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17 November 1944.

Dear Jack –

I enclose herewith a letter which is not finished, and which I cannot as the words and circumstances under whose influence it was written are irretrievably gone, and past. At the time of writing I was in the throes of a conflict concerning the integration of my motives, a subject upon which the writings of Aldous Huxley had always exerted an undue influence. I can perhaps best characterize that conflict by saying that it was the opposition of Huxley & of Freud. It is clear now that the analysis representable by Huxley has little to do with Freud, being as Whitehead might say, on a different emergent level. Ordinarily one does not speak of these things to a soldier in the field who must necessarily be far more closely concerned with the bodily needs of staying alive, and to whom his mind is a valuable tool to that end, rather than the raw material for that game of thought that we academicians so delight to indulge in.

Being so close to the daily existence, war must come to seem an elemental, an inseparable concomitant of ordinary human behavior. Do not succumb to this notion, or you will have ruined yourself. You must please excuse my pedantic tone, but I have seen it happen, and I see signs of it in yourself. Warfare is an aberration, one that is to be avoided and gotten away from as soon as possible, and by this I do not mean merely its material horrors or discomforts, or its battles, but its mentality. Fundamentally we are all civilians, who in occasional aberrations do go to war,