A conversation last night with W.R. on Catholicism, fascism, classical education etc. has brought home to me the social importance hitherto had been only the individual of my race: is it? Discovering that literature is essentially and legitimately of the nature of journalism it answers to states of mind, intellectual and moral needs which, unlike aesthetic preferences, methinks, belong to the time and place are by no means constant with those of other times and places. Literature tells each age what each age wants to know.
hay more important each
age can assimilate
which implies can
understand. We
cannot use that of
other ages practically
or should not, because
In the most part we
cannot understand it.
We are not the destined
readers of past writers.
Now the art of literature
lies in the meeting of
reader and writer.

Inasmuch as partially
art by which I mean
appealing to (more
or less ingrained and
immutable aesthetic
preference) even
purely emotional ones
founded in common human
experience) it may

occasionally
continue to give pleasure by its formal and emotional qualities, and perhaps it should be studied in connection with all we know of its time and place of origin, for the enriching of our interest as well as the better understanding of man's nature and evolution. But there are specialized utilities we cannot assimilate it to any sane our aesthetic life except by misunderstanding it; and for this reason we cannot employ it to inexact us except about how it has arisen.
But hitherto the extreme slowness of change and even now its spotty character has rooted oligarchies and gerontocracies, the regimes of priesthood. Factors and initiators above all the mere fact of factionalism by nomadism the sitting and eating, by pure illiteracy has given a fascination procure to the literate of classical civilization. Judaism and turned the study thereof into the basis of liberal education, knowledge—a wisdom has been typified in book learning, truth in
travails. Whereas both representatives and representatives of official practice (they only call to mind the content of a library!) continue to need to be revised or discarded.

The special virtue peculiar to Popery is that it postulates truth as a fixed, existing and not to be departed from. But even Protestantism is based on interpretation of the word. So that the Presbyterian in love with human wisdom

parable intertwined in the Magic Flute: Remarks
that we need not seek truth, only accept it. Indeed all that "can creed conceive of truth as something which can be believed or defended.

The greatest change is surely in our attitude to the Past, the Past's formula and sanctions. And such change hinges on the recognition that except as a thing to be kept for its loveliness, like a Greek vase, or like a potshard or flint, it is testimony to the
Whether of its maker, literature is a craft.

The tradition is essentially decided by the act of creation.

But here again comes in the traditional notion of immortality.

The emotional half of keeping, may it

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