

### SUPPLEMENTARY LETTERS 1960–1975

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*Most of the following letters do not appear in the third volume of Berlin's correspondence, as they were not discovered in time. More annotation may be provided later, but for the time being the texts are made available here for the convenience of readers. Sources are given at the end of letters.*

*One or two letters from the published volume (marked with an asterisk before the name of the addressee) are also included, because, when they were published, only carbon copies were available to the editors; since then top copies have come to light, and manuscript additions and alterations made by Berlin are shown here in red.*

TO JOHN SPARROW

30 September 1960

Headington House

My dear Warden,

I enclose a Notice of Motion which Monteith has asked me to sign. I have done so, with qualms. I should prefer three-fourths myself, and if this is concretely suggested by someone, may rat.

May I make two suggestions – only suggestions, only suggestions –

(a) That dear Stuart be put on the Domestic Committee – the appropriate home for all old Domestic Bursars.

(b) That Con O'Neill, now a widower, be elected to a £50 Fellowship. True, it is said that he is going away as Minister or Ambassador to Finland. Nevertheless he is a bachelor: a tremendous status: and although we could wait until he came back, he might be married then (so far as I know he has no matrimonial plans at the moment), and I think it would be pure gain to lure him back. I should therefore be prepared to conceal my knowledge of his impending move (though someone else may reveal it) and if revealed play it down.

All this will annoy Lionel Butler even more. If you are prepared to face that, so am I.

(c) When are we to meet? Would you please telephone immediately on receipt of this? Please?

Yours, with much *love*

Isaiah

*All Souls*

TO VERA STERN

22 October 1965

Princeton University

Dearest Vera,

Thank you very much indeed. On the very next night Madame V. and Rostropovich appeared at Princeton in place of Miss De Los Angeles, who was indisposed in Europe. He played the piano, she sang. She appeared in the same splendid flaming red dress and sang some agreeable Tchaikovsky and some magnificent Mussorgsky (scored for a bass voice) – of all the sopranos in the world she holds a soprano which is emotionally nearer a bass than anyone else – is this an insult? Believe me, I do not wish to insult her – you think I am a little mean to her, but now our friendship is sealed by the fact that unexpectedly they saw me again – embracing – kisses – vows of eternal friendship – and I hope to see them again in New York, or at least him. Relations between them appear to me to be obscure.

But this is really a letter – forgive it being typed. If I hadn't had it typed you wouldn't have been able to read a single scribble, let alone word – to thank you for true friendship, true consideration, being so nice to us both, and in general, for being as and what you are. I must not go further for fear of awakening Isaac's no doubt never wholly dormant jealousy – at least I hope it is not dormant – no doubt jealousy is a base emotion, but its death is a sad occurrence in anyone's life surely – and to ask when you will be back again and when it is that we can meet again peacefully – after I have delivered my Columbia lectures next week, I shall be a new man, carefree, gay and with an unimpeded broad Russian soul. Unless you fear that this may grow to excess – which it may – please let me know here or at the Carlyle, but better here, for the Carlyle forwards very little, and usually to the wrong address.

Thank you again very much on Aline's behalf and my own.

Yours, with much love

Isaiah

*Library of Congress, Isaac Stern Papers, box 14*TO THE EDITORS OF THE *NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS*

Published 20 June 1968

[Headington House]

Mr Miller's<sup>1</sup> attempted correction of my facts is either irrelevant or mistaken. The two circles of which he speaks, and the very cool relationship between them in the early 1830s, is, perhaps, the most familiar of all pieces of knowledge in the field of nineteenth-century Russian history of ideas. There is not a textbook, however elementary, Soviet and non-Soviet, which does not dwell on this celebrated fact. But it has no bearing upon my description of Herzen towards the end of the 1830s and beginning of the next decade. Mr Miller (relying I fear on some popular exposition) says that Herzen returned to Moscow only in 1842: but this is not the case. He was, it is true, fully pardoned only in 1842, but he was allowed to live in Vladimir by 1838, from which he paid several clandestine visits to Moscow, and he returned to Moscow more or less openly in late summer of 1839. In December he went to St Petersburg and met Belinsky before the year was out; a correspondence between them began almost at once; Belinsky's notorious 'reconciliation with reality' caused a rift, ended only later in 1840. From then on there is an intimate relationship between them which remains uninterrupted despite Herzen's exile to Novgorod in 1841. By 1843 Granovsky, Turgenev and Belinsky all saw a good deal of each other: they all stayed together in Herzen's house in the country. It was during this time that the most passionate disputes about Hegel, Schiller, Schelling etc. occurred; it was the period of Granovsky's famous Moscow lectures, which marked the first great split between the Slavophiles and the 'Westerners'. It was this group of writers of which Herzen was one of the leaders. According to Strakhov, an accurate reporter of Russian ideas, Herzen's philosophical ascendancy was recognised at this time by Bakunin, Belinsky and Granovsky. Mr Miller, who thinks that Herzen remained in exile until 1842, naturally assumes that he could not have met Bakunin on his return, since Bakunin

<sup>1</sup> To whose letter in the same issue IB is replying.

emigrated in 1840. I do not know whether Mr Miller reads Russian. If not, Mr E. H. Carr's excellent biography of Bakunin (pp. 79–89) could inform him that Herzen was immensely impressed by Bakunin, whom he met sometime in 1839–40, and that, whatever Herzen's opinion of Bakunin's moral character, the personal bonds between them were lifelong. Indeed, it was Herzen alone who made it possible for Bakunin to go to Germany in 1840, by lending him a sufficient sum of money; and it was Herzen who saw him off at St Petersburg, and thereafter followed his writings and career in the West with rapt attention, as his letters testify. These were the companions of Herzen's intellectually formative years, the society in which the Russian intelligentsia was born, as Mr Miller could learn if he turned to the classical work on this subject, Annenkov's *A Remarkable Decade*. The fact that Bakunin physically left it, although he remained in correspondence with its members, is neither here nor there.

There is, of course, no reason why anyone but specialists should take any interest in the identity of Herzen's intimate friends during these years: of these men, with of course Ogarev;<sup>2</sup> while the names of earlier friends (the 'circle' before 1834), e.g. Sazonov, Pocheka, Noskov, fade out of Herzen's letters. But since Mr Miller challenges my thesis, I am bound to restate these facts. The fact that Belinsky or Katkov (whose family were old friends of Herzen's parents) lived in Petersburg, while Granovsky and Herzen lived in Moscow, did not prevent them from living an intense common intellectual life, sustained by correspondence and frequent visits. It is for these friends that the letters and articles from Paris after 1847 were written. These are 'the men of the forties' to whom, all his life, Herzen was conscious of belonging. So much for Mr Miller's 'glaring factual error'. I do not wish to question Mr Miller's good faith: he clearly thinks he is exposing a terrible howler. The facts, however, are what they are. Mr Miller's apparent ignorance of them does not alter them.

[Isaiah Berlin]

<sup>2</sup> This passage appears to be garbled.

\*TO ROBERT SILVERS

30 May 1969

[Headington House]

Dear Bob,

I am delighted that you have recovered and long to tell you all about Chomsky here. The reception is by no means uncritical although masses of students come. To his lecture on ‘The Intellectual and Post-Industrial Society’ fifteen hundred persons came in Oxford – I presided as competently as I could. It was very like an exposition in the middle 1930s, full of charm, lucidity, acrid ironies and with the most over-simplified kind of Marxism I ever heard on such an occasion. He really does think that United States foreign policy is *entirely* dictated by business interests – stated in a sophisticated form this could perhaps be made not too unpalatable; but in the form in which he gives it, it is exactly like one of the Gollancz Left Book Club pamphlets:<sup>3</sup> his voice, his manner, his charm, his singularly irresistible personality that hallows it all. I am about to have a long conversation with him about the Middle East. His views I am sure will be noble, simple and tranquil, like Winckelmann’s<sup>4</sup> conception of classical art – but not related to verifiable empirical facts. I love him more than ever and spend time with him, but his grasp of empirical reality is not very strong. I beg you not to pass this on, but when he solemnly informed us at dinner that the reason for the recall of George Kennan by Dulles<sup>5</sup> was that he was too friendly to the Soviet Union – when in fact he had to return because he said that [the] Soviet regime was worse or as bad as the Nazis, at the airport in Berlin, as you recollect (a fact which Ch[omsky] seems absolutely astonished to hear) – this seemed to be not altogether untypical. Still I thought his lecture was an event. Mrs Floud did not; she

<sup>3</sup> Publishing venture begun by Victor Gollancz in 1936 to counter the rise of Fascism: among its cheaply produced editions, aimed at working people, was George Orwell’s *The Road to Wigan Pier* (London, 1937).

<sup>4</sup> Johann Joachim Winckelmann (1717–68), German archaeologist and art historian, a pioneering figure in the development of art history as a discipline and in the understanding of Greek and Roman art.

<sup>5</sup> John Foster Dulles (1888–1959), lawyer and Republican statesman, Secretary of State under Eisenhower 1953–9, a strong advocate of the nuclear deterrent in the Cold War.

liked him personally but thought that the content of his remarks reminded her of the crudest and most naive & simplified form of Marxism, which she had once followed uncritically (though, she says, never as blindly as C[homsky]) and had reacted against in due course. And indeed there is a curious mixture of subtlety and sophistication about theoretical matters, great moral charm and authority, extreme unrealism, dogmatic assurance (the philosophers here refuse to accept his doctrine, either linguistic or philosophical), sense of mission, purity of soul and almost a hatred of empirical reality (his views on the actual aspirations of Arabs, negroes, American liberals etc. are very very eccentric indeed. He is a moralist: but a terribly bad observer). If he had stuck to the proposition that intellectuals should always tell the truth, never play being politicians, never temporise or compromise, however utopian or unrealistic their ideas, that would be much better. As it is the boys love it – at least the radical ones – and everybody over twenty-seven is highly sceptical. [...]

Yours ever,

Isaiah

Wheeler Bennett is looking forward to his article for you on the Trott book by Sykes.<sup>6</sup> He is justifiably indignant about D. Astor loony article in *Encounter*.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> John Wheeler Wheeler-Bennett (1902–75), historian, official biographer of George VI; British government service, NY, 1939–45; Fellow, St Antony's, 1950–7; Historical Adviser, Royal Archives, from 1959. He reviewed Christopher Sykes, *Tormented Loyalty: The Story of a German Aristocrat Who Defied Hitler* (New York, 1969), the US edition of *Troubled Loyalty: A Biography of Adam von Trott zu Solz* (London, 1968), in the NYRB, 11 September 1969, 37–40, under the heading 'The Man Who Did Not Kill Hitler?.'

<sup>7</sup> David Astor, 'Why the Revolt against Hitler Was Ignored: On the British Reluctance to Deal with German Anti-Nazis', *Encounter*, June 1969, 3–13.

TO JOHN SPARROW

15 July 1969

Headington House

Dear John,

You must surely know, whatever you may say, that a letter from you (I do not say ‘such as yours’, because to put a letter into a class, or any personal relationship into general terms – ‘such friendship as yours’, ‘the type of relationship that I have with you’ etc. – seems to me to destroy almost all that is of value; I need not enlarge on that – ‘such a sensibility, intelligence etc. as yours’ would easily grasp the point) gave me pleasure without end. Not only because every time one offers something in a public market one remains skinless, and peculiarly vulnerable, for a time at least, and any mention of one’s name, particularly in public, causes one to wince, criticism of course is terrible, and even praise in one’s peculiar condition is something that one tends to look in the mouth; but you must know all this yourself too well, nor do I believe those who say they never read reviews (like Virginia Woolf or Iris Murdoch). I say it because you are a very incorruptible and very fastidious critic, and friendship does not blind you to the object and its properties. You may say, and you do say, that this is not the kind of subject with which you can claim expertise; that your approval may be motivated by moral and political agreement etc. All this may be so, but your sense of quality – of what’s what – of what comes up to standards of the finest possible differences between the fourth-rate and the third-rate, or the first-rate and that which transcends it – is as acute as any that I know (general term again! but here I think in place), and therefore this kind of sentiment from you does something – indeed a very great deal – to counteract the appalling self-depreciation and lack of confidence from which I have suffered all my life, and from which I suffer still to an extreme degree. I never think that anything that I do is *any* good – this is not an exaggeration. That is why after every lecture or talk I have ever delivered, I am possessed by a strong sense of shame. I feel the jig is up, they can see through me, it’s no good going on, these are hollow words, the whole thing is a pathetic fraud. This may be an exaggerated description, but nothing less than that quite describes the humiliation that I constantly suffer. If anything critical is said I always believe it to be absolutely true and

probably an understatement, however indignant I may feel; this seems a contradiction, but it is so. If praise is uttered I feel it to be genuinely more than my due – the critic must have missed something, he must be thinking of something else, or be particularly well disposed towards me, or wish to prop me up in what he sees to be my pathetic condition, etc. I despise no one so much that harsh words from such a quarter do not affect me at all, nor respect anyone so much that I think praise from such a quarter is literally just. You may imagine therefore, that however much I may think that you have overpraised me – and I do – I am infinitely grateful for a gift which I genuinely need, if I am to go on. I have a feeling that, as David Cecil has so often said about himself, having never been in fashion, I am now distinctly out of it; that what I write about and what I say is so remote from the mood and the language, whether of professional philosophers or passionate advocates in universities, or the press, that I am thought of as a respectable relic of an obsolete period. Of course I console myself with the thought that posterity – someone, one day – will perceive in things that I write a thin rill of a civilised tradition, gone underground perhaps, which connects me in however small a way (and I am not suffering from false modesty in saying this) with various thinkers whom I respect. But this is true of all minor poets, writers etc., hence your words lift me, I do not know for how long, from such self-pitying contemplation to the thought that perhaps I *have* got something to say, perhaps my adversaries are not as formidable and certainly not as intellectually impressive as they seem to some – perhaps what I am doing is not useless, perhaps one ought to go on and on and do what I am doing now, which is to publish my collected works in paperbacks, one by one, instead of an impressive shelf like ALR. Hence my gratitude. That is only one reason for it. The other is wholly personal – I am absolutely delighted that you should have written me this letter and shall never, never forget it. And there may be real truth in it – a grain – two grains – I feel it may have been worth it after all.

And now the old friends and the dinner party: 5 November is no good to me for then I have a College meeting as I do on the first Wednesday of every month; 19 November I have to address an audience in Cambridge; 12 November would be excellent, but would you not consider Tuesday the 4th, 11th or 19th [sc. 18th?]?



Yours, with deep devotion, my dear old friend (this is the opposite of the usual occasion – but it is a true and apt description)

Isaiah

*All Souls*

\*TO ROBERT SILVERS

2 February 1970

[Wolfson]

Dear Bob,

The Wadham agony continues.<sup>8</sup> The fact that the *New Statesman* today should have said something about how Freddie's withdrawal plunged them all into chaos and how Prof. Hampshire is waiting in the wings will not improve matters.<sup>9</sup> **all this must come from some enemy** I have an awful feeling that, in the end, the Left will vote against Stuart and this **may** seal his fate. For them he is (**& always was**) a Bloomsbury intellectual, too well dressed, too *soigné*, too refined altogether – the Right **wing** and the Old, which is much the same, will think that he will be too bored with the details of administration, which is far from true, in fact. I hope to God he gets it. I pray for this daily and hourly but do not feel optimistic. He has done better than Freddie – what mild pleasure this bleak reflection gives him I do not know, but it is insufficient.

I have read Bar-Hillel now and it is a pathetic and touching document. I understand his feelings quite well and still his positive proposals are not related to any possible reality, any more than

<sup>8</sup> Wadham College was in the throes of appointing a new Warden in succession to Maurice Bowra, due to retire in August. Stuart Hampshire was a contender for the post, but the College had a long tradition of electing from within its ranks, and A. J. 'Freddie' Ayer, an honorary fellow since 1957, had been widely tipped to succeed Bowra. IB was unduly pessimistic about Hampshire's chances, perhaps because he so wished for his success.

<sup>9</sup> In his 'London Diary' column in the *New Statesman* (30 January 1970, 143), Anthony Howard observed that the Wadham process 'seems to be taking an interminable time'; the withdrawal of A. J. Ayer, 'the most-fancied candidate', had left the field 'totally clouded and confused, though Professor Stuart Hampshire (now of Princeton) is said still to be visible as a late-runner on the outside rails'.

Noam's. For example: he wants to limit immigration in order not to frighten the Arabs. Why? Everyone knows that in normal times immigration will proceed at the present pretty low rate; but if there is a pogrom in South Africa or the Argentine – let alone Russia – then, of course, these people will want to immigrate much as the French Jews want to at present – not the old **French** families but those who have filtered in during the 1930s and 1950s. Are they to be stopped? If the frontiers are to be established, this should surely be enough. Nobody in their senses supposes that 11 million Jews can immigrate: if Zionism means that it is the *duty* of every Jew to go to Israel **or be politically identified with it**, then it is, of course, **unacceptable & idiotic** – even I have denounced this at no less an establishment than Isaac Stern's Foundation in New York in the presence of Sidney<sup>10</sup> and some exceedingly fanatical Zionists without being contradicted. [...] I do not believe that there are propagandists who foam at the mouth in the Messianic manner and speak of the ingathering of all the Jews into a mighty kingdom spreading over Jordan, Syria, Egypt etc. from the Euphrates and the Nile. I think he is tilting at an enormous windmill, poor man, but if he has this image before him then I do not wonder that he strikes out at it. He is, in a sense, perfectly right in saying that Zionism **as a** movement has achieved its goal and should be declared fulfilled and obsolete – **the rest, being** properly left, is natural sentiment and desire to help, etc., as in America for Ireland of the 1920s, only more so [...].

On the other hand, as far as rights of the dispossessed Arab natives are concerned, he pushed principle beyond reason. It is not a happy thing to be a minority. No doubt this shouldn't be so and everyone should be very nice to everyone else and minorities should not have to claim rights, which should be accorded to them freely, generously etc., but we know that minorities suffer in some degree everywhere. Hence to increase the number of Arabs in Israel, by whatever means, seems to me to ask for misery for both sides. Ideally, of course, bi-nationalism would be splendid, but we know that this is not to be for, at any rate, half a century, while wounds heal. The wrongs of the refugees have to be weighed against the right (and even more the desirability) of making Israel a

<sup>10</sup> Sidney Morgenbesser (1921–2004), John Dewey Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University 1975–99; much prized by IB for his warmth and famous wit.

viable community. Hence, the laying down of *any* principle – that everyone born in what is now Israel’s territory should be allowed to come back; or that they should not be allowed to come back; or that all Jews have a right to come back in whatever numbers; or that only those whose mothers pass the religious test etc. should be allowed to come back; or any other generalisation whatever – seems to me likely to cut across actual concrete needs and situations and to draw blood unnecessarily. [...] **This is true of some of** the old leadership – e.g. the lady for whom you naturally care so little – **they** see their people as surrounded by implacable enemies; **or by powers** who will do nothing for them; **they** are suspicious of everyone, **and** want all their kinsfolk in every country to stand up and be counted, and devote themselves to one task and one only: the up-building of the State of Israel against all other claims, principles, ideals. **These are** the old, eschatological, **post-Marxist** pioneers whose analogues are old Marxists, Trotskyites, Maoists etc. etc. All that will pass. The possibly sometimes far less **morally** attractive, but politically and even morally saner, sabras<sup>11</sup> and other un-inflamed characters, equidistant from Begin and Deutscher (who are very similar to each other in some ways, **and** were brought up under very similar conditions and with very similar ideals) will, if they are allowed to survive at all, come to terms with the Arabs; **otherwise there will be awful slaughter**. Bar Hillel’s appeal to the **Great Powers** to impose a solution is **very** German again. He is obviously a very decent, upright man but the imposition of any kind of rectilinear schema upon that tangled growth would be a terrible vivisection. [...]

In the meanwhile, I suffer for Stuart: an unnecessary number of wounds – as if some number were necessary – have been inflicted upon him lately and by his own country, too. There is, perhaps, something in being a cosmopolitan after all.

Yours ever,  
[Isaiah]

<sup>11</sup> Hebrew term applied to Jews born in Israel.

\*TO ROBERT SILVERS

29 May 1970

[Wolfson College]

Dear Bob,

I feel that some kind of report is owing to you by this time. [...] Sir Maurice telephoned to me, saying, 'Bad news. Mrs Stone, wife of Lawrence Stone, told Stuart that he was not wanted in Wadham and spread stories about the hostile reception that is waiting for him.' Absolute nonsense. We are all most eager. The only person who is hostile is Stone's friend Pat Thompson,<sup>12</sup> who is mad, enraged, determined to make trouble. I hope Stuart believes none of this. I have told Thompson what I think of him. He made a scene, etc. [...] One man can do a lot of harm and inflict a lot of wounds, and this, I fear, may happen. However, in the end, Stuart's beauty of character will (I know this to be an incontrovertible truth) quell opposition. Still, it was not entirely without a certain mild maliciousness – I will not say pleasure, but interest – that Sir Maurice communicated this horrid intelligence to me. It is, on the whole, best that you not know it, otherwise it will be thought a kind of spreading story; Stuart will think there is more in this than meets the eye; Renée will think that there is a campaign, etc., none of which is true. But it is as I thought about Stone – happy in Princeton he may be, and it may not be his fault so much as his awful wife's, but a certain envy grips all academics at a certain stage of their life, particularly those who, having failed in a given place, observe others succeeding in what they regard as their own particular preserve. None of this is news.

Secondly, Cal: I think all is well. He began by rather disliking Sparrow, and still dislikes All Souls, the dinner jackets on Saturdays, the fact that it is all too much like school, too much silly formality and general nonsense. But I am sure he is right to take the job at Essex which will only occupy him two days a week, otherwise he can live peacefully in London, which is surely the best thing for him now. He would have gone to absolute pieces in New York, I am sure. His lecture to the audience in Oxford under my almost non-existent auspices was a wild success – about 700

<sup>12</sup> Arthur Frederick ('Pat') Thompson (1920–2009), Fellow and history Tutor, Wadham, 1947–87.

persons came, more than for Chomsky, fewer only than, I think, to Boulez: he was not displeased; he read his verse, answered questions. I said that he literally needed no introduction and simply said ‘Mr Robert Lowell’. I meant this as a compliment. However, I saw that Cal was perhaps not entirely pleased: he made a slight reference to the fact that usually one can start off by making play of the Chairman’s remarks in introducing the speaker, but in this case it was, alas, literally impossible to do so. From this I detected a certain minute degree of disappointment. So I woke up to my obligations and in closing the lecture paid him appropriate compliments. Well received. After that he went to a party at our house, at which he met all kinds of revolutionary students, which I think he enjoyed. [...]

In my next instalment I will discuss Noam, and the new committee for Arab–Jewish understanding. It is thoroughly to be approved of and **also** seems to me a grave mistake. Now I must see my next visitor, in fact my next three visitors who are sweltering in my poor secretary’s room next door.

Yours ever,  
[Isaiah]

TO ROBERT SILVERS

1 September [1971] [*manuscript*]

Paraggi

Dear Bob,

Thank you for everything: letters, proofs<sup>13</sup> (can you *really* want to print it *all*? What will your readers say! I can just hear some of them exclaiming, & justly, I fear, that there is a limit to learned logorrhoea – I’ve corrected *very* little – Stuart has been over it & dissipated it a tiny bit too; at the moment he is here, so are Marietta & Roy Jenkins; R.J. is amiable & civilized & a little cagey: but is he is called a very good, undemanding, unpompous guest. Marietta does, I suspect, pine for a little more social life than we provide: Stuart & Malia are very funny together: Malia is excited by

<sup>13</sup> Of ‘The Question of Machiavelli’, *New York Review of Books*, 4 November 1971, 20–32; repr. of part of ‘The Originality of Machiavelli’, published in Myron P. Gilmore (ed.), *Studies on Machiavelli* (Florence, 1972: Sansoni), 149–206, and in AC and PSM.

Stuart's left wing sentiments, Stuart suitably shocked by Malia's religion & academic conservatism. They get on: & Sparrow will be here at any moment – & then Gaby Cohen from Israel, & then Cyprus & so it goes on. I *wish* you came to Cyprus: it will be even odder than the Diaghilev–Stravinsky memorial service which we went to – by the anti-Stravinskian black lifewriter: Bob Craft has written me two very sad & touching letters – he must *not* know that we ever in the same motoscafo as the hated Lifar. I hear you read an essay on Fathers & Sons by Turgenev's editor & later enemy, Mikhail Katkov, written in about 1862: very nasty & intelligent: his chief points being that Bazarov & the nihilists, so far from attacking rhetoric, phrases, pretty words, embellished life – in the name of the bleak stern truth, science, ruthless realism, harsh candour, are themselves phrase-mongers: what they peddle is *not* science – there *are* no real students [of] science in Russia – but popular science invoking trash – Büchner, Moleschott, Vogt: not chemistry or physics, but tracts which misuse popular scientific slogans for social & political radicalism: & the nihilism is more anti-intellectual revolt against true knowledge, reason etc – & has no positive programme, only crude barbarous cries against civilization, decency etc – partly due to the protestors being the children of clergymen – priests – an ignorant degenerate *caste*, with no vocation, isolated from life & suffocating its progeny. Reactionary & interesting stuff – must be best right wing criticism of the shy liberalism of the middle roaders: Turgenev's terror of the young, exaggerated fear of being unfair to them is itself represented as leading to a distortion of the truth which a braver & more independent rationalist would state less tremulously. Malia drank it all up. *When* do we meet? I am very glad you are in love. It is a heavenly condition, whatever its difficulties & agonies – & when it ceases the owl of Athena really does come down, & life writes its grey on grey, as old Georg Hegel (as Italians call him) once said –

Love

Isaiah

PS [...] Cd you send my corrected proofs (with the changes marked) photostated, to Gilmore in Florence? or to his secretary? please. IB

TO JOHN HABAKKUK

12 May 1974

[Headington House]

Dear Mr Vice-Chancellor,

May I inform you that I intend to retire from my post as President of Wolfson College in the course of the academic year 1974–5, most probably before the beginning of Trinity Term 1975, but in any case before the beginning of Michaelmas Term of that year. This decision has been made known to the Governing Body of the College, and I understand that it proposes shortly to submit the name of the person whom it would wish to recommend as my successor for the consideration, in the first instance, of the Trustees of Wolfson College, and, if approved by them, to the Hebdomadal Council for its consideration. The Vice-Gerent of the College will doubtless be in communication with yourself on this matter in due course.

Yours sincerely,  
[Isaiah Berlin]

PS [to cc to John Sparrow] My successor will in fact, I believe, wish to enter upon his duties during the Easter vacation of 1975. I have been offered the Presidency of the British Academy: as you know, I have only one further ambition in my uneventful life, and if that helps towards realising it, why, then, I suppose I should not hesitate: though it is by no means a sinecure, and rough waters from the Left are, I gather, expected ... My dear old friend, what do you advise me to do? I have never failed to take your advice, save once, and even then I thought you were perfectly right but I had no real choice in the matter (if you are curious enough to know to what it is I am referring, ask me at our next meeting – I shall have my answer ready).

Do advise me,  
I.B.

*All Souls*

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