"Pagans, Christians, Poets"

In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

T.S. Eliot was at least as learned as people say, but he was not half so dogmatic as many critics take him to be. Let me start with one notorious example: "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion." You have heard it even if you have never read Eliot's prose. Everyone quotes it. Few quote what follows: "I am quite aware that the first term is completely vague, and easily lends itself to clap-trap; I am aware that the second term is at present without definition, and easily leads itself to what is almost worse than clap-trap, I mean temperate conservatism; the third term does not rest with me to define."[1] I would like to notice Eliot's peculiar decision to use flawed terms of self-description, and his tactic of distancing himself from them by very rough qualifications. Although Eliot could indeed "sound deceptively magisterial," [2] this strategy of undercutting his own gestures of extremism is visible in much of his social and literary criticism.[3] Eliot's thrust and retreat rhetoric reveals a deep "philosophical caution,"[4] and ties in to his "political modesty and self-restraint."[5] Against Scott and others, I will argue that this modesty and self-restraint is visible even in what Scott calls Eliot's most "exclusionary" and even "pathological"[6] work, *After Strange Gods*, as well as in his early criticism. I will limit this essay primarily to *The Sacred Wood* and *After Strange Gods*, and focus on Eliot's view of tradition. Classicism, royalism, and anglo-catholicism are tropes of a dramatic stand against romantic sentimentalism, mass-society-as-democracy, and secularism or "paganism." [7]

Eliot, however, was a modernist. By this I do not intend to join debates in literary criticism, but rather name Eliot's broad sensibilities. He repeatedly insists both that he is not undertaking the impossible task of bringing back the past, and that all new cultural

creation must be a recreation and reinterpretation of the past, not merely a repetition of it. There is no "reaction," though there is much dissatisfaction with modernity, meaning the wide-ranging changes that reshaped life in Western nations from about 1600 to the present. Tradition underlies Eliot's literary criticism, his social criticism, and his view of religion and heresy. Tradition is the key to understanding how the deliberately controversial terms—classicist, royalist, anglo-catholic—could illuminate Eliot's "own mind," and possibly ours. While it is mistaken, I think, to call Eliot "reactionary,"[8] he seriously rethinks modernity's relation to the past. However, despite the provocations of his self-description, c*'est n'est pas une querrelle*.

Eliot was not an ideologue. He did not find the coherence of life in the rationalistic "consistency" of a doctrine. The unfortunate tendency of critics is to assume that Eliot had a Christian ideology, that he had a "program." He had no such thing. Eliot had decided views, but they hang together as a *sensibility*, as a "consistent style or disposition of thought," rather than a "settled doctrine."[9] This makes him hard to pin down in 'formulated phrases' as we moderns like to do. It also gives his mind a suppleness that the ideologue can neither understand nor enjoy. Tradition enfolds Eliot's classicism, royalism and anglo-catholicism, and most radical of all, perhaps, reveals the operation of a 'catholic' 'sensibility.'

In *The Sacred Wood* tradition is invoked for the sake of educating critical sensibilities, including, especially, assessing the value of poets and poems. Indirectly, it is also tied to the process of poetic creation, though he maintains that a writer gains nothing and likely loses, by trying self-consciously to write as a 'classicist.'[10] Poetic creation comes not from the self-conscious pursuit of an ideal, but from the assimilation of a culture, which is then revealed in one's writing.

The Sacred Wood, Eliot's earliest volume of criticism, opens with his assent to Arnold's view of the weakness of the Romantics. In Arnold's blunt phrase, they "did not know enough."[11] This relates to the issue of erudition, which I will touch upon later. Eliot takes up Arnold's notion of the "current of ideas," which runs stronger and deeper in certain eras, to defend the cause of "second order" minds. He is careful to point out that "second rate" would be too derogatory. The second order minds are crucial to Eliot's view of tradition as a continuous stream of living ideas and images, a close, almost familial proximity of persons and the works they produce. The second order mind is one piece of Eliot's larger attack on the cult of Genius. There is no communication from mountaintop to mountaintop, as in so many defenses of the 'canon' of 'Great Books.'

While the phrase "minds of the second order" emerges in the immediate context of criticism, the larger context is Eliot's undermining of the simple separation of critical and creative activity. The unity—not identity—of critical and creative activity is an important part of the larger theme of the unity of tradition and Eliot's sense that not only has "sensibility" been dissociated, so that "we find serious poets who are afraid of acquiring wit lest they lose their intensity,"[12] but society at large is dangerously specialized.[13]

Eliot's ability to see tradition as a living whole, and the combination of critical and creative energies in his own sensibility, allow him to make nuanced judgments on what we might call 'second level' poets. For example, he says of Marvell, that "There is an equipoise, a balance and proportion of tones, which, while it cannot raise Marvell to the level of Dryden or Milton, extorts an approval which these poets do not receive from us, and bestows a pleasure at least different in kind from many they can often give. It is what makes Marvel, in the best sense, a classic."[14] This passage illuminates Eliot's idea

that "the main current does not at all flow invariably through the most distinguished reputations."[15] Eliot's judgment of Marvel is multi-faceted—his *level*, the *approval* he extorts (a Spinozan assent would be more felicitous), the *pleasure* he gives, and his status as a classic, drawn less from his "level" than the richness and balance of feeling in his work. Later I will also notice the catholicity of Eliot's literary judgments in relation to his views on orthodoxy.

I would like now to take up these three issues—the living character of tradition, the unity of criticism and creation, and Eliot's evaluations and judgments—in order to explore Eliot's view of tradition in greater detail.

Tradition involves "a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence…a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of [one's] own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order."[16] *Presence*, *whole*, and *simultaneous* strike me as far more important words here than "order." Eliot calls "historical sense" of tradition "a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together."[17] If the historical sense is a sense of the timeless, we cannot agree with Shusterman's claim that Eliot has a "hermeneutic historicism and pluralism," which "points to the inexorable change of beliefs, aims, methods, vocabularies, and standards over the course of time."[18] Eliot's position is closer to Bradley's idealism, or perhaps to Plato's view of the temporal as a "moving image of the eternal" than to historicism. Eliot the poet must live "in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past," and be "conscious, not of what is dead, but of what is already living."[19] There is a curious inversion here. The writer lives in "the present moment of the past"—he lives in the past, but in a present moment 'there.' The figure brings home the two-sidedness of our

conformity with tradition—it also conforms to us: "The existing monuments form an ideal order…which is modified by the introduction of the new…work of art…the past [is] altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past."[20]

If the poet is conscious of "what is already living" in the "present moment of the past," a vital connection exists that may be either maintained or lost. We become aware of "items" of a tradition when "they have begun to fall into desuetude," like autumn leaves falling off a tree. "The sound tree," Eliot says, will put forth new leaves, and the dry tree should be put to the axe."[21] This is a vivid image of Eliot's modernism. He warns against "clinging to an old tradition, or attempting to re-establish one, of confusing the vital and the unessential, the real and the sentimental." A related danger is "to associate the traditional with the immovable."[22] Present, whole, timeless and temporal, living, real, and movable—these are the characteristics of tradition, of what he calls "the habitual actions, habits and customs, from the most significant religious rites to our conventional way of greeting a stranger, which represent the blood kinship of 'the same people living in the same place.'"[23] Eliot cannot not mean by "habit," "place" or "people" quite what is commonly meant. He supplements the picture of the old couple on the porch surrounded by obedient progeny with enlivening details: the grandson is reading Lawrence or Baudelaire; in the background is a new Corvette: it is grandma's.

I shall return to the grandson when I take up the third broad theme—Eliot's catholicity of judgment. Now I would like to point out that in poetry, at least, Eliot sees the "obedient progeny," as under their own compulsion—*there being no obligation on any man which ariseth not from some act of his own*—and not the rod of hierarchical discipline. As he says in *The Sacred Wood*, the poet is

> judged by the standards of the past. *I say judged, not amputated*, by them; not judged to be as good as, or worse or better than, the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics…And we do not quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its fitting in

> is a test of its value—a test…which can only be slowly and cautiously applied, for *we are none of us infallible judges* of conformity.[24]

There is a sense in which tradition means a discipline—standards, rigor, tests. But Eliot shows here that he is not concerned to legislate and rank—it is not that simple, and that is not the real issue.

From the poet's standpoint, a tradition provides buoyancy. One floats on a current of ideas; without it, one may still walk down the dry riverbed, which is both taxing and unpleasant. Tradition, for the artist, is the gift of form. Eliot writes, "no man can invent a form, create a taste for it, and perfect it too."[25] The point is that a form is much more than the techniques of poetry. "The sonnet of Shakespeare is not merely such and such a pattern, but a precise way of thinking and feeling."[26] Eliot tauntingly points out that where there is form in this sense there can be many good poets, not because talent flourishes, but because less talent is wasted. We become aware of "how *little* each poet had to do."[27] Not the way we usually think of the classics: Giants on the shoulders of dwarves. Eliot's argument makes sense, and may be more palatable if we apply it to a more neutral sphere. A climber visiting an unfamiliar crag will have a harder time finding his way to the crag's base because he does not know the terrain. He may also be unfamiliar with the type of rock, and may be out-performed by a 'lesser' local. How much worse if he finds himself in the wasteland of a "formless age." There will not even be anything to climb.

For a poet with a tradition, his creative activity will involve a dialogue, though not necessarily a conscious, deliberate one, with that tradition. Eliot says that the poet's mind is the site of a "concentration of diverse experiences into "a new thing."[28] The "concentration" of experience in the poet's mind leads to the well-trodden terrain of the "impersonal" theory of poetry. Much has been made of Eliot's comments on the

"extinction of personality," but little of the fact that Eliot's psychology rests on the emotions and on the unification of thought and feeling. What he is against is the "perpetual heresy" of celebrating the emotional and personal aspect of the creative genius of the "Great Man."[29] Eliot writes that in contrast to the "sentimental person, in whom a work of art arouses all sorts of emotions [which are] accidents of personal association…in an artist these suggestions…which are *purely personal, become fused with a multitude of other suggestions from multitudinous experience*, and the result is the production of a new object, which is *no longer purely personal*."[30] The undesirable thing is what is "purely personal." I think Eliot is on the mark. Why should I care if a man in a four-piece suit took a stroll in the slums? Yet, how could there have been any "burnt-out ends of smoky days," or any "visions of the street as the street hardly understands" if he had not?

The street does not understand. A constant temptation exists to focus on the fact of Eliot's having walked the back streets and to confuse these with "Streets that follow like a tedious argument/Of insidious intent." *In fact*, he may never have gone down such a street. Very few people, Eliot says, understand "when there is expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the life of the poet."[31] Again, "the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The [ordinary man] falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking." This is in contrast to poets who "feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose."[32] I am not sure how many ordinary men read Spinoza and type while the cooking is on. I do know, however, that the "dissociation of sensibility," the severance of thought from feeling, is at the root of the modern 'heresy' of personal expression, genius, and 'individualism.'[33]

When we have come to a point at which we can speak of "two cultures" we have, I think Eliot would say, no culture. Eliot rejects firmly the myth of the artist's alienation and the retreat of the poet into a "dream world,"[34] and spurns the merely sentimental attachment to tradition.[35] Eliot encourages learning, though not "erudition." The poet, far from retreating into a culture defined in terms of emotion or sentiment or "the humanistic," should embrace as wide a range of learning as he can digest. "The possible interests of a poet are unlimited; the more intelligent he is the better; the more intelligent he is the more likely that he will have interests; our only condition is that he turn them into poetry, and not merely meditate on them poetically."[36]

In discussing the "wit" of Marvell, Eliot shows the connection between deep and intimate learning within a defined, that is not to say fixed, tradition, and the poetic transmutation of emotion. Wit is "a tough reasonableness beneath the slight lyric grace." It allows Marvell to "play with a fancy;" it "is not only combined with, but fused into, the imagination;" it gives a "bright, hard precision," to the expression of emotions in his poem "Nymph and Fawn," which, though "slight" in theme has the "suggestiveness of true poetry…the aura around a bright clear center."[37] Wit is neither erudition nor cynicism.

> It has a kind of toughness which may be confused with cynicism by the tender-minded. It is confused with erudition because it belongs to an educated mind, rich in generations of experience; and it is confused with cynicism because it implies a constant inspection and criticism of experience. It involves, probably, a recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, of other kinds of experience which are possible.[38]

The richness in generations of experience, the recognition of other kinds of experience, and the constant criticism of experience all bring us to the third major issue: Eliot's evaluations and judgments of writers, and his views on heresy, blasphemy, and the "intrusion of the *diabolical* into modern literature."[39]

After Strange Gods is presented as an attempt to apply "moral principles to literature quite explicitly."[40] Although *The Sacred Wood* had claimed that aesthetic enjoyment is "an experience different in kind from any experience not of art,"[41] it also argued that tradition means the inseparability of artworks from the modes of thinking, feeling, and perceiving of specific cultures. The application of a conscious criticism (orthodoxy) to the feelings and habits of a culture (tradition) is only a partly new direction. Eliot's orthodoxy is qualified by a modernist, even vaguely liberal claim that "tradition by itself is not enough; it must be perpetually criticized and brought up to date under the supervision of what I call orthodoxy."[42] Earlier, the critical element was conceived as within tradition itself, but there was the same duality. The critical element applied to the creation and evaluation of artworks in a more strictly aesthetic sense, but not exclusively. The sensibilities of poets, their wit or lack of it, spoke to their grasp of human reality. For example, Shakespeare "shows his lovers," in Romeo and Juliet, "melting into incoherent unconsciousness of their isolated selves, shows the human soul in the process of forgetting itself."[43] It is easy to peg Eliot's Christianity at 1927. This "watershedding" of Eliot's career may lead us not to see the religious at work in the earlier literary criticism—his engagement with Dante is early—and perhaps also to exaggerate the religiosity, the *Christianity*, of the later work. In *After Strange Gods* we find an extended exercise in thrust and retreat rhetoric. Its Preface seems to promise an orgy of inquisitorial judgment. What we get is a curiously liberal definition of orthodoxy. What we get is a well-developed sensibility and catholicity of taste.

Eliot's concern in *After Strange Gods* is heresy as it applies to modern literature. He identifies Lawrence as "an almost perfect example of the heretic," and Joyce as "the most ethically orthodox" writer of the time.[44] What grounds the judgment is that in

Lawrence's "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," the characters, "who are supposed to be recognizably human beings…betray no respect for, or even awareness of, moral obligations, and seem to be unfurnished with even the most commonplace kind of conscience."[45] Interestingly, Eliot identifies the lack in Lawrence. However, with Joyce, he does not identify what is *present* in "The Dead" that would make it orthodox. He provides a two-thirds page summary that includes a paragraph of quotation from what Eliot takes to be the key moment in the story.[46] The characters' concern with conscience and obligation may be assumed, since this is what Eliot found lacking in Lawrence, but Eliot's method here seems to say that the "orthodox" is best shown, exemplified rather than stated in terms of abstract rules.

This withdrawal seems significant, especially if it is paired with a key statement on orthodoxy in writers and a discussion of the dangers of the cult of genius for readers, which come *before* his discussing the stories:

> I do not take orthodoxy to mean that there is a narrow path laid down for every writer to follow. Even in the stricter discipline of the Church, we hardly expect every theologian to succeed in being orthodox in every particular, for it is not a sum of theologians, but the Church itself, in which orthodoxy resides. In my sense of the term, perfect orthodoxy in the individual artist is not always necessary or even desirable.[47]

This passage shows Eliot to be cautioning against the application of any rigid "rules." We are reminded that the point of traditional criticism is to 'judge', but not to 'amputate' a poet. This passage also looks forward to Eliot's qualified recuperation of the great heretic, Lawrence, as well as his praise, here and in two essays on Baudelaire.

The next thing to notice is that Eliot hopes a "right tradition" will not stifle creativity, but "keep eccentricity to manageable limits." The danger, in a formless age in which "personality" is celebrated as an end in itself, is that readers might "cherish the author of genius, not in spite of his deviations from the inherited wisdom of the race, but because of them."[48] Earlier he had deplored the error of "eccentricity in poetry [of

seeking] for new human emotions to express; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place it discovers the perverse."[49]

Eliot notes that it is "fatally easy" in modern times "for a writer of genius to conceive of himself as a Messiah."[50] Although this may sound outlandish, we have only to think of Hegel, or much more darkly, of the political messianism of Hitler and others in the twentieth century, or more bizarrely, a full page ad in The Rocky Mountain News (some years ago before it went out of business), taken by the leader of the Moonies, declaring that during "a special ceremony… in the spirit world" the leaders of five major world religions and four communist countries had declared and upheld by oath that Moon is the Messiah and the "True Parent" of all humankind.

Eliot worries about the possibility of a pagan revival or of strange gods being adopted in the West, as Irving Babbitt had adopted Buddhism. Eliot gives his reasons for declining these exotic spiritual invitations. Language, sentiment, and categories of thought, make it unlikely that a European can absorb Buddhism except "through romantic misunderstanding." *Pace*, Boulder, CO, and otehr centers of easy-going spirituality. He notes that after two years of study "in the mazes of Pantanjali's metaphysics" he failed to gain real purchase. Eliot goes on to criticize the shallowness of Pound's Hell, Yeats' search for a personal religion, and others. Some would characterize Eliot as "exclusionary" and narrow-minded here.[51] It may seem that he is abusing non-Western cultures, and even the heterodoxy of Pound's medievalism. What I think he is doing is disabusing Westerners of the idea that taking up a religion is a simple thing: a choice. Eliot confesses, "I am willing to believe that Chinese civilization at its highest has graces and excellences which may make Europe seem crude."[52] Yet, Eliot goes on to say that he

doubts he could come to understand Chinese civilization well enough "to make Confucius a mainstay."

We should attend to the humility here as well as the seriousness: a man intimate with the Western tradition, and knowledgeable of Indian philosophy, and the findings of modern anthropology declares his limits. This is not a dismissal. Eliot's idea of tradition has a depressing effect on modern sensibilities. In a time when many people assume that "the mere accumulation of 'experiences,' including literary and intellectual experiences as well as amorous and picaresque ones, is—like the accumulation of money—valuable in itself,"[53] it is hard not to feel limited by the seriousness which points out that to understand Buddhism takes generations. Just as we are more limited by not knowing a language, and just as we would be unashamed to seek expert instruction in a new sport and submit to its discipline, we cannot avoid the disciplines and grammars of our culture. As mastery of a language opens up means of expression, greater knowledge within the 'confines' of tradition enlarges the very self we would express.

With two examples of Eliot's catholicity—his judgments of Lawrence and Baudelaire—I would like to conclude this essay. We have seen Eliot call Lawrence the exemplar of heresy. However, Eliot returns to Lawrence, after dicing his way through the thicket of strange gods appearing in his generation, and makes some positive remarks. I do not say praise; the comments are too tepid. While Lawrence's vision is said to be "spiritual, but spiritually sick," he is acknowledged at least to be awakening people, albeit irresponsibly, to the spiritual. This irresponsibility is a grave matter, but to be capable of good and evil is, for Eliot, a sign of life. In connection with Baudelaire, he says that the glory of man is in both his "capacity for salvation" and his "capacity for damnation."[54]

Eliot ends one paragraph deploring the barbarous sexuality of Lawrence's novels by calling him "a very sick man indeed." We come back to the grandson on the porch. Eliot's next paragraph opens: "There is, I believe, a great deal to be learned from Lawrence." The catch: how well has the grandson been initiated into the tradition? The sentence finishes, "though those who are most capable of exercising the judgment necessary to extract the lesson, may not be those who are most in need of it."[55] Perhaps the boy should read Baudelaire instead. Eliot fears that Lawrence, who has a limited but positive value as a critic of the modern world and as a proponent of Life, will appeal not to what is healthy in readers, but to what is "sick and debile and confused."

Eliot is not fearful of Baudelaire having a bad effect. He describes him as a Christian because "the notion of Original Sin came spontaneously to him; and the need for prayer," and because he "came to attain the greatest, the most difficult, of the Christian virtues…humility."[56] In a longer piece, Eliot expands on this idea, noting that Baudelaire fell short of a clear, positive account of the Good, but achieved a redemptive awareness of Sin and the need to overcome it. "The recognition of the reality of Sin is a New Life; and the possibility of damnation is so immense a relief in a world of electoral reform, plebiscites, sex reform and dress reform, that damnation itself is an immediate form of salvation—of salvation from the *ennui* of modern life, because it at least gives some significance to living."[57] There is a startling negativity in this view of Christianity. Eliot makes merely the recognition of Sin sufficient for—or identical with—"New Life."

A Concluding Venture

A Baudelairean Christianity is, of course, far from the whole picture. If we examined Eliot's later writing on a Christian society, we would see a somewhat more positive account of Christianity and culture. His 'idea of a Christian society' does suffer

from a rationalistic bent toward orthodoxy in the very sense he rejects. However, we would also see less the operation of a dogmatist, or even apologist, than a searcher for a religious sensibility.. At times Eliot so thoroughly mediates art, culture and religion that one asks whether he loved art or religion more. But this is Puritanical distrust of images. Eliot knew how Dante's *Commedia* mapped on to human experience. The intense appreciation of art, which early on and sometimes later resembles Arnold or Pater, becomes that supreme catholicity which makes room for much that is outside the Book.

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[1] Eliot, T.S. *For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order*, Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran, and Co., Inc., 1929, p. vii-viii. (FLA) Russell Kirk, in a speech to The Heritage Foundation, mentions the second qualification, and goes onto say, "The Conservative Party of England was not nearly conservative enough for T.S. Eliot." Kirk, "The Politics of T.S. Eliot," Lecture Number One Hundred Eighty Two, February Ninth, 1989, and http:/www.townhall.com/hall_of_fame/kirk/kirk182.html.
[2] Kearns, Cleo McNelly, "Religion, Literature, and Society in the Work of T.S. Eliot," *in The Cambridge Companion to T.S. Eliot*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994, pp. 77-93. (CCTSE) p. 80.
[3] Eliot's warning against the "temptation to legislate," surely applies to himself; he is saved only by his skepticism and catholicity of taste. See, Eliot, *The Sacred Wood and Major Early Essays*, Mineola, New York: Dover Pub., Inc, 1998, p. 7. (SW) Cf., Eliot, T.S., *After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy: The Page-Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia*, London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1933, p. 27, fn. 1. (ASG) In the text, Eliot rejects the confinement of taste to the simple categories Romantic and Classical: "For instance: two of my own favorite authors are Sir Thomas Mallory and Racine."
[4] Kearns, CCTSE, p. 83.
[5] Scott, Peter Dale, "The Social Critic and His Discontents," in CCTSE, pp. 60-76. p. 73.
[6] Scott, CCTSE, p. 62, passim, 68.
[7] Eliot regretted the errant rhetoric of the Preface of *For Lancelot Andrewes*. In *After Strange Gods*, he calls his former statement "injudicious. It may suggest that the three subjects are of equal importance to me, which is not so; it may suggest that I accept all three beliefs on the same grounds, which is not so; and it may suggest that I believe they all hang or fall together, which would be the most serious misunderstanding of all." ASG, p. 27-8. The irony of Eliot's having just said something far more injudicious than "classicist, royalist, anglo-catholic" is not to be missed. Because of the inevitable scandal attached to ASG, I feel compelled to say something about the single most notorious phrase in Eliot's prose: "free-thinking Jews." I can scarcely enter into this controversy here. Too briefly, I would only point out that the context makes clear that free-thinking is Eliot's real concern. Of course, he might have said simply "free-thinkers" or he might have displayed another form of bigotry—free-thinking women, peasants, Poles, who knows—but did not. He expressed the form he had, and his recklessness is much to be regretted. I leave aside the poems.
[8] Harrison, John, *The Reactionaries: A Study of the Anti-Democratic Intelligentsia*, New York: Shocken Books, 1967.
[9] Oakeshott, Michael, *Rationalism in Politics*, Indianapolis: Liberty Press, 1991. Preface to the First Edition, 1962.
[10] ASG, p. 25-26.
[11] SW, p. iv.
[12] SW, "Andrew Marvell," p. 111.
[13] See, "Literature of Politics," TCC, where Eliot worries about the too radical separation of speculative and literary thought from politics, and "Notes Toward the Definition of Culture," in *Christianity and Culture*, New York: Harcourt Brace, and Co., 1976, (CC) where Eliot argues against Mannheim's idea of elites on grounds of their lack of social connection.
[14] SW, "Andrew Marvel," p. 110. (My edition is "SW and Major Early Essays.")
[15] SW, p. 29.

[16] SW, p. 28.
[17] SW, p. 28.
[18] Shusterman, Richard, "Eliot as Philosopher," CCTSE, p. 40-41. This is not to say Eliot would not sympathize with Gadamer's concern for the living connection to tradition that modern conditions have severed. Gadamer is too accepting of "critical history," and tries to tame it by binding it to our practical present. Eliot, I think, strives to see the whole of human experience under the category of eternity. For an excellent study of Eliot's relation to Bradley, which differs from Shusterman's view, see Mallinson, Jane, *T.S. Eliot's Interpretation of F.H. Bradley*, Brighton, UK: Harvester Press, 2001.
[19] SW, p. 28, p. 33.
[20] SW, p. 28. Many critics seem to take the word "ideal" to have a normative force, but I think Bradley means something closer to "ideational." Hence, it is not that we face a past invested with an automatic prescriptive claim; rather, we face a past that is structured in terms of our understanding, thus 'notional.' One reason for denying Shusterman's view is that Eliot did not devote his energies to theorizing the complexities of this relationship. He exhibited his understanding in his poetry and criticism, where a perfectly consistent theory is less important than standing 'in the hard, Sophoclean light/ and tak[ing] your wounds from it gladly.'
[21] ASG, p. 18. A striking image, and possibly—this is a guess—a nod to Thomas Jefferson, founder of the University of Virginia, where the lectures were delivered, and who espoused the need for periodic revolution to renew the tree of liberty.
[22] ASG, p. 18.
[23] ASG, p. 18.
[24] SW, p. 29. My italics.
[25] SW, p. 35.
[26] SW, p. 36.
[27] SW, p. 36. Eliot's italics.
[28] Shusterman, I believe, is misled by Eliot's use of the word "object," and his sly praises of science, and so over-emphasizes Eliot's debt to Russell. When Eliot speaks of this "new thing" or about the "object" that poetry creates and contemplates, he is speaking about emotional experiences, some the poet's (as 'the man') and some observed in human experience. Poetry is "a presentation of thought, or a presentation of feeling by a statement of events in human action or objects in the external world," SW, 36. The "object" is connected with some human, emotional experience. Eliot retains a distinctly idealist stance when he writes that "in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes," SW, p. 127, and passim. It is true that Eliot uses the quasi-scientific language of detachment to describe the "objects" of poetry, but it remains the case that the object is seen in its clarity *in order to be "transmuted"* and brought into coherence with a body of systematically related experiences. "The true generalization is not something superposed upon an accumulation of perceptions; the perceptions do not, in a really appreciative mind, accumulate as a mass, but form themselves as a structure; and criticism is the statement of this structure; it is the development of sensibility," SW, p. 8-9.
[29] SW, p. vi.
[30] SW, p. 4. My italics.
[31] SW, p. 33. Eliot's italics.
[32] SW, "The Metaphysical Poets," p. 127.
[33] Like Tocqueville, Eliot uses "individualism" for a specific—though different from Tocqueville's—cultural and psycho-social malady, but certainly refuses to take up any "anti-individualist" stance that would submerge the individual in collective experience, or deny liberty. Eliot's individualism comes through in lines like "only those who know what it means to have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things," SW, p. 33.
[34] SW, "Andrew Marvell," p. 108-109.
[35] ASG, p. 19.
[36] SW, "The Metaphysical Poets," p. 128.
[37] SW, p. 102-108, passim.
[38] SW, p. 111.
[39] ASG, p. 56.
[40] ASG, p. 11-12.
[41] SW, p. 31.
[42] ASG, p. 62. Perpetual criticism is not what the word "orthodoxy" usually calls to mind.
[43] SW, p. 47.

[44] ASG, p. 38. What I mean by suggesting a liberality at work even in the midst of severe and unsparing judgments of Lawrence and others, is that Eliot was surely clever enough to see the ironies of placing Joyce, whose *Ulysses* was banned and censored, as the most orthodox writer of the time. That work, like Lawrence's was seen as obscene.
[45] ASG, p. 37.
[46] ASG, p. 37.
[47] ASG, p. 32. We could think of Eliot's 'tradition/orthodoxy' as "spirit," if we took the term simultaneously in the senses of the New Testament, Montesquieu, and a non-progressivist Hegel. The relation between the individual—writer, theologian, or plain man—and the civilization is quite close. For example, in "Andrew Marvell," (SW, p. 101), Eliot progresses from defining the "perennial task of criticism" as "bringing the poet back to life," to a different metaphor, of "squeezing some precious liquor" from a few poems, to finding that this "essence" is "a quality of civilization, of a traditional habit of life." N.B. the progression: The pot, the works, the civilization—the corpse, the corpus, the spirit?
[48] ASG, p. 33.
[49] SW, p. 33.
[50] ASG, p. 33.
[51] Scott, CCTSE, p. 62-69, passim.
[52] ASG, p. 40.
[53] ASG, p. 34. An analogy and not merely a swipe: Money is a means—so too, "experience" is the currency of meaning, but only if one pays the price.
[54] SE, p. 344.
[55] ASG, p. 61.
[56] FLA, p. 104-5.
[57] SE, p. 342-342.