NAOMI MITCHISON's VIENNA DIARY

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FOREWORD

FOR REASONS which will become plain in the course of the book, I have, in general, altered names and occasionally cut something out altogether. But otherwise, except for the altering of a word here and there, it is exactly as I wrote it, usually within twelve hours of the events described.

FEBRUARY 23RD: LONDON

Now, I SUPPOSE, it really is fixed up. Tickets passport, international driving permit—all that. Have arranged with Coutts's to buy block Schillings in Vienna. An envelope full of introductions. But I am keeping folded up in my bag notes about the people; this seems safe enough. I don't quite know what clothes to take—anyhow one tidy day dress, and something that will do for semi-evening. It all seems rather improbable.

I didn't know for certain till yesterday evening. Everyone was a bit doubtful; the woman who had been going with me developed doubts, on the score of probable trouble over the week-end, or next week, and the fact that one might be a nuisance. Finally, she's not coming, and no one else is travelling the same day as me. M. is coming later. I think I rather like the idea of going by myself, but I'm not sure. Let's see what data there are.

Sam definitely wants me to come over. I rang him up last night—it was funny telephoning right across Europe, and the voice at the other end as clear as though it came from Bloomsbury; it made one's ordinary Newtonian space-time ideas shrivel a little and go unreal. We spoke in terms of a holiday. He seemed very sure that he wanted me over, but