

63 Grosvenor Road

1.

Liverpool.

Nov. 8th.

Dear Harvard,

Thanks very much for your letter. You must think me very rude for not answering till now; as indeed I am, but only per accidens. Idleness is the root of the evil. But however that may be, I don't think I am really to be congratulated (except on my good luck - but that need be to congratulate the Assessor, not me); it is rather the other candidates who are to be commiserated for not doing justice to themselves. My belief is that they all overworked just before the exam, whereas I was in Germany, and couldn't. And two of the best men failed to go in at the last moment. Decidedly it is the Assessor who is to be congratulated.

How very lucky you are to be in the fair city of Cambridge. In everything except philosophy it is a wholly admirable place, to my mind, and far more alive and vigorous than poor Oxford. This is no doubt because she is jammed, as the prophet said, upon the everlasting hills - meaning of course the laws of mathematical physics. They are good foundations, after all. And it must be delightful to an economist to live



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in the same college as Mr. Keynes (can you understand his books on Probability?) How long are you going to remain there? If you have the chance, get someone to take you to the Physiological Lab. There is a large glass box there, in which some unfortunate man was imprisoned for several days, with the object of discovering whether the heat-energy expended by him during that time was equivalent to the heat-energy of the food consumed during the same time. They found that it was, and some think that this ~~disproves~~ is a proof of psycho-physical parallelism, or so I was assured, though Jack Haldane denied it. There is also a Psychological Lab, containing many wonders; and there the mind is measured, so they say. I hope you go to such places. And I hope also that you go for walks in the country round, which is very pleasant. I can cordially recommend the walk from Cambridge to Foulmire (10 miles) and thence to Royston (5 or so more) also from Royston to Duxford, on the G.E.R. I can recommend them because I have often done them myself, having been stationed near Foulmire for a long time when I was in the R.A.F. (I wish I were there now!) But most people think that



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Notes on the book
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The country round Camb. is dull and flat. Do not be deceived by them. even the fens, which are flat, have a great charm of their own. Though it only reveals itself fully when you fly over them continually. You shd. also go to Ely, Huntingdon, and St. Ives.

The last is the home of Cromwell, who ought to be one of the patron saints of Liberalism (I don't know whether he is). There is a very ugly statue of him in the market-place, with a sword in one hand, and a Bible in the other. However it is a pleasant little town. The upper half of the church-spire there was knocked off by a friend of mine, who in some mysterious way flew into it and killed himself. poor fellow.

But I must not wander from the point, which is, that I sincerely hope you may manage to wake the Mental & Moral Sciences (this (!)) from its dogmatic or mathematical slumber. However, you have a friend within the gate, viz. James Ward, who has even tried to introduce the subject of experience into Psychology (I assume that you are defending the subject). Has it occurred to you, by the way, that in so far as we are reasonable beings aware of an objective world, our actions are not wholly determined by our character. To say they are, is like saying that in following an argument the sequence of our thoughts is determined by mere

association, whereas really it is determined by the object ~~to~~ which we are apprehending - viz. the orderly array of facts constituting the argument. Such objective determinism I expect is what we ordinarily call "freedom" and it is freedom of a kind, namely freedom from determination by our own character. A perfectly intelligent being would be guided in all his actions by his knowledge of the Nature of Things; hence he would be perfectly "free": perfectly happy, and (I think) perfectly good. But I expect this is really nonsense: or else it is ^{more} common place.

When will you be coming back to Oxford, I wonder? I expect to settle myself in St. Mary's next year, and stay here till then; but they will perhaps make me slide in the vac. this year too, which is a nuisance. So far I have spent two nights there and no more. They seemed quite nice, but one still feels a stranger. As for the barbarous north, I am liking it very well. It is quite fun lecturing on Psychology, and moreover one gets a chance of seeing something of the elementary schools (where we students go to practise) as it were from the inside. The average size of a class is 60! Is it atrocious! Yet the children do learn something. I commend these facts to the notice of the Liberal party. The Labour people are apparently so stupid that they haven't noticed them. How can one teach 60 children at once? and sometimes there are

Two classes of 60 in one large room. It is really monstrous. Our students are very nice people on the whole, both men & women, but shy and rather hard to know. Most of them have done science, some English literature. I found one who had heard of Berkeley, which encouraged me. There is a philosophy school of course (Hill is here) but they don't get many pupils. On the other hand we have a Reader in Reinforced Concrete, and a Professor of Cold Storage! In any way, it is a pleasant and interesting place. But it is remarkable how the "student" differs from the undergraduate (I noticed the same at Heidelberg and in Austria). The difference perhaps is that he doesn't feel himself to be a member of a ruling oligarchy, whereas the undergraduate does. If undergraduates ever become mere students the collapse of our civilization is at hand. One hopes they never will.

As to writing, remember the opinion of the great Locke-Wilson himself. He thought it presumptuous for young men to write ~~about~~ on philosophy. So Richard tells us in his article on him (why not refer Keynes to that?). But if we are to disregard this, let me remind you that of philosophical economists, too, something is expected. They are not common, surely, and when they exist

The world demands that they write - not only on economics
but upon allgemeine Welttheorie (if that is it) and on logic too. So
you see there is plenty of work waiting for you. And I am sure
there is plenty of subjective Idealist economics to be destroyed; I
aspirit Major Douglas of it, for instance. You must not neglect
your duty. For myself, if I ever have the time and the money,
I propose to write three works; 1. on the theory of knowledge;
2. on the theory and practical performances of model gliders; and
3. on the ultimate nature of Ours, and their place in the economy of
the Universe. I think that will be enough.

I must really apologise for this letter. Mere association, not
intelligence, has guided my pen: it is a string of ravens on
paper, not a letter at all. However, this is the end of it.

Thanks again for your letter and your congratulations. I
hope you will write another some time, if you should
ever feel like it. Meanwhile, I trust that you are
enjoying Cambridge, and pursuing yourself.

Yours ever,

H. H. Price.