Gavriel Cohen's Conversations with Isaiah Berlin: No. 29

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Gavriel Cohen: Conversation No. 29

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Selected topics

Judaism in the USA in the Second World War

1941 UAW convention in Buffalo
Jay Lovestone
Adir Aronson

Bloomsbury

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1938
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Friendship with Elizabeth Bowen
Bowen in Ireland, 1933
Bowen in Oxford, London, Princeton
IB's one experience of drunkenness
IB's smoking

How Paraggi started

Side A

GC […] today.

IB Very true.

GC January 1989.

IB Yup.

GC Last time, when we spoke about Washington, I wanted to ask you whether your period in America, in the war, opened new aspects of Judaism to you – in the second …

IB In no degree.

GC In no degree. That's an answer to your question. In no degree. I met American Jews, of course. That's exactly what I knew them to be. There were Zionists, there were anti-Zionists, there were semi-Zionists. Not unlike England, in that respect.

GC No?

IB Well, there were many more pro-Zionists in America than there were before the war in England, that was clear; there was an organised Zionist movement. And that existed in England, but I wasn't in touch with it. In America I inevitably was in touch with it, because they used to come and see me.

GC But the very fact that New York was in many ways …

IB & GC [*speaking in unison*] A Jewish town.

IB That made no impact …

GC No impression in your …

IB 1941 I lived the whole year – not in Washington, I lived in New York for a year.

GC I know.

IB No, certainly not. No, I just took it for granted. I saw it. I knew it before, and I verified it, but it didn't make an impact, no.

GC And [?] in particular …

IB I didn't know any Jews in New York in 1941, particularly. I didn't move in Jewish society. I don't think I met a Jew, but if you ask me – what Jews did I meet in 1941, when I was there?

GC Well, you met …

IB The editors of papers. Yiddish papers. All right …

GC All Poale Zion people, *Forverts* and so on [?].

IB Not Poale Zion. *Forverts* was not Poale Zion. That was Bund. But a kind of reformed Bund.

GC But these kinds of people you met.

IB And I knew what they were like; I took it for granted because I was born in Russia. I knew what they would look like, and they were exactly what I expected them to be. I understood them from the first moment. They were amusing encounters. I met a violent

anti-Zionist called Zuckerman, who used to come and see me because the British Office – proper anti-Zionist, so he tried to [?] some anti-Zionism with me. I went to Chicago and saw the editor of a Jewish paper to whom I made Zionist propaganda, I think. I saw – who did I see? – I saw [Irving] Lehman, the – Judge Lehman, Justice Lehman, who was a brother of Herbert Lehman. I went to see Herbert Lehman in Albany: he was the Governor. He gave me letters to other eminent Jews. I saw them. They were pompous, decent German Jews, such as I imagined them to be. Nothing in the least – I mean it was all right – of not the slightest interest. I can't remember a single event or person who made any impression upon me of a memorable kind. The only impression I made was of an amusing kind. I remember going to the *Forverts*. We were then going to dinner in Brooklyn with somebody from the *Forverts* who invited me to dinner because I was feeding British propaganda into *Forverts*, who were very willing to take [it]. And I was asked to dinner at quarter past six, in a dinner jacket – tuxedo – to which I went. And there was this lady, I have forgotten her name. She was an old socialist. And he was a kind of deputy editor. He was not Abe Cahan, who was the editor of *Forverts*, but he was someone under him. His name was not Green, but something rather like it. I can't remember. Anyhow, this lady told me that she had taken part in fighting, being involved in the people's Mexican Revolution of 1912, 1913. She was quite interesting. She then showed me pictures of herself with that famous socialist leader who was always in jail in the late nineteenth century [Eugene V. Debs], and a founder of American left-wing socialism. I've forgotten his name, but you would know it. When he was out on parole, he used to go and see her. She must have been his mistress. Anyhow they were – and he said – and I talked about it to her, she was very anti-New Deal, anti-Roosevelt. Because what the Government gives, the Government can take away. We have to be independent. Syndicalism – straightforward kind. All that interested me. That I hadn't come across.

GC And the Dubinskys and the …

IB I didn't know them. Dubinsky I met later.

GC Trade unions, Jewish leaders …

IB Yes, I didn't meet them very much. The only contact with the trade unions I can describe to you, because that at least was amusing. I don't think – yes. About the middle of 1941 [4–16 August], the United Engin… – UAW, the United Engineering Workers [United Auto Workers] had a convention in Buffalo. Have I told you this story?

GC I think you told me.[1]

IB Well, I might as well tell you again. Shall I? Yes.

GC It's a fantastic story.

IB The British were very anxious to do something with these people, because they were CIO [Congress of Industrial Organizations]. The AF of L [American Federation of Labor] was tied to the TUC, was kosher, in order. CIO was Catholic and anti-AF of L and tended to be Catholic isolationist. No contact with England, because of the AF of L. So the idea was that somebody would address their convention. Herbert Morrison, not a trade unionist, therefore all right. This was all arranged – I've told you this story before. Then I was rung up by the public relations man, who was a Jew, with a Jewish name [Michael J. Widman?], which I can't remember. Levine, that kind of name, who said, 'I'm afraid the deal is off.' 'Why?' 'I'm afraid I can't explain.' 'You can't

[1] At the beginning of No. 11.

explain? But surely there was an undertaking?' He said, 'Well, certainly I can't say it on the telephone. But if I come and see you, well, maybe I'll tell you.' So I went, took an aeroplane with my colleague, Mr what was his name? I've forgotten his name [Maurice Bathurst] by now. He's an eminent QC [1964], even a Knight [1984] by now – was my assistant. We travelled to Buffalo and we went to the Book Cadillac Hotel,[2] where this man came to see me in my room. He then tried to pull the telephone out of the wall, but it didn't work. So then he said 'Come into the street; we can't talk in here – it may be bugged.' Then I realised it was rather serious. He then said, 'You see, the position is this. Our union had rather a stormy time at one time. There was a man called Homer Martin, who founded it'[3] – who is now either retired or dead – 'and John L. Lewis is coming as a fraternal delegate. And he is violently anti-British, and in cahoots with American Communists and leftists and very isolationist. Now, he doesn't want anything to do with the British. [If he hears?] an Englishman talking, he'll get up. All he has to say is the word "Lovestone".' Now let me explain, I'd met Lovestone. Now Lovestone was a Jewish Communist. He wasn't Liebstein,[4] he was Liebenstein, it doesn't matter what. He was a very well-known Communist, highly intelligent man, who …

GC [*unclear*]

IB Might. Might [?] anything – who went to Mexico, I think he was also a member [?] Mexican Communist Party. And he then went to Moscow, and he disagreed with something at the Comintern and got away with his life – he had to escape – and created a dissident

[2] This hotel is in Detroit. Has IB confused the August UAW convention in Buffalo with the November CIO convention in Detroit, from which he wrote to his parents on 18 November (F 383–4).

[3] Homer Martin (1901–68) was a Vice President of the UAW–AFL 1935–6, and its second President 1936–9.

[4] Jay Lovestone (1897–1990) was born Jacob Liebstein.

Communist movement. This produced a row inside the United Engineering Workers and the motor unions. So if the word was mentioned there would immediately be shouting and roaring by both sides, the media would disrupt it, and the man they wanted to elect, whose name I now can't remember, who was a harmless sort of man of a sort of – a go-between who didn't belong to any party, a sort of non-entity. They were powerful leaders: there was Frankensteen of Ford, there was – what was the name of the General Motors man? – very famous Union leader [Walter Reuther]. They were all ambitious leaders, but this man was harmless, and so they were prepared to vote for him. But if John L. Lewis said, 'Now why is this [?] uproar?', it was because he could say that this man belonged to Dubinsky's union. Dubinsky was afraid of him. So he got him a job with a big salary to be the representative of Dubinsky's union on some pro-British charitable organisation, which was meaningless, harmless, and paid him a salary, which he'd always wanted. Now, the fact that this Communist was to do with England, that would produce such a mess. Therefore – no, sorry. It was then I understood something about American Unionism. So I said, 'Well, who is there here? Is there anybody else I can talk to?' 'Well, there's Jim Carey [James B. Carey]. He is the Secretary of the CIA [sc. CIO].' 'Oh, I don't know if he'll talk to me, but I'll try.' I made great friends with Jim Carey. He represented the United Electrical Workers. And he was the Secretary of the whole thing. And he was very sympathetic and extremely nice and I kept up with him for the rest of the war. I once asked him – I remember asking him about somebody – who was it? I think it was the editor of the CIO journal in Washington, who in fact was a Jew [Len De Caux, editor in the war, was not Jewish], 'Is he a member of the Communist Party?' He said to me, 'He cheats the Party of its dues.'

GC He cheats …

IB Cheats the Party of its dues.

GC [*laughter*]

IB He is, but he doesn't pay. He is not a member in that way. Should pay. But his views are completely identical. I can't remember the man's name. He was a notorious figure. Anyway, I learned a lot about Communism and anti-Communism, the sort of inside whatnot. Let me tell you about Lovestone. I had a sinus – an attack of sinusitis in New York in about May [sc. June] 1941. I went to hospital. I was lying in one of those cubicles, which don't have proper doors, only half doors, with two huge things up my nose, which some intern put. It was supposed to have some – I had something, some cure for, I suppose, the inflammation and so on. And I was completely helpless lying on my back, and I couldn't see because my spectacles – I had a rather vague Impressionist vision of the world, without my glasses. Suddenly a man came in, pushed open the little gate, the little half gate, and said, 'You don't know me, but I know you. And I knew Lenin and Stalin too.' That rhymed. He then sat at the bottom of my bed, and said 'My name is …' – that name I just mentioned: what was the name I just mentioned to you?

GC Lovestone?

IB Lovestone. Jay Lovestone. J-a-y. He was Jacob Liebenstein [sc. Liebstein]. I don't know what he was, something like that. Jay Lovestone. And he said, 'I work for Bundles for Britain. I do something for charity. And I want to know …' – he just came to pay me a visit, [?] took make contact. But I said to him, 'How did you come to know Stalin?' He then told me the story, of his Communism, the whole thing. He was very fascinating: extremely clever man. Brilliant, witty, sinister rather, but fascinating to meet. That also told me an awful lot about the ups and downs of

American leftism, and I asked about the various Jewish Communists, what went on in the 1920s, what went on in the 1930s, who was joining the Party when, who left it, why they left, what the quarrels were. He was fascinating. There was nothing he didn't know. He adored – I spent two hours with him. That, I think, taught me a lot. But not about the Jews especially.

GC Now, why did he come to you? To [*unclear*]?

IB I think – no. He came to make contact. You see, Dubinsky,[5] in order to neutralise him, made him the – what was it? – not Amalgamated, the Ladies' Garment Workers, was it? – or was it 'Amalgamated'? – the Ladies' Garment Workers' Representative on Bundles for Britain, of which the head was Winthrop Aldrich. The Labour Unions that were represented – AF of L: Dubinsky had already gone back. He had been in the CIO, and of course John L. Lewis made that famous speech just about that time. Violent indignation at the Jewish leaders who left – who joined the CIO and then went back to the AF of L. [*puts on accent*] 'Who went back to the CIO? I can tell you. Dubinsky took the easy path. Zaritsky took the easy path. Potofsky took the easy path.' It was quite clear what he meant. [*laughter*] The anti-Semitism was fairly evident.

GC And the religious centres, the Orthodox Jews, the Brooklyn part of New York …?

IB I had nothing to do with any of them.

GC Nothing whatsoever.

[5] David Dubinsky (1892–1982), President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union 1932–66.

IB No. That wasn't part of my business …

GC I see.

IB … my duty, and I had no interest in them.

GC Did you have relatives there, family?

IB No. Nobody.

GC Or friends of the family from Riga, or from Petersburg?

IB Nobody I knew. Maybe, but I didn't know anybody.

GC But not that you …

IB Yes. There was a couple. You're quite right. There was a man whose name was … [?] old age, doesn't terribly matter [Samuel 'Mulya' Aronson]. He came from – originally Riga, certainly – and his brother: he had two brothers. He simply was, I think, something to do with my father's business in some minor capacity.[6] He came from Finland – he went to Finland, where he was a timber expert. Then the Soviets entered and then he had to escape, and I think my father helped to get him a visa to Sweden, which was not so easy. He came to England after that, and from England to America. He lived in New York, and I saw him about once or twice.[7] He disappeared to the South. All I remember is his son's name was Adir,[8] which was progressive for those days.

GC Very.

[6] Formerly manager of Mendel Berlin's pit-prop business in Finland. In the 1950 Federal Census he is 'Pres. of Lumber Manf. Co.'.

[7] More than that: see F.

[8] Biblical Hebrew for 'mighty', sometimes applied to God (e.g. Psalm 93:4).

IB Exactly, he was a – wasn't particularly Zionist. Adir, yes. It is a name, is it?

GC Yes it is, but very rare.

IB Rare: rare name.

GC Very Sabra name. Very Israeli.[9]

IB I'm telling you, this man had nothing to do with Israel. That's all I remember about him. All I remember is his name.

GC Yes. And the Chabad again, you didn't …

IB I had no idea who they were.

GC [*unclear*]

IB No.

GC Nothing your …

IB Nothing. The Rebbe must have been there …

GC Yes.

IB … by then. I don't think I was aware of it even. Had anyone heard about them? 1941 was not a year in which they were well known.

[9] Adir is not found as a personal name in traditional sources, but is among the many personal names introduced, or at least popularised, by secular Zionists.

GC The Jewish America …

IB I knew who they were; after all …

GC It was no different world for you, [?] knew them from East Europe or from England, it was not a different Jewry for you.

IB I never came across them. I knew Weizmann and his …

GC Circle

IB … circle. I met Stephen Wise, but I wasn't a friend. I met [David] de Sola Pool, who was the rabbi of the Sephardi Community in New York, one of the Rabbanim, who had an Israeli wife.

GC Active in Hadassah.

IB Exactly. She was the head of it, I think, for a bit.

GC Oh.

IB I remember her well. He was quite a nice man. Very – rather English in a way. Came from England. And who else? I think I went to Yom Kippur – I knew Ben Cohen, with whom I went; I went to a Seder with Weizmann's friends. I went to New York. The first Seder was Meyer Weisgal. The second Seder, Dorothy Thompson came – those kind of people came. They had friendly goyim. Then the second Seder was a banker from Hamburg, whose wife was also head of Hadassah.

GC Again in New York?

IB In New York, yes.

GC You were in New York nearly three years?

IB No. I was in New York only one year.

GC But two Seders.

IB But two Sedarim, yes.

GC Two Sedarim.

IB Year and a bit. Second Seder I was already not in New York. [?] I came; I came from Washington, yes.

GC Now in Washington there was no Jewish life …

IB It's rather extraordinary to have forgotten his name. I remember going across the ocean in 1948, and he had a terrible row with Sigmund Warburg, in my presence and in that of Sir Alexander Cadogan, the supporter of Zionism. My man was a friend of Weizmann, for, and Sigmund then was 100 per cent against. 100 per cent. He turned round, for reasons which I will explain.

GC You knew Alexander Cadogan?

IB Yes. No. I met him, professionally so to speak, and I knew who he was if I – I met him in Moscow, I met him in London, I met him in New York once or twice. We weren't friends. But we shook hands.

GC He surprised everybody when …

IB By his [?]. So malicious, so violent.

GC And shrewd and …

IB Oh, he was a very clever man. Clever, and he was poker-faced. Never let on, never said anything. Perfectly conventional. But he swallowed everything. He was extremely sharp.

GC Very sharp. It was one of the real surprises …

IB He had shared rooms with Lord Halifax at Oxford, when they were undergraduates. The Honorable Sir Alexander Cadogan.

*

GC Let's leave America now and come back for a moment to this chapter of hero-worship. When did you meet Virginia Woolf?

IB I met her …

GC Who initiated it?

IB Nobody initiated it.

GC You admired her madly.

IB Mm. Yes, I did. I'd read all her novels. In 1933, when I was twenty-four, I was at All Souls. Her father [Leslie Stephen] was the brother of the mother[10] of the Warden of All Souls [sc. New College]:[11] Fisher. They are first cousins. He invited her to stay a weekend. I was asked to dinner. Mrs Fisher didn't like her. The people at dinner were Fisher and Mrs Fisher; Mary Fisher, his

[10] Garbled. Woolf's mother Julia Stephen née Jackson and Fisher's mother Mary Louisa Fisher née Jackson were sisters.

[11] The subsequent exchanges show that IB didn't notice his mistake.

daughter, who afterwards became head of an Oxford College, still lives here.

GC The Warden of New College, not All Souls?

IB Yes. No [?].

GC New College.

IB Fisher. [?] Cabinet Minister.

GC I know. The historian. H. A. L. Fisher. Yes.

IB He was her first cousin.

GC Warden Fisher. Yes.

IB First cousin. Crossman [?]. Mrs Fisher, who disliked that kind of woman, in order to protect herself, invited Crossman and invited C. S. Lewis, the famous English [?], because he taught – he was a fellow of Magdalen, and he taught English at New College. [?]. He hated women, and didn't say a word to her. Hated her books: couldn't be more hostile. Then there was another don called Ker, which is irelevant, and I think maybe John Sparrow [yes], but I can't remember. Small dinner party. And that's how I met her. And I sat opposite her, and she was certainly the most beautiful woman I had ever met in my life before that. Very thin, very beautiful. Wonderful, long flowing dress, light blue eyes of a rather unfocused kind. Beautiful voice, and marvellous words, wonderful diction, talked in images and similes. Her description of her dress caught fire or something was as good as her books. So I was riveted, I was greatly overcome. She wrote two letters about this afterwards, which were printed; they were misdated in the edition, one of them is. They were written on the same day, though one of

them is dated a year later.[12] That's the fault of the editors and Nigel Nicholson. It [the first letter] says, 'I met the famous Isaiah Berlin' ['There was the great Isaiah Berlin'], so I was already famous in 1933, I can't think why. Maybe 1934: 1933 or 1934. [?] twenty-four. 'He's a Portuguese Jew by the looks of him, and I believe a Communist' ['a Portuguese Jew by the look of him, Oxford's leading light; a communist, I think'] [*laughter*]. Then something slightly uncomplimentary, I can't remember what ['a fire eater']. Nothing very awful, but she says, 'I think he talks too much',[13] or something like that – not quite that. Then another letter – that's a letter to her nephew, Quentin Bell[14] – then a letter to her sister, which again says she met me: 'Too clever by half. Reminds me of the young Maynard.'[15]

GC Of?

IB 'The young Maynard.' That is Keynes. That's all right, can't complain.

GC [*laughter*]

IB Yes. [*laughter*] That part is all right. But then again something, I don't know, some sort of, not much to it. Some slighting remark

[12] Not on the same day, but a month apart. The letters, to Quentin Bell and Elizabeth Bowen respectively, are dated 3 December [1933] and 6 January [1934, misdated 1935 in the first edition of *The Sickle Side of the Moon: The Letters of Virginia Woolf, Volume V, 1932–1935*, ed. Nigel Nicolson, assistant editor Joanne Trautmann Banks (London, 1979), 255, 360; see Erratum in the 1994 edition, x].

[13] Possibly a misrembering of 'a very clever, much too clever, like Maynard in his youth, don' in her letter of 3 July 1935 to Vanessa Bell (ibid., 410–11).

[14] A parenthtical afterthought identifying the letter of 3 December 1933 that he has already quoted; 'another letter' and 'a letter to her sister' refer to the letter to Vanessa Bell quoted in the previous note.

[15] See previous note.

['a violent Jew']. Not too rude, but it certainly was not as nasty about me as she was about Victor Rothschild. She says 'a lump of meat' or 'red meat', that kind of stuff.[16] She was always very nasty [?]. She was of course pathologically anti-Semitic, which comes out in her diaries. Leonard, her husband, told me – he was a very nice man – that although in Bloomsbury he was not supposed to censor anything, the diaries contained such frightful racist things about Jews that he told nobody, but he did have to eliminate a sentence or two. That's fine[?]. The next time I met her was with Lady Tweedsmuir (who was the widow of John Buchan) – with whom she was brought up when she was a girl – in some London square.[17] Again, she talked wonderfully well. And I remember, typically I talked about Stephen Spender; I said, 'Have you met his friend' – homosexual friend – to which very typically she said 'Lower class?' I said 'Yes.' 'Oh.' She was as snobbish as anybody I've ever met. Finally – well that was in 1934, 1935. Then I – in about 1938, she asked me to dinner in London, and I went. And she was very nice. And I was after all a guest. Very polite, very nice. We talked about literature, we talked about her life, we talked about William James, this and that, and that was all right. I was – really I know nothing about her letters about me or anti-Semitism, none of this. [?] after all. And then – that was the last time. No: when my friend Ben Nicolson, Harold's son, had a kind of house-warming party in his new flat, she came to that. And she sat on the floor, because she always wanted to be cosy – she never was – with young people, and talked about this and that. She was very naive. Not naive, but very unworldly. She would say, 'Is there a great deal of free love nowadays?' That kind of question. Because all she knew was what her nephews and nieces told her. But she was fascinating; there was

[16] She writes to Quentin Bell on 12 December 1933 about her sister Vanessa's view of Victor Rothschild: 'Nessa will tell you she didn't like the flavour of the Jew. Like raw pork, she said. Surely rather an unkind saying?' (ibid., 258).

[17] The Woolfs lived at 52 Tavistock Square 1924–39.

no doubt she was like a genius to meet. And I certainly – then finally she asked me to dinner in 1941, when I was in America, and the letter arrived after she was dead. It was rather macabre. 'Will you come and knock on my little grey door?' [*laughter*] In Gordon Square, I think. So that obviously we got on. She quite liked me, in spite of these [?]. But [?] I was not a friend.

GC But you said that before the first meeting you were very nervous because you admired her.

IB Very true. I didn't speak much: that's why I don't know whatever it was. But I must have talked, as always, more than I knew.

GC And you were nervous?

IB She was more nervous than I was. She was like a nervous dog. She met about ten people in her life. New faces were torture to her. Leonard didn't come, because he was convinced that Fisher had recommended the Black and Tans in Ireland, and he was – when he was a member of the Cabinet, Lloyd George, and he wasn't going to meet a man like that. Quite firmly. He regarded Fisher as a scoundrel.

GC Though he was the Minister of Education?

IB Yes, but he wasn't in the Cabinet. He was close to Lloyd George. The rumour was that Lloyd George said to him, 'You're a historian, and we have a rebellion. What does one do?' The rumour was that he recommended this course of action [?]. Unlikely, I think. Well, that was the *on dit*. Anyway, that's how he explained it. He refused to come: she came – came alone.

GC And did you have any other contacts with the Bloomsbury circle?

IB No. Less than you might suppose. No, I didn't.

GC I thought that you did have, because …

IB No, I didn't. I never went to a party or a dinner party, I was never asked, except by Virginia, that once. I met the younger Bloomsbury generation. I never met Roger Fry. And I never met – Desmond McCarthy I met once, because David Cecil was his son-in-law, and I went on a picnic with him and his wife in the country. He was very amiable. Who else were they? Lytton Strachey was dead. Died about 1929 [1932], very early on. Keynes I met in King's once. He was very snubbing, but I met him afterwards and made friends. I met them individually, but never collectively, so to speak. Raymond Mortimer was a younger member, who was a literary critic. Him I knew, but didn't much like. But I knew him. Rosamund Lehmann was a great friend. Rosamund I knew quite well. Who else was Bloomsbury?

GC But Keynes, when you had come to Washington in the war, you were already friends, or acquaintances?

IB No. I met him exactly once. I went to read a paper in King's College, Cambridge. I sat next to him at dinner. He said to me 'What is your name? Tell me what you are doing here.' 'Reading a paper.' 'What are you reading it about? To whom?' 'Moral Sciences Club.' 'What about?' It sounded idiotic: 'Pleasure.' Silence. He then said, 'We have just eaten *potage garbure*. Why don't you read about that? Just as good a subject', and turned to his other neighbour. He turned to me only once again and said to me, 'What Cambridge philosophers have you read? You have read Moore, I suppose?' I said 'Yes. And Whitehead.' 'Oh, Whitehead: I thought he just

brooded at you. Did he write?' He was actually taught by him, but still. So that was all – I was definitely shoved aside. Then, in Washington, I met him with my colleague in All Souls Lord Brand, who was head of the Treasury Mission. We got on extremely well, alone, with Brand. Certainly Keynes is the cleverest man I've ever met in my life. Everybody will tell you that, and it's true. I was introduced to him in the Embassy, when I went for about the fourth or fifth time. And someone said 'Oh, Mr. Keynes, do you know Professor Berlin?' I said, 'I'm not a Professor.' He said, 'No. Nor am I.' He said, 'You know, people tend to introduce me as a Professor, as you may imagine. Invariably in such cases I say, "I reject the indignity without the emolument." '

GC Without the …?

IB Emolument. That means financial reward.

GC Ah. [*laughter*]

IB Emolument means what you get. It means the salary.

GC Now when you say he was by far the cleverest man you had ever met, everyone would say it …

IB Everyone always says it. Typical. He knew what – he understood what you were saying before you finished the sentence. His own remarks were of great sharpness, brilliance and humour. He was delightful to listen to. Very contemptuous of America. And they worshipped him – new Deal. You can imagine. Built on him. He said to me, 'Are you in Washington in July and August?' I said 'Yes.' 'Terribly hot, isn't it?' 'Yes.' 'It's not the climate of white men. Negroes, yes. But who noticed all the most insane legislation in Congress or what occurs in those months? The whites go mad.' [*both laugh*] Very much that line. I made great friends with his wife,

Lydia, whom I then saw after his death, a certain amount. She was Russian, and I talked Russian – ballerina.

I'll tell you a typical story about Keynes. It has nothing to do with me, but he was kind of a very contemptuous figure. I'll tell you two stories if you like. When Kingsley Wood [Chancellor of the Exchequer] died, there was a meeting of the British and American delegations. The head of the American delegation was the notorious Harry Dexter White, who was suspected of being Communist, who was grilled by McCarthy, who died of a heart attack more or less because of all this. Nobody ever knew who he was exactly. Morgenthau trusted him completely. Keynes admired him. Keynes wasn't very politically aware. He was anti-Communist, but not – didn't mind it. Surrounded by neo-Communists in Cambridge quite happily. And White made a very formal speech condoling [*sic*] the British delegation on the death of the Chancellor. Keynes was the leader of the British delegation, had to get up and make an answering speech. He said he wished to thank Mr White for the very moving words with which he condoled on [*sic*] the death of the Chancellor, and which the British delegation were touched [by] and grateful [for]. He had not himself the pleasure of knowing the late Chancellor at all well, but in the course of his work in the Treasury, occasionally he came across him, and he had certain gifts which the intelligent, indeed the brilliant, people around the table would do well to note, and even to emulate. He said, 'No matter how complex, how difficult, how tortuous, how dark a proposition in economics might seem to be, the late Chancellor had the gift of turning it, in a few words, into a platitude intelligible to the merest child. That is a very great political gift, which I strongly recommend to everyone here.' The Americans were inexpressibly shocked. [*laughter*] It was very typical of Keynes, and rather a good joke.

GC He had a well-developed taste for the arts …

IB Certainly.

GC The other day I was in his rooms in King's, in Cambridge. Now a young research fellow is there, nice to meet, and in the living room he had eight paintings on the wall, painted by the only two Bloomsbury painters …

IB Duncan Grant.

GC And Vanessa …

IB No, his wife. In effect. She was the wife of Bell, but she lived with Grant.

GC Batya [says it was?] awful.

IB [?] Awful I wouldn't say, but no good. I agree.

GC Now you would say awful.

IB No good.

GC Maybe in the 1930s you wouldn't say awful.

IB People admired them. I don't – Duncan Grant is not a bad painter, but he's not very distinguished. Greatly admired. She was never any good.

GC If it was the taste of the time – so …

IB It was, yes.

GC That could excuse [them?].

IB Well, there's a house which is now practically – a great contribution has come in, from America and everywhere – called Charleston, in Sussex, of which every inch is painted by her or by him, which was where they lived. It's regarded as a great national possession.

GC Yes. I'm sure.

IB But you're right. Duncan Grant could be quite good, I assure you.

GC I'm sure.

IB She was never any good.

GC There are four portraits like – well, I don't know: I was shocked. [*embarrassed laugh*]

IB Very well.

GC No, but was he cool or warm?

IB Oh no. Dry.

GC Dry. Very dry.

IB No. Detached. Dry. Not warm at all. Not at all warm.

GC But when he negotiated, let's say, on …

IB Not much heart.

GC Not much heart. But let's say, when he had to negotiate in America, when he was sent by the Government …

IB Well, yes, of course.

GC One ought to have a very strong sense of devotion, motivation to achieve for England …

IB Oh, he was a …

GC In this respect he was [not] only clever, but also highly motivated.

IB He was a hundred per cent patriot. Totally patriotic. He was an Englishman, and he wanted England to be the prosperous – the welfare of England meant a great deal to him. He was very patriotic. They all were. [?] not nationalistic, but they believed in England, they were proud of being English, and he was Scottish in addition. He was not very philo-Semitic. He said to me 'Have you been seeing our friend Felix Frankfurter?' [*slight German accent*]

GC [?].

IB He knew him quite well. And he was a friend. Asked him to a feast at King's, that kind of thing. Didn't like Jews much.

GC And …

IB There's a famous anti-Semitic line in one of his essays. Continue.

GC [?].

IB But all Bloomsbury was anti-Semitic, in a mild way. I mean, if there was a pogrom, they would protest. If they were accused of anti-Semitism, they would deny it. There were Jewish members of

Bloomsbury. One was Leonard Woolf, whom they adored, and one was Arthur Waley, who translated from Chinese and Japanese, and they were sort of proper members of it, and so you can't say they were anti-Semitic in the ordinary sense. But they didn't care for Jewish company. Bertrand Russell I did know, quite well – didn't like Jews much. Of course, if they met Jews they were courteous, and some they liked. But on the whole they found it – Jews not terribly good company.

GC You met Bertrand Russell often?

IB He came to Oxford in 1936 or 1937, when he returned to philosophy. He lived here in Kidlington, with his third wife, and when he lectured in the Examination Schools, he came to tea with me in this College, in All Souls. Once a week. So he always came at four, and we went to his lecture at five. So I got – then I went to dinner with him once or twice. He was a little like a sort of French *Encyclopédiste* of the eighteenth century – could have worn a little wig, he talked to – he was very impersonal – cracked little jokes, had a little cackling laugh, not very human.

GC Not very human.

IB No.

GC It was clear [?].

IB He could have been a friend of Voltaire, or [?] or – that sort of thing; could have been abbé in France in 1750. Atheist abbé. He looked like that.

GC Yup. But a man like Keynes or Russell – when they were in company, they were expecting admiration?

IB Oh, no doubt. Certainly. And got it.

GC And got it. No modesty, no false modesty.

IB No. There were more obscure members of Bloomsbury who – no, E. M. Forster also expected it, I think – whom I also met, but I did not get on with particularly well. No, I'll tell you. There were people like Saxon [Sydney-]Turner – who's ever heard of him? – gentle, silent figure, whom they all adored. But he never went out. There were a few people among them who were not famous, not well known. They presumably did not expect – but the famous ones certainly did.

GC And …

IB They deserved it. They were remarkable.

GC And …

IB They were the only intelligentsia in England that ever was. [?] never existed.

GC The question is, of course, when you say they deserved it, if they deserve it every one individually …

IB Individ…

GC … or whether the group created something …

IB Both.

GC Both.

IB They stood for very reasonable values. They were anti-religious, they were rationalistic, they were liberal, they talked absolutely freely. The only thing which was slightly tiresome – they were terribly obscene, to show how free they were. It was a kind of childish use of obscene words as a demonstration of their emancipation from Victorian values. Apart from that …

GC Several times – many times [?] our conversation, whenever you mentioned John Foster or David Cecil, you always added, 'He's a part of my life.'

IB Certainly.

GC 'He's a part of my life.'

IB Correct.

GC You repeat it and you repeat it, but you didn't dwell on it.

IB Well I'll tell you. In the beginning with David Cecil it was quite simple. I met him – I met him before but I met him properly when he became a Fellow of New College in 1938. Quite late. He came back to Oxford. He was a Fellow of Wadham, then he went back to London. And then he wrote books and so on. Then he was – then he came back to live in Oxford. I met him originally in Ireland when I was with my great friend Elizabeth Bowen, the novelist. She was a great great friend, and she was a marvellous writer. She had a house in Ireland, which had belonged to her ancestor, who was a Cromwellian colonel in the seventeenth century. She is a separate chapter in my life.

GC She is …?

IB Separate chapter.

GC Separate chapter.

IB She was a great [?] intimate friend. Well, he was a great friend of hers. I think she was in love with him once. Anyway, that's where I met him first. Staying in her house. We made friends immediately. Then he came to be a don at New College. I became a don the same year. We both became Fellows together. I from All Souls, he from London. We saw each other every day, and we became tremendous friends – we talked all day and all night. We got on naturally extremely well. We became harmonious from the very start. That's what I mean by saying …

GC Yes.

IB He was a source of great pleasure to me. And I was a source of pleasure to him. It worked from the beginning to the end. Till he left Oxford. Then I saw him rather less, but he still came to stay with us. We were, in Oxford, undoubtedly each other's best friends. Just was so.

GC Did you have any other such friends?

IB Herbert Hart was a friend, but …

GC Yes.

IB [?] when he came back, after the war.

GC [*unclear*]

IB But in the 1930s? Yes. Stuart was a friend. He was at All Souls. He was a friend in the same sense. That was before 1938. Freddie Ayer was a friend for a time.

GC Even if you feel …

IB Goronwy Rees was a friend.

GC Again, meeting every day …

IB Yes. Particularly in All Souls, where they all were. Sort of a proper gang, in that sense – group of young men.

GC And then, when they left Oxford, you would correspond with them?

IB I had a great friend called Con O'Neill, who just died [11 January 1988], who went to the Foreign Office. The man who got England into Europe.[18] He was a Foreign Office official. Resigned over Munich. Resigned over – [?]? Yes. Exactly. Yes, certainly.

GC And John Foster?

IB That is another story. John Foster was a very friendly, candid, amusing bachelor. He was a Fellow of All Souls when I was elected, and the greatest friend, life-long friend, of Miriam Rothschild, with whom he must have had a continuing affair. They were each other's most intimate friends, they were. He was very easy to, agreeable to talk to. He was a strange man. He was very benevolent, he was affectionate. He lacked some human qualities completely. In fact, what might be said, he lacked what is normally known as a human soul. He had a heart, and a nervous system, but he did not understand why people read poetry at all. Literally didn't. How people put words in this rather curious way. He never read a novel

[18] He was the head of the British delegation that negotiated the UK's 1973 entry to the EEC.

in his life, because it is a false statement. I mean he could read through history books and memoirs and newspapers. Why read lies? This was genuine, and not affectation[?]. He did not drink, he did not smoke, but he must have gone to bed with more women than anybody. Certainly in our time. By which I mean not hundreds, but thousands, because that was his one form of continuous pleasure. He never fell in love with them, because I don't think he knew about the meaning of the word love. If they fell in love with him, they were unfortunate, because he couldn't return it. He was infinitely kind to them all. He had fifty mistresses at least, all of whom he used to stay with, do favours to, employ, lend money to, give presents to. He was a man of very great good will. But he was an odd figure, if you see what I mean. Very handsome. Not an adventurer. He was a barrister by profession, who became a Member of Parliament. I went to Palestine with him, in 1934. We had business …

Side B

IB … [?]. But for the kind of Jews he liked and the kind of Jews they didn't care for. Sort of New York shyster lawyers. All kinds of tremendously vulgar – he had an endless stream of Jewish stories, and dirty stories, like a schoolboy. He was really about seventeen years of age. He was [an] arrested schoolboy. He was expelled from Eton. Probably for homosexuality. Might have been anything. He came to Oxford at an odd term. But he was extremely clever, brilliant, and he became in due course Under-Secretary, Minister of Commonwealth Relations, under General Ismay. He told me he did his best. Do what he might, he could not get the business of his business in the office to last more than twelve hours a week. I'll give you [an idea of] what kind of a man he was, of his flavour: some official would come in and say, 'Minister, what about that business with New Zealand?' He would say, 'I've settled it.' 'What do you mean, you've settled it?' 'I've talked to the man on

the telephone.' 'Excuse me, Minister, which man?' 'The High Commissioner.' 'What did he say?' 'It doesn't matter. It's all settled. We'll never hear about this again.' 'Minister, could you do a minute about your conversation?' 'I think it's a pure waste of time,' he would say. 'You'll never – the whole thing is absolutely settled. Forget it.' You can imagine, the civil service was not very pleased, so he was never reappointed to a Ministry. In the House of Commons, if he thought the Conservatives were wrong, he got up and said so. He had no sense of Party, or loyalty. He was a Conservative because he thought the Labour Party were totally silly. But he believed only in one thing: maximisation of human happiness, which consisted mainly of physical pleasure. By the way, he believed in medicine, but not any other form of research. He thought if people wanted to do it, he didn't want to stop them, but spending money on research, when it could be spent on women, not drink because he didn't drink, on medical research, on the amenities of life, scientific research which would make life more comfortable. That struck him as mad. The idea that people should research into the Crusaders in Malta struck him as lunatic. Still, if people wanted to do it, he didn't want to stop them, because they enjoyed it. He was that kind of man. He was regarded as amoral, but he wasn't. He was a very kind human being, and if one was in trouble … He was part of my life because, first of all, I saw him in All Souls, frequently. Secondly, if you knew any Rothschilds, you saw him there, all the time. He liked rich Jews, because he could be very familiar and unbuttoned, and they liked him. He was easygoing, which is what they like, naturally, because they are all so self-conscious. Then, in Washington, I stayed with him when I first came. And then, when I finished my job in New York, it was entirely he who got me my job in Washington. When I came back to Oxford and I wanted to leave New College, he got me my job back in All Souls. So he played a kind uncle in my life. And I was grateful. We got on beautifully, but he could be very boring, because the stream of [GC [?]] dirty stories and jokes was very,

could go too far. He lived not far from Oxford in an All Souls House, but I liked him very much. I was very sorry when he died. He was very fond of me. We were genuine friends. A lot of people disapproved of him, because he had no morality, and all these women. It was all done in some terribly innocent fashion, if you know what I mean. He just wanted to go to bed with them because he enjoyed it, they enjoyed it, and if they didn't, anyone who resisted – he never never flirted with anyone. If they liked him – it was like bottles of soda water: if one didn't open, he went to the next. He saw no difference. Particularly he specialised in going to bed with very ugly girls, because he didn't mind, and it set them up. It was a favour, and it did them a great deal of good. That kind of man. So he did it quite deliberately. We went to see him with one of these hideous women. I didn't – he preferred the better-looking ones, didn't mind that much.

GC When did he die?

IB About three, four years ago [1982].

GC Until he died you, he was, you [?].

IB He used to come to All Souls. His only real home was this College. His father was buried here. His mother was Canadian. And he made – he had about five thousand personal friends in the United States. He was adored in Washington. But the turnover! He would lose two hundred friends, made three hundred more. He didn't know what intimacy was. That meant nothing.

GC And Elizabeth Bowen, when did she come …?

IB Who?

GC Elizabeth Bowen.

IB Elizabeth Bowen. Her I met because she was the wife of the director of education for Oxfordshire [Secretary to the City of Oxford Education Committee, 1925–35], whose name was Cameron. And she was a well-known novelist. I don't think I was very aware of her. She was living in Headington, but I didn't meet her in Headington. Maurice Bowra, my friend, knew her very well, but he never brought his friends together. He liked keeping them apart. I met her … Now, let me get it right. I met her in Ireland. I had a friend … I think that's right. I had a friend in 1934 [1933], I had a friend called Humphry House who was an English scholar, a scholar in English Literature. He was a year older than me as an undergraduate. He then became an academic [?] to Exeter.[19] He went to the BBC in India. Came back I think as a Reader to Oxford in the end.[20] But he was a great friend. And he somehow met Elizabeth Bowen and I think fell in love with her. And I went to Ireland for my holidays, accompanied by Mr Fisher's daughter, the daughter of a man called Robert Lynd, who was a well-known Irish essayist, and a man called Christopher Cox, who was the educational adviser for the Colonial Office in after-years [1940–61], who had been a Roman [Greek] History tutor in New College. So I knew him. We were a party of four. We stayed on an island in an Irish lough, and I actually caught a fish. On the way there – I knew that Humphry House was staying in a house in Ireland.

GC When was it?

IB 1934 [1933]. And we went to a – as I say, the house called Bowen's Court, seventeenth-century house. And that's where we all stayed the night, because we were invited, because he suggested it. Somehow, I don't know, she didn't know any of us, and I

[19] Special Assistant Lecturer in Classics, University College, Exeter, 1933–5.
[20] Senior University Lecturer in English Literature, Oxford, 1948–55.

thought she was marvellous. A wonderful talker, and an extremely nice woman. And distinguished, and interesting, and gifted. Terrific lady, and fascinating to talk to. Wonderfully intelligent and extremely sensitive and nice. Sympathetic to the highest degree to me. After that, I didn't – I saw her in Oxford. She lived here, so I used to go to her house, fairly frequently. Tea, lunch, or whatever it was. I used to ask her to meals. Then, she moved to London with her husband and she lived in Clarence Terrace near Baker Street. Whenever I was in London, I'd go to dinner. At least twice a month. I met a lot of Bloomsbury people there, and T. S. Eliot, and all the rest of it. And I was totally devoted to her, and she liked me. We were intimate friends. We talked – she was much better alone. Her parties were never a great success because she had no gift of knowing who went with whom. It was always somehow – in some ways it was always embarrassing. Some people didn't like each other at dinner, but alone she was marvellous. And then she became a friend of Maurice Bowra, an intimate friend of David Cecil, and during the war I didn't see her, and she wrote these marvellous novels, which are still living and still read. She wasn't as good as Virginia Woolf, but there was a touch of genius, there was. And I couldn't read the novels very well. I read two, but the [?] was, I couldn't get through them. It was one very unfortunate thing. I saw that she was excellent. I got stuck. I used to get stuck, but never could explain why.

GC And [?].

IB It made no difference to our relations. None. She had no vanity at all. And then …

GC Very …

IB I know. And then, after the war, she relived her life. She went to live in all the places she was in before. First London, then her

husband died. Then she came to live in Oxford, became our tenant in Headington. We had a house next door. She occupied a flat in it, where my friend Mrs Floud now lives, and Aline became a tremendous friend of hers, and I became much less of a friend, because of that. Three's not company. I mean I saw her and talked to her, and then she no longer liked David Cecil, and Aline and she became very intimate. I used to go and see her, not perhaps as much as I might have done. And then she moved from Oxford to Lympne [Hythe], in Kent, which was where she started life. Then I saw her rather less. She used to come to Oxford, always came to see us. And I saw her in London once or twice. I went to her deathbed in hospital. Oh, I saw her in Princeton, too. She lived in Princeton for a bit. She was in Princeton.

GC Later …?

IB Mm, during, when I was in sort of 1953, 1954, that sort of thing.

GC Did she have children?

IB No. No children. Never children. But she was a great great friend. [*long pause*] [GC Er …] She drank a good deal, but somehow it never never showed. [?] get up, swayed a little bit, bumped into a wall – that was an indication of drunkenness, but her conversation never changed in any way. While she sat quietly in a chair you wouldn't know. Difficult to describe her. She looked like a horse.

GC Did you ever experience being drunk, I mean personally?

IB Once in my life. Certainly. Why should I describe it?

GC No, it just occurred to me to ask. [?]. I can't visualise you being drunk.

IB Well, I'll tell you. I was an undergraduate, in the last year, the year must have been 1932. I was sitting on the floor at a party in Corpus Christi, and I was drinking cup – cup is a mixture of brandy sometimes, sort of orangeade, rum, [?] rum, sometimes something sweeter, I mean a little orange juice, not orange juice, but some sort of – anyhow, it doesn't feel like alcohol because of the rum. And it's sweet, so I drank too much of this. And when I got up, I wanted to go to the chimney-piece to get a box of matches, to light my pipe. I found I couldn't get there. I knew I was drunk. I wasn't so drunk as not to know. I kept edging towards – my feet were always carrying me, so I thought I better leave. And I got up and [?] tottered to the door. I wore a hat in those days, and I walked to a place called the George Restaurant where I had an appointment with my friend Goronwy Rees, and I bumped into people in the High Street, and every time I bumped into someone, I apologised in the sort of way drunkards would. 'My dear lady, if I could have kept control of my body, I would never have dreamt … I'm so sorry, I'm afraid this is no fault of mine. I assure you. I didn't wish to obstruct your path.' I went on babbling like this until I arrived in the restaurant. Then I drank two pints – I couldn't see anything in front of my eyes – a kind of mist. I drank about five gallons of water, was completely sobered up, and terribly gloomy. That's the only time. In the past when I drank too much I always felt sick. I wanted to vomit. So I saw that this was physically no good, so after that, never.

GC And you smoked pipes?

IB Pipe.

GC A long time?

IB And cigarettes. Before the war, I used to smoke cigarettes, and a pipe.

GC And when did you stop?

IB Not at all long ago. After the war I didn't smoke …

GC I remember you smoking the long Villiger [soft 'g'] …

IB Cigars? Exactly. Villiger [hard 'g']. And I stopped them after I went to Iran, in 1968; 1967, I think – may have been 1968 [1972]. And when I came back and I had something like hepatitis, and after that I didn't want to smoke, I said, 'Well, I'll try not to return, we'll see what happens.' I quite wanted to, but not compulsively, and since then I've not smoked. I could. If you gave me a cigar, I could probably smoke quite comfortably.

GC I know.

IB But I have no craving.

GC Are you tired?

IB No, but in ten minutes' time Knei-Paz will appear.

GC All right. you can stop if you want.

IB No, I can go on for another ten minutes.

GC I'll ask you some up small more questions. In one of the previous meetings I started asking you why you decided to buy the house in Paraggi, and you started telling me some stories and you didn't come to the point. My point was, why near the sea and not in the mountains? Why Italy and not [?]?

IB Perfectly easy. Aline and I went to Moscow in 1956, the year of Suez and and indeed Hungary. There my friend – my principal friend was Chip Bohlen, the American Ambassador. He really was a great friend. And I introduced Aline to him. Aline had met him before, in Paris, when he was Ambassador. He had been Ambassador in Paris before he was Ambassador in Moscow. And he and his wife had children whom they wanted to take to the seaside. Aline also had children whom she wanted to take to the seaside. So we thought we'd all go to the same seaside. We settled that in Moscow. Now, where? Aline wouldn't have minded the South of France. I detest the South of France. It's somehow too conven… [conventional?] – I don't know, an exhausted part of the world. Uninteresting. And I don't like the French very much, and I don't know, foreigners, somehow, there's something dreary and used up to me, certainly about Nice and Menton and Monte Carlo. I don't really enjoy it, it's at once smart and tired. Now in 1933 I went to Santa Margherita. That's a separate story. Because there was a girl called Maire Lynd, who's still alive. A lifelong member of the Communist Party. She had an emotional relationship with Tommy Hodgkin, who will be known to you. Both parents were against the marriage. They weren't sure themselves. She was immen… very pretty girl. They were both left wing. He was secretary to Wauchope by this time. And they decided to meet abroad, to decide whether to live together or not. Now they couldn't go without a chaperon, so she asked me if I would chaperone her. The parents weren't too happy about me, because in 1934 I was twenty-five, and not much of a chaperon. [GC *laughs*.] So in the end I got hold of – Maurice Bowra said the economist Roy Harrod and his mother also want to go somewhere. We all went together to what was in fact Portofino. Portofino didn't exist as a resort. There was a hotel called the Splendido, which still exists, which was called Santa Margherita, because Portofino was just a little fishing village, with no hotels [?]. And there Tommy Hodgkin was and I think [?] – anyway, that's where the first time.

Then in 1950 I was going to a place called Aulla for a holiday. [?] a reading party of friends, oh, Maurice Bowra and various young dons, and I met the Hofmansthals, and I was in Milan – for some reason in Bern, that's where I was staying with Weizmann, and they were in Milan and they were going to somewhere else in Italy. I thought I'd travel with them for a bit, and I had gone, and so we stopped in Portofino, so that was the second time. By this time it was a smart resort with British heirs[?] – rich upper-class newly-married couples used to go. And moreover I had a friend there, by this time, called Auberon Herbert.

GC Ah yes. Him you wrote about [in PI].

IB Yes. Their family mansion – they had this enormous [?][21] – that sort of castle, you see, which was a reason for going. And then – so I said to Aline, 'Portofino is very nice. Santa Margherita is the best place to go to. We'll see what we can do.' So we all, Chip Bohlen, he and I, and Tommy Thompson, who was American Ambassador in Vienna, also wanted to come. We all went to Portofino, and stayed at the Hotel Splendido. The Bohlens had no money. The Splendido Hotel was expensive. It isn't – Portofino has no beach, so we went to Paraggi, which is the beach of Portofino. Aline saw a restaurant, which said 'Rooms to let'. So she realised that an entire floor would cost less than one room in the Splendido. She said, 'Why don't we take two floors, the Bohlens, we and Tommy Thompson.' Tommy Thompson would have preferred to stay at the Splendido, but he couldn't in these circumstances, so we all moved to Paraggi, and stayed in this humble little [?] Argentina.[22]

GC Is it still there?

[21] Villa Altachiara, whose name IB may be trying to say here.
[22] Albergo Argentina, a Paraggi pensione, now the Hotel Argentina.

IB Exactly. Then we lived …

GC [*unclear*].

IB That's right. That's correct. We go there – went there, after that, every summer. In the end, she went for a walk with a man called Professor d'Entrèves from the University of Turin, who is a Professor of Italian here. Count d'Entrèves, who is a friend of ours. She went up the hill on a walk, and a man, a sort of peasant said, 'If you're looking for land, we have some here. For sale.' That's how it happened. That's all there is to it. Aline said that it was marvellous. That's all [?].