most recent letter is that of Oct. 22 (numbered 9 - but the one before that, of Oct. 18, was also numbered 9; otherwise they are all in order. I meant to write earlier in the week, but have to give one morning to business correspondence, and another to editing a memorandum on discussion for the News letter. I went to the Woods on Saturday morning; going anywhere by train is something of an adventure because you cannot be sure what train there will be for where until you get to the station. They had told me to take the 11.45 for home, but I found that train was off, and I had to run very fast to catch the 11.28 for Brighton, where I changed. Of course, when I arrived at home finally, there was no bus. I meant to take the bus because Peter is rationed, and one wants to save one's horse supply; but although the trains are different the buses which formerly connected seem to stick to the same time table. So they had to catch me after all. Pleasant other weekend, with wet gaily weather blowing leaves off the trees (which have turned a very fine brown this year) and a dish of late raspberries, which have been surprisingly late this year. Much on Sunday with Virginia's sister and family who live a little way off. The woods have moved from Tavistock to Leckington, but the woods of which I live in Sussex. I hope the fact they do not mind the change so much in the country, why they have had no one killed on them I do not know. The other house is full of members of the family. I had expected to come up on Sunday for an emergency meeting of G.D.'s in connection with peace aims, but that was postponed, so I could not go. It was more useful than I thought. The week-end will not be so restful - I spend Saturday night at 111 G.D.'s with Geoffrey, discussing Tom's performance in the MI-8 job in the afternoon, and come back Sunday morning in order to give a poetry reading for the S.C.M. in the afternoon.

I send separately the U.S. review, which you will see as a fine splash for them to give. The book has not moved very fast yet, having had only one other review, a rather dull one by Evelyn Underhill in Time and Tide; but Gate is being reprinted. They have been selling at upwards of 200 a week, though they have had only two reviews. Frank has just sent me a copy of the American edition, which has a copy of the jacket photo inside it. Geoffrey has just had a letter from him, more encouraging than the one I had; this gives the impression that although he is still very irritated by what about him and the general attitude of people about Europe being that of spectators at a football match, he is settling down better and getting his mind in order. It is hard enough to do it here!

I was interested to hear of the appointment of your new president. I don't think I ever heard of him: I shall ask John Hayward, who is also an authority on Swift. If he is not coming for another year, I don't suppose you will have anything more to report about him now. I am vexed about Henry's cold; he caught it, of course, helping Margaret move some furniture from storage to his basement. M. imposes on him a good deal; it is a standing grievance with the rest of the family, but I think he likes it. It is very trying to have this suspense prolonged. Well I suppose an active animal like Boerre has to be allowed out by himself, as you haven't time to exercise him all day: I hope that he knows how to keep out of the way of cars and that you know enough not to worry about him.

Why do you say that you feel "neither one thing nor the other?" Neither of what things? One must always be aware, I think, of one's own negativity - the extent to which one is neither good nor bad, living from hand to mouth, mentally and spiritually slothful, killing time, influenced by circumstances. One does not appear quite that to others: it is worth while remembering (to keep a right sense of humility from being infected by a wrong sense of inferiority) that to other people one seems a much more positive person than to oneself: they are probably more conscious of their own weakness than of yours, or if they are not, they are probably not conscious enough to see anything clearly. (I mean too, that understanding of other people goes with understanding of oneself, and the man who never sees himself clearly cannot see others clearly). Also, there is a sense I think in which what one really is is as much what one is to others as what one is to oneself. And every advance in spirituality brings with it its own new dangers, temptations and pitfalls.

About the Ware bequest, do you mean that the estate was smaller than anticipated, so that your inheritance was not so large as expected? or that this is half of what you will get altogether? Anyway, I am happy that you should have a little addition to your income. I, like everyone else, will know better where I stand after the new year: there will be many people, some with much larger incomes than mine, who will be more embarrassed than I; but I am glad that I had not just embarked on a larger scale of living in rooms of my own - this is not a time to tie oneself down to financial commitments. As for the war, I don't know whether to talk about that or not: but as ~~what~~ anything I have to say will consist of opinions, and not of information (of which I have but little anyway) I think I will try, in separate letters, to put down reflexions from time to time.

Your loving
Tom

I was interested to hear of the appointment of your new
President. I don't think I ever heard of him; I shall ask John
Hayward, who is also an authority on Swift. It is not coming
for another year, I don't suppose you will have anything more to
report about him now. I am vexed about Henry's cold; he caught
it, of course, before he moved some furniture from storage
to his basement. I am anxious on his behalf; it is a strain
and grievance with the rest of the family, but I think he likes
it. It is very trying to have this and, as you say, well,
I suppose an active animal like Henry has to be allowed out by
himself, as you haven't time to exercise him all day; I hope that
he knows how to keep out of the way of cars and that you know
enough not to worry about him.

Why do you say that you feel "neither one thing nor the other"
neither of what things? One must always be aware, I think, of
one's own negativity - the extent to which one is neither good nor
bad, living from hand to mouth, mentally and spiritually almost
dead, living time, influenced by circumstances. One does not ap-
pear quite that to others; it is worth while remembering, to keep
a right sense of humility from being infected by a wrong sense of
inferiority (that to other people one seems a much more positive
person than to oneself: they are probably more conscious of their
own weakness than of yours, or if they are not, they are probably
not conscious enough to see yours clearly. I mean too, that
understanding of other people goes with understanding of oneself,
and the man who never sees himself clearly cannot see others
clearly). Also, there is a sense in which what one really
is is as much what one is to others as what one is to oneself.
And every advance in spiritual things with it its own new
generations, temptations and pitfalls.

About the Ware bequest, do you mean that the estate was small-
er than anticipated, so that your inheritance was not so large
as expected? or that this is half of what you will get altogether?
Anyway, I am happy that you should have a little addition
to your income. I, like everyone else, will know better where
I stand after the new year: there will be many people, some with
much larger incomes than mine, who will be more embarrassed than
I; but I am glad that I had not just embarked on a larger scale
of living in rooms of my own - this is not a time for the oneself
down to financial commitments. As for the war, I don't know
whether to talk about that or not; but as much as I have
to say will consist of opinions, and not of information (of
which I have but little anyway) I think I will try, in separate
letters, to put down reflections from time to time.

John Hayward
Jan

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



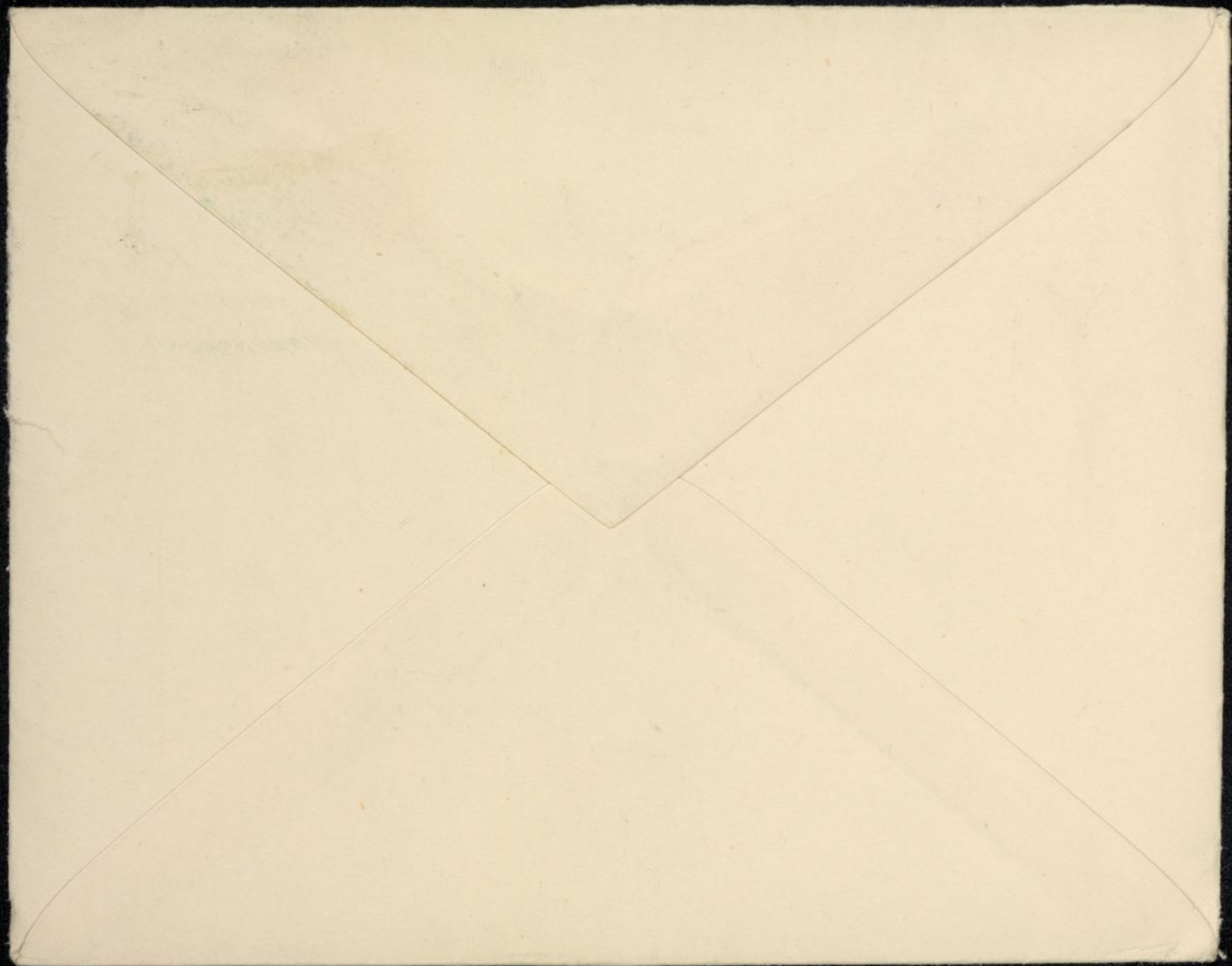
Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



777. R. Eliot

DURRANT'S PRESS CUTTINGS

St. Andrew's House, 32 to 34 Holborn Viaduct,
and 3 St. Andrew Street, Holborn Circus, E.C.1.

Telephone: CENTRAL 3149 (TWO LINES).

Tablet

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

Cutting from issue dated.....1..8.NOV.....1939.....193

Sooner Cats than Monks

This is how the *Reynolds' News* reviewer felt when he read Mr. T. S. Eliot's new book :—

“I have read carefully Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Idea of a Christian Society* (Faber, 5s.), but I cannot tell you what it is. Most of the three lectures of which the book consists were taken up with saying what his idea was not.

“He evidently has no longing for a society based simply on comradeship—that is, on trying always to do as we would be done by. He would like ritual and authority and monks. I liked the poet's cat rhymes better than this.”

The Pope to Visit Lake Maggiore?

The authentic “Ring” of the Fisherman, from the *Daily Express* :—

“ROME, Friday.—The Pope is to celebrate Mass in the chapel of the Basilica of Santa Maria, Lake Maggiore, where he celebrated his first Mass. He will leave the Vatican on December 8th for Lake Maggiore.—Reuter.

What We Are Fighting For

“It should be mentioned that Hitler has followed the Roman Catholic faith most of his life ; he has never publicly renounced that faith, has not been excommunicated, and as late as May this year the German *Who's Who* described him as a Roman Catholic. As one of our War Aims we should insist on his clarifying the situation.”

(From a letter to *Time and Tide*.)

D.W.

unmoved, unaltered, undeveloped, by all they have lived through externally; they seem to have suffered nothing and learned nothing, for good or ill; we meet others whose lives are apparently uneventful, who have had, one would say no experience of life, who have yet got an interior understanding and knowledge out of all proportion to what has happened to them. Is not this but another case of the parable of the talents?

It is not the importance of the event in itself that is at issue; in itself an outer event has no enduring value. The

THE PALACE.

CHICHESTER.

15th November, 1939.

My dear Eliot,

How good of you to have sent me a copy of "The Idea of a Christian Society" from the author. I have read it and I find myself deeply moved by the argument. The book is a noble one. It is beautifully written and I find myself in extraordinarily full agreement with what you say. How curious it is (but that is a superficial thing to say, for it is really in these circumstances not curious after all) that in this very time when the totalitarian state is attacking the Christian Church in Russia and Germany and in other places too, we should feel so strongly the forces of the argument in favour of a Church which is an established Church. I have wavered often in my own mind about the merits of the establishment in present circumstances, but it is not only true, as you say, that the disestablishment of the Church in England now would be a shrewd blow to the Christian religion, but it is also the case that for the sake of the State itself, and to save it from being either pagan or neutral, the Christian religion must be made a very part of its life.

In a way what you say is a justification for the steadfast holding tight to the old-fashioned view of an established Church being necessary in the interests, not of the Church, but of the State by Archbishop Davidson. I do not suppose it comes your way to see his charge of, I think, 1908 or 1909 on the care and call of the Church of England, but you will find there, if you had time to look, an interesting and staunch plea for the establishment, at the very time of the agitation for the disestablishment for the Church of Wales; and the regulations are such as you would, I believe, endorse in principle, though not perhaps always in detail. Certainly Archbishop Davidson would be very much gratified if he could read "The Idea of a Christian Society" in 1939.

Yours very sincerely,

George Herbert

THE PALACE

CHRISTMAS

1894

THE PALACE

CHRISTMAS

1894

1894

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



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



16 November 1939.

(15) *Darwin,*

I have your letter no.11 of the 31st. As the previous one received is no.9, I presume that the long one to which you refer, which I have not yet received, is no.10. If you had noted the numbers of mine, you would have seen that between the 9th and the 19th there was another one on the way.

Apart from my visit to Oxford to see the Mikado - which was a very good performance for such small boys, though at times distressing, as they kept their eyes glued on the director of the show, who was also the producer and the conductor of the orchestra, just as if they were performing animals - but I understand that they enjoy it very much - with an evening at All Souls, where the chief guests were the Chinese Ambassador and the Apostolic Delegate, and I talked mostly to A.L.Rowse - the end of the evening was taken up by a military argument between Geoffrey and General Swinton - and I came back on Sunday morning to read poetry to the Asiatic students in Gower Street - there is very little to report. I am out about three evenings a week, and am getting quite used to it, learning to economise my torch. No, I don't bicycle; the tube serves most of my needs, and walking at night is rather pleasant where one is sure of the way. I always feel that I ought to have more to say about war conditions than I do: but there seems very little to say. On matters of discussion, I feel first that my own mind is so very confused that there is nothing to discuss except with people who are in the same confusion - which is everyone here, and nobody outside of Europe. And beyond that there is so much that can only be discussed by tête à tête: it is not merely that one would say a great deal that would give quite a false impression to a third party if repeated, but would give a false impression merely by being written down. I have never felt so keenly the difficulties of communication by writing, though they are always there, to some extent, between everybody. I can only ask you to keep in mind that the farther one is away, the simpler problems look; and that the more one is immersed in them, the more complicated they appear. When they can be simplified, and one quite knows one's own mind - even when there is nothing to be done about it, that is some relief and one can dismiss them at times and let one's mind be filled solely with personal relations and with one's proper work. But as things are, they hang about one's mind like a quotation one wants to make and just can't get right, and they invade one's private business and one's private emotions. So you must bear with me, I fear: one is not fully living one's private life at a time like this; and as the difficulties are not likely to get less, it is as well to recognise these difficulties of communication which have nothing to do with censorship. Of course I miss you all the more because of these obstacles! Meanwhile do not judge us here either too enthusiastically or too censoriously. There is so appallingly much that we must recognise as just in the

16 November 1939.

Dear

I have your letter no. 11 of the 31st. As the previous one received is no. 9, I presume that the long one to which you refer, which I have not yet received, is no. 10. If you had noted the numbers of mine, you would have seen that between the 9th and the 19th there was another one on the way.

Apart from my visit to Oxford to see the Mikado - which was a very good performance for such small boys, though at times distressing, as they kept their eyes fixed on the director of the show, who was also the producer and the conductor of the orchestra, just as if they were performing animals - but I understand that they enjoy it very much - with an evening at All Souls, where the chief guests were the Chinese Ambassador and the Apostolic Delegate, and I talked mostly to A.L. Rowse - the end of the evening was taken up by a military argument between Geoffrey and General Swinton - and I came back on Sunday morning to read poetry to the Asiatic students in Gower Street - there is very little to report. I am out about three evenings a week, and am getting quite used to it, learning to economise my torch. No, I don't bicycle; the tube serves most of my needs, and walking at night is rather pleasant where one is sure of the way. I always feel that I ought to have more to say about war conditions than I do; but there seems very little to say. On matters of discussion, I feel that my own mind is so very confused that there is nothing to discuss except with people who are in the same confusion - which is everyone here, and nobody outside of Europe. And beyond that there is so much that can only be discussed by tête à tête: it is not merely that one would say a great deal that would give quite a false impression to a third party if repeated, but would give a false impression merely by being written down. I have never felt so keenly the difficulties of communication by writing, though they are always there, to some extent, between everybody. I can only ask you to keep in mind that the farther one is away, the simpler problems look; and that the more one is immersed in them, the more complicated they appear. When they can be amplified, and one quite knows one's own mind - even when there is nothing to be done about it, that is some relief; and one can dismiss them at times and let one's mind be filled solely with personal relations and with one's proper work. But as things are, they hang about one's mind like a dustation one wants to make and just can't get right, and they invade one's private business and one's private emotions. So you must bear with me, I fear; one is not fully living one's private life at a time like this; and as the difficulties are not likely to get less, it is as well to recognise these difficulties of communication which have nothing to do with censorship. Of course I miss you all the more because of these obstacles; meanwhile do not judge us here either too enthusiastically or too censoriously. There is so appealingly much that we must recognise as just in the

hand of God, and we must pray to see what He wants us to do.

Oddly enough, the day before your letter arrived, I had got a volume of Ibsen out of the library: so I must have known your advice before I received it. It contained Rosmersholm and The Lady from the Sea. I can recognise merits of construction, but was so far from excited by the content that I found it difficult to profit by the craftsmanship. What a musty, out of date, provincial view of life Ibsen has! And the dreary symbolism which is hardly more than a stage trick; the symbolism of a man with no supernatural beliefs at all. All this stuff about emancipation. But I shall try again, because I have been told that his most important play is When we Dead Awake. So are there any good modern plays to read? O'Neill's are flimsy material well put together. Is there any modern dramatist whose work I can admire except Tchekhov???

je t'embrasse de tout mon coeur.

Tom

hand of God, and we must pray to see what He wants us to do.

Oddly enough, the day before your letter arrived, I had got a volume of Ibsen out of the library: so I must have known your advice before I received it. It contained Rømersholm and The Lady from the Sea. I can recognise merits of construction, but was so far from excited by the content that I found it difficult to profit by the excitement. What a mystery, out of date, provincial view of life Ibsen has! And the dreary symbolism which is hardly more than a stage trick; the symbolism of a man with no supernatural beliefs at all. All this stuff about emancipation. But I shall try again, because I have been told that his most important play is When we Dead Awake. So give there any good modern plays to read? O'Neill's are flimsy material well put together. Is there any modern dramatist whose work I can admire except Tchekov??

Is there any modern dramatist whose work I can admire except Tchekov??

T. W.

from ~~21~~ Not,
Bell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,
222 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Dear Sir,

24 November 1939.

I have your letter no.10 of Oct.29, and your letter no.12 of November 6: I presume there is No.11 on the way more slowly. O wait, I have got muddled: no.11 of Oct.31 arrived before no. 10, so that's all right. I am glad to hear that you are taking some care of yourself, but your programme sounds very heavy indeed, so I hope that you will be very prudent over the next four months, and be very severe with yourself as regards I.H. who, it would seem, is likely to linger on in Northampton where she is apparently more snug than anywhere else. I hope that the P.'s are well; I have had a note from Mrs.P. sending an order for Cats of which she prefers to use the English edition.

Yes, I am afraid that no one will be able to cross the Atlantic in a great hurry at this time, except on official business. That would not prevent my coming next year, if I got an invitation from America to lecture or teach: I do not think that in that event I should have much difficulty in getting permission from the Foreign Office. Much might depend upon Princeton, and also, of course, upon there being nothing here which conscience would compel me to stay here to do. It is impossible to see far ahead; but at present I do not feel absolutely indispensable. There is the firm, of course, and there is the Christian News Letter, to which I give at present quite a little time: over the weekend (I am stopping at home) I have undertaken to read and make notes upon the recent Papal Encyclical Summi pontificatus, a long document. My closest friends have left London, of course: Morley and Hayward, and now Tandy is being sent away on official business. Not ~~xxxxx~~ that there are not plenty of people left, or going to and fro. We must hope for next year, but realising the unpredictable possibilities that may alter any plans.

I cannot tell you how distressed I have been about a persistent misunderstanding, which I thought had been cleared up a long time ago: the fact that this misunderstanding has gone on, without my knowing it, all through this year, makes me feel almost that I ought to try to erase from my memory everything since I last tried to explain. I cannot do that, of course. But I thought I had made clear that the Church does not recognise insanity as a ground for dissolution, unless it could be proved that a person was too demented at the time of marriage to be able to contract a valid undertaking: insanity that only declares itself some time after cannot count. And I must say that my own instinct of right and wrong confirms this attitude. And the Church cannot condone "divorce" at all: marriage is indissoluble. The Church, from its own point of view, could only declare "nullity", which ~~means~~ that the marriage never really took place - that is a totally different thing from divorce. But this it is not allowed by the State to do, for the State only recognises divorce. If I should eventually take advantages of the facilities offered by the State I should be doing something which from the point of view of the Church was morally wrong. I shall have to say all this again more fully; and also I shall have to try to explain to myself and to you why it is so difficult for me to discuss it with

Dear

I have your letter no. 10 of Oct. 29, and your letter no. 12 of November 6: I presume there is no. 11 on the way more slowly. I wait, I have got muddled: no. 11 of Oct. 31 arrived before no. 10, so that's all right. I am glad to hear that you are taking some care of yourself, but your programme sounds very heavy indeed, so I hope that you will be very prudent over the next four months, and be very severe with yourself as regards I.H. who, it would seem, is likely to linger on in Northampton where she is apparently more snug than anywhere else. I hope that she is well; I have had a note from Mrs. P. sending an order for data of which she prefers to use the English edition.

Yes, I am afraid that no one will be able to cross the Atlantic in a great hurry at this time, except on official business. That would not prevent my coming next year, if I got an invitation from America to lecture or teach: I do not think that in that event I should have much difficulty in getting permission from the Foreign Office. You might depend upon Princeton, and also, of course, upon there being nothing here which conscience would compel me to say here to do. It is impossible to see far ahead; but at present I do not feel absolutely indispensable. There is the firm, of course, and there is the Christian News Letter, to which I give at present quite a little time: over the weekend (I am stopping at home) I have undertaken to read and make notes upon the recent Ecological Society, a long document. My closest friends have left London, of course; Volley and "Ayward" and now Tandy is being sent away on official business. Not xxxxx that there are not plenty of people left, or going to and fro. We must hope for next year, but realising the unpredictable possibilities that may alter any plans.

I cannot tell you how distressed I have been about a persistent misunderstanding, which I thought had been cleared up a long time ago; the fact that this misunderstanding has gone on, without my knowing it, all through this year, makes me feel almost that I ought to try to erase from my memory everything since I last tried to explain. I cannot do that, of course. But I thought I had made clear that the Church does not recognise insanity as a ground for dissolution, unless it could be proved that a person was too demented at the time of marriage to be able to contract a valid undertaking; insanity that only declares itself some time after cannot count. And I must say that my own instinct of right and wrong confirms this attitude. And the Church cannot condone "divorce" at all: marriage is indissoluble. The Church, from its own point of view, could only declare "nullity", which means that the marriage never really took place - that is a totally different thing from divorce. But this it is not allowed by the State to do, for the State only recognises divorce. If I should eventually take advantage of the facilities offered by the State I should be doing something which from the point of view of the Church was morally wrong. I shall have to say all this again more fully; and also I shall have to try to explain to myself and to you why it is so difficult for me to discuss it with

you at all. It is a part of the difficulty, of which I have been very much aware, of discussing matters of the Christian Faith, matters which I feel could be much better explained by some qualified person with whom your relations could be quite impersonal. The atmosphere has not been favourable, and books are not, it would seem, of very much use. It is only now and then that I realise the extent of my own isolation from the environment in which I grew up, but I have spoken of points on which I feel utterly out of contact with my own family. My dear, I do not want to increase your own distress of mind, yet I must tell you that I have been very miserable over this correspondence on these subjects; and the self-reproach to which it leads, is much increased by the terror of setting you more firmly in opposition to the Catholic Faith. But I shall go on writing about this, having got to this point: but you must not expect me to say very much at any one time.

but very lovingly
Tove.

you at all. It is a part of the difficulty, of which I have been very much aware, of discussing matters of the Christian Faith, matters which I feel could be much better explained by some qualified person with whom your relations could be quite impersonal. The atmosphere has not been favourable, and books are not, it would seem, of very much use. It is only now and then that I realize the extent of my own isolation from the environment in which I grew up, but I have spoken of points on which I feel utterly out of contact with my own family. My dear, I do not want to increase your own distress of mind, yet I must tell you that I have been very miserable over this correspondence on these subjects; and the self-reproach to which it leads, is much increased by the terror of setting you more firmly in opposition to the Catholic Faith. But I shall go on writing about this, having got to this point; but you must not expect me to say very much at any one time.

but very briefly
Tom.

To the Controller
Import Licensing Department
Board of Trade
25 Southampton Buildings
Furnival Street Entrance W.C.2

29 November 1939

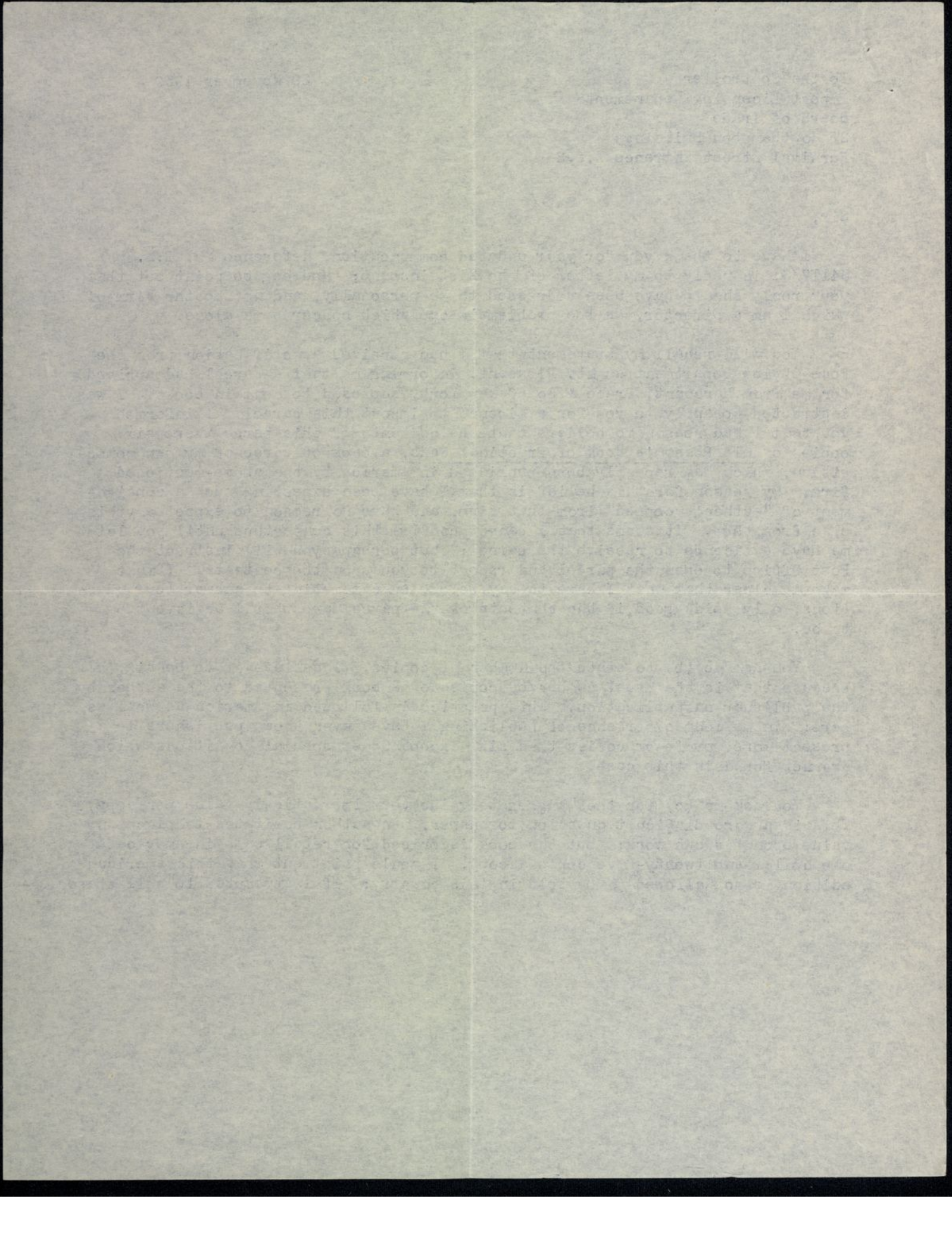
Sir,

I have to thank you for your undated communication, Reference No. I.L. 34117/3, in reply to my letter of the 21st instant; and beg to point out that your reply should have been addressed to me personally, and not to the Firm of which I am a Director, as the problem is one which concerns me alone.

You will recall my statement that I had received a notification from the Post Office Department at Mt. Pleasant, informing me that a parcel had arrived for me from Harcourt, Brace & Co of New York, supposed to contain books. I was instructed to apply to you for a Licence to import this parcel. I informed you that I had reason to believe that the contents of this parcel were six copies of Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, a book of verse of my own composition, which has recently been published in America by the above-mentioned firm. My reason for this belief is that I have been expecting such a consignment of "author's copies" from that firm, and have no reason to expect anything else from them. It seems that I cannot confirm this conjecture until you let me have a Licence to receive the parcel: but perhaps you will instruct the Post Office to open the parcel and report to you upon the contents. I must make it clear that what I have to say below, in attempting to answer your questions, only holds good if the contents of the parcel are what I believe them to be.

You ask me (b) to state the number of copies. I believe it to be six, because that is the usual number of copies of a book presented to the author by the publisher on publication. This practice is followed in America as well as here: in my long experience of publishing I have never known publishers to present more, or fewer copies than six, except under special conditions which are not found in this case.

You ask me (c) for the "aggregate value (or alternatively value per copy)". This is a more difficult question to answer. An author hesitates to place any value upon his own work; but the book is priced for retail sale in America at one dollar and twenty-five cents a copy. I would point out that this American edition is not allowed to be sold in this country: if I attempted to sell these



to the Controller of the Import Licensing Department of the Board of Trade

(2)

books, at any price, I should have as a Director of Faber and Faber Ltd. - the British publishers of the book - to take proceedings against myself for violation of contract. It may be said, therefore, that copies of the American edition have no value in this country. You may however make the point that I can use these copies for presentation to friends (which is indeed the only use I could make of them), so that their value is the price which I should have to pay my own firm for copies of the English edition for the same purpose. To that I can reply that I have already presented all the copies of this book that I wish to present; furthermore that the paper, typography and general appearance of books printed in America is (without prejudice) less attractive than of books printed in Britain: so that my friends would feel rather shabbily treated if I gave them copies of the American edition. The books in question therefore, are of value to me only as curiosities. But if you think best to take the method of valuation which I have indicated, then the value is 1s.9d. per copy.

I shall be very happy to continue this correspondence indefinitely; but I think it only fair to warn you that I do not propose to pay any sum whatever for receiving books that I do not especially want. As Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats is a children's book, the simplest solution might be for you to instruct the Post Office to present the copies to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

I think that I ought in fairness to warn you that the present situation is likely to be repeated in January when the same New York publishers will be sending me copies of another book I have written - already published here - entitled The Idea of a Christian Society. And I must point out also that nothing I have said in this letter is relevant unless my conjecture is correct, that the parcel at the Post Office contains six copies of Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Dear Mother
I received your letter of the 2nd and was glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present. I am still in the hospital and am getting on my feet but I am not yet able to do much work. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am still alive and well.

Yours affectionately,
John Doe

Views and Reviews

A SUB-CHRISTIAN SOCIETY?

I cannot resist the feeling of a certain unreality attaching to the attempt to review this book.* For reviews are commonly, and not altogether unjustifiably, regarded as a means of conveying — or alternatively of obtaining—the gist of a book as a preliminary to (or more often as a substitute for) the reading of it. But Mr. Eliot's book is so short, so succinct, and written with such a crystalline brilliance (Dr. Keith Feiling has well spoken of 'the severe impact of its phrasing') that no one who is even remotely interested either in Mr. Eliot or in his subject will fail to read it for themselves, and no one is likely to be particularly interested to know what may be anyone else's opinion about it. The reader will be in too much of a hurry to take the obvious course of forming his own. In any case, the book has been widely reviewed and thoroughly summarised in the press already, and those who have anything interesting to say about it have probably said it by this time. I particularly commend Canon Charles Smyth's notice in "The Spectator," which also, however, embarrasses me somewhat by saying exactly what I should have wished to say a good deal better than I could say it.

What I have not seen generally pointed out is that this book is not the product of any purely theoretical interest in the subject; it is the response to a shock. Mr. Eliot confesses himself to have been "deeply shaken by the events of September, 1938, in a way from which one does not recover," and to be one (as he suspects) of many who experienced a "new and unexpected feeling of humiliation, which seemed to demand an act of personal contrition, of humility, repentance and amendment; what had happened was something in which one was deeply implicated and responsible;" something which suggested "doubt of the validity of a civilisation. We could not match conviction with conviction." This strongly personal and even emotional statement, the mood of which is reproduced in the admirable letter of Dr. J. H. Oldham written to "The Times" on the occasion itself, reprinted at the end of Mr. Eliot's notes, and which provided, as he says, the 'immediate stimulus' for these lectures, is interesting for two reasons. First, because it provides an excellent expression of ideas (or more precisely, facts) to which many people find it hard to attach any meaning — corporate sin and corporate penitence. And secondly, because Mr. Eliot reacted to this experience not, as do most of us if we ever attain to such experiences, by feeling and lamenting, but by thinking. This book is that rare phenomenon in English life—the response to a moral challenge of a Christian mind.

I shall not attempt to praise Mr. Eliot's book, for that would be impertinent, nor to summarize it, for (as the first paragraph of this review suggests) that

would be superfluous. Mr. Eliot himself describes it as "a discussion which must occupy many minds for a long time," and no review could possibly follow up all the clues which are here suggested. Have we got a Christian society—whatever that may be? No, says Mr. Eliot, we have a neutral one, and its difference in idea from a Pagan one "is, in the long run, of minor importance," but, he goes on to insist, "a society has not ceased to be Christian until it has become positively something else," and though our culture is mainly negative, "so far as it is positive, it is still Christian." But the situation is much more serious than the average Christian realises, "as the problem is constituted by our implication in a network of institutions from which we cannot dissociate ourselves: institutions the operation of which appears no longer neutral, but non-Christian." The ordinary man who believes himself in some real sense a Christian is in fact "becoming more and more de-Christianised by all sorts of unconscious pressure; paganism holds all the most valuable advertising space. Anything like Christian traditions transmitted from generation to generation within the family must disappear, and the small body of Christians will consist entirely of adult recruits" who have rediscovered the Faith for themselves. Even if quality thus compensates for quantity (an undoubted tendency, which nevertheless Mr. Eliot seems to me to exaggerate), obviously the prospects are far from bright for the transition from a Neutral to a Christian society—whatever that may be.

Though Mr. Eliot says "I am very much concerned with making clear its difference from the kind of society in which we are now living," he has not very much that is specific to say about this, and the divergence of our present order from a Christian one is a matter not discussed in any detail. We do, however, get a definition of a Christian society which "would be one in which the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community—is acknowledged for all, and the supernatural end—beatitude—for those who have eyes to see it." Now here, assuredly, might start "a discussion which must occupy many minds for a long time," and indeed I think it should, for at this central point emerges perhaps the most disputable issue in the book, and one which creates so much difficulty for me that I must devote the rest of my space to it. For though I entirely agree with Mr. Eliot that "a wrong attitude towards nature implies, somewhere, a wrong attitude towards God," I am unable to see how the acceptance of a "natural end" by those whom our author (as he shows elsewhere) clearly regards as the great majority of any foreseeable order, can create a Christian society. It seems to me to suggest far more definitely a pagan society, if that word were used in its accurate connotation, and not as Mr. Eliot, following what I think is a convention unworthy of his precise diction, uses it to indicate the demonic orders of the modern world.

So many summaries of this book have appeared that probably all my readers will know that Mr. Eliot distinguishes "the Christian State, the Christian

* *The Idea of a Christian Society*. By T. S. ELIOT (Faber & Faber, 5s.).

American Notes

Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in a special article to the *New Republic*, states the problems of the American Farmer. He shows that Germany imported from us in the last year less than one per cent. of the customary amount of lard and only 14 per cent. of the usual amount of cotton; that England took only 53 per cent. of the usual lard imports, and 52 per cent. of the usual cotton; in the case of wheat, America exported only 55 per cent. of the amount exported in the 1920's. Because of the Government loan-and-subsidy policy the price of wheat was maintained at 60 cents instead of sinking to 25 cents a bushel. Since, in the decade of the 20's, the United States furnished about 20 per cent. of the wheat in world markets, Wallace believes that we can justifiably attempt to retain this percentage by subsidy without inviting the accusation that we are indulging in economic warfare.

The outlook for cotton is more discouraging, cotton exports having dropped from 65 per cent. in the 1920's to 35 per cent. of the world cotton trade today. In addition to the Government subsidy for cotton, Wallace recommends diversification of crops—a hybrid corn that yields more to the acre, a new, drought-resisting wheat, new feed for livestock. He especially mentions the four new Government agricultural laboratories that will be devoted to research in the industrial use of farm products, and the "county" programmes, whereby farmers within a county unite to solve their problems as a county, and to "plan" co-operative action.

He also mentions the need of machinery designed to meet the needs of family-sized farms. But Wallace's most significant remarks lie in two statements—"Until we get 50 to 60 per cent. more industrial production or twenty-five billion dollars added to our national income, the price and income-supporting devices that are now being employed in agriculture will need to be retained," and condemning all research that would sever man still more from the soil, he remarks "Intimate contact with growing things is one of the most precious aspects of farming as a way of life."

In the business field there has been a price rise in anticipation of war orders from abroad and of increased government spending at home, both for armament and for assistance to the heavy industries. Public relief expenditures will go more for raw materials than for labour, reversing past policies. Production is outrunning consumption, but price rises are checking consumption still further. Publicity campaigns against price-boosting continue, applied to finished goods, but significantly *not* to farm produce. Although production has reached 1929 levels, the unemployed still number eight millions. *Fortune* magazine, which devotes its October issue to a study of methods of "achieving full employment" skirts around and rejects the suggestion that Government investment shall remedy the lag in private investment. With the volume of money at its highest point in our

history, the rate of turnover of demand deposits reached the lowest point on record in July, 1939.

A. A. Berle, Jun., the Assistant Secretary of State, is more courageous and in an article in November "Common Sense" points out that "there is increased need for wealth of the non-profit type, such as hospitals, bridges, and semi-public services," and says that these enterprises should be undertaken as investments at minimum interest rates by a capital credit banking system, "probably under public control." He says further that objection to such socialized credit comes only from the investment banking field. "Control over economic expansion today lies chiefly in certain groups mainly allied with the investment banking operation. Development of capital credit banking undoubtedly does shift that control."

M. P. WEICH.

A Sub-Pagan Society?

Mr. Maurice Reckitt, in his kindly review of my book in the last issue, raises a point which is of considerable interest in itself. That the point is raised does not surprise me; but I am a little surprised by the criticism coming from this quarter—coming from which I am compelled to give it the most careful consideration. Nevertheless, I do not write as one having the slightest ground of complaint, but in gratitude to a reviewer who has done what is rare: raised a point which is relevant but which greatly transcends in importance the book itself.

Mr. Reckitt expresses, by the title of his article, the suspicion that the society which I have outlined would not be Christian but sub-Christian. There are here two questions which should not be confused: the question of a criticism of my nomenclature, and the question whether the "Christian Society" of my book is too poor an ideal to be worth keeping before us. The first question cannot wholly be neglected, but it has little importance except in relation to the second. For the first question, I have consulted the O.E.D. for the definition of "pagan," and it seems to confirm my belief that my use of the word is at least as justifiable as Mr. Reckitt's. To him, a "pagan society" seems to mean one in which only material values, or material *and* interpersonal values on the human plane, are recognised; to me, a "pagan society" is one in which the wrong spiritual values are recognised.

The centre of the difference, however, is elsewhere; and I should like to assure myself first that Mr. Reckitt—in spite of, or perhaps because of, my laborious attempts to make clear the limitations which I imposed upon myself—has in no respect misunderstood me. He quotes me as defining a Christian society as one "in which the natural end of man—virtue and well-being in community—is acknowledged for all, and the supernatural end—beatitude—for those who have eyes to see it." Now in order to explain what I meant by this I had better go back to the

source of the phrasing. It is a book by one Marcel Demongeot, called *Le meilleur régime politique selon Saint Thomas*: I am indebted to the author directly and also to his quotations from the master.

De Reg., I, 14: Videtur autem finis esse multitudinis congregatae vivere secundum virtutem. Ad hoc enim homines congregantur, ut simul bene vivant . . . bona autem vita est secundum virtutem, virtuosa igitur vita est congregationis humanae finis.

The author says a little later:

Aristote bornait en effet le bien commun à une vie intérieure purement terrestre, si élevée fût-elle; saint Thomas christianise, en la reprenant, la pensée d'Aristote; sans faire de la vie éternelle la fin propre et directe de la cité, il considère que la vie vertueuse qui en est la fin ne saurait avoir le caractère de fin dernière, mais doit s'orienter elle-même vers la béatitude parfaite; la cité doit au moins créer les conditions sociales qui permettront le mieux à ses membres de gagner le ciel. 'Non est ergo ultimus finis multitudinis congregatae vivere secundum virtutem, sed per virtuosam vitam pervenire ad fruitionem divinam' (*De Reg.*, I, 14).

Mr. Reckitt will at this point be about to exclaim that I have added a little bit of my own to this conception of the City: so I hasten to admit it at once. What I have added is simply the admission, that my City must find a place for inhabitants who fail to recognise the Christian revelation. But if my society is to be a Christian Society, this part of the population must be a minority. Is it possible that in reading my sentence, Mr. Reckitt has taken *all* to correspond to "the Christian Community," and *those who have eyes to see it* to correspond to "the Community of Christians"? That is not what I meant: I intended that even the intellectually least developed should, with however bleared a vision, acknowledge the supernatural end of beatitude.

Mr. Reckitt tells us that he is "unable to see how the acceptance of a 'natural end' by those whom our author (as he shows elsewhere) clearly regards as the great majority of any foreseeable order, can create a Christian society." On this point, we are certainly in agreement, though Mr. Reckitt seems not to think so. For if Mr. Reckitt infers that I believe that the acceptance of a natural end by the great majority can create a Christian society, he obviously thinks that I have fallen into the grossest heresy. I do not believe that Christianity germinates out of natural religion, but that it is given by revelation; and it is only from the Christian point of view that the "natural ends" can be recognised as merely natural.

Even, however, if what seems to me a misunderstanding is put aside, there is still a difficulty. Concerning what I have called "the religious life of the people," Mr. Reckitt observes: "One is forced to the question what relation a 'religious life' of this quality bears to the religion of the New Testament . . . A religion which expects no more than this, nothing more elevated, nothing more heroic, from the mass of its devotees can surely be little more than an official cult and a code of morals." I hope that when Mr. Reckitt says *expects*, he means *expects*, and not *asks*.

A religion should certainly ask more than this, but if it expects more than this, it is likely to be deceived. And when we look at what the Christian Faith has meant and means, to the mass of the people—at least, in Catholic countries—I do not think that it is or has ever been merely "an official cult and a code of morals." As for the question what relation a religious life of this quality bears to the religion of the New Testament, it is no more than the question what relation Christendom has ever borne to the religion of the New Testament. And when I say "Christendom," I mean the people whom St. Paul reproached and admonished, as well as the populations of Europe in the Middle Ages or in our own times. Mr. Reckitt's objection appears to be, that I do not expect as much of my Christian Community as I do of my Community of Christians. There is a fundamental dilemma from which it is no more possible for Mr. Reckitt to escape than for me. If you design your Christian Society only according to what your experience of human beings, and the history of the last nineteen hundred years, tells you is possible, then it must remain open to the charge of being sub-Christian. If you design it beyond experience and history, you are committed to utopian plans the impracticality of which will expose you to relapse into a Lutheran despair of this world. I do not deny the possibility of a much more Christian society than that which I have outlined: for all things are possible to God. And I am aware that one cannot hold any view on these matters except in imminent peril of falling into one heresy or another: if I risk destruction in Pelagianism, Mr. Reckitt the theologian runs the danger of abandoning the world to Mr. Reckitt the social worker. Mr. Reckitt seems to suppose that he has condemned my Christian Society by suggesting that it "will be likely to repeat those errors of the old which have led to so much evil and contributed to the apostasy of Europe by the nourishing of superstition within the ecclesiastical integument, and by a readiness to treat religion as instrumental to social ends." But of course! It will be likely to repeat every error of the past: I did not attempt to sketch anything but a human society—that is to say, a society which, whatever spiritual heights it reaches, is liable always and at any moment to fall out of the hand of God.

T. S. ELIOT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS

Folded into this issue is a form which entitles you to make a Christmas Gift Subscription of this journal to one or more friends, at a reduced rate. We hope you will make full use of this seasonable opportunity to further your intellectual friendships and the circulation of your paper.

Community and the Community of Christians," as elements of the Christian Society. I do not think these titles altogether happily chosen, but there is no difficulty in understanding what Mr. Eliot is seeking to distinguish, and the distinction is very suggestive of the elements of medieval Christendom, if we take as parallels the ruling caste, the mass of the population, and the religious orders. A hundred years ago Coleridge had an analogous category to the last-named in mind when he coined the term "clerisy," but Mr. Eliot gives good reasons for thinking that this term—at any rate in Coleridge's sense, and it is not much good using it in any other—should be discarded. Mr. Eliot admits he has in mind "a body of nebulous outline"—those of "superior intellectual and/or spiritual gifts" who accept a cultural responsibility on an explicitly Christian basis, and from whom "one could expect a conscious Christian life on its highest social level." From the rulers of the Christian State Mr. Eliot would exact only a "conscious conformity" and such a degree of Christian education (the content of which he does not discuss) as would enable them "to think in Christian categories," for as he very sensibly points out, "it is the general ethics of the people they have to govern, not their own piety, that determines the behaviour of politicians."

But it is when we come to the great mass of the "Christian community" that the question which troubles me arises. When Mr. Eliot says that "their religious and social life should form for them a natural whole so that the difficulty of behaving as Christians should not impose on them an intolerable strain," he is only re-affirming the very important truth stated by M. Maritain more than ten years ago, that it is the business of a social order to make the world not holy (which no social order can be) but "habitable," so that a man is not "obliged to heroism," to live a Christian life in it. And it is relevant to this point to add, as Mr. Eliot does, that "behaviour is as potent to affect belief, as belief to affect behaviour"; hence an order in which the majority can lead a life congruous with Christian values is of importance not only for its inherent validity, but on account of the support it gives to the Faith on which ultimately those values depend.

But Mr. Eliot goes further than this. He says [in italics] "the religious life of the people would be largely a matter of behaviour and conformity"; and again, he envisages "a community of men and women, *not individually better* than they are now, *except* for the capital difference of holding the Christian faith." One is forced to the question what relation a "religious life" of this quality bears to the religion of the New Testament. No doubt the language of the Epistles—"called to be saints," "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,"—was addressed to "Christian communities" in a situation vastly different from the Christianity community Mr. Eliot envisages. But a religion which expects no more than this, nothing more elevated, nothing more heroic, from the mass of its devotees can surely be little more

than an official cult and a code of morals. "Social customs," says Mr. Eliot, "would take on religious sanctions." But if this is all that happens, the new Christendom will be likely to repeat those errors of the old which led to so much evil and contributed to the apostasy of Europe by the nourishing of superstition within the ecclesiastical integument, and by a readiness to treat religion as instrumental to social ends. The "moral revivalism" which Mr. Eliot sees as our national weakness, and the inadequacy of which he so effectively exposes, is merely the recurrent reaction which inevitably waits upon any religion which is content to be regarded as "largely a matter of behaviour and conformity"; and there are some among the warmest of Mr. Eliot's admirers for whom this represents no true idea of a Christian society.

MAURICE B. RECKITT.

Winkles and Watercress

By W. G. PECK

Robert Louis Stevenson, with a sudden flash of insight, once declared that marriage is war. This high doctrine, proclaimed by comedians and comic papers, and entirely misunderstood by sentimental reformers, is obviously a defence of marriage. The whole modern notion that a marriage is a failure because it is a fight, arises from sheer muddle-headedness and spiritual sloth; for obviously a fight may be very enjoyable. It is at least proof that the parties have noticed each other's existence: it may even suggest that they have a vivid interest in each other. The assertion of The Book of Common Prayer that marriage was ordained for the mutual society, help and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, does not envisage the pair always holding hands and yearning into each other's eyes. It does not exclude the consideration that the desired ends are to be achieved through the simultaneous opposition and union of two persons.

Marriage ought not to fail because it involves a scrap. Only the half-baked who understand neither their own needs nor those of their mates, will ever dream of divorce as if it were an air-raid shelter. The real problem is not how to avoid all conflict, but to agree upon two points: (i) What to fight about; (ii) Where and when to fight. If the battle is merely a riot straggling over the whole of life and engaging all the realms of personality, so that upon any day, at any moment, a row may start about anything, the position is hopeless. This is not intelligent conflict, but chaos, formless and uncreative. The subtle task of the married is to learn in what fields of experience, upon what spiritual levels, that unity is to be discovered or achieved, by which the inevitable opposition in other fields and upon other levels may be constituted a creative tension, or at least an exhilarating rough house which leaves neither party the worse.

This decision is involved with a further question. Is the fight to be a private one, or may anyone join in? In other words, where and when is it to take

been dead all the time. Nobody would know, and perhaps that's the charm. DYLAN THOMAS.

- (1) *Night of the Poor*. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)
- (2) *Here Lies*. By DOROTHY PARKER. (Longman's, 7s. 6d.)
- (3) *A Villa in Sicily*. By GEORG KAISER. (Andrew Dakers, 7s. 6d.)

Caterwauling

The mineral universe with its stars, comets and moon-in-its-phases has long had its Old Moore to interpret the comings and goings of the sky. Venus in Transit, conjunctions of Jupiter and Mars, Halley's comet sweeping its tail across the heavens—these are the clock by which Old Moore spells out the hours of human triumph and disaster. Through him their message is transmitted as by a telephone.

But what of the stars of the animal world, the shining tribe of cats? Who will reveal their secret to us and the true meaning of that strange, even esoteric cry, the caterwaul? Until this moment Echo has done no more in reply to the question than answer glumly "Who?" But now, rising like a star himself, upon the horizon, comes Mr. Possum to silence her. His "Book of Practical Cats"* fills up the gap that yawned between us and the cat world—even, it may be said, constitutes a bridge over which we may cross to the other side, or at least beckon the cats over to us. The book is the outcome of many secluded years spent in arduous research. Simple, as all profound works must be, it is nevertheless a masterpiece of erudition. It enlightens us upon many of those questions which have puzzled and preoccupied even the most learned among us.

What, exactly, for instance, was—or rather is, for the species is still extant, according to Mr. Possum—what is a Jellicle Cat? Our practical author goes deeply into the matter and proves conclusively that they are pied black and white in colour, insignificant as to size, and in shape are similar to the ordinary cat. He tells us that they are commonly held to be under the dominion of the Moon and, further, that they even exercise upon that planet certain reciprocal influences. They are of even temper and benevolent disposition.

"Jellicle Cats [writes Mr. Possum] are black and white

Jellicle Cats are rather small;
Jellicle Cats are merry and bright
And pleasant to hear when they caterwaul.
Jellicle Cats have cheerful faces,
Jellicle Cats have bright black eyes;
They like to practise their airs and graces
And wait for the Jellicle Moon to rise."

In the matter of Nomenclature, the author is at pains to impress upon his readers the necessity of using several entirely separate appellations. The triple or three-sided cognomen is advised as the most

satisfactory method of naming a cat. The first is for intimate, daily or family use—the patronymic, as it were. The second is the particular and personal and corresponds to the Christian name in the human world and the third is the name given by the Cat to himself. This is never revealed. It must remain forever secret, unknown and unknowable, an Inner Mystery. Mr. Possum is infallible in the matter of etiquette and this chapter as well as the one devoted to the Ad-dressing of Cats contains some excellent advice.

Apart from his research into the nature of the Cat, Mr. Possum shows himself as the best kind of storyteller. He has been at pains to collect and annotate various myths and legends and give them to us in a readable form. The story of Mungojerrie and Rumpleteaser has the clarity and directness, though perhaps not the cloying sweetness of Aucassin and Nicolette; and the Battle of the Pokes and the Pollicles is a masterpiece of martial description.

There will be many, like myself, who will be grateful for Mr. Possum's meticulous delineation of the Gumbie Cat and the elements that go to the making of her,

"I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jenny-anydots;

The curtain-cord she likes to wind and tie it into sailor-knots.

She sits upon the window-sill or anything that's smooth and flat;

She sits and sits and sits and sits—and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!"

Several chapters of the book are devoted to prestidigitation, legerdemain, criminality, and histrionics among cats, and the author provides a short but telling history of one notable figure in each of these professions. We are no less interested in Mr. Mistoffelees who pulled seven kittens out of a hat than we are in Gus, the Theatre cat. The latter tells over his theatrical triumphs with a sober nobility that is reminiscent of Sir Henry Irving at his best. We learn from Mr. Possum that this was the Cat who sat by the bedside of Little Nell; who swung on the bell when the Curfew was rung and of whom it is known that

"If someone will give him a toothful of gin

He will tell how he once played a part in *East Lynne*."

The notes on Macavity, the Mystery Cat, evidently taken from a detective's jottings, are carefully tabulated and with a few deft words Mr. Possum builds up a lively picture of underworld life.

"Macavity's a Mystery Cat, he's called the Hidden Paw—

For he's the Master criminal who can defy the law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair;

For when they reach the scene of crime—Macavity's not there!"

Such fragmentary quotations as these, I am aware, do not do justice to Mr. Possum whose book should be read in full to be properly appreciated. As a Christmas book for all children and the better kind of

* Faber & Faber, 3s. 6d.

grown up I cannot recommend it too highly; as a factual communication from the world of cats it should be put on every shelf among the books of research.

Mr. Possum, it should be said, has written several plays and volumes of poetry under the name of T. S. Eliot. His "Book of Practical Cats"* therefore comes as a reminder of the eternal untruth of the statement that you cannot have the best of both worlds.

P.T.

For The Christmas Tree

- The Jackdaw's Nest.* Ed. by GERALD BULLETT (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.).
- The English Vision.* Ed. by HERBERT READ (Routledge, 3s. 6d.).
- The Ages of Man.* Ed. by GEORGE RYLANDS (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).
- A Confidential History of Modern England.* By O. SOGLOW (Duckworth, 5s.).
- First Animal Friends.* By WILLIAM Mc.GREAL (Oxford, 3s. 6d.).
- The Seasons and the Farmer.* By FRASER DARLING (Cambridge, 6s.).
- Buttons.* By TOM ROBINSON. (Oxford, 6s.).
- Round the Year.* By NORA S. UNWIN (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.).
- Ottik's Book of Stories.* By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS (Methuen, 5s.).
- The Five Chinese Brothers.* By CLAIRE HUGHET BISHOP (Oxford, 2s. 6d.).
- The Chameleon Books* (Oxford, 1s. 6d. each): *Stories for Christmas—A Book of Fabulous Beasts—A Little Book of London—A Child's Book of Carols—Modern Verse for Young People—A Child's Book of Songs—The Magic Fishbone* (Charles Dickens) and *The King of the Golden River* (John Ruskin).

Most of these books are for children, but there are one or two for older readers. In "The Jackdaw's Nest" Mr. Bullett has made what he describes as a fivefold anthology, embracing narrative poems, essays and other prose, nocturnes and pastorals, miscellaneous brevities, and prose tales. As the title implies, this is a rag-bag of bits and pieces chosen at random; a bedside book to be dipped into. It has something for every taste, ranging from Tolstoy to Wodehouse, from Gilbert White to Henry James. Less familiar authors are also represented; among them three of my own favourites, Cobbett, Sydney Smith and Winthrop Mackworth Praed. This would be a good book to read aloud by turns round the fire; and it should please almost anyone who is not prejudiced against anthologies and can forgive a dreary wrapper.

"The English Vision" is the very reverse of Mr. Bullett's assortment of engaging oddments. Its purpose, in the words of the editor, Mr. Herbert Read, is "to present the English ideal in its various aspects as expressed by representative Englishmen . . . something intimately linked with their blood and with the soil to which they belonged." This is very much a tract for the times, when we are all anxious to formulate our national purpose in the highest terms

of which we are capable. Drawn largely from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, "The English Vision" makes an impressive specification for a nation to sustain. This is the right gift for those who suspect, or by their conduct suggest, that patriotism is merely "self-interest multiplied by population."

Another English Vision is provided by Mr. George Rylands's "The Ages Of Man," a Shakespearean anthology in which the extracts are grouped together according to theme. This is a swift conducted tour of the principal beauty spots, without the obligation to read the plays in their entirety. It also provides a useful epitome of the Shakespearean vision of this or that subject. There is the further advantage that the book is slim, handsome and pleasant to handle.

A very different England emerges from Otto Soglow's "Confidential History Of Modern England." Soglow's "Little King" drawings were an amusing invention, in a similar manner to Walter's Colonel Up and Mr. Down in "The Daily Express," but his English cartoons scarcely survive the Atlantic crossing. Fogs, monocles, tea and umbrellas are handy symbols of nationality for a foreign audience, just as we identify our Russians by beards and our Frenchmen by narrowing top-hats and waving hands. A few of these drawings—notably "Review"—are up to Soglow standard, but the bulk of them should have been reserved for home consumption. Soglow's political acid is conventional milk-and-water after Low's.

Children's books this season are rich both in variety and in quality. Animals, real and imaginary, in picture and in story, are as popular as ever; with this in mind Mr. William McGreal has made a book of photographs of about two dozen animals which are most likely to be familiar to young children—domestic animals, animals of the countryside, and finally a few zoo favourites. These are exceptionally fine photographs, and I consider "First Animal Friends" the best picture-book I have seen this year.

Related to it is "The Seasons And The Farmer," by Fraser Darling. This has a text as well as illustrations, and it is designed to show the country to

Books for Christmas Gifts

Readers are specially requested to buy all such books as they may require and need to order by post, whether upon monetary or any other subjects, including novels, from

THE NEW ENGLISH WEEKLY
7 & 8 ROLLS PASSAGE, E.C.4.

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



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



St. Andrew's Day, 1939.

17
Dear Sir.

Your letter no.13 of November 12 arrived yesterday, together with one from Frank Morley of the same date, both by Air Mail, and it is agreeable to have news in it of what you are doing to-day, which is Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts. I am astonished to hear that I wrote a note without heading or signature, but I remember its happening once before. What is also odd is to find that I did not enter last week's letter in my diary (I have ordered the new diary, by the way) but this letter must be no.17. I had a letter from Marion a few days ago, by ordinary mail, dated Nov.8th, telling of Henry's operation which had just taken place. It was apparently quite successful, but - I expect that this is quite confidential - the surgeon had to work very fast over it as Henry developed symptoms of heart weakness under anaesthetic. So I am still very anxious; I presume you will be in touch with Theresa again after the strain is over, if everything turns out satisfactorily. It has evidently been a very serious affair indeed.

It would seem that pleasant social surroundings, and apparently also being liked, has been beneficial to Aunt Irene. A certain amount of the right kind of flattery is good for everyone.

I had my quiet weekend at home, but Tandy with me for lunch and tea on Sunday, as he was just leaving for a billet unknown - I think he is enjoying his naval work. Indeed, it is some of those whose lives have been most altered who find conditions most endurable, I think: to be very busy, to have one's life strictly regulated, to have a definite but limited initiative, and not to have the time or energy to think except along lines laid down for them; all this is a kind of insulation. The strain is greater for us older folk who have to try on the one hand to carry on our normal occupations, and on the other to think about things in general; and still more, I believe, for young men who think and have not yet been assigned their places in the machine. I miss very much the absence of any opportunity to talk to you about things; not only about the events from day to day, and the development of affairs in the narrower sense, but about the future of the world in general. I have not, I confess, felt the slightest inspiration towards a play or a poem: how far that is a kind of laziness against which I should fight, how far due to the pressure of circumstances (I find others in the same mind, but one cannot go by that altogether) and how far just the normal period of replenishment that is required, is very hard to determine. There is also a kind of waiting, and a suspicion that any piece of work might be interrupted by the occasion to think and write on some matter of immediate public concern. There may be, for instance, the need for some careful group thinking and expression about these half-baked schemes of Federation of which an American named Streit seems to be the fogleman. Between the intellectual intimates whom one sees constantly for special purposes - like the Moot and New Letter group, and the N.E.W. group - and general acquaintance on the other, I miss each of

Journal



Your letter no. 17 of November 12 arrived yesterday, together with one from Frank Morley of the same date, both by Air Mail, and it is agreeable to have news in it of what you are doing to-day, which is Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts. I am astonished to hear that I wrote a note without heading or signature, but I remember its happening once before. What is also odd is to find that I did not enter last week's letter in my diary (I have ordered the new diary, by the way) but this letter must be no. 17. I had a letter from Marion a few days ago, by ordinary mail, dated Nov. 8th, telling of Henry's operation which had just taken place. It was apparently quite successful, but I expect that this is quite confidential - the surgeon had to work very fast over it as Henry developed symptoms of heart weakness under anaesthetic. So I am still very anxious; I presume you will be in touch with Theresa again after the strain is over, if everything turns out satisfactorily. It has evidently been a very serious affair indeed.

It would seem that pleasant social surroundings, and apparently also being liked, has been beneficial to Aunt Irene. A certain amount of the right kind of flattery is good for everyone.

I had my quiet weekend at home, but Tandy with me for lunch and tea on Sunday, as he was just leaving for a brief unknown - I think he is enjoying his naval work. Indeed, it is some of those whose lives have been most altered who find conditions most endurable, I think; to be very busy, to have one's life strictly regulated, to have a definite but limited initiative, and not to have the time or energy to think except along lines laid down for them; all this is a kind of insulation. The strain is greater for us older folk who have to try on the one hand to carry on our normal occupations, and on the other to think about things in general; and still more, I believe, for young men who think and have not yet been assigned their places in the machine. I miss very much the absence of any opportunity to talk to you about things; not only about the events from day to day, and the development of affairs in the narrower sense, but about the future of the world in general. I have not, I confess, felt the slightest inspiration towards a play or a poem; how far that is a kind of laziness against which I should fight, how far due to the pressure of circumstances (I find others in the same mind, but one cannot go by that altogether) and how far just the normal period of replenishment that is required, is very hard to determine. There is also a kind of waiting, and a suspicion that any piece of work might be interrupted by the occasion to think and write on some matter of immediate public concern. There may be, for instance, the need for some careful group thinking and expression about these half-baked schemes of Federation of which an American named Streit seems to be the fugleman. Between the intellectual intimates whom one sees constantly for special purposes - like the Moot and New Letter group, and the N.E.W. Group - and general acquaintance on the other, I miss each of

the few individuals - like Morley, and "ayward and Tandy - with whom I can have an intelligent conversation with no particular aim in view. All conversation tends to be divided into the specialised and the futile at a time like this.

I am grateful for all your items of news about yourself. I should have liked to witness the Cambridge Dramatic Re-union: the programme card you sent evoked some shades from the past like "auline Jones and Emily Sibley, and apparently Dick Hall and I presume Amy are still active. But my reasons for wishing for a flying carpet are very different from such as that!

Yes, I like your idea of a play which could be produced directly in New York - and I will try to keep in mind that a first consideration should be to provide a part worthy of Katharine Cornell, though I have never seen her. I am interested to hear that she can take verse. If you will tell me of any collection of plays, or even the names of good playwrights, I may be able to get some of them here. Apparently, however, single books come through easily enough, though slowly - the ends of the parcel should be open - but I am having a fantastic correspondence with the Board of Trade about a parcel of the American edition of Practical Cats which has arrived at the Postal Customs - I may send you copies of some of it later. Anyway, please go on encouraging me to do something - you will probably scold me for having to make such a poor report of myself. (The name of "Helen Hayes" sounds odd, because you know I had a "Helen Hays" as Amy, and very good she was too.

Lovingly
Tom

the few individuals - like Worley, and "Syward and Tandy" - with whom I can have an intelligent conversation with no particular aim in view. All conversation tends to be divided into the specialized and the futile at a time like this.

I am grateful for all your items of news about yourself. I should have liked to witness the Cambridge Dramatic Re-union; the programme card you sent evoked some shades from the past like "Avaline Jones and Emily Sibley, and apparently Dick Hall and I presume Amy are still active. But my reasons for wishing for a living carpet are very different from such as that!

Yes, I like your idea of a play which could be produced directly in New York - and I will try to keep in mind that a first consideration should be to provide a part worthy of Katharine Cornell, though I have never seen her. I am interested to hear that she can take verse. If you will tell me of any collection of plays, or even the names of good playwrights, I may be able to get some of them here. Apparently, however, single books come through easily enough, though slowly - the ends of the parcel should be open - but I am having a fantastic correspondence with the Board of Trade about a parcel of the American edition of Practical Cats which has arrived at the Postal Customs - I may send you copies of some of it later. Anyway, please go on encouraging me to do something - you will probably scold me for having to make such a poor report of myself. (The name of "Helen Hayes" sounds odd, because you know I had a "Helen Hayes" as Amy, and very good she was too.

Tandy
Tandy

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



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

18

My Dearest.

8 December 1939.

This week has brought your letter no.14 of the 20th. I am sorry that nothing in the way of a letter reached you during that week; but as one knows nothing about sailings either of ships or planes, it will always be capricious, and it is always possible that odds and ends of enclosures may appear before letters. I was cheered by your letter; and also by getting more satisfactory news of Henry, who had finally returned home, and was able to write two letters himself. As he is very imprudent and negligent of his own health, and as Theresa does not seem able to keep him sufficiently under her thumb, in the way of ordinary precautions, I think he gives her a good deal of worry first and last. But his letters were good, and somewhat more reflective than usual. He has never completely grown up.

The Cats are published in New York, and I have at last had my copies delivered: not so attractive as the English edition, but American paper and print never is. I have not yet seen any reviews from there. (The Society does not appear till January). Both books have been doing very well here, Cats selling about 250 a week, and Society varying from 180 to 400 a week: both are being reprinted. I get 10% royalty on each, but of course they are low priced books: still there ought to be a nice bit of royalty coming to me in March. My salary, about which you ask, remains the same - £500 p.a. But I am not giving any generous Christmas presents, as the income tax is due on the 1st January, and, as you have seen, is now up to 7s.6d. in the pound. Many people with much larger incomes than I will be much harder hit, however; for they will not have had the time to reduce their scale of living: I dare say the Treasury will have to arrange some deferred payment. The cost of books is of course going to rise, and we shall have to charge higher prices in the new year, so that publishing must feel its way gradually.

I had a pleasant weekend at the Richmonds, part of whose house is now given over to six mothers; they come out from the hospital when their babies are a few days old, remain about ten days, and are then replaced by new cases. These, at least, are working ~~well~~ class women who are getting post-natal attention better than they would have had in time of peace; and the babies get a better start, though Lady R. would like to keep them longer before they return to their homes. On Sunday six little bassinets were lined up in the sun, as it was a pleasant mild morning; with six parasols tied on, and apparently danger of being blown over by the wind, but the infants slept peacefully. The weather was fine in the morning: we ~~drove~~ over to Sir Neil Malcolm's to lunch. I had had on Friday a dinner of the All Souls Club, at which I had to open the discussion (I talked about the Encyclical in relation to Federation schemes) and on Monday night my usual committee, and on Tuesday night dined, in the company of the Fabers and an unknown man from the F.O., at Lady Rhondda's - she is the proprietor of Time & Tide; a nice, public spirited upper middle class Frognalian, somewhat of the feminist type

My dear Mr. ...

This week has brought your letter no. 14 of the 20th. I am sorry that nothing in the way of a letter reached you during that week; but as one knows nothing about sailing either of ships or planes, it will always be capricious, and it is always possible that odd and ends of enclosures may appear before letters. I was cheered by your letter; and also by getting more satisfactory news of Henry, who had finally returned home, and was able to write two letters himself. As he is very imprudent and negligent of his own health, and as Theresa does not seem able to keep him sufficiently under her thumb, in the way of ordinary precautions, I think he gives her a good deal of worry first and last. But his letters were good, and somewhat more reflective than usual. He has never completely grown up.

The Gate are published in New York, and I have at last had my copies delivered: not so attractive as the English edition, but American paper and print never is. I have not yet seen any reviews from there. (The Society does not appear till January.) Both books have been going very well here, Gate selling about 250 a week, and Society varying from 180 to 400 a week: both are being reprinted. I get 10% royalty on each, but of course they are low priced books; still there ought to be a nice bit of royalty coming to me in March. My salary, about which you ask, remains the same - \$200 p.a. But I am not giving any generous Christmas presents, as the income tax is due on the 1st January, and, as you have seen, is now up to 7s.6d. in the pound. Many people with much larger incomes than I will be much harder hit, however; for they will not have had the time to reduce their scale of living: I dare say the Treasury will have to arrange some deferred payment. The cost of books is of course going to rise, and we shall have to charge higher prices in the new year, so that publishing must feel its way gradually.

I had a pleasant weekend at the Richmond, part of whose house is now given over to six mothers; they come out from the hospital when their babies are a few days old, remain about ten days, and are then replaced by new cases. These, at least, are working ~~xxxx~~ class women who are getting post-natal attention better than they would have had in time of peace; and the babies get a better start, though Lady B. would like to keep them longer before they return to their homes. On Sunday six little babies were lined up in the sun, as it was a pleasant mild morning; with six parasols tied on, and apparently danger of being blown over by the wind, but the infants slept peacefully. The weather was fine in the morning; we drove over to Six Well Colm's to lunch. I had had on Friday a dinner of the All Souls Club, at which I had to open the discussion (I talked about the Encyclical in relation to Féderation schemas) and on Monday night my usual committee, and on Tuesday night dined, in the company of the Fabers and an unknown man from the F.O., at Lady Rhonda's - she is the proprietor of Time & Tide; a nice, public spirited upper middle class Frockmanian, somewhat of the feminist type.

(there is no Lord Rhondda, it is one of those cases in which a title can go in the female line; she is the daughter of the first and only Lord Rhondda). So I have felt a little tired and behind hand - have not even written my bread and butter to Lady Richmond.

We are promised some better street lighting, which will be a boon; already cars have more lighting, so that it is not too difficult for them to get about after dark. I have ordered a spring suit (just to return your report of wardrobe!), just in case there should be - what with so many uniforms being made - there should be a shortage of good woollens later, with higher prices; then I ought to need no more wardrobe for several years to come. Except that, if I can come to America next autumn (and you see I keep the idea constantly in my mind) I shall need a very heavy overcoat - I should like a fur coat, and then leave it behind for Henry - with a collar that protects the Ears.

Anyway, it is now nearly Christmas time, and with the New Year America and you will not seem quite so far away. I am glad of your satisfactory conversation with Miss Laughton; because, though I don't want in the least to discourage you from keeping your eye open for a place somewhere else where you could do the more creative work, it is a good thing to appear ambitious and eager for advance along the present lines. As a rule, people don't bother to push you forward unless they see that you want to push yourself; and to appear to thrive in one occupation is a better recommendation for another than to appear to stagnate. But I am sure that you could handle the theatricals better than Sam E., and it is exasperating to see things being done which one knows one could do better.

I must not count on coming next autumn; but I do not like to think long of separation except in that context. Meanwhile you must know that my thoughts and wishes are with you always.

Your loving
Tom

(there is no Lord Rhonda, it is one of those cases in which a title can go in the female line; she is the daughter of the first and only Lord Rhonda). So I have felt a little tired and behind hand - have not even written my bread and butter to Lady Richmond.

We are promised some better street lighting, which will be a boon; already cars have more lighting, so that it is not too difficult for them to get about after dark. I have ordered a spring suit (just to return your report of wardrobe!), just in case there should be - what with so many uniforms being made - there should be a shortage of good woollen lawn, with higher prices; then I ought to need no more wardrobe for several years to come. Except that, if I can come to America next autumn (and you see I keep the idea constantly in my mind) I shall need a very heavy overcoat - I should like a fur coat, and then leave it behind for Henry - with a collar that protects the ears.

Anyway, it is now nearly Christmas time, and with the New Year America and you will not seem quite so far away. I am glad of your satisfactory conversation with Miss Langton; because, though I don't want in the least to discourage you from keeping your eye open for a place somewhere else where you could do the more creative work, it is a good thing to appear ambitious and eager for advance along the present lines. As a rule, people don't bother to push you forward unless they see that you want to push yourself; and to appear to thrive in one occupation is a better recommendation for another than to appear to stagnate. But I am sure that you could handle the theatricals better than Sam E., and it is exasperating to see things being done which one knows one could do better.

I must not count on coming next autumn; but I do not like to think long of separation except in that context. Meanwhile you must know that my thoughts and wishes are with you always.

New loving
Tom

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




BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



14 December 1939.

Letter No. 19.

Dave. C.

A second letter came from you last week, no.15; but so far nothing this week. There was no reason why I should not have written on Tuesday this week, as I intended to, except that I had undertaken to distribute the prizes at the Raynes Park County School to-day, which meant making a short speech; and I am always so fidgety for at least two days before any public appearance, that I cannot settle my mind to anything else. It is a pity that I cannot learn to do these things easily, because as it is they waste so much time: but on the other hand my difficulty prevents me from undertaking many speaking engagements. I have to make fairly full notes first, boil them down, and finally reduce them to the back of a post card; going over and over them in my mind and reciting the speech to myself. Even then it is not so effective as what any politician could do without five minutes' thought: but I do not want to be a politician, and perhaps there is sometimes more pith in what I try to say than if I was. The occasion for this was that the Headmaster, John Garrett, was one of the Criterion young men, and I thought had some claim upon me, and I believe he is a good headmaster. It was informal, no parents, governors or visitors: about 300 odd boys. It is a dreary suburban neighbourhood; the boys are mostly the sons of small city clerks, and the parents' highest ambition for them is to see them articled to solicitors, or on the staff of an insurance company. A few are worthy of something better; some would be better as artisans, craftsmen or mechanics - which is also better, though to the parents it would seem a disgraceful descent in the social scale. Nothing but upheaval would break this attitude. They struck me as undersized and weakly looking: I dare say many of them are only children. That depressed me; but the masters seemed a fairly good lot - I had tea with them afterwards.

I have to go away for one more weekend, unwelcome at this time of year - the weather has turned very cold too - to the Kauffers, who are Americans. They have a small house somewhere near Henley. I would not have accepted, but I have never been there before, though I have known them off and on for a good many years; and they are the sort of people who are not very sure of themselves and would be unhappy and attribute some odd motive if I didn't go at some time.

After that, I shall of course be here over Christmas. It is probable that I shall have to take a meal with Mrs. Seaverns round about Christmas: I have just heard from her that she is coming up for Christmas to a hotel. She pines and complains of

Dear...

A second letter came from you last week, no. 15; but so far nothing this week. There was no reason why I should not have written on Tuesday this week, as I intended to, except that I had undertaken to distribute the prizes at the Wynnes Park County School to-day, which meant making a short speech; and I am always so tighty for at least two days before any public appearance, that I cannot settle my mind to anything else. It is a pity that I cannot learn to do these things easily, because as it is they waste so much time; but on the other hand my difficulty prevents me from undertaking many speaking engagements. I have to make fairly full notes first, boil them down, and finally reduce them to the back of a lost card; going over and over them in my mind and reciting the speech to myself. Even then it is not so effective as what any politician could do without five minutes' thought; but I do not want to be a politician, and perhaps there is sometimes more with what I try to say than if I was. The occasion for this was that the Headmaster, John Garrett, was one of the Critterton young men, and I thought had some claim upon me, and I believe he is a good headmaster. It was informal, no parents, governors or visitors; about 300 odd boys. It is a greasy suburban neighbourhood; the boys are mostly the sons of small city clerks, and the parents' highest ambition for them is to see them enrolled to solicitors, or on the staff of an insurance company. A few are worthy of something better; some would be better as artisans, craftsmen or mechanics - which is also better, though to the parents it would seem a disgraceful descent in the social scale. Nothing but heaven would break this attitude. They struck me as undervalued and weakly looking; I dare say many of them are only children. That depressed me; but the masters seemed a fairly good lot - I had tea with them afterwards.

I have to go away for one more weekend, unwelcome at this time of year - the weather has turned very cold too - to the Kautfers, who are Americans. They have a small house somewhere near Henley. I would not have accepted, but I have never been there before, though I have known them off and on for a good many years; and they are the sort of people who are not very sure of themselves and would be unhappy and attribute some odd motive if I didn't go at some time.

After that, I shall of course be here over Christmas. It is probable that I shall have to take a meal with Mrs. Beavins round about Christmas; I have just heard from her that she is coming up for Christmas to a hotel. She pines and complains of

the loneliness and dreariness of hotel life in Hove: it is a great pity that she has never developed any strong interest to carry over into old age. Otherwise, my Christmas will be rather solitary, I expect: no Janes and no John Hayward. But I had rather be alone here than be a visitor (apart from wanting to be here for the church services and my duties): I could have gone to Dorset to the Tandys had I cared to.

The political confusion only becomes more confused: with nothing even to settle down to, except the prospect of economic severities, and gradual but radical changes in the whole structure of European society, of which it is impossible to foretell the directions. And I do not believe that the situation is any more intelligible from your distant perspective: there is probably a tendency in America, as among some older people here, to conceive the conflict in terms of 1914, though the situation is really very different - different in being a continuation of it, with twenty-five years of change in between. It will in the end require great adaptability, and I try to keep my mind young enough to be capable of what adaptation may prove necessary.

Yes, I had rather stay here than go to the Fabers; especially as the only need for such evacuation would be the shutting up of this flat, and that would only be if the church attendance fell off so, or its finances dwindled to a point at which it was necessary to amalgamate with some other church in the neighbourhood. At present there is no prospect of that. And it isn't even as if I should be the only lodger at the Fabers; for they already have, for the duration, Bill Watt, who is an old school friend of Geoffrey's, and rather a dull dog. It would be rather more companionship than I seem to want, for there no lack of people to see and talk to. I think you would agree - though I quite realise that if the situation were reversed I also should feel easier if you were living with friends rather than alone. I don't think that my social contacts are quite so narrow as you seem to think! Indeed, they seem to me rather wider than those of most people I know!

But your letter No.15 gave me great satisfaction, and a greater sense of nearness in correspondence. I shall miss you very much during this season - though we have never been in the same place for Christmas - all the more because you say you have not been very well. You do not say how you will spend the holidays - I hope not altogether in Commonwealth Avenue, but at least a week with friends with whom you can rest. I shall pray that Christmas may bring you the same consolations that I ask for myself.

Your loving

Tom

I do hope your wardrobe is adequate. I am glad you have a short fur coat.

the loneliness and dreariness of hotel life in Dover: it is a great pity that she has never developed any strong interest to carry over into old age. Otherwise, my Christmas will be rather solitary, I expect: no James and no John Hayward. But I had rather be alone here than be a visitor (apart from wanting to be here for the church services and my duties): I could have gone to Dorset to the Landys had I cared to.

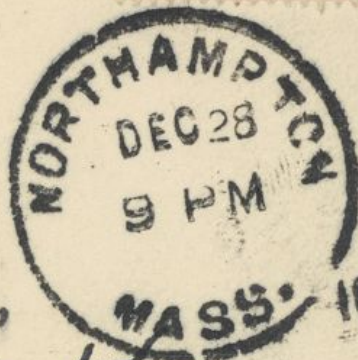
The political confusion only becomes more confused: with nothing even to settle down to, except the prospect of economic activities, and gradual but radical changes in the whole structure of European society, of which it is impossible to foresee the reactions. And I do not believe that the situation is any more intelligible from your distant perspective: there is probably a tendency in America, as among some older people here, to conceive the conflict in terms of 1914, though the situation is really very different - different in being a continuation of it, with twenty-five years of change in between. It will in the end require great adaptability, and I try to keep my mind young enough to be able of what adaptation may prove necessary.

Yes, I had rather stay here than go to the Labers; especially as the only need for such evacuation would be the shutting up of this flat, and that would only be if the church attendance fell off so, or its finances dwindled to a point at which it was necessary to amalgamate with some other church in the neighbourhood. At present there is no prospect of that. And it isn't even as if I should be the only lodger at the Labers; for they already have, for the duration, Bill Watt, who is an old school friend of Geoffrey's, and rather a dull dog. It would be rather more companionship than I seem to want, for there is lack of people to see and talk to. I think you would agree - though I quite realise that if the situation were reversed I also should feel easier if you were living with friends rather than alone. I don't think that my social contacts are quite so narrow as you seem to think! Indeed, they seem to me rather wider than those of most people I know!

But your letter No. 15 gave me great satisfaction, and a greater sense of nearness in correspondence. I shall miss you very much during this season - though we have never been in the same place for Christmas - all the more because you say you have not been very well. You do not say how you will spend the holidays - I hope not altogether in Commonwealth Avenue, but at least a week with friends with whom you can rest. I shall pray that Christmas may bring you the same consolations that I ask for myself.

John Hayward
I do love you
and you are my
best friend
I am glad to have
a letter from you

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



Miss Emily Hale,

G. J. Win. S. to H. Howler
~~22 Paradise Road,~~

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

47 Newland Terrace
Massachusetts,

New Bedford

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Mass



VALLEY

304

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



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Dear Love,

28 December 1939.

I now have two letters to acknowledge: no. 16 of Dec. 10th and no. 17 of the 17th enclosing your very charming and tasteful Christmas card. Your cable, and one from the Perkins's, arrived on Saturday: I did not get any others. I was vexed not to be able to send off my cable on Saturday - you had not said that you would be with the Perkins's for Christmas Day, but I naturally assumed that. The fact is that I found myself with a heavy cold in the head on Friday, so took to bed and did not get up and out until Christmas Day, when I got to church only at 11 o'clock. I went to the Charing Cross Road post-office after church and sent you a direct cable, which I hope arrived the same day, otherwise you will have been anxious. It was just an ordinary cold due to being over-tired, as one is apt to be just before Christmas; and I think I could have stopped it sooner if I had not relied too much on the inoculations, or if I had found time for a day in bed during the previous ten days. Perhaps also I should return to wool underwear during the winter: some places are not so well heated as they used to be - not that there is any difficulty in getting fuel, but as a measure of economy. We have had also a spell of cold weather, though no sign of snow yet this year. But the more severe the weather the better for the Finns, apparently.

While I seem to see as many odd-ends of people as ever especially in a business way, I find that I miss a few people very much indeed, which makes the vacancy of the winter contrast all the more emphatically with the happy communion of the summer. It is somewhat as if a dense London fog had descended, bringing that queer silence and solitude that is peculiar to such fogs. War not only breaks up the normal little groups of people, but makes one feel as if all audiences for written work had dispersed too: that is not altogether the case, of course, and certainly I have no reason to complain of a lack of sale for my books. But it makes correspondence all the more important, though more difficult and slow.

I must thank you very much for both letters: but first of all I must say that I am rather alarmed by the account of your numerous activities, apart from your heavier academic work; and with the extra work that you are taking on next term, I rather fear that you will suffer for it in the spring. I can't tell, from such a brief summary, what is unavoidable and what you could omit; but I do pray you to be severe with yourself in declining tasks which, however worthy and even pleasant to perform, are not absolutely unescapeable. Just remember that as I could not get to you in any sudden illness, it is so much the more important to avoid the risk of such illness. That is one great reason why I should like to have a winter in America at a university: not that I should expect to see you very often, or often in easy circumstances, but that I should be able to visit you if you were ill.

28 December 1939.

Dear love

I now have two letters to acknowledge: no. 16 of Dec. 10th and no. 17 of the 17th enclosing your very charming and taste-
 ful Christmas card. Your cable, and one from the Perkins's,
 arrived on Saturday: I did not get any others. I was vexed
 not to be able to send off my cable on Saturday - you had not
 said that you would be with the Perkins's for Christmas Day,
 but I naturally assumed that. The fact is that I found myself
 with a heavy cold in the head on Friday, so took to bed and
 did not get up and out until Christmas Day, when I got to church
 only at 11 o'clock. I went to the Goring Cross Road post-
 office after church and sent you a direct cable, which I hope
 arrived the same day, otherwise you will have been anxious.
 It was just an ordinary cold due to being over-tired, as one is
 apt to be just before Christmas; and I think I could have stopped
 it sooner if I had not relied too much on the inoculations, or
 if I had found time for a day in bed during the previous ten
 days. Perhaps also I should return to wool underwear during
 the winter; some places are not so well heated as they used to
 be - not that there is any difficulty in getting fuel, but as
 a measure of economy. We have had also a spell of cold wea-
 ther, though no sign of snow yet this year. But the more as-
 sure the weather the better for the Finns, apparently.

While I seem to see as many odd and ends of people as every-
 especially in a business way, I find that I miss a few people
 very much indeed, which makes the vacancy of the winter contrast
 all the more emphatically with the happy communion of the summer.
 It is somewhat as if a dense London fog had descended, bringing
 that queer silence and solitude that is peculiar to such fogs.
 War not only breaks up the normal little groups of people, but
 makes one feel as if all audiences for written work had dispersed
 too; that is not altogether the case, of course, and certainly I
 have no reason to complain of a lack of sale for my books. But
 it makes correspondence all the more important, though more dif-
 ficult and slow.

I must thank you very much for both letters; but first of
 all I must say that I am rather alarmed by the account of your
 numerous activities, apart from your heavier academic work; and
 with the extra work that you are taking on next term, I rather
 fear that you will suffer for it in the spring. I can't tell
 from such a brief summary, what is unavoidable and what you
 could omit; but I do pray you to be severe with yourself in de-
 clining tasks which, however worthy and even pleasant to perform,
 are not absolutely unescapable. Just remember that as I could
 not get to you in any sudden illness, it is so much the more im-
 portant to avoid the risk of such illness. That is one great
 reason why I should like to have a winter in America at a uni-
 versity: not that I should expect to see you very often, or of-
 ten in easy circumstances, but that I should be able to visit
 you if you were ill.

By the way, if there are any of the reviews of my book that you do not want to keep, you could send them on to Henry, who would be delighted to have them. I hope you have spoken to Theresa on the telephone, because I do not feel assured about Henry's health yet; as I have said before, he is always likely to endanger a convalescence by some imprudence, usually quite silly and unnecessary.

I wrote to Smyth that I thought his criticism of the one-sidedness of my book quite just, but that I had deliberately dealt with one ~~one~~ side of things, as a way of bringing home ~~my~~ views about the contemporary world. But his point about the dangers of Phariseism is a very good one. It seems to me, of course, that the reason why (in such writings as this, and indeed in a good deal of purely literary criticism) I stress the intellectual aspect of things, is that I am naturally an emotional, rather than an intellectual person - I can state insights, but I am not gifted for reasoning. So that my "intellectualism" is rather more a symbol of a particular emotional attitude, than something existing in its own right. But one's own account of oneself is not necessarily the true one!

I will not now go into your letter in detail; but I can tell you that it is very helpful. It persuades me that we can and do go on growing together. Last summer was very lovely in itself; but I should feel it a kind of impiety to regard anything as an "episode": therefore it can only hold its beauty in the light of a further growing relationship of which all that can be asked is, that it should at every period be the best possible under those conditions, and that it should be - not always, of course, proceeding at the same pace or even quite in a straight line - always progressing so that something new and precious in the way of mutual understanding and devotion is always developing: something that one would not surrender even in order to get back to a golden phase. We shall certainly be maturing in the interval, and surely maturing towards each other more and more. Meanwhile I shall try to rest with you, in spirit.

There will be a gap, as my cold prevented me from writing last week: so I hope that this will reach you quickly. To return to news, I had tea with Mrs. Seaverns on Tuesday at her hotel: I was to have dined with her on Saturday. She is restless and utterly bored in Hove, and very home-sick for Millbank, but not fretful. She does not seem to have many friends, and those are now scattered; she has not many resources, and I am very sorry for her. I wish I could cheer her up a bit: perhaps I can take a few days at Brighton later! She was much troubled, and so am I, because she had heard from a friend in Portland that Dr. Perkins's post as Pastor Emeritus at King's Chapel had been abolished - with, I presume, the pension. You have said nothing of this. I wish you would let me know the facts, and tell me what to tell her.

Please tell me more about "the Electra work of the spoken chorus" that you did.

*You have helped me. May my prayers help you.
Your loving Tom.*

By the way, if there are any of the reviews of my book that you do not want to keep, you could send them on to Henry, who would be delighted to have them. I hope you have spoken to Thea on the telephone, because I do not feel assured about Henry's health yet: as I have said before, he is always likely to endanger a convalescence by some imprudence, usually quite silly and unnecessary.

I wrote to Smyth that I thought his criticism of the one-sidedness of my book quite just, but that I had deliberately dealt with one side of things, as a way of bringing home my views about the contemporary world. But his point about the dangers of Pharisaism is a very good one. It seems to me, of course, that the reason why (in such writings as this, and indeed in a good deal of purely literary criticism) I stress the intellectual aspect of things, is that I am naturally an emotional, rather than an intellectual person - I can state insights, but I am not gifted for reasoning. So that my "intellectualism" is rather more a symbol of a particular emotional attitude, than something existing in its own right. But one's own account of oneself is not necessarily the true one!

I will not now go into your letter in detail; but I can tell you that it is very helpful. It persuades me that we can and do go on growing together. Last summer was very lovely in itself; but I should feel it a kind of pity to regard anything as an "epitaph": therefore it can only hold its beauty in the light of a further growing relationship of which all that can be said is that it should at every period be the best possible under those conditions, and that it should be - not always, of course, proceeding at the same pace or even quite in a straight line - always progressing so that something new and precious in the way of mutual understanding and devotion is always developing: something that one would not surrender even in order to get back to a golden phase. We shall certainly be maturing in the interval, and surely maturing towards each other more and more. Meanwhile I shall try to rest with you, in spirit.

There will be a gap, as my cold prevented me from writing last week: so I hope that this will reach you quickly. To return to news, I had tea with Mrs. Gaverns on Tuesday at her hotel: I was to have dined with her on Saturday. She is restless and utterly bored in love, and very home-sick for Milbank, but not fretful. She does not seem to have many friends, and those are now scattered; she has not many resources, and I am very sorry for her. I wish I could cheer her up a bit; perhaps I can take a few days at Brighton later! She was much troubled, and so am I, because she had heard from a friend in Portland that Dr. Perkins' post as Pastor Emeritus at King's Chapel had been spoiled with, I presume, the pension. You have said nothing of this. I wish you would let me know the facts, and tell me what to tell her.

Please tell me more about "the Electra work of the spoken

chorus" that you did.
The Electra work of the spoken chorus
that you did



ST. EDMUNDS CHURCH, SOUTHWOLD.

POST CARD

CARTE POSTALE

Communication—Correspondance

Address—Adresse



F. Jenkins. Photographer. Southwold

Miss Emily Hale
Stamford House
Campton
Glos.

This is a very fine
building in your
sea: but I don't know
is better. I think this
sea than has some scenes,
this morning quite perfect.
Amici de de
1895.