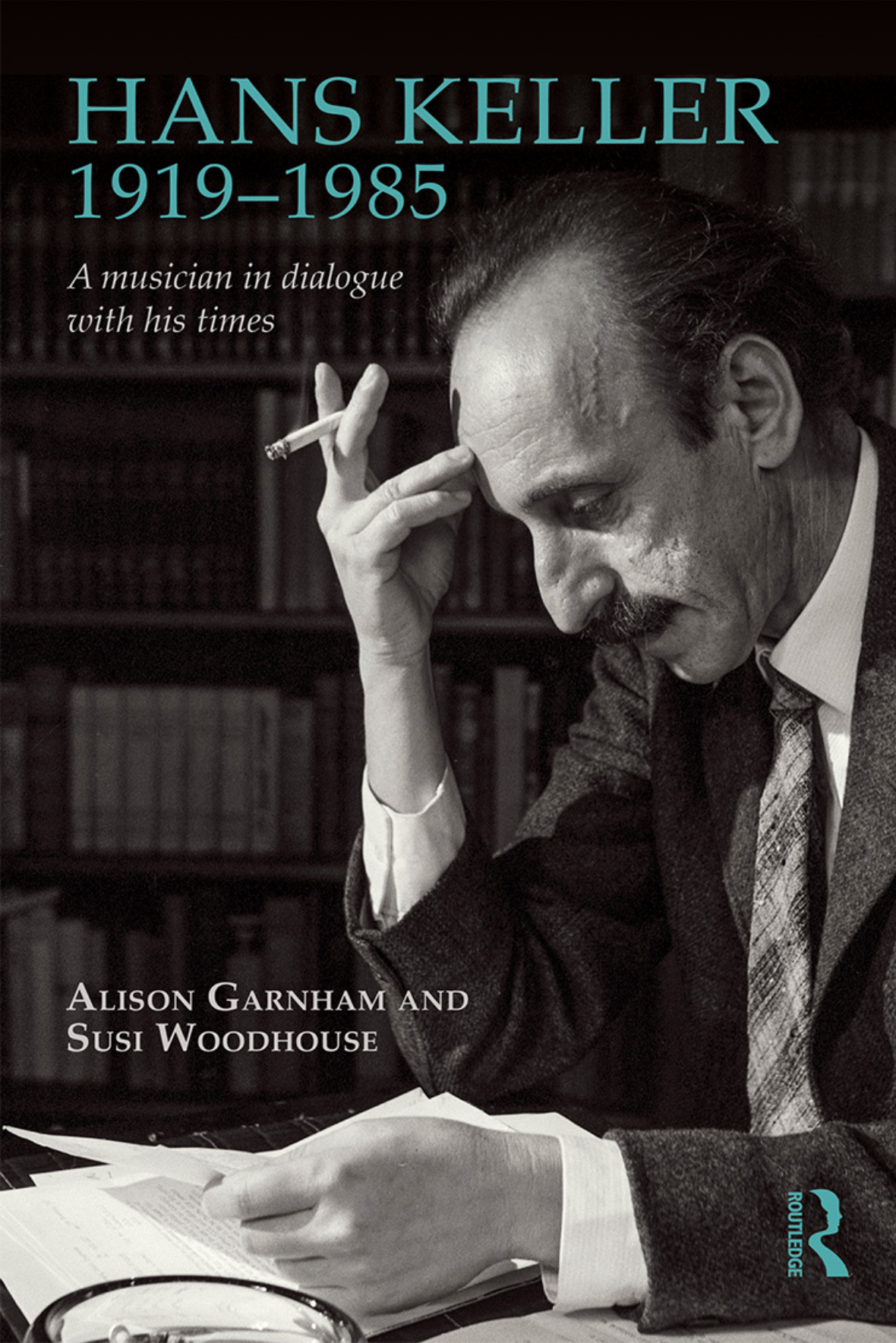
HANS KELLER 1919–1985

A musician in dialogue with his times



ALISON GARNHAM AND SUSI WOODHOUSE

ROUTLEDGE

Hans Keller (1919–1985)

Hans Keller 1919–1985: A musician in dialogue with his times is the first full biography of Hans Keller and the first appearance in print of many of his letters. Eight substantial chapters, integrating original documents with their historical context, show the development of Keller's ideas in response to the people and events that provoked them.

A musician of penetrating insight, Keller was also an exceptional writer and broadcaster, whose remarkable mind dominated British musical life for forty years after the Second World War. It was a vital time for music in Britain, fuelled by unprecedented public investment in the arts and education and the rapid development of recording and broadcasting. Keller was at the centre of all that was happening and his far-sighted analysis of the period is deeply resonant today.

Illustrated throughout by extracts from Keller's writings, diaries and correspondence with musicians including Arnold Schoenberg, Benjamin Britten and Yehudi Menuhin, this book vividly conveys the depth of his thought and the excitement of the times. Published for the centenary of Keller's birth, it is an illuminating celebration of his life and works for all those interested in the music and history of post-war Britain.

Alison Garnham was the initial archivist of the Hans Keller Archive when it was first established at Cambridge University Library in 1996. She is the author of *Hans Keller and the BBC* (2003) and *Hans Keller and Internment* (2011).

Susi Woodhouse is the current archivist of the Hans Keller Archive at Cambridge. She also works with the online Concert Programmes Project and the London Symphony Orchestra photograph archive.

‘This is a detailed and revealing biography, rich in context and background, of one of the great musical thinkers, writers and broadcasters of our time. It casts a penetrating light on the post-war cultural scene and the passionate internal battles over music broadcasting on the BBC. Keller’s many enthusiasms, from Schoenberg and Mendelssohn to Gershwin and the Beatles, shine through his fiercely communicative prose. And all are illuminated by the moving personal integrity of a man who, facing extinction by the Nazis in 1938, swore that if he survived “I’ll never again be in a bad mood, whatever the circumstances of my life or death”. Alison Garnham and Susi Woodhouse have written a vital chapter in the musical history of our times.’

Nicholas Kenyon

Hans Keller 1919–1985

A musician in dialogue with his times

Alison Garnham and Susi Woodhouse

with translations from the German by
Paul Fletcher

Routledge
Taylor & Francis Group
LONDON AND NEW YORK

First published 2019
by Routledge
2 Park Square, Milton Park, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 4RN

and by Routledge
52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, NY 10017

Routledge is an imprint of the Taylor & Francis Group, an informa business.

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

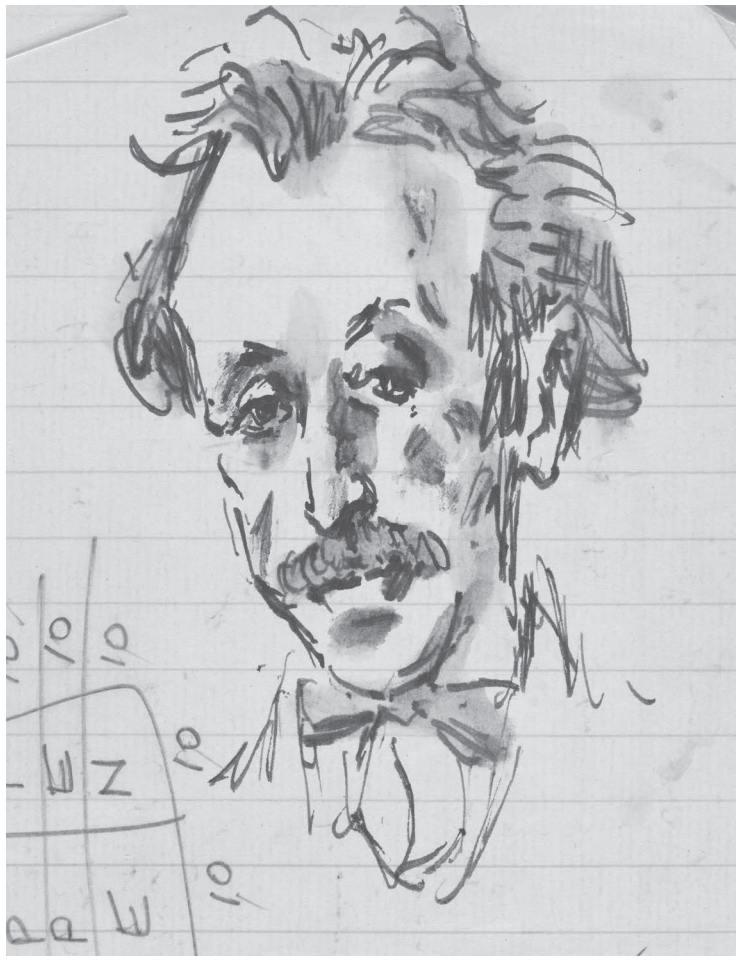
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Names: Garnham, A. M. (Alison M.), 1964- author. | Woodhouse, Susi, author. | Container of (expression): Keller, Hans, 1919-1985. Correspondence. Selections.
Title: Hans Keller 1919-1985 : a musician in dialogue with his times / Alison Garnham and Susi Woodhouse ; with translations from the German by Paul Fletcher and music examples by Stephen Orton.
Description: Abingdon, Oxon ; New York, NY : Routledge, 2019. | Includes bibliographical references and index.
Identifiers: LCCN 2018038087| ISBN 9780754608981 (hardback) | ISBN 9781138391048 (pbk.) | ISBN 9781315586175 (ebook)
Subjects: LCSH: Keller, Hans, 1919–1985—Correspondence. | Music critics—England—Correspondence. | Musical criticsim—England—Correspondence.
Classification: LCC ML423.K445 .G34 2018 | DDC 780.92—dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2018038087

ISBN: 978-0-7546-0898-1 (hbk)
ISBN: 978-1-138-39104-8 (pbk)
ISBN: 978-1-315-58617-5 (ebk)

Typeset in Times New Roman
by Swales & Willis Ltd, Exeter, Devon, UK

This book is dedicated to the memory of
MILEIN COSMAN
who died as it was being written

and to
JULIAN HOGG
close friend and colleague of Hans and Milein



Sketch of Hans Keller by Milein Cosman in one of his notebooks, 1955 (CULHK).

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Preface

> If there is any point in an anniversary at all (victimization by over-exposure apart), it is a momentary pause: we stop at the traffic lights to reflect, for a moment, upon where we are going. Or rather, we know where we're going, or think we know, but we think about what it means – perhaps even about what it means to have got that far.

The period of Hans Keller's active life as a British writer and broadcaster on music – and thus the main period covered by this book, 1945–85 – was one of the most vital and exciting times in this country's musical history. A combination of state patronage, massive investment in education, technological revolution and, above all, belief in the importance of music to the resurrection of national life after two devastating wars, created uniquely fertile ground. Into this came thousands of people who had fled what had been for two centuries the dominant musical culture of Europe, bringing their rich musical tradition into the new life of the former 'Land ohne Musik'.

Hans Keller, instinctive musician and compulsive writer, arrived from Vienna aged nineteen at the end of 1938. He was first drawn into writing about music by the impact of Britten's *Peter Grimes* in 1945 – both by the work itself and by its extraordinary reception. From then on he wrote continually and published prolifically, not only documenting but constantly interrogating what was happening around him. He was a born communicator, and it is not surprising that education and psychology should have been central to his thought, or that he should have become so intensely concerned with the new mass media.

These were the years when recording and broadcasting changed for ever how music was experienced, allowing the whole of society to hear what had previously been the preserve of a few. Composers and performers could now speak to millions, while all the time vast new repertoires were opening up, from the past and from radically different cultures. Music in the home became for most a passive rather than active experience, making the pace of change ever faster as the spread of musical innovation was no longer held back by the availability of performing skills. As all this bewildering change unfolded, discussion of music was taking place in the centre of the public sphere, rather than being confined to academia – which in any case was in its musical infancy in Britain at the start of

this period. Keller was able to speak at a high level and in considerable detail to a broad public.

When Keller died, there were some who mourned that this brilliant mind had allowed itself to become so deeply drawn into what they saw as the ephemeral traffic of his day, his insights buried in literally thousands of letters, reviews and radio talks on events long since passed. And yet Keller was adamant that he wrote for the future, that objective truth was to be found through subjective experience, and that the issues with which he dealt would retain their importance: 'If the future recovers any of my articles from the wastepaper basket, they may not be interesting any more – but the subjects they discuss will, I insist, still be alive, or maybe more alive than when I discussed them.'[1]

This book is published on the centenary of Keller's birth. Its aim is to present – to the very different musical world in which we now live – the development of his principal ideas in the context of the events that provoked them. Short extracts from his letters, diaries, and published and unpublished writings are placed within the story of his life and times, together with a few of his intensely thought-provoking aphorisms. With so prolific a writer, there are many different paths that could have been taken through his vast oeuvre: this is offered as a start. The list overleaf of Keller's work now available in volume form, together with the full catalogue of his archive recently completed at Cambridge University Library, will allow others to take their own route.

As we pause at the traffic lights, the question Keller would ask (did ask, in the essay quoted above, to which the reader will come in due course) is not only where we are going, but why we are going where we are going – and what, ultimately, the purpose of the unique mode of thought we call music actually is.

1 'Today's Tomorrow', *MR* XXV/4 (November 1964): 343–4.

Key to Source Abbreviations

Archival Sources

Keller's archive is held in Cambridge University Library and all unpublished letters and manuscripts quoted in this book are there unless otherwise indicated. References to archives are abbreviated as follows:

CULHK	Hans Keller Archive, Cambridge University Library
WAC	BBC Written Archive Centre
ASC	Arnold Schönberg Center, Vienna
BPF	Britten–Pears Foundation
BLWG	William Glock papers, British Library
BLDM	Donald Mitchell papers, British Library
BLPH	Paul Hirsch papers, British Library
BLEC	Ernest Chapman papers, British Library
DSSA	Dartington Summer School Archive

Books

Frequent reference has been made to the volumes of and on Keller's work published both during his lifetime and after his death – abbreviated as follows:

1975	Keller, Hans. *1975 (1984 minus 9)*. London: Dobson, 1977.
BB1952	*Benjamin Britten: a Commentary by a Group of Specialists*, ed. Hans Keller and Donald Mitchell. London: Rockliff, 1952.
BB2013	Keller, Hans. *Britten: Essays, Letters and Opera Guides*, ed. Christopher Wintle and A.M. Garnham. London: Plumbago, 2013.
EOM	Keller, Hans. *Essays on Music,* ed. Christopher Wintle (with Bayan Northcott and Irene Samuel). Cambridge: CUP, 1994.
HKBBC	Garnham, A.M. *Hans Keller and the BBC*. Aldershot: Ashgate, 2003.
HKC	Keller, Hans. *Criticism*, ed. Julian Hogg. London: Faber, 1987.
HKFA	Keller, Hans. *Functional Analysis: The Unity of Contrasting Themes* (Complete Edition of the Analytical Scores), ed. Gerold W. Gruber. Frankfurt: Peter Lang, 2001.
HKFM	Keller, Hans. *Film Music and Beyond*, ed. Christopher Wintle. London: Plumbago, 2006.

HKH Keller, Hans. *The Great Haydn Quartets: Their Interpretation*. London: Dent, 1986.

HKI Garnham, A.M. *Hans Keller and Internment*. London: Plumbago, 2011.

HKJD Keller, Hans. *The Jerusalem Diary*, ed. Christopher Wintle and Fiona Williams. London: Plumbago, 2001.

HKKC Keller, Hans. *The Keller Column*, ed. Robert Matthew-Walker. London: Lengnick, 1990.

HKM&P Keller, Hans. *Music and Psychology: from Vienna to London*, ed. Christopher Wintle with Alison Garnham. London: Plumbago, 2003.

HKSMM Keller, Hans, and Milein Cosman, *Stravinsky the Music-Maker*, ed. Martin Anderson. London: Toccata Press, 2010.

HKSym 'Hans Keller (1919–1985): A Memorial Symposium,' researched and compiled by Christopher Wintle, *Music Analysis* V/2–3 (July–October 1983): 342–440.

Periodicals

Frequently cited periodicals are abbreviated as follows:

LRB *London Review of Books*
M&L *Music & Letters*
M&M *Music and Musicians*
MA *Music Analysis*
MMR *Monthly Musical Record*
MO *Musical Opinion*
MQ *The Musical Quarterly*
MR *The Music Review*
MS *Music Survey*
MT *The Musical Times*
NR *The New Review*
NS *New Statesman*
RT *Radio Times*

Acknowledgements

No work of this nature is possible without considerable help, and we are deeply indebted to all who have supported us. Our first thanks go to Hans Keller's Literary Executor, Christopher Wintle, the Cosman Keller Art and Music Trust, and the Syndics of Cambridge University Library for their kind permission to publish Keller's words and for all the support we have received during this project.

We owe much to Keller's friends and family members who have generously shared their memories with us over the years – and we thank in particular those who gave interviews quoted here: Martin Anderson, Leo Black, Peter Carter, Levon Chilingirian, Milein Cosman, Alexander Goehr, Stephen Hearst, Julian Hogg, Stephen Plaistow, Robert Ponsonby, Donald Rau, Lionel Salter and Inge Trott.

Without the expert knowledge of Sibelius software and the extraordinary patience and kindness of Stephen Orton, it would not have been possible to create the many fine music examples, and without the enviable technical skills of Francis Woodhouse it would not have been possible to group them together where necessary. Paul Fletcher translated many more letters than there was eventually room for and patiently answered all our linguistic queries. He and we also thank Barbara Schingnitz, who left no stone unturned giving scrupulous advice on the fine details.

To Laura Davey, Gillian and Barry Garnham, Julian Hogg, Chris Lord, Philip Rupprecht, Arnold Whittall and Christopher Wintle we are extremely grateful for their kindness in reading and commenting on chapters in draft, and we also thank Kathryn Puffett for her meticulous copy-editing. The further encouragement and advice of Michael and Marjolein Allen, Adie and Chris Batt, Bojan Bujić, Gerald Davidson, Jennifer Orton, Andrea Rauter, Evan Rothstein and David Wright have been much appreciated – as have been the happy times spent with David Ibbetson and the Cooke family during archival visits. Our Routledge editors, Heidi Bishop and Annie Vaughan, together with project manager Rosie Stewart, have been unfailingly supportive throughout this complex project, and we are grateful for their understanding and assistance through the twists and turns of the book as it evolved.

Special thanks are due to Julian Hogg and Jane Cassini for all their help with many illustrations and their preparation for publication. Milein Cosman's drawings and prints appear courtesy of the Cosman Keller Trust, and the images on pp. vi, 196, 213, 303, 305, 320 and 359 held in the Keller Archive by kind

permission of both the Trust and the Syndics of Cambridge University Library. The cover portrait of Keller is reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Lotte Meitner-Graf estate, Catherine Scudamore's photographs of Keller and colleagues at Dartington thanks to the Dartington Summer Arts Foundation, and the photograph of Keller at the Schoenberg centenary conference in Canada courtesy of McMaster University.

We are extremely grateful for all the help we have received from the staff of the British Library, the Britten–Pears Foundation and the BBC Written Archive Centre – especially the marvellous Jeff Walden. We also thank Jeremy Wilson for kindly inviting us into his home to see the Dartington Summer School Archive. The unfailing support of the Music Department at Cambridge University Library has been exceptional throughout the past three years – so to Anna Pensaert, Margaret Jones, Sarah Chapman, Justin Burrowes, Catherine Taylor and Kate Crane our deep and enduring gratitude.

BBC copyright content is reproduced courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation. We also thank the families and rights holders of Keller's correspondents for permitting the publication of extracts from private letters: the William Alwyn Foundation, the Britten–Pears Foundation, Theodora Boyd (acting on behalf of her brothers and sisters) and Jinny Blom (Eric Blom), Nicholas Bennett (John Carl Flugel), Jeremy Frankel and Dimitri Kennaway (Benjamin Frankel), Sebastian Balfour (William Glock), Peter and Nina Hamburger (Paul Hamburger), Anna Harvey (Jonathan Harvey), Michael Schuster and Desmond Hirsch (Paul Hirsch), Hugh Howes (Frank Howes), Guy Dammon (Arthur Jacobs), Mark and Deborah Kermode and Sharon Rubin at Peters, Fraser and Dunlop (Frank Kermode), Else Landon (H.C. Robbins Landon) and Mark Livingston (David Livingston and Donald Mitchell). Letters from William Mann are published with the kind permission of his daughters and that from Rudolph Reti thanks to Lucy Shevenell. Letters from Arnold Schoenberg are quoted by permission of Belmont Music Publishers, Los Angeles, the letter from Mátyás Seiber is published with the kind permission of Julia Seiber Boyd, and we are also grateful to David Lascelles for permission to quote Erwin Stein. Many thanks are also due to Bayan Northcott, Christopher Wintle and Hugh Wood for allowing the inclusion of extracts from their own letters.

We have made every effort to trace all rights holders and are indebted to Judy Lester for her generous help. We are also grateful for the advice of Christopher Scobie, Simon Wright, David Dymond, Heather Glen, Nicholas Clark and Margaret Jones.

Finally, to our respective family members we owe more than we can say – so to Francis and Joanna, Tony and Marie, Chris and Will, Mum and Dad, Frances, Nick, Ana and Alex: thank you all.

Out of Austria

Croydon airport, Tuesday 20 December 1938. A thin young man steps down onto the tarmac. It is hard to imagine his feelings. On the one hand, he is alive and he is free. But he buried his father two days ago. This morning, as he and his uncle waited at the airport in Vienna, his uncle was arrested and taken away. He himself was allowed to proceed to the departure gate, but as he went through passport control the officer stopped him: 'Keller, Keller. . . . . I know that name and I know that picture; there is something wrong with you.' He was taken to a side room and searched, knowing all the time that if the man remembered his instructions it would be the end. He has been running for his life for weeks now, able to be at home with his dying father only intermittently because of the warrant out for his arrest – indeed he has already been imprisoned once, beaten repeatedly, lined up ready for execution.

He scans the waiting faces. If his mother and sister are here to meet him, that means that his uncle has been released, phoned them, 'Hans is on the plane!' But there is no sign of them. He now feels sure that his uncle is on his way to Dachau.

~

Such was the nineteen-year-old Hans Keller's arrival in London. What does this do to a person? This was indeed the sort of question Keller would have asked. 'For a long time, I thought that if one happened to survive it all, it was important to have had this experience,' he said afterwards, 'because, otherwise, one would not really be aware of what human beings are capable of.' Examining this thought thirty-five years after his escape, however, he reached a different conclusion from his younger self:

> The trouble is that, psychologically, this realisation of what human beings are capable of at the most primitive level simply does not work in the long run. Today, although I know, purely intellectually, what I experienced, the emotional awareness of it has been repressed – or, to put it differently, I am just as incapable of appreciating this level of reality emotionally as I would have been if I had never experienced it. This type of repression is probably

> the most dangerous obstacle along the road towards an ethical improvement of society. It's all very well to be intellectually aware of what people are capable of, but if you don't feel it in your bones, you are likely not to do enough about preventing recurrences of such sadistic climaxes.[1]

That was written in 1973, after a visit to Vienna during a difficult period in his life had drawn Keller's thoughts back to his early trauma. Back in 1938 what affected him most profoundly was not only the appalling depths of 'what human beings are capable of', but the moral and spiritual heights they could reach – especially those of whom the highly cultured Viennese society in which Keller was brought up took little note. Ten days after his arrival in London he sent a letter to the exiled German periodical *Das Neue Tagebuch* (now being published in Paris):

30 December 1938 – to the Editor of *Das Neue Tagebuch*

In German

Dear Sir,

As a Jewish refugee and former Schutzhaeftling[2] in a German holding camp I should like to permit myself to send you a few lines, the publication of which is all the closer to my heart because – after my own rather decisive experiences – I see in these lines a description of the feelings of a large section of Jewry. Furthermore I believe that I am doing the right thing in writing to you, because I assume that, even were you to disagree with me (which I consider very unlikely) you would not refuse publication of my letter for <u>that</u> reason. I am justified in this assumption by the standards of your paper, which are high not only in the intellectual sense.

Please do not fear that what follows is one of those reports of the sufferings of a Schutzhaeftling, already so much chewed-over; I want to say something quite different here:

During my imprisonment I had an opportunity to come to know the mass of Jewry, the majority, the much-maligned "Polische",[3] the orthodox Jews. The attitude adopted by these Jews in the face of the horrors meted out to them moved me to tears; I can say today that I am grateful to fate for having allowed me to experience the time of this imprisonment: just as I should not

1 'Vienna 1938', radio talk in the series *The Time of My Life*, BBC Radio 4, 3 February 1974. A recording is available in the British Library sound archive and the text is reprinted in *1975*, 28–48, and *HKI*, 17–28.

2 'Protective custody prisoner' – a term used for those whom the Nazi authorities arrested 'for their own protection' (this being the official defence for the rounding-up of Jews and political opponents without judicial warrant). 'Schutzhaeftling' is Keller's spelling: he did not use umlauts when typing.

3 *Polische* was a derogatory term used to denote the poorer East-European orthodox Jews in Vienna, as opposed to the cultivated assimilated German Jews of the Viennese middle classes.

have believed there could be such depth of evil as I was forced to experience in Germany, so I should never have thought there could be such high moral and spiritual qualities as I was able to witness during my imprisonment. There is only o n e equivalent in history for the hate- and revenge-free attitude of the tormented Jews: that is the attitude of Jesus Christ. It may seem paradoxical, but it is understandable to anyone who gives the matter thought: National Socialism, being the embodiment of the Antichrist, is faced by orthodox Jewry as the embodiment of Christ himself. I myself, having grown up in so-called "better" Jewish circles, am all the more entitled to stand up for eastern Jewry, which I am sorry to say is attacked often enough by Jews themselves; I have indeed often made use of this entitlement.

Never ever before did I have the opportunity (and I am unlikely ever to have it again either) to see the phrase "Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do" come true in such a noble form as during the time of my imprisonment. I do not think that it is necessary to go into detail, or list examples: the impression would always remain fragmentary for those who did not live through it themselves. Therefore I shall only say one more thing: if it is permissible tentatively to speak of a "national characteristic", then I was able to observe a Jewish national characteristic; the Jew sees the future as black, because he has the opportunity to change it, to work on it. As soon as the future has become present and finally past, and he is therefore no longer in a position to change the facts, he tries to make something good out of all the evil, to catch a glimpse of light. In this way, I see something good in the persecution of Jews by today's German government: the spiritual refining and perfecting of the oppressed, as I had the good fortune to witness. The deeply moving fact that a large proportion of today's persecuted Jewry not only harbours no feelings of hate against its persecutors, but even meekly prays to God for them has, in my opinion, as yet received far too little attention.

Yours in sincere respect,

HK, London

The impression made on the nineteen-year-old Keller by this experience was all the stronger because it was the orthodox 'eastern' Jews – despised not only by Austrian Catholics but even by their fellow Jews – who were so Christ-like. In a short memoir of his family published in 1977, Keller described his fascination with orthodoxy as a child. Döbling, where Keller's family lived, was a long way from Leopoldstadt, the former Jewish ghetto (still known in the 1930s as *Mazzesinsel*), but Keller went there as often as possible from the age of nine, 'walking behind gesticulating orthodox Jews . . . trying to listen to what they were saying'. It was all so different from his own upbringing:

> My father was a 'freethinker' whom it was difficult to recognize as a Jew, psychologically or physically. . . . Our social context was that of the Viennese cultural elite: Peter Altenberg and the composer Franz Schreker had been in love with my mother, Mahler's wife her girl friend, and writers like Alfred Polgar, Egon Fridell and Franz Theodor Csokor were regular visitors to our house – which meant that while there were plenty of Jews around, the atmosphere was typical of 'emancipated' Jewry which had left the ghetto behind.[4]

Unlike his father, Keller did look Jewish, and his attraction to orthodoxy drew strength not only from a degree of rebellion against his liberal assimilated parents, but also from the anti-Semitic bullying he had experienced since his first days at school. 'Far from wishing to hide my Jewishness, I was intent on showing it wherever I could' was his response, and he adopted a Jewish accent, attended synagogue, learnt Yiddish, and became 'a fanatical supporter of the Jewish football club *Hakoah*'.

When, decades later, Keller recounted (for the first time since his *Neue Tagebuch* letter) the events of his imprisonment in a radio broadcast, he described again the extraordinary reaction of his orthodox fellow prisoners to their maltreatment, telling his listeners, 'I was stunned: this was one of the deepest experiences of my life.'

> There they were, people who seemed quaint, curious figures in ordinary life, now behaving in a detached manner which was far beyond the rest of us. I remember a newspaper boy whom I had known because I always bought my papers from him. He must have been about sixteen or seventeen. When he came out at the other end of such a [beating], I literally didn't recognise him; it took me minutes to discover who he was. But his behaviour was of the orthodox kind, and when I asked him how it was possible for him to behave like that, he laughed and answered, 'Well, we have had a few thousand years' training, haven't we? What difference does one more such incident make? These people haven't reached the stage where they know what they're doing so you can't even blame them.' Then he told me a Jewish joke which was appropriate to the occasion.[5]

Keller's letter seems to have particularly touched Leopold Schwarzchild, the editor of *Das Neue Tagebuch*, who saw in it 'things which so obviously come straight from the heart' that it demanded publication. A shortened version was published anonymously in the next edition of the *Tagebuch*, framed by a brief editorial introduction. Describing the impact the letter had had on him and his colleagues, Schwarzchild concluded:

> We felt obliged to allow this voice that wished to bear witness to speak. It shows up a new, so far unknown aspect of this drama, which must move

4 'My Family, You and I', *NR* III/34–5 (January–February 1977): 13–23.

5 'Vienna, 1938', *The Time of My Life*, BBC Radio 4, 3 February 1974.

everybody: and which must give particular satisfaction to those Christian circles who have recently been dedicating themselves to charitable work on behalf of this suffering of strangers.[6]

~

Keller's mother and sister eventually found him at Croydon airport – to his tremendous relief, he discovered that their initial absence was merely the result of their having gone to the wrong door, and he was quickly reassured that his uncle had been released. 'Uncle Hans' (his mother's youngest brother, Hans Grotte, of whom Keller was particularly fond as a teenager, and who inspired his nephew's keen interest in the law) managed to get to London shortly afterwards, as did several more family members and friends. This was all thanks to the indefatigable efforts of Keller's English brother-in-law Roy Franey – 'without him the gas chamber would have been an absolute certainty.'[7]

Not many of Keller's letters survive from his earliest days in London. The following is one that does, written to his old schoolfriend Fritz Schönbach. Most of Keller's friends had been scattered to the four winds by now – Schönbach was then in Switzerland, but he soon came to England, whence he was deported as an internee to Australia before eventually joining his parents in Buenos Aires when the war was over. Other friends were making their way across Europe, some were already in England or America, some were still in Vienna, some had disappeared.

7 February 1939 – to Fritz Schönbach
In German

Dear Fritzi,

I've just received your letter of the 3rd.

I thank you for the only possible reaction: don't offer me condolences.

Mr Schönbach chooses to hold rather peculiar moral views: for a debtor to remember a long outstanding debt is "decent"?

My future plans are still rather vague; at the moment I have a few possibilities in view that I could take, – but as I have not, of all these useless possibilities, yet been able to discover the most useless – and therefore the most valuable to me personally – no decision has yet been arrived at. – At the moment, I am feeling fine, as always – all the more

6 *Das Neue Tagebuch*, 7 January 1939, 31. See *HKI,* 30–31.

7 'Hitler and History', *LRB* III/2 (5–18 February 1981): 14–15. Keller's sister, Gertrud, who married her English husband Roy Franey in 1934, was actually his half-sister from his mother's first marriage.

so because after that awful time (the time of my imprisonment) when I'd given up all hope of living, I'm now happy to be alive. But in spite of that I don't complain about what happened; if you ever get to see the Paris "Neue Tagebuch" of 7 January, you will find an article produced by my humble self (called ". . . . for they know not what they do") which sets out the reasons enabling me to derive some metaphysical benefit from the period of my detention, and persuading me to make the above statement.

I am v e r y glad to hear that you will probably come here, I hope soon!

What's the situation with the Reichsfluchtsteuer?[8] Or is it with your parents? Is that sorted out now?

Within the next week I shall have the pleasure of welcoming Georg Stroh. He is coming from Paris.

I can trust you (be proud, you are the only one who knows about it): I am writing a book at the moment – nebbich –.[9] Title: "On the Renaissance of Naivety within present-day intellectual Judaism". We'll see what comes of that. At the moment, I am gathering material and ideas. By far the most pleasant part of such work.

I am in correspondence with Kurti, for whom things do not seem to be going very well. Have you any idea what has happened to Kurti No. 2, larger edition, also called Rendilstein? That is to say, which coffee house is he sitting in now?

Apropos, apropos, apropos: this is a dreadful blow for me, a blow that struck me to the core: the lack of any coffee houses or any similar religious institution here. Yes, yes, it's bad. But I haven't yet given up on my quest for this wonderful Aura, Flora and Fauna. Every day, in this capital of the British Empire, you can see a crooked-nosed flat-footed Hebrew in search of an establishment at least vaguely similar to his temple. He might already have had some success: a Viennese fellow-sufferer has told him about a place that will supposedly suffice, given his reduced and very modest demands. He will find out for himself the truth of her advice as soon as possible.

Now then, we have exchanged enough Schmonzes,[10] my humblest respects, H.

P.S. You should receive the money by the same post.

8 Literally Reich Flight Tax. Originally a measure introduced by the Hindenburg government in 1931 to prevent too much capital moving overseas, it was used by the Nazi government to strip fleeing Jewish citizens of their assets.

9 *Nebbich* is a Yiddish word roughly meaning 'so what' in this context.

10 Yiddish, meaning 'idle talk'.

As Keller said to Schönbach, his future plans were vague – and at that time they could not be anything else. The visa Roy Franey had secured for him was only temporary, as the Home Office made very clear when it was issued: 'The visa has been authorized on the understanding that arrangements will eventually be made for your brother-in-law's emigration.'[11] Within months, however, war had broken out, bringing police registration, restrictions on movement and finally internment to 'enemy aliens' like Keller. By the time peace returned, six years later, it was to a different world.[12]

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We are all made and unmade by the times in which we live, but Hans Keller had a mind exceptionally alive to everything happening around him. The shock of exile did quite literally unmake him, and so intense was his engagement with the new culture in which he was forced to reconstruct his life that both he and it were irrevocably altered by his creative, ever-questioning presence. For this reason, he is one of the most illuminating writers one could read on the musical life of Britain in the second half of the twentieth century. What kind of life he might have lived had he stayed in Vienna, had the Nazis and the war never come, is impossible to know. But it would have been very different – above all, it is quite possible that he would never have written on music at all.

From the surviving scraps of evidence of Keller's first nineteen years growing up in Vienna he appears to have been a compulsive writer from his earliest youth. But of the many subjects on which he wrote, the one that is conspicuous by its absence is music. He played and listened to music all the time ('I could live without words, if you could call it a life, but I would die without music') but he did not write about it. At the time of his emigration his intellectual interests centred around psychology and philosophy: in other letters to Schönbach he described himself writing things like 'a dissertation on the "Psychology and Logic of Wit"' and 'polemics against Schopenhauer', as well as studying logic – 'but this I find quite difficult, because it is hard to find logic among the English, particularly not in their logic books'.[13] A few weeks after the publication of his first letter to *Das Neue Tagebuch* he wrote again to its editor, this time disputing his interpretation of Hegel. Keller also had a keen interest in the law, and had circumstances been different it is possible to imagine him following his uncle Hans Grotte into the profession.

An image Keller often used to describe his relationship with music was that he needed it as a fish needs water. 'Music is not an "interest",' he later explained; 'to

11 N. Powell (Home Office) to Roy Franey, 4 July 1938, CULHK.

12 For a full account of Keller's wartime experiences and their effect on his intellectual maturation see *HKI*.

13 Keller to Schönbach, 10 October, 20 November, 2 December 1938, CULHK.

suggest to a musician that he is interested in music makes as much sense as suggesting to you that you are interested in liquid, food, or sleep.'[14] As a child, music simply pervaded his life, as a natural and necessary part of being a human being. Those visiting Vienna from Britain at that time often looked with longing on what seemed to them Vienna's native musicality, manifest not just in the consistently high standards of public performance, but in the secure place that music held throughout society. The chief critic of the London *Times*, H.C. Colles, for example, returning from the Schubert centenary celebrations in 1928, tried to explain to his readers how Schubert was to the Viennese no remote genius, but 'the man who gave them music for the Sunday Mass and part-songs for their holidays and convivial evenings'.[15] Despite the 'outstanding' performances he had been hearing during the festival from the Busch quartet and the Vienna Philharmonic, with their glorious tone, perfect phrasing and natural rhythm 'instinctive to every Viennese musician', the dominant impression Colles took home with him was 'rather Vienna itself and the way the Viennese take their music'. He was struck by how familiar Schubert was to the audiences, how his music was 'part of daily life, not the property of the concert room' – and of course how well funded and supported it all was, headed by 'the venerable Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde which spreads a maternal wing over innumerable agencies and activities of music making'. In short, the way music rested uncontested at the heart of Viennese life.

One disadvantage of such a strong tradition and secure establishment is a tendency towards conservatism – hence Schoenberg's famous *Verein für musikalische Privataufführungen*,[16] which was founded at the end of 1918 (a few months before Keller was born) and ran for three years, allowing its members to hear superbly prepared performances of a wide range of contemporary music that was otherwise ignored, attacked or poorly performed in Vienna at the time. Writing about it in the programme book of a London Sinfonietta series on inter-war Vienna in 1983, Keller linked Schoenberg's *Verein* with another private musical 'club' in Vienna which ran throughout the 1920s and 1930s, for which he also claimed 'historic' status and 'worldwide influence'. This was the regular private quartet session that took place every Saturday in Vienna's Neubaugasse:

> Schmidt was the cellist in the Neubaugasse; the leader was the greatest chamber-musician I have ever heard in my life, Schoenberg's lifelong friend and first teacher – Oskar Adler, with whom Schoenberg played quartets in his teens.[17]

In this most musical of cities, the composer Franz Schmidt was one of its most widely revered musicians in the inter-war period, both as composer and,

14 *1975*, 87.

15 'Vienna's Music', *The Times*, 1 December 1928, 10.

16 Society for Private Musical Performances. (Keller preferred to translate *Verein* as 'club' in this context.)

17 Keller, 'A Personal View of Vienna's 20's and 30's', in London Sinfonietta concert series programme book *Vienna: Reaction & Revolution*, 3–17 June 1983, 38–9.

in some eyes, the greatest cellist and pianist in Vienna. He was Rector of the Musikhochschule and the holder of many honours (the Order of Franz Josef, the title of Hofrat, honorary membership of the Vienna Philharmonic, an honorary doctorate from the University of Vienna and so on). Born the same year as Schoenberg, Schmidt's much more conservative style meant that he was in many ways Schoenberg's opposite. Nevertheless, they held each other in high esteem – as Keller put it, 'the polarity was rather like Brahms' and Wagner's, in that in private, there was a great deal of profound mutual admiration.' A four-handed piano transcription of Schmidt's Second Symphony was given at Schoenberg's *Verein* in 1919 and 1920, and Schmidt directed a fine performance of *Pierrot lunaire* with his students at the Musikhochschule in 1929, having been deeply moved by the work when Oskar Adler took him to Erwin Stein's performance at the *Verein* in 1921. Schmidt was apparently lost in admiration despite feeling that Schoenberg had gone beyond his comprehension in this work: afterwards he spoke to Adler about what he called Schoenberg's 'Weithörigkeit' – a word that is hard to translate but by which he seems to have meant 'the ability to hear into the distance'.[18]

Oskar Adler, the leader of Schmidt's Neubaugasse quartet, was a figure less publicly celebrated, but equally revered by those in the know. He was not a professional musician but a medical doctor who was also well known as an astrologer and philosopher. When Schoenberg met him at the beginning of the 1890s (when both were in their late teens) Adler was already a superb violinist and quartet leader, well read in poetry, philosophy and music theory. Schoenberg later called him 'my first teacher' and said that it was not until they met that his musical and literary education was able to get under way. Along with two other highly gifted friends, David Josef Bach and the slightly older Alexander Zemlinsky, Adler introduced Schoenberg to an artistic and intellectual world far above that of Schoenberg's lower-middle-class family (and his unfinished *Realschule* education) and helped convince him of his destiny as a musician.

Adler remained a close friend of Schoenberg and ardent admirer of his genius, though after Schoenberg left Vienna in 1926 they saw each other only once. Naturally Adler had been an active member of Schoenberg's *Verein*, in which he gave fourteen performances.[19] According to Adler's memory, he and Schmidt were first introduced around 1914, by one of Schmidt's pupils, Fritz Saphir, who was cellist in Adler's quartet at the time. Another of Adler's previous cellists had been Anton Webern (of whom Adler apparently complained 'you never quite knew when he had entered, there was no firm rhythmic articulation'),[20] but once Adler started playing with Schmidt, things moved to a new level. Writing to Schmidt's widow after his death, Adler described playing with Schmidt as 'like a service to God, a fact on which we wholly agreed without ever talking about it'. This spiritual quality of Schmidt's playing evoked for Adler memories of Schoenberg in their early days:

18 Adler to Schoenberg [c. July 1949], ASC.

19 Walter Szmolyan, 'Die Konzerte des Wiener Schoenberg-Vereins', *OMZ* 36/2 (1981): 82–104.

20 Quoted by Keller in 'A Personal View'.

Oskar Adler by Milein Cosman.

> In my whole life there was only one man with whom I had as profound a friendship as with Franz Schmidt. That was in my youth, and the man was Schoenberg: at the time, we made our first steps into the field of chamber music. Our enthusiasm was great and powerful. Schoenberg didn't have much of an idea of how to play the cello: he was a total autodidact. Nevertheless, despite his defective technique, a similar spiritual power radiated from his playing as, later, from Schmidt's.[21]

In their later years of playing together (Schmidt died in February 1939, a few weeks after Adler's emigration), Schmidt wrote of the 'sheer joy' he experienced playing quartets with Adler, whom he described as 'one of the most important artistic figures I have encountered in my lifetime'.[22]

It was Adler's and Schmidt's partnership that made Saturdays in the Neubaugasse so remarkable. Sometimes they played as a violin and piano duo, but most of their time was spent exploring the string quartet repertoire. 'These quartet evenings turned into what can only be described as religious services,' recalled Adler:

> We played at my surgery; the faithful listeners were next door in the waiting room. Usually, the ritual began with two Haydn quartets, which were followed by Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Schmidt loved above all other Romantics.[23]

The quartet had a regular viola player, Dr Strassberg – 'perhaps Vienna's best viola player' wrote Adler ('not perhaps', added Keller) – but the second violin seems to have been more variable, and Keller recalled that 'leading fiddlers queued up for this particular job':

> It wasn't only the second fiddle for which you had to queue up: in order for you to be allowed just to listen, Adler and Schmidt had to be convinced of your outstanding musicality and musicianship, and many were the well-known musicians who found entrance to these quartet sessions as difficult as critics found it at [Schoenberg's *Verein*]. For what Adler and Schmidt insisted on was an almost active participation by the audience; they would maintain that any antagonism from a listener, however silent, would have an unfavourable influence on the quartet's imaginative powers.[24]

21 Letter from Adler to Schmidt's widow, quoted by Keller in 'Personal Recollections: Oskar Adler's and My Own', in *The Music of Franz Schmidt*, vol. 1, ed. Harold Truscott (London: Toccata, 1984), 7–17.

22 'Attestation', March 1934, written by Schmidt in support of Schoenberg's attempt to help Adler emigrate to America. Quoted in Amy Shapiro, *Oskar Adler: A Complete Man* (CreateSpace Independent Publishing, 2012).

23 Adler to Schmidt's widow, in 'Personal Recollections'. Keller added a footnote: 'Adler forgot to list Mozart, a more frequent component than Brahms.'

24 Keller, 'A Personal View'.

Among these privileged listeners during the 1930s was the teenage Hans Keller, and he even got to play second violin on rare occasions. It was a remarkable musical education – indeed Schmidt apparently called their sessions 'the real university for chamber music'. As well as the actual music, Keller reported that 'Adler and Schmidt used to exchange recollections from their respective musical pasts,' and their audience was full of other distinguished figures: 'I can't remember a single truly leading musician whom one did not meet at some of these Saturday afternoons.'

For the rest of his life, 'the full-blooded, passionate *Musikantentum*, the ever-spontaneous, ever-inspired, ever-varied and ever-new interpretations'[25] of the Adler Quartet remained the touchstone of Keller's understanding of music. In particular, those Saturdays in the Neubaugasse showed him what chamber music was for: a form in which musicians wrote and played for themselves, not an audience, and so could probe the most profound secrets of their art:

> The string quartet is 'between ourselves', a confidential communication from the composer to the players, and then between the players; the listener is the more or less welcome eavesdropper. . . . Improvisation is of the very nature of the string quartet's secret: the composer entrusts the player with part of the creative responsibility. An intimate communication, if it is to be successful, always involves active participation on the part of the addressee.[26]

'Adler and Schmidt were improvisers *par excellence*,' Keller remembered: 'their performances of quartets and sonatas evinced a revelational quality which, I felt, could be attributed to their readiness to submit, on the basis of their deep knowledge of any work they played, to inspirations of the moment.'[27] This improvisatory quality – a creative re-creation of the music – was something that Keller looked for subsequently in all performers, having been taught by Adler to see performance not as aspiring towards some 'objective' ideal, but rather as 'the tail end of composition'. A truly great performance was always unique:

> You may know a piece inside out, may have played it yourself, but in a great performance you hear it for the first time. The experience is as simple, as paradoxical as that.[28]

All his life Keller sought out and revered those few original geniuses capable of creating this kind of experience. The earliest of his surviving letters was written to one such – the violinist Bronisław Huberman, to whom Keller wrote an ardent fan letter in 1936. This letter was written during Keller's first trip to London as a schoolboy, visiting his sister and her new husband, Roy Franey. During the visit he went to hear Huberman playing at the Queen's Hall:

25 *MR* XII/2 (May 1951): 154–5.
26 'Rare Greatness', interval talk, BBC Radio 3, 14 May 1972.
27 'Natural Master', *Listener*, 25 October 1984: 34–5.
28 'The Art of Bronislaw Huberman', *Music Weekly*, BBC Radio 3, 6 March 1983.

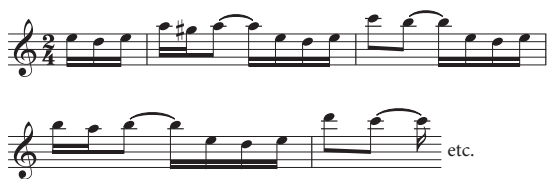
12 December 1936 – to Bronisław Huberman

In German

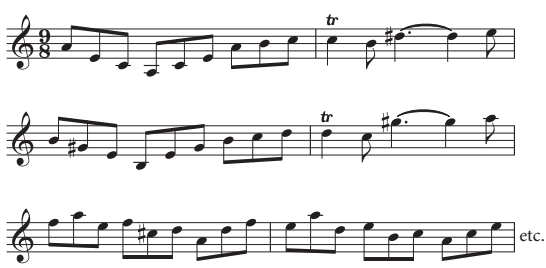
On the evening of your concert in London, 12 December 1936

I have just come back from your concert, and I feel the urge to write to you. I am only 16 years old – I just write this so that you won't attach too much importance to my letter. But I don't suppose that you will do that anyway. I only wanted to tell you how much I admire you, and how much I am in awe of your musical abilities. You probably receive many letters like this, and maybe mine won't even reach you, but that doesn't really matter, I shall feel a lot better just having written it. I am only here in London for a short while, am completely starved of music and was at your concert today. I'm sure that you weren't in the same spirits that you are in the Musikvereinssaal in Vienna (I believe it is tremendously presumptuous of me to say this), but you were Huberman and that is something so tremendous that one cannot express it in words at all. In your playing, one can sense your whole soul, which you have put into the violin, your opponents do not hear this. You are such an inconceivably higher being, that I am feeling very lucky to live at the same time as you and be able to listen to you. In my apartment in Vienna, I have records of you playing the Bach A minor Concerto and whenever I hear the following passages, which are played by you in such an inconceivable way, it sends shivers down my spine:

In the first movement:



In the third movement:



> Tonight: I didn't like 2 pieces very much, maybe I'm still too young for them: 1. the Szymanowski, 2. one of your encores, it starts as if one were tuning the violin. – But the rest of the programme! – I thank you, many, many times for all the evenings past, and for the future ones too!!!
>
> In deep adoration
>
> Hans Keller, Vienna[29]

The comment at the end of this letter – about the two pieces Keller disliked – is telling. As a boy, Keller's musical repertoire was both conservative and confined to the Austro-German tradition. He enlarged it only slowly and cautiously, but setting aside rather than condemning that with which he couldn't engage ('maybe I'm still too young'). He was of course born too late to have experienced the wide range of new music from across Europe played in Schoenberg's *Verein*, and by the 1930s modernism in Vienna was in retreat. Schoenberg was gone and, despite Oskar Adler's earlier close association with him, there is no evidence that the music of the Second Viennese School ever featured in the Saturday sessions in the Neubaugasse, where Adler and Schmidt confined themselves instead to finding new things in an endless exploration and re-exploration of the masterpieces of the past. For the young Hans Keller, this was more than enough:

> I was never interested in music I couldn't understand, and the most advanced things I knew and loved as a boy were the late Beethoven quartets, which of course were more advanced than Brahms or Reger, and are more advanced than many things which appear nowadays. . . . When one played the late Beethoven quartets, one felt one was alone – alone even inside oneself, for one part of one's mind fathomed the bottom of what the rest felt to be bottomless.[30]

As Keller grew older, his friendship with Adler became closer. Keller's parents, both very musical, kept open house for musicians, writers and artists, and Adler was often to be found playing chamber music there. Schmidt too came occasionally, and Keller's cousin recalled a particularly memorable performance of Schubert's 'Trout' Quintet.[31] Adler's friendship with the Kellers may have saved his life, for it was Roy Franey who secured British visas in 1938 for both Adler and his wife, after Schoenberg had been unsuccessful in efforts to get them

29 This letter was found among Huberman's correspondence after his death and printed in Ida Ibbeken, ed., *The Listener Speaks: 55 Letters from the Audience to Bronislaw Huberman* (Israel: Ramoth Hashawin, 1961). There is an inconsistency between the letter's date and Keller's statement that he was '16 years old' (he would have been 17 on 12 December 1936), but the date of Huberman's concert is confirmed by the *Times* review, 14 December 1936, 12.

30 'How I Got There', undated and unpublished article for *London Magazine* (proof copy, CULHK).

31 Inge Trott, oral communication, 29 March 2004: 'That was the first time I heard him and I was so impressed!'

to America. In England Keller played quartets with Adler more than ever, in London, in Huyton near Liverpool (where they were interned together), in the Lake District (where they went after their release), then back in London: 'Keller plays viola; he has developed as an excellent chamber musician,' Adler reported to Schoenberg in 1949.[32]

'Since conservative Vienna did not press the understanding of contemporary music upon me,' Keller later recalled, 'I grew up without it.' It was not only contemporary music that conservative Vienna did not press into Keller's ears, however, but any music outside the Austro-German tradition.[33] Reading Keller's recollections of his early musical life, one is given the impression of a highly developed yet closed society. It is as though what Stefan Zweig called 'das goldene Zeitalter der Sicherheit'[34] of Vienna before the First World War, with its settled social order and passionate reverence for the very highest artistic achievement, lived on musically in those Saturdays in the Neubaugasse. Music, as Keller experienced it, may therefore have felt like a place apart, removed from the uncertainties of the inter-war world – an intense experience that he did not feel the need to analyse in words. Elsewhere there was much to write about in a changing world. The Vienna into which he was born in 1919 was a city reeling from its sudden transformation from a great imperial capital to what was popularly described as a *Wasserkopf* – the swollen hydrocephalic head of a newly-shrivelled body. Its Jewish population also went from being one among many subgroups in a multinational empire to the only minority in a small German-speaking state, all the more visible for being disproportionately concentrated in Vienna itself. Keller's parents were well aware of the way the wind was blowing: his cousin remembered Grete Keller in 1934 saying of her daughter's marriage to an Englishman, 'We'll have a base in England if we should need one. . .'[35]

It is tempting to draw a parallel between the post-imperial Vienna into which Keller was born after the First World War and the London in which he found himself after the Second – another post-war city facing the dismantling of an empire of which it had long been the centre. But this is not a parallel that sheds much light on music. Amid the ruins of the Hapsburg Empire there was a strong sense that in the conservation of its glorious musical past Vienna could preserve the best of itself, whereas nobody in 1945 would have claimed that the greatest achievement of the old British Empire was its music. Instead, British musicians at the end of the war were looking forward, not back, conscious that their own

32 Adler to Schoenberg [c. July 1949], ASC.

33 In 'Personal Recollections' Keller wrote admiringly of how Schmidt 'knew, and remembered, *all music*' [our italics], and gave a revealing list of examples to show the breadth of Schmidt's knowledge: 'Whatever you raised, whether it was a point about a tricky passage in the Matthew Passion or John Passion, in a late Beethoven quartet, in any of the later Haydn symphonies, in a Bruckner symphony and, yes, in Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* or *Gurrelieder*, he would jump up, waddle across to the piano, and play the passage in question in an instant perfect piano arrangement, stressing the inner part you happened to be talking about.'

34 'The golden age of security', in Zweig, *Die Welt von Gestern* (Stockholm: Berman Fischer, 1941), 8.

35 Inge Trott, oral communication, 12 April 2006.

musical heritage could scarcely compare with that of the nations they had vanquished, but convinced that now, at long last, their time had come.

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In 1948, the innovative documentary film-maker (and founder of Mass Observation) Humphrey Jennings made a short film called *The Dim Little Island*. It was one of the last films he completed before his untimely death. Commissioned by the British government's Central Office of Information, it was intended to lift the spirits of a nation ground down by six years of war and still labouring under crushing post-war austerity, rationing and the coldest winter in living memory. The eleven-minute film Jennings produced consists of four meditations on the state of England, by four contrasting figures: the satirical cartoonist Osbert Lancaster, the naturalist James Fisher, the industrialist John Ormston and the composer Ralph Vaughan Williams. Although intended as propaganda, Jennings's film is not exactly upbeat – instead it has a gently elegiac tone and mixes a very British self-deprecation with a tentative hope for the future.

The original working title of Jennings's script was *Awful Old England?* – a line taken from Rudyard Kipling's 1903 poem 'Chant-Pagan', the song of a disillusioned returning soldier:

> Me that 'ave been what I've been –
> Me that 'ave gone where I've gone –
> Me that 'ave seen what I've seen –
> 'Ow can I ever take on
> With awful old England again . . .

The final title came from the opening of Osbert Lancaster's contribution:

> In ancient times the licensed fool was allowed to speak while the others held their peace, so perhaps I – as an avowedly comic artist – may be allowed to speak first. The comic artist is the guardian of reality: it is his privilege to remind the public what they really look like, and to destroy their happy illusions of dignity and beauty so sedulously built up by the advertising artist and the royal academician.
>
> But there are many other illusions: for instance, the illusion that, compared to the romance and mystery of high Tibet or the rolling prairies and limitless expanse of the golden West, Great Britain is rather a dim little island; the illusion that, compared to those talented Central Europeans, flogging the pianoforte for a very substantial remuneration, we are a hopeless dull musical nation; and of course that now, as always, the country is going to the dogs.

The section on music is the longest and most prominent of the film's four meditations, and Jennings seems to have paid particular attention to the details

of his musical scenes and the planning of Vaughan Williams's material. He may have felt it was in music that the strongest refutation of the 'illusion' that 'the country is going to the dogs' was to be found. The resulting sequence is a classic example of the very powerful resurrection narrative that ran through British musical life in the immediate post-war years, built upon the earlier idea of the 'English Musical Renaissance'. Vaughan Williams's commentary includes tropes familiar from the Renaissance narrative, such as the primacy of English music during the Tudor period, and the location of national identity in folksong – 'those great tunes, which like our language, our customs, our laws, are the groundwork upon which everything must stand'. Overlaying these are new themes specific to the country's wartime experience, such as the portrayal of the newly knighted Malcolm Sargent (then famous for his 'Blitz tours' of bombed cities) as 'the apex' of the country's musical life, and a sequence intercutting footage of wartime fire-fighters with shots of Proms queues and crowds filling the Harringay stadium: 'during the late war, those who had never taken music seriously before began to crowd our concert halls from Kensington to Harringay to hear a symphony concert.' Vaughan Williams also projects a timely vision of national solidarity with his description of the 'great pyramid' of British musical life, linking together 'great virtuosi' and 'devoted musical practitioners' with 'that great mass of musical amateurs'. The film concludes with a stirring prophecy of the new life to come:

> So – the fire is ready to be kindled. It only requires a match to be lighted to set the whole ablaze. Some great upheaval of national consciousness and emotion. The Elizabethans experienced this; as a result they produced poetry and music that has never been surpassed. Have we not also experienced lately such a national upheaval? . . . Today our music, which so long had seemed without life, is being born again.

The feeling that something was stirring was shared by many musicians at that time and had been apparent well before the end of the war. Benjamin Britten, for example, felt strongly after his return from America in 1942 that there was '"something" in the air which heralds a renaissance. I feel terrifically conscious of it, so do Peter, & Clifford, & Michael Tippett & so many that I love & admire.'[36] At the end of the war, such feelings were accompanied by a very general determination that this precious flame must not be allowed to go out. 'Britain is at last recognized to be producing some of the greatest music of our time,' stated the Dartington Trust Arts Enquiry after an extensive survey of the nation's musical assets. 'And owing to the upheavals in Germany and Austria since 1933, London has a chance of becoming the musical centre of Europe.'[37] Sir George Dyson, Director of the Royal College of Music (the institutional embodiment of the 'English Musical Renaissance'), thought it already was:

36 Britten to Imogen Holst, 21 October 1943, in Britten, *Letters from a Life*, vol. 2 (London: Faber, 1991), 1161–2.

37 *Music: A Report on Musical Life in England* (London: PEP, 1949), 14.

> Our situation is not unlike that of Germany a century ago. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber had all lived and died, but the fashionable European public still clung to the more Italian operas, Italian tunes, Italian players and singers. Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner tried to persuade their countrymen, often in vain, that the best music in the world had been and was being written on their own doorsteps. That is where we are now. Some of our fashionable public think that the centre of music is still in the centre of Europe. They are wrong. It is here and now.[38]

There was in this an inevitable element of post-war jingoism – perhaps a hope that, having defeated the Germans militarily (twice), Britain might now defeat them musically. Despite this, it must be stressed that British musical nationalism was built on what had been at base a very open musical society. The British had come late to the idea of a music of their own, music having been, until the later nineteenth century, regarded rather as something that foreigners did. It was common until well into the twentieth century for young British musicians to study in the conservatoires of Leipzig, Vienna or Paris, and equally common for French, German and Italian musicians to come to Britain to work – as the violinist and concert manager John Ella remarked in 1876, 'our cosmopolitan London orchestras are composed of the surplus talent of the continent.'[39] This constant movement across the Channel was due in large part to the comparative lack of musical infrastructure in Britain (in the shape of systematic musical education, permanent orchestras and secure funding). But this did leave the country distinctly hospitable to the music of other countries – even the author of *Das Land ohne Musik* conceded that 'perhaps more foreign music is performed in England than in any other country.'[40]

Therefore 'those talented Central Europeans' like Hans Keller who sought to make their home in Britain after 1945 were met by two opposing currents in the culture of their adopted country: a fundamental welcome and respect (even awe) overlaid by a strong but much more recent musical patriotism. This dual feeling produced psychological and social consequences that Keller observed with considerable interest. Vaughan Williams himself was a good example of the paradox. A deeply humane man, he worked tirelessly in support of refugee musicians during the war and afterwards became the patron of the pianist Ferdinand Rauter's Anglo-Austrian Music Society. But his personal sense of a uniquely English

38 Dyson, 'The Proms Should be Daring, Generous. . .', *RT* 96/1241 (25 July 1947): 5.

39 'Professor Ella's lecture on Spohr's "Jessonda"', *Orchestra* 19 (February 1876): 202.

40 'Das Land ohne Musik' (The Land Without Music) was supposedly a German description of Britain that the British took to heart. Its origins are unclear, but it appeared famously as the title of a book published just before the First World War by the German writer Oscar Schmitz. Schmitz claimed to have identified 'what distinguishes Englishmen from all other cultured races to quite an astonishing degree . . . the English are the only cultured race without a music of their own.' Schmitz, *Das Land ohne Musik* (Munich: Georg Müller, 1914), trans. H. Herzl (London: Jarrolds, 1926), 26.

music was profound and, as he wrote to Rauter, 'The great thing that frightens me in the late peaceful invasion of this country by Austria is that it will entirely devour the tender little flower of our English culture.'[41]

The BBC, which before the war had promoted a remarkably cosmopolitan music policy, wrestled in later years with the conflict between its vision of music as an 'international language' and its duty to musical Britishness. A wartime draft of future music policy by one very senior executive saw the duty of the *British* Broadcasting Corporation in this way:

> Music is an international 'language', which through the medium of broadcasting is heard and understood all over the world. . . . In spite of this recognition of the international factor, the BBC regards it as a matter of first importance to develop a strong sense of pride in British music in order to exorcise the long-standing sense of inferiority in music and to rid music of its status as a foreign art.[42]

Some of the fuel for the nationalist narrative as it unfolded in Britain over subsequent years was undoubtedly economic. Osbert Lancaster's barbed comment in *The Dim Little Island* about the Central Europeans 'flogging the pianoforte for a very substantial remuneration' is an example of the feelings that led to such events as the extraordinary protest against the 1947 visit of the Vienna State Opera by the Musicians' Union, which tried to argue that British orchestral players should have been engaged to play in the pit – to which an exasperated Covent Garden Trust responded that it had 'not planned to engage a foreign orchestra to accompany the Viennese performances; it had merely set out to bring to London the Vienna State Opera *ensemble*.'[43] The argument was continually made that British organisations (particularly the increasingly influential BBC) should restrict the employment of foreign musicians – and the playing and broadcasting of foreign contemporary music – until there was a comparable reception of British music and musicians overseas.

In truth, the opportunities available for musicians of all nationalities in Britain after 1945 were expanding exponentially, as music at all levels was publicly funded as never before. Money poured into music via the BBC, the new Arts Council and local municipal authorities, with the result that new festivals and orchestras mushroomed all over the country. The 1944 Education Act provided for universal secondary education and state support for university education, and this was supplemented musically by a new movement among local education authorities to set up their own music services, providing Saturday music centres, peripatetic teachers for schools, instrument hire schemes and a nationwide proliferation of county youth bands and orchestras, headed by the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain (inaugurated in 1947). All this led to a voracious

41 Vaughan Williams to Rauter, 16 August [1942], in *The Letters of Ralph Vaughan Williams*, ed. Hugh Cobbe (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 344–45.

42 Basil Nicolls, 'BBC Music Policy', draft paper, 1 April 1942, WAC G28/42.

43 *The Times*, 8 September 1947, 7.

appetite for music among the post-war British public and a new sense of the importance of music to British public life. Russell Palmer, the editor of one of the many new musical surveys and directories published at this time, wrote excitedly that 'watching the great extent to which audiences to-day are drawing level with the music of our time, we are able to see the skill of British composers shining across the musical universe like a beam of light.' Ignoring the main reason for the recent arrival of so many European émigrés, he went on to address the 'foreign artists [who] have shown themselves anxious to reside in adopted brotherhood' with their British counterparts:

> We welcome these "permanent visitors," many of whom have taken our nationality, to join in the task of satisfying the British public's ever-growing appetite for music, even though they must regularly look to their merits if they are to keep pace with the superb artistry and virtuosity of British born and bred performers.'[44]

This was stretching it a bit. British performance standards in the 1940s were by no means the envy of the world – indeed the ragged playing of the BBC Symphony Orchestra during the 1946 Proms caused a crisis of confidence within the post-war BBC leading to a substantial financial investment in order to triple rehearsal time for the 1947 season. Performance standards were then of paramount importance to the BBC because September 1946 had seen the launch of its flagship Third Programme, the aim of which was (in the words of its founder, Director-General William Haley) 'to enable the intelligent public to hear the best that has been thought or said or composed in all the world'. Haley wanted this new service to be thoroughly international – especially in the 'international language' of music. George Barnes, whom Haley appointed to run the Third, was aware of the difficulties involved in implementing such a vision:

> English music has been cut off for so long from the Continent that one finds some complacency and at the same time a certain reluctance to face the comparison with European standards, which is inevitable now that two-way traffic between the Continent and this Country is again possible.[45]

Barnes's colleague, the pianist Etienne Amyot, responsible for the initial planning of the Third Programme, had a clear idea of the source of that reluctance – and why it was so important that the BBC should try to overcome it:

> I think it is very difficult for people here, no matter how deep their enjoyment of music and how keen their desire to hear contemporary works, to fix any adequate comparison of the degrees of performance if they have been

44 Palmer, *British Music* (London: Skelton Robinson, 1947), 11.
45 Barnes to Haley, 25 March 1947, WAC William Glock Talks File 1A.

> denied any experience of hearing the great European performances between the last two wars. I know that when I was in Germany during this war I felt many a time that the standard of performance I heard in some small town was higher than that given at a highly publicised concert in London. As I said last night, I do believe it is a function of the Corporation, via the Third Programme, to attempt to raise the standard of performances in England. We do possess a group of composers who, in their way, are second to none anywhere else. But if the works of these brilliant young men are to be inadequately performed the influence they can bring to bear on this post-war generation, because of that inadequate performance, will obviously be greatly retarded. . . . I believe that, with the full cooperation of what Europe can offer us and with what we in turn can offer Europe, this country could truly come into its own again in the field of music.[46]

Amyot wrote this to a young music critic he had just met through the composer Michael Tippett. The critic's name was William Glock – the man who, with Hans Keller at his side, was to run BBC music during the 1960s, when the Corporation was at the height of its influence over the musical life of the country. When he and Amyot met in January 1947, Amyot was delighted to find an English musician with whom he felt 'able to talk quite freely and honestly of the present standard of musical performance in this country'. Glock and Amyot were both pianists who had studied in Berlin in the early 1930s (Amyot with Wilhelm Backhaus and Glock with Artur Schnabel) and their musical ideals were founded on that experience. Amyot had also spent the later part of the war in Germany, serving in the Allied Expeditionary Force's Psychological Warfare Division, and in 1945 he was involved in the planning of post-war broadcasting both in Germany and in Britain. He believed that the British at that time were greatly overestimating the deleterious effect of the Nazi regime on the general standard of musical performance in Germany, a belief with which Glock concurred:

> A mere twelve years of Nazi rule could not break down the accumulated culture and knowledge of centuries, or the standards that went with them. Concert life would still be run with some responsibility towards the intellectual world; and the youngest science student would take more interest in music than many professionals over here.[47]

Amyot was keen to bring such standards to London, exploiting the fact that the terrible destruction wrought across Europe meant that the greatest artists were now looking for performance opportunities in Britain's relatively undamaged cities: 'That was the luck of the Third Programme. It came at a moment when you could have anybody. The very very greatest. They were only too eager to perform.'[48]

46 Amyot to Glock, 30 January 1947, WAC E2/348.
47 Glock, 'Music in Post-War Europe', BBC Third Programme, 8 July 1947.
48 Amyot, interviewed by Humphrey Carpenter, 3 May 1994, WAC R143/2/1.

In 1947 Amyot sent Glock on a tour of occupied Europe on behalf of the Third Programme, to bring back news (and evidence, in the shape of scores and recordings) of what had been going on musically since 1939. It was an eye-opening experience, from the terrible devastation of bombed cities ('we drove through empty, silent streets, amidst unbelievable ruins') to the musical wonders of the Vienna State Opera ('you have to see the musical spirit of the work penetrating every stitch of clothing and every floorboard') and the moving experience of witnessing Wilhelm Furtwängler's reunion with the Berlin Philharmonic after he was finally cleared by the denazification tribunals ('you could see that the players wanted to make this first concert memorable, that they loved Furtwängler, and had been waiting for the moment when he'd be cleared, and would conduct them again'). Glock took with him a suitcase of scores of recent British music and 'I found almost everywhere – in Munich, Prague, Berlin, Hamburg – the most intense interest in the works of our young English composers.' One composer in particular was already receiving considerable attention, and before he went home Glock was able to hear in Berlin the first German production of Benjamin Britten's new opera *Peter Grimes*.[49]

The astonishing success of *Peter Grimes*, when it reopened Sadler's Wells theatre only a month after VE day, became almost instantly a potent symbol of British musical resurrection – all the more powerful because unexpected. The history of opera in England – 'a record of dogged perseverance on the part of a few enthusiasts, amateurs and visionaries'[50] – had made it difficult even for those enthusiasts themselves to hope that a national version of this most foreign (and expensive) of musical forms could be established very soon. 'Even now, the prospect is not very inviting,' E.J. Dent (himself a pioneer of opera in English) had written in 1940. 'If a young English composer did succeed in making an immediate and sensational success at Sadler's Wells, where else can that opera be performed?'[51] Dent had thought that 'we must establish a whole network of British opera houses' before any British work in this form could have a chance of sustained life, but *Peter Grimes* was quickly taken up in Europe and America. It seemed almost too good to be true, and the expectations heaped on Benjamin Britten as a result left him in a slightly uneasy position for a homosexual pacifist whose wartime emigration was still a matter of resentment.

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For Hans Keller in 1945 the experience of hearing *Peter Grimes* can only be described as an epiphany. It was the first time that music outside his own tradition had really meant anything to him, and it was the first contemporary work he felt

49 Glock, 'Music in Post-War Europe', BBC Third Programme, 3, 5, 7, 8 July 1947.
50 E.J. Dent, *Opera* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1940), 14.
51 *Ibid*., 189.

he understood. It also brought him to start connecting his musical understanding with his studies and writing in other fields. Finally, the extraordinary reception of this opera and its composer by critics and audiences (both positive and negative) struck him forcefully. He began to think seriously about the musical society of the country in which – now that the war had ended and such decisions became possible – he and his family had chosen to make their home. Psychologically, what happened to Keller at this point might be described as the moment when music moved from his unconscious to his conscious mind, as he began to process the shock of his abrupt and traumatic move from a culture where music had a settled place into one which was much less sure of itself. Britain at that time seems to have been obsessed with its musical identity – of which fact an intelligent Austrian musician must have been sharply aware.

Musically, Keller had spent the war largely in émigré circles, having lessons from Max Rostal and playing chamber music with Oskar Adler and musicians he had met in the internment camps. He also did some orchestral playing – not an experience he much enjoyed – mainly with the orchestra founded by the German conductor Fritz Berend and the *Freier Deutscher Kulturbund*, which gave concerts in aid of the Red Cross. To some extent this wartime émigré life was imposed on Keller by the legal restrictions on refugees and his time in internment, which had intensified his sense of his own culture and forged new connections with other exiled musicians from his homeland. Of course, under wartime conditions it was difficult anyway to get much sense of normal life in Britain. Like everything else, music had been severely disrupted by the war – and this contributed to the general sense of excitement in 1945 when theatres reopened, the blackout was over, evacuated orchestras returned and musicians were released from the forces. Severe post-war rationing also limited what the general public could spend their money on – another reason for the huge spike in demand for the arts in the second half of the 1940s.

Keller had not been in search of new music when he went to *Peter Grimes* in 1945. On the contrary, his presence in the theatre that night was an accident: he thought he was about to hear *Così fan tutte*.[52] The 1945 summer season at Sadler's Wells presented *Peter Grimes* alongside five other operas – all fairly safe choices in box office terms, planned to counter potential losses on the new work (which in the end outperformed them all): *Così fan tutte*, *La Bohème*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Rigoletto* and *The Bartered Bride*. Keller noted in his diary the performance dates of each opera, but marked the dates of *Così* with special emphasis: instead of going once to hear each opera, he went to all the performances of the Mozart. At the end of the run, he got his dates mixed up, and instead of a seventh *Così* he found himself listening to something strange and new: the last performance of the season of *Peter Grimes*. He was stunned, regarded it immediately as a masterpiece and vowed to hear as much of Britten's music as he could. He had to wait until February 1946 for more performances of *Grimes*, but he wrote down the planned dates in his diary to make sure he would be there for every one. Meanwhile he gathered scores and recordings and watched the concert listings and the *Radio Times* for any mention of Britten's name.

52 See Alan Blyth, *Remembering Britten* (London: Hutchinson, 1981), 87.

One thing that helped *Peter Grimes* make such a profound impression on Keller that night was Peter Pears' performance in the title role. Keller had first encountered Pears' singing just a month beforehand, in the first of the Sadler's Wells performances of *Così fan tutte* on 22 June. It was an experience that stayed with him:

Peter Pears [extract]

Opera II/6 (May 1951): 287–92

> Somewhere in the Wells gallery [. . .]. The Overture to *Così* has started. I am not yet a music critic; just a musician. I am lying on my back across three seats, with my mac as a pillow. I'm rather young and one production is as bad as another, so why should I see it? In any case the music will tell me more about the stage than the stage. As for singers, one is worse than another, particularly in England, particularly when you don't know it. So I haven't bought a programme. I wouldn't know the names, anyway. The opening trio is unfolding. The vocal triplets are pretty poor, but then they always are. Yet, do what I will, that tenor is not down to my decided expectations. Oh well, he'll soon make a mess of it all. Just wait for No. 3, the third trio with that marvellous start in, or from, the dominant, and the tenor's liberating opening in the tonic 'To my lady her fond lover such a banquet then will offer.' He won't sense the harmonic meaning of his entry. He won't get what is, comedy or no comedy, the heroic touch of the melody. He'll never recreate that jubilating tension in C major for which another composer would have needed one-and-a-half keys at the inside. He'll never . . . . but here, the third trio starts. It makes me, literally, sit up. The old Viennese axiom that apart from cellists the most unmusical people in the world are tenors vaporizes somewhere at the back of my mind. For once a singer who isn't a poor substitute for an instrumentalist! A voice of character which carries farther and deeper than any voice thrice as strong! A musician who knows, lives, what Mozart and he are doing, and who therefore knows how to define it. Within eleven bars, I have turned from a stern examiner into an admiring pupil. From now onwards the performance becomes – for me of all people – an impatient waiting for the tenor. I have started to watch him too. He does not merely act well. He instinctively acts the music. No movement, no fooling, that contradicts it. Plenty of humour, though. But beneath it, all that is required for an exhaustive characterization of Ferrando. All that puts Ferrando and Fiordiligi on a different level from Dorabella and Guglielmo. All that puts Ferrando himself on a different level from Fiordiligi. He is the most complicated and the deepest and yet the most charming character of the lot. His love making is not altogether a joke. It is in fact an involved

> business, based on two conflicting loves, one deeply disappointed, the other declared but not self-confessed. The *recitativo accompagnato* "Cruel one, wouldst thou fly me?" and the later, highly dramatic one "Gave thee my portrait! Oh perfidy!" show my singer in singularly full possession of the musico-dramatic facts. And when it comes to Ferrando's "While alas! thine absence mourning" in the A major duet, that unexpected and overpowering entry in the dominant minor (to which I find and feel only two parallels in Mozart's entire output, i.e. the tenor entry in *Don Giovanni*'s first duet with its similar psychological content and, likewise, the tenor entry in the *Requiem*'s "Tuba mirum"), the singer's expressiveness reaches such tense yet tender intensity, indeed such sublimity that as soon as the duet is over I ask the man behind me for his programme. "Shhhhhhh!" says he and everyone; thou shalt not disturb a *secco* recitative. However, he hands me the programme and I memorize the tenor's name. Just in case I should fail to accomplish it completely, there comes another reminder in the (second) finale – another of those dominant minor turns between heaven and earth that are not dreamt of in E.J. Dent's philosophy:[53] "What is this? A marriage contract?" It is only a matter of three bars, but it seals my allegiance. Musically speaking, I know now that this tenor can do everything.

Here was that same exceptional musical *life* that Keller had venerated in Bronisław Huberman, Oskar Adler and Franz Schmidt, which he recognised and responded to instantly – and which he had evidently never expected to find in an English tenor. It was not the quality of Pears' voice as an instrument that was so special – indeed Keller thought that Pears was a great singer 'because and in spite of his voice':

> It is unsensuous and unvoluminous enough to be absolutely dependent on musical expressiveness, on sharp delineation, subtle modulation, on intensive, individual shaping, on what Pears himself would call "characterisation" . . . I submit that *if he had been handicapped by a voice of greater physical "stature,"* he would have found it more difficult to achieve the pronounced character of his timbres, the powerful tensions of his phrasings (on whatever dynamic level), their decided formulations and forms, their dramatic force and lyrical flow. It is not easy to be the master of one's voice when it is easy to be its servant. Pears has been lucky enough not to have to face this temptation.

After this, Keller discovered Britten's own genius as performer as well as composer, and was struck by 'his deep-reaching capacity to feel himself into other

53 This production used Dent's translation of the libretto.

composers'. As the musical life of the country resumed after the war, Keller encountered more British performers whose special gifts he thought should be more widely known. He found the clarinettist Reginald Kell's performances 'strikingly similar to Huberman's in regard to the marked freedom with which he reads a work, and the impression of inevitable necessity that, all the same, his readings make'. He also thought 'it is deplorable that Ian Whyte, the conductor of the BBC Scottish Orchestra, is not given much wider scope.' A few months after *Peter Grimes* he drafted an article asserting that such gifted performers were 'not famous enough'.[54] He tried to show the importance of 'reproductive genius', contrasting its unrepeatable individuality with the current over-valuation of technical skill: 'the gramophone record disguised as a human being is very much in vogue nowadays.' He argued against the widespread contemporary notion that a performer's role was simply to realise as accurately as possible the composer's intentions: 'One cannot exactly relive one's own experiences, let alone those of others. And a performance suffers if at its root lies an attempt to realize an illusion.'

This article was never published. Until this point, Keller had not published anything on music – indeed he had scarcely written a word on the subject: he thought of himself primarily as a psychologist. During the war, he had written a great many (mostly unpublished) short essays and several longer papers (some highly technical) on various aspects of psychology, and in 1945 had been engaged for some time in an extensive research project on social groups, preparing a book (*The Psychology of Social Unity*) with an experienced sociologist twice his age. A few weeks after *Peter Grimes* he and his colleague presented a paper on 'The Psychological Significance of Some Sociological Conceptions of the Group' to the British Psychological Society, and an article by Keller examining 'Male Psychology' was accepted for publication by the *British Journal of Medical Psychology*.[55] By the time this article appeared, however, Keller had changed course completely.

Naturally Keller had brought none of his schoolboy writings out of Vienna in 1938, but a great deal of his unpublished work from 1939–45 has survived, revealing something of his wartime intellectual interests and his early development as a writer.[56] The first observation to be made is the change wrought in him by his time in internment from June 1940 until March 1941. Insofar as they can be accurately dated, Keller's writings from the pre-internment period show a compulsive writer still in search of his subject, writing on anything and everything and in a variety of forms. After internment, this experimentation was increasingly displaced by a new, almost obsessive, preoccupation with Freudian psychoanalysis. Although he brought no papers out of the camps, Keller's interest in Freud seems to have begun there, probably inspired by fellow internees. Willi Hoffer, whom Keller afterwards knew best of Freud's circle in London, was very impressed with the young Keller and arranged for him to be admitted to the library of the Institute of

54 'Not Famous Enough', undated typescript [1946], published in *HKM&P*, 192–6.

55 *British Journal of Medical Psychology* 20 (1946): 384–8, reprinted in *HKM&P*, 112–16.

56 Many of Keller's wartime writings are published in *HKM&P*.

Psychoanalysis, where Keller amassed a knowledge of psychoanalytic literature that Hoffer apparently considered 'unequalled'.

Keller was not a diffident young man, so was not shy of approaching the psychologists whose writings he read, and he was soon in correspondence with several eminent figures. Of the many potential mentors he met during the war, however, the one who was most important to his early development was not a Viennese psychoanalyst, but an English educationalist with strong interests in social psychology. When she first encountered Keller in 1942, Margaret Phillips was a lecturer in education at Stockwell College in Torquay, and she became Principal of Borthwick Training College in London in 1944.[57] She had published her first book, *The Education of the Emotions*, in 1937 and in 1942 began a long study of social groups, after observing the widespread disruption in society following the outbreak of war, which she thought afforded 'an opportunity for a social inquirer of much the same kind as the physical and mental damage of wartime offered to medicine'.[58] Phillips's research method involved assembling a large amount of primary material by means of questionnaires, diaries and interviews, and Keller first came across her when a duplicated copy of her initial questionnaire reached him in the second half of 1942.

This initiated an intense correspondence. Phillips was evidently intrigued by Keller and their letter-writing led to a formal collaboration as she drew him into her research project when she moved to London. They made a virtue of their methodological differences by adopting an alternating structure for their book, whereby each of Phillips's sociological chapters would be followed by one by Keller reviewing the same material from a Freudian perspective. At the same time Phillips was helping to shape Keller as an English writer. For example, her letter of 17 July 1943 (when she and Keller had still not met in person) contains what she called 'my third attack on your literary style':

> You have stonewalled me twice; I might if I had been a spot cleverer have noticed earlier that these were the only occasions on which I had been stonewalled. . . . What I want to ask you is; have you in the course of your self-analysis shed any light on the question of when you use each of your styles, and why? It is certainly not a matter of difficulty with English, because your other style is potentially a beautiful one, as I have said before. That style seems to me like the quality of your thinking when your whole personality is involved and not merely your intellect; then it is like the quality of Dr Adler's playing; properly speaking one would not speak of a style at all; it merely says what it has to say; the communication reaches one directly without the apparent intervention of an instrument or a person or a technique. So another way of putting the question is; when is the whole of your personality behind what you want to say and when only your intellect? And yet that

57 Borthwick was one of fifty-five emergency teacher-training colleges set up to avert an anticipated post-war shortage of teachers.

58 Phillips, *Small Social Groups in England* (London: Methuen, 1965), 3.

does not represent it either. Better say; what are the occasions on which you retreat to a pillbox and snipe at the enemy with words; which are those on which you exude clouds of sepia-coloured words into the water? (And what part does formal logic play in these tactics? Or is your passion for formal logic a separate one and if so what accounts for it?)

One of the ways in which Keller sought to hone his writing in English was by writing aphorisms. He had long been doing this in German,[59] and he now started writing them in English, as a way of playing with the language. *The Psychologist* published a number of his aphorisms on the theme of 'Maturity' – 'I do hope they won't go on for ever,' sighed Phillips after several sets of these: 'If they do I shall respectfully suggest (always supposing it matters) that one isn't mature till one has ceased to think or feel anything about the matter.'[60] Although she encouraged Keller's aphorism-writing – and gave him in 1944 a copy of the British philosopher F.H. Bradley's *Aphorisms* inscribed 'to Hans (another F.H.B!)' – she cautioned him against over-indulging his passion for paradox and verbal complication: 'The plays on words are all right in moderation and when they happen spontaneously but when they become a habitual mannerism – a sort of compulsion – it is otherwise . . . if only you could take it all just a little more lightly & easily so that it need not be quite so clever!'[61]

Aphorisms are not valuable on account of their substance, but on account of their function. They transmit little truth, but they provoke the desire for it.

She also questioned his earnest Freudianism: 'Even assuming Freud as the greatest genius ever, surely he need not have discovered the whole truth for all time? . . . Have you ever thought where your own passion for Freud has come from?' She was keen to tone down the Freudian technicalities in Keller's writing, in the interests of the readers of their book: 'Has it occurred to you – it has to me several times – that if only Freudian theory could be put in non-technical language – e.g. using 'conscience' instead of 'super ego' – it would be much more willingly accepted?'[62]

9 November 1944 – to Margaret Phillips [extract]

Dear Margaret,

Very many thanks for the letter & cheque – returning to London Thursday night. [. . .]

Readability: I shall try my best, or, maybe, my worst. What about the style of 'Male Psychology' (apart from the knowledge it pre-supposes?) Is that too "difficult?" [. . .]

59 See, for example, 'Schonend, weil in Kürze', *Zeitspiegl*, 26 October 1941.
60 Phillips to Keller, '24 August', CULHK.
61 Phillips to Keller, '24 May', CULHK.
62 Phillips to Keller [25 January 1945] and [November 1944], CULHK.

Substitution of Freudian terms by popular ones.

(1) General comment. I am not in favour of this. Freudian terms were created out of a necessity, not out of pleasure at finding some incomprehensible words. This necessity largely arose out of the conception of the unconscious which is no popular conception yet, however popular the word and its misinterpretations may be. This conception, together with the recognition of the resistances and of repression which it implies, as well as with realisation of the significance of the Oedipus complex and of sexuality, is one which represents a very bitter truth to the ego. For a long time to come, the latter will, more or less deliberately, grasp at any opportunity to return, under the cover of alleged progress, to pre-psycho-analytical outlooks. Two fine examples of such reactionary processes are, of course, the teachings of [Alfred] Adler and Jung. Now the proposed substitution would offer a unique occasion for such reactionary activities, as indeed it has already done. The occasion would be unique because the very substitution (unless popular terms are endowed with new meanings, which in most cases is simply impossible to achieve) would logically represent a reaction in the direction of pre-Freudian thinking. New things can hardly be expressed in old words. And if these newly found things are, on top of their novelty, extremely unpleasant and therefore at first largely incomprehensible, the chance that they will be properly understood vanishes, I should think not only far-reachingly, but completely. According to the accepted meaning of the old words, the substitution would objectively represent a major reaction. Whatever there would remain of the Freudian sense would be drowned in the subjective attitude towards the result of the substitution, so that the reaction would become complete. [. . .]

(2) Super-ego and conscience. Conscience is a surface-conception, super-ego isn't. Indeed there aren't many psychical processes which are more conscious than, say, the pangs of conscience (under certain circumstances), whereas there aren't many psychical processes which are less penetrable by the conscious mind than the greater part of the processes within the super-ego. [. . .] In order to arrive at an understanding of the super-ego one has to consider its history and its origin. The shortest description of the latter is that the ego creates the super-ego out of the id. This may sound pretty mysterious; I shall explain it presently. At this point I want to point out that as the super-ego is created out of the id, it is likely to be less near to consciousness than the ego – which in fact is the actual state of affairs.

Phillips was twice Keller's age, so it was natural that she should have been a mentor to him during their early association – but it is striking how much she evidently respected and admired him. 'I never know whether I ought to allow