

# Prologue: in search of Namier

Few historians in twentieth-century Britain were as well known in their own lifetime as Sir Lewis Namier. Acclaimed in the decade after the Second World War as ‘England’s greatest historian’, Namier produced books and essays that were genuinely original and highly influential – most famously on English politics in the 1760s, but also ranging across the history of Europe in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. More than fifty years after his death in 1960 he can still be read for pleasure and profit. While works produced by his contemporaries often seem museum pieces, his writing retains sharpness and immediacy. Its epigrammatic style continues to draw admiration, sometimes from unlikely quarters.<sup>1</sup> He also gave a new word to the English language: to Namierise, usually defined as the study of institutions through the collective biography – or prosopography – of their members.

Today Namier is not only synonymous with a particular historical technique, but also with a way of understanding the world: a belief that the things that matter in society are the thoughts and actions of elites rather than the views of the population at large, and a view of politics in which issues are essentially unimportant, principles are a cloak for self-interest, and those who enter public life do so in pursuit of personal and material advantage. This is an exaggeration, if not entirely a distortion, of Namier’s view of the nature of human psychology and human relations, but it has attained such a broad acceptance as to make him a hero to social and political conservatives, and almost a demonic figure to those on the left, like former Prime Minister Gordon Brown, who came close to ascribing the decline in the concept of public service in the Britain of Margaret Thatcher to the pernicious influence of the ‘Namier school of history, which suggests that everything is less to do with ideas and popular concerns than with the manoeuvrings of elites’.<sup>2</sup>

Equally, Namier remains a controversial figure among academic historians, perhaps more often denigrated than praised, but still regarded as a Goliath who has to be toppled. In particular, to the practitioners of the history of political thought he stands

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as an arch-enemy: the man who supposedly declared that in political discourse any reference to ideas was 'flapdoodle'.<sup>3</sup> For those who study politics in action, he is identified with an approach now generally regarded as rather too restrictive in scope. The emphasis in his work on Parliament and its membership is easy to characterise as elitist, and out of kilter with the political culture of modern mass democracy. Since Namier's death much greater attention has been paid by English historians to 'public opinion', even in those middle decades of the eighteenth century which constituted his own precisely mapped domain. Nevertheless, his technique is still productive: historians of political institutions continue to make use of collective biography, and not just in the ongoing History of Parliament project, which embodies the 'Namier method', and with which he was closely associated.

For all that Namier's published output, in books, essays and reviews, was vast and varied, his impact revolutionary and his influence long-lasting, his life encompassed a great deal more than research and writing about the past, and was lived vigorously in the world of 'public affairs', beyond libraries, record offices and country-house muniment rooms. His time in the Foreign Office during the First World War and the ensuing peace conference; his work, formal and informal, in the 1930s and 1940s for the Zionist Organisation and for Jewish refugees from Nazi tyranny; his role as a public intellectual in post-war Britain: all placed him at the heart of the great and terrible events of the first half of the twentieth century, events which were for him, as an East European Jew, especially terrible.

Despite the accolades, the social advancement, the official recognition marked by his knighthood, Namier remained an outsider. Born into a family of conforming Jews in late nineteenth-century Poland, he grew up with no religion and rejected the national identity his parents assumed. He was brought up to regard himself as neither Pole nor Jew; and although he became a naturalised British subject, idealised the British aristocracy and the British empire, and did his best to integrate into British society, he was always regarded as an exotic in his adopted land. There was good reason for this. For most of his life he seems almost deliberately to have put himself at odds with established authority in whatever form he encountered it, whether as a civil servant, a political activist or a historian. The outcome was not what he wanted, but it was not something he could help. One writer described him as 'English history's towering outsider'; another summarised his life as 'the waving of a rolled umbrella for taxis that did not stop. A scholar trying to be a gentleman, an expatriate trying to be English, a misfit rebel trying to be a Tory.'<sup>4</sup>

For over forty-five years no attempt has been made to write a biography of this formidable and extraordinary man. There have been detailed studies of certain aspects of his career,<sup>5</sup> but no comprehensive account of his life and work to supersede the

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intimate account provided in his widow Julia's extended biography, written and published in the decade after his death. Even Professor Linda Colley's stimulating short study of Namier the historian, which appeared in 1989, depended heavily on Julia Namier's book for facts about Namier's life.

Julia provided a detailed portrait of the man whom she had come to know better than anyone else, full of personal information, extending to the minutiae of daily life, and written with considerable literary flair. But for all the praise lavished on the book when it was published, not all Namier's friends were convinced by the picture presented in this official biography. Most obviously, there was no attempt to assess his stature as a historian, a task for which Lady Namier felt unqualified and decided to 'leave to experts'.<sup>6</sup> Other equally important aspects of his life were elided, especially in relation to his family background in Russian and Austrian Poland, while others were given a particular spin, either Namier's own or Julia's. The devotional (almost hagiographical) nature of the work made some readers uneasy, as well as the fact that Namier himself had originated much of the detail about his personal history before their marriage in 1947.<sup>7</sup> As Lady Namier acknowledged, the source material for his childhood and adolescence was predominantly 'my notes of L[ewis]'s recollections'.<sup>8</sup> In many important respects, her book was a ventriloquised autobiography.

It was Namier's choice that Julia should write the story of his life, and the decision can be dated precisely. In February 1955, Namier was sitting alongside his wife in a shelter on the promenade at Bognor Regis, where they had gone for some sea air in order to recover from persistent chest colds.<sup>9</sup> Each was susceptible to respiratory infections, Namier because of botched nasal surgery as a child. The misery of ill health, exacerbated by the weather, seems to have made him unusually morose. According to Julia he 'began to elaborate his opinion on a biographer's moral obligations':

If I survived him, I should let no self-important biographer get hold of those scraps of information about him that only I had. There could be no preventing an enthusiastic distorter or misinterpreter from saying what amused him or writing what he thought profitable. Against exploitation by that crew I should be on guard, bearing in mind that solid facts, when wrongly grouped, could bolster up untruth. A smear cleverly coiled round correct facts makes of the combination a heinous lie. An honest biographer should above all serve the truth hidden in his subject's unobtrusive self. Lacking empathic insight into it, a writer should keep his own impressions if any, to thumbnail sketches, and to a straight chronicling of verified activities.<sup>10</sup>

Reading these words, anyone contemplating writing Namier's life must feel a freezing breath not unlike the sea mists of Bognor in February.

Although his own approach to the study of the past was primarily through the lives of individuals, Namier was always acerbic in his comments about biographers.

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As early as the 1920s he observed that ‘the heroes of biography are often approached in a sceptical, would-be humorous, depreciatory manner, and this is the main tangible expression of the doubt which besets the writers as to whether these men truly deserve the prominence they receive’.<sup>11</sup> But as Lady Namier noted, his seaside ruminations were the product of a particular cause célèbre, the acceptance by the London publisher Collins of Richard Aldington’s hostile biography of T. E. Lawrence.<sup>12</sup> Namier had enjoyed a close friendship with Lawrence in the 1920s and, though not blind to Lawrence’s faults, cherished his memory: one of the pictures adorning the flat in which the Namiers lived was a print of Eric Kennington’s ‘ghost portrait’ of ‘T.E.’, the original of which was painted in 1920, when Namier’s friendship with Lawrence was being rekindled.<sup>13</sup> Aldington’s manuscript denounced the hero of Arabia as a liar and a charlatan, and for good measure scratched over the ashes of his private life.<sup>14</sup> Namier did not need convincing that Aldington had provided an object lesson in the perennial failings of the biographer. Namier himself had been approached by the family to write an authorised life of Lawrence but had been too busy to undertake it, and was also rather nervous about the task, for he had once been the unwilling recipient of a confession as to T. E.’s ‘real predicament’, the detail of which he never disclosed, but which would have made the task of writing the biography a delicate matter.<sup>15</sup>

Lawrence’s youngest brother, Arnold, sought to mobilise friends to prevent Aldington’s work from seeing the light of day. Namier did what he could in letters to the publisher, and managed to impose last-minute changes to the manuscript.<sup>16</sup> He was naturally concerned lest something similar happen to him. There were skeletons in his closet which might have been held up to the public’s gaze: his father’s gambling; his own disinheritance; his disastrous first marriage, which collapsed into a humiliating separation after his wife left him for another man; his protracted love affair with his sister’s friend Marie Beer, who ended her days in a mental hospital; a long-term, and essentially casual, sexual liaison with a woman whose identity Julia hid under a pseudonym. All these a muck-raker could exploit in order to destroy Namier’s reputation.

And so Namier spent long evenings in their flat in Shepherd’s Bush regaling Julia with monologues about his early life. Later, when she had written her book, Julia suffered the disturbing experience of discovering that the husband who had been so rigorous in his determination to discover historical truth and expose error, and who seemed incapable of obfuscation or calculated mendacity in his daily life, had told her tales which were at odds with the recollections of those who had known him. Namier’s friend and ‘co-worker’ in eighteenth-century history, Lucy Sutherland, informed Julia politely that her husband’s account of a seminar in Oxford at which

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he said he had been the subject of 'harsh abuse' was overblown.<sup>17</sup> More worryingly, after the book appeared, a surviving cousin cast doubt on the depiction of Namier's parents. Far from being the dominant partner, as Lewis had always insisted, his father was deemed to be 'a useless waste' and 'a bore'.<sup>18</sup>

For all his prodigious intellectual gifts, Namier possessed a memory which was no less fallible than anyone else's. He told and re-told stories about his life, which acquired a patina in repetition. Many dealt with the process by which he came to realise the importance of his Jewish heritage. They usually involved memorable encounters with individuals, such as the Scotsman with whom he conversed on a train to Edinburgh and who, as the train was finally pulling into Waverley Station, observed, 'You are the first Jew I ever liked.' Namier was sufficiently pleased with his riposte – 'Would it interest you to know whether I like Scotsmen ... then why do you expect me to be interested in what you feel about Jews?' – to put it into print and repeat it verbatim a decade later in a letter to the military historian Basil Liddell Hart.<sup>19</sup> The effect of recalling events from his own past, again and again, was heightened by his experience of psychoanalysis, which began in the early 1920s in Vienna, was resumed in the mid-1930s and continued until about 1942, when he gave it up.<sup>20</sup> It is tempting to ascribe his fixation with his difficult relationship to his father to the influence of this constant self-scrutiny. As Julia herself wrote, 'L[ewis]'s active interest in psycho-analysis ... had not only pushed back his childhood memories to the age of about two; it had entwined all his memories with a caustic self-analysis.'<sup>21</sup> And perhaps invested certain events with an importance they may not have possessed at the time, or glossed them in a way that was as much constructed as remembered.

Julia also brought her own perspective to the evidence her husband bequeathed her. As Lucy Sutherland confided to a friend, everything Julia wrote was 'heightened by her sympathies'; 'the whole work ... is so clearly that of a devoted widow, and so many ... incidents are palpably the reverse of objective'.<sup>22</sup> Julia's own Christian beliefs informed her account of her husband's life, which she depicted as a slow and erratic journey towards God.<sup>23</sup> In order to make her case she leapt upon any element of religious experience to be found in an existence that appears generally devoid of it: she highlighted visits paid by Namier as a boy to local churches, in the company of a female servant, and, later, his occasional comments of sympathetic appreciation of the importance of his wife's religious observances.<sup>24</sup> The very last paragraph of the book reported an incident after his death in which she had found herself, as she thought, 'blindly doodling' on a writing pad while half-asleep, in a kind of 'automatic writing', only to discover what appeared to be a message from her husband from beyond the grave.<sup>25</sup> This was evidently one of several 'communications' that she received from Namier in the next world, reports of which made even her Orthodox

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spiritual adviser uneasy.<sup>26</sup> This aspect of her portrayal of her husband made no sense to old friends like Lucy Sutherland, who recalled a remark of Namier's to a mutual acquaintance that 'Julia is a mystic; I am not', or Isaiah Berlin, who remembered Namier as resolutely irreligious and 'a ferocious anticlerical', and implied that the picture Lady Namier had drawn was evidence of no more than an intensely uxorious man humouring his wife.<sup>27</sup>

Lady Namier's biography concentrated on the inner life of her subject: his character, his development as an individual, his struggles, and the complexity of his personal relationships. In doing so, she exposed all the lurking scandals that a prurient biographer would have seized upon, presumably to ensure that an authorised version of these events was established. In fact, she went further, and recounted highly sensitive episodes known only to herself – volcanic rages and melodramatic posturing – which Namier would have been mortally embarrassed to see in print. At the same time, she included relatively little about aspects of his life which outside observers would have thought important. Besides saying almost nothing about his writing, she made no attempt to assess his contribution to public affairs. His time in the civil service in 1915–20 was discussed only in relation to his state of mind, friendships with colleagues and conflicts with 'intriguers' (his favourite word for personal enemies). Although Julia did prepare a lengthy account of Namier's contribution to the Zionist movement, intending to publish it separately, this element of his story was also abbreviated in the biography.<sup>28</sup> What is particularly telling is that two-thirds of the volume have passed before she reaches the turning point in Namier's life, in 1929, when his first major book was published, and he was appointed political secretary of the Zionist Organisation, bringing him back into the corridors of power and marking the real beginning of his work for the Zionist cause.

Many of these problems were immediately visible on publication. Nonetheless, as one would-be biographer conceded, the grand scope of the work, its apparently comprehensive treatment of its subject's private life, and the privileged position from which it was written, effectively deterred others from travelling the same road.<sup>29</sup> It was feasible to tackle specific aspects of Namier's career and achievements to which Julia had herself paid scant attention, to do justice to his history, for example, or to his Zionist agitation, but not worthwhile to try to do the job again.

Perhaps the greatest inhibiting factor was that the surviving documentary record of Namier's life seemed to be relatively thin, and to offer no very attractive prospect: a matter of gleaning scattered references rather than harvesting an abundant crop. But in fact this turns out not to be the case. Despite the fact that some of the documents which Julia used have been destroyed or lost, enough remains to enable a biography to be written that does not – as indeed it cannot – depend on personal knowledge

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or on Namier's own recollections: his own archive, which, although dispersed is still very substantial, the memoranda he wrote for the Foreign Office and for the Zionists, and his published work, especially his journalism, which the wonders of digitisation enable us to recover with relative ease.

Namier's personal papers suffered periodic ravages. He himself burned some in 1940, when a Nazi invasion seemed imminent.<sup>30</sup> When he died in August 1960 he left a confused heap of documents in the bedroom which he used as a study. Things were 'incredibly jumbled'.<sup>31</sup> With the assistance of John Brooke, Namier's chief assistant on the History of Parliament, Julia managed to sort them.<sup>32</sup> Brooke, who was responsible for seeing through to publication Namier's section of the History, was then given papers relating to Namier's historical work, including notebooks and drafts. The rest, together with Lady Namier's own notes of conversations with Namier about his life, and additional items gathered from friends, relations and institutions, would serve as her source material.

When Julia finished her book she destroyed some papers, especially her own letters, which she felt were too intimate to be read by anyone else.<sup>33</sup> She entrusted the remainder to Brooke, with the exception of documents relating to work for the Zionist cause, which went to the Central Zionist Archives in Jerusalem. He gave some of the papers he had received to the Lewis Walpole Library in Farmington, Connecticut, which preserves the archive of Namier's friend Wilmarth ('Lefty') Lewis, the editor of Horace Walpole's correspondence. The notes Julia had made remained in her possession. They were consulted by Professor Norman Rose when he was preparing his study of *Namier and Zionism* (1980), and after Julia's death in 1977 they passed, with her other papers, to her literary executor, Constance Babington Smith, a journalist (and wartime aircraft intelligence analyst), who had become friendly with Julia after converting to the Orthodox Church, and eventually wrote her biography. Miss Babington Smith (who herself died in 2000) was able to make them available to Professor Colley. Subsequently, they passed through the Babington Smith family and eventually fetched up at the House of St Gregory and St Macrina, an Orthodox foundation in north Oxford, where I was given permission to consult them. While there is much in the collection that is of value for understanding Lewis and Julia Namier and their life together, Julia's notes for the biography seem to have disappeared along the way.

That was the state of play when Professor Colley published her book on Namier in 1989. Since then Brooke's collection has been purchased by the John Rylands Library at Manchester University, where it has been sorted and catalogued. There was also one more set of Namier papers, which Professor Colley was told could not be found, but which has since come to light: letters that were in his office in the History of

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Parliament when he died. They remained with the History during the time that Julia was writing her biography, since she was uninterested in the practicalities of her husband's research. The archive has now been arranged and listed: there are twenty boxes, some letters from as far back as the 1930s. Taken together with the papers in Manchester, Oxford and Jerusalem they make up as extensive a collection as exists for any twentieth-century historian. And this can be supplemented by letters in a vast range of other locations: the archives of friends and enemies, associates in the Zionist Organisation, and fellow historians. The most important body of material is probably the mountain of memoranda, notes and commentaries Namier made on Polish, Czech and Austrian affairs while working for the British government during 1915–20, which are preserved in The National Archives at Kew. There are also good runs of Namier correspondence in 'Lefty' Lewis's collection at Farmington, in the papers of Basil Liddell Hart at King's College, London, and in the *Manchester Guardian* archive, also at Rylands.

Namier did not approach letter-writing as a literary exercise.<sup>34</sup> Although he corresponded at length with some close friends, discussing historical questions or public affairs, the majority of his letters were brief and businesslike, especially from the mid-1920s onwards, when he found it increasingly difficult to use his right hand and depended on a secretary to type for him. But even in his more expansive communications he tended to say little about himself, seldom divulged his inner feelings and hardly ever gossiped. He regarded his time as too important to waste on trivialities. On the other hand, Namier was also a person about whom others always had a great deal to say, whether for good or ill, and some of the most interesting survivals in the contemporary record are comments about him.

Namier's published writings, of which there is a huge corpus, also reveal his personality and feelings as well as his ideas. Throughout his adult life he was a prolific contributor to newspapers, magazines and journals. Some of his articles and book reviews were collected into volumes, published at first by Macmillan and subsequently by Hamish Hamilton. But this was only the visible part of the iceberg; numerous short pieces, especially his reviews, have never been reprinted and, indeed they were not known to Lady Namier, who made efforts to track down fugitive items in the *Manchester Guardian* and in *The Nation* but seems to have been discouraged by the difficulties posed by their incomplete files.<sup>35</sup> In the internet age, however, the construction and publication of digitised and machine-searchable editions has transformed newspaper and journal research, to the extent that even anonymous reviews in the *Times Literary Supplement* can be identified and retrieved without leaving one's desk.<sup>36</sup>

In print, Namier opened his mind to his reader: he did not disguise or dissemble. It was not in his nature to wrap things up, even to spare the feelings of friends, but



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always to tell the truth as he saw it. This could be a painful experience for those at the receiving end. Even if he were trying to write a favourable review, to ‘puff’ a book, he could not fail to point errors of fact or faults in construction, as at different times writers as diverse as J. H. Plumb, Alan (A. J. P.) Taylor and Rebecca West discovered. Nowadays this relentless candour might be considered as an indication of some minor psychological disorder, but it is extremely helpful as far as his biography is concerned. In his writing he made no effort to hide his prejudices, most notoriously his visceral Germanophobia, to which he not only gave full rein but also sought at different times to explain and justify. Nor did he omit reference to his own personal circumstances, where he considered that this would be relevant to understanding his arguments. As a result, and unlike some of those with whom he crossed swords in print, his published writings are direct, uncontrived and offer another window into his character and experiences.

What follows is an attempt to make sense of Namier’s difficult and, in some respects, obsessive personality, and his long and complicated life in all its aspects, largely by means of surviving written sources. I have sought to explain his ideas about history and politics by setting their development in the context of his biography, without which their development cannot be properly understood. In pursuit of this aim, I have opted for a broadly chronological approach rather than the thematic analysis which would be more appropriate to an ‘intellectual biography’. Inevitably, at some points what I have to say will supplement, modify, or contradict the account given by Lady Namier, and these points have been highlighted, but I have tried to avoid turning this book into a dialogue with its predecessor.

There is a final point. In planning the book, I adopted the conceit of giving each chapter the title of one of Namier’s volumes of collected essays. I persisted with this scheme even after discovering that most of the titles of the collections published by Hamish Hamilton were not devised by Namier himself but by an office junior with a particular flair in that direction. ‘Jamie’ Hamilton, who ran the firm, had allowed Namier to choose the first title, *Avenues of history* (1952), but subsequently considered this to be a disaster and would not let the great man have his way again. He once declared that the next book might just as well be called ‘Up the garden paths of history, with Namier’.<sup>37</sup> During occasional bouts of pessimism I have wondered whether Hamilton’s jocular suggestion might not in the end turn out to be an appropriate title for the present book. Whether this has turned out to be the case, I leave to the reader to decide.

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### Notes

- 1 For example, Clive James, *Cultural amnesia* (paperback edn, 2007), 535–42.
- 2 Quoted in *Observer*, 30 Sept. 2007 (the original interview was given in 2003). See also Tom Bower, *Gordon Brown, Prime Minister* (rev. edn, 2007), 144. Brown read history at Edinburgh University in the late 1960s and early 1970s.
- 3 For the context of this quotation, see p. 177.
- 4 *TLS*, 21 May 1971; Dan Davin, *Brides of price* (1972), 105.
- 5 Ng, *Nationalism*; Rose, *Zionism*.
- 6 Julia Namier, *Namier*, xii.
- 7 E. H. Carr, *From Napoleon to Stalin and other essays* (1971), 184–5; J. A. Cannon, ‘Lewis Bernstein Namier’, J. A. Cannon (ed.), *The historian at work* (1980), 153.
- 8 *Namier*, xi.
- 9 Basil Liddell Hart to Namier, 25 Feb. 1955 (HPT, N–61); Namier to Mrs Elizabeth Fooks, 9 Mar. 1955 (ibid., N–60). Characteristically, Namier took work with him (Namier to Mary Drummond, 22 Feb. 1955 (papers in private possession)).
- 10 *Namier*, 305–6.
- 11 *Skyscrapers*, 45–6. See also Namier to Basil Liddell Hart, 19 Jan. 1952 (LH, 1/539/85); Namier, ‘History: its subject-matter and tasks’, *History Today*, ii (1952), 157–62.
- 12 *Namier*, 306. See also Namier to Basil Liddell Hart, 23 Feb. 1955 (written from Bognor) (LH, 1/539/132).
- 13 Julia Namier to Constance Babington Smith, 20 May 1972 (Babington Smith).
- 14 Richard Aldington, *Lawrence of Arabia: a biographical inquiry* (1955). On the controversy aroused by the book, see F. D. Crawford, *Richard Aldington and Lawrence of Arabia: a cautionary tale* (Carbondale, Ill., 1998), which takes a position more favourable to Aldington’s work than most commentators have done.
- 15 Julia Namier to Basil Liddell Hart, 8, 14 Jan. 1963 (LH, 1/539/184, 186).
- 16 Namier to Basil Liddell Hart, 30 July, 18, 22 Sept. 1954 (LH, 1/539/131); Julia Namier to same, 14 Jan. 1963 (ibid., 1/539/186).
- 17 *Namier*, 299–300; Sutherland to Julia Namier, 30 Oct. 1970 (Bodl., Sutherland papers, box 9). See p. 329.
- 18 Colley, 9, quoting from a letter in the Babington Smith papers which appears to be no longer extant.
- 19 *Conflicts*, 126; Namier to Liddell Hart, 4 Apr. 1951 (LH, 1/539/61).
- 20 Lady Namier to F. G. Steiner, 6 Dec. 1964, 22 Feb. 1965, Dr Katherine Jones to Steiner, 7 Jan. 1965, Steiner to Lady Namier, 18 Feb. 1965 (Churchill, Steiner papers, 6/5/1).
- 21 *Namier*, xii.
- 22 Sutherland to J. S. Bromley, 13 Nov. 1970 (Bodl., Sutherland papers, box 9). Mana Sedgwick, the wife of Namier’s long-time friend and collaborator Romney Sedgwick, found the book ‘a work of striking imaginative reconstruction but the Lewis Namier I knew does not emerge from it’ (to W. S. Lewis, 22 May 1971 (LWL, Lewis corresp., Sedgwick)).
- 23 Constance Babington Smith, *Julia de Beausobre: a Russian Christian in the west* (1983), I have used the Anglicised spelling of Julia’s name, since this was Namier’s usage, and her own, when writing in English.
- 24 *Namier*, 21–2, 331–3.
- 25 *Namier*, 333.

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- 26 Constance Babington Smith to Irina Prehn, 27 Jan. 1979 (Babington Smith); Irina Prehn to Constance Babington Smith, 23 May 1980 (*ibid.*).
- 27 Sutherland to Julia Namier, 17 May 1971 (Bodl., Sutherland papers, box 9); Isaiah Berlin, *Building: letters 1960–1975*, ed. Henry Hardy and Mark Pottle (2013), 479. See also Richard Cobb to Hugh Trevor-Roper, 16 Aug. 1971 (Dacre, 1/1/Cobb); A. J. P. Taylor, *Letters to Eva 1969–1983*, ed. Eva Haraszti Taylor (1991), 251–2.
- 28 ‘Turbulent Zionist’.
- 29 Rose, *Zionism*, [v].
- 30 Namier to Lucy Sutherland, 14 June 1940 (Bodl., Sutherland papers, box 9).
- 31 *Namier*, xi.
- 32 Julia Namier to Basil Liddell Hart, 1 Sept. 1960 (LH, 1/539/165–6).
- 33 John Brooke to W. S. Lewis, 27 Sept. 1972 (LWL, Lewis correspondence, Brooke (1)).
- 34 I have attempted a comprehensive listing in ‘The writings of Lewis Namier: an annotated bibliography’ in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* (forthcoming).
- 35 In 1963 the deputy editor of the *Guardian*, Patrick Monkhouse, supplied Lady Namier with a list of her husband’s contributions to the paper between 1919 and 1950, but with a large gap between 1925 and 1937. He was unable to make this good because ‘relevant ledgers ... are absent from the archives’. Details of the missing items can now be supplied through accessing ‘The Guardian and Observer Digital Archive’ (available at [www.theguardian.com](http://www.theguardian.com)). See Lady Namier to P. J. Monkhouse, 19 Nov. 1963 (*Guardian* arch., D/977/11), Monkhouse to Lady Namier, 29 Nov. 1963 (*ibid.*, D/977/14). For the failure of attempts to search for Namier’s pieces for *The Nation* (in the archives of the *New Statesman*, into which *The Nation* had been subsumed), see Julia Namier to Lucy Sutherland, 14 Jan. 1964 (Bodl., Sutherland papers, box 9).
- 36 Via the ‘TLS Historical Archive’ (Cengage Learning).
- 37 Note by ‘Jamie’ Hamilton on a letter to him from R. V. Machell (Bristol UL, Hamish Hamilton archive, DM/352/Ii). Namier’s alternative title for *Avenues of history* had been even worse: ‘Treasure-chambers of history’ ([Machell] to Namier, 31 Oct. 1951 (*ibid.*)).