

My dear Hull:

I can't and there's an end out.  
Ramon — an elegantly developed case of  
poverty.

All this is very fortunate for you and  
your ~~company~~ of friends. I am sure I should  
be ~~the~~ bull in a china-shop, with such a com-  
pany. ~~You know~~ I am neither entertaining, nor  
sentimental, nor religious. ~~How~~ what ~~could~~ would  
a man do in such a company, who could  
neither pray, nor sing, yuck nor serve the purpose  
of an encyclopedia? You know I have no emo-  
tional religious susceptibility. My interest in Christian-  
ity is simply as a force for human betterment. The  
traditional and miraculous makes little appeal to me.  
The East is wonder-land to me, but not Holy Land, in  
the sense in which you and your fellow pilgrims will  
regard it. My Christ is not the ~~back-staggering~~ <sup>greatly comprehended</sup> piece  
of propriety and legend which ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> been  
depicted. In my mind the Christ was as fierce and  
hot as the sands that scorch his feet on the step-  
pe which glared upon his head. He loved man —  
not pityingly and languishingly — but with an intense  
agonizing zeal which made him long to destroy ~~the~~ the  
evil ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> tenderies and unveil the beautiful

forces of human life. My Christ was the man-  
liest man of all the ages because the  
strongest, bravest and wisest and so worthy  
of a godly nature. Half his words were  
curses and few enough of them were blessings.  
His hand fitted the scourge rather than the cur-  
ress. He was fond of lone society: wore shocking  
bad clothes: smacked his mother: tricked the scribes:  
buffeted the priests: puzzled Pilate, but all the time  
clamored that man should never forget to  
do good to his fellow. There is hardly a hint  
of worship in all he said but the injunction  
to do good to others crops out everywhere. To  
me he was a fiery iconoclast who waded  
aloft a torch which cast a lurid glow over  
the ruins of three crumbling epochs — Juda-  
ism, Hellenism and Rome, just as if he were trying to  
burn them. To these ruins he pointed as evidence  
that human greed, ~~and~~ oppression and sel-  
fishness are the roots of human weakness. He  
was not a reformer but a prophet — a see-  
son of God, if you will — who pointed out man's

need - panted his possibility - and left him  
to divine avenues for its achievement. To  
me, he was the source of a religion - a phi-  
losophy, a science of life - yet but half-  
unfolded - half-comprehended and not  
half-formulated. A force of eternally self-  
describing power!

Don't you see I ought not to go  
if I could: so it is fortunate that I  
cannot if I would.



J. W. Temple Esq

Dr Sir;

Your delay in sending the  
ms of your poems will put off indefinitely, I fear any  
chance of my doing anything with them. It will  
take several days to get them into any shape to  
use and I cannot now spare the time from  
my own work which will crowd me to  
the throat a lurch for some time. As I am  
engaged lecturing most of the winter I can  
~~only~~ only have for my literary  
work the intervals between which are very  
and brief. As and furnishing from 4 to  
6 columns of matter a week I have  
no possible time for anything else. I wrote  
you to Providence but the letter was re-  
turned. As soon as I can command  
a day or two, I will do what I  
can with the matter.

Yours