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**DFG-Projekt "Digitalisierung und Erschließung des Nachlasses des
Ägyptologen Adolf Erman (1854-1937)"**

Brief von Norman de Garis Davies an Adolf Erman

Davies, Norman de Garis

Escmoor, 12.08.1925

Nachweis dieses Dokuments im [Kalliope-Verbund](#)

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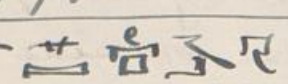
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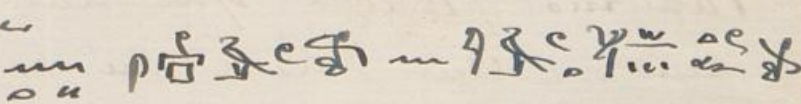
Derwentwater

Aug. 12/25

My dear Erman,

I am here for a few days high up among the
moors green with fern and purple with heather, where
the honest yeomen and gentlemen of Devon hunt the wild
stag three times a week and where they make Clotted Cream
as nowhere else in the world. Delightful and refreshing!
But. I have been here two days and a half and have
spent most of the time getting my clothes dried and to-
day it has rained in torrents from morning to night
and I have not been able to put my nose outside the
little cottage to which I came with a few light things
in a Knapsack. In these circumstances I have been
reduced to feed my body on the said Clotted Cream
(without the exercise which alone makes it safe as
well as delightful) and my soul on — the Lancing
Papyrus (!) which you had the extreme kindness to
send me and I had the prescience to put in my
Knapsack. But for that, my limp body might
have been found hanging from an oak in the
dripping rain. It makes me feel like a reincarn-
ation of Wentwainon who has fled from books
and sought the company of herdsmen and washermen
and the sun bird and whose feet are stuck in
the S. M. 20 because I did not listen to the
wise words of my master. But if the sun shines

tomorrow I shall not feel so any more, but shall
 judge as I did on the one fine day I have had here,
 namely, that these master scribes were eminent liars
 and only wrote so because they were filled with
 envy of the herdsmen who lay in the sun while his
 cattle cropped the grass around him, the boatmen
 who slid lazily from one fair town to another or
 slipped ashore now & then to carouse with "him who
 loves beer-drinking", and the officers who see ^{himself} foreign
 lands and unwonted sights. He knows it is he ^{who is}
Angpflodet an serien Kasten, and he would be like
 the  who lives by others' labours, and as
 happy as a ^{naughty} gemen on the warm sand banks. He short his
 master is the porc whose tail has been cut off and wants
 everyone to get rid of their tails too. Confess it!
 And a thousand thanks for the "Teaching" whose true
 message is so plain beneath the apparent Exoteric
 falsehood!

Yours ever


P.S. It is delightful to find that you still serve that.
 I hope the next Zusendung will be the first Lieferung
 of the great Dictionary. It will be a great pleasure
 too if I hear before long that Frau Comen is better
 in health & the family in general doing well
 I. def. d.