

# Rough Draft: Barbara Pym and the Nazis

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Those of you who have had the great good fortune to do research in the Barbara Pym papers at the Bodleian know what a glorious experience it is. You get to turn the pages of her literary notebooks, you get to see for yourself – practically hear for yourself – the way her thoughts and ideas and impressions came tumbling out onto the page, and again and again you run into scenes and characters who are going to show up in the novels. It's like seeing old friends but seeing them in their childhood, before they've become who they are. So it was in this utterly blissful state of mind, working away in this treasure of an archive, that I encountered the original draft of *Some Tame Gazelle*, the version Barbara finished in 1935. She was so proud and pleased with this manuscript that she sent it out to be professionally typed and bound into two fat volumes. I opened Volume 1. And there began one of the most startling and disheartening experiences I have ever had in the world of Barbara Pym. This draft is awful. We've all seen work of hers that was published posthumously, stories and novels that often fall sadly short of what appeared in her lifetime; but at least we know that she herself did not intend to publish them; she put them away because they weren't good enough. But this draft of *Some Tame Gazelle* is different. She thought it was just fine. She didn't hesitate a minute before mailing it to publishers. And yet, here's what you find when you start to read it, right up front on page four. Remember, Pym was writing this from 1934 to 1935 and the novel is set about thirty years in the future.

'Oh dear, how my mind does wander,' sighed Belinda, putting down the vest she was knitting for the Nazi exiles in Africa....Of course it had been rather extravagant of her to use such an expensive wool to knit a charity garment, but she always excused herself by saying that after all the Nazis were rather special people. Helmuth had been a Nazi. 'Dear Helmuth,' she murmured.<sup>1</sup>

This goes on and on, warm and loving references to Nazi Germany, woven into the character of Belinda – the character who represents Pym herself – and meant to be humorous. We soon learn that starting in the 1930s there had been some kind of benign Nazi rule in Germany, but then came what Belinda calls "the terrible revolution of the nineteen fifties,"<sup>2</sup> which resulted in all the Nazis going into exile in Africa, where they are now struggling and very much in need of charity. Belinda is fixated on this situation, which she finds heartrending, because in her youth, back in the 1930s, she had taken a trip to Germany and fallen in love with a Nazi named Helmuth. Their romance of course was swept away by history, and now thirty years later he is a cherished memory – and a leitmotif in this novel. On page 9, for instance, the doorbell is ringing, and Harriet says Belinda should answer it.

'But surely Emily will go,' replied Belinda rather vaguely. She was wondering whether wear her little swastika brooch or not. Dear Helmuth had always been so pleased at this sign of her presumable sympathy with the National Socialist party."<sup>3</sup>

And on page 14:

Liebfraumilch always reminded Belinda of the Rhineland which she had visited in the spring just before she was twenty-one. The Nazis had been young and arrogant then, and she had hardly known which she liked best, Kurt or Helmuth."<sup>4</sup>

Later on, Belinda remembers how, back in those years, she "had always rejoiced in being blonde and Aryan."<sup>5</sup> We learn that Belinda treasures a special photograph – "dear Helmuth, chatting with the Fuhrer in Berlin. She kept this for sentimental reasons, and pointed it out to visitors. "You can understand now how I feel about these poor

Nazis...” she would say.”<sup>6</sup> At one point in the novel a couple of the exiled Nazis actually show up, they’ve come to stay with someone in the village, and Belinda can’t wait to meet them. “How delightful it would be to see if she could still speak German! How she would enjoy remembering with them their lamented Fuhrer!”<sup>7</sup>

You get the picture. And then, while I was turning page after page trying to process all this, I began seeing something else about the draft, something equally startling in its own way. The book was boring. Once I got used to seeing Nazis all over the place, I kept waiting for what we all expect from Barbara Pym – the wit, the beautiful economy of the writing, the perfectly shaped characters – and none of it ever showed up. The writing is terrible. To me this is an almost unimaginable concept, bad writing in a manuscript by Barbara Pym, but that’s what is going on in this draft. It’s true that the sound and flow of some of the sentences are Pym-like, and many of the scenes and characters are the ones we know in the published book. But on the whole – and again, I can hardly believe I’m saying this – it’s unreadable. The narrative just goes on and on, rambling and tedious and stuffed with pointless detours.

Worst of all, there’s a kind of smug, airless, almost narcissistic quality to the whole book. As you know, the characters are based on her circle of Oxford friends; and soon after she began writing, she sent them some early sections to see what they thought. They loved it. As far as they were concerned, she was better than Jane Austen and way better than the Brontës; and this enthusiastic response encouraged her to keep going. But of course, these particular friends were exactly the wrong readership. They instantly recognized how she was satirizing all of them, they understood the references, they knew every nuance – they took it as one big protracted in-joke, which of course it was. Someone like me, reading it from outside that circle, could follow along superficially, but I was constantly aware that it wasn’t written for me. It was like watching some undergraduate skit staged in a college dining hall, entirely self-referential and thus quite uproarious to the inhabitants of that little world.

What was Pym thinking? How on earth did this happen, the Nazis and the arch, insular writing? Where was the Barbara Pym we know? These questions have been pursuing me ever since I first saw the draft, three years ago, and the best answer that I can come up with is that Barbara Pym did not, in fact, write it. This version of *Some Tame Gazelle* was produced by somebody else sitting at Pym’s typewriter. And I know who it was. Her name was Sandra.

Some of you may have met Sandra. She is all over Pym’s early diaries. Sandra was Pym’s alter ego, an imagined other self who moved into St. Hilda’s with Pym and stayed by her side throughout her years at Oxford. Inside the front cover of the very first diary at the Bodleian, which Pym began in 1932, it says: “If you find this work please return to Miss Pym. (SANDRA).” Then on the first page of the diary, Pym wrote, “A record of the adventures of the celebrated Barbara MC Pym during the year 1932 (written by herself).”<sup>8</sup> Here she’s not mentioning Sandra by name, but she is carefully referring to herself – to a “celebrated” version of herself – in the third person. The next diary, the one she began in 1933, puts these references together by saying on the inside front cover: “SANDRA. The story of her life beginning in October 1933. This is volume II of her adventures.”<sup>9</sup> Throughout these diaries, Sandra shows up constantly and she’s interchangeable with Pym; it’s as if Pym is watching herself in a mirror, and writing it all down. “On the river in the morning – Sandra punting. I enjoyed it very much – and had a bottle of ginger beer and an ice cream cornet to refresh me in my labors.”<sup>10</sup> Decades later, when she really has become a writer, Pym will sometimes use this same mirrored perspective: she’ll make a cameo appearance in a novel, usually as a writer that nobody’s heard of, but she’ll be capturing the observer and the observed in a single character, just as she is doing here with Sandra.

And it’s Sandra who pitches headlong into the romantic liaisons that Pym so much loved during her Oxford years. It’s Sandra who first spies Henry Harvey at the Bodleian, finds him wildly enticing and starts calling him

“Lorenzo.” When Pym has passionate encounters with Henry in his rooms, ending badly as they always seem to, it’s Sandra who goes home and bursts into tears. When Pym picks up a reputation, probably undeserved, for sleeping around, she exclaims, “Poor Sandra!”<sup>11</sup> When Pym fills her diary with staggering amounts of faux epic verse, it’s Sandra and Lorenzo who take the leading roles in this supercharged literary blather.

Sandra fades away after Oxford – or seems to. I think it’s more accurate to say that the nature of her presence in Pym’s life changes. We don’t see her name so much, but we know she’s there. In 1938, for instance, Pym began writing the most extraordinarily inane letters to some of her Oxford friends, including Jock Liddell and Henry, who had moved to Finland and married a Finnish woman. She was still infatuated with him but she was trying desperately not to be, and the agony of that effort is visible in some of these letters. What she did was take on an artificial voice belonging to a spinster she called “Miss Pym.” Here’s a sample:

And Miss Pym is looking out of the window – and you will be asking now who is this Miss Pym, and I will tell you that she is a spinster lady who was thought to have been disappointed in love, and so now you know who is this Miss Pym. Well now, as I am telling you, this Miss Pym is looking out of the window, and she is looking into the field opposite the house, where there are many lambs frisking, it being spring, the sweet spring, when maids dance in a ring. But this Miss Pym, although she is, so to speak, a maid, is not dancing in a ring...<sup>12</sup>

This runs endlessly. Hazel Holt and Hilary Pym, who edited Pym’s diaries and letters for *A Very Private Eye*, said that she was imitating Ivy Compton-Burnett and Stevie Smith, but I don’t know either of these writers well enough to judge the style; to me it’s just unbearable. Maybe you had to have been there. But what’s important for our purposes is that here, just as in that first draft of *Some Tame Gazelle*, she was writing from deep within a miasma of fantasy. Nothing touches the ground here, life does not intrude, and we don’t see a word that seems to spring naturally from Pym herself. I think Sandra had a hand in those letters.

And I think she was certainly at the controls four years earlier, when Pym started writing *Some Tame Gazelle*. Pym was in a romantic flurry when she was composing that first draft. In the spring of 1934 she had taken a trip to Germany and fallen in love with – yes, a Nazi. Yvonne Cocking has done extensive research on Pym’s travels to Germany between 1934 and 1938, and discovered pretty much all there is to be known about her relationship with the real “Helmuth” – an SS officer named Friedbert Gluck – and you can find the whole story in her invaluable book, *Barbara in the Bodleian*. What happened, in brief, was that Pym finished at Oxford and then joined a group from the National Union of Students on a trip to Germany. Why Germany? I think just because the trip was happening, she loved the music and the language, she was out of school with nothing in particular to do, and – as I’ll be discussing later – the early years of Nazi dictatorship in Germany did not arouse any sort of widespread revulsion in Britain. On the contrary, some people were all for it, and there was a significant pro-Nazi streak in the press.

We don’t know precisely where Pym herself stood on this question when she signed up for the trip, but she certainly arrived with a positive attitude. The British students were welcomed by a contingent of their German counterparts, all of course loyal to the Party; and Pym was delighted by them. “Then I had my first sight of real Nazis and of Friedbert Gluck,” she wrote in her diary, and when she wrote about him for the first time, she drew a little box around his name. “He was wearing a black uniform, although the others were in yellowish brown shirts with the Nazi swastika business on their left arms. They saluted each other in the Heil Hitler manner.” She instantly fell for Friedbert – “What did he look like? Tall, with a lovely figure set off to advantage by the black uniform – very dark, with smooth black hair and a high forehead...”<sup>13</sup> She spent the whole trip flirting with him and with



*Barbara (right) in Germany in the mid-1930s.*

another German who had caught her fancy; and her diary is full of enthusiastic details about the sightseeing, the opera, the drinking and the cafés.

When she got back to England, she noted in her diary that the trip had given her quite a bit of interest in, as she put it, “Hitler, Nazis and German politics.” She went on to say, “I made a scarlet box with a swastika on it. I bought a small swastika to wear on a pin.”<sup>14</sup> She also listened to a lot of heart-stirring German music, she studied the language more diligently than ever, she paid attention to the news, and she cut out stories from the paper about Germany and the political situation. When she lost the swastika pin in Oxford, she burst into tears and went rushing around town trying to find a new one. Unfortunately the only one she could find was made of gold and she couldn’t afford it. A few months later she went back to Germany and actually saw Hitler, who was giving a speech in Hamburg. “I thought he looked smooth and clean, and was very impressed,”<sup>15</sup> she wrote in her diary. For the next four years, she corresponded with Friedbert and made two more trips to see him. They finally broke up in Dresden at the end of May, 1938.

Pym seems to have been aware fairly early on that there was a lot of make-believe involved in this relationship. Just a year after she met him, she wrote in her diary: “I realized even at the time that most of it was probably glamour - his being a foreigner – the little Americanisms in his speech like ‘terribly’ and the way he said ‘Barbara’ ... his Nivea cream that I rubbed on my arm to remember the smell of him....and yet I hardly knew him as a person and didn’t at all agree with his National Socialism....”<sup>16</sup> I think that’s true, I think she didn’t agree with his politics; but it’s also clear that she didn’t take them too seriously. After all, when she was writing that diary entry, in 1935, she was also writing the first draft of *Some Tame Gazelle* and packing it with what struck her as

hilarious references to the Nazis.

I have to say, it was pretty disquieting to read the diaries of this period. Here's Pym returning from Germany absolutely fascinated with the place, she reads everything she can find about what's going on there – and then returns to Germany ready and willing to take a positive view of Hitler. The Third Reich was well underway by 1934: Hitler was arresting, imprisoning and slaughtering his opponents; Jews were being fired from their jobs and attacked in the streets; Jewish shops were being boycotted, and the first concentration camp had opened at Dachau. It's true, of course, that most foreign visitors were directed away from such sights – the NUS group certainly got the all-good-news-all-the-time tour. And when Pym looked at some of the mainstream British press, including the *Daily Mail*, the *Express* and the *Times*, she also picked up a fair amount of good news. Favorable stories about Hitler were quite widespread in the '30s. An amazing one ran in March 1936 in *Country Life*, which was something of a bible for the landed gentry. Introducing this story, the editor of the magazine called Hitler “one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the century” and pointed out that “the Führer is fond of painting in water-colours and is a devotee of Mozart.”<sup>17</sup> In other words, what's not to like? The story was headed “Hitler as a Countryman” and showed Hitler at Berchtesgaden, his retreat in the Bavarian Alps, living very much the sort of life that the magazine's readers could admire. “Here he is often abroad soon after dawn, clad in plus fours, and with [two dogs] trotting at his heels. One or the other of these will be carrying on his back a little hamper containing tomato sandwiches and fruit, with a couple of bottles of mineral water. There amid the pines, or on some commanding knoll beside a cross and wayside shrine, Herr Hitler will sit down to ponder his problems and speeches.”<sup>18</sup> Needless to say this was pure imagination on the part of the writer, who called himself “Ignatius Phayre” and managed to sell versions of this story to a number of other very respectable magazines in Britain and the United States.

Still, there was some negative coverage – on the brutality, on the anti-Semitism, on the clamping down on opposition – and Pym would have had to go out of her way to ignore it. In particular I've always wondered how she could have read about the book-burning, which did get some press in Britain, and not had a few second thoughts about Herr Hitler. We do know that when she got home after that first trip and began to study up on Germany, she went out and bought a new book called *Nazi Germany Explained*, by a journalist named Vernon Bartlett. Within a few years Bartlett would be speaking out very strongly against Hitler, but when he was writing the book in 1933, he was trying to be fair. He did spell out, very clearly, the whole Nazi program; he said he had seen the attacks in the streets, and that he knew people who had been sent to a concentration camp or been forced into exile. But he thought it was still early in the Nazi takeover, that Germany was in a state of “emotional hysteria,”<sup>19</sup> and that maybe the British should withhold judgment until they saw how this revolution was going to play out. In other words, the book was not an overwhelming indictment, and it probably confirmed Pym's sense that while there were things she didn't like about National Socialism, there was no reason to feel uneasy about Hitler or to resist having a crush on Friedbert.

Pym may very well have had friends who supported Hitler. I have to thank Tom for tipping me off to a mini-trend of the 1930s that I hadn't known about: apparently there were upper-class families who used to send their debutante daughters to Germany, especially Bavaria, to spend six months or so skiing and going to parties and meeting SS officers. It was like sending them to a very select finishing school – the families could be absolutely sure their daughters would never run into the wrong sort of people. Pym herself wasn't of that class; she didn't come from the famous echelon that produced Unity Mitford and a number of other high-society Nazi sympathizers. But it was definitely a crowd that was well represented at Oxford; and if she was walking around wearing a swastika pin, she must have felt pretty comfortable being identified as a fan. As for the sentiments of her immediate circle at Oxford, they're hard to judge. When she wrote to Rupert Gleadow, one of her former swains, to tell him about

Friedbert, he wrote back urging her not to be in love with a Nazi; he said he'd been arrested by Nazis and they were sadists. But if her other Oxford friends had any qualms about her fling with the Third Reich, we have no record of it. Nobody seems to have objected to the Nazis in *Some Tame Gazelle*, not even the publishers who saw the first draft. They turned the book down for other reasons.

The only one who read the first draft of *Some Tame Gazelle* and expressed any doubts about the Nazis was Jock Liddell, who would become the invisible hand behind the turnaround of Pym's first novel. Liddell was teaching at the University of Cairo in the '30s, but he was also on the way to becoming a novelist – Jonathan Cape published his first book in 1938 – and he and Pym kept up a mutually supportive correspondence all their lives. He was a natural, fanatic editor, and he read that first draft with pinpoint care. Change this sentence from the passive to the active voice. “Never use ‘due to.’” The locution “as to how” is “hideous.” Don't call them “almond macaroons” – “almond” is redundant. (Obviously he had never attended an American Passover, home of the coconut macaroon.) And he advised her – “reluctantly,” he said – to get rid of the Nazis.<sup>20</sup> If they were gone, he said, she wouldn't have to set the novel thirty years in the future. Apparently what bothered him was not the Hitler-worship per se, but the fact that in every other respect, the 1960s she had conjured in the draft looked exactly like the 1930s.

Pym was very grateful for all of this; it was the first genuinely close reading she had ever experienced. “I shall certainly leave out the Nazis,” she wrote back, “because lately I've been thinking that the story would be better without them and I don't think I was ever very keen on them.”<sup>21</sup> It was January 1936 when she wrote this, and maybe it indicates that she was starting to pull back a bit from Friedbert and Hitler's Germany. At any rate, she ended up putting the manuscript away and working on other writing projects until 1941, when single women had to register for war work.

During the war she had a spectacularly doomed love affair – the grand finale in a long series – with Gordon Glover, a journalist and, as she herself put it, “a great philanderer,”<sup>22</sup> who was in the process of getting divorced from one of her best friends. Glover was exactly Pym's sort of person, smart and amusing with a head full of literary allusions. As far as he was concerned, the affair was just a fling; but Pym took it more seriously. She seems to have believed, or persuaded herself, that he would propose once his divorce was final. By the time Glover was free, however, it was clear that he had no intention of picking up with her again.

But despite the desperate longing she poured into the diary entries about Glover, on the whole Pym made surprisingly few references to the possibility of marrying him or anyone else. She didn't daydream about weddings in her diary. She had crushes, she loved her social life with men, but she never made a sustained effort to find a lifelong partner among them. One or two men proposed; she refused them. It was as if she knew, back when she was 21 and creating Belinda, that this character, a middle-aged, poetry-loving Englishwoman, was far happier remaining single than she would have been if she had married the man of her dreams.

So after the war, she moved into a flat in London with her sister, Hilary, and took a job at the International African Institute, which as you know would inspire many great moments in novels to come. But she was working there strictly to pay the bills, and once she was settled in London, she turned her life's attention to what mattered most. She wanted to write, and she wanted to call herself a writer, and she wanted to feel as though “writer” was her proper and permanent identity. As she told Henry, who had now settled into the status of old friend, “There is so much that I want to write now, that I hardly know where to begin.”<sup>23</sup> So she began at the beginning. She pulled out the unsuccessful draft of *Some Tame Gazelle* and determined to get it right.

There's a notebook at the Bodleian dated August 1945, and it's filled with Pym's notes for the revision. She

still had Jock's suggestions from before the war, and now she also had pages listing her own thoughts.

Perhaps Belinda should be a little less vague and sentimental, more observant, sharper.

Arguments over bed-making.

A substitute for brandy or whisky – even in cases of heart failure.

Cauliflower cheese won't do.<sup>24</sup>

You can see what's happening here. That fog of fantasy and romance that was hanging over the first draft is being blown away by a sharp breeze from the real world. Pym's great gift as a novelist – her power of observation – is moving straight to the center of her imagination. I don't know how she managed to keep her wild passion for the mundane squashed under cover until 1945, but she's letting it loose now. Meanwhile she turned out to be a brilliant self-editor, with an instinct for economy and an absolute willingness to shed any prose that didn't serve a clear purpose. She slashed away every scrap of the misbegotten plumage in that first draft; she sharpened the characters; she simplified the plot, and – touched by an angel, I'm sure – she allowed her natural sense of irony to find its level.

There is something else in this August 1945 notebook. If you turn it upside down and look at it the other way, you see that Pym had started to use it a year earlier, though for a different purpose. You see a page headed "My Reading in London. October 1944" and here she lists several books. They include Proust, *Within a Budding Grove*; there was a volume of art history, she read *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and – most interesting to me – *A Room of One's Own*, by Virginia Woolf. Now, novel for novel, it's hard to think of two more different writers than Virginia Woolf and Barbara Pym, but I'm going to speculate that Pym found something in *A Room of One's Own* that she kept with her for the rest of her life.

*A Room of One's Own* is an extended essay, really a meditation on women and the writing of fiction; and in the first section there's a wonderful conceit in which the narrator is wandering around one of the colleges at what she calls Oxbridge and thinking about literature. All she can do is think, because when she tries to enter the college library she's told that women aren't allowed; so she keeps wandering until it's time to attend a luncheon. Then she starts to reflect on how curious it is that whenever a luncheon party comes up in a novel, you never find out what people are eating. She writes,

It is part of the novelist's convention not to mention soup and salmon and ducklings, as if soup and salmon and ducklings were of no importance whatsoever...Here, however, I shall take the liberty to defy that convention and to tell you that the lunch on this occasion began with soles, sunk in a deep dish, over which the college cook had spread a counterpane of the whitest cream, save that it was branded here and there with brown spots like the spots on the flanks of a doe. After that came the partridges....<sup>25</sup>

And she goes to describe the rest of this beautiful meal, and the wine, and the feeling all around the room of "how good life seemed, how sweet its rewards, how trivial this grudge or that grievance, how admirable friendship and the society of one's kind...."<sup>26</sup>

After this luncheon, she goes about her day, and at the end of it we find her in another Oxbridge college, this one quite different because this one is a women's college. Here she has dinner, and she describes it.

It was a plain gravy soup. There was nothing to stir the fancy in that. ...Next came beef with its attendant greens and potatoes – a homely trinity, suggesting the rumps of cattle in a muddy market, and sprouts curled and yellowed at the edge, and bargaining and cheapening, and women with string bags on Monday morning. ...Prunes and custard followed....Biscuits and cheese came next, and here the water-jug was liberally passed round, for it is the nature of biscuits to be dry, and these were

biscuits to the core. That was all. The meal was over.<sup>27</sup>

There's much more in *A Room of One's Own*, but I think what was important to Barbara Pym can be found in these two passages about food - a subject, as Virginia Woolf says, that novelists aren't supposed to be writing about. But of course by writing about it, Virginia Woolf said all sorts of things about men's food and women's food, men's colleges and women's colleges, men's lives and women's lives. Which means that now Pym has permission to use food the same way. It's Virginia Woolf! She thinks food counts! Food, and all the domestic detail that Pym so treasured.

If, as I believe, it was Sandra who wrote the first draft of *Some Tame Gazelle*, dreaming and swooning all the way, it was Pym who snatched it back and plunged it into the real world. "More household detail," she instructed herself in 1945, working on the revision. "Knitting patterns," she wrote. "*Jam*." She underlined the word "Jam," and added "Victoria plum 1907 with mould on the top."<sup>28</sup> Who knows what she was thinking of? Her mind was racing by this time, she was a writer, she was transforming *Some Tame Gazelle*, and she was becoming Barbara Pym.

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<sup>1</sup> MS Pym 2/1, p.4. Papers of Barbara Mary Crampton Pym, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 9.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., 14.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid., 30.

<sup>6</sup> MS Pym 2/2, p.323. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid., 426.

<sup>8</sup> MS Pym 101. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>9</sup> MS Pym 102. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>10</sup> MS Pym 101. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid.

<sup>12</sup> Hazel Holt and Hilary Pym, eds., *A Very Private Eye* (London: Grafton Books, 1985), 94.

<sup>13</sup> MS Pym 102, Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>14</sup> Yvonne Cocking, *Barbara in the Bodleian* (Oxford and Boston: The Barbara Pym Society, 2013), 63.

<sup>15</sup> MS Pym 103, Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>16</sup> Ibid.

<sup>17</sup> "Country Notes," in *Country Life*, March 28, 1936, 317.

<sup>18</sup> "Ignatius Phayre," "Hitler as a Countryman," *Country Life*, 322.

<sup>19</sup> Vernon Bartlett, *Nazi Germany Explained* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1933), 9.

<sup>20</sup> MS Pym 153, fols 65-95. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>21</sup> MS Pym 153, fols 125-49. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>22</sup> Holt and Pym, 154.

<sup>23</sup> Ibid., 23.

<sup>24</sup> MS Pym 3. Papers of Barbara Pym.

<sup>25</sup> Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (London: Penguin, 1945), 12.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid., 13.

<sup>27</sup> Ibid., 19.

<sup>28</sup> MS Pym 3.