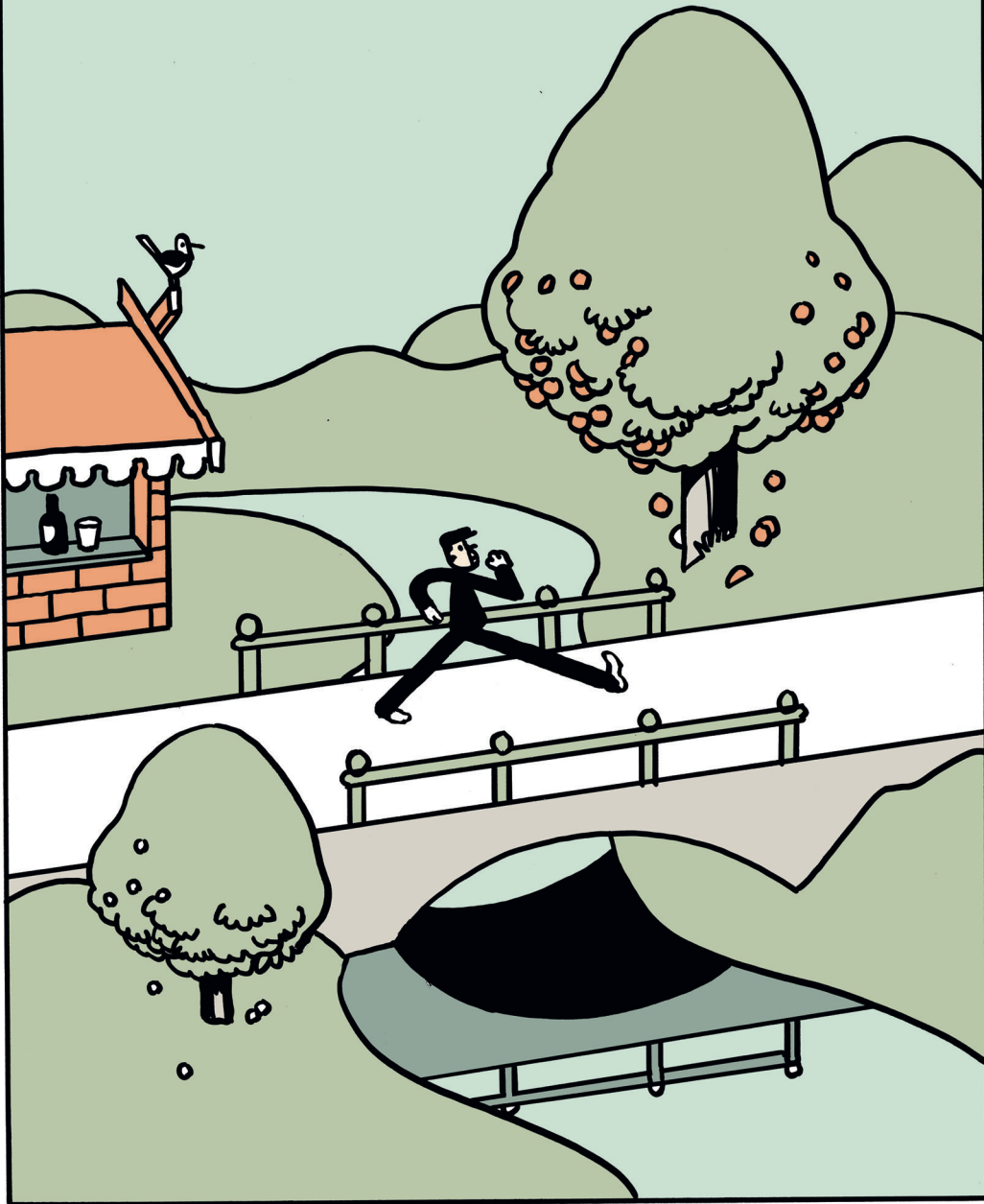
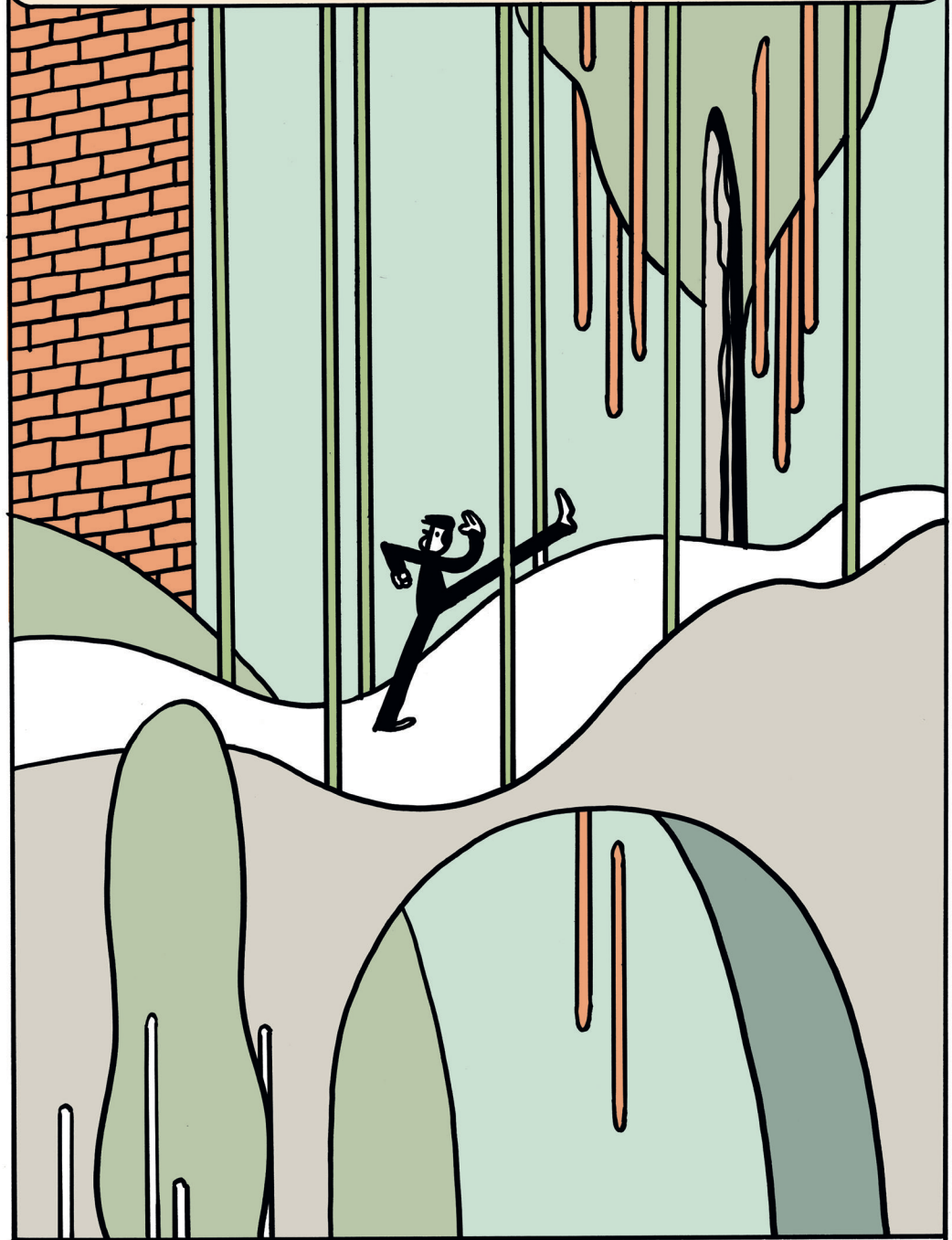


One could think that in all the misery of unemployment unlimited free time was an advantage.



But at a closer look this free time turns out to be a tragic gift.



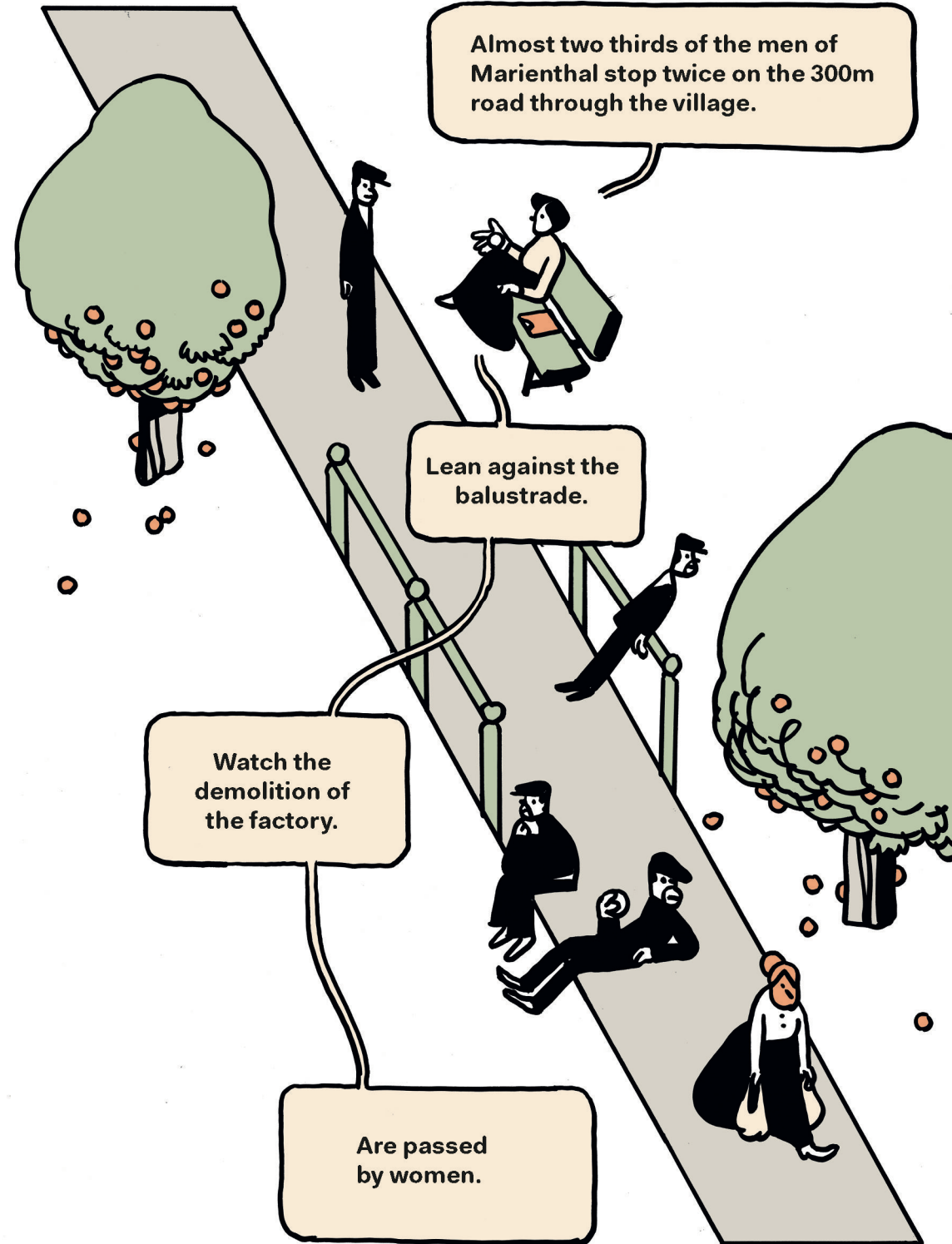
The feeling of unlimited free time makes every timing needless.
What one would like to do before lunch ...



... might as well be done afterwards.



Almost two thirds of the men of
Marienthal stop twice on the 300m
road through the village.



Lean against the
balustrade.

Watch the
demolition of
the factory.

Are passed
by women.

In their case it's different: even though they have less to do, they are busy all day.



Darning and sewing.

Darning and sewing.



Cooking. Acorn coffee. Dog stew.



Horse!

It is horse meat.

As usual.



Writing is great when not interrupted ...



... and one is able to concentrate.

I thought we had the answers to the economic misery ...



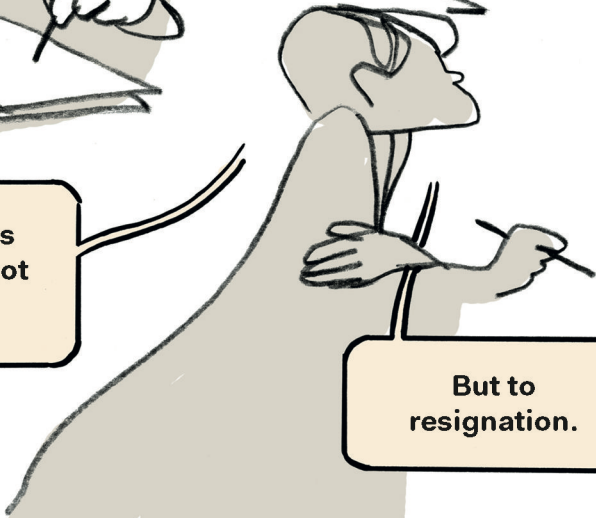
... and soon the power to prove we were right.



The Marienthal study was published in 1933.

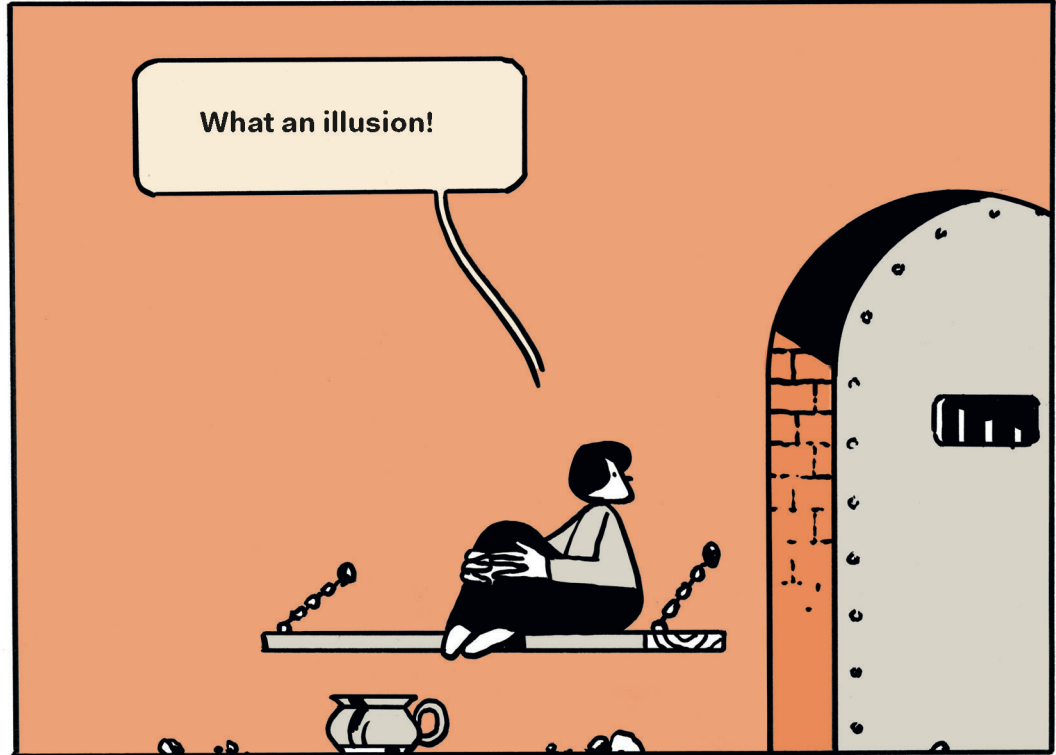


Unexpectedly the mass unemployment does not lead to riot.



But to resignation.

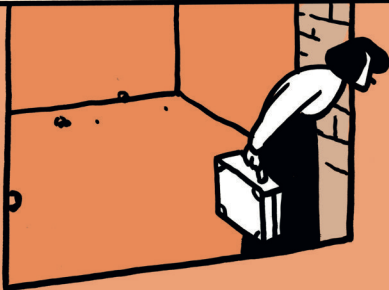
What an illusion!



They let me go.



If I left the country within 24 hours.



My family?

What about Lotte?

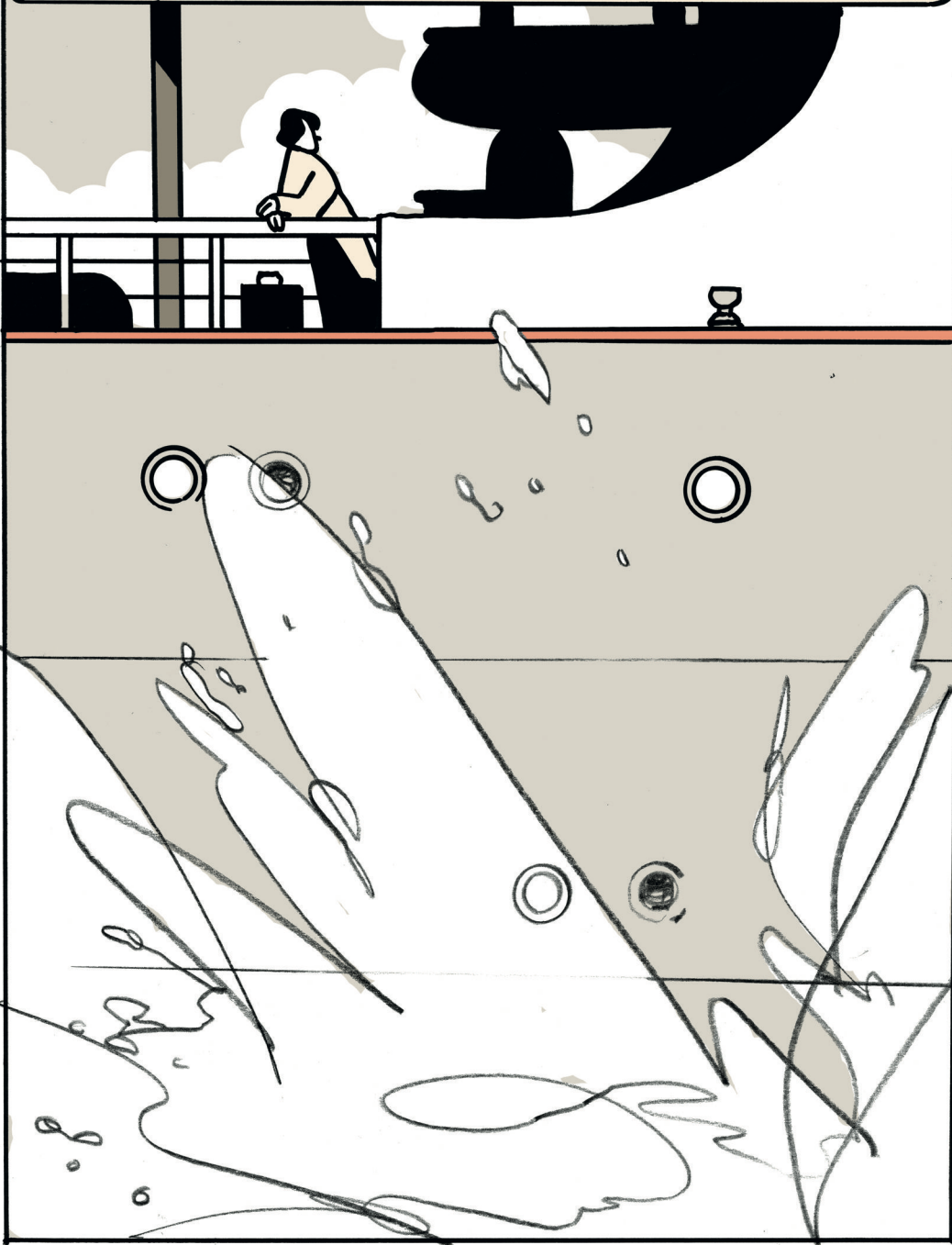
My friends?

My life?

It seemed to be the hardest decision one could be asked to make.



But going to England turned out to be the best decision of my life. Had I decided to stay the Nazis would have treated a Jewish socialist their way.



Dr. Marie Jahoda.



What do you do for a living?



I work with people.

*Rise and
shine
Ladies!*

We live together.

Do all kinds of work. Laying bricks was very fulfilling.

That's different from intellectual work
when you keep asking yourself if it was
really worth it ...

... what came
out of it and
who benefited
from it.

We talk a lot. Once, I asked some young girls from the factory what they wanted to achieve in life.



Money!

Hahaha!
You "achieve" money?
How about happiness?

That's what
I meant..

I'd take both.

I showed them pictures from magazines:



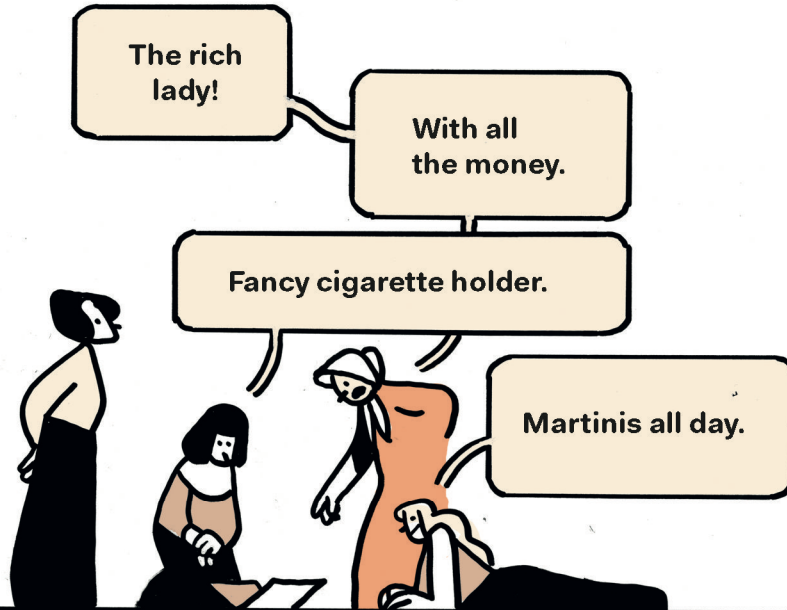
A smiling girl, not
very noticeable,
simply dressed.

A very elegant,
obviously rich
woman.

And a woman who had
the looks of belonging
to the middle class.

All thought the working girl to be happy and the others to be thoughtful or sad.

I asked them if one of the women looked like they wanted to look themselves.



But none of the factory girls noticed the contrast of wanting to be happy on the one hand and wanting to look like the annoyed rich lady on the other.



Everyone knew I was working on a study, but had they suspected that ...



... I was also interested in their private lives, it would have made them unnatural or nervous.



"Ridiculous", that's what you'll say.

"The seasoned worker will not talk one word to an intellectual."



But my strange accent makes it impossible for people to guess my social class.

That's why anyone who's reasonable and obliging accepts me.



Um.

I'll write down "spy".

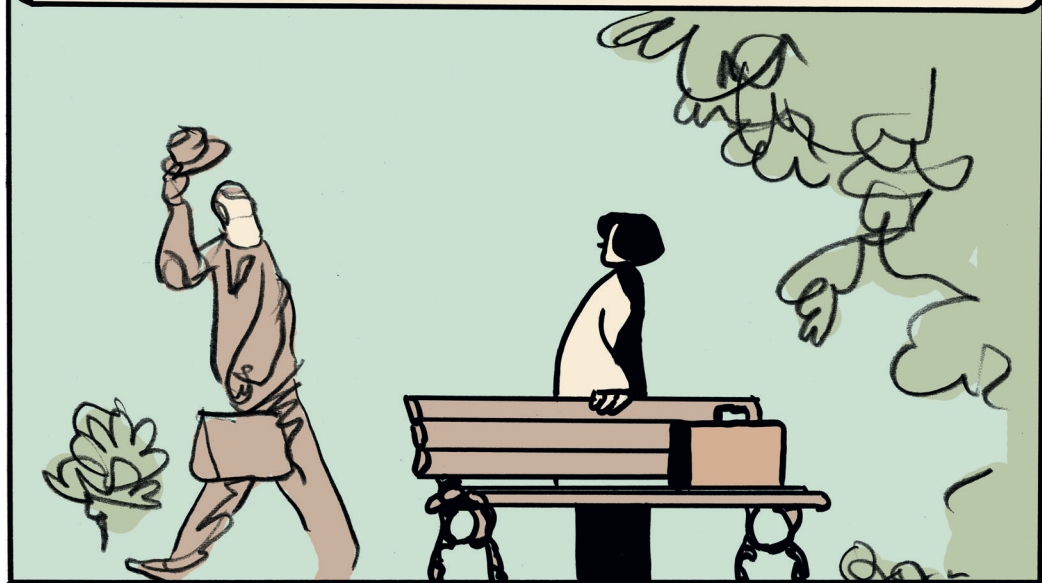
"Social psychologist" would be best.



It surprises me to see how much of my eventful life happened due to luck, coincidence or necessity. And how little due to rational decisions.



In all aspects of my life being a woman had more impact than being a psychologist or having a certain age.



I thought of myself as a quite emancipated woman. Which I was. In words.



Not so much in actions.



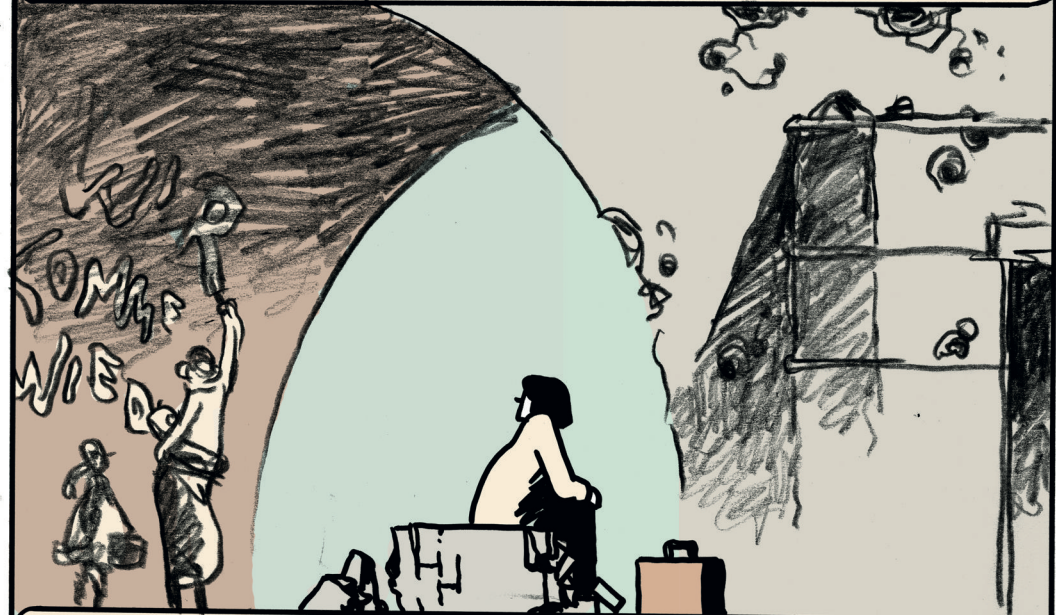
As a young socialist I had illusions.



But they were of inventive kind.

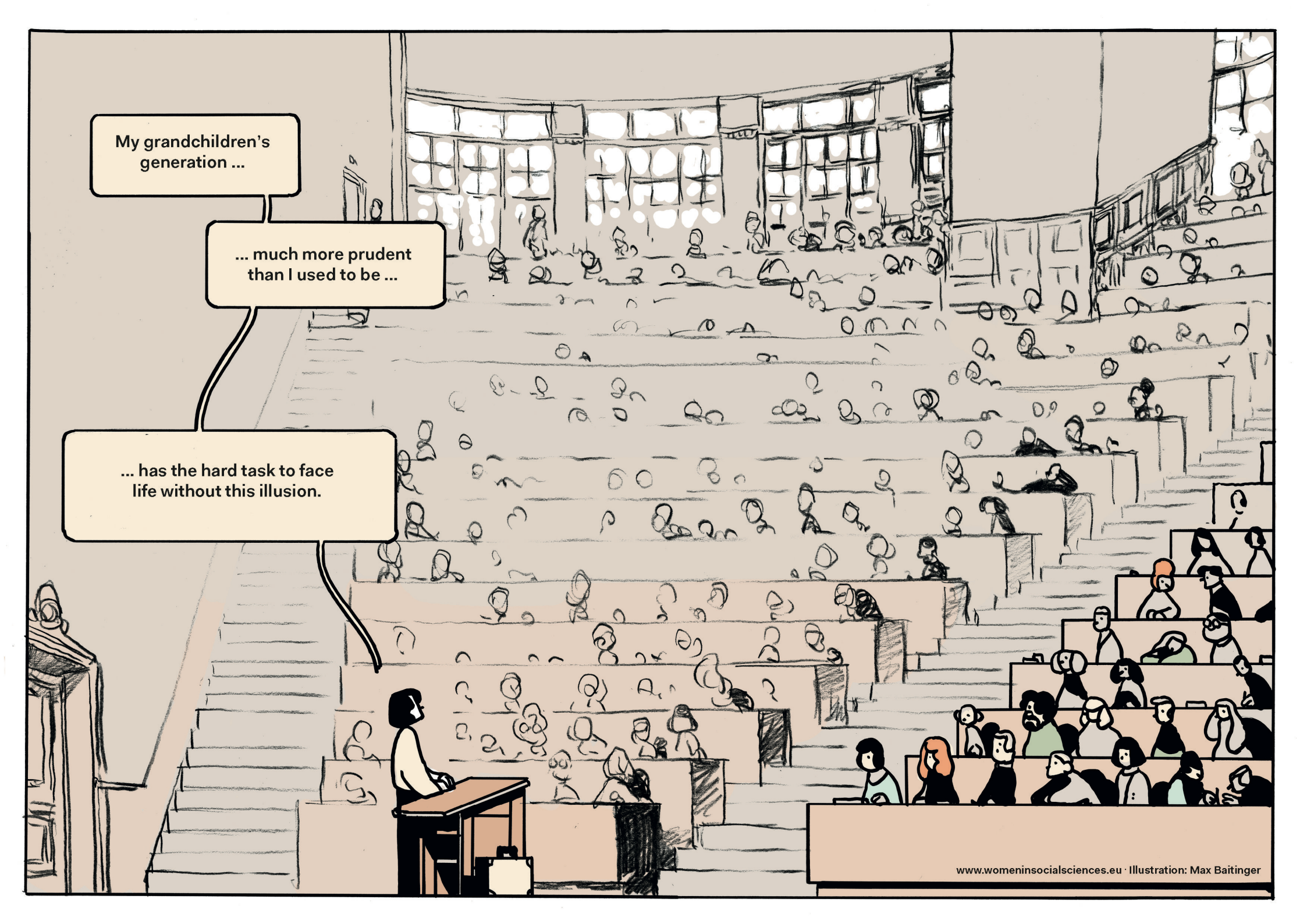


An ethical belief system which for me, fulfilled comparable functions to real religiousness.



Comfort in the personal involvements.
And faith in a better future.





My grandchildren's generation ...

... much more prudent than I used to be ...

... has the hard task to face life without this illusion.