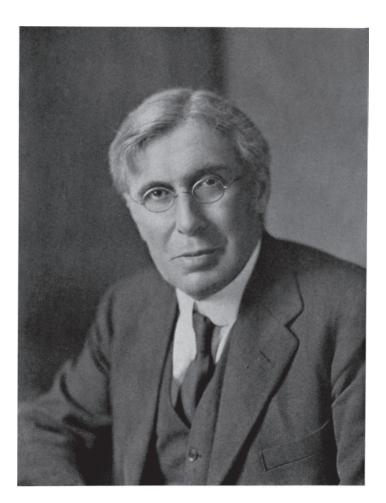


TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER





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H. G. WOOD

TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER

A Biography

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INTRODUCTION

Some six months after Glover died in 1943, Harold Laski contributed to the New Statesman and Nation a most generous and discriminating tribute to him, in an article entitled, 'On not having known T. R. Glover'. Laski never actually met Glover. He had passed him in King's Parade and seen him in Heffer's bookshop, but when he was staying with W. H. R. Rivers and dining at St John's College, his host could but lament Glover's absence. 'You ought to know him,' he said, 'a fine combination of Dr Johnson and Charles Lamb.'

Though he never knew Glover in the flesh, Laski was aware of many common interests, such as a lively interest in the New World across the Atlantic, great skill in the art of combing a second-hand bookshop, and an obvious love of young people.

'All of these are qualities by which he is endeared to me,' wrote Laski. 'I do not mind the presence in him of obvious gusts of ill temper. I find no resentment at the fact that he seems rarely to have been capable of understanding views he did not share....I even agree that any careful reader of his books will find in them, first, a pretty obvious set of prejudices that he had never stayed to examine, and a mass of ideas which are, however scholarly their expression, ideas seen through other men's eyes. All this, as I turn over the pages of the neat score of volumes he wrote, seems to me completely devoid of importance. What makes him a friendly writer is first, that he has so great a gusto for living and second that like Charles Lamb he is always inviting you freely into the inner chambers of his mind.'

A friendly writer! A W.E.A. student who read *The Jesus of History* said, one reason it gripped him was that Glover seemed to be so interested in his readers!

If Laski regarded Glover as first and foremost a superb popularizer of other men's ideas, he realized that 'he had always seen them freshly for himself, as if their meaning was seen for the first time'. In this there is something of the power of poetic



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imagination, especially as we find it in Wordsworth—the power to reveal the wonder of the familiar.

Glover had the great gift of making the past come alive. He had it, I think, because his stout common sense was set in the perspective of an imagination that never stopped working. He wanted not only to know why people did things, but why they did them in a particular way. He always asked himself what he would have done in the same situation. So that, whoever it was, Herodotus or Alexander,...Horace or Augustus, he seemed to write about them from inside themselves and not aloofly: he makes them contemporaries whom one might easily have gone to see drive down Constitution Hill or who might publish a new work which made critics pleased or angry.

As you read 'you always discern the figure of T. R. Glover, tremendously alive asking this man questions, telling another how things have changed since his day, eager and vigorous, perhaps a little too self-confident, but adorably insatiable in his enthusiasm and his curiosity'.

That Laski was so warm and just in his appreciation of Glover as historian is not surprising. More remarkable is his understanding of Glover as a religious teacher. He follows up his tribute to the historian and literary critic, by recalling

another Glover whom I must not forget. There is the classical scholar, the superb popularizer, the ardent traveller to whom new places and new faces are the elixir of new life. But there is also Glover the mystic, a God-intoxicated man who wrote, indeed, books to communicate his joy in the faith he held to others, but in whose religious volumes one always feels that the book behind the book is, somehow, ten times more important and impressive than the book he managed to write. This Glover is a man with a message to deliver which obviously transcended in its significance all the historical learning, the classical lore, the technical insight into scholarship, that he possessed: I think he did not deliver his message, because he felt too deeply about it. He left only the impression of one who has caught a glimpse of some vision splendid and falters when he seeks to fulfil the task of conveying to others any sense beyond the passionate declaration that in this vision only is the truth to be found.



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This too is a discerning critique, though it calls for two qualifications. The books he wrote, especially *The Jesus of History*, did communicate to many his joy in the faith he held. Archibald Marshall wrote to Glover in 1930,

I have just re-read your Jesus of History and you are now firmly established as one of my major prophets, along with Inge and F. W. Robertson who have done more for me than anybody of late years, the first having got me back to the Faith, the second constantly establishing me in it. It is a wonderful book, yours, and apart from its very deep spiritual value, I can appreciate how a lifetime of study and hard thought has flowered into so clear and apparently easy an impression. It is simply full of meat and a chapter of it more than fills one's mind for the day. Some part of the message did get over to the readers of his books, but it lay in the nature of the message that it could not be fully expressed in books, just as Plato's philosophy could not be exhaustively presented in his dialogues. Glover delivered his message more effectively as preacher than as writer. Yet Laski is right. The book behind the books is ten times more important and impressive.

It is not within the power of a biographer to write this book behind the books, but he should be able to fulfil a simpler task. In his closing paragraph, Laski wrote:

I never knew T. R. Glover, and I have no idea of the thousand and one intimate habits which go to the making of a personality. What this big burly tutor was like as a teacher: whether he held a lecture-room as entranced by speech as he holds our reader by his pages: what happened to transform the gawky sixth-form boy at Bristol Grammar School into a man who lived every line of the classics he knew so well: why those years at Queen's University [Kingston, Canada] set the New World for him in the background of perpetual sunlight: who his intimates were at Cambridge: what for instance would have happened when he encountered agnosticism serene and pacifism urgent as in Lowes Dickinson, or atheism militant and militarism passionate, as in McTaggart: to questions like these, I have no answer.

To questions like these, some answers can, of course, be given. In answering them, I may make the book behind the books more



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difficult to discover. Glover would wish his biographer to be sympathetically critical, not adulatory. I must not pass over his limitations. But Bradley's sentence on Shelley, which Glover was fond of quoting, is a safe guide to follow. 'Always we get most from the genius in a man of genius and not from the rest of him.' Glover would not wish me to suppress the rest of him. I hope I shall not so dwell on it as to obscure the genius.

H. G. W.