

Norbert Elias letters
and

29/3/13.

The British Journal of Sociology vol. VII no. 3
given to Maurice by Norbert

Maurice
NORBERT +
letters FROM
Petersfield -
into 50s

NORBERT ELIAS
letters +
The British Journal
of Sociology Vol VII Nos
-
Given to Maurice by
Norbert

59, St. Peters Rd
Leicester
5th September 1959

My dear Maurice,

I shall be for about a week in Stresa i- e- till the 15th September to attend a Sociology Congress there where I have to read a paper. I shall stay at Hotel Speranza. And if you and Annette are anywhere near there, it would be nice if I could see you. I have not seen you for some time, - not since you were in London. I have no idea whether you are still living in Italy or whether this letter will reach you. If it does, do get in touch with me in any case. I should like to know how you are.

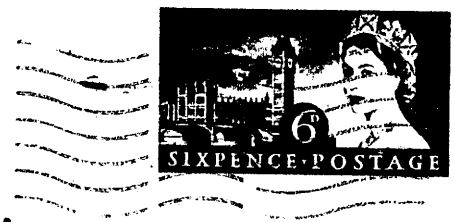
I myself have been rather busy which is I am afraid an understatement. I don't think I have worked as much ever before in my life, you know, teaching and in the interstices of all the official duties one has doing a bit of my own work. It is all very satisfactory. I always liked teaching, but just a bit more than I probably should do. Still they have made me a Reader and that is something.

I hope you both are well, for all I know you may have been living in London all the time - where I, to my regret, rarely go nowadays. And I also hope your novel is making progress. Perhaps it is finished by now.

Let me just give you an outline about my very provisional plans now. After the 15th or 16th I shall probably go down to Naples for a day and look for a nice spot in the neighbourhood where I can work in peace. I shall probably go to Wiesbaden on my way back to talk over my still interminable reparation things. Probably back via Amsterdam which as I am going with Sabena does not make any difference. Or perhaps I shall go via Paris. I shall be back here at the latest at the beginning of October. Term starts at the 7th. One way or the other let me hear from you.

Yours,





Faire suivre s.v.p.

Mr Maurice Rowdon
102, Via Giulia
Rome
Italy

First fold here

Second fold here

AL TORO ROMANO
Sender's name and address: AL TORO ROMANO, 14-15, Via M. Tullio
IN UNO SPETTACOLO DA
The University
Leicester
England



AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



Telephone 65211

UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

// 59, 11, Park Road
Leicester
4th July 1956

My dear Maurice,
The papers say you have a better name than
we are. We had a really miserable winter, and now we
have an almost as miserable summer. I am still in Leicester
looking after a lecture team. I had to cut it half the depth
as 'Parliament and Detachment' and I wrote a paper
for the British Journal of Sociology (at the demand of the editor)
which did rather improve my temper as to papers. Now I am
trying to get on with my 'Essay on Longtin'. It is all per-
fectly correct, but the climate is trying me, damp and heavy and
not very conducive to this kind of work.

What are you doing? In the short time we
spent together, you did not even have time to tell me what

You are looking at Has. Kingwell book 'Come out!
Do you keep it true with the 'fiction' in fiction? 'Come out?'
Fiction is the right word. There is a lot of talk about
'Kingwell's book, Kingwell's book, but you do is much more serious,
thought of some technical one of them as very difficult. King
William's soldier is highly thought of and is a serious serious and
from the book (I am not yet read).

I read you the little poem you wanted. It is one
of a short cycle of poems. Still, it can stand by itself.

And to name. I shall be home to see to see
with you on still time. But I shall not be able to get away from
my work before the part of August. Then I am a
Congress in Amsterdam (22nd - 24th August). My private plan is
to go from there to Bath when I am to see my dear Patrick
and, if I am some way left, to leave. Or to journey back
I shall probably stay a week with friends in Vienna. Truly
back from Amsterdam, I may interrupt the journey in Frankfurt

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

Telephone 65211

if I can hand, in the meantime, from Fisher body.
I wish to know something would come of it. All present they
were apparently submitted to book to get more authority to get
more opinion. But we the author is I don't know. I am also a
confusion clear against Frankfurt University where is being from
It would be of help therefore if a revised edition of the book would
come out in French.

Having that may be, do let me know what you are planning
on. I am making my way from Amsterdam to the bank in September, you
presumably for the Dutch bank. Do you think we could find a good
time to the other journey, arrange?

I am so glad to hear of you, but sorry, at
the same time, that the war is still going on and that we are still
in the continental report. I very much hope to meet you

is Sept 2nd 1904. I have written as
before.

Yours,
Arthur

With thanks in April a group of students thought
to take getting a review some looking at me, but
I was not in. I was in a group of people and I was it did not
register at the time. By afternoon it seemed to me that
the one you friend, James O'Leary, who was so very
helpful when I tried to get a book with you in London. Do
give me my apology if you wish to be so not occupied
in some.

Myself to Sorbonne. I am at the University for a week
in London. I will be a great experience. I wish
I had time to write a play. How is your work?

Lieber Alfred,

sehr vielen Dank für die beiden Bücher und die Bemühungen um den Brief von M. Ich habe sofort nach Paris geschrieben

Sei mir nicht böse, wenn ich noch einmal auf unser

Gespräch in dem Pub zurückkomme. Ich kann es mir nicht anders erklären, ich muss Dich und wohl auch Martin unwissentlich sehr gekränkt haben, sonst wäre Dein kleiner "Outburst", diese komische

Idee, Ihr müsstet mich "demaskieren" und das heisst doch wohl "klein machen" und, wenn möglich, ebenfalls ärgern, nicht zu

verstehen. Ich muss Euch und besonders Dich gekränkt haben, und zwar, so denke ich mir, seit langem und dauernd auf der einen

Seite, dann verstärkend durch irgendetwas aktuelles, was ich - gewiss unwissentlich begangen habe - auf der andern Seite. Ich könnte

mir sehr gut denken, dass die dauernde, sehr ins Unbewusste gehende Kränkung, die ich und wohl auch Martin zugefügt habe, in meiner

Person liegt. Es mag zu Zeiten bedrückend und sehr unerträglich werden, mit einem ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Menschen, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ wie mir

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ befreundet zu sein, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ und es ist nur natürlich, dass Ihr in dieser oder jener Form - ganz aus dem Unbewusst-

ten heraus dagegen revoltiert. Ich glaube, dass die ambivalenten Empfindungen, die ich auslöse, nicht besonders stark sind, aber, dass ich sie auslöse ist mir klar und unvermeidlich. Aber es ist ebenso unvermeidlich, dass mir diese Schübe von Feindseligkeit die mitunter aus Deinem Unbewussten aufflackern, mir unangenehm sind. Ich kann mich noch so sehr dagegen wehren, es ist mir unangenehm und es hilft nur eines, wenn überhaupt etwas hilft, ~~das~~ nämlich dass man diese Situation, so wie sie ist ausspricht und sich darüber klar wird. Ich weiss, dass Du mir im Bewusstsein ein so guter Freund bist, wie ich Dir, aber ich fühle ebenso gut diesen Untergrund von Feindseligkeit. Dir selbst kaum oder jedenfalls nur selten bewusst, der mir manchmal Unbehagen macht und den ich etwas fürchte, weil er, wie neulich ausserhalb Deiner Kontrolle ist.

Erschreckt aber hat mich, und deswegen ist es besonders notwendig darüber zu reden, der aktuelle Anlass ihres Ausbruchs, das Mädchen, mit dem ich schlafe (Ich wage kaum das Wort "Freundin

thousands of things. The first few days the Indians, I was mildly stupid, and they instead of recovering, I relaxed into a state of law, when nothing at all went right. Luckily, no real damage was done to personal relations, and I got on well with the Indians I met. But the real trouble is yet to come, as I have not yet met the Nawab.

Bombay was a strange place. You know that it was one amusement of mine while I was at Dacca's to find out by looking round why a town existed - if the river explained it, or the harbour, or the natural resources, - and now these things dominated the lay-out. But I could never find my way round Bombay, right up to the last day. It is set on an island, and, with a vast and almost empty mainland just over the bridge, they are, at immense cost, reclaiming land from the sea. On this land, they are building huge blocks of modernism flats, until the skyline is beginning to resemble New York. Houses are exorbitant. I asked nearly everyone, but none could say why it was necessary to add to a sub-continent in order that not-too-rich people could live at great cost. The rest of Bombay is people. At night they sleep in thousands all over the pavements. During the day, they serve in the shops, or sell on the streets, or work in the mills, or sit about the chawls, or propped-down, rest-fretted fragments of a room.

Withal, Bombay is the most expensive town I have ever been to. A Rupee (1/6) goes nowhere. The usual price in the popular cinema is 5/6. You saw our luggage - they charged us 10/6 excess on it from Bombay to Bhopal. 25:10:0 a week for a two-roomed unfurnished flat is considered fairly reasonable. In fact, the only cheap things I saw in Bombay were the prostitutes behind bars in Grant Road, and self-charge water for bottles. And yet, of course, the water and gas 1/8 per day, and keep a family on it. Congress says that he will be able to keep his family even better when Prohibition is introduced into Bombay on August 1st. Bombay is governed by Congress, and this liquor law will be their first big legislation. The Parsis, who apparently really hold the position in Bombay that the Jews were said to occupy in Germany, are furious. But the rest of the opposition is tongue-tied - neither the Hindu nor Mohammedan religions allow drinking. So, although all the parties are one another's guts, the subject cannot be discussed except on a Hindu legislative plane. Abbey has interviewed the Minister responsible in Bombay, and the Muslim Minister of a previous Government in the same post, and he will tell you whether there is any justification for the law.

*Dr. L. S. S. ...
 ...
 ...*

4

safe to say that the damage taken as a relative whole is not extensive. It would take some years to ~~see~~ wound London effectively: where there is damage (generally about every half-mile) it is not a pleasant sight — in Battersea for instance (one of the most badly damaged parts of London) there are whole rows of houses completely demolished. The guns are, of course, terrific. But on the whole air-raids are less terrible than the imagination would picture them: for instance raids on London are not incessant and are centred upon a limited area. Most Londoners (including ourselves) do not use shelters but remain within doors now — a marvellous illustration of the human capacity for adaptation. There has been a large bomb in this road which did a good deal of damage but killed none,

and this very small district has been unlucky.

Since the war this country has certainly assumed features which must be of great interest to you and your fellow sociologists. Have you noticed how personal discomfort has tended to become a cult and that many of us are pricked by conscience if we feel ourselves enjoying life to a large extent? We all relate our different kinds of work to their part in the national effort today.

Yesterday I saw the Anglo-Polish Ballet and I wished so much that you had been there. Every number was quite competently danced, but I think the company only came into its own with the Polish dances which symbolise these ecstasies, very much akin to 'Prince Igor'!

Well, my friend, I must

5

wish you goodbye for the present, and hope
that you will write again very soon,

Yours Ever,

Naudee.

P.S. John and Aubrey are still
broadcasting and building a great
reputation in India. I shall try to
send you cuttings from the 'Times of
India'. My brother has sent my
people four pounds, so that he must
be awfully wealthy.

My parents send their best respects
and express their gladness at your
release,

Naudee

P.P.S. There is no chance of seeing you
at any time, I suppose ???

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

Telephone 24211

59, St. Peter Road
Leicester

27/1/58

My dear Damien,

I very much enjoyed
meeting and talking to you and
Frankie - and I am only sorry that
distance and my, at the moment particularly,
heavy work can prevent me from seeing
more of you.

I shall be in London a Saturday
and Sunday - with some work on my
desk. But I'll miss you. Perhaps you

Can you ruffe with me on Saturday
night and I can get tickets for
something interesting - if you are free.

I may only be able to ring a
Saturday about 2000.

I hope you are having an interesting
and enjoyable time. I have thought
a good deal about what you said
about Hobson and Americans. I was
wondering whether you read the American's
policy, "The Organization Man"?

All good wishes

Yours

Mark T

59, St Peters Rd
Leicester
23rd October 1959

My dear Maurice,

work has swallowed me up as soon as I returned to this country. And so, to my regret I was unable to keep my promise and to write to you at once.

I am sure Annette and you know how much I enjoyed seeing you and spending so much time with you - more than you probably could afford - , the lovely evenings on your balcony and the talks. It is nice to know that although ideas may run on somewhat different lines, that is not really what matters.

I had hoped to copy out some of my translations for Annette and you and perhaps something of my own. But this would only delay matters more. And I want above all to send you the address of the Nature cure specialists which I just got. If you write to the Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Liberton, Edinburgh 9 asking whether he could fix for you an appointment with Mr James Thomson in London that according to my friend is the right procedure. If you wish you can say that you got the address from a friend of Prof. John Rees, 35 Beaufort Avenue, Langland, Swansea, Glam.

My friends in London say ~~ixxxx~~ they will look round for a firstrate heart specialist, but I have had not reply yet. Consensus of opinion seems to be that the Dr whose name I gave you seems lately rather tired and ageing. Moreover he is not a heart specialist. Nevertheless he knows his way about.

This I am writing just while I am coming up, so to say, for a bit of fresh air and before I am going under again. I have more students than I had ever before - 120 alone in my first year course - with classes and essays this is a good deal of work although I have of course some help from our juniors. Otherwise together with my courses for second and third year students it would become quite unmanageable. And of course in between I try to do my own writing. Still, to feel one is doing something worthwhile is quite exhilarating. An hour ago one of the young chaps in the first year course came to me because he could not find his name on the list for classes, - there is of course a lot of organising to be done and all kind of worries small and great to be taken care of. This was one of them. He was taking English and French with Sociology as his third subject~~x~~ this year. I asked him whether he could follow and how he liked it. And after a bit of humming and hawing he came out with it that he found it most interesting. But why Sociology? I asked Well, he wanted to become a writer, but he added carefully that was of course not his only reason for taking sociology. So I said there was nothing wrong with that and I did not mind in the least even if that were his main reason provided he worked hard. That apparently encouraged him to say that he had a cousin who was also a writer. But he only wrote about himself and that was not his line. So I said that this was something everyone had to judge for himself. And he should tell me a little later what he got out of it. Of course, he was very young. But apart from our own specialists we have now people who read mathematics or physics or history and so on~~x~~, each connecting it with his other studies in one way or the other. In fact I

I rather liked them, and am sorry I forgot. Getting a bit old and forgetful. Do give them my regards and apologies. In the rush of my departure I forgot to take my leave from your friends, the Johnsons and to thank them for their hospitality. I am really in the fact, I am trying to give them an introduction to the study of men, a humanistic course and a scientific course at the same time ranging from ~~xxxxxxx~~ an understanding of present-day increase of world population and its causes (ca. 3000 million people at the end of this century according to a U. N. projection!) to a bird's eye view of man's social development from the old stone age.

Well, you can see, it carries me away, - but if one would not really like what one does, where would one be?

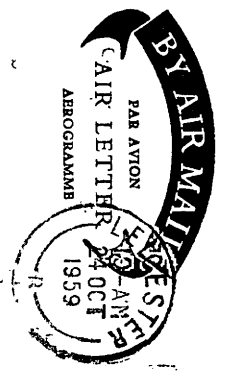
I hope this letter is not too late to reach you in Rome. If you come to England let me know your whereabouts and if you are free come here, but let me know in advance. You will probably find Leicester a not very interesting town. It is a busy, very wealthy, not too dirty and culturally rather humdrum town. But the people are nice. And I can show you the University with its view of the cemetery "immortalised" by the entrance passages of Lucky Jim.

There is one point more. I found that the Monterlans which I had for you have got a bit dusty and tried to get other copies without success. So I shall you these, - I hope you don't mind.

With all good wishes for Annette and you

Robert

← First fold here →

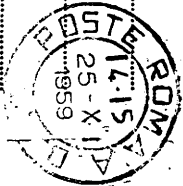


Mr. Maurice Rowdon
 Via Giulio 102
 Rome
 Italy



← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address: DR. N. F. J. B. R. E.
 The University
 Dept. of Anatomy
 Leicester
 U. K.



AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

814

The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAGAZINE AWARDS

Administered by the University of Illinois : URBANA

To
Magazine Personnel
Everywhere:

161 Administration Bldg.
March 25, 1955

The University of Illinois announces with pleasure that the dinner for the presentation of the second annual

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAGAZINE AWARDS

will be held in the Presidential Room of the Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C., on May 11, at 7:00 p.m. The price will be \$8 per plate, including gratuities.

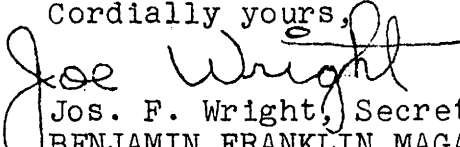
Invitations will be mailed on April 22 with reservation cards enclosed. Return envelopes will be addressed to the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Awards Dinner, but in care of the National Education Association at Washington. The Public Relations office of that organization will mail tickets immediately upon receipt of orders, designating table assignments.

The presentation ceremony was moved to Washington this year in order that we might cooperate in the nationally important conference of Magazine Editors and Educators. Our dinner will be the concluding event of that affair, scheduled for May 10 and 11. It is, as you know, co-sponsored by the Magazine Publisher's Association and the National Education Association. It is the one opportunity each year where magazine editors and top-flight educators may sit down together and discuss mutual problems in the field of education.

Just to refresh your memory: The University of Illinois annually gives Benjamin Franklin Magazine Awards for outstanding work. The seven awards to be presented May 11 are for work published during the calendar year of 1954. They include: a gold medal and scroll to the magazine judged as having rendered the greatest public service; a scroll and \$1000 for the most outstanding piece of magazine reporting; and scrolls and \$500 each to the writers of the best article which depicts life in the United States, which interprets our foreign scene or foreign relations, the best biography, best short story, and one in a miscellaneous category for work not specifically covered by other awards.

Please make every effort to join us at Washington. Maybe you can time one of your business trips to coincide with the date of May 11.

Cordially yours,


Jos. F. Wright, Secretary

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAGAZINE AWARDS

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

8th July 1957

Telephone 65211

My dear Maurice,

I have unfortunately mislaid your last letter with your new address; and all the searching among the mountains of books and papers in my study have failed to produce it. I shall therefore send this letter to your old address in Rome and a copy to the Falkensteinerstr. in the hope that one or the other will reach you.

Let me say first, please don't worry about my book. It was very good of you, even to try to help me with it. But it has not anything to do with you or me, if it does not come off. And it won't come off in Frankfurt. That I can see now very clearly. And can understand it. Some time ago I had a letter from Dr. Frenzel who is in charge of this matter in which he made new proposals for alterations intended to make the book more popular. And although I am not in principle opposed to the idea, the suggestions were vague and the whole gist of the letter which incidentally was very friendly, made me feel that, quite seriously, the House Fischer has grave doubts whether the publication of this book would pay. Fischer after all, as I was reminded, is not a scientific publishing house. If I would make the vaguely suggested, but farreaching "Umarbeitung", the book might be acceptable. Otherwise with regret etc etc.

I have full sympathy with this and as the book is too good I think for a half hearted acceptance I shall write now that we better call it a day. I have no doubt that it will make its way. So neither of us need be sorry about this. What remains in my memory, Maurice, is your help and your kindness; and a very pleasant evening I spent at the Fischer's house while I was in Frankfurt.

Moreover, the book is again and again quoted in American publications and, as these things go, gradually establishing itself over there as a standard book in certain fields. There is growing interest for it. I have had some requests for it from there; and I have some reason to think that I shall be able to bring it out there.

I saw the other day Frederic by chance at Sadlers Wells where the Theater am Kurfurstendamm was playing. One of my friends whom you met at Levanto is a former actress and got free tickets for all performances. Unfortunately I was not free when they played Wozzek or "Der Zerbrochene Krug" which I would have loved to see, so we went to Steindberg's "Traumspiel" very impressive so far as the extremely imaginative décor - Kassar Neher - was concerned, some very good acting, - I am afraid the names still

mean little to me, - so I forget them; but the play, - the play is only bearable when he lets dreams loose, but, for me, unbearable when he is so to say rational and quite conscious of what he intends to do and points to the morale with his finger: "Es ist schade um die Menschen". I don't know whether you know it. Still, it was certainly worth seeing. One cannot say, in a general way that acting and production are better or worse than they are here. They are different and for me at least it was rather stimulating. A very odd audience. Mixture of German embassy + newly established German colony + refugees. - evening dresses, - ostentatiously and challengingly shown, - again quite nice for a change. Rousing reception, - more I think than actually deserved. The Manchester Guardian remarked, not perhaps without justification, there were obviously many "Sei-uns-in-Berlin-ist-es-besser-people". What a pity it is that you are not more often here. Maurice, I don't know whether it is the best thing for you to cut yourself off so much from what is going on here, although of course the theatre am Kurfr stendamm is probably more familiar to you than to people here, still there is a lot going on here that is stimulating. ~~But~~ I really can't say, *with the best of you*

Frederic was sorry that we had not met for some time and so was I. But now, living, as I do outside London I have to ration my time when I am there. What can one do. It looks more soigné; on the whole I think married life does him good. I don't know whether you hear from him.

I hope your new flat proves satisfactory. It is always exciting to build up something new, though of course a lot of troubles too. I hope you both will enjoy it. I heard that it was rather hot in Rome for a time. So it was here. I immensely enjoyed it. Unfortunately for the time being it seems to be over here, though it is still not as cool as it was last summer, much better in fact, though overcast and close.

Do not forget to let me know in good time when you come to London. Write to 59, St. Peters Road, Leicester, - my private address where letters reach me quicker. I am still terribly busy, - writing; this is the only time when I can do it with concentration, - though the weather is rather irritating. Next session I shall have an enormous amount of work to do - teaching and administration as well; for my colleague goes as visiting professor to Ghana for a year, so I am alone in charge. I am working now to get at least a paper ready before the beginning of the new session. I have to teach at a Summerschool early in August and may go off in September if I get far enough with my own work. I have been skiing at Easter, near Innsbruck and a bit of mountaineering, though I probably don't deserve another holiday.

This is rather rambling. Do let me hear from you. And don't worry about the book. Give all my good wishes to Annette. I hope she likes the flat. Where do you get the furniture?

Yours,

David

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

Telephone 65211

Dear Annice,

It was so cold and rainy up
north that I fled south as fast as I could
before the snow is on. In the Hague, in Basle, even
in Rome nothing but rain and rain and rain.

I am interested by the design of the land-
scape as one travels westwards, though I missed a
good deal as I travelled one night.

Annice in Rome and the sea. I shall stay
here about five to six days, found a room
at the Albergo Anglo-Brunico, Room 11
via Della Spina, Fontana

If you can you get in touch with me,
though if it is simple for you to come to a place
near Spezia - either Livorno or Livorno drop me a
line to my hotel in Rome. I shall get there in less than a week
whenever it is I shall be glad to see you.
With love
Yours
Walter



SENIOR COMMON ROOM
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
LEICESTER

Telephone 65211

20 April 1956

My dear Maurice,

I have looked up words and thought a bit about them. So in addition to what I wrote yesterday I will give you a few suggestions. I feel of course quite unable to say anything really relevant because I do not know the book itself. Perimeter in German is, in the first instance, an instrument for measuring the scope of one's field of vision. But in German it is quite possible to use a word in a sense which is not strictly that which can be found in dictionaries. Perimeter West sounds quite good to me. There are some vague memories such as Remarque: "Nichts Neues im Westen" or something of this kind. "Und neues Leben" is perhaps more striking and significant. But you can judge for yourself. I thought I might give you a few more words: "Wache West", "Ringwall West", Bastion, Postenkette, Redoute, Schanze, Grenzlinie, Bollwerk, Palisade etc. etc. Aubrey's German publisher is the Frankfurter Verlags-Anstalt.

I am writing this at a friend's place in a hurry so that you might get it before you leave London. Hence I cannot send you at the moment the verse. Shall I send it to Frankfurt? I have looked again at "Of Sin and Winter". I do not think you were right in saying that in five years time I shall no longer be influenced by the fact that I know the author. My feelings are rather conservative.

It was good seeing you again.

Yours ever

David

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER
16th August 1956

Telephone 65211

My dear Maurice,

I am just on the point of leaving for Amsterdam to attend a big Congress of Sociology (with people from literally all over the world) and I want to let you know how to get in touch with me just in case we are somewhere near each other either in Switzerland or in Germany or wherever it is. It would be nice to see you again.

I am sorry I did not write earlier. I was terribly rushed with finishing a paper, have just managed to get through the proofs and to collect enough stuff (and ideas) for the ~~Essay~~ on Laughter with which I hope to get on when I return.

I have written sometime ago, following your advice, to Dr. Hirsch giving him the name of a Dutch professor as reference; and got back a rather stiff letter saying that they had already someone else in Germany whom they had asked for a "Gutachten" and that they would give me their decision in good time. This not from Hirsch himself, but on his instruction. Not knowing that he was Dr. Hirsch I had written to Herr Hirsch. That of course is a grave matter in Germany. I hope he did not take it amiss. But the reply was directed rather pointedly to "Herrn Elias" on the instruction of "Dr. Hirsch" (which might amuse you, but don't aggravate the situation by talking about it. It may have simply been his subordinate's feeling for the rightness of things).

I have just started, "Perimeter West" which I shall take with me on my journey to-morrow. Thank you very much for sending me a copy. I am extremely impressed by what I have read so far. I simply like the style: the fast clear rhythm of the sentences; straightforward to the point; and the vision comes out clear like a sculpture and alive whether it is the mood of the people after the bombardment or the relationship between Gerda and Tom. What I am not clear about so far, is the construction of the plot or rather the sudden interruption of one plot by the other. But I have not got far enough to judge. I have looked for reviews in the papers, but, so far, have not seen any. It is of course quite different from, in fact very much more serious than, what is fashionable just now in this country. This of course is your difficulty. There are no "Lucky Jim"s in your book. There is a lot more to be said but no time.

Do let me know what your plans are and when they are going to take you. My plans are not fixed. We had a most miserable summer here; and I am going out in search of the sun. I am going to stay in Amsterdam till 26th August. My address is: Centraal Hotel, Leids Bosje, Amsterdam C. What I shall do afterwards is probably to go via Frankfurt-Basle to Vienna where I may stay with friends for a few days and then via the Dolomites to Venice and back, one way or the other, via Paris. But I may also go to Spiccia where a friend of mine intends to bask in the sun, if there is any. If you are anywhere in that neighbourhood (big neighbourhood) and not too occupied one way or the other (as you probably are) send me a note to Amsterdam. Letters to my address here in Leicester (private address 59, St. Peters Road) will be forwarded, but rather irregularly as I don't always know where I am going to stay.

Yours,



Yes Stuttgart was nightmarish but my homecoming was heavenly. Daphne had changed my flat out of recognition. Instead of dust and ashes I found a place - and a woman - streaming with light and loveliness. On Sunday night we ~~heard~~^{SAW} Guido Cantelli conduct Beethoven's 5th Symphony at the Festival Hall, and I heard that Symphony for the first time. ~~But~~ Going to the Hall and seeing the London crowds again after all that upheaval of four weeks in Switzerland and Italy and Germany Isaid to Daphne "this is a country of human faces," and so it is. Hope has not died in this country and though indeed disinherited the waiting heirs exist!!

Amongst the letters ~~writing~~^{lieing here} for me ~~was~~ was one from Ilona who is now back in Canada. She tells me that Karl had been encouraged to apply for the post of ^a Visiting Professor in ^{at} Manchester, that they had built all their plans for a return to Europe on this ~~but~~^{that} he has now been rejected on the grounds of new age limit rulings. ~~WAAAA~~ They have been rather shattered by this - Ilona adds resignedly "There'll always be an England!" ~~But~~ in a postscript she says: "I saw Maurice Rowdon's book advertised some time ago - if you have it, could you send it to me?" I think she must mean "Of Sins and Winter!" Shall I order a copy for her here or can you have one sent out by the publishers? Her address is I.P./R.R. 3, Pickering, Ontario, Canada. - My friend Helmut Günther in Stuttgart is engaged on a study of War Books from a serious and interesting point of view. He has ^{already} published quite a lot ^{on} ~~about~~ this subject ~~and~~²⁵ I ~~was~~ impressed on him the importance of your book which before ~~you~~^{will} long will be in the hands of the German public too - I think it feasible - it has happened before - that an important English book ~~reaches~~^{will} the British isles via its German reputation! I hope ~~we~~^{that} shall now always keep in touch and ~~I~~^{that} shall learn about the German publication in good time - (Annette in whom I have the utmost confidence will see to it!) and ~~May~~ I remind you ~~that~~ that

you wanted to send me your essay on Berchtesgaden - I am deeply interested. Also please tell me once more which number of The European had your story in it (was it April 1954) so that I can order two copies.

July 7th, 1955.

I kept on ringing your parents but so far have not succeeded in getting through. Perhaps they are on a holiday? I don't like holding up this letter any longer but of course I shall ~~try~~ try again and shall find out.

Give my love to Annette please. Very many thanks for everything, I hope you have found a place where you can breathe and work quietly,

Cheerio! Frederic

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER
11th December 1956

Telephone 65211

My dear Maurice,

the term is over and I am just coming up for a little air. I must write to you before I go under again, first to thank you for your note, secondly to tell you briefly what happened when I visited Frankfort and saw Annette's parents (in case you haven't heard) and thirdly to tell you (what I should have told you before) how immensely I enjoyed staying with you and Annette at Ronchi, talking with you peacefully - at the beach and the evenings, and playing with the dog and the journey to Levanto. This together with the days at Levanto has greatly helped me to get without undue strain through an over-full term. This was only my second "holiday without work" since the war (and probably before the war). I came home greatly refreshed. There is more and more work to do here, teaching and working out a new degree and fighting for something sensible even though a bit new against a good deal of moral cowardice; for the new Elizabethans, mostly, have lost any sense of adventure, no risks, or if adventures, so clumsily and stupidly done that it beggars description; but I don't want to talk about Suez either. You can't imagine what it was like here. For two days, the Common Room - Bedlam, - people leaving each others tables or no longer on speaking terms.

And with all that I had to sit down in the evening when the day's work was done, night after night jotting down notes and making a draft for (of all things) my "Essay on Laughter", because I must finish it at Easter or at the latest in the Summer to get my mind free for something else which needs doing. And of course the Essay is a kind of relaxation. Moreover, I had to give a talk on the same subject (wisely chosen, for that reason) to the Haldane Society here which is the University's internal society formed by my dear colleagues where they gauge each other's mettle, - wisely chosen, for that pressure helped to advance my work on the Essay a good deal. And it went very well. After the all too concentrated and abstract thing on Detachment and Involvement, this is nice and easy and "fascinating" (as the chairman said), and so I feel re-assured and go on with the good work though I have no idea to whom I shall offer it for publication when it is finished.

I should of course have written immediately I left Frankfort where I went directly from Levanto as you advised me to do.

, rang up Dr. Berman who seemed rather cautious and made an appointment at the office for the next afternoon. I used the morning to pay a visit to the Buch-Messe, went from one stand to the other, wanted to see the exhibition of S. Fischer Verlag, could not find it, asked at the enquiries desk and arrived, walking leisurely from stand to stand, at that of S. Fischer, precisely at the moment at which a (to me of course unknown) gentleman asked audibly: "Und was machen wir also mit dem Mann wenn er heut nachmittag kommt? Was sollen wir ihm über das Buch sagen?" Followed discussion about proposals for my book, not always flattering. Perhaps I stood there too long; perhaps I was rather more suborned than the usual run of visitors; after a while eyes seemed to turn towards me; and I took flight. The same afternoon, we had some kind of negotiations, exploring possibilities. I thought one could produce my book in the same way as Pirenne's, and surprisingly enough, both volumes together with a few omissions ~~xxxxx~~ would make one volume of the same size as Pirenne's History of Europe which I gather sells well. Dr Berman wanted the title changed. I was a bit adamant, but wrote later suggesting that I would not mind a change of title provided the word civilisation did somehow appear (to mark the continuity) and asking for a decision before the return to Amerika of Annette's parents. I had a most enjoyable evening two days later at Falkensteinerstr. met Annette's sisters and her mother, talked a bit shop and non-shop (I had seen the day before a very interesting performance of Miller's 'View from the Bridge' at the "Kleine(?) Theater". Left at 10 p.m. and had afterwards a long conversation with Dr. Ivo Frenzel who, I understand, is so to say in charge of the "Elias" project. I think we understood each other very well. Even though (in theory) a more scientific publishing house might perhaps be more interested, I personally would like to see, for many reasons, the book published by Fischer. For one thing, I prefer to have it brought with illustration before a wider public. That is how we parted. Since then I have written once briefly adding to what I had already said and asking for a decision one way or the other before Dr. Berman's return to the States. That was on the 1st of October. Alas, since then I have heard no more. And of course I had too much to do to bother. So much about myself.

I of course thought you would hear of all that when you went to Frankfurt, But there was probably so much else. I am glad Ringwall had good reviews. I regard Juenger as one of the most gifted writers. His standing in Germany, so far as I know, is high. I can quite understand that you might be a bit put off by a slightly mannered style. But the German language is less firm in its ~~xxxxxxxx~~ texture; the writer is more easily derailed; a slightly ponderous individual rhythm and music (also to be found in Thomas Mann) is ~~xxxxxxxx~~ one of the ways in which the German writer tries to protect himself against the dangers of a language which is on the one hand a wonderfully malleable material, on the other hand constantly in danger of degenerating, of going to pieces. A comparison with Jünger is certainly a serious compliment. Lorenz mentioned in your letter is far more than a kind of zoo worker in Vienna. He is (together with Tinbergen now in Oxford) the pioneering leader of a modern branch of biology, the comparative study of behaviour, one of the most fruitful branches of contemporary biology. L. is a highly gifted man, magnificent as an observer of details as well as a theorist.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

Telephone 65211

, some of the main theoretical innovations of this school are due to him. At the same time he is in both respects as observer and theorist, not always trustworthy and reliable (nor as some people maintain, as a person, but about that I don't know anything personally; what I do know is that some of my acquaintances who know him rather dislike him, but that need not influence either you or myself, except perhaps as a caution). I have tried to get you the other of his more general books, could not get it so far, but shall try again when I am in London.

I very much hope to see you soon here in England. Do let me know in good time (if you can) when you are likely to be in London. During the term there is such a mad rush; but I can always arrange to come to London or perhaps you can come here? Except in the week following the 20th January when I have to prepare and to give a lecture in Cambridge.

Yours, as ever

Grant

I shall send you separately a re-print of the bit on "Involvement and Detachment"; it had to be condensed to about half its original length and so is hardly readable, but there are a few nice bits in it which you might like.

What about the play - your play - in Berlin? How did it go? Did you see it?

One thing I meant to say - although you have probably seen it for yourself that Ringwall West was displayed in the window of nearly every Frankfurt bookshop while I was there. I only had a brief look at the German translation. It reads very well as far as I could see.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER
30th March 1957

Telephone 65211

My dear Maurice,

I had some hope to pass through Frankfort during the Easter holidays and perhaps to see you there; but as things have turned out I can't make it with the limited time I have.

Thank you very much for your letter with Horkheimer's address. I have written to him; he is in the States just now. But as my Court action against the University Frankfort is hanging fire in any case, it does not matter. It's a sad business altogether. ~~The~~ action drags on now for more than 3 years. Because of a small formality the Minister refuses so far compensation. I would not mind really if the superannuation which I can expect from my job here were not so pityfully small. So naturally I went to get a compensation which includes pension rights from Germany if I possibly can.

Still, all that is neither here nor there. I suppose you have been in Berlin in the meantime. Was it about the play? You did not tell me very much about the play; but I am delighted to hear that it might be played first in Hamburg at the Thalia Theater. Do let me know in any case when it comes on the stage. If it is not just in term time I should like to come over and see it. I did see the Diary of Anne Frank here. It was a rather strange experience. The girl was acted very well; boy and her parents rather mediocre, but I am not sure whether the father for example can be more than the nearly ideal and beloved father of the diary. Of the minor parts only the fat Jew who eats too much and his wife came to life. But however that may be, I can't really judge the play as a play. It affected me too much. And I still have not sorted it out in my own mind how it is that one can't judge the make believe world on the stage too well if one is too much involved personally in what goes on ~~on the stage~~ there, if it blends too much with sentiments one has tried in vein to forget. It certainly cannot be worthless as a ~~make~~ piece of stage craft if it can affect one so strongly. Yet I cannot feel that it is a very good play. I would not like to see it again. While on the other hand "Phédre", - Racine's Phédre - which I have just seen with Mlle Feuilière in the title role has not only moved me deeply though it does not seem to have any connections with my personal life, but I could see it again and again; - it moves me deeply, although I seem to be more detached. While I am quite clear about the problems of involvement and detachment with regard to knowledge, thinking, scientific and non-scientific, I am not quite clear about the problems of involvement and detachment with regard to

art. Can it be that the difference in one's reception of "Anne Frank" and of "Phédre" - if I can make a comparison which is of course unfair to the former - lies in the fact that one's involvement in the first case is something of which one is quite conscious; and that the strings of feeling evoked by plays like Phédre or, say, Hamlet are more deeply buried in us and unconscious? And that the craftsmanship needed, in order to appeal to the buried, the primeval dreams of men over the generations is of a different kind, is, perhaps, of a higher order than that required ~~for~~ if ~~xxxxxxx~~ it is used to appeal to the short term passions of a period? I cannot judge whether "Anne Frank" does more than that. Will people still be moved by it who have not gone through all that, directly or indirectly? I really don't know.

But I must not ramble on. I am just on the point of going to Innsbruck and then either to the Dolomits or, if that is too expensive into the ^Uetzthal. I had a very exhausting term and shall need all my resources next session for my colleague goes for a year as visiting professor to Ghana and I shall be in charge of it alone with some outside help, of course and a new young assistant lecturer. I need mountain air - Leicester has a particularly damp climate which does not entirely agree with me - and want to do a bit of skiing if it is not too late or walking, - snow and lots of sunshine would be ideal if it is to be had.

About the book. Don't ~~do~~ very much about it, Maurice. It is very good of you to try. I need not tell you how good it is to know that you care for it. But if the Fischer's don't do anything on their own initiative, I would not wish to press it. Moreover, I had just a request from an American publishing house to send them copies; they are interested in an American edition. But of course nothing may come of it; nor need an American edition preclude another German edition. But I have the feeling things are moving. Toynbee who translated some passages from my second volume for his 9th volume has left one of them again in his shortened version. A fascinating little Pelican on Group psycho-therapy which has just come out also alludes to it. So did Harold Nicolson in his Good Behaviour and others more. It will come out; at the moment I am rather confident, but cannot think of anything but of sunshine and mountain air.

I hope the translation of the play is making good progress. If Schoor has translated Christopher Fry, he should be good. My thing on laughter is languishing at the moment. But I will certainly let you know. Heineman would be very good. Would one have to get in touch with them if it is finished or can one approach them if it is half finished so as to know what size they think appropriate? Let me know about your movements. I should not like to miss you, should you come to England. I was so glad to hear about Annette. I think I told you about the friend of mine, now professor of politics in Swansea who was worse I think than Annette ever was (heart and blood pressure) and who is now - after steady treatment on very similar lines - perfectly fit.

Let me hear from you!

Yours, ever

Don't

"Anne Frank" has now come off the program

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF LEICESTER

SENIOR
COMMON ROOM



UNIVERSITY ROAD
LEICESTER

8th July 1957

Telephone 65211

My dear Maurice,

I have unfortunately mislaid your last letter with your new address; and all the searching among the mountains of books and papers in my study have failed to produce it. I shall therefore send this letter to your old address in Rome and a copy to the Falkensteinerstr, in the hope that one or the other will reach you.

~~Let me say~~ Let me say first, please don't worry about my book. It was very good of you ~~even to try~~ to help me with it. But it has ~~nothing~~ anything to do with you or me, if it does not come off. And it won't come off in Frankfurt. That I can see now very clearly. And can understand it. Some time ago I had a letter from Dr. Frenzel who is in charge of this matter in which he made new proposals for alterations intended to make the book more popular. And although I am not in principle opposed to the idea, the suggestions were ~~so~~ vague and the whole gist of the letter which incidentally was very friendly, made me feel that, quite seriously, the House Fischer has grave doubts whether the publication of this book would pay. Fischer after all, as I was reminded, is not a scientific publishing house. If I would make the vaguely suggested, but farreaching "Umarbeitung", the book might be acceptable. Otherwise with regret etc etc.

I have full sympathy with this and as the book is too good I think for a half hearted acceptance I shall write now that we better call it a day. I have no doubt that it will make its way. So neither of us need be sorry about this. What remains in my memory, Maurice, is, your help and your kindness; and a very pleasant evening I spent at the Fischer's house while I was in Frankfurt.

Moreover, the book is again and again quoted in American publications and, as these things go, gradually establishing itself over there as a standard book in certain fields. There is growing interest for it. I have had some requests for it from there; and I have some reason to think that I shall be able to bring it out there.

I saw the other day Frederic by chance at Sadlers Wells where the Theater am Kurfürstendamm was playing. One of my friends whom you met at Levanto is a former actress and got free tickets for all performances. Unfortunately I was not free when they played Wozzek or "Der Zerbrochne Krug" which I would have loved to see, so we went to Strindberg's "Traumspiel" very impressive so far as the extremely imaginative décor - Kaspar Neher - was concerned, some very good acting, - I am afraid the names still

mean little to me, - so I forgot them; but the play, - the play is only bearable when he lets dreams loose, but, for me, unbearable when he is so to say rational and quite conscious of what he intends to do and points to the morale with his finger: "Es ist schade um die Menschen". I don't know whether you know it. Still, it was certainly worth seeing. One cannot say, in a general way that acting and production are better or worse than they are here. They are different and for me at least it was rather stimulating. A very odd audience. Mixture of German embassy + newly established German colony + refugees. - evening dresses, - ostentatiously and challengingly shown, - again quite nice for a change. Rousing reception, - more I think than actually deserved. The Manchester Guardian remarked, not perhaps without justification, there were obviously many "Bel-uns-in-Berlin-ist-es-besser-people". What a pity it is that you are not more often here. Maurice, I don't know whether it is the best thing for you to cut yourself off so much from what is going on here, although of course the theatre am Kurfr stendamm is probably more familiar to you than to people here, still there is a lot going on here that is stimulating. ~~surely~~, I really can't say, *which tho I find in you*

Frederic was sorry that we had not met for some time and so was I. But now, living as I do outside London I have to ration my time when I am there. What can one do. He looks more soigné; on the whole I think married life does him good. I don't know whether you hear from him.

I hope your new flat proves satisfactory. It is always exciting to build up something new, though of course a lot of trouble too. I hope you both will enjoy it. I heard that it was rather hot in Rome for a time. So it was here. I immensely enjoyed it. Unfortunately for the time being it seems to be over here, though it is still not as cool as it was last summer, much better in fact, though overcast and close.

Do not forget to let me know in good time when you come to London. Write to 59, St. Peters Road, Leicester, - my private address where letters reach me quicker. I am still terribly busy, - writing; this is the only time when I can do it with concentration, - though the weather is rather irritating. Next session I shall have an enormous amount of work to do - teaching and administration as well; for my colleague goes as visiting professor to Ghana for a year, so I am alone in charge. I am working now to get at least a paper ready before the beginning of the new session. I have to teach at a Summerschool early in August and may go off in September if I get far enough with my own work. I have been skiing at Easter near Insbruck and got bit of mountaineering, though I probably don't deserve another holiday.

This is rather rambling. Do let me hear from you. And don't worry about the book. Give all my good wishes to Annette. I hope she likes the flat. Where do you get the furniture?

Yours,

Robert

Let me know what you do during the summer. If I get away from here, I may go via Insbruck or Zurich to Venice which I still have not seen and perhaps further south. Keep me au courant!

W

The BRITISH JOURNAL of SOCIOLOGY

CONTENTS

THE MORTON COMMISSION: A SOCIAL AND HISTORICAL COMMENTARY	O. R. MCGREGOR
INDIANS IN EAST AFRICA: A STUDY IN A PLURAL SOCIETY	STEPHEN MORRIS
SNOBBERY	ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
ISLAM AND THE ORIENTALISTS: SOME RECENT DISCUSSIONS	ELIE KEDOURIE
PROBLEMS OF INVOLVEMENT AND DETACHMENT	NORBERT ELIAS
ADMINISTRATION AND SOCIOLOGY IN DUTCH INDONESIA	H. TH. CHABOT

BOOK REVIEWS



Managing Editor : D. G. MACRAE

Editorial Board : M. GINSBERG, D. V. GLASS, T. H. MARSHALL,
I. SCHAPERA and R. TITMUSS

Annual Subscription. 30s. post free, payable in advance. *Single copies* 10s. net

VOLUME VII. NUMBER 3

Published by

W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge, for

**THE EAST AFRICAN INSTITUTE OF
SOCIAL RESEARCH**

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AND TRIBAL CHANGE.

A Study of Immigrant Labour in Buganda.

Edited by **Audrey I. Richards** 30s.

“ Dr. Richards and her colleagues are to be congratulated on producing so detailed and authoritative a study of one of Buganda’s most difficult problems.”—*The Economist*

BWAMBA. A Structural-Functional Analysis of a Patri-
lineal Society. by **E. H. Winter** 30s.

ALUR SOCIETY. A Study of Processes and Types of
Domination. by **A. W. Southall** 30s.

BANTU BUREAUCRACY. A Study of Conflict and
Integration in the Political Institutions of an East African
People. by **L. A. Fallers** 30s.

* * * * *

The Institute also publishes two series of occasional papers entitled **East African Studies** and **East African Linguistic Studies**. The annual subscription for both series together is 30s. Subscriptions may be sent to:

The Administrative Secretary,
East African Institute of Social Research,
Makerere College, P.O. Box 262, Kampala, Uganda

Single copies available outside East Africa from Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., 43 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

SPECIAL OFFER: Subscribers whose subscriptions are received before January 1st, 1957 will receive all back issues of *East African Studies* (Numbers 1-6) and *East African Linguistic Studies* No. 2.

But this analysis does not withstand a closer scrutiny. The rulers of the Middle East to-day have been, whether in Persia or the Ottoman Empire or Egypt, members—humble ones, it is true—of the political and military institutions which the “middle classes” are supposed to have captured. These men, imbued with nationalism and a radical contempt for traditions, were only able to capture the state and effect the momentous transformation which we now see, not because they were of the middle class, but because they belonged to the political and military institutions, and were able to use these institutions as levers for their disaffection. But it is not on a tone of criticism that one would wish to end. That Grunebaum’s book raises so many fundamental questions, and wakens so many echoes and ripples in the mind, is a measure of its many excellences.

NOTES

1. G. E. von Grunebaum, *Islam, Essays in the Nature and Growth of a Cultural Tradition*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 21s.
2. *Medieval Islam*, Chicago, 1946.
3. D. B. Macdonald, *Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence and Constitutional Theory*, New York, 1903, p. 128.
4. D. S. Margoliouth, *Mohammedanism*, Home University Library, 1911, p. 92. The cool and astringent qualities of this book ought to ensure it against oblivion.
5. L. Gardet, *La Cité Musulmane, Vie Sociale et Politique*, Paris, 1954, p. 25.
6. The relevant passages from al-Ghazali are extensively translated by S. G. Haim, in her paper “Islam and the Theory of Arab Nationalism”, *Die Welt des Islams*, N.S., vol. IV, no. 2-3, 1955.
7. “The Evolution of Government in Early Islam”, *Studia Islamica*, vol. IV, 1955.
8. “An Interpretation of Islamic History”, *Cahiers d’Histoire Mondiale*, vol. I, 1953.
9. *Mohammedanism, An Historical Survey*, Home University Library, 1949.
10. Such a view is ably and cogently argued by Abd al-Rahman al-Bazzaz in his pamphlet “Islam and Arab Nationalism” translated by S. G. Haim in *Die Welt des Islams*, N.S., vol. III, 1954. Gardet, in his book above mentioned, seems to subscribe to such a view.
11. D. G. Hogarth, “Arabs and Turks”, printed in an appendix to my book, *England and the Middle East*, 1956.
12. To quote his own words: “Sur bases volontaristes et uniquement positives, on se trouve rejoindre en fait un certain nombre de données susceptibles de fonder une notion démocratique d’autorité. Les textes coraniques qui les formulent ne suffiraient sans doute pas à en faire la dominante obligatoire de la cité souvent livrée dans le passé à l’autocratie et à l’arbitraire des chefs. Mais si des influences nouvelles offrent à ces données comme un dépassement d’elles-mêmes?” (p. 45).
13. See n. 6 above.
14. Ann K. S. Lambton, *Islamic Society in Persia*, 1954.

Problems of Involvement and Detachment

NORBERT ELIAS

Old Lady : Are you not prejudiced ?

Author : Madame, rarely will you meet a more prejudiced man nor one who tells himself he keeps his mind more open. But cannot that be because one part of our mind, that which we act with, becomes prejudiced through experience, and still we keep another part completely open to observe and judge with ?

Old Lady : Sir, I do not know.

Author : Madame, neither do I and it may well be that we are talking nonsense.

Old Lady : That is an odd term and one I did not encounter in my youth.

Author : Madame, we apply the term now to describe unsoundness in abstract conversation, or, indeed, any overmetaphysical tendency in speech.

Old Lady : I must learn to use these terms correctly.

E. Hemingway, *Death in the afternoon*.

I

ONE cannot say of a man's outlook in any absolute sense that it is detached or involved (or, if one prefers, "rational" or "irrational", "objective" or "subjective"). Only small babies, and among adults perhaps only insane people, become involved in whatever they experience with complete abandon to their feelings here and now; and again only the insane can remain totally unmoved by what goes on around them. Normally adult behaviour lies on a scale somewhere between these two extremes. In some groups, and in some individuals of these groups, it may come nearer to one of them than in others; it may shift hither and thither as social and mental pressures rise and fall. But social life as we know it would come to an end if standards of adult behaviour went too far in either direction. As far as one can see, the very existence of ordered group life depends on the interplay in men's thoughts and actions of impulses in both directions, those that involve and those that detach keeping each other in check. They may clash and struggle for dominance or compromise and form alloys of many different shades and kinds—however varied, it is the relation between the two which sets people's course. In using these terms,¹ one refers in short to

¹ It is still the prevalent practice to speak of psychological characteristics and of social characteristics of people not only as different, but as separable and in the last resort independent

changing equilibria between sets of mental activities which in man's relations with men, with non-human objects and with himself (whatever their other functions may be) have the function to involve and to detach.

As tools of thinking, therefore, "involvement" and "detachment" would remain highly ineffectual if they were understood to adumbrate a sharp division between two independent sets of phenomena. They do not refer to two separate classes of objects; used as universals they are, at best, marginal concepts. In the main, what we observe are people and people's manifestations, such as patterns of speech or of thought, and of other activities, some of which bear the stamp of higher, others of lesser detachment or involvement. It is the continuum that lies between these marginal poles that presents the principal problem. Can one determine with greater accuracy the position of specific attitudes or products of men within this continuum? One might, impressionistically, say for example that in societies like ours people tend to be more detached in their approaches to natural than to social events. Can one trace, at least summarily, criteria for different degrees of detachment and involvement? What in fact is meant, what does it imply if one says that in societies such as ours with a relatively high degree of industrialization and of control over non-human forces of nature, approaches to nature are on the whole more detached than those to society? The degree of detachment shown by different individuals in similar situations may differ greatly. Can one, nevertheless, speak, in this respect, of different degrees of detachment and involvement regardless of these individual variations?

II

The way in which individual members of a group experience whatever affects their senses, the meaning which it has for them, depends on the standard forms of dealing with, and of thinking and speaking about, these phenomena gradually evolved in their society. Thus, although the degree of detachment

sets of properties. And if this is the assumption underlying one's form of discourse, terms like "involved" and "detached", as they are used here, must appear as equivocal and vague. They have been chosen in preference to other perhaps more familiar terms precisely because they do not fall in line with linguistic usages which are based on the tacit assumption of the ultimate independence of psychological and social properties of men. They do not suggest as some current scientific concepts do that there are two separate sets of human functions or attributes, one psychological and one social in character, which communicate with each other only occasionally during a limited span of time with a definite beginning and a definite end by means of those one-way connections which we call "causes-and-effects" and then withdraw from each other until a new causal connection is established again with a definite beginning and a definite end.

Both these terms express quite clearly that changes in a person's relation with others and psychological changes are distinct but inseparable phenomena. The same holds good of their use as expressions referring to men's relation to "objects" in general. They seem preferable to others which like "subjective" and "objective" suggest a static and unbridgeable divide between two entities "subject" and "object". To give a brief and all too simple example of their meaning in this context: A philosopher once said, "If Paul speaks of Peter he tells us more about Paul than about Peter." One can say, by way of comment, that in speaking of Peter he is always telling us something about himself as well as about Peter. One would call his approach "involved" as long as his own characteristics, the characteristics of the perceiver, overshadow those of the perceived. If Paul's propositions begin to tell more about Peter than about himself the balance begins to turn in favour of detachment.

shown in one's encounter with natural forces may vary from individual to individual and from situation to situation, the concepts themselves which, in societies like ours, all individuals use in thinking, speaking and acting, concepts like "lightning", "tree" or "wolf" not less than "electricity", "organism", "cause-and-effect" or "nature", in the sense in which they are used to-day, represent a relatively high degree of detachment; so does the socially induced experience of nature as a "landscape" or as "beautiful". The range of individual variations in detachment, in other words, is limited by the public standards of detachment embodied in modes of thinking and speaking about nature and in the widely institutionalized use of natural forces for human ends. Compared with previous ages control of emotions in experiencing nature, as that of nature itself, has grown. Involvement has lessened, but it has not disappeared. Even scientific approaches to nature do not require the extinction of other more involved and emotive forms of approach. What distinguishes these from other less detached approaches is the manner in which tendencies towards detachment and towards involvement balance each other and blend.

Like other people, scientists engaged in the study of nature are, to some extent, prompted in the pursuit of their task by personal wishes and wants; they are often enough influenced by specific needs of the community to which they belong. They may wish to foster their own career. They may hope that the results of their inquiries will be in line with theories they have enunciated before or with the requirements and ideals of groups with which they identify themselves. But these involvements, in the natural sciences, determine as a rule nothing more than the general direction of inquiries; they are, in most cases, counter-balanced and checked by institutionalized procedures which compel scientists, more or less, to detach themselves, for the time being, from the urgent issues at hand. The immediate problems, personal or communal, induce problems of a different kind, scientific problems which are no longer directly related to specific persons or groups. The former, more narrowly time-bound, often serve merely as a motive force; the latter, the scientific problems which they may have induced, owe their form and their meaning to the wider and less time-bound continuum of theories and observations evolved in this or that problem-area by generations of specialists.

Like other human activities scientific inquiries into nature embody sets of values. To say that natural sciences are "non-evaluating" or "value-free" is a misuse of terms. But the sets of values, the types of evaluations which play a part in scientific inquiries of this type differ from those which have as their frame of reference the interests, the well-being or suffering of oneself or of social units to which one belongs. The aim of these inquiries is to find the inherent order of events as it is, independently not of any, but of any particular observer, and the importance, the relevance, the value of what one observes is assessed in accordance with the place and function it appears to have within this order itself.

In the exploration of nature, in short, scientists have learned that any

direct encroachment upon their work by short-term interests or needs of specific persons or groups is liable to jeopardize the usefulness which their work may have in the end for themselves or for their own group. The problems which they formulate and, by means of their theories, try to solve, have in relation to personal or social problems of the day a high degree of autonomy; so have the sets of values which they use; their work is not "value-free", but it is, in contrast to that of many social scientists, protected by firmly established professional standards and other institutional safeguards against the intrusion of heteronomous evaluations.¹ Here, the primary tendency of man to take the short route from a strongly felt need to a precept for its satisfaction has become more or less subordinate to precepts and procedures which require a longer route. Natural scientists seek to find ways of satisfying human needs by means of a detour—the detour via detachment. They set out to find solutions for problems potentially relevant for all human beings and all human groups. The question characteristic of men's involvement: "What does it mean for me or for us?" has become subordinate to questions like "What is it?" or "How are these events connected with others?" In this form, the level of detachment represented by the scientist's work has become more or less institutionalized as part of a scientific tradition reproduced by means of a highly specialized training, maintained by various forms of social control and socially induced emotional restraints; it has become embodied in the conceptual tools, the basic assumptions, the methods of speaking and thinking which scientists use.

Moreover, concepts and methods of this type have spread, and are spreading again and again, from the workshops of the specialists to the general public. In most industrial societies, impersonal types of explanations of natural events and other concepts based on the idea of a relatively autonomous order, of a course of events independent of any specific group of human observers, are used by people almost as a matter of course though most of them are probably unaware of the long struggle involved in the elaboration and diffusion of these forms of thinking.

Yet, here too, in society at large, these more detached forms of thinking represent only one layer in people's approaches to nature. Other more involved and emotive forms of thinking about nature have by no means disappeared.

¹ This concept has been introduced here in preference to the distinction between scientific procedures which are "value-free" and others which are not. It rather confuses the issue if the term "value", in its application to sciences, is reserved to those "values" which intrude upon scientific theories and procedures, as it were, from outside. Not only has this narrow use of the word led to the odd conclusion that it is possible to sever the connection between the activity of "evaluating" and the "values" which serve as its guide, it has also tended to limit the use of terms like "value" or "evaluating" in such a way that they seem applicable only in cases of what is otherwise known as "bias" or "prejudice". Yet, even the aim of finding out the relatedness of data, their inherent order or, as it is sometimes expressed, at approximating to the "truth", implies that one regards the discovery of this relatedness or of the "truth" as a "value". In that sense, every scientific endeavour has moral implications. Instead of distinguishing between two types of sciences, one of which is "value-free" while the other is not, one may find it both simpler and more apposite to distinguish in scientific pronouncements between two types of evaluations, one autonomous, the other heteronomous, of which one or the other may be dominant.

Thus in falling ill one may find one's thoughts stray again and again to the question: "Who is to blame for this?" The childhood experience of pain as the outcome of an attack and perhaps a certain urge to retaliate may assert themselves even though under the pressure of an overgrown conscience the attack may appear as deserved, so that one may come to feel, rightly or wrongly, one has only oneself to blame for it. And yet one may accept at the same time the doctor's more detached dictum that this illness followed primarily from a completely blind biological course of events and not from anybody's intentions, not from conscious or unconscious motives of any kind.

More involved forms of thinking, in short, continue to form an integral part of our experience of nature. But in this area of our experience they have become increasingly overlaid and counterbalanced by others which make higher demands on men's faculty of looking at themselves as it were from outside and of viewing what they call "mine" or "ours" as part systems of a larger system. In their experience of nature men have been able, in course of time, to form and to face a picture of the physical universe which is emotionally far from satisfactory, which, in fact, seems to become less and less so as science advances, but which at the same time agrees better with the cumulative results of systematic observations. They have learned to impose upon themselves greater restraint in their approaches to natural events and in exchange for the short-term satisfactions which they had to give up they have gained greater power to control and to manipulate natural forces for their own ends, and with it, in this sphere, greater security and other new long-term satisfactions.

III

Thus in their public approaches to nature, men have travelled a long way (and have to travel it again and again as they grow up) from the primary, the childhood patterns of thinking. The road they have travelled is still far from clear. But one can see in broad outline some of its characteristic patterns and mechanisms.

When men, instead of using stones as they found them against human enemies or beasts, with greater restraint of their momentary impulses, gradually changed towards fashioning stones in advance for their use as weapons or tools (as we may assume they did at some time), when, increasing their foresight, they gradually changed from gathering fruits and roots towards growing plants deliberately for their own use, it implied that they themselves as well as their social life and their natural surroundings, that their outlook as well as their actions changed. The same can be said of those later stages in which changes in men's thinking about nature became more and more the task of scientific specialists. Throughout these developments the mastery of men over themselves as expressed in their mental attitudes towards nature and their mastery over natural forces by handling them, have grown together. The level and patterns of detachment represented by public standards of

thinking about natural events were in the past and still are dependent on the level and the manner of control represented by public standards of manipulating them and vice versa.

For a very long time, therefore, men, in their struggle with the non-human forces of nature, must have moved in what appears in retrospect as a vicious circle. They had little control over natural forces on which they were dependent for their survival. Wholly dependent on phenomena whose course they could neither foresee nor influence to any considerable extent, they lived in extreme insecurity, and, being most vulnerable and insecure, they could not help feeling strongly about every occurrence they thought might affect their lives; they were too deeply involved to look at natural phenomena, like distant observers, calmly. Thus, on the one hand, they had little chance of controlling their own strong feelings in relation to nature and of forming more detached concepts of natural events as long as they had little control over them; and they had, on the other hand, little chance of extending their control over their non-human surroundings as long as they could not gain greater mastery over their own strong feelings in relation to them and increase their control over themselves.

The change towards greater control over natural phenomena appears to have followed what in our traditional language might be called "the principle of increasing facilitation". It must have been extremely difficult for men to gain greater control over nature as long as they had little control over it; and the more control they gained, the easier was it for them to extend it.

Nothing in our experience suggests that part-processes of this kind must always work in the same direction. Some of the phases in which they went into reverse gear are known from the past. Increasing social tensions and strife may go hand in hand with both a decrease of men's ability to control, and an increase in the phantasy-content of men's ideas about, natural as well as social phenomena. Whether feed-back mechanisms of this kind work in one or in the other direction depends, in short, on the total situation of the social units concerned.

IV

Paradoxically enough, the steady increase in the capacity of men, both for a more detached approach to natural forces and for controlling them, and the gradual acceleration of this process, have helped to increase the difficulties which men have in extending their control over processes of social change and over their own feelings in thinking about them.

Dangers threatening men from non-human forces have been slowly decreasing. Not the least important effect of a more detached approach in this field has been that of limiting fears, of preventing them, that is, from irradiating widely beyond what can be realistically assessed as a threat. The former helplessness in the face of incomprehensible and unmanageable natural forces has slowly given way to a feeling of confidence, the concomitant, one

might say, of increasing facilitation, of men's power to raise, in this sphere, the general level of well-being and to enlarge the area of security through the application of patient and systematic research.

But the growth of men's comprehension of natural forces and of the use made of them for human ends is associated with specific changes in human relationships; it goes hand in hand with the growing interdependence of growing numbers of people. The gradual acceleration in the increment of knowledge and use of non-human forces, bound up with specific changes in human relations as it is, has helped, in turn, to accelerate the process of change in the latter. The network of human activities tends to become increasingly complex, far-flung and closely knit. More and more groups, and with them more and more individuals, tend to become dependent on each other for their security and the satisfaction of their needs in ways which, for the greater part, surpass the comprehension of those involved. It is as if first thousands, then millions, then more and more millions walked through this world their hands and feet chained together by invisible ties. No one is in charge. No one stands outside. Some want to go this, others that way. They fall upon each other and, vanquishing or defeated, still remain chained to each other. No one can regulate the movements of the whole unless a great part of them are able to understand, to see, as it were, from outside, the whole patterns they form together. And they are not able to visualize themselves as part of these larger patterns because, being hemmed in and moved uncomprehendingly hither and thither in ways which none of them intended, they cannot help being preoccupied with the urgent, narrow and parochial problems which each of them has to face. They can only look at whatever happens to them from their narrow location within the system. They are too deeply involved to look at themselves from without. Thus what is formed of nothing but human beings acts upon each of them, and is experienced by many as an alien external force not unlike the forces of nature.

The same process which has made men less dependent on the vagaries of nature has made them more dependent on each other. The changes which, with regard to non-human forces, have given men greater power and security, have increasingly brought upon them different forms of insecurity. In their relations with each other men are again and again confronted, as they were in the past in their dealings with non-human forces, with phenomena, with problems which, given their present approaches, are still beyond their control. They are incessantly faced with the task of adjusting themselves to changes which though perhaps of their own making were not intended by them. And as these changes frequently bring in their wake unforeseen gains for some and losses for others, they tend to go hand in hand with tensions and frictions between groups which, at the same time, are inescapably chained to each other. Tests of strength and the use of organized force serve often as costly means of adjustment to changes within this tangle of interdependencies; on many of its levels no other means of adjustment exist.

Thus vulnerable and insecure as men are under these conditions, they

cannot stand back and look at the course of events calmly like more detached observers. Again, it is, on the other hand, difficult for men in that situation to control more fully their own strong feelings with regard to events which, they feel, may deeply affect their lives, and to approach them with greater detachment, as long as their ability to control the course of events is small; and it is, on the other hand, difficult for them to extend their understanding and control of these events as long as they cannot approach them with greater detachment and gain greater control over themselves. Thus a circular movement between inner and outer controls, a feedback mechanism of a kind, is at work not only in men's relations with the non-human forces of nature, but also in their relations with each other. But it operates at present in these two spheres on very different levels. While in men's relations with non-human forces the standard of both the control of self and that of external events is relatively high, in relations of men with men the socially required and socially bred standard of both is considerably lower.

The similarities between this situation and that which men had to face in past ages in their relations with the forces of nature, are often obscured by the more obvious differences. We do already know that men can attain a considerable degree of control over natural phenomena impinging upon their lives and a fairly high degree of detachment in manipulating, and in thinking of, them. We do not know, and we can hardly imagine, how a comparable degree of detachment and control may be attained with regard to social phenomena. Yet, for thousands of years it was equally impossible for those who struggled before us to imagine that one could approach and manipulate natural forces as we do. The comparison throws some light on their situation as well as on ours.

V

It also throws some light on the differences that exist to-day between the standards of certainty and achievement of the natural and the social sciences. It is often implied, if it is not stated explicitly, that the "objects" of the former, by their very nature, lend themselves better than those of the latter to an exploration by means of scientific methods ensuring a high degree of certainty. However, there is no reason to assume that social data, that the relations of persons are less accessible to man's comprehension than the relations of non-human phenomena, or that man's intellectual powers as such are incommensurate to the task of evolving theories and methods for the study of social data to a level of fitness, comparable to that reached in the study of physical data. What is significantly different in these two fields is the situation of the investigators and, as part of it, their attitudes with regard to their "objects"; it is, to put it in a nutshell, the *relationship between "subjects" and "objects"*. If this relationship, if situation and attitudes are taken into account the problems and the difficulties of an equal advance in the social sciences stand out more clearly.

The general aim of scientific pursuits is the same in both fields ; stripped of a good many philosophical encrustations it is to find out in what way perceived data are connected with each other. But social as distinct from natural sciences are concerned with conjunctions of persons. Here, in one form or the other, men face themselves ;¹ the " objects " are also " subjects ". The task of social scientists is to explore, and to make men understand, the patterns they form together, the nature and the changing configuration of all that binds them to each other. The investigators themselves form part of these patterns. They cannot help experiencing them, directly or by identification, as immediate participants from within ; and the greater the strains and stresses to which they or their groups are exposed, the more difficult is it for them to perform the mental operation, underlying all scientific pursuits, of detaching themselves from their role as immediate participants and from the limited vista it offers.

There is no lack of attempts in the social sciences at detaching oneself from one's position as an involved exponent of social events, and at working out a wider conceptual framework within which the problems of the day can find their place and their meaning. Perhaps the most persistent effort in that direction has been made by the great pioneering sociologists of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. But their work also shows most conspicuously the difficulties which, under present conditions, stand in the way of such an attempt. On the one hand, they all attempted to discover, from one angle or the other, the inherent order of the social development of mankind, its " laws " as some of them called it. They tried to work out a comprehensive and universally valid theoretical framework within which the problems of their own age appeared as specific problems of detail and no longer as the central problem from which those of other ages received their relevance and their meaning. And yet, on the other hand, they were so deeply involved in the problems of their own society that they often viewed in fact the whole development of men's relations with each other in the light of the hopes and

¹ The problem of " facing oneself " is no doubt far more complex than can be shown here. It plays its part in explorations of nature as well as in those of society. For man forms part of both. Every major change in men's conception of nature, therefore, goes hand in hand with a change of the picture they have of themselves. So does any change in their conception of the social universe. Success and failure of any attempt to change from a more involved to a more detached view of social phenomena is bound up with the capacity of men to revise the picture they have of themselves in accordance with the results of more methodical studies, and often enough in a way which runs counter to deeply felt beliefs and ideals. In that respect the problem of increasing detachment in the social sciences is hardly different from that which plays its part in the development of the natural sciences.

However, it must still be regarded as an open problem how far men are capable of " facing themselves ", of seeing themselves as they are without the shining armour of fantasies shielding them from suffering past, present and future. It is fairly safe to say that their capacity to do so grows and declines with the degree of security which they enjoyed and enjoy. But it probably has its limits.

However that may be, at present such problems can be discussed only in societies which demand and produce a high degree of individualization and in which men are being brought up to experience themselves, more perhaps than ever before, as beings set apart from each other by very strong walls. There can be little doubt that the picture of self which is thus built up in the growing person makes it rather difficult to envisage oneself in a more detached manner as forming patterns with others and to study the nature and structure of these patterns as such.

fears, the enmities and beliefs resulting from their role as immediate participants in the struggles and conflicts of their own time. These two forms of approach—one more involved which made them see the development of human society as a whole in the light of the pressing problems of their own time, the other more detached which enabled them to visualize the short-term problems of their own time in the light of the long-term development of society—were so inextricably interwoven in their work that, in retrospect, it is difficult to sift one from the other and to sort out their contribution to the development of a more universally valid system of theories about men in society from ideas relevant only as an expression of their own ideals and idiosyncrasies in the struggles of a particular historical period.

Since then, a good deal more factual material about social phenomena has been brought to light. The elaboration of a more impersonal body of theories and their adjustment to a widening range of observed facts brought to light under their guidance, has considerably advanced in some social sciences, and advanced in some more than in others.¹ To a greater or lesser extent, research in all human sciences still tends to oscillate between two levels of consciousness and two forms of approach, the one more akin, one might say, to a simple geocentric, the other more to a heliocentric approach. And the constant upsurge of the former in connection with acute social and political tensions effectively bars in most social sciences the steady continuity of research which has become so marked a characteristic of many natural sciences.

¹ The evident differences in the levels of development of different social sciences have perhaps not found quite the attention they deserve as a subject of research. Like the differences in the development of natural and social sciences generally, they are relevant to any theory of knowledge and of sciences.

To set out here more comprehensively the problems raised by such differences would require an exposition of the wider theory of knowledge implied in these observations on detachment and involvement; it would require fuller elaboration of the general conceptual framework that has been used here and within which, as one has seen, the development of scientific thinking, as of thinking in general, and that of changes in the situation of those who think, instead of being allotted to largely independent fields of studies, are linked to each other as different, but inseparable and interdependent facets of the same process. Only with the help of such an integrating framework is it possible to determine with greater precision different stages and levels of thinking and knowing whether or not one adopts concepts like "level of detachment", "level of fitness", "level of control" and others which have been used here.

On these lines, one might say, for example, that, under present conditions, anthropologists have a better chance of developing theories on human relations to a higher level of fitness than, say, those engaged in the study of highly differentiated societies to which they themselves belong or which are antagonists or partners of societies to which they belong; they have a better chance, not only because it is easier to survey, and to form relatively fitting theories about, social units which are small and not too complex in structure, but also because the investigators themselves are, as a rule, less directly involved in the problems they study. Anthropologists, in most cases, study societies to which they do not belong, other sociologists mostly societies of which they are members.

But in saying this, one refers only to one facet of the relationship between the mode of thinking and the situation of those who think. To complete the nexus one would have to add that the more detached theoretical tools of thinking which anthropologists have a chance to build up in accordance with their specific situation, can themselves act, within certain limits, as a shield against the encroachment upon their scientific work, and perhaps even on their personal outlook, of more involved, more emotive forms of thinking, even if tensions mount between social units to which they belong as participant members and others in relation to which they play mainly the part of investigators.

Here, too, in comparative studies on the development of social sciences, it may be more appropriate and more profitable to focus on the relations of observers and observed than on either of them or on "methods" alone.

The pressure of short-term problems which can no longer be solved in traditional ways, of social problems which appear to require for their solution procedures evolved and employed by scientific specialists, has increased together with the complexity of human relations itself. Fragmentation of social research has grown apace. Even as an aim of research the idea of a wider theoretical framework connecting and unifying the problems and results of more limited inquiries has become more remote; to many it appears unattainable, to others, in addition, undesirable. For the immediate difficulties of men springing up in their own midst from the unmanageable forces of social change, from conflicts and frictions among themselves, have remained exceedingly great. The strength of involvements, within the social context of men's lives, if it has not actually increased, has hardly lessened.

Hence, whatever else may have changed since the days of the pioneering sociologists, certain basic characteristics of the social sciences have not. For the time being, social scientists are liable to be caught in a dilemma. They work and live in a world in which almost everywhere groups, small and great, including their own groups, are engaged in a struggle for position and often enough for survival, some trying to rise and to better themselves in the teeth of strong opposition, some who have risen before trying to hold what they have and some going down.

Under these conditions the members of such groups can hardly help being deeply affected in their thinking about social events by the constant threats arising from these tensions to their way of life or to their standards of life and perhaps to their life. As members of such groups scientific specialists engaged in the study of society share with others these vicissitudes. Their experience of themselves as upholders of a particular social and political creed which is threatened, as representatives of a specific way of life in need of defence, like the experience of their fellows, can hardly fail to have a strong emotional undertone. Group-images, those, for instance, of classes or of nations, self-justifications, the cases which groups make out for themselves, represent, as a rule, an amalgam of realistic observations and collective fantasies (which like the myths of simpler people are real enough as motive forces of action). To sift out the former from the latter, to hold up before these groups a mirror in which they can see themselves as they might be seen, not by an involved critic from another contemporary group, but by an inquirer trying to see in perspective the structure and functioning of their relationship with each other, is not only difficult in itself for anyone whose group is involved in such a struggle; expressed in public, it may also weaken the cohesion and solidarity feeling of his group and, with it, its capacity to survive. There is, in fact, in all these groups a point beyond which none of its members can go in his detachment without appearing and, so far as his group is concerned, without becoming a dangerous heretic, however consistent his ideas or his theories may be in themselves and with observed facts, however much they may approximate to what we call the "truth".

And yet, if social scientists although using more specialized procedures

and a more technical language are in the last resort not much less affected in their approach to the problems of society by preconceived ideas and ideals, by passions and partisan views than the man in the street, are they really justified in calling themselves "scientists"? Does any statement, any hypothesis or theory deserve the epithet "scientific", if it is ultimately based on dogmatic beliefs, on *a priori* assumptions, on ideas and evaluations which are impervious to arguments based on a more systematic and dispassionate examination of the available evidence? Can social scientists make any specific contribution to the solution of major problems even of their own groups, of their own country, class, profession or whatever it is, if they accept as the self-evident foundation of their theories some of the religiously held creeds and norms of one or the other of these groups so that the results of their studies are destined from the start to agree, or at least not to disagree, with the basic tenets of these communal beliefs? Without greater detachment and autonomy of thinking, can they hope to put in the hands of their fellow-men more fitting tools of thinking and more adequate blueprints for the handling of social and political problems—more adequate blueprints than those handed on unreflectingly from generation to generation or evolved haphazardly in the heat of the battle? And even if they do not accept such beliefs unquestioningly, are they not often impelled to use them as the general frame of reference for their studies simply by sentiments of solidarity, of loyalty or perhaps of fear? Are they not sometimes only too justified in thinking that it might weaken a cause which they regard as their own if they were to subject systematically the religiously held social creeds and ideals of one of their own groups to a more dispassionate scientific examination, that it might put weapons in the hand of opponents or that, as a result, they themselves might be exposed to ostracism if to nothing worse?

The dilemma underlying many of the present uncertainties of the sciences of men is, as one can see, not simply a dilemma of this or that historian, economist, political scientist or sociologist (to name only some of the present divisions); it is not the perplexity of individual social scientists, but that of social scientists as a professional group. As things stand, their social task as scientists and the requirements of their position as members of other groups often disagree; and the latter are apt to prevail as long as the pressure of group tensions and passions remains as high as it is.

The problem confronting them is not simply to discard the latter role in favour of the former. They cannot cease to take part in, and to be affected by, the social and political affairs of their groups and their time. Their own participation and involvement, moreover, is itself one of the conditions for comprehending the problems they try to solve as scientists. For while one need not know, in order to understand the structure of molecules, what it feels like to be one of its atoms, in order to understand the functioning of human groups one needs to know, as it were, from inside how human beings experience their own and other groups, and one cannot know without active participation and involvement.

The problem confronting those who study one or the other aspects of human groups is how to keep their two roles as participant and as inquirer clearly and consistently apart and, as a professional group, to establish in their work the undisputed dominance of the latter.

This is so difficult a task that many representatives of social sciences, at present, appear to regard the determination of their inquiries by preconceived and religiously held social and political ideals as inevitable. They often seem to consider these heteronomous foundations of their pronouncements as characteristic, not of a specific situation and, within it, of a specific dilemma, but of their subject-matter as such. The latitude they allow each other in their use of dogmatic ideals and evaluations as a basis for the setting of problems, the selection of material and the construction of theories is very wide; and is apt to become wider still whenever the pressure of tensions and passions mounts in society at large.

VI

The chance which social scientists have to face and to cope with this dilemma might be greater if it were not for another characteristic of their situation which tends to obscure the nature of these difficulties. That is the ascendancy gained, over the centuries, by a manner or style of thinking which has proved highly adequate and successful in men's dealings with physical events, but which is not always equally appropriate if used in their dealings with others. One of the major reasons for the difficulties with which men have to contend in their endeavour to gain more reliable knowledge about themselves is the uncritical and often dogmatic application of categories and concepts highly adequate in relation to problems on the level of matter and energy to other levels of experience and among them to that of social phenomena. Not only specific expectations as to how perceived data are connected with each other, specific concepts of causation or of explanation formed in this manner are generalized and used almost as a matter of course in inquiries about relations of men; this mechanical diffusion of models expresses itself, too, for example, in the widespread identification of "rationality" with the use of categories developed mainly in connection with experiences of physical events, and in the assumption that the use of other forms of thinking must necessarily indicate a leaning towards metaphysics and irrationality.

The same tendency towards over-generalization shows itself in many current ideas of what is and what is not scientific. By and large, theories of science still use as their principal model the physical sciences—often not in their contemporary, but in their classical form. Aspects of their procedures are widely regarded as the most potent and decisive factor responsible for their achievements and as the essential characteristic of sciences generally. By abstracting such aspects from the actual procedures and techniques of the physical sciences, one arrives at a general model of scientific procedure

which is known as "the scientific method". In name, it represents the distinguishing characteristics common to all scientific, as distinct from non-scientific, forms of solving problems. In fact, it often constitutes a curious compound of features which may be universal with others characteristic of the physical sciences only and bound up with the specific nature of their problems. It resembles a general concept "animal" formed without reference to the evolutionary diversity and connections of animal species from a rather restricted observational field so that structures and functions common perhaps to all animals, as distinct from non-living things and from plants, mingle in it with others characteristic only of certain types of animals, of, say, mammals or of vertebrates.

The assumption is that in this generalized form "the scientific method" can be transferred from the field where it originated, from the physical sciences, to all other fields, to biological as well as to social sciences, regardless of the different nature of their problems; and that wherever it is applied it will work its magic. Among social scientists in particular it is not uncommon to attribute difficulties and inadequacies of their work to the fact that they do not go far enough in copying the method of physical sciences. It is this strong concentration of their attention on problems of "method" which tends to obscure from their view the difficulties that spring from their situation and from their own approaches to the problems they study.

The superior achievement and status of the physical sciences itself constitutes a highly significant factor in the situation of those who work in the field of social sciences. If, as participants in the life of a turbulent society, they are constantly in danger of using in their inquiries preconceived and immovable social convictions as the basis for their problems and theories, as scientists they are in danger of being dominated by models derived from inquiries into physical events and stamped with the authority of the physical sciences.

The fact itself that people confronted with the task of formulating and exploring new sets of problems model their concepts and procedures on those which have proved their worth in other fields is in no way surprising or unique. It is a recurrent feature in the history of men that new crafts and skills, and among them new scientific specialisms, in the early stages of their development, continue to rely on older models. Some time is needed before a new group of specialists can emancipate itself from the ruling style of thinking and of acting; and in the course of this process their attitude towards the older groups, as in other processes of emancipation, is apt to oscillate: they may go too far for a while and may go on too long in their uncritical submission to the authority and prestige of the dominant standards; and then again, they may go too far in their repudiation and in their denial of the functions which the older models had or have in the development of their own. In most of these respects the emergence of the younger social sciences from under the wings of the older natural sciences follows the usual pattern.

But there can have been rarely a situation in which the gradient between

the comparatively high level of detachment manifest in the older branches of knowledge and the much lower represented by the younger branches was equally steep. In the physical sciences, it is not only the development and use of a specific method for the solution of problems and the testing of theories, but the framing of problems and theories itself which presupposes a high standard of detachment. The same method transferred to social sciences is not infrequently used for the exploration of problems and theories conceived and studied under the impact of strong involvements. Hence the use, in social sciences, of a method akin to that evolved in the physical sciences often gives to the former the appearance of a high level of detachment or of "objectivity" which those who use this method are in fact lacking. It often serves as a means of circumventing difficulties which spring from their dilemma without facing it; in many cases, it creates a facade of detachment masking a highly involved approach.

As a result, a crucial question is often regarded as sealed and solved which in fact is still in abeyance: the question which of the procedures and techniques of the physical sciences are commensurate to the task of social sciences and which are not. The abstraction from these specific procedures of a general model of the scientific method, and the claim often made for it as the supreme characteristic of research that is scientific, have led to the neglect, or even to the exclusion from the field of systematic research, of wide problem-areas which do not lend themselves easily to an exploration by means of a method for which the physical sciences have provided the prototype. In order to be able to use methods of this kind and to prove themselves scientific in the eyes of the world, investigators are frequently induced to ask and to answer relatively insignificant questions and to leave unanswered others perhaps of greater significance. They are induced to cut their problems so as to suit their method. The exclusive and seemingly final character of many current statements about the scientific method finds expression in the strange idea that problems which do not lend themselves to investigations by means of a method modelled on that of the physical sciences are no concern of people engaged in scientific research.

On closer investigation, one will probably find that the tendency to consider a highly formalized picture of this one set of sciences and their method as the norm and ideal of scientific inquiries generally is connected with a specific idea about the aim of sciences. It is, one might think, bound up with the assumption that among propositions of empirical sciences, as among those of pure mathematics and related forms of logic, the only relevant distinction to be made is that between propositions which are true and others which are false; and that the aim of scientific research and of its procedures is simply and solely that of finding the "truth", of sifting true from false statements. However, the goal towards which positive sciences are striving is not, and by their very nature cannot be, wholly identical with that of fields like logic and mathematics which are concerned with the inherent order of certain tools of thinking alone. It certainly happens in empirical investiga-

tions that people make statements which are simply found to be false. But often enough rough dichotomies like "true" and "false" are highly inadequate in their case. People engaged in empirical research often put forward propositions or theories whose merit is that they are truer than others or, to use a less hallowed term, that they are *more* adequate, *more* consistent both with observations and in themselves. In general terms, one might say it is characteristic of these scientific as distinct from non-scientific forms of solving problems that, in the acquisition of knowledge, questions emerge and are solved as a result of an uninterrupted two-way traffic between two layers of knowledge: that of general ideas, theories or models and that of observations and perceptions of specific events. The latter if not sufficiently informed by the former remains unorganized and diffuse; the former if not sufficiently informed by the latter remains dominated by feelings and imaginings. It is the objective of scientists, one might say, to develop a steadily expanding body of theories or models and an equally expanding body of observations about specific events by means of a continuous, critical confrontation to greater and greater congruity with each other. The methods actually used in empirical investigations, inevitably, vary a good deal from discipline to discipline in accordance with the different types of problems that present themselves for solution. What they have in common, what identifies them as scientific methods is simply that they enable scientists to test whether their findings and pronouncements constitute a reliable advance in the direction towards their common objective.

VII

Is it possible to determine with greater precision and cogency the limitations of methods of scientific research modelled on those of the physical sciences? Can one, in particular, throw more light on the limits to the usefulness of mathematical or, as this term is perhaps too wide in this context, of quantifying models and techniques in empirical researches?

At the present state of development, the weight and relevance of quantifying procedures clearly differs in different problem-areas. In some, above all in the physical sciences, one can see to-day no limit to the usefulness of procedures which make relations of quantities stand for the non-quantitative aspects of the relations of data; the scope for reducing other properties to quantities and for working out, on the basis of such a reduction, highly adequate theoretical constructs appears to be without bounds.

In other fields of research the scope for similar reductions is clearly very much narrower; and theoretical constructs based on such reductions alone often prove far less adequate. Have problem-areas which do not lend themselves as well as the physical sciences to the application of quantifying methods of research certain general properties which can account for such differences in the scope and relevance of quantifying procedures as instruments of research?

It is possible to think that this problem itself can be readily solved in terms of quantities alone. As one passes from studies of matter and energy and its various transformations to those of organisms and their development as species and individuals and again to studies of men as societies and individuals (in not quite the same sense of the word), according to a not uncommon view, the problems which one encounters becomes more complex; the greater complexity is often thought to follow from the fact that the number of interacting parts, factors, variables or suchlike increase as one moves from the study of inorganic matter to those of organisms and of men; and as a result of this increase in numbers, so the argument seems to run, measurements and mathematical operations generally, become more and more complicated and difficult. If one accepts the idea that it is the aim of scientific investigations everywhere to explain the behaviour of composite units of observation by means of measurements from that of their simpler constituent parts, each of the variables affecting the behaviour of such a unit would have to be measured by itself so as to determine the quantitative aspects of its relations with others. The greater the number of variables, the greater would be the number of measurements and the more complicated would be the mathematical operations necessary to determine their interplay. In the light of this hypothesis the demands made on the resources in manpower, in computing machines, in mathematical techniques and in money and time would progressively increase from one set of sciences to the other with the increase in the number of factors that has to be taken into account. More and more, these demands would become prohibitive and research on quantitative lines alone would no longer be possible. According to this view, it is for that reason that one has to resign oneself to the use of less precise and less satisfactory methods of investigation in many fields of studies.

In a way, this approach to the observable limitations of quantifying methods in research is itself not uncharacteristic of the manner in which forms of thinking most serviceable in the exploration of physical data become distended into what almost represents a general style of thinking. The choice of a heap of more and more factors or variables as a model for increasing complexity is determined by a general expectation which is evidently based on experiences in physical research, but which tends to assume the character of an *a priori* belief: by the expectation that problems of all kinds can be satisfactorily solved in terms of quantities alone.

However, the area within which this expectation can be safely used as a guide to the formulation of problems and theories has very definite limits. The properties of different units of observation characteristic of different disciplines are not alone affected by the number of interacting parts, variables, factors or conditions, but also by the manner in which constituents of such units are connected with each other. Perhaps the best way to indicate briefly this aspect of these differences is the hypothetical construction of a model of models which represent different frames of reference of scientific problems in a highly generalized form as composite units arranged according

to the extent of interdependence of their constituents or, more generally, according to the degree of organization which they possess.

Arranged in this manner, this continuum of models would have one pole formed by general models of units, such as congeries, agglomerations, heaps or multitudes, whose constituents are associated with each other temporarily in the loosest possible manner and may exist independently of each other without changing their characteristic properties. The other pole would be formed by general models of units such as open systems and processes which are highly self-regulating and autonomous, which consist of a hierarchy of interlocking part-systems and part-processes and whose constituents are interdependent to such an extent that they cannot be isolated from their unit without radical changes in their properties as well as in those of the unit itself.

Between these two poles would be spaced out intermediary models¹ graded according to the degree of differentiation and integration of their constituents.

As one moves along this continuum of models from paradigms of loosely composed to others of highly organized units, as models of congeries step by step give way to those of self-regulating open systems and processes with more and more levels many of the devices developed for scientific research into units of the first type change, or even lose, their function. In many cases, from being the principal instruments and techniques of research, they become, at the most, auxiliaries.

Less adequate, in that sense, becomes the concept of an independent variable of a unit of observation which is otherwise kept invariant and, with it, the type of observation and experimentation based on the supposition that what one studies is a heap of potentially independent variables and their effects.

Less adequate, too, becomes the concept of a scientific law as the general theoretical mould for particular connections of constituents of a larger unit. For it is one of the tacit assumptions underlying both the conception and the establishment of a scientific law that the phenomena of which one wishes to state in the form of a law that the pattern of their connection is necessary and unchanging, do not change their properties irreversibly if they are cut off from other connections or from each other. The type of relationship whose regularity can be fairly satisfactorily expressed in the form of a law is a relationship which is impermanent though it has a permanent pattern: it can start and cease innumerable times without affecting the behaviour of other constituents of the larger nexus within which it occurs or the properties

¹ Even in the elementary form in which it is presented here, such a serial model may help to clarify the confusion that often arises from an all too clear-cut dichotomy between congeries and systems. Not all frames of reference of physical problems cluster narrowly around the congeries pole of the model. Not all frames of reference of biological or sociological problems have their equivalent close to the other pole. They are, in each of these areas of inquiry, more widely scattered than it is often assumed. And although, in each of these areas, their bulk can probably be assigned to a specific region of the serial model, frames of reference of the problems of different disciplines, projected on this model, frequently overlap.

of the larger nexus itself. General laws for particular cases, in short, are instruments for the solution of problems whose referential frame is conceived as a congeries.¹

The more the framework of problems resembles in its characteristics a highly self-regulating system and process, the greater in other words the chance that constituents are permanently connected with each other so that they are bound to change their properties irrevocably if these connections are severed, the more likely is it that laws assume a subsidiary role as tools of research ; the more does one require as the paramount vehicle for exploring and presenting regularities of part-connections, system and process-models clearly representative of the fact that part-events are linked to each other as constituents of a functioning unit without which they would not occur or would not occur in this manner.

Nor do those time-honoured intellectual operations known as induction and deduction retain quite the same character throughout this continuum of models. In their classical form they are closely linked up with intellectual movements up and down between discrete and isolated universals, which may be general concepts, laws, propositions or hypotheses, and an infinite multitude of particular cases which are also conceived as capable of preserving their significant characteristics if they are studied in isolation independently of all other connections.

When models of multitudes become subordinate to models of highly organized systems another type of research operation gains greater prominence modifying to some extent those of induction and deduction, namely movements up and down between models of the whole and those of its parts.

It is difficult to think of any well established terms expressing clearly the differential qualities and the complementary character of these two opera-

¹ In the case of the second law of thermodynamics an experimental and statistical law has been interpreted as a statement about qualities possessed by the referential system as a whole, that is by the physical universe. However, if one may use experiences in other fields as a model, it is not always safe to assume that properties observed as those of constituent parts of a system are also properties of the system as a whole. Whether or not one is justified, in this case, to assume that regularities observed in a part-region of a system, in a part-region of both time and space, can be interpreted as regularities of the whole system only physicists are entitled to judge.

However, these general considerations about laws are hardly affected by this case. In physics as in other scientific disciplines the referential framework of problems is far from uniform. Although, in the majority of cases, the units of observation are simply conceived as heaps, there are others in which they are envisaged as units endowed with properties approaching to those of systems. But compared with the models of systems and processes developed in some of the biological and some of the social sciences those which have been produced in physical sciences show, on the whole, a relatively high independence of parts and a relatively low degree of organization.

This may or may not account for the fact that although the status of laws, in the classical sense of the words, has to some extent declined in the physical sciences with the ascendance of models which have some of the characteristics of systems, the change does not appear to be very pronounced. What apparently has become more pronounced is the implied expectation that the diverse laws discovered in studies of isolated connections will eventually coalesce and form with each other a comprehensive theoretical scaffolding for the behaviour of the over-all system as a whole. Perhaps it is not yet quite clear why one should expect that the unconnected clusters of connections whose regularities one has more or less reliably determined will subsequently link up and fall into pattern. To expect that they will do so, at any rate, means assuming that in the end all congeries including that of energy-matter will turn out to be systems of a kind or aspects and parts of systems.

tions. Perhaps one might call "analytical" those steps of research in which the theoretical representation of a system is treated more or less as a background from which problems of constituent parts stand out as the prime object of research and as a potential testing-ground for theoretical representations of the whole; and one might call "synoptic" (not to say "synthetic") those steps which are aimed at forming a more coherent theoretical representation of a system as a whole as a unifying framework and as a potential testing-ground for relatively unco-ordinated theoretical representations of constituent parts. But whatever the technical terms, one can say that the solution of problems whose framework represents a highly integrated unit depends in the long run on the co-ordination and balance between steps in both directions.

In the short run, synopsis may be in advance of analysis. Its theoretical results have in that case, at the worst, the character of speculations, at the best, if they are conformable to a larger body of observational and theoretical fragments, that of working hypothesis. Many of the ideas put forward by the pioneering sociologists of the nineteenth century, preoccupied as they were with the process of mankind as a whole, illustrate this stage. Or else analysis may be in advance of synopsis. In that case, knowledge consists of a plethora of observational and theoretical fragments for which a more unified theoretical framework is not yet in sight. A good deal of the work done by sociologists during part of the twentieth century can serve as an illustration of that stage. Many of them, in reaction from the more speculative aspects of the work done by the system-builders which preceded them, became distrustful of any over-all-view and of the very idea of "systems" itself; they confined themselves more and more to the exploration of isolated clusters of problems which could be explored as nearly as possible by methods used by representatives of other sciences though they themselves lacked what these others already possessed: a more unified, more highly integrated system of theoretical constructs as a common frame of reference for isolated studies of part-connections.

In the case of units of observation such as multitudes and populations it is an appropriate aim of research to develop theoretical models of a composite unit as a whole by treating it as the sum total of its components and by tracing back its properties to those of its parts. But this reduction of the whole to its parts becomes increasingly less appropriate if one moves within the continuum of models towards more highly organized units. As the constituents of such units lose their identity if their connection with others is broken off, as they become and remain what they are only as functioning parts of a functioning system of a specific type, or even of an individual system, the study of temporary isolates is useful only if its results are again and again referred back to a model of their system; the properties of parts cannot be adequately ascertained without the guidance provided by a theoretical model of the whole. At an early stage in the development of a particular field of problems such models, like maps of largely unexplored regions, may

be full of blanks and perhaps full of errors which can be corrected only by further investigations of parts. But however much one or the other may lag behind, studies on the level of the whole system and studies on the level of part-units are greatly impeded if they cannot rely on a measure of correspondence and co-ordination which allows scientists to move the focus of their observations and reflections freely from one level to the other.

VIII

The difficulty is that there are often more than two levels to be considered. Highly structured systems and processes have often parts which are also systems and processes; and these in turn may have parts which again are developing systems though with a smaller measure of autonomy. In fact, such systems within systems, such processes within processes may consist of many levels of varying relative strength and controlling power interlaced and interlocked with each other; so that those who are digging up knowledge on one of them stand in need of free channels of communication with others who are working in the many galleries above and below and, at the same time, of a clear conception of the position and functions of their own problem-area, and of their own situation, within the whole system.

In practice, such lines of communication are often deficient or non-existent. Problems on different levels are frequently investigated by different groups of specialists who look hardly beyond their particular pitch. Many of them draw from limited experiences with problems characteristic of one level, or merely of one of its aspects, inferences for the solution of problems whose frame of reference comprises many levels or perhaps the whole system. And if one of these groups, if, as it has in fact happened, specialists for the study of units which represent a relatively low level of organization, such as physicists, are greatly in advance of others in the exploration of their level and the development of corresponding techniques, the unselect imitation of their models and methods in studies of more highly organized units is likely to give rise to a welter of misconceived problems.

For not only the whole system, but also each of its constituent systems may display patterns of connections and regularities which are different and which cannot be deduced from those of their constituent systems. Theoretical models and methods of research designed for the study of units which are less differentiated and integrated, can be, therefore, at best, only partially appropriate as means of research into more highly organized units even if the latter contain the former or homologues of the former as constituent parts.

There are many instances of the difficulties that can ensue from the application of models designed for the study of part-systems at one level of organization to that of systems at another level or of the paramount-system as a whole.

Take, for example, the old controversy about the usefulness of physical

systems such as machines as explanatory models for biological systems such as animals and men. If one adheres to the traditional way of thinking, one can usually perceive only two possible solutions to the focal problem of this controversy. One can either accept physical systems of one kind or the other as complete models for organisms and assume, explicitly or not, that an organism as a whole is a set of physical events on exactly the same level as physical events outside organisms. Or one can adopt vitalistic models and assume that special non-physical forces are at work in organisms which account for the observable differences between living and non-living systems.

In order to accept either of these two alternatives, one has to stretch a good many points. As in other cases in which it is difficult, not simply to find a solution for a problem, but to think of any possible model for a solution which would fit the available evidence reasonably well, it is the type of available models rather than the evidence which requires re-examination. The difficulties with which men have met, at least since the days of Descartes, in tackling the question whether or not living systems can be adequately explained by analogies with non-living systems are closely bound up with the tradition of thinking which decrees that the behaviour of whole units has to be explained from that of their parts. It becomes less difficult to conceive of a more fitting model for the solution of this question if it is accepted that there are types of problems which require a different approach—problems which can be brought nearer solution only if one is aware that the units under observation have properties which cannot be inferred from those of their parts.

Man-made machines, as we know them, are homologues not of all, but only of some levels in the hierarchic order of open systems represented even by animals of a simpler type. As each system of a higher order may have properties different from those lower-order systems which form its parts and as animals rising in the evolutionary scale represent systems within systems on a steadily rising number of levels, one would expect the behaviour and characteristics of organisms to correspond only partially to those of machines or of chains of chemical reactions; one would expect organisms to display characteristics which are only in some regards similar to, but in others different from, physical systems, and yet to reveal themselves as nothing but heaps of physical particles if their many-levelled organization is destroyed or if component parts are studied in isolation.

But one could no longer expect, in that case, that all problems of organisms will be solved in the end by analogies with machines or with other physical systems and that biological sciences will gradually transform themselves into physical sciences. In living systems physical processes are patterned and organized in a way which induces further patterning and organizing of these processes. Even if men should succeed in constructing artefacts with very much more and much higher levels of organization and control than those of any known machine, artefacts which could build and rebuild their own structure from less highly organized materials, which could grow and develop,

feel and reproduce themselves, one would have to apply to their construction and to their study biological as well as physical categories and models.

In controversies between vitalists and mechanists, both sides take it more or less for granted that the model of explanation according to which studies in the properties of parts are expected to provide the key for the problems presented by those of the whole, is a universal model. In fact, it is a specific and partial model appropriate only to the study of units on a relatively low level of organization.¹

Or take the much discussed question of the relationship between the behaviour of higher animals and that of men. Attempts to explain the latter in terms of the former are not uncommon. Yet, again, one cannot comprehend the functioning and structure of systems which embody a higher level of organization and control alone in terms of others which are less highly organized even if the former are the descendants of the latter. While men function partly as other animals do, as a whole they function and behave in a way no other animal does.

The change towards greater cortical dominance (to mention only one aspect of these differences) provides a useful illustration of the way in which an increase in the controlling and co-ordinating power of a part-system on a very high level in the hierarchy of interlocking systems goes hand in hand with changes in the equilibrium and the functioning of systems on all levels and with a transmogrification of the over-all system itself. It is to differences such as these that one will have to turn in order to establish more clearly and more firmly that and why the sciences of men cannot be expected to transform themselves, sooner or later, into a branch of the biological sciences even though results of studies into aspects of men within the competency of the latter form an integral element of the former.

Finally, similar problems and similar difficulties can be found, again on a different level and in a different form, in the long drawn-out dispute about the relationship of "individual" and "society". Again, one seems to be left with the choice between two equally unsatisfactory alternatives. However much one may try one's hand at some kind of compromise, on the whole, opinions are so far arrayed in two more or less irreconcilable camps. One can place oneself nearer those who think of societies as heaps or masses of individual people and of their properties and their development, simply as the outcome of individual intentions and activities; and one can place oneself nearer those who think of societies, of social processes in all their various aspects, more or less as if they existed in some sense outside and apart from the individual people by whom they are formed.

Common to both sides, again, is a style of thinking, an idea as to how

¹ One need hardly say that the same argument holds good with regard to the old dispute about the relationship of what is traditionally called "body" and "mind". In this case too proposals for the solution of the problem on purely physical and on metaphysical lines are usually representative of the same style of thinking and equally inept. They may be monistic or dualistic; they may credit the "mind" with qualities of "matter" or "matter" with qualities of the "mind", all these propositions try to account for the whole in terms of its parts.

phenomena ought to be explained, which has been found most serviceable in men's attempts to explain, and to gain control over, physical events. But in this case the impasse is not only due to the uncritical transfer of models of thinking from one field to another. Attempts to work out better theoretical models for the relationship of individual and society suffer even more from the fact that this relationship has become, in our age, one of the focal points, if not *the* focal point, in the clash of value systems, of social beliefs and ideals which divide some of the most powerful groupings of men. In society at large, the question what the rights and duties of individuals in society *ought* to be, or whether the wellbeing of society *ought* to be considered as more important than that of individuals, and other questions of this kind, are evocative of a wide range of practical issues which are highly controversial. Answers to such questions form in many cases the shibboleth by which followers of different social and political creeds recognize friend and foe. As a result, reinforced as it constantly is by tensions and passions of rivalling groups, the question as to what the relationship of individual and society ought to be tends to mask and to muffle in discussions and studies the other as to what kind of relationship it actually is—so much so that the simple question of fact often appears to be almost incomprehensible. And as it so happens that this factual question is representative of one of the basic problems of the social sciences, the difficulties which stand in the way of any attempt to distinguish and to detach it clearly from the topical social and political questions which are often expressed in similar terms constitute one of the major barriers to the further development of the social sciences and particularly to that of sociology.

What has been said, so far, about other types of part-whole relationships can be of some help, if not in solving, at least in clarifying this problem. In many respects the relationship between men as individuals and men as societies differs from these other types. It is quite unique, and not all its features fit entirely in the schema of a part-whole relationship. At the same time, it shows many of its characteristics and presents many of the problems generally associated with it.

All societies, as far as one can see, have the general characteristics of systems with sub-systems on several levels of which individuals, as individuals, form only one. Organized as groups, individuals form many others. They form families; and then again on a higher level, as groups of groups, villages or towns, classes or industrial systems and many similar structures which are interlocked and which may form with each other an over-all system, such as tribes, city-states, feudal kingdoms or nation-states, with a dynamic power-equilibrium of its own. This, in turn, may form part of another less highly organized, less well integrated system; tribes may form with each other a federation of tribes; nation-states a balance-of-power-system. In this hierarchy of interlocking social units the largest unit need not be the most highly integrated and organized unit; so far in the history of mankind it never was. But whatever form it may take, that system in the hierarchy of

systems which constitutes the highest level of integration and organized power is also the system which has the highest capacity to regulate its own course. Like other open systems, it can disintegrate if the pressure of tensions from within or without becomes too strong. As long as its organization remains more or less intact, it has a higher degree of autonomy than any of its constituents.

And it is the structure and development of this system which in the last resort determines those of its part-systems including those of its individual members. Different levels in this hierarchy of systems, such as individuals as such or as families or as classes, have a greater or smaller measure of autonomy; they may, for example, co-operate or they may fight with each other. But the scope for autonomous actions varies with the properties of the paramount system as well as with the location of part-units within it; and so does the basic personality structure of its individual members. For on the properties and the development of this system depend those of the institutionalized set of relationships which we call "family"; this, in turn, induces the organization and integration of functions in individual children who as adults will be called upon to carry on, to develop and perhaps to change the institutions of the paramount system which, by means of this and of other homeostatic devices, is enabled to perpetuate at least some of its distinguishing characteristics.

Thus unique as the relationship of "individual" and "society" is, it has this in common with other part-whole relationships characteristic of highly organized, self-regulating systems that the regularities, the attributes and the behaviour of systems on different levels and above all those of the paramount system itself cannot be described simply in terms appropriate to those of their parts; nor can they be explained as effects of which their constituents are the cause. And yet they are nothing outside and apart from these constituents.

Those who approach social phenomena, wittingly or unwittingly, as if societies were nothing but heaps of individual people and who try to explain the former in terms of the latter cannot conceive of the fact that groups formed by individuals, like other organizations of part-units, have properties of their own which remain unintelligible for an observer if his attention is focused on individual people as such and not, at the same time, on the structures and patterns which individuals form with each other.

Those who approach social phenomena, wittingly or not, as if these phenomena existed independently of the individuals by whom they are formed are usually aware of the fact that phenomena of this kind have their irreducible regularities. But expecting as they have been trained to expect, that the regularities of composite units can be deduced from those of their parts and perhaps puzzled by the fact that they cannot deduce the social regularities which they observe simply and clearly from individual regularities, they tend to fall into a manner of speaking and thinking which suggests that social phenomena exist in some sense independently of individual people. They

tend to confuse "having regularities of their own" with "having an existence of their own", in the same way in which the fact that organisms have regularities which cannot be deduced from those of unorganized physical events is often interpreted as a sign that something in organisms has an existence independently of physical events. Here as elsewhere, the inability to think in terms of systems leaves people with the choice between two equally unpalatable alternatives, with the choice between atomistic and hypostatic conceptions.

Some problems cannot be brought nearer solution mainly because one has not sufficient facts to go on, others mainly because, as problems, they are misconceived: General ideas, types of classes, the whole manner of thinking may be malformed or simply inadequate as a result of an uncritical transfer of intellectual models from one context to another. Some of the difficulties encountered in social sciences are of this type. They are due to insufficiencies not so much in the knowledge of facts, as in the basic ideas, categories and attitudes used in making observations of, and in handling, facts. Since people conceived the idea that one might explore not only physical, but also social phenomena, as it were, scientifically, those who tried to do so, have always been, more or less, under the influence of two types of models developed, in different contexts, by two more powerful groups: models of setting and solving problems about social phenomena current in society at large and those of dealing with problems about "nature" developed by natural scientists. It is a question how far either of these two types of models is suited to scientific inquiries into social phenomena. By raising it, one adumbrates the need for re-examination of a wider problem: that of the nature and acquisition of human knowledge generally.

Models of the first type are often used unintentionally by social scientists. They are concerned with phenomena from a sphere of life in which the contingency of unmanageable dangers is continuously high; it is difficult for them to disengage the ideas and concepts they use in their specialized work as scientists from those used day by day in their social life. The hypothetical model used for the study of problems of this kind is a continuum of which one marginal pole is formed by properties of persons and their situation characteristic of complete involvement and complete lack of detachment (such as one might find it in the case of young babies) and the other of properties characteristic of complete detachment and a zero-point of involvement.

Models of the second type, those of natural sciences, are often, though not always, copied deliberately by social scientists; but they do not always examine, at the same time, in what respect these models are consonant with their specific task. Pressed by uncertainties, not unconnected with the strength of their involvements, they are apt to seize upon these models as on ready-made and authoritative means for gaining certainty often enough without distinguishing clearly whether it is certainty about something worth knowing or something rather insignificant which they have gained in this way. As one has seen, it is this mechanical transfer of models from one scientific field to another which often results in a kind of pseudo-detachment,

in a malformation of problems and in severe limitations of topics for research. The hypothetical model used for the study of problems of this kind is a continuum of models of composite units arranged according to the degree of interdependence of part-units. By and large, problems of the physical sciences have as their frame of reference concepts of units with a relatively low degree of organization. Problems referring to units of an equally low degree of organization, e.g. to populations in the statistical sense of the word, are not lacking in the social sciences. But in their case units of this type are always parts of other far more highly organized units. Types of concepts, of explanations and procedures used for inquiries into the former are, at the best, only of limited use in scientific studies of the latter; for in their case, in contrast to that of units of low organization, the knowledge one has gained about properties of isolated parts can only be assessed and interpreted in the light of the knowledge one has gained of properties of the whole unit.

If it is difficult for social scientists to attain greater autonomy of their scientific theories and concepts in relation to public creeds and ideals which they may share, it is not less difficult for them to gain greater autonomy in the development of their scientific models in relation to those of the older, more firmly established and successful physical sciences. The crucial question is whether it is possible to make much headway towards a more detached, more adequate and autonomous manner of thinking about social events in a situation where men in groups, on many levels, constitute grave dangers for each other. Perhaps the most significant insight to be gained from such reflections is the awareness of what has been named here, inadequately enough, the "principle of increasing facilitation": The lower social standards of control in manipulating objects and of detachment and adequacy in thinking about them, the more difficult is it to raise these standards. How far it is possible under present conditions for groups of scientific specialists to raise the standards of autonomy and adequacy in thinking about social events and to impose upon themselves, the discipline of greater detachment, only experience can show. Nor can one know in advance whether or not the menace which human groups on many levels constitute for each other is still too great for them to be able to bear, and to act upon, an over-all picture of themselves which is less coloured by wishes and fears and more consistently formed in cross-fertilization with dispassionate observations of details. And yet how else can one break the hold of the vicious circle in which high affectivity of ideas and low ability to control dangers coming from men to men reinforce

~~one another?~~ one another?

Autumn 1956 additions to
The International Library of Sociology

Economy and Society

TALCOTT PARSONS and N. J. SMELSER. An attempt to further the integration of economic theory with recent developments in the general theory of social systems as developed in sociology. 35s. net

From Generation to Generation

S. N. EISENSTADT. The author deals with one of the central problems of sociology—the ways in which different societies assure their own continuity from generation to generation. 42s. net

British Social Work in the Nineteenth Century

A. F. YOUNG and E. T. ASHTON. Tracing the history of social work, against its background of religious, social and political thought. 25s. net

Mental Health and Mental Disorder

Edited by ARNOLD M. ROSE. Readings in social psychiatry, social aspects of deviant behaviour, personal and social disorganization, and mental health, by specialists eminent in their respective fields. 40s. net

The Functions of Social Conflict

LEWIS COSER. The author states the functions of social conflict in a number of basic propositions which have been distilled primarily from the theories of Georg Simmel. About 21s. net

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

40-

76^A Waldron Rd.,

Dear Horbest,

I am very, very
glad to hear of your wonderful
success. My father would like
to say how very happy he is to
hear about this. It is really
marvellous and - well I'll tell you
all tomorrow

See you on Saturday
(today) at 4 O'CLOCK at
Waterloo Station,

Naussie

40-

76^A Waldon Rd.,
Earlsfield,
S. W. 18.

Dear Hobbes,

I write you to
tell you that I shall like to
see you on Thursday evening, at
WATERLOO at 5.45 A.M.

— But really, I feel very bad
about it. You see I have very
little money and I cannot always
rely upon you like this, can I?

— I shall bring up a book
which I should like to send you — if
it is useful for you. It is an
insight into the social characteristics

3

of early nineteenth century English
life.

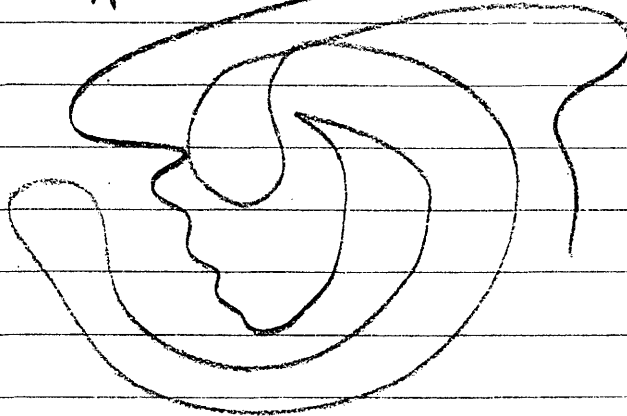
— Also, I should like to discuss
poems with you.

— So I shall need MUCH
talk ~

• — could you write tonight (Wednesday)

Yours,

Francis



397
To A Waldron Rd.
Eastfields
S.W.K.

Dear Herbert,

Everything is perfectly
alright — My parents have
agreed to my coming & the money
matter is settled I think. The
trouble is this — I will bring some
of spare money. But there...

Another delay. I have found
out that Monday is Bank
Holiday. The trains will be
very crowded & I have a lot of
things to settle.

So I shall see you on
TUESDAY. If I leave it until
then I shall be able to send
you a letter ~~concerning the time~~
on Monday ~~concerning the time~~

I shall arrive — I shall come
on Tuesday morning I think &
you will receive the letter first
next.

You understand the position!
My people have delayed their
decision until now so that I have
no time to arrange an appointment
for Monday now — anyway, no letter
would reach you Monday since it will
be Bank Holiday.

I am very sorry, really — but
certainly it will be TUESDAY.

I am so glad that you have
had a letter from Thomas Mann — you
must tell me about it, will you?

Naurois

P.S. Could you write to me immediately a
long letter? About the weather in Cambridge,
the people, Thomas Mann — so that I
shall receive it Sat. night, Naurois

HAYNES PIECE,
SHEET COMMON,
FROM PETERSFIELD 232.

Friday Evening 726

My dear Mother,

I received your letter a few days ago and was so glad to hear from you. I ~~had~~ wrote to you just a day before I received your letter. Did you receive my long letter? I explained there why I have not written for so long.

As you say, it is terrible this prolonged separation. I feel so little intelligent sympathy here and am always thinking of your understanding. I want to see you.

Could you come to London? I shall probably be in London from 10th (Friday) until the 13th (Tuesday) of this month. I say probably. I am not sure.

Could you write immediately and tell

HAYNES PIECE,
SHEET COMMON,
PETERSFIELD,
HANTS

me whether you received the letter and
can manage to get to London.

I have lots and lots to
tell you. It would take 24 hrs to
say it all.

I ~~take~~ make a little note every time I
think of something new.

If you have not received my
letter, I have moved from my former
lilet, as you see by my address.

I am very comfortable - every
facility for hard-working.

I shall be in Cambridge February
and March - scholarships at Jesus
& Pembroke or Downing. Tell you later.

I was so glad to hear from you,

Please write now,

Yours ever
T. Anderson

I cannot
read your
address
properly.

87, Pinner Road,
Peterfield,
HANTS.

Dear Robert,

What has happened to you? I haven't heard for such a time. Is it merely the delay in the delivery of letters, or what? What do you think of my suggestion of our meeting in London, or did you receive my letter? I worry when I do not hear from you and I have not seen you for nearly a month.

The weather here is still very wonderful and the country is nice too. But oh God! what is the use of this? I am not despairing, really, I am not despairing, but what is the use of going on day after day in this place, apart from the places & people you love? But I know I must continue, mustn't I? I am not really depressed, but only have little stretches of sadness, especially when I hear emotional music.

Did you read in the 'Sunday Times' that the evanescents will have great

sociological effect on the country, the citizen
upon the country-folk? If you want some
information on this, on the conditions &
reactions & evences etc. please write and
ask me questions. It will, I hope, be good
for both of us.

You spoke in one of your letters
of having bad friends near you. I too
have not exactly excellent friends here,
although when they are not stupid they are
acceptable.

So please write, will you!

Yours,

Maurice

84, Sussex Road
Peterfield,
Hants.

Dear Herbert,

It was very lovely to receive the greetings telegram from you. I didn't at first realize exactly what it meant, until it dawned upon me that I was seventeen that day.

I should like to write to a long letter but really I have not yet enough to say. We have begun school down here and I am really exceedingly lucky. It is a public boarding school (very famous, I think) in the beautiful country just outside this town. And, wonder, it has a fine library with every English book I need. At the moment I am trying to settle down to some work. We are continuing as if the exams were going on as usual. And, by the way, I have written toileen Powell. She has not, after 3 days, replied yet. I am being bold of myself. I must read and work more, because now these thoughts do not so quickly fly through my brain do not seem so fertile & many. That is because I am

2

not feeding myself with more knowledge and
because my life is not full enough.

I shall write as soon as
ever I want to say something to you,
and I hope you will write too. I
received your very long letter which
you sent here, and I have to thank
you for that, too.

The books which you
very kindly gave me, I am going to
read soon. What is Cambridge looking
like and how is your work? I think
that refugees can now do a form of
military service, can't they?

Anon,
France

Hayles Piece,
Sheet Common,
Peterfield,
Hants.

Wednesday, 22nd Nov. 39.

Dear Robert,

I enjoyed very much your long letter. But, please believe me, I had no intention of being ironical in my last letter. What made you think that I was being ironical? If I have by some mischance given that impression in my letter, I am very sorry. But I did not intend anything. I understood why you were quite unable to get to London. And I sympathised. I was not in the least angry, and certainly could have reason to be 'ironical'. You must have mis-read my letter. Please remember, too, that letter-writing is so difficult — I have no way of knowing how a certain sentence is going to appear to you, do I? Let it suffice at this then — there was nothing ironically-intended in my last letter.

I am glad you understand what I feel so strongly about class distinction. Has it ever occurred to you who utterly repulsive the sight of one human being serving another can be? In this house there are two servants — they serve our meals in the old Victorian manner...

I am so sorry about your parents. You hear nothing? You have no way of communicating with them? Don't you take confidence in the fact that at the beginning of the war Hitler made a conciliatory appeal to the Jews? I understand what it must be for you. I worry about my parents, but I know only too well that I can see them when I like and that, for this winter at any rate, they are safe. Your parents are different. And I understand how deeply you must feel about them. I am very sorry.

Believe me, Herbert, your English has improved by leaps and bounds. I have not found a single error in your letter and

2 I am jealous of your beautiful style. It is remarkable how you can assimilate all ~~the~~ our English ways. I do hope you become one of us, one day. When will you be naturalised - you spoke of it once, didn't you?

I feel of an empty desire for John and Aubrey sometimes. Why is this? You see we are getting no letters at all. It is so difficult. I am glad that they are safe. What is happening in India? Suddenly the 'Times' cut off its news about India. Right there be a revolt? You once spoke of Aubrey as a political leader, didn't you?

I am studying Bismarck now. We came across his little speech about 'blut und eisen', you remembered ('blood and iron' if my German is wrong). Do you know what little ~~the~~ image came to me? Don't you remember when yourself & John & Aubrey used to visit Pogioni's, the Italian

restaurant in town? Do you remember in that little corner talking of 'blut und eisen' — when Aubrey asked you what was the German? The image flashed by — that is how I remembered things. And the images sometimes make me want those people back.

It is good about your tribunal. They are very nice to aliens. You see, you and the Englishman have something in common — you have a common enemy, Hitler. These are discussions now about 'the German character'. The Englishman is being asked how he will 'deal' with this. Harold Nicolson had a very self-assured article in the 'Spectator' about it. After the war, you know Herbert, the Englishman is going to divert the natural urges of the German people into another channel.

I shall be coming to Cambridge for a scholarship in February as I said. It worries ~~the~~ me, this scholarship business. The English master says I

3

ought to go on studying French and History and English for the ~~see~~ easier High School Exam, which it is essential that I pass. He thinks that by then I shall have a more mature mind to grapple with English literature. He thinks that the High School course is an excellent foundation.

You see, an English scholarship is so extremely difficult — much harder than the school. a few of my friends here are taking at Christmas in French & German. English is very difficult, for so little relies on sheer memory. This means that I shall take a schol. in the next December (1940) or February (1941)

What do you think, Herbert?

I should very much like to see you at Christmas. Will you be able to manage? Please try, as I know you will. There are such a lot of things to say.

If the worst comes to the worst, I
might be able to come to Cambridge.

Please write,

I am so glad we are sticking
together. Have you noticed how every
one has gone from our sides? We are
the only people remaining?

Yours for ever,

Nancy

P.S. Yes, I answered Eileen Power many
weeks ago, telling her about my decision.

N.

La Source
café-brasserie

35, boulevard Saint-Michel

J. GUICHARD

Odéon. 07-33
Odéon 52-61
Inter

Paris, 22 octobre 1935

Mon cher Norbert

Excuse moi de ne pas t'y répondre
bientôt sur ta lettre

Comme c'est dommage que tu
ne sois pas à Paris, tu me manques
à chaque pas je te le dis

malgré tout, je t'embrasse

très tendrement et c'est la première
fois dans ma vie, que j'aime
et véritablement, elle m'aime aussi

Nous pensons d'aller en Pologne
assez rapidement et nous n'arrivons
de Louve de la Caspelle et de

elle a les mêmes idées que moi
restée à la campagne sur une ferme
et avec Auguste

r. c. Seine 515.573

Je sais, je parle plus au cabinet
Je n'ai pas le mariage et j'ai une
L'avenir c'est un médicament
pour moi. Comme je suis sensible
et nerveux, elle calme et elle
me rassure profondément. Tu dois
connaître l'âme d'une femme
allemande. Mon cher Robert
je lui parle souvent de toi. Je vois
comme tu me vaagues pour
nos discussions psychologiques.

La vie de M. Parnassus c'est
la même. Les mêmes pigols
de quartier. Le même Karanoff
peut-être pas rare. Dupondah
il a peu d'humour en fait
mais ça le va pas. Il est
plus fol. Comme c'est
le monde n'a pas l'habitude
de le voir convenablement
habité. Je ne suis pas méchant
mais c'est la vérité.

Tu ne dois faire beaucoup de
conquêtes et tu remarque toutes
les femmes. Mais si tu aimes
quelqu'un et que tu aime
c'est une petite (Hélène Fleury)
C'est mon idéal. C'est ma vie
c'est une partie de mon corps.
Et moi pour elle c'est la même
chose. C'est bien l'amour.
C'est moi le lux - les belles voitures
pour ce ce ça va pas l'apin
à l'amour. Quand on aime, on
se retrouve dans un la question
du corps c'est au deux-ans
plan des sentiments les tendres
et l'échange des pensées.

quelques fois je place, et en tout
les carmes de la foi, et les larmes
de tristesse. Il faut que je sois
ce me troupeuse. C'est dommage
que tu n'est pas à Paris, on pourra
beaucoup discuter au point
de l'amour. J'espère que tu envoie
beaucoup de choses que j'ai
ne peut pas te ceper en attendant
Peut être après. Je te jure
en te embrassant avec amour.

Ton Maurice

Maurice Wagnon

Paris France

2 rue Spinoza

Hôtel "Le monde"

Tout est sur le me repaire
Tu es un petit malin
ou peut me écrire sur le machin

Je t'embrasse
Maurice Wagnon
Paris France
2 rue Spinoza
Hôtel "Le monde"

now. Your letter was a
grand escape for me.
I have had a nasty week:-
I have been wandering
around with no settled
home. I was installed in
a boarding-house for a few
days and am now in a
smaller house. It makes
one feel so dependent
and helpless and forsaken.
A thing like this would
come when I was working
harder than I have ever
done before. However,
my friend Tom Kemp has
gone back to London for
a period since he is

70 B STATION RD,
PETERSFIELD,
HANTS

Sunday

My dear Herbert,
I thank you
for your letter and your
illuminating lectures.
So, you are a
success! Didn't everyone
tell you you could never
stop being a success as
long as you lived, my
friend? I liked your little
lectures very much indeed:-
they were both very clear
and unaffected. You claimed
no intellectual superiority ^{over} to
your listeners - which, I
have learned, is an

It?
like yours, although on a very
much smaller scale, my
work has been successful
this term, I think. When
I see you I shall certainly
tell you about that proud,
powerful, tranquil feeling
after two hours quiet work.
And O! O! I am enjoying
my school. Every master
is charming and the
teaching is so intimate
and tolerant and friendly.
Last night I met a
very cultured teacher from
Bedales School, an advanced
boarding-school near

beneath the moon-light, all
facing one direction in the
most peculiar fashion.
Again, have you ever
noticed that the sky and
the country is so wonderfully
different at night? Before,
I had always seen the
sky as a piece of canvas
but now I have seen as a
huge, deep cavern of space,
a little frightening. I have
never quite realized either
that night is the absence
of the ~~moon~~^{sun}, that the
country at night is really
in a sort of huge ~~shade~~
shadow. Have you felt

lived at the big house at
Sheet Common it was
peculiar. When I finished
work in the evening, I
got into bed feeling strange
and twisted up internally.
And as I walked across
the fields regularly every
night, my brain was
full of buzzing little remarks
and questions, questions,
questions. But some of that
has passed:— so you may
thank your lucky stars
that you haven't been
subjected to a bewailing
letter.

I am so glad you are happy

² extremely wise policy.
I have been meaning
to write to you for a very
long time. I have thought
of a thousand things to tell
you — I was going to write
you a very long letter when
I was particularly worried
some days ago. I felt
then that I was mad —
that all the questions
which were banging against
each other in my brain
were bad signs. I was
going to tell you how
neurotic I was and so on.
I was a little frightened
then, I suppose. When I

here:— everyone there is quite free: the masters live on equality with the pupils: there are boys and girls (there are many 'affairs' as you may guess, which are tolerated). It is a modern school, based on modern psychological research. This ^{man} ~~wanted~~ told me that ~~to~~ he thought the teaching of languages at our school was extremely efficient and even better than theirs, which is indeed a good sign!

Well, I should very much like to see you at Xmas

II officially infected by a disease.

But this evacuation is a great strengthening. It has taught to keep my inside quiet and to silence the weak dumblings. I cannot run to my mother... I cannot look to anyone... and I am enjoying the unpleasant exercise immensely.

The country has taught me a great deal. I never knew before how animals passed the nights in the fields, until very late at night I saw several cows all snoozing

3 Can you manage it? I shall be in London next Thursday for perhaps a few weeks. I want very much to see you, so could you possibly write immediately arranging a time or place?

Goodbye until we meet

Your ever ever friend

Pauline

P.S. L'Amour et ses enfants joyeux m'évitent toujours: je m'abuse, je m'abuse tout seul. Quel dommage, mon ami! je suis accouché d'un petit, malgré mon sexe et mon isolement!

BHOPAL

29th. May 1939.

My dear Norbert,

This is the second draft of my reply to your letter, for which many thanks. You know that your letter was too short. I want to know more of what you are doing, and to have some of the news which the newspapers here lamentably fail to supply.

Aubrey wants me to thank you very much for your letter, and to say that he ^{will} reply at great length as soon as he is free of these continual appointments here.

In reply ^{to your} letter, the Red Sea was not so hot as here, the films did melt (all of them), and our personal relations are progressing on a certain equilibrium of torpor.

I have not replied before this, because, as you may well expect, my intelligence has been well below freezing point ever since I landed. It gives me great pleasure to use that phrase, because the thermometer here stands at 110 degrees in the shade.

In my first letter to you, which I tore up, it being so stupid, I pontificated on the question of the effect of Western crises on the minds here. Of course, I am really in a maze about everything. I can only say this: the news is atrociously reported in the Indian press, and I seldom heard European politics discussed. When an Indian wants to know what part of India a man comes from, ~~xxx~~ he asks, from what country? and the papers are full, except for the front page two columns devoted to Crisis, of communal strife (I cannot convey how much this seems to enter into conversation, all-day living, it is built in the person), of labour troubles in the States, of mumbo-jumbo speeches by officials. Also the Muslims, who are said to be traditionally more friendly towards the British, are being much disaffected by the Arab-Jewish trouble. As far as I can see now, the effect on India of any proper settlement must be bad.

But I cannot see very far. I have never been so bewildered. And I do not know where to start to tell you the

thousands of things. The first few days in India, I was mildly stupid, and then, instead of recovering, I relapsed into infantilism, when nothing at all went right. Luckily, no real damage was done in personal relations, and I got on well with the Indians I met. But the real hurdle is yet to come, as I have not yet met the Nawab.

n

Bombay was a strange place. You know that it was one amusement of mine while I was at Dufay's to find out by looking round why a town existed - if the river explained it, or the harbour, or the natural resources, - and how these things dominated the lay-out. But I could never find my way round Bombay, right up to the last day. It is set on an island, and, with a vast and almost empty mainland just over the bridge, they are, at immense cost, reclaiming land from the sea. On this land, they are building huge blocks of modernism flats, until the skyline is beginning to resemble New York. Rents are exorbitant. I asked nearly everyone, but no one could say why it was necessary to add to a sub-continent in order that none-too-rich people could live at great cost. The rest of Bombay is people. At nights they sleep in thousands all over the pavements. During the day, they serve in the shops, or sell on the streets, or work in the mills, or sit about. The chawls, or broken-down, rat-infested tenement buildings are not big enough to hold them all, although they sleep nine and ten to a room.

Withal, Bombay is the most expensive town I have ever been to. A Rupee (1/6) goes nowhere. The usual price in the popular cinemas is 3/6. You saw our luggage - they charged us 10/6 excess on it from Bombay to Bhopal. £3:10:0 a week for a two-roomed unfurnished flat is considered fairly reasonable. In fact, the only cheap things I saw in Bombay were the prostitutes behind bars in Grant Road, who sell their wares for 5d. And yet, of course, the mill-hand earns 1/6 per day, and keeps a family on it. Congress says that he will be able to keep his family even better when Prohibition is introduced into Bombay on August 1st. Bombay is governed by Congress, and this liquor law will be their first big legislation. The Parsees, who apparently really hold the position in Bombay that the Jews were said to occupy in Germany, are furious. But the rest of the opposition is tongue tied - neither the Hindu nor Mohammedan religions allow drinking. So, although all the parties hate one another's guts, the subject cannot be discussed except on a high legalistic plane. Aubrey has interviewed the Minister responsible in Bombay, and the Muslim Minister ~~xxx~~ of a previous Government in the same post, and he will tell you whether there is any justification for the law.

10/6 excess on it from Bombay to Bhopal. £3:10:0 a week for a two-roomed unfurnished flat is considered fairly reasonable.

Everybody admits that the credit arrangements of Bombay are in a fine muddle. The men who actually sit behind fruit baskets in Crawford Market and proffer mangoes, have their telephone tucked behind one of the baskets and deal in contracts sometimes to thousands of pounds. These men may have houses (in their brother's name) on Malabar Hill, the millionaire's row of many-loggiaed, old style Indian houses with interior courtyards. Tomorrow these market-men may be bankrupt or trebly rich. They have a week's credit; if they fail, they go bankrupt, and carry on.

The rest you can imagine: you never hear Indian music, hot jazz has replaced it; the only dancing is ball-room; the English out of many mouths is well-nigh perfect; the ignorance of India is colossal - I did start telling them about India, but it was too hot.

Today is Monday. We suggested to our guide and general mentor here that he should take us to the Sanchi Stupa on Wednesday, and he asked, were we in such a hurry? He is a fat man named Mahmud, and no lazier than anyone else here. It is assumed that we shall be here throughout the monsoon, and that we shall (at great leisure) proceed to visit the other Princes, Gwalior, Bikaner, Jodhpur, Jaipur, Kashmir Hyderabad and some others. The day starts at 6.30 a.m., stops at 10 a.m., starts again at 5 p.m. and then you had better go to bed early if you are to be up at 6 a.m. tomorrow.

You will get some conception of the sudden change from Bombay to here when I tell you that when we pass in our pyjamas along the porch guards spring to attention, that we have different cars for different times of the day, that each evening at 5 p.m. we have to attend the hockey matches with the Ministers. I may not know better, but to me this is a dream town. It is on two hills on the side of a great lake, and the whole thing is minarets, domes, Saracenic forts and blossom. The head gear is the fez. In the evening, the Persian carpets are laid, and the great of the State watch the jousting match of hockey sticks with much approbation.

It cannot be said that the city of Bhopal is in too good a condition. Most of the proud Persian architecture is faintly delapidated. But the water is pure, and Bhopal has four factories, including an ice-cream factory. Nearly the whole state is electrified, and a metal road runs through the city. Most of the things to see and hear are Muslim, but the Hindus are actually in the majority.

On the other side of the lake is the jungle, where there are tigers, cheetahs, panthers and so on. The whole

country is full of snakes, and the time is not far off when I shall see my first rat in India.

You say in your letter that we at least are doing something, but so far, moving from place to place has not constituted doing anything. The hospitality is overwhelming, and the heat at this time of the year is so oppressive that are just now beginning to come up the other side.

We think of you a great deal. We are always saying that this or that would appeal to Norbert; and I know that so far I have failed to convey to you the fascination of this place, and how it would interest you. How right I was to want so much to come here.

This bewilderment will pass, and faculties return, and meanwhile you must tell me more about you own doings - by the way, I forgot to mention the boat - it was a crashing bore, and had we not met some surgeons on their way to their doom and military stations, we would surely have thrown ourselves, ping-pong bats and all, overboard. I had sempiternal indigestion from the frozen food, and the boat passed every interesting sight in the dead of night.

Another by the way. After much enquiry, we managed to dig up a showing of the Gujerati drama in Bombay. The audience were mostly Congress men in their Gandhi caps, with their wives and babies. They displayed, at the 'box office', absolutely no welcome tous. The play was a social drama, about the evil effects of money and Europeanisation, played mostly by men. There were only two women in the cast, and the ugliest men took the women's parts. The overwhelming impression (what with the noisy, eating and drinking audience, and the stentorian delivery of the actors, and the stychomathia of the dialogue, and the interspersed choruses,) was that we were seeing almost exactly a performance of, say, Aristophanes in Greek times. The humour was of the simplest and most boisterous, and the pathos profound. The music was popular and frequent. The audience clapped, cheered and whistled every satiric quip slung at them across the orchestra. By dint of much persuasion, and sitting around, we managed to get some photographs from back stage, atb the performance a week later. These photographs are among the most interesting things we have so far got.

I have kept this letter going, on and off, all day long; ~~and the rest of the letter is all crossed out~~ and the rest will wait until we meet by air-mail the next time.

Love from Aubrey and myself
J. S. M.

My dear Norbert,

You must not take my continued silence to mean I have forgotten anything. On the contrary, I remember you and what you have said every day. No. I will not write at length until I am sure that I am moving on solid ground.

In fact, the thought that I shall ultimately state my findings to you acts as a check on silliness. What a moonshine country this is! How tempting to be silly: to be silly here is to be merely charming: to rant is socially successful: to chatter in mystical illogicalities and to formulate monstrous lies ~~means~~ means no more than that one is a man of this odd world.

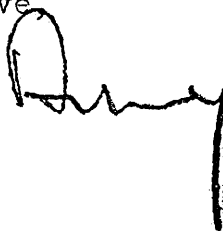
Here I am in the midst of a preserved feudalism: I shall describe it when I have managed to see it. I walk each day from the Palace to the village at the gates. At the moment I can see one and then the other: I can get no mental view of the both together. Like a camera lens, the angle of my mind is not wide enough.

You know that my mind is fundamentally anti-social, ~~and~~ Philistine and Fascist! I was on my very best behaviour when I came to India: Liberal minded, interested in the survival of culture; distressed at the evidence of poverty. These ~~inert~~ fugaces; the liberal phase is gone, and I am in a riotous mood of praising every evidence of Westernisation, listening to the jazz music, admiring the modern architecture, talking English loudly and confidently, refusing to be subtly Oriental (that makes me sick), arrogantly maintaining my stand among savages. Do not suddenly interrupt. I am right. I am following the trend. To do ~~it~~ anything else is to go against the trend, to be tourist, to be English. Paradoxical, of course. I was miserable until I saw the paradox. I am beginning to enjoy India, now that I have admitted it to myself.

My danger was that I am like Hitler: I only see like THAT. (You remember) Supposing THAT is contrary to what is. Disaster. For days I thought it was. I was romantic. I did not maintain THAT narrow viewpoint. Then-- illusion vanishes-- my view is their view.

More soon. Keep well. Tell me the news. You know I consider you one of the greatest men of the age. Genuinely.

My love



c/o MRS. FIRTH,
TILMORE GARTH,
TILMORE ROAD,
PETERSFIELD,
HANTS.

Monday, 25th 1940 Trabel

My dearest Norbert,

Your anger will do nothing, my friend. It is an injustice to yourself and a source of annoyance to me. Especially when the anger is unjustifiable. I have not written to you because I have not had time enough.

That is ^{not} ~~an~~ ^{my} excuse — I have no ground for telling you lies, you must know that. If I had been lazy, I would tell you so. But I have not. You must believe me. I am not a child nor the supreme egotist any more.

You must understand that here life is not simple; there is a great deal to do. You must realise that here we are a little social group; we have an legislative,

and an executive ; self-government is difficult and wearying. I also have my work, Norbert, which you must realize is now reaching its climax ; it is a time when I am leading all I can in the shortest time possible. I have never worked quite as hard as this. Please sympathise with me ; I do not want you to nod your head and excuse me, as if I am a child. I want you to say that are wrong in haranguing me because I do not write. My parents also want a letter every week ; school-friends also want letters, and I am bound to write to John and Aubrey. That is really the most I have time for. I cannot help, Norbert, looking upon letter-writing as less useful than working ; when I have finished work, I am tired and confused, unfit to write an intelligent letter. I want you to understand all this.

You know I have the greatest respect for you, and regard you as one of my only real friends. You know full well that you are my guide, philosopher, and friend, that you are my only trust-worthy adviser on any subject. Whether I write silly letters or not, it does not make a straw of difference to my regard for you.

How is your work? Are you lecturing? How is Dick? How is the flat? What is Cambridge looking like? I want to know so much, and I do hope you will answer this letter. I would love to see you again, and sit discussing for two hours over cigarettes and tea. Memories of the hours I have spent with you are a continual source of pleasure to me.

Can I tell you a little about Peterfield? Do you remember that I told you about a woman whom I met in Peterfield? One

who had lost her husband, whose energy went into making her evacuees happy? When I returned from Cambridge at Christmas there was a letter waiting for me which told me that I was now one of her evacuees. There are six of us here, all of us quite unseparated. We seem to enjoy it.

The 'intellectuals' who visit this house are sloppy. They try to sound profound and only show themselves to be vain, third-rate folks.

I want to ~~feel~~ tell you lots about my work. May I see you over the Easter holidays? We shall arrange it when I am in London,

Goodbye, Norbert,
and do not worry if I seem to disappear for a while,

Yours,
Travis

Ich hoffe, dass es Dir sehr
wohl geht, mein Freund, und
dass Du Cambridge noch immer
liebst. Wann wird der Blitz=
krieg in Wirklichkeit anfangen?

Nausice

P.S PLEASE, NORBERT, YOU
MUST WRITE TO JOHN
AND AUBREY:
THEIR ADDRESS IS:

c/o THOMAS COOKS,
BOMBAY
INDIA.

They do so want to hear from you,
Sincerely

Maureen

P.T.O

25 of. Kope

You want to send me a photograph, but I may not be able to do this letter. It may be too heavy.

c/o All India Radio,
Bombay.

My dear Maurice,

If you've wondered why I haven't written to you, that shows you ununderstanding. I should have done I know twenty times over, but I must put a brave face on it, and say that I write for my living which leaves my wrist sore and my mind befuddled with half statements and evasions. Such hackwriting won't do for talking to you, and I've put it off for I don't know how long from day to day, until now I don't know whether I can even make a semblance of saying what I think. Lope da Vega isn't in it: Aubrey and I have written between us nearly four hundred fifteen-minute plays in the last year; and now when I'm writing to you, I am pausing before each line, finding it difficult to make a straight statement. I have spent more than a year outdoing Shaw, putting six liars one ~~xxxxxx~~ against the others, and not worrying whether the truth emerges. It gets in the bones.

I have the haziest idea of what you are doing: I hear that you are going to Oxford, I wonder why, (you know I took one look at the place and fled, afterwards receiving the news that I wasn't wanted anyway). You don't imagine that even ~~xxxxxx~~ your brains will survive Oxford, do you? Surely it would have been better to have gone to London, and to have found yourself in Cambridge, because in the resultant muddle you might have found some quiet in which to educate yourself. I expect an apologia by the next post. Nobody says whether the scholarship was in English (which would be terrible) or in History (which would be better, because once you learn what it is, you never want to make it), or in that best of all subjects for persons in our station, Imitatio Patricii. However, I was overjoyed when I heard, and my ex cathedra pronouncement to you is this: my boy, your eldest brother has now reached an age when it has become apparent that he will do nothing in living, and for christ's sake do something yourself.

A joy that I miss in never writing letters is the joy of talking about myself; and I shall now give you a brief resume of my deggringolade since arrival in this godforsaken country. I intended that this letter should be beautiful and sad. Starting off with an opium laden quote from Baudelaire, about 'un immense découragement, une sensation d'isolement insupportable, une peur perpetuelle d'un malheur vague, une défiance complète de mes forces, une absence totale de désir, une impossibilité de trouver un amusement quelconque. Je ne me rappelle pas être tombé jamais si bas'. and after that sweet incense of self pity, I was going to pass on to a rapid description of the high hopes I entertained when the boat came out of Liverpool (with quotes from my own verse) and ending with a bitter account of my present state (including the present measurement of my waistline). However the mood has passed off. (Only explicable by the fact that today I have had a diarrhoea, and my Freudian undergrowth has probably explained that I have already created enough today, and that a plain statement of facts is now as much as my faculties are capable of.)

How can I write to you? It's too long by far since I saw you, and everything that has happened has put space between us.

2.

I don't understand much nowadays, it is as if I have been in hospital or in prison for a long time. Your emotive capacity and grip with things must have jumped far ahead of mine during the last year. You write to me.

You have emotionally jumped forward I imagine ~~xxx~~ a good ten years, and while I was away, we became of the same generation. Now we both know that the operative thing was that we both lived in the same twenty years (the other difference in our ages no longer counts) in T.S.Eliot's 'twenty years largely wasted, the years of l'entre deux guerres'. Have you made anything out of it? Poetry? Or is it all praxis and no poesis where you are: you see how much I don't know. In a way you are better off than I was: ten years ago everyone was shouting at me, believe this, opine that, join this, make up your mind on this and that once and for all, think! and nowadays no one at all does any thinking, no one cares what you believe or what you don't believe, so long as you do the outward correctness; and so you are free. Or am I wrong again?

Now it's the day after that last par was written and I note with interest that it contains one quotation (unnecessary) and two Greek words (pedantic, and anyway implying a misunderstanding of Plato). To crown it, there is a paternal note which I abhor. Let us get off the Chesterfield.

Now for my CAREER. I started in a small way and worked up. So did my waistline. Now, if you met me, you would find me complacent, wellbehaved, discreet, hypocritical, pontifical lapsing into advertising manager pomposity, I can raise a neat eyebrow at other people's misdemeanours, I reserve low tones for the truth and an oratorical fervour for lies, and I am described by the C.I.D. here as 'eminently reliable'. Je ne me rappelle pas être tombé jamais si bas.

We embarked on the diffusion of opinions by radio by producing each evening a fifteen minute dramatisation of the day's news, acting it and producing it, and in time we became so famous that abuse of us appeared in the newspapers every morning for months. The anglophiles abused us for supporting the war, and the nonviolent nationalists ~~x~~ abused us for not supporting the war. (This is literally true, consistency is not an Indian trait.) Hence we became the most talked about people anywhere, and our salaries increased. Which redoubled the abuse; which, in its turn, looks as if it might may redouble our salaries. At the same time, I had control of the Hindustani broadcasts, and as I don't know more than six words of Hindustani, this was a great success. (A contradiction in terms is a wow here, royal road to success). I wish I could send you some of the headlines 'MENON AND ROWDON DO THIS' MENON AND ROWDON DO THAT', but they're too big. In this regard, this is probably the most hilarious time I shall ever spend. The standard of the press here is low, but inventive. Last week the radio station played a piece of music called 'Panis angelicus', and a very flattering review appeared in the press the next morning - 'An exquisite rendering was given of the famous 'Pallis and Jellicus', and of Sibelius's 'Valse Trieste'. You're wrong: it was written by an Englishman.

Then we went for a holiday, a few days in Goa, the place where Vasco da Gama landed up when he first got to India. It belongs to the Portuguese, it is pretty and dirty. There is an abandoned

city lying just outside the main town, of cathedrals, convents and monasteries, all in the finest Spanish Baroque style, huge and white, a grandiloquent assurance of the obstinate belief that christianity can be transported lock, stock and cathedral, into anywhere. Grandees lived there pretending it was home, and now when you clap your hands there, bats two and three feet across crash in hundred out of the trees and the belfries.

(I can laugh. What else do I do but the same, as the grandees I mean. I surround myself with books from England, gramophone records from England, picture reproductions from England.)

One midnight, in a full moon, six of us went up the river, got drunk on voluptuous Portuguese wine, and nearly upset the motor boat with political squabbling. The palm trees on the bank looked queer, as if mocked up for a film set. They were like black frets, and would have been rather trivial if everything hadn't been so huge; the echo of the motor boat was tens of miles wide, and the jungle - well, you get used to jungle, but not when it's a big as this. The cathedrals on the hills say ten miles away looked like a ghost story, or like French romantic verse. I could run my hand in the water by the boat and pick up the minute phosphorescent fish. When the hand is cupped and held to the eye, they sparkle all over the fingers. Then my hand hit something hard and knobbly. Endeavouring hard to stop my teeth biting into my heart, I casually asked, 'Are there any, by any chance, do you think, perhaps, crocodiles in this river?' My wine-providing host answered 'Yes, thousands of them, thousands'.

After that purple patch, we returned to Bombay, but before that tell Norbert that one day while I was shaving (we lived in a couple of huts, very primitive) a rat ran over the shaving soap, and I WENT ON SHAVING. Even my repressions are repressed in this new bourgeois glory. We went back to radio, and did you hear me broadcast from London, on one Sunday morning, when I said Harmy 'headquarters. The recording man from London broadcast back grudgingly 'Hundred per cent intelligibility, but tell him for God's sake be more careful'. I do hope you or Mum or Dad heard my little contribution towards the brightening up of the BBC programmes.

The latest baby that I suckle is the French broadcast every night from here to Europe. (Pick it up one night, 5.50 Greenwich time, I don't speak of course, but you'll know I'm kicking if not alive). This isn't drama, it's newspaper work - fussing Reuter telegrams together into some semblance of news. I forgot to say it's on thirty three metres. *But was, it looks as though I shall have finished this assignment by the time this letter reaches you.*

Here is the rest of the news: probable that a selection of our radio programmes will be published in the autumn or winter - no liaison left with Europe, so they will have to be published here - dead end. Will send a copy for your derision.

There are a couple of friends here, svelte daughters of one-time High Commissioner in London, who posed me question 'Do you know your namesake, Maurice Rowdon?' I admitted blood relationship. 'You don't mean to say that you're the brother of Maurice Rowdon?' I admitted that I did mean to say, and it appears that they think very highly of you as a poet, and the new regard to me as the brother of Maurice Rowdon has only recently died down. Which is only reasonable seeing you have published nothing for a long time. Why not? And they adored your photograph.

4.

Re your photograph, Aubrey wrote a very lovely play about it, and put it on the air, calling it 'Portrait of a young man smiling', and giving the most accurate details of your conversation on Charing Cross Station when we left. I played you.

About this being in India when I'd rather not, I find that I docted out some verse on the beat coming out, like this:

'I know that I have dreamt and gone again to seeming places,
squandered all my now for soon,
and, Alexander into Asia, burned my boats,
and turned my back on moated faces,
on you who have no courtyards to your hearts and no gates there,
who have your pleasures stored and let no others near!

If I knew that India was a seeming place, why did I come?
and is it true, what I said about the english, or had my tail got lodged between my legs?

Nowadays, I grab at dying things. Mathematics and the kindred philosophy you remember I used to read, I still read, at intervals, but it is all old stuff, nobody does anything new. And you cannot expect anyone with any sense to follow any other poetry besides, say, Eliot and Rilke. The flouncy upper-middle boys write school magazine stuff. I might give you Dylan Thomas, but is it any use reading nice words cloaking such abysmal ignorance? Auden is a journalist, with the spirit of a Calverley. Spender, obsessed with his own profile, gets published too easily. McNeice makes a pretty advance on the Georgian tradition, but he makes all his poetry up. That doesn't say what I mean, but they all get their inspiration from one another's poetry. Except for Day Lewis's translation of the Georgics - I thought it beautiful, and I was almost convinced, so I got Auden's *Another Time*, and ~~his~~ *his* not as good as Alexander Woolcott. And did anyone write any music in the last ten years? I believe one or two of Stravinsky's more trivial pieces came in that time, but nothing else (Bartok perhaps, and Sibelius, who's an island). Is anything more worn out than surrealism? The monotonous filigree of Finnegans Wake, as far as I can see, merely scribbles away on the surface of everything. One catchpenny biography of Joyce claims that the book is based on the writings of Giambattista Vico and Giordano Bruno. How nice it must be to be really educated!

All right. Sour grapes.

Now this is ten days later. You notice I take good care not to date my letters. Because this is how it always is - ever since I wrote the words 'sour grapes' I've been caught up in a lot of time-wasting oogy-bloogy which it would be tiresome to report. Nowadays I'm so discontented with everything I do, that I don't even dare reread this letter, for fear I tear it up. Why one should not be content to live miles from the centre of a volcano during eruption I do not know. But it's so. And as for India, it's a fake civilisation. Nothing here at all except a long, long tradition of bad quality. The languages - myriads of them - will not express anything. Buckets of prissy ~~myxixx~~ mysticism. The architecture is abominably matter-of-fact, a prosaid piling of one stone on another. Sculpture had a short burst, of painting there are ~~motheaten~~ examples in the whole country - and these have a dreadful calligraphic sameness.

two

Religion is everywhere you ~~hear~~ tread, boneheaded people bowing and scraping, gabbling over and over and over and over and over the same ululations - an earnest lady asked me, Mr Rowdon, what will your impression of India be when you have left it, and I answered, "millions of raised behinds", and she thought I was being witty (earning my drink). If you calculate how many millions of times the words Mahommed or Shiva have been ululated in a rasping tenor to the disease-laden air, I should think only a row of beans would stretch as far. The poverty here is appalling, but the upper classes are alive to it, in Southern India they have even gone so far as to throw open the temples to the untouchables. The standard of education is appalling too, but great efforts are made, and every year we have more educated men and women - 'educated' means able to recite multiplication table up to thirty or forty times and to get at least six standard English books off by heart. Of course, what the British should do with India is to push it in the sea. The inhabitants would make a better impression on the world as sea anemones.

Once I believed Trotsky's analysis of an old country reborn, when he makes much of the idea that a backward country can summate a hundred years of a civilised country's progress in ten years or even five. After the event, Russia can compass in five years what England took thirty to make. So the theory goes. But it is all wrong. Apparently a country has to earn its assets. India has had Radio, railways, roads, irrigation, science, modern flats, everything handed to it on a plate. Nobody in India ever did anything to make these things; so, they set no value by them, what comes so easily can be kicked around. Radio commands no respect, 'purdah' curtains are put on cars, (to keep the baleful eye of the male off the women) notices outside huge blocks of functional flats say 'hindus only', 'Vegtarians only', there is no system of gambling known in the middle ages of Europe which is widely practised among business men here, the film industry is used for turning out tawdry pre-raphaelite two-hour epics of langour.

Since all the things of the last two pages are not all that I have to grumble at, it is time I put a curb on my petulance. Besides, the hens in the censors office here will have anything I say all round this parish. And so, before finishing, after saying everything I don't like, I ought to say what I like. I suppose it's Alexander Pope, two glasses of beer, grumbles and a brother to write them to. I want to see you all again; and one day wanting will turn me foolish, and I shall come back to England in a hurry. Until then, I wait for a long record of news from you, I say once again how sorry I am not to have written before, I say it to Mum and Dad, give my love to them and Leslie, say I'm writing now to them, show them this letter, and please take care of your own self specially.

*all my love
John.*

Give my love to Norbert - is his book appearing? How does he like things? Tell him I miss him - still do. On receipt of his address, I shall send him a letter. Entirely without obligation. Try and phone Jean Sheppard for me, give her my love, find out how she is, give me her address. And Kenneth Hall, did you know him? Was he caught in France? and Benny, was he? Whom else do you know of mine - tell me about them all. You forget, I'm a colonial now.

Tilmore Garth,
Petersfield,
HANTS.

February 3, 1941.

My dear Norbert,

Thank-you so much for your encouraging letter. It was indeed good to read the judgements of someone I respect and admire.

Nothing is clearer to me than what you said about social caste in relation to scholarships: in the Oxford results there was hardly one ~~scholarship~~ award which did not go to a big Public School. There were some very bitter comments on this among the some of the candidates I spoke to at Oxford: some of them were attempting a scholarship for the fourth or fifth time. I think I agree with the Master of Balliol's conviction that very often scholarship people come up to College warped in mind and body. Incessant work has had disastrous effects upon me: it has ruined a promising prose style and a lively enthusiasm in one direction. Crowther (my English History master) has been very nice about it. He said that many years ago teachers seldom concerned themselves with the temperament of their scholarship candidates, very unwisely, Crowther maintained. He suggested that I needed about a month's real holiday, during which a text-book should not be looked at. But that, as he realises, is impossible with another Oxford scholarship so near. You see, Norbert, there is no way of getting out of oneself down here, no means of relaxation-- no real friends, and a dull, maddeningly middle-class town.

I appreciate your suggestion that I should ^{read} some lighter and more whimsical literature: I shall read some Hazlitt, although I cannot tolerate Lamb, probably because I have read so much of him. At the moment I am dipping into some Philip Guedalla and some Lytton Strachey. Crowther has given ^{me} some interesting books designed to drive away the heaviness and scientific-historical depression.

Yes, the question of balance is important. To a large extent I have sublimated myself, and I think that is possible after a certain period of work. I no longer have the desperate yearnings which I was at one time so prone to. There are times when it appears that I am living only for knowledge and ideas; there are times when ideas flow through my head at a furious rate and I seem to be a different organism, a sort of detached thinking machine. But I am not so sure that self-

is healthy
-transcendentalism. It renders one unfit for social intercourse and drives out the wide, enjoying temperament, if it is carried too far. Perhaps I have carried it too far; I was called sexless some time ago for the first time in my life. That is not good, and I must, as you put it, cheer up and stop worrying you with my depressing self-analysis.

I am indeed sorry to hear that you have heard nothing from your parents. I should think, however, that the persecution of Jews is by no means as extreme as it was in peace-time: the Germans are now fully absorbed by the war, and a pogrom is no longer needed to stir their animal emotions.

As you have probably seen, I shall be in the army quite soon. In some respects that may be welcome, although it may well turn out to be demoralising: the evidence of the last war seems to prove that students returning from the war have renewed intellectual vigour and return to their studies with renewed enthusiasm.

But it is very depressing to think ahead: there seems to be no security ^{re} wherever one looks, and perhaps one day we shall know what we are fighting for. It is an ironical fact that no two people agree in their conception of our aims. But we shall see what we shall see.

Do write again: I enjoy your letters. And we should see each other before the eighteen-group is called-up.

Goodbye, my friend,

Yours Ever,

Maurice

P.S. Perhaps you know that I will not be granted exemption. That privilege is only extended to scientific students. I knew that the Government would not for long continue to exempt school- and University students. It is a pity, but University life in war-time is not very real and there are many diversions.

Maurice

49, Waldron Rd.,
Earlsfield,
London,
S.W.18.

May 1st. 1941.

Dear Norbert,

From your silence I assume that you have either moved or are in the process of doing so.

Some complication has arisen as regards my going to Oxford and I shall not be going up until October after all. So that I have some months in which to learn and create-- because I have much to create.

I have had a spell of illness and have only lately thrown it off. Do you think you could put me up for a few days? I should not disturb your work of course, and should like to continue with my own.

Does that meet with your approval? I am used to honest people and if you feel that it is impossible you must tell me quite frankly. Please write as soon as you can and tell me the decision, won't you?

Hoping that you are as well as you were when last I saw you,

I remain,

Yours Ever,

Haudice

H 9 Walden Rd.,

S. W. 18.

Monday 22nd Sept. 41.

Dear Robert,

Thank you so much for your card and information re Bokeran. I shall be seeing Mrs. Mayne this afternoon and shall tell her all. (She would, by the way, like very much to meet you — and I am sure you would ~~so~~ like her too).

Kais observation had an extremely interesting job for me after all. They sent me to Kent to Kais observe the hip-pickers — a varied collection of working- and labouring class people. I came to some conclusions which you may find quite interesting, and I shall either send you a little of the evidence I collected or bring some to Cambridge. My primary task was to discover whether the blitz (or war in general) has driven people from London and other large towns to the hip-fields of Kent. Among other things, I had too, to find out what exactly these hip-pickers felt about the progress of the war — and, above all, what their habits and reactions were in the new surroundings. The work was not quite as explicit as I seem to

make it here - for H.O.'s instructions were a ~~trifle~~ vague, and I was forced to turn the investigation into something more definite and far-reaching in scope. Time was limited and for a really exhaustive investigation one needs a whole band of investigators living on several farms for several weeks. However, I returned to London last week and furnished H.O. with my report (he has to keep in touch with them continually when away). They thought my investigation so proficient that they wanted to put me on another job almost immediately - at the ~~by~~ elections at Scarborough. However, I rejected the proposal (although it would have been very thrilling) since I feel that I must do a good deal of reading in these few days before I go up to Oxford. So that now I am working on the BBC survey (direct questioning & programmes) which takes only 3 or 4 hours a day. But I am glad that I have established myself as a reliable reporter for H.O. - and it this is doubly useful in view of the fact that they ~~payed~~ pay me £2/10 and all expenses for a week's work.....

So that life is speeding up a bit now - and I shall always know what to do when I am tired of reading books and trying to write them, when I have become so thoroughly involved as to be unbearable. It is interesting to talk to all types of people - from the half-wit to the clever, uneducated Cockney who has something to say and a punch in what he says. And the investigation taught me a good many things about working-class opinion: which made me disagree wholeheartedly with an article I saw of Haski's in 'Reynold's News' yesterday. I must say that I had been misled in my view of the state of working-class 'opinion' - and it is so easy to regard it as something easily assessed. An investigator who had lived among and ~~talked~~^{conversed} with working-class people of all types could not talk as glibly as Haski does about their 'opinions'!

But this is too much for a letter that wasn't intended to ramble. I am pleased to say that Kati is not going to America (you see how I corrupt people?) - but to Cambridge where she will be in October. ~~By~~ the sun shines heartily on H's head...

Do write when you have time. For I feel that it is

high time that we re-established a friendship which
I sometimes feel to be slightly on the wane. I
remain your ever faithful friend

Maudie

October 5th 1941 - May I add a postscript? I delayed
sending this so long that I now think it worth while
to send you the report I made after hop-picking.
I do hope you find it interesting and perhaps
helpful. Do you think you could return it when
you have finished with it. I do not need it
urgently - for Mass Observation have three copies.

If you write after Thursday would
you address your letter to 'UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE, OXFORD'? I am going up on Friday.
I feel on the whole very ready for work - now
that the emotional difficulties have straightened
themselves out a good bit.

Do write,

Yrs. Eves

Maudie

P.S. Kasi sends his regards.

I shall be going
to a rehearsal of
the Ballet tomorrow
- after a very busy
period. Looking
forward to it with
you
M.

Audrey Postscript:

Is that these anyone you would like me to meet in Oxford? Could you send addresses or something of that sort. I already know some undergraduates (of the jaded type) but would like some influence outside college. For the University is strangely lacking in stable ~~men~~ men.

Kasi will not after all be coming to Cambridge but to Woking where she will work for a Newham Scholarship.

I do hope you are well — write soon,

M.

1939, July

26th Walden Rd,
Sarsfield
S.W. 18

Dear Robert,

A wonderful evening I had with you!
It was a very marvellous ballet - programme and
I must thank you most heartily, thank you for
the kind presents you make me. You really
are more kind than anyone else I know in the
world and what gratitude I nurse I feel deep
down inside, - without your thorough gaze.

Well, things are happening (and,
by the way, the international situation is getting
rather more formidable, isn't it?) - as I say,
things are happening. I am thinking and feeling
these days. When I was coming home from school
the other day I asked myself: 'What is intelligence?'
When I feel a million sensitive things and a
million little ideas fly to me, - am I being
individual, or at least one of the emotional elite?
Or do any Tom, Dick, Harry or cetera lumped
feel the same things? I answered: 'No, they
don't feel!' - But how far am I individual, apart,
in actuality, in emotion? Then I felt all my
peculiar thoughts & peculiar feelings were worthless
and will soon disappear as I grow older. When I
tell you that I feel, feel, feel, feel, feel,
like the little man with the tinest stamps,
and that a voice, the voice of my E.G.O., is
always having a strange conversation with me, that

others me, is always there; he points sometimes
and jibes sometimes and he says: 'look, look,
you are a failure. You have failed so often —
you know nothing; there is so much for you to
learn and it will be too much for you. You
will never fulfil your ambition, because I am here
to make always conscious, conscious! When you
begin to write an essay, I shall say "Mind,
mind, you cannot reproduce that brilliant style
of yesterday. You are a failure!" Oh, Hobbit,
what can I do to stop him? I must kill that
EGO, or he will kill me. How can I do it?
He must be stamped out, before I can work
properly. He is so strong that I never lose
myself in anything. I am seldom led away by
from self-consciousness by the most absorbing
books or thoughts. 'Yes', the voice says, 'you
are sitting down now. You are standing. You
are writing. Every body is against you!
This ego' may be a good thing — it may go with
a vision, intelligence & sensitivity. But oh
what a price to pay!!!

Put ENOUGH.

I realise entirely your meaning when you talk
of the lack of bravery in the English artist
at times, when he will not say what he means

2

and, despite the fact that he may now hatred of the social law against free love, falls into the trap by ^{un-}consciously stifling the open mention of sexual activity. The sexual organs are in some way connected with vulgarity.

Well, I know I am not free from this. But I am always trying, battling with myself to brush away the repression. I now think that it is time to show one of the best results of this struggle. The poem came to me quite suddenly & quite naturally. Except for one line, all was spontaneous outflow. Is this honest? — The word 'hea' is the slang expression for ~~the~~ releasing the urine or liquid-acid from the penis.

I shall phone you tomorrow morning (Wednesday) to arrange a meeting — will about ~~8.0 o'clock~~ 9.0 o'clock do?

I await a description of your presumably inspiring conversation with that anthropologist. Husbah for intelligent conversations — and when I am a cultured and authoritative person, I hope we may have as intelligent ones together. These must be a lot for me to understand!

Cherrio
Yours ² Maurice

46A Walden Rd,
Salisbury,
S.W. 18.

12th July, 1938

Dear Robert,

Isn't people stupid? I am
so sorry about what happened — it was
simply unavoidable.

You know that we row on
Wednesdays, don't you. Well, I asked the
waster in church to release me for once,
but he hesitated and kept me waiting
for a reply until this morning (Wednesday),
when he flatly refused at last it was
too late in the morning to phone you and
I suffered bags of conscience — feeling that
you might come to Waterloo & wait. I
hope you didn't!

Excuse the poem — please write today (Thursday)
making arrangements about Saturday ballet
or whatever you prefer,

Yours,
Raoul

P.S. I've had a
letter from you & Glen.

MIDNIGHT

Suddenly to grasp

The midnight band, to twist

The fragile fingers for the sadist joy

While the flat sleeps and the roof-cats curl...

To catch the saucy stars

Just as you see the fairy lights

Jiggling on the distant lake,

You may wished lost words

And lean into the night

Forgetting my steel-cut frown...

My hate is of thick puppets strutting

Through the streets below, unbeloved

As storm-caught vessels housemaids to the sea...

Dead unhearing framed with steel

Spitting scandal in little groups

On shady slum-street-corners,

Without your search-light smile that midnight
brings...

Only twisting up their lips to curse

And swirling their mouths to spit -

The whole design to stifle down

Our native wobble-grace and kite-free movement.

at - 40 -

90A Walden Road,
Eaglefield,
S.W.18.

Dear Robert,

Oh! I am awfully
sorry that I didn't write to you
last evening! I did forget —
really, really, really. And it
was not because I was copping
myself — I was working all
day.

Thank-you very much for
sending me the 'Fact' book.
Oh how fascinating I found it.
Everything that is said in,
every sentence, is a great
discovery for me — so great
that I have taken 3 pages of
long notes on only 30 pages of
text. Organ & inorgan
true.

I keep on intending -
you a long letter telling you how
^{good} good you are. Do you understand
that you are more kind to me
than almost anyone ^{else} has been in
my life! I feel so helpless and
selfish about it, too - I am so
conscience-stricken whenever I
leave you - feeling that I have
robbed ^{you} of money which you could
use to a better purpose, feeling
that I have wasted your precious
hours. You can do nothing to
drive that conscience away. I
only want you to understand how
much I appreciate every word
that you say me, every gift
that you bestow on me. I
feel it very deeply that I
must repay you in some way

in ^{to you} ~~my~~ reply will ^{to you} - you! I must
thank you once more for lending
me such a book. I think that
now I have ended my period in
which I feel intensely boxed
with whatever I touch upon if it
isn't in the poetic dreamland.

How is your book
going? The fact is, I do take
an interest in your book
and I am more eager than
ANYONE IN THE WORLD to
read it! Why don't you tell
me more about it, then? Last
time I saw you you did not
say a word about the subject.
Schtraccher!!!

piece of me
undergoing the violent ~~process~~
and, believe me, I understand how
you machine operates, too, but
please remember that all that
you give me, although I may seem
~~grate~~ ungrateful and selfish
although I do not thank ^{you} in so many
beautiful words, ~~try~~ to be has
a real effect on me and I feel
your sympathy and generosity deeply.
I am too embarrassed to ~~for~~ thank
you heartily when I am with you -
so please understand how I feel. Yes,
you make me happy with yourself
& your gifts - and that is what
people say when they ^{talk} 'shinleap'
someone, isn't it!

I shall write to you again in
a week to arrange a

arrange a

46^A Walden Rd.,
Sallyfield,
S.W. 18.

3rd August, 1939

Dear Robert,

I received your letter, — thank you so much. I really wondered at the delay, — I first of all thought that you had not gone to Cambridge and phoned your flat. However, your landlady told me that you had gone and gave me your address. I was just preparing to write to you when your letter came.

I hope against hope that I shall be able to come on MONDAY next. My parents are not against the idea — the money might be a little difficult however.

Can you please tell me this? — shall I be able to use the library in Cambridge and have access to at least one book at a time? This is extremely important as I have been studying for five or six hours a day so far (!) and should like to keep it up.

This is really all I have to say, — I only hope that you are quite happy

and are not working too hard, how is the weather?

Can you write immediately you receive this letter, answering my question about the books? Your last letter I think you posted in the afternoon, didn't you? — well, I received in the evening of the same day, so that if you write in the morning I shall receive your reply on Friday evening and be able to send you a letter by the night post, telling you of the arrangements for Monday.

You understand that I should like to have Sunday free to pack etc?

Wishing you ever fully well,

Yours,

Naomi

39?

76th Waldon Rd.,
Ealingfield,
S.W. 18.

Dear Herbert,

Thank-you so much
for your letter. I am not
habitually a sufferer from hay-
fever — but the slight attack
I had has died away, YES
S-I-R-R.

Thank-you for your
letter which was illuminating.
I am now settling down
to harder work. But NOW
I find myself hindered by other
people.

Thank-you for your
voluminous letter.

I saw a funny poem
about a German refugee in the

2

New Statesman & Nation this week.

I thank you so much for
your lovely letter.

And, oh, could I see
you at Waterloo Station (if
this suits you, of course) at
7.0 P.M. If the school

refuses to let me go owing to
sowing or house-meetings or
school-arrangement I shall
send you a telegram at 6 o'clock.

And I must thank
you very much for the letter
you sent me.

Yours
Maudie

P.S. Your letter smelt of SARCASM
!!!

49, Waldon Rd.,

Eastfield,

London

Saturday, Aug 31st 1940.

P.W.18.

My dear Herbert

It is really a great relief to hear from you at last. It appears from your letter that you did not receive the letter I sent you some time ago. I sent to Huxton Camp and I wondered whether it had been forwarded. I wrote to the Huxton authorities last week concerning the letter and they told me that you had been removed to the Isle of Man. I have spent the last two months in trying to get your address.

I phoned Cambridge about five times in one evening at ~~one~~ ~~time~~ — my attempts to get hold of Mrs. Home at Cambridge failed. However, the Cambridge police sent me your address at Liverpool some little time ago.

You must tell me if you need anything. Am I allowed to send you books? Of course I do not ^{need} the pipe, and I shall send it on.

In my letter to Huxton I described the glorious time I was having in a little village near Peterfield. That I was a month ago, and it was with some regret that we left for London. You see I shared a little house with three friends

— all about my age. Of course
our life there was completely
topsy-turvy: we managed meals
as best we could, smoked too
many cigarettes, retired to bed
at two in the morning and rose
about seven — enjoying the
beautiful weather the while.
It was from that little village
that I wrote to you: in that
letter I bewailed the fact
that you were still interested,
although I hadn't the satisfac-
tion then of knowing
that Germans of academic
distinction will be released.
It ~~is~~ does ~~not~~ seem absurd
that you, a vehement enemy of
Hitler and all that his régime
implies, should be prevented
from participating in a struggle

3

which is as vital to you as it is to us. But I do not think no authorities are as short-sighted as not to release you. I can only hope sincerely that I see you very soon. It is a long time since we discussed our pet subjects. It is, indeed, very interesting that you should be giving lectures on social psychology — and without books! You have a way of making your lectures very absorbing and at the same time knowledgeable. ^{Wishes} You ask me about the examination and the scholarship. The first I have, of course, taken: there was no panic, and everything went very smoothly. An exam. which lasts for a month is,

of course, a very great strain upon the mind and body. But I am glad I was not weak and did not surrender. I cannot tell you how my results stand: they will, of course, be delayed by the war. I cannot say that I did as well as I might have done, but none ever does do they? But I had a glimmer for six weeks for a month after the exam.

This is the second time I have returned to this letter after an air-raid. We have not slept properly for two days, since the raids have been incessant. We have just had our sixth since yesterday morning, and this day has

14

not long begun. last night we had our third seven-hour raid since Monday. All the raids are very eventful. The anti-aircraft guns here are sometimes terrific. The most thrilling thing I have heard come in the small hours of this morning, when a plane crawled out of the anti-aircraft barrage and apparently disabled and, climbing up again, jettisoned all his bombs. At least we presume he did so. Hitler is trying to smash ^{London} with as little ease as possible, but the defences here must be beyond doubt excellent.

I do not know why I stay in London. I can of course do us

work here at a time when
at least light study is
essential. But I remain here
because it is all very
interesting. I knew before the
raids began in London that
the Londoner would adapt
himself smoothly to the new
conditions. And he has done
it in the most interesting

~~ways.~~ People are a few
nervous, but the fear soon
disappears. The Londoner is
interesting in the nick-names
he invents and the jokes he
cocks: many call German
planes (their word being
very familiar now) 'old chug-
-chug' or 'chuck-chuck'.

It is, by the way, interesting to
visit public shelters: one would

5

Imagine that the time old dignity and reserve of the Englishman would become relaxed in face of danger — it does, to an extent, but it is often only the women who fall readily into conversation with strangers. This fact is illuminating and sometimes amusing. I hope mass-observers are studying the reactions of the hordes, because they should be interesting when analysed.

Do you think so?

But third said since the last sentence has just finished the hordes pop up from his dug-out and grin, while Hitler presumably feels that he is smashing out noise.

You ask about the scholarship

This is good news. Both history
masters approached me last
term and tried to persuade
me into taking a history schol.
I said I would wait. For a
year now I have wanted to take
a history schol. ~~It~~ History, as
a university course, is, of course,
far more generally educative
than ~~is~~ English literature.
It is little consolation to know,
in studying English, that literary
criticism has, generally
speaking, taken the wrong path
for two centuries. To study
the English poets and the
literary theories is very
pleasant and slightly romantic
— but is not, relatively
speaking, useful. For this
reason, and many others, I

8
I have abandoned English. He,
Frank is very pleased. Are you?
There are many history schools
at both Oxford & Cambridge at
Christmas, and I shall have
a shot. Please tell me
what you feel on the subject,
and give me any advice you
might feel inclined to bestow.

In one way, I feel
that I have lost something
very valuable. Both Tom and
I are what some call
'materialists' to an extent, ~~and~~
and we both found how
profoundly unpopular among
many modern students the
materialistic conception of
history is. The other evening
I tried vainly to convince
four female 'students' that

the
artistic urge and the 'ideals'
of which they talked so abundantly
had their basis in things quite
concrete. They imagined quite
hazily that new Christian
ideals and a new conception of
the personality were the causes
of the gradual abandonment of
slavery. These factors were,
to an extent, instrumental, of course,
but in the last analysis this
statement is untrue.

As I say, something seems to
have disappeared. My general
attitude is broader and more
real, but, whether temporarily
only I do not know, it has
driven out the poet and the
artist. The emotions are there,
~~and~~ but I find myself
destroying them deliberately.

7

It is too difficult to explain in a letter, but I only hope that the two outlooks may in time be reconciled.

There is much to talk about, but this letter must not be too long, must it? I wish that I could have discussed your life and your plans in this letter. I hope, my dear Herbert, that your life is not too hard to be comfortable, and I know that it is not intolerably hard. I want very much to do something for you; what I can possibly do you must tell me — I shall send the pipe, as I said.

I know you are a very brave person, Herbert, and that you have passed through unpleasant

periods without shuddering. I know also that you do not feel bitterness against the English for intruding you, for I know you love the English. Let us both hope that Hitler is defeated soon and decisively for the happiness of your people and mine.

Yours friend,

Nandice

P.S. My parents send their sincerest regards. There is no news of John and Aubrey; they are, presumably, still broadcasting in India, 17.

Tilmore Garth,
Tilmore Road,
Petersfield,
HANTS.

22 December 1940.

My dear Norbert,

It is so long since I heard from you last. I fear that my letter was too long to pass the censorship department. There is little for me to say. I can only wish that you were still moving among the people whom you love and respect; it is at least encouraging to hear that conditions are by no means uncomfortable where you are. I know that your spirit and stimulating enthusiasm will not disappear; I hope that the stoutness you have shown in periods of misfortune will be rewarded- and by the people in whom you have put your trust.

I have not long returned from Cambridge after my first attempt at a scholarship. The papers were difficult (history, ofcourse) and not entirely to my taste. The Tutor has written me an encouraging letter explaining ~~xxxx~~ why I did not obtain anything; he pointed out that my papers were sometimes overladen with fact-- an obvious result of a term of cramming. But on the whole he was impressed. I shall have another attempt quite soon. History is an intriguing

subject and quite invaluable in an attempt to gauge the significance of contemporary struggles. But I will not talk of the comfort which new knowledge, a deeper insight, and a sharpened critical faculty gives. It has all been said before.

Is there no chance of your being released? Surely you are in the academic category eligible for release? But we English, as you have probably found out to your expense, are perhaps slow to arrive at decisions. We can only wait. Public opinion seems to have calmed on the internment question and fewer questions are asked. I think it has been claimed that aliens of academic distinction have already been released from internment. At least it does not seem to be true in your case. But the attitude of the government on the question is favourable and on that we must base our hope,

Goodbye my friend,

I remain yours ever,

Maurice

From- Maurice Rowdon,
Tilmore Garth,
Tilmore Road,
Petersfield,
HANTS.

7 Union Rd.

Cambridge

23 of december 1940

My dear Maurice,

it is a long time since you have heard from me last and I have not even thanked you yet for the pipe and for your long letter which gave me, in fact, very great pleasure as your letters always do. But while I was interned I was allowed only two letters a week, each of 24 lines and I used the , of course, mainly to prepare and to speed up my release. when I was released, at the 31st october, I had, at first, all my hands full with trying to get some work and some money. Now I have succeeded, at least temporarily, and I want to send you at least a Christmas -letter.

I have come out of the camp quite unperturbed and , if anything, healthier than before. For almost the only recreation we had was sea-bathing, and of that I made use almost to the last day. Prison life - for that is what it was, more or less, -was, in a way , a very interesting experience, though five and a half months of it were a little bit to much, and it would have been almost intolerable had it lasted much longer. In fact, those poor people who are still interned are getting more and more despondent, for it is a life without use and without hope. The most unhappy people are , of course those who have been deported to Australia or, like Asik, to Canada and the letters we get from there are everything but gay. The release of Asik has now been ordered as the College wants to have him back for his job as lecturer, but there are at the moment no shipping facilities and the journey back is, of course , rather risky. It is all one great muddle.

Stories from the camp I could tell you for many days. People who , for the greater part had not known each other before and who, had they known each other, would have hardly chosen each others' company for longer than ten minutes or half an hour were compelled to live together, sometimes under very trying circumstances. Like shipwrecked people on a deserted island they had to build up, often with very elementary means

a community of their own; we had in fact to choose leaders for each hut or tent or house or whatever it was, and, of course, for the whole camp, cooks, to do the cooking, a man, capable of running a canteen, if we were allowed one (all money was taken away for a while) etc. etc. We were so to say a primitive community in the making. You could observe how a ~~new~~ bureaucracy was growing up and , sometimes, a higher caste, how a man came to be a "leader ", in which way people adapted themselves to new and much more primitive circumstances or, for that matter, were unable to do so etc. In a way this camp was a great social laboratory and, for a limited time, not without interest for a sociologist. But I am, of course, extremely glad that, so far as I am concerned, the experiment has come to an end, though I can not help feeling constantly with those others whom I have left behind.

And now, my dear friend, after so much talk on my own past experiences, I should like to tell you that I wish very much to learn how you are. Tell me about the school, about your exam , the scholarship and the bombs in London. Have you any news from John and from Aubrey ? Please give my best regards to your parents. I hope they are well ?

With all my best wishes

Yours, ever

One of the few books I had with me in the camp was a book you gave me once, Hazlitts' Tabletalk. I enjoyed it very much. Whenever I was in need of a stimulating thought I opened it (just like other people the Bibel) and it never let me down though there are, of course, many points in which I do not agree with him. I remember that on our arrival at Huyton Camp we had to wait a whole day in a big tent till our luggage was searched and our money, knives, watches, manuscripts and other dangerous things were taken away. We were all rather hungry as we had not had much food and we had to stand or to sit on our luggage all the time as the ground was rather wet and muddy. I found myself standing next to a Viennese art historian. So I took my Hazlitt. He started reading his essay " On a Landscape "

49, Waldon Road,
Easbyfield,
S. W. 18.

29/12/40

My dear Herbert,

It is difficult for me to express my joy at receiving your letter, and above all to know that you are free and healthy. Only a few days ago I wrote to you at the Isle of Man Camp. No doubt you will in due course receive that depressing letter.

I know how profoundly you must feel your much-desired liberty. I know also how dejected one must become in an internment camp where one is compelled to live with total strangers in all but language. I am perfectly sure, Herbert, that your spirit and enthusiasm have suffered nothing. Your awe-inspiring bravery has been rewarded amply, my friend, and I hope you live to see

a more settled world, although I am not an optimist on that ground.

So you are in Cambridge? So was I three weeks ago. Perhaps you were there at that time also? If you were, I shall kick myself heavily for not visiting your address at Union Road, which I passed twice a day for a week. Yes, I was taking my first scholarship at Peterhouse in history. Last term was for me a hard and generally speaking sad one — there was little in life but work, of which I did perhaps too much. On the whole I enjoyed the examination, which I was told on all sides to regard as an experiment. I was led to believe by the atmosphere in the interviews (by which one can generally gauge the impression one has made) that I was stood a good

chance. When I had returned from Peterfield I received a personal letter from the tutor in history, explaining why I was not granted an award. He explained that I had come 'very near' to an award and that the college would very much like to have me, should I be able to come without an award. He said that my papers were rather 'heavy' and overladen with facts, an obvious result, as I see it, of too much cramming immediately before the examination. I am not worried because I was awarded nothing, but because I was so anxious to come up to Cambridge in January and to shake the unpleasant dust of Emanuel School from my tired feet. However, that pleasure has been lost. On any showing, the examination was an invaluable

experience and well worth the trouble I shall try again very soon, although this continual redouble is rather unpleasant. It is encouraging to feel, however, that I was at least near the top at a college which is recognised as one of the finest history colleges in Cambridge and one which drew, as you may well imagine, great competition. I noticed that some of the students up for a while were unnerved by the interview ('viva voce') which is regarded as one of the most important parts of the examination: it ~~did~~ did not frighten me to an usual extent (perhaps I am now too old or too resigned), although it does demand rapid thinking and therefore tends to weigh heavily upon the nerves.

Perhaps you wonder why I attempted first at Cambridge. I weighed up the merits

and demerits of both Universities in my mind before I took my choice, and my decision was for Cambridge. I think it safe to say that it cultivates a more dynamic (or more 'sound' as some say) attitude, that there are on the whole fewer dilettantes at Cambridge than at Oxford. It is always ^{unsafe} to make sweeping generalisations of this kind, and one can only talk of tendencies and not of permanent features. Some Oxford men might be inclined to say that reading history is like reading a great novel: there is no room for that attitude among serious students, however witty a drawing-room remark of this kind may appear. People everywhere are saying that I am too 'serious' or too 'heavy': I cannot say what the fundamental cause is but I am well aware that it is true. But

perhaps I am boring you.
Let me only say that I feel ridiculously
old and dignified in relation to my
formed self. Perhaps these are a complex
of causes. At least the study of
history is, so I have found, depressing—
although, of course, enjoyable. Man's
achievements do not, I fear, inspire me
with wonder. We who are at war will
talk of 'new orders' and worlds more
fit to live in: as yet the realization
of the vital preconditions of a stable
civilization has not penetrated far
enough even into the British mind.
But we shall wait and watch. Even
if the British mind fully grasps the
issues at stake, the victory has by
no means been won. Is this war the
last gasp of an old system? I wonder.

You ask me to tell you of
the bombs here in London. I think it

[REDACTED]
Officer Courtney West,
Connaught Military
Hospital,
Knaphill,
Woking,
Surrey.

My dear Herbert,

The diagnoses are
very perplexing. The smear
that was taken two days ago
was diagnosed as urethritis
relapsa: but it appears from
further examination that it
is not non-specific urethritis
but gonococcal urethritis
(which is quite possibly gonorrhoea
broken down a little by sulphameizol).
The later discharges (which
have largely been stopped now)
were pure from germs attacked
by the M and B. You see how
vague everything is and how

very perplexing: I don't think the medical profession is also a bit vague about the symptoms and action of all the various diseases (and I have heard there are very many) which can attack the urethra and so on, non-specific urethritis (which apparently is resistant to sulphamide) can be caught when cohabitation takes place during the woman's menstruation. In the woman it is not a disease, but these are often water soluble products in her passage which may attack the male penis and infect the glands. This is still classed as venereal disease.

Also a woman has to undergo several tests for purity before she can be certain. This woman I thought I contacted it from had had test — which showed no signs of any infection. What

2
I imagine may well have happened
is that I was infected in
London (at the time I told
you). I felt almost certain the
very next day that I had
contracted it — and what
is probable is that I mistook
discharges for ordinary nightly
seminal emissions. At ~~that~~ the
time of contact my body was
at a very low ebb indeed, and
was incapable of resistance to
the beginnings of gonorrhoea in
her.

The medical council has saved
my 'reputation' by classing me
as urethritis (not specifying
whether gonococcal or not). This
means that I can explain
to my Regiment that I have
not contracted gonorrhoea and
have his backing. But the
main object of this hospital
is to 'implant a guilt-feeling'

(one way of) combatting the disease). I was as good as told that I was morally loose and ought to be ashamed of myself. I was unwise enough to give to my sex-history, medical which brought forth from the Colonel the statement that copulation before marriage was sinful and made only for unhappiness. He told me this was experience talking.

I told him that indignantly. It was experience talking, conscience and that his job as a doctor was to tell the how to take precautions and not to teach us an inferior mentality. He then talked the customary bridge about the British Empire blaming degradation onto the lower classes and the 'Bohemians' (I was a 'Bohemian', Herbert - you

3
Kron intellectual and artists
friends and Bertrand Russell).
I was going to ask him whether
the lower classes or the
university that pushed us into
an unnecessary war! but I
thought it would be better to
call forth the voice of
Experience once more. About
five years ago when he was
floundering in experience, I
was distributing ineffective
pamphlets warning the people
against Hitler: that is
a measure of my ^{inactivity} ^{inactivity}.
We have listened to ^{enough} these
jambles of Experience, whose
experience amounts to a
pusy emotional hanging on
to what their fathers believed
into them.
We were both angry, and I
said much more than I should

Did not write honest ~~truth~~ than
I wanted to because I do
see very clearly part of his
argument here these are
billions of people VD always
the ordinary solutions and
the man is probably worn out
trying to cope with the disease
It is shameful on my part to
have contracted it it is
anti social and obstructive of
the war effort. If we cannot
~~do it we shall have to~~
~~stop fighting~~
men combat it again and
again through weariness or
stupidity. I was not weak, but
in the stupid I built down
to the inadequacy of propaganda
and inadequacy of treatment. You
can't blame the soldiers if the
medical service is poor if there
were a systematic examination
of the men you would ~~know~~
7777777777 970922

the disease. But, like this
Voice of Experience, they do most
of the beating and bewailing
after the event. They are
poor fishes and ought to be
taken back to College for three
years so as to learn something
about medicine and society.
If you have tuberculosis you are
allowed to die or to die;
but if you have VD all the
fixations and fantasies and
defense-mechanisms come
screaming forth like a nightmare.
Even the VD doctors themselves!
Isn't it beyond comprehension?
Of course the disease is a waste
of time, but so is influenza!
It is possible to visit
me here, you know, Herbert. I
have a beautiful room for
myself and the food is
perfect. Gentleman's conditions.

Woking is only a 20 min run
from Waterloo and I should
be very glad to pay your fare
& should be very happy to
see you when you arrive at
Woking ask for Connaught
Hospital, Knapfield, you can
get very pleasant bus here
Any time of day will do -
you'll probably find it most
convenient to come in the
morning - or the early afternoon
Best wishes to you
M

10 Prince Albert Road,
London N.W.1.
GUL 4569

Dear Norbert,


We are in London - is
there any chance of seeing you?

On the best from

Maurice & Annette

Love until at least middle of

February.



Via delle Alpi Apuane 15,
Monte Sacro,
Rome, Italy.
May 3rd.

My dear Norbert.

This is just a hurried note
to thank you for your two letters —
the second of which I collected at
the Post Office this morning. "Neues
Leben..." would not do because it
has already been a title. The
Verlag has settled for "Ringelstein
West" after all — well, perhaps it

will take on associations of its own -
this sometimes happens with a rather
poor filter. I was very happy
with our conversation in London
about Christianity and so forth, and
would love to have tapes with
you on it. Could you please send

me the poem here - to Rome.

I shall be here for the summer -
and do let me know when you
are coming to Italy, provided
it is before September, when I
may be in Germany again.

I mentioned your book

again briefly in Frankfurt — and
 found that the wheels had already
 started turning on — two editors
 asked me for your address, and
 I am now hoping that it will
 go smoothly. I shall write again
 from here in a few days, repeating
 your proposition to make 2 volumes
 if necessary. But you will
 probably be in correspondence with
 them already. I am sure that
 nothing like your work exists in
 Germany — well, that's what the
 senior editor said, to.

But do let me know if there
have already been some developments.

You were looking very well
indeed - and not a day older
than ten years ago!

Love ever

Mammy

Frankfurt am Main

April 12th

Dear Norbert,

I shall be coming to
London for a few days next week -
is there any chance of seeing

you, have been talking about
your book PROCESS with Risch

Verlag. If you are in London
could you get me by phone

a letter c/o James MICHIE,

Heinemann Ltd,
99 Great Russell Street
W.C.1

hoping we shall be able

to meet,

Can ever

Maurice

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

VIA DELLE ALPI APUANE 15
MONTE SACRO,
ROMA / ITALY

My dear Norbert,

I was very happy to have your Christmas
Card and proud to see the University of
Leicester in your hands. So you have broken
through the English defenses — one of the very
few who have! I'm glad you go into
Oxford and explode a myth every now and
then — my memory of Philosophy there is
very dark and miserable, and I should need
a great pluck and stamina to write about
it even now. You once said to be —
just before I started — 'You are going into
a prison, a dark prison, and let's see
whether you ever get out. I hope you do.'

Or something like that. But I'm very glad
I went through with it. Sometimes I've been
sorry - it seemed ^{such} just a dreadful waste, -
and creeping, creeping all the time - hiding
the light. But I don't be deceived - I
hear the words and concepts and metaphysical
adventures can't deceive me now. Whereas
I might have gone all through my life thinking,
well, might not those books have something?
might there ~~be~~ not be a key there for us!

I imagine you leading the kind
of life you led at Cambridge. Is there
a river in Leicester, or a lake, to swim
in? I remember your brown head coming
out of the Cam - white I was in the
pub. I also knew some people called
Moore - was it Moore? And your dear
friend Radmeister - I always remember

his sad, very delicate face.
 Have you a room, or a flat? I have a
 memory from Cambridge just before the War -
 a flat quite near the Station: an evening
 when a small man came whom I did
 not like very much because he seemed to
 me abstract and absent, not in touch somehow,
 and then the morning after, eating boiled
 eggs with you in the kitchen, with the sun
 shining outside. You taught me how to
 pick up a small piece of butter with the
 tea-spoon, then take a little egg and eat
 them together. I've done it ever since.
 I also remember a second flat where I
 used to sit (by a desk under the window)
 for hours after hours reading Spenser's *The
 Faery Queen* when I didn't want to at all -
 when all I wanted to do was to be with

VIA GIULIA 102
ROME

Tel: 654630.

My dear Norman,

Very nice to see your letter — is
Stresa in the north of Italy? & so, you
will be coming through Rome on your way
to Naples, so why not drop in and see us?
If you let me know I will give you a
nice little hotel room — it will be
lovely having a long chat with you
again. We could also go to the
sea — I remember you on a kind of
sea-kayaker, you ride up the waves
like something from before history.

I'm sending this to the Hotel

Speranza in the Speranza that you will

reach you in time. You can't seriously

be looking for someone quiet in

Naples, can you? Annette and I

are married now - don't you think I'm

very lucky?

The best of wishes from both of us.

Mavis

a girl who would understand everything I
said and everything I felt - I used to
spend so many hours dreaming of the
girl who would be another kind of me.
You really gave my life at that
time a great glow. I got a great sense
of life because of you.

By the way Fischer Verlag wrote
to me the other day and said they couldn't
trace your book "Progen der Zivilisation" in
Switzerland. Perhaps the publisher has gone
out of business. They also said they were
writing to you and asking you to send
them a copy of your own. I would love to
see the book in the Fischerbucherei.
I shall send you some copies soon to show
you what they are like - they have saved
the firm financially. But perhaps - or surely

3

You have seen copies already.

Do you think you could send me a copy of the letter which Thomas Mann sent you about the book? That would interest Benjamin Fischer very much, and I could send it to him in America. Also he might be able to quote it if he decides to take your book. I wonder if you still have it about? It is like you to have lost it years ago - since you have so many times.

I shall probably be in Switzerland and Germany some time this year! Do you ever come over? This will be my address for the next year, so do write to me just before you leave

England.

Meanwhile I hope your work goes
very well and that every one can attend
it. I would love to see some of your
English writings if anything has been
published.

Rome is warm. Very spring-like.
A lovely clear sunshine today. I live
just on the edge of the country and today
I took a walk across the fields and sat
on a stone bridge and sunned my face
at a bit. The people are poor devils —
in spirit.

Yours ever,

Nance

Via Giulia 102,
Rome, Italy.
July 12th.

My dear Norbert,

I'm very glad you don't feel too hard about the fate of your book in Frankfurt. I met Frenzel and his wife up in Forte dei Marmi a month or so ago, and he is certainly a very nice, clean-seeming, conscientious sort of person. I had no idea he knew your book and he broached the subject, saying how deeply taken he was by it; that he thought to make it successful in Germany you needed to make some changes, and when ~~xxxx~~ I said perhaps it was rather disagreeable to change a book one had written so long ago he said it wouldn't involve much work for you, I didn't quite understand this, I thought him to say (he has little English) that they would suggest the cuts and so on. He also said he felt you were unwilling to have the book go out in a revised form and this he understood very well, and thought that if he belonged to a scientific house he wouldn't suggest it. I didn't ask him how it had taken over eighteen months to arrive at this profound decision because I have learned now what Aubrey told me some years ago that publishers' artistic temperaments have to be respected. I believe your book went all over Europe, however, and they had some brilliant opinions of it. Perhaps you are right not to give it to them. Annette's mother is here and told me the first day how disappointed they were that you didn't seem to want changes, because she thought it had chances of being a great success in Germany in a revised form. I just tell you these things so that you will make the wisest decision, and not a too sudden one. I really think the delay has been due to their not wanting to let the book go until someone had suggested the right way to revise it, and Frenzel who is new to the firm (actually the head of the Fischerbucherei Lexicon---a marvellous product, going into dozens of volumes, we will have the first sent to you---) was the one to apply himself to it thoroughly. At any rate you seem to have excited a profound respect among them, which isn't usually what a publisher's silence means! But it is a long book, Norbert, and they haven't a system for that kind of book.

You said some interesting things some time ago about Ann Frank. When I was in Berlin this March I took the little daughter of a friend of mine to see it at the Schlosspark Teater and was surprised to see her giggling to herself every now and again, then she would clutch my arm and whisper 'Um Gott! Um Gott!' but only when Ann Frank was imitating the greedy man behind his back or getting up to daring trick. And at the end when I asked her was she sad she said 'Nein!' with great surprise. For the fact is unless you go into the theatre with the war and the concentration camps in your mind it is only a piecemeal thing. This little girl asked me in a whisper when the police were storming up the stairs at the end 'Is this the invasion?' And the ruins of Berlin mean nothing for her, even her own ruins.

Her mother has often told her why they are there, but she doesn't attach any importance to them. I was talking to my play translator in Germany about Ann Frank, which he translated for the theatre, and he said how sorry he had been that the play hadn't come from Germany, or at least Europe, with a real cry of pain in it, instead of being a piece of 'Broadway clockwork'. I must say the silence of the audiences in Frankfurt and Berlin after the play was strange with a dreadful heavy sense of regret. I was in the lavatory at the Fischers house one morning and looked out of the window to see Ann Frank's father arrive downstairs in a taxi, I don't know how I felt immediately it was him, but I did, and I was right; then I heard other cars draw up, the senior editor, the head of the theatre department, and others, and I thought how extraordinary all this is, the to-do, the important goings and comings, the contracts, the vast sums of money (so much that Annette's father has started a scholarship for Israeli's), because of little girl whom most of them would be too busy to give more than a passing glance to if she were alive today. So a human creature is still enough...

I have now heard from Frederic and I hope he will be coming here in the next few weeks. It is a very long time since I heard from him and I have missed his brilliant and penetrating mind. He has periods of absence and silence, and I have to bear with him. That is the least a friend should be able to ask of one, after all.

Annette is very well and send her very best wishes and hopes you might be able to come to Rome some time this summer. But in any case we shall both be coming to London. Yes, Norbert, I've been away long enough. It is funny but after so long one's heart begins to feel starved, nothing shows your image or reflection. Everything establishes your separateness and therefore your loneliness, up and down the whole consciousness. I haven't really laughed for so long. But an old school friend of mine, an intimate friend at the time we were evacuated to Hampshire, has just joined the Rome Embassy, and when we were with him the other night at Ostia Antica for a performance of Aristophanes I did laugh, and it struck ~~xxxx~~ me then, how terrible an exile is. But I had to do it. I had to make a new life, absolutely, and the unspeakable pain of doing that, quite alone in a foreign city, is over long ago, and now there is simply a sadness, and a certain sensibility of the nerves. Of course it is not like exchanging one country for another in the north of Europe. Latin and catholic people, especially Italians, and especially Romans, are quite different, sometimes I have to remind myself that we spring from the same Christian civilisation. But then my Sicilian friend feels very much as I do---it is a long story. Also I know now that I needed so long away to be clear, it is good to be clear about the world one belongs to, and to know it by absence for the first time. A writer must do that. He mustn't be afraid of going right out. It would be most interesting to talk to you all about this, and you must know it all intimately yourself. (I hope you don't imagine us living in a Forte dei Marmi isolation all the year round! that was quite unique---a great many people pass through Rome, and there are new friends every year, but that isn't what you mean, I know).

For the first time in my life I know what repose means, of the mind, because of Annette, and I can get into a long book for the first time and go to it every day, and that is very wonderful for me, Norbert.

I expect you will be very busy this year with the absence of your colleague, and I am hoping against hope that this will mean a Professorship for you. That would make me very proud, and nobody could say that you had missed any of the terrible trials to achieve it.

We shall be here at least until the early autumn and I shall keep you posted otherwise.

All the best to you,

Maurice

And think carefully about the book. But if you do make a contract with them see that it stipulates a definite time-limit for publication — the best form is the English contract, but Fischer use the American one (with JTC), which doesn't put their obligation so plainly. I think you could feel safe about the manner of the book's presentation with Frengel in charge of it.

M

Dear Norbert,

Just a quick note before lunch to answer yours. The address you want is

Prof Dr Max Horkheimer
Institut für Sozialforschung,
Senckenberganlage 26,
Frankfurt/Main.

His private address is Westenstrasse 79.

The Fischers are coming back on March 20th and I shall enquire about your book again. They are quite likely to say 'but we took it long ago, didn't he know?' When you finish your Essay on Laughter could you let me know. I want to interest Heinemann, who have a lot of subsidiary firms (Becker and Warburg is one, for example) one of which might want it. If it isn't too scientific they might want it themselves. How much did I tell you about my play? The translation was so bad that it had to be sent to a new person, Schnoor, who is Christopher Fry's translator. Inge Meisel wants to play it first, at the Thalia Theater in Hamburg. I don't know when I shall be coming to London for the divorce. It looks as though I shall be going back to Rome before I'm called. But I imagine it will be some time this Spring. Yes, thank you very much for The Lost Steps, which I brought here with me. I haven't started it yet, in fact round my chair there's a great pile of books. I may go to Berlin next week. Let me know by express letter if I can do anything for you there. Annette is very well. Her blood pressure is almost normal, which is astonishing, and she is going to Berchtesgarden next week for the annual check-up. The man who cured her was Hitler's personal doctor! or the one who looked after the diet-side, at least. Two Hungarian boys were here to dinner last night, having escaped from Budapest, have a living horror of anything Russian, the very sound of the language seems to mean ugliness and darkness for them. Very nice, ~~xxxxxx~~ grateful, goodlooking. The Hungarians are such goodlooking people. We went to a very good performance of Ariadne auf Naxos last night at the Opera. The operas here haven't been good this season, perhaps it's because I've only seen Verdi, who is awful in German, it has to have the Italian language. Have you seen Notebook of Anne Frank in London? Is it still running? I'd very much like to hear about the performance.

All the best from

Annice

*P.S. Gisela, Annette's
sister, did tell me
about your visit last
week - she thought*

someone else in the family had told me!
That is always the case: everybody thinks
the other person has "seen" to it. When it
isn't obvious we need this is delightful!!

M

CONFIDENTIAL BERTHOLD FISCHER

Falkensteinerstrasse 24,
Frankfurt am Main.

We loved the Loreng
on days — and happened
to say how much we wanted
it a few days before it came. Thanks ever so!

My dear Norbert,

Forgive me for not writing to
you before — I was most surprised to
learn that you had seen the photos.
They said nothing. They are like that.
I wish they were more direct and
spoke their feelings. I haven't enquired
about your book here. Rudolf Hirsch —
to be quite open with you — is a man
I don't very much trust: so I'm not
mentioning your book, in case he begins
to feel that someone is trying to push
him, in which case he would sit down right

Have you heard from them? They are very slow, very cavalier with authors, rather superior (and without very good reason these days). If you really want them to publish you, wait — patience is all. My feeling is that they will do it, but we are waiting to them !!!

The translation of my play is simply atrocious, and there is a lot of work to be done on it now. Two papers on

Involvement by the way taught me a tremendous amount — I believe there can't be a biologist in the world like you. It is very clear and thorough, and with something of that engine-drive that we find in Kant. Could you send me anything else? Can I do something for you while I am here? Will write more (as to whether the verbatim has interest you)

Julia after I've heard from you — Maurice

PS What
submit those were
PROOFS for work to send?

Via delle Alpi Apuane 15,
Monte Sacro,
Rome, Italy.
November 10th

My dear Norbert,

Just a little note to say how very happy I am with the books you sent me. As you certainly are I'm up to my eyes in work---I've only managed to read the Lorenz book so far, or rather I've dipped into some parts and Annette has dipped into others, and then we tell each other what we know. It is full of the most wonderful things, and we want to get the one he wrote about dogs now. I suppose he was some kind of zoo worker in Vienna. Our friends who see it get fascinated too, if they have anything sympathetic in them at all. Let me know please at once if possible what happened with PROZES DER CIVILIZATION in Germany. Have you had a reply? Did you never go and see the Fischers in Frankfurt? It would have been very useful, though these publishers see so many people it doesn't mean much to them, as books come not to mean very much for them. So perhaps on second thoughts it was better. Annette's mother said they hoped to be able to publish the book, but that means nothing. Let me know anyway. I've had some quite decent reviews from Germany, the best from Radio Bremen, which compared me to Juenger, not in philosophical depth but 'suspense' and the creation of atmosphere. But in English Juenger seems very stilted, I wonder if he is in Germany too. Thank you again for letting me have the books, that will be very nice reading for winter---I feel I shan't like Angus Wilson, though I haven't yet read a single word by him, apart from rather foolish reviews, but perhaps it was the books he was talking about that were foolish. I was very happy to see you in Ronchi, and will get in touch with you if I come to England. I shall have to appear for the divorce fairly soon. I don't want to talk about Suez! I think it burned every nerve out of my body---I feel very very tired after it. Eden must have gone through the uttermost abyss of agony. No, I'll stop, otherwise we shall be talking about it all day.

Let me hear about the book,

Maurice



WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
OF
CHATTO & WINDUS LTD
HAROLD RAYMOND I. M. PARSONS NORAH SMALLWOOD
PIERS RAYMOND LEONARD WOOLF

★

Telephone : Temple Bar 0127 (3 lines)
Telegraphic Address : 'Bookstore, London'

40-42 WILLIAM IV STREET
LONDON

W.C.2.

1 OF SINS AND WINTER
1 HELLEBORE THE CLOWN

Sent at the request of Mr Rowdon

Newendon Manor,
Wickford, Essex.

Dear Norbert,

Just a line to say your pictures
have arrived from Italy and that also
we've had news that you were —
a very kind thought — have arrived
in Rome. We had a card ready
for you at Christmas and then in
the rush it wasn't sent. I just
wanted to say this I'd like wish you
all the best and to say we're

writing down. There is a lovely
sixteenth century house - not
nearly as big as its name implies,
however.

Hoping you are keeping fit
and well and bearing up to all
the work.

Yours

Mamma

Villa 'Ida', (the old)

RONCHI,

Massa Apuana,

Italy.

July 15th 1956.

My dear Norbert,

It was very nice hearing from
you. I'm writing to Brother Verley
again today about your book — I
mentioned it to the Fishers, who were
in Rome about a month ago, and
the chance of their doing it — this
is the impression I had — seen very
good. By the way, the Chief Editor

(Rudolf) Hirsch) is now a Dutch citizen
(having spent all the war in Holland
as a refugee) and I wondered if you
could find someone in that country
(which you mentioned as taking a lot
of copies) "Kozes" to write a kind
of report on the book — its academic
standing and so on? Quite likely
Hirsch would know his name and
would then feel he had an authority
on the subject. You see, the real
difficulty is that there is no reader
(I suppose) in the publishing house
who can really talk with authority

about sociology, and in Rudolf Hirschi said
last time in Frankfurt, "The sociology
world in German universities is just a
set of little cliques", so that it's no
good asking academic advice.

I'm writing to Lin to say I think
the book should be read and judged
just by an editor, not by a
specialist, because it is beyond
specialism. (!! specialisation?)

The weather here is very stormy &
knee, but has been beautiful — very
sunny breezy and clear sun. I'm
sorry you're having another bad

sunshine.

Go try and find a book by
an American friend of mine called
SOLO (Stanford WHITMORE — published
by Gollancz) — I'm sure you'll find
it most fascinating. It is about the
jazz world in America, but — because
he really is a serious writer, a real
writer — it is far beyond that too,
and in a way nothing to do with it
at all. It was badly treated in
America (people treated it with
indifference) — I suppose because of the
hero's absolutely implacable resistance
to the great forms of power and conformity

3

all round him. He never at any point
wishes to be thought a decent fellow.
He asks of his own actions only that
they spring from his sense of moral
necessity: and for this he cannot
be tried — and much more.

My Reinhold Weir should be
coming out this month in England
and in September in Germany.
Leave me of the English copies sent to
you. I don't yet know when
I shall be going to Germany, but
will write to you before you leave

England, so that we have an idea
where the other will be. At the
moment it looks as if I'll be
out of Italy when you come.

Thank you for the poems
which I had translated for me.

I love the sense of
the *Leukische* wind. I hope you

keep all your poems safely.

Do let me know if you can
get a report on your book from someone

in Holland - or else write directly
to Rudolf Hirsch. Then we can

try and get a final decision before

to the end of August.

At the best
(from Maurice)

P.S. He's working on another book.

Villa Ida,
Ronchi,
Massa Apuana,
Italy.

August 23rd 1956.

Dear Norbert,

Thank you for the letter. If an American social psychologist called Herb contacts you in Amsterdam could you ask him to give you the words of a little poem he recited to me (from Aiken??) on the terrace of this Villa one morning---he was talking about the ills of America. I thought it summed up things so well.

I'm sure Hirsch didn't know that sort of letter had gone to you. I think he has a man secretary now, and he's probably a fool. I haven't mentioned it, since it wouldn't help anybody, least of all you. But Hirsch would never have attached any importance to the use of Doctor. That's quite certain.

If you are coming to Genoa then we can certainly meet. This place is about five hours by car from there. We might meet half way. Anyway, tell me when you are coming into Italy. It would be lovely to see you again. Venice will be hideous in August. I hope you are booked up ahead there. The weather here has been hot, with no rain for nearly a month. But there was some yesterday, and today is stormy. Why don't you visit Florence, have a little stay in Tuscany, that is the most worthwhile of all, really lovely. A journey right across Italy to Venice when there will be most tourists seems wrong.

How stupid of me--- I've read your letter again and see you may be coming to La Spezia (you say Spezia, do you mean La Spezia?), which is just nearby here, only an hour or two run. That would be fine. Of course there'll be sun.

When will you be in Frankfurt? Bermann Fischer and his wife are here now but will be back there about 5th of September. If you are there at the same time you must meet them. I'll tell them to expect you anyway. They've heard about you. Their address is Falkensteinerstrasse 24. You could phone up just to ask if they are there anyway. There's no point in your meeting anyone else in the Verlag. But I want you to meet them. Couldn't try to be in Frankfurt then, or later in the month?

I think it will mean a lot if you can talk to
them personally.
I shall be here till the end of September. Hoping
your conference goes well.

All the best,

Maurice

TELEGRAMMA

di recapito. Rimesso al fattorino alle ore
ricevuta a stampa quando è incaricato di una riscossione.

Mod. 30 (Ediz.)

MODULARIO
Telegr. - 61

INDICAZIONI
D'URGENZA

Ricevuto il

Pel circuito di

Qualifica

DESTINAZIONE

PROVENIENZA

STAZIONE

ore e minuti



6A
= DOTTOR NORBERT ELIAS PENSIONE = CT
MONTE GRAPPA VIA BASILIA 19 ROMA

= 6099 ROMA DA MASSA 48500 19 10 2220

= COME VIAREGGIO WILL DRIVE YOU SPEZIA TELEGRAPH TRAIN = MAURICE

810 - 1249 P. 526 7-11¹⁶
315 - 332 bus

2350



AVVERTENZA IMPORTANTISSIMA

Nei telegrammi diretti a destinatari abbonati al telefono, invece dell'indirizzo stradale, si può adoperare l'indicazione (tassata per la parola): **TF** (n. abbonato) seguita dal cognome o da altra designazione sociale dell'abbonato. Es. **TF 912468 = Gastaldi Roma; TF 864319 = Fabrital Milano.**

I telegrammi in arrivo con l'indicazione **TF** (n. abbonato), se urgentissimi od urgenti, vengono subito telefonati all'abbonato e recapitati come ordinari per fattorino.
Se i telegrammi sono ordinari, vengono ugualmente subito telefonati all'abbonato, ma il recapito è fatto a mezzo posta.
Possono essere recapitati per fattorino a richiesta del destinatario e verso pagamento della tassa di espresso postale (L. 50).

L'Amministrazione non assume alcuna responsabilità civile in conseguenza del servizio telegrafico.

Handwritten numbers: 7 11 317 333, 8 11 33 591 409 4

Vertical stamp: 11/11/33

FS = Far proseguire.
GP = Da tenere a disposizione del destinatario presso l'Ufficio postale.
MP = Da consegnarsi nelle mani del destinatario.
TC = Teleg. collazionato.
PC = Teleg. con avviso telegrafico di ricevimento.

Le principali indicazioni che si figurano prima dell'indirizzo

TF = Da telefonarsi al domicilio del destinatario.
TR = Da tenere a disposizione del destinatario presso l'uff. telegrafico.
RP: x = Telegramma con risposta pagata; x rappresenta l'ammontare della tassa pagata, in lire italiane, o franchi oro.
XP = Telegramma con tassa di espresso pagata dal mittente.

TELEGRAMMA

N. di recapito. Rimesso al fattorino alle ore

Mod. 30 (Ediz. 1955)

MODULARIO
Telegr. - 61

NORBERT ELIAS ALBERGO

INDICAZIONI
D'URGENZA

Ricevuto il

STELLA D'ITALIA LEVANTO

ente al tempo medio

Pel circuito N. ...

romani, il primo numero
presenta quello del telegramma;
suri la data e l'ora e i minuti della

Qualifica

DESTINAZIONE

TA DELLA PRESENTAZIONE

Giorno e mese

Ore e minuti

V. le indicazioni
eventuali d'ufficio



MASSA 83000 20 16 23 =

TOO D'IFICCULT TWO CHILDREN REGRET DEAR NORBERT STOP PHONE
FISCHERS FRANKFURT 58121 = MAURICE + +



AVVERTENZA IMPORTANTISSIMA

Nei telegrammi diretti a destinatari abbonati al telefono, invece dell'indirizzo stradale, si può adoperare l'indicazione (tassata per 1 parola): *TF*. (n. abbonato) seguita dal cognome o da altra designazione sociale dell'abbonato. Es. *TF 912468 = Gastaldi Roma; TF 864319 = Fabrital Milano*.

I telegrammi in arrivo con l'indicazione: *TF*. (n. abbonato) se **urgentissimi** od **urgenti** vengono subito telefonati all'abbonato e recapitati come ordinari per fattorino.

Se i telegrammi sono **ordinari**, vengono ugualmente subito telefonati all'abbonato, ma il recapito è fatto a mezzo posta.

Possono essere recapitati per fattorino a richiesta del destinatario e verso pagamento della **tassa di espresso postale** (L. 50).

L'Amministrazione non assume alcuna responsabilità civile in conseguenza del servizio telegrafico.

318 1143
10 11 1819

FS = Far proseguire.

GP = Da tenere a disposizione del destinatario presso l'Ufficio postale.

MP = Da consegnarsi nelle mani del destinatario.

TC = Teleg. collazionato.

PC = Teleg. con avviso tele-

← Significato delle principali indicazioni che eventualmente figurano prima dell'indirizzo →

TF = Da telefonarsi al domicilio del destinatario.

TR = Da tenere a disposizione del destinatario presso l'uff. telegrafico.

RP. x = Telegramma con risposta pagata. *x* rappresenta l'ammontare della **tassa pagata** in lire italiane, o franchi oro.

XP = Telegramma con **tassa di espresso pagata** dal mittente.

VIA GIULIA 102,

Rome, Italy.

June 1st 1957.

My dear Norval,

I'm very sorry not to have written to you before but we've been changing flats and not only that but now we're building a new one (a bathroom + kitchen) out of a very old one. Now everything is clean and finished, and we would be absolutely comfortable if we had some furniture — all we have so far is a bed and a few chairs, apart from kitchen necessities. But it is enough to live with until the end of the summer, when we shall be ready to buy some more stuff. Have you heard about your book from Fischer Verlag? Annette wrote her mother a rather sharp letter on the subject about 2 months ago, or perhaps 6 weeks, and wonders whether you

thing has happened yet. Usually Franette's
mother is more conscientious about such things —
but it is outside her province, no doubt, her
province being novels. ~~but~~ let me assure you,
Nobes, that this kind of thing happens not
only to your work — I have the same, only
very much worse, since now a contract is signed
there are actions, and actions can be bad and
unhappily and catastrophic (like the quite
unnecessary ones over my play), while silence

is at least only a silence. I have a feeling,
which I've told you before, that Hirsch is
behind the unpleasant delays etc. One cannot
be quite sure. But he has a kind of
enlightened (and frightened) misanthropy. I feel
very sorry about all this because I was the
person who asked you to send the book to them
I shall be writing to you again very soon —
still don't know when I shall be coming to
England. What are your plans for the summer?
(I want to write to you about "Anne Frank")
Yours,
Maurice

59, St Peters Rd
Leicester
23rd October 1959

My dear Maurice,
work has swallowed me up as soon as I returned to this country. And so, to my regret I was unable to keep my promise and to write to you at once.

I am sure Annette and you know how much I enjoyed seeing you and spending so much time with you - more than you probably could afford - , the lovely evenings on your balcony and the talks. It is nice to know that although ideas may run on somewhat different lines, that is not really what matters.

I had hoped to copy out some of my translations for Annette and you and perhaps something of my own. But this would only delay matters more. And I want above all to send you the address of the Nature cure specialists which I just got. If you write to the Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Liberton, Edinburgh 9 asking whether he could fix for you an appointment with Mr James Thomson in London that according to my friend is the right procedure. If you wish you can say that you got the address from a friend of Prof. John Rees, 35 Beaufort Avenue, Langland, Swansea, Glam.

My friends in London say ~~xxxx~~ they will look round for a first rate heart specialist, but I have had not reply yet. Consensus of opinion seems to be that the Dr whose name I gave you seems lately rather tired and ageing. Moreover he is not a heart specialist. Nevertheless he knows his way about.

This I am writing just while I am coming up, so to say, for a bit of fresh air and before I am going under again. I have more students than I had ever before - 120 alone in my first year course - with classes and essays this is a good deal of work although I have of course some help from our juniors. Otherwise together with my courses for second and third year students it would become quite unmanageable. And of course in between I try to do my own writing. Still to feel one is doing something worthwhile is quite exhilarating. An hour ago one of the young chaps in the first year course came to me because he could not find his name on the list for classes, - there is of course a lot of organising to be done and all kind of worries small and great to be taken care of. This was one of them. He was taking English and French with Sociology as his third subject, this year. I asked him whether he could follow and how he liked it. And after a bit of humming and hawing he came out with it that he found it most interesting. But why Sociology? I asked Well, he wanted to become a writer, but he added carefully that was of course not his only reason for taking sociology. So I said there was nothing wrong with that and I did not mind in the least even if that were his main reason provided he worked hard. That apparently encouraged him to say that he had a cousin who was also a writer. But he only wrote about himself and that was not his line. So I said that this was something everyone had to judge for himself. And he should tell me a little later what he got out of it. Of course, he was very young. But apart from our own specialists we have now people who read mathematics or physics or history and so on, each connecting it with his other studies in one way or the other. In fact I

fact , I am trying to give them an introduction to the study of men, a humanistic course and a scientific course at the same time ranging from ~~xxxxxxx~~ an understanding of present- day increase of world population and its causes (8000 million people at the end of this century according to a U. N. projection) to a bird's eye view of man's social development from the old stone age.

Well, you can see , it carries me away, - but if one would not really like what one does, where would one be ?

I hope this letter is not too late to reach you in Rome . If you come to England let me know your whereabouts and if you are free come here, but let me know in advance. You will probably find Leicester a not very interesting town. It is a busy, very wealthy, not too dirty and culturally rather humdrum town. But the people are nice. And I can show you the University with its view of the cemetery "immortalised " by the entrance passges of Lucky Jim.

There is one point more. I found that the Monterlans which I had for you have got a bit dusty and tried to get other copies without success. So I shall you these, - I hope you don't mind.

With all good wishes for Annette and you

Newendon Manor,
Wickford, Essex.

Dear Robert,

Your Christmas card
reminded me I ought to send
you back your poems in case
you needed them. We went away
last year and by mistake left
them here, so were prevented
from sending them in
summer. It is odd, but Annette
says she wrote you a letter ^{then} which

months ago we were for a reply.

I wonder if you got it. Hoping

everything is all right at

Leicester university and that

the work is going well,

On the best from us both,

Samuel

January 25th, 1961.

My dear Maurice,

Thank you very much for your letter. I was glad to hear from you. Yes, Annette has written to me; I was very interested in what she said. Did you not get my reply? Here all is well. I have a lot to do but enjoy doing it. I did not go away last summer because I want to go on with my own writing and as far as my teaching time allows it it is making very good progress. In a way I have the feeling that after all the Hitlerian upheavals and their aftermath I am only now coming fully in my own. Better late than never, don't you think?

I hope your work is going well.

With all good wishes for Annette and you