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Freiburg, September 20, 1930

Dear Elisabeth!

[...]

The real inner form of pedagogical academies—if one can be found which uniformly pervades them—can show itself clearly, and truly take shape, only in devoted work (*aufopfernden Arbeit*). Given our total situation today, it will never come about incidentally or from without. But, of course, it will also not come from within so long as we are unable to show our *Dasein* the open path leading to the coming age.

The present fortuitous instigations attempting once again to institute university reform will only serve to expose our quandary even more, hopefully in some palpable way. Perhaps we will have to pass through the vocational school in order to experience the power and necessity of a new spiritual reality (*geistigen Wirklichkeit*) which lies *prior* to all that. But then we would also have to renounce all claims of renewing the stale and now foreign idealisms of Humboldt's, Schleiermacher's, and Schelling's time.

First of all, we must extricate ourselves from the 19th-century error that science (to which philosophy is also degraded) is an essential possibility of existence as a whole. And that means first that the pedagogical academies—apart from their imitation of the university—must above all keep themselves distant not only from the idolization of the sciences (psychology, pedagogy, and the like), but equally from an hostility to science.

I am not thereby in favor of the “golden mean,” but rather that the reality of the people and its descendents (*die Wirklichkeit des Volkes u. der Stämme*) finds its way back to its own sources and strengths. — —

[...]

In heartfelt friendship, Yours  
Martin

Freiburg, December 20, 1931

Dear Elisabeth!

So you are back again in your hometown and will celebrate Christmas with your father. We are moving to the hut where we'll await the complete enchantment of these days.

In memory of this year's Indian summer and also for quiet, contemplative holiday reading, [Adelbert] Stifter's *Indian Summer* is on its way to you. As you know, Nietzsche loved this work more than any other. And in contrast with this work, we can surmise how the world looked in which his searching and questioning had to press forward.

I spent the first half of this semester in fine, uninterrupted work. The purely systematic version of the lectures on the essence of truth has become *historical* from the start and will remain so. That is to say, I am developing the questions via a completely concrete interpretation of Plato's texts.

It is becoming increasingly clear to me that—and how—the beginning (*Anfang*) of our Western philosophy must become present for us once again so that we can begin to learn once more from the original (*Vorbild*) that everybody does not have a right and claim to each and every preference, and that each and every preference (*Beliebige*) cannot be a right and claim for all, and that whatever exists is not actually in existence if it doesn't have *its* law, *its* foundation, *its* origin, and *its* order.

Increasingly questionable is today's philosophizing, which is so distant from the simple vigor of the original questioning of the Greeks, who, precisely in the course of such a questioning struggle, gained for themselves the essence of *that* man (*in solchem Fragen sich das Wesen des Menschen erkämpften*) in which the breadth of the world and the depth of existence are one.

We must first learn to be silent again, and have remained so a long time, in order to discover again the strength and power of language (*die Kraft u. Macht der Sprache*) as well as the criteria for what can and should be said.

I don't believe we'll find ourselves again so long as we keep dogging the "current situation" instead of turning our backs on it in the knowledge that the origin (*Anfang*) of the history of our essential being (*Wesens*) in antiquity has to articulate itself (*sprechen*) in what we ourselves can be as existing beings.

Modern man doesn't know what to do with himself anymore; thus in the end, he believes everything and becomes a fool of fortuitous modernity.— —

I am eagerly awaiting your essay on pedagogical timing (*Takt*). For those of us who educate by discourse alone, it is an important question as to how and to what extent essential matters should be articulated. This semester, I again had the experience which always disturbs me that what is said indirectly is what strikes home with the greatest certainty and that we still underestimate far too much the power of the original (*Vorbild*) and work far too little in the service of genuine training (*Vorbildens*).—

How goes it with the academy in Halle? Has the new instructor from Swabia proven herself?—

All is well with Elfride and the boys, and our home is getting more cozy, lovely, and homey by the year. The same goes for the garden; the spot next to the pear tree where you once rested is more spacious now just as the garden is in its overall layout.

I wish you, dear Elisabeth, a wonderful Christmas and send you heartfelt greetings in lasting friendship.

Yours, Martin

Elfride and the boys send hearty greetings.

## 35

Freiburg, May 25, 1932

Dear Elisabeth!

Your letter tells me that my address on truth has found a receptive ear.

The fact that you draw out the “timing” (“*Takt*”) is not a “digression,” not even when you stress the sense of “activity” in relation to letting-be (*Sein-lassen*). Above all, this belongs in a very profound sense to *philosophical* truth, which is deliberately not mentioned—that letting-be which in a decisive projection (*entscheidenden Entwurf*) forms anew the totality of beings and is in itself the most extreme violence and mastery (*Gewaltsamkeit u. Herrschaft*).

The address arises from this standpoint and provides a view which only penetrates but a short distance of the way. Therefore, much of it is necessarily violent (*gewalttätig*), even down to its linguistic formulation. On the other side, what is essential is connected in the most intimate way (*innersten Zusammenhang*) with the hidden, fundamental intentions (*verborgenen Grundabsichten*) of ancient philosophy. Perhaps one day, when you have the time and the inclination, you may wish to read my winter lecture course (essence of truth), which I have here in typescript.—

I suspect that the question of a "goal" in education is already an impossible question. Your essays on Fröbel have shed more light on the direction you are taking in your inquiries.

I am not aware of any further literature on the theme of your current lecture course. A very useful anthology of Bachofen has been published by Reclam in three volumes: *Primordial Religion and the Symbols of Antiquity*. As you know, much of this is controversial. The methodology is not convincing and applicable in all places—and yet important matters are perceived. The small text edited by Alfred Baeumler entitled *J. J. Bachofen, Autobiography and Inaugural Address on Natural Law* ([in the series] *Philosophy and the Arts*, v. Rothacker, ed.: reprint, volume 5), [Halle:] Niemeyer, 1927, is excellent on *Bachofen himself*.

—The scheduled April meeting of the [Max] Scheler Commission was shifted to the week of Pentecost. It was quite strenuous and I notice I don't have much tolerance for large cities. By the way, do you know [Adhémar] *Gelb*, who currently lectures in "psychology" at Halle—, I think very highly of him and believe he'll one day write the new psychology emerging from the totally changed problematic of the new biology. He was also present in Cologne [at the Scheler Commission].

If you could make it over to Weimar, it would be wonderful for many reasons and a special delight for me. Then we could also discuss plans for summer. I'll be on sabbatical this winter, and I hope the energy keeps up.

With heartfelt greetings in friendship,  
Yours, Martin

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Freiburg, June 22, 1932

Dear Elisabeth!

Thank you for writing that letter.

What I have to say is not meant to justify, but to clarify.

There is no such thing as a "standard" or a "measure" in itself; it is not a separable form for arbitrary content. There are things which just receive another hierarchy. That mode of "politics" discussed so much now among so-called "intellectuals" in a stampede of treatises and ethics is a purely literary concern springing from a liberalism which understands things only insofar as they devolve upon one in the context of "culture" (*Bildung*).

On the other hand, I am far from saying that "politics" and such discourse are in themselves necessarily vacuous (*masslos*) and have no merit (*ohne Rang*).

In those discussions, all basically dealing with Brüning and the Center [Party], party politics seemed to rear its head. But *this* is precisely not the way I see the Center—rather, I see *Rome—Moscow* and—yes, I would indeed say “and”—and the *Greeks*, to whom Nietzsche said the *Germans* alone were equal.

I am not referring to the Center’s politics of the last two years—rather, I meant the Center which I experienced with my own body physically from early childhood in addition to the Roman Catholic Church and its offices, which is something else. It is superfluous to go on about it here. Bismarck wrote about the matter in his thoughts and recollections: “I got the impression that the party-and-parliamentary spirit, *which Providence conferred to the Center instead of the national sensibility as is the case with other peoples*, is stronger than the Pope — —”

Communism, among other things, is perhaps dreadful, but it is straightforward—Jesuitism, however, is—excuse me—a devilish matter.

Think about it: where has the celebrated tolerance led us in relation to the Center? And what has the Center as the cultural power of Catholicism really created in the last decades? Promoted liberalism and general levelling—whether it happens by the *degrading* of standards or—*what is much more dangerous* and consciously managed—by *raising* standards to a certain strictly controlled level of mediocrity.

I know all this puts me in a difficult emotional bind because it sets me back squarely into struggles which are rarely fought out with this kind of rigor.

But all this is not what’s important. I could have brought all this out *in a different way*. And for this reason, dear friend, you are right in the final analysis. I thank you for telling me. Your friendship is all the more real to me.

Next time, something different.

A hearty greeting  
Yours, Martin

Elfride and Hermann are doing well.

I’d like to write a card to your father—but I don’t know his title.

Freiburg, December 19, 1932

Dear Elisabeth!

So you'll be getting ready soon for your trip to Weimar, where you can rest from the undoubtedly strenuous work of the academy. But I also just happen to know where you'll be celebrating Christmas. For the holidays, I'm sending you "just" Greek readings, because I think it could animate the world of the Platonic republic even more for you. Admittedly, it is now the fashion to let loose *against* antiquity by people in fact whose work and inclination deserve every affirmation; I'm thinking of the *Tat* circle. As much as I'd like to, I can't believe in this supposed renewal of Protestantism. And when it comes to the matter of antiquity, these people—almost comically—mistake the later pre-Christian Romanism, which later determined the "world" of the German secondary school, for primordial (*ursprüngliche*) antiquity.

The more vigorously I get into my own work, the more confidently I find myself compelled each time back to the great beginning (*Anfang*) with the Greeks. And often I waver as to whether it isn't more important to give up my own endeavors and act solely on behalf of bringing about the realization that this world isn't there simply to be brought to stand (*blossen Übernahme*), but which stands before us again in its provocative greatness and originality (*Vorbildlichkeit*). And then I remember that this could not be accomplished without the work I'm doing any more than my work could be done without the dialogue with the great masters.

Recently, Kittel sent me his paper on the "academies." I'm not quite through with it yet. Much is more positive and unified than one hitherto perceived. I'm only afraid those in authoritative positions are not capable of thinking and seeing as far ahead as all things in a process of change demand.—

If important faculty matters can be concluded today, I'll go up again [to the hut] tomorrow; Elfride and the boys will then come later. Thank you for your *very fine in memoriam* piece on Maria Keeler.

Greetings in hearty friendship,  
Yours, Martin

Also, a heartfelt Christmas greeting to your father and sister.  
Elfride sends warm regards.

Freiburg, January 19, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

Indeed, I was very delighted at the prospect of your coming, but wasn't "angry" that you didn't come. At most, I should be angry now about your fear that I would respond this way.

There was absolutely no winter of any sort, instead glorious sunshine and for all of us the most restful days, which certainly would have done you some good, but the trip wasn't worth it nor could you have accomplished your objective. Thus, I have slowly detached myself from the pleasure of anticipation. Your lovely Christmas greeting with the beautiful photographs of Greece helped in that regard. My hearty thanks to you for them. The only reason this is a belated thanks is because a great storm came over me these last weeks in which I ventured to set out all sails. In so doing, much of the old rigging *snapped and was torn to shreds*. Patchwork, however, is no longer possible.

The snow conditions are still quite modest—but it's not just that. It's the absence of the *whole* study—the various older manuscripts—that make me prefer residence here below. My study room and the whole house and its peace have *their* strengths, too. Above, it germinates and thrives; here below fall the fruits. But I still need a great deal of sowing and germinating and leave that to the March sun and its storming (*stürmen*). This awaiting (*Warten*) of it, the non-coercion (*das Nichterzwingen*), is awful (*unheimlich*). And that is the truly important gain of these months: the leeway (*Spielraum*) for a working non-doing and letting-come-forth (*ein arbeitendes Nichts-tun u. Ankommenlassen*). Even if it is always there, it does get disturbed by the semester's work and dragged into the necessities of the moment. In addition, there is no time for that *prolonged* doubt (*langen Zweifel*) through which everything must pass, especially what flows (*strömt*) towards me from a strange power (*fremden Macht*).

The ruins of Greek temples and the statues of their gods are like the vestiges and fragments of the old sayings of their philosophers. What if we possessed them and all the rest completely intact? Everything would have long since dissolved into the commonplace and the inane. For us, however, the struggle of appropriation (*der Kampf der Aneignung*) must ignite from what survives and this beginning (*Anfang*)—shrouded in darkness and questions—is what we must carry *over* (*umtragen*) in its complete magnitude and bear it forth into what should become our task (*Auftrag*). Both—beginning and task—correspond to each other and only

those who can span this breadth will be able to work together creatively in this endeavor. Today's modernists, however, have at most the lingering taste of yesterday's flavor in their mouths and can smell the future just about as far as the day after tomorrow. All of this dwarfish stuff will be swept away— —

We didn't receive the picture of Walter Bauer. However, a box of candles did come from some office or other forwarded according to some list of additional names. *Nothing* would have been better. A pity—

The most splendid time for skiing is the end of February and the beginning of March. As you can see, I'd love *to play along* with your plan. The snowbound Black Forest in the late winter is something quite singular and on those occasions, pen and paper take a rest.

In heartfelt friendship,  
Yours, Martin

46

Freiburg, March 30, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

The radiant day on Stübenwasen [where they skied] lies in my memory like a fairy tale. I think of those hours—too brief and too hurried—which we could dedicate to Plato, merely as a beginning. When I can mediate the Greek world that way not for dabbling students and those who surface from time to time, but for you, then my own efforts intensify and find that strong, inner maturity. And moments like these will have to happen again right soon.

For me, the present situation—precisely because much remains dark and unbridled (*umbewältigt*)—has an unusual gathering power (*Kraft*). It heightens the will and the certainty to act in the service of a great task (*Auftrag*) and to participate in the building of a world grounded on the people (*volklich gegründeten Welt*). For quite some time now, the pallor and shadow play of mere “culture” and the unreality of so-called “values” have for me been reduced to naught and caused me to seek the new basis in *Da-sein*. We can discover it, as well as the vocation (*Berufung*) of the Germans, in the history of the West only if we expose ourselves to being itself (*dem Sein selbst*) in a new manner and appropriation (*Aneignung*). In this way, I experience what is presently happening completely from the future. Only thus can a true partaking and that *perdurable abiding* (*Inständigkeit*) grow in our history, which, of course, remains a precondition for genuine action.

On the other hand, what must be tolerated in all calmness is that rash, headlong jumping on the bandwagon to join the latest things which is mushrooming everywhere: that way of gluing oneself to the immediacy of the foreground which now suddenly takes each and every thing “politically” without bearing in mind that that can only remain *one* path of the first revolution (ein *Weg der ersten Revolution*). Admittedly, it has become and can be for many one path of first awakening (*ersten Erweckung*)—provided that we are resolved to prepare ourselves for a second, deeper one. The confrontation with “Marxism” and the “Center” will literally make no headway if it doesn’t mature into a confrontation with the adversarial spirit of the communist world and no less with the dying spirit of Christianity. Otherwise, everything remains one big accident burdened with the danger that we will enter a period—with the corresponding modifications, naturally—like the one demarcated by the years 1871-1900. Such fears, though, should not allow us presently to diminish the force of what is happening nor should we see it already as an assurance that our people (*Volk*) have already comprehended their hidden task—in which we believe—and have found the ultimate operative powers for their new course.

In Frankfurt, I could at first act only in a *preventative* capacity—in relation to the publication of a cultural-political program composed by Krieck which, in terms of its sentiment, was guided by some genuine impulses, but, on the whole, was thoroughly second-rate. Not in the sense that I’m placing any value on past “spirituality” and “cultivation”—in spite of all the masterful command of today’s phraseology, there is a lack of any knowledge about the actual magnitude and difficulty of the problem. I spoke to Krieck only fleetingly. He will never be able to overcome the reactionary feeling of the small man who has worked his way up and thus burdens his work with constraint (*Unfreiheit*)—in spite of this—I believe—his seriousness and his character and his experience will be of some consequence. In any case, I would set greater store by him than by the tightrope-walking opportunism of [Eduard] Spranger.—

No one knows what will happen to the universities—in any case, not those who will be affected. Unlike the bozos who a few weeks ago still described Hitler’s work as “hard-boiled nonsense” and now tremble over their salaries and benefits, the sensible ones must admit that there isn’t much to ruin. Because there really isn’t anything left; for a long time already, the university has not really been an effectively active or leading world gathered in itself. A constraint (*Zwang*) towards reflection—even if misconceptions creep in—can only be a blessing. The cry, “science in danger,” which is indeed heard—albeit only in private—is precisely the same kind of hypocrisy as the usual cry, “religion in danger,” from the Center the moment its political power is threatened.—

The days spent with Jaspers were very important to me. I saw that one can write about “the spiritual situation of the age” without being affected by what is really happening—or even know about it.

Even though there is less than a ten-year differential between us, we belong to different generations; Jaspers’ world belongs to that generation which didn’t include the Greeks—which, in my estimation, is equivalent to a catastrophe, given the the present world-moment (*Weltaugenblick*) of Western events.

But the human merit and the clearness of his intent again counterbalance these deficiencies which cause our philosophical opposition.

I’m glad you aren’t letting your experience and your knowledge lie fallow at present and are taking part in shaping the future of the German woman and in overcoming the distress of the children of an unemployed people.

In my opinion, the first thing that concerns the university is to gather the rising and younger generations together in the will to an actual educational community for whom the world destiny of our people (*das Weltschicksal unseres Volkes*) will become an innermost need (*Not*) and a most far-ranging task. Where that exists in a living sense, there springs forth not only the right, but also the responsibility to draw oneself back into the solitude of one’s own most difficult work, so that one can intervene in one’s time.

I hope, dear Elisabeth, you weren’t all that serious about your begging off our correspondence because of its “intensity.”

Greetings in heartfelt friendship,  
Yours, Martin

47

Freiburg, April 12, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

I send you the heartiest best wishes on your birthday. [St. Augustine’s] *Confessions* are, I think, most fitting on this day, and I wish you an abundant and lasting harvest from this great book as well as the strength of existence which flows (*verströmt*) through it in a truly inexhaustible way.

Again and again, I have found that the most fruitful reading is to begin with Book 10 in conjunction with 11—and only then turn to the “biographical material,” if it can even be called such. In addition, you’ll need the Latin text simply because of the wonderful Latin—which will always

defy translation. For the best reading, use the text given in the large Maurin edition—only in this way does the whole tuning of the mood (*Stimmung*) unfold.

Although many people are officiously scurrying around and about, it is not at all clear what will happen to the universities. Apparently, all those strengths which, on the one hand, are the bearers of the great spiritual (*geistigen*) traditions and on the other, those which have the will equal to the task of shaping the “*Reich*” and its spiritual world, are kept at arm’s length. Although a warranted mistrust of the universities, where a great deal of reaction is breaking out just now, compels one to such an attitude, nevertheless it must not lead to the opposite mistake of handing over the problems only to Party members.

The only—“the most vital”—(an exact quote!) question which fellow faculty members discuss is—the question of salary.

But even the more active ones think exclusively and for the most part only in organizational questions and don’t concern themselves with the important work of an internal reconstruction (*innern Aufbau*) of the university from which alone a spiritual (*geistige*) world can arise again and through which a whole people (*Volk*) can grow together.

Yesterday on the first collapsible boat trip of the year, we sailed along the Kaiserstuhl past blossoming trees in marvelous spring weather. Zähringen and Herdern are now one huge, blooming garden. We’re planning on going to the hut for Easter.

Hearty greetings to you, dear Elisabeth,  
in sincere friendship,  
Yours, Martin

Please also say hello to your father and your sister.

I think of you with loving thoughts and good wishes.  
Yours, Elfride

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The hut, August 30, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

The detour was not what detained me—although I was summoned by express letter to come to the ministry in Karlsruhe, where the new constitution of the universities was to be thoroughly discussed once again. According to that [the new constitution], rector and deans have complete power of authority and even greater responsibility—but the most

crucial thing in all this is the present lack of people—; without them, the new constitution will turn into an ominous “instrument” (*vorhängnisvollen “Instrument”*).

Everything depends on the education of the university instructors—they as primary educators must educate themselves first and find a secure and stable form for it. Otherwise, the whole thing could suffocate from sheer organization.

I have not written anything about Berlin because there was nothing more to learn through Baeumler and because I still have not advanced far enough. They are very suspicious, and there are also intrigues.

It is possible that I will have to go back to Berlin in the next weeks, and then I will make a direct attempt.

I think of you a great deal and am now particularly sad in retrospect that the matter in Karlsruhe deprived me of the stopover in Lippoldsberg [where Elisabeth was staying].

But hopefully you will soon be using our collapsible sail boat. Unfortunately, the trip with Jörg [Heidegger’s older son] didn’t work out. On the second day, he got extremely tired and on the fourth day in Donauwörth, we called off the trip. It turned out that he had caught a severe infection—evident already on the train trip—which struck the heart and kidneys. The poor fellow has been laid up the whole time since and is recovering only slowly. I myself now have only three days to spend at the hut—Elfride is below with Jörg. Miss Sattler looks after me here. It is splendid up here, and I was just right at the point of getting into serious work—but then rectorial duties called me below. I am still hoping for one or two weeks in September.

Write to me as soon as you get to Frankfurt—it isn’t that far after all from there to Freiburg and to the hut. In addition to the many current ones, I’m still looking in vain for a position for [Werner] Brock—; what is apparent here is the immediate uselessness of philosophy.

I have as yet no replacement for him and want to take my time in making up my mind.

I am so glad to hear that Nohl will be back at work again this winter. Much will have to be decided this winter concerning the German university, above all whether or not the student body will be successful in gaining a share of the power educationally and spiritually—instead of always just blindly affirming whatever happens to be on their minds.

If the faculty were stronger and more sensible and didn’t dawdle incessantly in mere considerations and apprehensions, we would be much further along by now. But this failure indeed simply demonstrates that real spiritual (*geistige*) and educational motives and criteria have been missing for a long time and that complacent self-satisfaction over their presumable indispensability paralyzes every deliberation. This,

then, becomes a welcome opportunity for those who didn't make the grade and those who are disinherited—both of whom are increasing everywhere. But I will not let up in this struggle (*Kampf*)—because this time, everything is at stake.

In grateful recollection of the moments in front of the Athena in Frankfurt.

Hearty greetings,  
Yours, Martin

61

Messkirch, September 19, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

I am here on home ground for several days to reflect and come to a decision.

Elfride sent me your letter, and I wrote immediately [to Zunkel, the new head of the pedagogical academy]. The most painful thing for me is that I can no longer do anything to help [to keep Elisabeth's teaching position].

Since in Berlin itself I, too, have not gained any ground, that is, they didn't call on me, but allowed me to parley with a senior bureaucrat by the name of Achelis who made a good impression. I didn't manage to *request* an "audience," since clearly it is they who want something from *me*. They want me to "lead" the Prussian faculty—teaching in Berlin is an incidental matter. I immediately pointed out that there was no possibility of leadership in this case and that I also wasn't sure whether the whole thing even had a higher purpose behind it. I then proposed my plan for a faculty academy, which met with assent—but not with truly active agreement. Above all, the work is restricted to Prussia and thus also limited with respect to the recruitment of suitable teachers. In Berlin—at the university—I would have no position at all and would have no time or power to create one for myself. The whole thing would be groundless. I felt relieved once I was outside of Berlin again.

Meanwhile Munich is nagging me; a professorship is open there. It supposedly has the advantage of an influential sphere of activity and wouldn't be as remote as Freiburg is today. The possibility of approaching Hitler and the like; of course, there is also the disadvantage that the University of Munich is dead. But which university isn't? And probably they will all have to die—insofar as they still cling to life. Thus, it is also dubious to me whether it was worth the several years of work in

Freiburg on account of the new constitution. Perhaps the direct approach to the youth is the most worthwhile course. On the other hand, if I step down, everything will collapse in Freiburg—I am still undecided and only know one thing, that we are preparing for great spiritual changes (*geistige Wandlungen*), that is, we must help lead forth these changes. But where to get the people.

Presently I am very distant from my own real work, which is certainly the most impersonal, although I sense every day how the daily activity is nourished from it and is compelled towards it.

These are the first free days I have had since the aborted trip with the collapsible boat and my short stay at the hut.

It would have been lovely if we could have seen each other. If circumstances allow, I still want to go to the hut for a short period in the next few days in order to mentally gather myself somewhat for the winter semester. As soon as I make a decision, I will write to you.

In heartfelt thoughts of you,  
Yours, Martin

Please keep these matters confidential.

64

Freiburg, October 16, 1933

Dear Elisabeth!

I am writing you on the train on my way to Munich, where I'll be "negotiating" about my appointment there; that is, I'll do just as little of it there as I did in Berlin; this trip and the whole kit and caboodle have become a matter of complete indifference to me.

I'm *not* going to Berlin—because I don't see any *basis* for real work; they understood that there; on the other hand, my old plan—a university for instructors—has *great prospects there* (confidentially speaking!). I'm giving you all this just briefly and superficially.

I am very upset (*betroffen*) about the whole development of your circumstance and yet I still do not want to give up hope completely; in "Berlin," I'll slowly entrench myself more and more—unless one suddenly finds oneself outside the door by some interference or other.

I have the impression that the followers of Nohl will now have to pay the price, since they can't get at Nohl. But it's difficult to see through the matter clearly.—I don't know if it's in your best advantage to think immediately of looking outside of Germany [for work]. Indeed, your

whole case is such that I still hope for *possible* alternatives inside the country.

It goes without saying that you have my complete assistance. If it ever came to a question of England, and it would be certainly the most suitable choice, then you must—according to my experience—appear there in *person* as soon as possible and make inquiries—with the necessary papers, of course.

The best thing is to try both at the same time—here at home and in England.

It is important that you write me explicitly and in detail all your competencies and how they can be used; that is much more important to the English—for immediate decisions—than the “personality.” I experienced that in Brock’s case, where my letter of recommendation evidently shifted the consideration—for England—to the wrong side.

I’ll be back Wednesday—but then still have to go to a camp in Darmstadt. But whatever the case may be, whether I have “time” or not—I’ll work on *your* case *no matter what*.

I’ve had vacation now a few days—but I feel in excellent shape—despite all the strain.

Eight days ago I had the first camp in Todtnauberg—I learned a *great deal*—halfway through the camp, I had to let go 20 people—who weren’t suited for it. Such a camp is an *important* test—for all—and dangerous—.

In the beginning, there was intense resistance against me—by students from other universities—in the end, I won them all.

I want very much—dear Elisabeth—to see and speak to you soon. *I am completely at your disposal at all times and for all your wishes and needs.*

In heartfelt friendship,  
Yours, Martin

[Heidegger’s letters after this date until December 21, 1934 are missing.]