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BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

(2) A Memorable Answer.

Q: Many say they would rather be dead than red. How would you respond to that, Lord Russell?

A: I'd ask them if they think they're the only people in the world. I myself would certainly rather die than live under a communist tyranny...or indeed any other tyranny, but I don't think that on that ground, I have a right to say that every inhabitant of [say] India should die. I have no right to say that they should die for my convictions. And of course you must remember that exactly the same feelings exist among earnest communists. The earnest communist will feel that he would rather die than live in a capitalist world. Well, those sentiments are foolish when you extend them beyond yourself. You have a perfect right to sacrifice your own life...you do not have a right to sacrifice the life of the whole of mankind. (CBC's Closeup Interview, 1959)

(3) An Imaginary Interview.

Q: Why did Aristotle call man a rational animal?

A: His reason for this view was one which does not now seem very impressive; it was that some people can do sums.

It is in virtue of the intellect that man is a rational animal. The intellect is shown in various ways, but most emphatically by mastery of arithmetic. The Greek system of numerals was very bad, so that the multiplication table was quite difficult, and complicated calculations could be made only by very clever people. Nowadays, however, calculating machines do sums better than even the cleverest people. As arithmetic has grown easier, it has come to be less respected.

This is an Imaginary Interview because the interview never took place, it was only imagined. The question is an invented question. The answer is an excerpt from Russell's writings. Q: Why not simply present the excerpt by itself, standing alone? Why introduce it with a question? A: The Question & Answer format is a way of focusing attention on one small part of Russell's large output...much as a magnifying glass can focus attention on one small part of a large map. The Q & A format also promotes interest in what Russell had to say on this particular topic.

The excerpt comes from "An Outline of Intellectual Rubbish", originally published as one of Haldeman-Julius's Little Blue Books (1943), reprinted in "Unpopular Essays" (1950), and in "The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell" (1961).

ANNUAL MEETING (1988)

(4) June 17-18-19. Please note it on your calendar. That's when we will have our 1988 Annual Meeting...at SUNY College at Fredonia, NY (about 35 miles from Buffalo, the nearest airport. SUNY = State University of New York). BRS President Marvin Kohl, who teaches Philosophy at SUNY/Fredonia, chose the site and the dates. He is in charge of making arrangements, and has sent out a call for papers. The meeting's title:"1988 Bertrand Russell Conference on Happiness and the Important Things of Life." Keynote Speakers are Paul Kurtz ("Mr.Secular Humanist") and Ken Blackwell ("Mr. Russell Archives"). Start saving your pennies, and come!

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Russell Society Library: Tom Stanley, Librarian, Box 434, Wilder, VT 05088

1988 DUES ARE DUE

(5) TO ALL MEMBERS: Everybody's renewal dues are due January 1, 1988. The January 1st due-date applies to all members, including first-year members (except those who joined in December 1987).

Here is the 1988 dues schedule: Regular, $30; couple, $35; Student and Limited Income, $12.50. Plus $7.50 outside U.S., Canada, and Mexico. Plus $2 for Canada and Mexico. In US dollars.

Please mail dues to 1988, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

If you want to make our life a little easier, send your dues soon. And if we receive them before January 1st, you'll find your name on the Renewal Honor Roll.

Thanks!

TO FIRST YEAR MEMBERS -- members who joined any time during 1987; the rest of this item is for you.

We know from experience that new members sometimes feel put upon when asked to pay dues after less than a year of membership. We understand that. We'll tell you why we do it this way.

In the previous system, a new members's dues covered 12 months of membership. That required us to notify each member individually -- on the anniversary date of enrollment -- that the next year's dues were due. And we had to follow up on all members, to see whether dues had in fact been paid. This went on throughout the whole year. It was cumbersome, provided many chances for error, and took a lot of time. In fact, it took more time than we had. We had to make a change.

The present system is easier to administer, produces fewer errors, and takes less time. Everyone's dues come due on the same day, January 1st. Simple!

We don't think that the new member whose first year of membership is less (sometimes considerably less) than 12 months has been short-changed in any important way. He/she has received just as many newsletters (and knows as much about the BRS) as the member who joined in January.

All first-year members (except those who enroll in January) have a first-year membership period that is shorter than a year. Thereafter, the yearly membership period is always a full 12-months.

The one exception: new members who joined in December 1987. Their renewal dues are not due till January 1, 1989.

REPORTS FROM OFFICERS

(6) Treasurer Dennis Darland wants to -- and is entitled to -- step down, after keeping track of BRS finances for 8 years. We are greatly indebted to him for the first-rate job he has done. He will continue to serve as Treasurer until we find a successor.

We now seek that successor. Dennis has been doing the record-keeping on his Apple II+ computer...and has most generously offered to make it available to the next BRS Treasurer.

If you have a talent -- and a liking -- for this kind or work, let us hear from you, and mention your qualifications. Please write c/o the newsletter, address on Page 1, bottom.

REPORTS FROM COMMITTEES

(7) Membership Committee (Lee Eisler,Chairman):

Unfortunately for us, the publication, Free Inquiry, will stop having classifiied ads. It is unfortunate because it was our best buy, both in number of new members recruited and in cost.

This is additional reason for us to keep looking for publications that might be right for our ads.

If you know of any such publication, please send your suggestion to the Newsletter, address on bottom of Page 1.

(8) Philosophy Committee (David Johnson, Chairman):

The Philosophers' Committee of the Bertrand Russell Society will sponsor a session on Russell's philosophy from 9 to 11 a.m. on December 29, 1987, in the Embassy Room of the Sheraton Centre Hotel in New York City. This session, consisting of two papers with commentary, is in conjunction with the Eastern Division meetings of the American Philosophical Association. The program is as follows:

Chair: Professor Payanot Butchvarov, University of Iowa.

Paper: "Russell's Robust Sense of Reality: A Reply to Butchvarov", Professor Jan Dejnozka, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Commentator: Stewart Umphrey, Tutor, St. John's College, Annapolis Maryland.

Paper: "On What is Denoted", Professor Russell Wahl, Idaho State University, Pocatello, Idaho.

Commentator: Professor Justin Leiber, University of Houston, Houston, Texas.

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

(9) "Divorce By Mutual Consent" was BR's contribution to "Divorce" (NY: The John Day Co., 1920, pp. 13-18; reprinted as a Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Book, #1582, "A Liberal View of Divorce".

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Divorce by Mutual Consent

ON few matters is there such diversity of law and custom as on divorce. The Catholic Church is opposed to divorce entirely, on no matter what ground. The Soviet Republic allows divorce on the application of either party. The Scandinavian countries permit divorce by mutual consent. Britain admits only one ground, namely, adultery.

Within the United States divorce laws differ widely. The law of New York State is the same as that of Britain. South Carolina has no divorce: Nevada is nearly as liberal as Scandinavia.

Can we find any principle by which to judge between these varying customs?

Clearly the interests of children provide the main argument against too easy divorce. When a marriage is childless, the State has no interest in its permanence, and it ought to be dissoluble on the application of either party.

When there are Children

Children are the one purpose of marriage, and no one should be tied to a union which fails in this respect. But when there are children, the matter is more complicated. Divorce is apt to inflict psychological damage upon children, but at least equal damage results from quarrels between parents and an atmosphere of hostility in the home.

There are, therefore, two opposite sets of considerations between which a balance must be struck.

I do not think that adultery, by itself, should be a ground for divorce. A large percentage of husbands, and a not inconsiderable percentage of wives, are occasionally and more or less casually unfaithful, particularly during enforced separations, without any desire to break up the home or any cessation of mutual affection.

Public Opinion

In such cases it is the duty of the other partner to be tolerant, and not to attach undue importance to a passing incident.

The excessive jealousy which at present makes such an attitude difficult would be less difficult to control if it were not encouraged by public opinion, which regards it as not merely justifiable but positively virtuous.

The most usual ground for divorce ought to be one which at present is allowed in few countries, namely, mutual consent. The law of Britain, like that of New York State, lays it down that there shall be no divorce if both parties desire it. This is inherently absurd: there is nothing that makes a marriage of which both husband and wife are weary, better worth preserving than one which still seems good to one of the parties.

Moreover, as every one knows, the law gives rise to evasions and perjuries: the great majority of divorces are, in fact, obtained by mutual consent, though lawyers and judges have to pretend ignorance of this fact.

It would be far better to bring the law into conformity with what is really done, since it is impossible to bring practice into conformity with the theory of the law.

Official Adultery

Another advantage of mutual consent is

that it avoids the necessity for a public quarrel and for the vilification of the "guilty" party. The official adultery to which men have to submit in order that their wives may divorce them is a sordid business, and not the sort of thing that the law ought to demand and promote as it does when adultery is the sole ground for divorce.

Moreover, if mutual consent is admitted questions of alimony and custody of the children can be settled out of court by private treaty between husband and wife, the court being merely called upon to sanction whatever agreement has been reached.

There is a fear that divorce would become commoner if mutual consent were permitted, but this fear appears to be groundless; Sweden, which permits this cause, has a much lower divorce rate than America.

For these reasons I should advocate mutual consent as the ground wherever neither party has any special and unusual defect.

There remain, however, such matters as insanity, crime, and dipsomania. The failure to recognize these grounds for divorce is an intolerable cruelty, not only to the husband or wife, but also to the children. Perhaps insanity is the clearest case.

Our Moralists

Our moralists are so much concerned that divorce shall only occur as punishment for sin that they have quite lost sight of the paramount consideration, namely, the welfare of children. They argue that since it is not wicked to be mad it ought not to be a ground for divorce.

Thus men and women find themselves tied to partners who ought not to have access to the children, and commanded to have no more children unless they choose a lunatic for the other parent. This law can be understood on the hypothesis that it was made by lunatics, but on no other.

Very similar considerations apply to serious crime. If children have a gaol-bird for their father, their welfare is not furthered by decreeing that their mother must be tied to him for life.

Dipsomania, when it is sufficiently pronounced to need medical treatment in a home, and even when it only goes as far as habitual drunkenness, is a thing from which children should be shielded.

In all such cases, the refusal to allow the marriage to be dissolved is wanton cruelty, and cannot be justified on any human or humane ground. Those who believe that religion enjoins such unnecessary suffering must have cruelty in their hearts, or else be incapable of freeing themselves from traditions that descend from a less merciful age.

As in Scandinavia

While I hold that the legally permitted grounds for divorce ought to be extended as widely as they are in Scandinavia, I hold, nevertheless, that, as a matter of private morality, parents ought to be slow to resort to divorce except for grave cause.

The way to secure this, however, is not by harsh laws, but by making parents more conscious of their obligations towards children, and of the need of mutual forbearance resulting from these obligations.

If a marriage brings lifelong happiness, so much the better; but even if it does not, conscientious parents will hesitate to subject their children to the emotional strain and nervous damage too often entailed by separation or violent disagreement. This is a matter for the individual conscience, and no good purpose is served when the law compels men and women to pretend to a degree of virtue that they do not possess.

Existing Laws

To sum up: Where there are no children, divorce should be obtainable at the request of either party. Where there are children, the usual ground should be mutual consent; other grounds should be insanity, grave crime, habitual drunkenness, and certain other diseases. Adultery *per se* should not be a ground.

Existing unduly severe laws can only be amended where there is a dominant political party not appealing for support to any of the Churches. This means that in English-speaking countries the most that can be hoped is the maintenance of the *status quo*, at any rate for many years to come.

We shall be fortunate if we escape reactionary changes designed to please the Catholic Church.

(10) Hopes for Australia in a Hundred Years is the title of the last of BR's 6 radio talks over Australian radio in 1950-51. It was broadcast April 2, 1951, after BR had left Australia. Our great thanks to TOM STANLEY for locating the 6 talks, and to the Australian Broadcasting Company for making them available to us.

What will Australia be like a hundred years from now?

In a dyspeptic mood, it would be easy to make gloomy prophecies. One might suppose that Asia had burst its dams, that a long war on Australian soil between Chinese and Indians had been decided in favor of the former by enlisting Papuans and Bornese head-hunters, and that these men, after the exhaustion of a long struggle, had remained masters of the situation.

I could easily think of dozens of other dyspeptic forecasts, but since the future is unknown, we have a right to dwell on more cheerful possibilities, and this is what I shall do.

I shall assume that Australia remains a white man's country, and that, by the help of science, its potentialities are developed to the utmost. In that case it would be reasonable to expect a population of about a hundred million, all of them materially comfortable, and all enjoying the physical minimum that it necessary for happiness. I do not suggest that all will be happy; there will, no doubt, be some people who will find happiness intolerably boring, and will devote themselves to being a plague, both to themselves and to their friends. But I think there should be a law to the effect that on the sworn testimony of ten persons that Mr. A has made them miserable, Mr. A should be compulsorily subjected to the attention of a psychiatrist, who should himself be exempt from the operation of this law.

I would not, however, entrust the promotion of cheerfulness solely to psychiatrists. I should see to it that young people had lots of fun, and old people lots of leisure. Everybody in country places should have a helicopter, and every house should have a comfortable landing stage. Even if you lived a hundred miles from your nearest neighbor, it would be quite easy to drop in on him for a chat when you felt so disposed. At appropriate distances there should be centres containing cinemas, dance halls, swimming pools,, and all the other apparatus of bliss. I imagine an enormous increase in irrigation, and a considerable consequent increase in afforestation, which will gradually have a softening effect upon the climate. I think we may also hope that by that time it will be possible to make rain. The right to make rain will have to belong exclusively to the

Commonwealth Government, otherwise each state will complain that its neighbor is condemning it to drought. I can imagine general elections turning on the question of how much rain there shall be , for obviously those in the country will have more desire for rain than the city dwellers. I see no reason why country life, enlivened by broadcasting, television, and perhaps even a few books, should be dull or monotonous. If at any time it became so, a helicopter brigade could be organized to descend upon Canberra with huge banners saying "We Want Rain".

Your cities, some of which are already beautiful, could easily be the finest in the world since they have magnificent sites and abundant space. If the price of wool continues to soar, it will become increasingly difficult to get rid of your surplus wealth, and one of the best ways would be the creation of metropolitan splendour.

A population which is to profit by leisure and physical ease needs a high standard of education, not only of a technical sort, but also in more cultural matters. There is every reason to hope that Australia may, with time, become a great centre of art and music, and literature and the drama.

The old world has become too crowded; it is nothing but an alternation of police regulations and cosmopolitan hotels. Imagine Odysseus travelling over the route which, in his day, contained Calypso and Circe, and Scylla and Polyphemus. What would he find now? Nothing but armies and policemen and Cook´s Tours. These do not promote great poetry, or stimulate the imagination. During the little time that I spent in Australia I found the existence of great spaces incredibly liberating. If I did not meet Calypso and Circe, that was entirely my fault. They are emanations of the imagination, and I am sure the right sort of traveler would find them in the Out Back as easily as Odysseus found them in their islands. There is no limit to the adventure that will be open to Australian men in the helicopter age.

They will be able to choose between the South Pole and the summits of New Guinea mountains. They can, by the use of scientific magic, become monarchs in New Caledonia or prophets in Patagonia. In fact, the possibilities of adventure will be limited only by the poverty of imagination, and there will be no need for anybody to be ground down by the dull monotony of industrial life. I do not, of course, mean that there will not be industrialism, but I do mean that mechanical toil need never be the whole of anyone´s life. I have a friend of very great scientific ability who spends half his life in factories and the other half in scientific research. This kind of life is somewhat difficult at present, but in Australia of a hundred years hence it could be easy and not uncommon.

Most of us live still under the oppression of long centuries of gloom. Toil from morning till night, uncertainty as to tomorrow´s daily bread, fear of enemies, fear of natural cataclysms -- these things have made the background of our thoughts and feelings the emotions that emerge in nightmares, the possible horrors that make us hate our neighbors, and the brooding sense of sin that darkens the brightest moments. All this I should wish to see eliminated from the unconscious.For all this, which was once the inward mirror of unavoidable outward problems, is now, thanks to science and scientific technique, something no longer justified by anything in physical nature, but only by an antiquated human psychology. If we were all cheerful, we should have every reason to be cheerful. It is only because so many of us are gloomy that gloom is forced upon us. The world in which we live is, in fact, one in which there are many reason for gloom. A large proportion of our thoughts, and more than half of our income, is devoted to preparations for killing each other. Not that we expect to get any good out of killing each other. We know perfectly well that those who are unlucky enough to survive will be worse off than before. What is wrong is only that there are so many people in the world who believe that other people wish to kill them, and who, therefore, wish to kill the other people. This is all silly and comes of teaching people that they ought to be frightened and miserable. If we were all taught to be bold and cheerful, nature would never teach us the opposite, provided we made adequate use of modern knowledge and skill.

And so, if I had control of the education of children in the happy Australia that I am imagining, I should from the very beginning do everything possible to leave their natural joy of life undimmed. I should let them spend most of their waking day in a spacious environment,open to the air whenever the weather permitted, in which there would be no valuable objects they must not break, no pre-occupied adults whom they must not disturb by their noise, no sharp objects upon which they must not cut themselves, and generally as little need as possible to any "don´t". In the home, this is impossible. There are knives with which children must not cut themselves, there are clocks that they must not smash, there are grown-ups whom they must not distract beyond a point. In a spacious nursery school rightly constructed, there need not be these restrictions. One restriction, it is true, would remain: the children must not be allowed to torture each other. But that is an essential necessity of social life, and one which is in no degree diminished by liberation from bondage to nature.

A great deal of education could be made much pleasanter than it is at present by teaching children things that they think worth knowing. This is a matter of educational skill. If you begin with some entirely practical problem that the child can easily apprehend, such as, say, constructing a bicycle,you can gradually introduce him to theory as an essential factor in the production of practical results. In time, especially if the child is intelligent, he will willingly accept a considerable amount of drudgery so long as he is persuaded that it is necessary to the end in view.

This applies to the arts as well as to science.When I was young children were made to learn stock pieces of poetry by heart, with the result that they hated poetry and associated the names of the poets concerned with intolerable boredom. But if you set a group of children to acting Shakespearean comedy, each will see some point in learning his part, and they will go through a great deal of work not only without reluctance, but

with positive enjoyment. The same sort of thing applies to singing. There is a simple rule -- Shakespeare wrote to give pleasure, not to give pain, and adults who use him to inflict pain are insulting his memory. If you do not enjoy Shakespeare, you had better let him alone. There is no more reason to read him, if you dislike him, than for eating oysters if you find the taste disgusting. But if you remember that Shakespeare was written to be acted, you will be astonished by the number of children who will enjoy him.

I should teach children history chiefly by means of the cinema. They will remember it twenty times as well as if they had learned it from a book. Gloomy adults dislike this method because it is not unpleasant. But I cannot accept the view that the main purpose of education is to teach children to endure suffering.

I suppose the most interesting part of history for the people that we are considering will be the hundred years that for us are still in the future. I imagine the children of Australia being taught that their ancestors came from a place called Europe, now mostly desert, but in former times fertile, and even, in a sense, more or less civilized. This queer place, they will learn, was cut in two by an imaginary line down the middle, and the people on each side of the line were carefully taught to hate and fear the people on the other side. One fine day they started killing each other with the most exquisite scientific skill, and dropping poison on the ground from the clouds so that crops would no longer grow. The consequence is that this part of the world is now only interesting to archeologists, who have to go in special clothes and boots made to screen them from radioactivity. Fifty years ago, so these children will be taught, some rash archeologists left off their nose bags while they slept. These men all perished, and nowadays the nose bags are more firmly attached. On Sundays the children will be taught the moral of this piece of history.

Perhaps, who knows, Australia may be the one island of civilisation left in the world. I can imagine Australian scientists surrounding their continent with a radioactive Barrier Reef warranted to kill any rash traveler approaching from without. Australians themselves will have discovered ways of protecting themselves from lethal emanations, so that they alone will be able to travel freely. However I think it possible that civilisation may survive in some other places, for instance, the Fiji Islands and the Antarctic Continent, which by that time will have been made warm by means of radioactivity.

These possibilities, however, are fantastic. I do not think it soberly probable that the rest of the world will do so badly as I have been suggesting. Still less, I fear , would it be possible for Australia to thrive if the rest of the world were in ruins. What would you do with your wool if there was nobody outside Australia to buy it? The fortunes of Australia are, in fact, very intimately bound up with the rest of the world. In particular, the defense against Asia can never be secure until Asia is prosperous. When the populations of India and China are as well off as that of Australia, then, and not till then, Australia will have no reason to fear the envy of more populous neighbors. No part of the world in our day can shut itself up and say, "I will live for myself without regard for others." The last country that really hoped to do this was Tibet, but now Peking has replaced Lhasa, and the Holy Prophet Marx has replaced Buddha.

In the unified world in which, while our kind of civilisation persists, we must all live, Australia has certain important possibilities of leadership. First and foremost, because you have a large almost virgin continent with which to experiment; second, because the problem of Asia, of which the solution is imperative, is one which touches you nearly, and in regard to which you have experience; and third, because you are a vigorous, energetic and hopeful race, whose adventurousness has not been damped by failure or disaster. For all these reasons, in my visions of the next hundred years, I find that Australia contributes a very large part to the total of my hopes.

ABOUT BERTRAND RUSSELL

(11) George Steiner on Bertrand Russell, in The New Yorker (8/19/67):

ON Winston Churchill's eightieth birthday, an English journal of opinion sent felicitations to "the second greatest living Englishman." The panache and impertinence of the compliment lay in the omitted premise. But to logicians and radicals the missing name rang clear: it was that of Bertrand Russell. And the implicit judgment may stick. Indeed, it may reach well beyond English life. It looks as if the presence of Russell will come to inform the history of intelligence and feeling in European civilization between the eighteen-nineties and the nineteen-fifties as does that of no other man. As no single presence has, perhaps, since Voltaire's.

The parallel is both obvious and deep. It springs from the actual wrapper of this handsome book, "The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell" (Little, Brown), with its portrait of Russell made in 1916. His hair is close-folded in the manner of an eighteenth-century wig, the nose is beaked and Voltairean, the lips are sensuous but faintly mocking. Like Voltaire, Russell has lived long and made of this fact a statement of values both festive and stoical. His published work has been immense, an outrage to the sparsities of the modern manner; it comprises some forty-five books. His correspondence has been even larger. Like Voltaire's, it has touched directly on every nerve of its century. Russell has debated philosophy with Wittgenstein and fiction with Conrad and D. H. Lawrence, he has argued economics with Keynes and civil disobedience with Gandhi, his open letters have provoked Stalin to a reply and Lyndon Johnson to exasperation. And, like Voltaire, Russell has sought to make of language—his prose is as supple and lucid as the finest of the classic age—a safeguard

against the brutalities and mendacity of mass culture.

It may be that Russell's range is ampler than Voltaire's, although no single work he has produced crystallizes a whole sense of the world as does "Candide." Only logicians and philosophers of science are qualified to assess the contribution of Russell's "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy" and of "The Principles of Mathematics," which he completed in 1903. Together with the "Principia Mathematica," published in collaboration with Whitehead between 1910 and 1913, these books retain a commanding vitality in the history of modern logical investigation. They anticipate many of the notions that are proving most fruitful in contemporary symbolic logic and information theory. Pure logicians are a rare species. In his capacity for sustained analytic calculation, in his ability to use codes of significant order less encumbered than is ordinary speech by the waste and opacities of customary life, Russell is a peer of Descartes and Kurt Gödel.

Russell's "History of Western Philosophy," much in the forefront when he received a Nobel Prize in literature in 1950, is *haute vulgarisation* in the best sense. It marches briskly from Anaxagoras to Bergson. It brims with an implicit confidence in the mortality of nonsense. Russell's book on Leibnitz is dated but remains interesting for the comparisons it invites between his own appetite for omniscience and that of the great polymath and rival of Newton. "Our Knowledge of the External World," based on the Lowell lectures Russell delivered in Boston in 1914, remains perhaps the best introduction to his philosophic style and sinuous empiricism. The problems raised are as old as Plato; this means that attempted solutions are less vulnerable to fashion than in other branches of philosophy. We are an epistemological animal, asking both whence and whither but knowing neither, unable to prove that we do not inhabit a long dream. Russell beautifully charts the strangeness of our condition. He does so again, though less incisively, in "The Analysis of Mind." Had he produced nothing but these books of philosophic argument and history of ideas, his place would be distinctive.

But the shock of world war and radical changes in his own personality greatly extended and complicated Russell's natural range. Since 1914 there have been few areas of social policy, of international relations, of private ethics that he has not dealt with. His critique of our mores begins in the world of William Morris and Tolstoy; it outlives that of Shaw and Freud; it is active and more irritant than ever in that of Stokely Carmichael. He has sought to plan "The Conquest of Happiness"—whatever the title of the particular discourse or tract. He has spoken as warmly as Montaigne "In Praise of Idleness" and reverted time and again, with the sense of a riddle unsolved, to "Marriage and Morals." He has given the world notice of "Why I Am Not a Christian" but written with a poetic tact alien to Voltaire of the claims of mysticism, of that abrupt logic of the human spirit when it is in a state of rapture. Russell's more immediately political studies and pamphlets would fill a shelf. He inquired early into the "Practice and Theory of Bolshevism" and addressed his uneasy sympathies to "The Problem of China" (another interest shared with Voltaire) long before the present crisis. His study of the "Prospects of Industrial Civilization" relates him to the thought of R. H. Tawney, while his repeated pleas for passive resistance and universal disarmament ally him to that of Danilo Dolci. The dreamer and the engineer have also been present in Russell's genius. He is a utopian of the short term, a man waking, even at ninety-five, from the simplicities of his dreams and refusing to believe that these cannot bring instant melioration to the morning. The title of one of Russell's tracts, "Has Man a Future?," sums up his quest. The mark of interrogation stands for a persistent skepticism, for a streak of resigned sadness. But the old fox's entire life, marvellous in its diversity and power of creation, has been a striving for a positive answer.

Russell seems to have kept a close record of that life almost from the start—certainly from the moment he went to Cambridge, in October of 1890, and realized that he possessed gifts out of the ordinary. Like Voltaire, Russell has seen his own person move into the light of the historical; time and eminence have in part taken him from himself, and he has watched over the process with ironic precision. "My Philosophical Development" remains an intensely readable record of his passage from Kantian idealism to a kind of transcendental empiricism that I would call Pythagorean ("I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux"). The "Portraits from Memory," which resembles and at times completes Keynes's "Essays in Biography," tells of some of the luminous encounters in Russell's career, and recaptures, so far as any book can, the casual ceremony of intellectual life in the Cambridge of G. M. Trevelyan and Lord Rutherford, of G. E. Moore and E. M. Forster. The formal act of autobiography has grown naturally out of a life so constantly examined. Parts of this volume were assembled and dictated in 1949, other parts probably in the early nineteen-fifties. The material dealt with extends from February of 1876, when the orphaned four-year-old younger son of Lord and Lady Amberley arrived at Pembroke Lodge, the home of his grandparents, until August of 1914, when the forty-two-year-old mathematical logician, Fellow of Trinity College and of the Royal Society, was about to opt for intransigent pacifism and break with much of the world he had adorned. The narrative consists of seven chapters, each followed by a selection of relevant letters. This Victorian device works admirably. Often the letters move subtly against the grain of a much later remembrance, and the dialogue between letter and recollection yields a caustic footnote. Thus, Russell could write to Lucy Martin Donnelly on April 22, 1906, about some of his most abstruse, fiercely taxing endeavors in mathematical logic, "My work goes ahead at a tremendous pace, and I get intense delight from it," whereas Earl Russell, O.M., remarks, forty-five years later, that "It turned out to be all nonsense."

Bertrand Russell was born and brought up an aristocrat. He was the grandson of a Prime Minister and cousin or nephew to a covey of military, diplomatic, and ecclesiastical worthies. Forebears who had visited Napoleon at Elba or defended Gibraltar during the American wars were animate shadows in the nursery. This was the England of espaliers and velvet lawns, of lord and servant. In these opening pages there are dizzying vistas of time. The reader of this review and the writer are, in the allowed sense of the word, contemporaneous with a man who silenced Browning at a dinner party and who, when left in tête-à-tête with William Gladstone, heard cascade upon him the dread pronouncement "This is very good port they have given me, but why have they given it me in a claret glass?" Those now living can seek out a man, still alert, whose servants and early acquaintances clearly remembered news of Waterloo. This is startling enough in itself. But in Russell's case the fact that he came of age in a world almost totally vanished from our grasp, that he belonged to the most confident élite in modern history (the Whig aristocracy of Victorian England), is more than a virtuoso trick of long life. Russell is marked to the very limits of his later radicalism by his origins.

This memoir does nothing to soften his native hauteur. "But what can a charwoman know of the spirits of great men or the records of fallen empires or the haunting visions of art and reason?" he asked Gilbert Murray in 1902, and went on, "Let us not delude ourselves with the hope that the best is within the reach of all, or that emotion uninformed by thought can ever attain the highest level." In February of 1904, Russell ventured "to a remote part of London" to lecture to the local branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. His comment at the time was characteristic: "They seemed excellent people, *very* respectable—indeed, I shouldn't have guessed they were working men." Russell grew into one of the genuine mutineers of modern history; his fusillades against capitalism, great-power politics, and the cant of the Establishment have been fierce and prolonged. Pity for the human condi-

tion has burned in him till it has all but consumed reason: "Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be." He has gone to prison, lost academic appointments, and risked ostracism on behalf of his outraged compassion. But Russell's Jacobinism is high Tory; it springs from the certitude that birth and genius impose both the right and the obligation of moral precept. "Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart," says Russell. One wonders whether he is not deceiving himself; the echo chamber lies higher, the pity, like Voltaire's, is cerebral. Fundamentally, Russell's politics of protest seek to realize the hope, so articulate in the small, vibrant coterie of Apostles to which he belonged at Cambridge, that humanity might be elevated to a just plane of social and hygienic well-being so that the elect, the pursuers of beauty and truth, could fulfill their lives without bad conscience. American democracy, argues Russell, is egalitarian and philistine. Thus, it has made room for neither intensity nor loftiness of feeling; "indeed, loftiness of feeling seems to depend essentially upon a brooding consciousness of the past and its terrible power." True politics are the art of securing elbowroom for the best; they will alleviate the squalor in the world at large that embarrasses or dissipates the life of the mind. Russell's pity has often been sharp-edged, a weapon against those who would crowd too near his sensibility.

This aristocratic misericord and a betraying preference of the abstract over the disorder of the personal underlie the general tone of the "Autobiography." They are explicit in what have rapidly become its two most notorious episodes. "I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy," writes Russell, "ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss." But the search not infrequently appears to have brought ruin to others. Russell's first marriage, to Alys, the sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, began in exultation. Russell's recollection of an early visit to his beloved, in January of 1894, when London lay snowbound and "almost as noiseless as a lonely hill top," has the gentle force of Tolstoy's autobiographical narrative of Levin's visit to Kitty near the start of "Anna Karenina." But the marriage was built on a weird code of sexual reticence that soon produced cruel tensions. In March of 1911, Russell fell in love with Lady Ottoline Morrell, a woman celebrated in the lives and careers of a generation of English poets and politicians. "For one night" with her Russell felt ready to pay the price of scandal and even murder. The end of his marriage to Alys is recounted thus:

> I told Alys that she could have the divorce whenever she liked, but that she must not bring Ottoline's name into it. She nevertheless persisted that she would bring Ottoline's name in. Thereupon I told her quietly but firmly that she would find that impossible, since if she ever took steps to that end, I should commit suicide in order to circumvent her. I meant this, and she saw that I did. Thereupon her rage became unbearable. After she had stormed for some hours, I gave a lesson in Locke's philosophy to her niece, Karin Costelloe, who was about to take her Tripos. I then rode away on my bicycle, and with that my first marriage came to an end. I did not see Alys again till 1950, when we met as friendly acquaintances.

After his term at Harvard, Russell went to Chicago to stay with an eminent gynecologist and his family. He had met one of the daughters briefly at Oxford. "I spent two nights under her parents' roof, and the second I spent with her." It was agreed secretly that the young woman should join Russell in England. By the time she arrived, in August of 1914, world war had broken out. Again, Russell's narrative should be quoted in full:

> I could think of nothing but the war, and as I had determined to come out publicly against it, I did not wish to complicate my position with a private scandal, which would have made anything that I might say of no account. I felt it therefore impossible to carry out what we had planned. She stayed in England and I had relations with her from time to time, but the shock of the war killed my passion for her, and I broke her heart. Ultimately she fell a victim to a rare disease, which first paralysed her, and then made her insane. In her insanity she told her father all that had happened. The last time I saw her was in 1924. . . . If the war had not intervened, the plan which we formed in Chicago might have brought great happiness to us both. I feel still the sorrow of this tragedy.

There is a terrible coldness in both the style and the feelings expressed—a chill, dismissive lucidity in the Augustan manner. In some measure this may result from the detachment of an old man's remembrance. But surely the problem lies deeper. Like Voltaire or perhaps like the Tolstoy of the later years, Bertrand Russell is a man who loves truth or the lucid statement of a possible truth better than he does individual human beings. His ego is of such turbulent richness that egotism makes a world. To it another human person, however intimate, has only provisional access. Russell has recorded at least one definite mystical experience. It took place in 1901 after he had heard Gilbert Murray read part of his translation of Euripides' "The Hippolytus." He traces to the formidable moment of illumination, of clear trance, that ensued a few hours later his lasting views on war, education, and the unendurability of human loneliness. He emerged convinced "that in human relations one should penetrate to the core of loneliness in each person and speak to that." The conviction was no doubt sincere, but little in this "Autobiography" bears it out. A more pertinent text would seem to be the chapter on "The Ideal" in G. E. Moore's "Principia Ethica," a work that profoundly influenced Russell's early development; it is "the love of love," which Moore commends "as the most valuable good we know." Set beside the vividness of that realization, love for the actual beloved seems a more pallid joy.

Yet it would be unfair to consider solely what is lofty and bone-chilling in this book. The "ancient glittering eyes are gay." Russell recalls how he read Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" in jail: "It caused me to laugh so loud that the officer came round to my cell, saying I must remember that prison is a place of punishment." Lunacies and matching asperities out of another age, in an idiom almost extinct, abound: "When the Junior Dean, a clergyman who raped his little daughter and became paralysed with syphilis, had to be got rid of in consequence, the Master went out of his way to state at College Meeting that those of us who did not attend chapel regularly had no idea how excellent this worthy's sermons had been." Russell, like many English dons, is a virtuoso of the undercut. A hilarious vignette of philosophic and personal pomposities in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, of 1914 is capped by the gentle notice that "There were limitations to Harvard culture. Schofield, the professor of Fine Arts, considered Alfred Noyes a very good poet." A snapshot of Keynes finds him "carrying with him everywhere a feeling of the bishop *in partibus*."

The ironies, moreover, are more than donnish. They deepen to a stream of doubt so erosive that it undermines Russell's own initial values and sweeps before it the science in which he had achieved greatness and the world in which he was most at home. This demolition from within is the high adventure of the first volume (Russell is at work on a second). The labor of abstruse argument that went into the "Principia Mathematica" left Russell exhausted. He reports with absolute candor that his powers of close mathematical reasoning weakened after 1913. It was not mathematical logic alone, however, that weakened its hold. In February of 1913, Russell wrote to Lowes Dickinson a sentence that effectively dooms the criteria of elegant feeling, of academic communion that had dominated his own life until then: "But intellect, except at white heat, is very apt to be trivial." Both the failure of his marriage and the example of Tolstoy lie behind that statement. But so does a precise local circumstance. In the same letter, Russell refers to one greater than himself in philosophy and the analysis of meaning. He reports that Ludwig Wittgenstein, a new arrival from Vienna and Manchester, has been elected to the Apostles "but thought it a waste of time. . . . I think he did quite right, though I tried to dissuade him." The concession is momentous. As the long summer of European civilization drew to a close, Russell outgrew the luxuries of spirit he had prized

most. He was to emerge from the war as one set on the road that has led to the Russell International Tribunal in Stockholm.

The myopia, the frivolous malice of many of Lord Russell's recent political pronouncements are revolting. The changes of heart—it was Bertrand Russell who not so very long ago advocated a preventive nuclear strike against the Soviet Union—are risible. Yet even in error and garrulous simplification there is a fierce zest of life, a total gift of self to the claims of ideas and the demands of human conflict. When the whole story comes to be written, it may well appear that few men in history, certainly few in our tawdry age, have done more to dignify the image of life set down by Russell sixty-four years ago:

Often I feel that religion, like the sun, has extinguished the stars of less brilliancy but not less beauty, which shine upon us out of the darkness of a godless universe. The splendour of human life, I feel sure, is greater to those who are not dazzled by the divine radiance; and human comradeship seems to grow more intimate and more tender from the sense that we are all exiles on an inhospitable shore.

BRS AWARD WINNER NEWS

(12) John Somerville, BRS Laureate, speaks his mind on Col. North, in Churchman/Human Quest (October 1987)...with thanks to TOM STANLEY:

WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO MAKE OLLIE NORTH A HERO

To make Oliver North a hero, you need above all to forget, and then to pretend.

Forget Hitler and World War II in which the Soviet Union was Hitler's greatest enemy and our greatest ally who sacrificed most in human lives for the allied victory. Forget that when the chips were down, it was German Nazism and Italian Fascism against the Western democracies and Soviet communism, with our very lives and future at stake.

Forget that the allied victors set up, by mutual agreement, an organization called the United Nations with a completely democratic Charter of principles and processes, subject always to agreed democratic methods of amendment, for the peaceful and legal settlement of international disputes.

Forget that under this Charter, all the states-members, whether capitalist or communist, religious or atheist, have equal right to exist, to compete, and to expand. Forget that if Hitler had won there would have been no future for either "democracy" or "communism".

Forget that the U.N. has an International Court of Justice, which we insisted upon, for the purpose of judging all questions concerning the breaking of international law. Forget that the International Court of Justice has ruled that our mining of Nicaragua's harbor was an illegal act of war against the sovereign state of Nicaragua.

Pretend that our own country is not committed by treaty signature to the Charter of the United Nations. Pretend that our own law does not mandate that any treaty the U. S. government signs becomes a binding part of U. S. law. Pretend that Nicaragua is not a fellow member of the United Nations, with as much right to prefer communism, if it wishes, as we have to prefer capitalism.

Pretend that our country is legally and morally committed to a holy worldwide crusade which has branded the Soviet Union as an international outlaw and communism as an international crime with which it would be sinful for us to live in peaceful coexistence and peaceful competition. Pretend that this imaginary and illegal crusade forces us to create and support military efforts to overthrow the legal government of Nicaragua.

Pretend that when such military support by U. S. Government officials is forbidden by explicit laws of our own country, it is true patriotism for a lieutenant colonel to lie to our own Congress, not only to break the law he took a special oath to obey, but to suggest that others who reject such conduct and policies are less than patriotic.

Then after you have forgotten all that you must forget, and pretended all that you must pretend, you will be an Ollie North hero-worshipper, with peace of mind and a clear conscience.

OFFICERS OF THE BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY, INC.

(13) Chairman, Harry Ruja; President, Marvin Kohl; Vice-President, John Lenz; Treasurer, Dennis J Darland; Secretary, Don Jackanicz; Vice-President/Information, Lee Eisler.

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

(14) BR tells why he resorted to civil disobedience, in his statement of 9/12/61, as reported in Peace News (9/15/61)...with thanks to TOM STANLEY:

PEACE NEWS, September 15, 1961—7

Russell's statement

Tuesday, 12th Sept.

IF the Court permits, I should like to make a short statement as to the reasons for my present course. This is my personal statement, but I hope that those who are accused of the same so-called crime will be in sympathy with what I have to say.

It was only step by step and with great reluctance that we were driven to non-violent civil disobedience.

Ever since the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, I have been profoundly troubled by the danger of nuclear warfare. I began my attempt to warn people by entirely orthodox methods. I expressed my fears in a speech in the House of Lords three months after the bombs were dropped on Japan. I called together scientists of the highest eminence from all parts of the world and am now Chairman of their periodic meetings. They issue wise and reasoned reports concerning nuclear warfare, its probable disastrous results, and ways of preventing its occurrence. No newspaper notices these reports and they have no effect either on Governments or on public opinion. The popular Press minimises and ridicules the efforts of those working against nuclear warfare, and television, with rare exceptions, is closed to us. In recent months one television company, and only one, offered me two minutes for general platitudes, but when I said I should wish to speak on Berlin the offer was withdrawn.

*

It has seemed to some of us that, in a country supposed to be a democracy, the public should know the probable consequences of present Great-Power policies in East and West. Patriotism and humanity alike urged us to seek some way of saving our country and the world. No one can desire the slaughter of our families, our friends, our compatriots and a majority of the human race in a contest in which there will be only vanquished and no victors. We feel it a profound and inescapable duty to make the facts known and thereby save at least a thousand million human lives. We cannot escape this duty by submitting to orders which, we are convinced, would not be issued if the likelihood and the horror of nuclear war were more generally understood.

Non-violent civil disobedience was forced upon us by the fact that it was more fully reported than other methods of making the facts known, and that caused people to ask what had induced us to adopt such a course of action. We who are here accused are prepared to suffer imprisonment because we believe that this is the most effective way of working for the salvation of our couuntry and the world. If you condemn us you will be helping our cause, and therefore humanity.

NEWS ABOUT MEMBERS

(15) Irving Anellis in Moscow.

I am pleased to report that my recent trip to Moscow was both enjoyable and professionally rewarding. I was in Moscow from 11 to 24 August, although the 8th International Congress of Logic, Methodology and Philosophy of Science lasted only from 17 to 22 August. Part of the rest of my time was spent sightseeing. I learned during my visit that our Soviet colleagues very deeply appreciate any indication of sincere and serious interst of Western colleagues in their work.

During the Congress, I spoke on the foundations of infinitesimal analysis, specifically on "Russell's problems with the calculus," based on Russell's published and unpublished writings of the period 1896-1897. A Russian summary of my talk was given by Mikhail Kisel of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' Institute of Philosophy. Later, Dr. Kisel told me that our Soviet colleagues are familiar with Russell as a neo-Hegelian, as a social and political writer, and, of course, as a logician; he added, however, that the material which I

had presented in my talk was quite new to him and his colleagues. As perhaps a consequence, Dr. M. I. Panov of Moscow State University requested that I permit a Russian translation of the transcript of my talk to be published in one of the volumes of the collection of papers of the Philosophical-Methodological Seminars which he edits, and I readily consented.

BRS members may be interested to learn that I found several copies of a very recent Russian-language edition of Russell's Why I Am Not A Christian on the bookshelf in the home of one of my Soviet colleagues. The volumes were bound in a rich tan leather, with golden lettering on the spine.

Also of interest in connection with Russell was a tour of the Lenin apartment museum in the Kremlin which was arranged by the Congress organizers. The Lenin apartment is located in the Building of the Council of Ministers of the USSR, the center of the Soviet government, and participation in this tour was consequently limited and by invitation only. The office of Lenin's apartment (Russell did not visit or describe the living quarters) is today much the same as it was when visited by Russell in 1920 and as described in Russell's The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism: "Lenin's room is very bare; it contains a big desk, some maps on the walls, two book-cases, and one comfortable chair for visitors in addition to two or three hard chairs." Our guide mentioned that Lenin was visited in this room by peasants, workers, political leaders, representatives of various foreign lands, writers, cultural leaders; but she did not any - neither Russell nor any others - by name.

(16) Dong-In Bae, a BRS member since 1975, returned in 1984 to his native South Korea. He had earned his Ph. D. in Germany, which had given him political asylum for many years, and was now a Professor, teaching Anthropology and Sociology at Kangweon National University, in Chuncheon. We sent him a clipping from the New York Times, and he responded this way in his letter of 6/12/87:

Thank you very much for your letter of June 1st enclosing the statement signed by the members of the American National Assembly and sent to President Chun Doo Hwan, an excerpt from the New York Times of May 31, 1987. I whole-heartedly endorse the statement, too. On May 4th I myself signed a similar declaration together with 39 professors at our Kangweon National University here in Chunchon; we organized it very carefully; we had to keep the small "movement" in absolute secret until it could be made known publicly in the news papers. At last, in spite of massive pressures from the university administration - the president of our University urged several professors (including myself) involved in the movement to stop it - we succeeded it to be published. But we did not yet succeed in the basic political democratization in our Korean society.

As you are well informed, more than 1400 professors signed and published their common opinion opposing President Chun's unilateral declaration of April 13th to prohibit debate regarding change of the constitution. These protests are growing in their nummber and intensity: other social groups and occupational associations are joining in the movement for rapid constitutional change. - For example, literal artists, fine artists, film makers and stars, drama/theater artists, dentists, medical doctors, women's organizations, some part of trade unions etc.

On June 1oth, there were two big events: the one is the convention of the ruling party, especially for the nomination of Ro Tae Woo (the military friend of Chun) as their presidential candidate, and the other a nation-wide protest meeting against the Chun-government. The government declared the latter as illegal. This people's legitimate meeting could not be held because of the government's violent interruption by means of severe traffic control, house arrest and throwing of tear bombs. Chun's regime started with military violence in 1980, more exactly since the assassination of Park Chung Hee (Oct. 26, 1979) and exists until now on the basis of only the state apparatus of violence (mainly military police). I think there is no ground

of its continuous existence in the Korean society: no legitimacy could and can be recognized for his regime. A state power became a system of violence, an inhuman, antidemocratic and barbarous system. This system traditionally helped the American government to be maintained. In this sense I am very glad to see a quite different aspect of the American people in the clear expression of the Congress members for the rapid "return to democracy in Korea", which you let me know concretely.

Until now there is no indication of retaliation from the Chun's regime toward the above-mentioned professors signed. So I am well personally, too.

(17) Adam Jacobs disrobes in public, much to his credit.

From the Rutgers Law Record, Special Robe Supplement (a student publication of the Rutgers School of Law, Newark, NJ):

Printed below is the text of the circulating petition. See Adam Jacobs 87 for information or to sign on.

The undersigned members of the Class of 1987 will not wear graduation robes. Instead, we intend to recover that portion of the graduation fee allocated therefor, and advance the sum to a homeless fund established by Essex-Newark Legal Services.

We do this because:

1. At a time when the gap between rich and poor is growing wider, we wish to show our commitment to the needs of those less fortunate than ourselves.

2. Though the temperature will be comfortable at the ceremony, many people in Newark go without adequate clothing in the wintertime. Our robes, unnecessary for our comfort, symbolize the warmth we wish to give to our fellow citizens at that time.

3. We wish to do away with needless formality. Though we appreciate the communality that a sea of black robes suggests, we feel a more meaningful expression of communality can be effected through an act that includes those outside our class.

The Newark Star Ledger (6/1/87) included the following in reporting on the Law School's Graduation Day:

Graduate Adam Jacobs, 24, of Newark, who asked fellow students to abandon their gowns, estimated the program raised $500 for the city's homeless He explained he was motivated to initiate the drive to help the homeless during his work for Rutgers Legal Aid, where he met people who lived on the streets without winter coats or spent days in public buildings because they had nowhere else to go.

Adam writes: "I believe the campaign to disrobe discussed here roughly falls under Russell's 8th Commandment. Passive agreement certainly was the easier course...but some of us chose instead to dissent, intelligently, I think." We agree.

[Russell's 8th Commandment: Find more pleasure in intelligent dissent than in passive agreement, for, if you value intelligence as you should, the former implies deeper agreement than the latter. RSN54-2]

(18) Herb Lansdell asks: Is there someone who could write an imaginary letter from BR to Reagan? It could be a good item for the NY Times or Washington Post op ed page.

(19) John Lenz's paper, "Russell and the Greeks", presented at the June meeting, will appear in a future issue of "Russell", slightly revised. John presented it as "Bertrand Russell, Gilbert Murray, and the Greeks" at Columbia, on September 28th.

(20) Bob Sass was particularly delighted to learn that Profesor John Somerville received the 1987 BRS Award. He tells why:

Dr. Somerville was one of my professors of philosophy during the late 1950's at Hunter College, now part of the City University of New York. He was an inspiring teacher who had enormous influence on his students during the cold war years. He was also most generous with his time. For instance, I continued my studies in philosophy with him upon graduation. He would assign me readings and take time to meet with me on week-ends to discuss them. At that time, I was working full-time in the labour movement.

It was, in part, because of his book Philosophy of Peace that I became President of the Sane Nuclear Policy Club at Hunter College, 1958-59. I, thereafter, read Russell's work in this area and continued reading and studying Russell ever since. My wife and I started an alternative school when we came to Saskatchewan in 1969. I was, of course, inspired by Russell's writing on education.

When I became Deputy Minister of Labour in the Province of Saskatchewan, 1973-1982, I again found insight and guidance from Russell's writings on politics, ethics and the right organization of industry.

I immediately became a member of the Bertrand Russell Society on learning of it and now I will have the opportunity to attend my first BRS annual meeting in San Diego. I look forward to the presentation of the award to Dr. Somerville. He is a most worthy recipient of the BRS award because of his devotion to world peace, and because of his inspiration as a teacher.

(21) Ramon Suzara isn't exactly enthusiastic about the way things are going in the Philippines. Here are the relevant parts of his letter of 8/31/87:

I live in a mad world. The only time I enjoy mental health is whenever I read Russell; or, whenever I hear from fellow-Russellians.

Presently, I'm taking a seminar on Real Property Administration. This is given by the Philippine Association of Building Administrators in cooperation with the International Institute of Building Management. Soon, I hope to manage one of the buildings here in the financial district of Makati.

The Philippines, far from being on the road towards civilization, is in fact developing into another "Beirut" in Southeast Asia. The 5th attempt last few days ago to overthrow the Cory government has failed. But more attempts will come in the near future. Indeed, the peace and order situation throughout the Philippines is degenerating with each passing day. On sundays, everybody pretends to love one another. During the weekdays, however, there is hate, cruelty, exploitation, hypocrisy, and violence. But prayers are uttered over and over again - the love of God will grace the Philippines- in the meantime, the military is expected to remedy the mess. Alas, the military itself is part of the mess.

What is alarming here for me is that the born-again Christian movement is spreading fast and wide. The Bible is still the only book considered for moral guidance. The average Filipino has yet to acknowledge that moral guidance derived from the Bible has produced not social nor political sanity, but disorganized madness. Russell was right: - "Religion encourages stupidity and an insufficient sense of reality." And I might add that in the Philippines - religion cannot cure our troubles because our troubles cannot cure religion.

What is truly sad here is that almost everybody is waiting for more miracles. What seems more important is that Cory Aquino is more religious than Marcos and Imelda who left this country in ruin. And Marcos and Imelda are still religious.

The Bible says in 1John 2:15 "Do not love the world or things in the world." This piece of Biblical teaching has been faithfully obeyed by the majority of the Filipinos. That is why, I suppose, for the most part Filipino Christians are seldom attracted by human intelligence as they are always distracted by divine stupidity. Indeed, loving God up in heaven while hating to explore genuine possibilities of loving one another down here on earth has insured not only contempt for this world, but also insanity.

Surely the Philippine government today is trying to accomplish the higher standard of living for the whole nation. What it fails to realize, however, is that with the accomplishment of

the higher standard of thinking - the higher standard of living will be easier for everybody. In the meantime, Christianity in the Philippines continues to invent the damned soul, and continues to sell eternal salvation. The price is too much to pay: - the mindless surrender of the self via the mutilation of the intellect.

ON NUCLEAR WEAPONS

(22) A Letter to the Editor of the New York Times (7/18/87, p.26):

Just Call It Playing With Nuclear Matches

To the Editor:

In opposing the "abolition of nuclear weapons" in "More Straight Talk for NATO" (editorial, June 15) you argue, "Nuclear weapons remain a necessary part of deterrence." You speak of the need to build the necessary public support for deterrence. Pity that you do not explain that both the quality and quantity of our nuclear arsenal have little to do with deterrence.

For as Robert S. McNamara, the former Secretary of Defense, has observed, deterrence requires only a few hundred nuclear bombs. Our thousands of nuclear weapons, many of them designed for first-strike and war-winning — not war-deterring — purposes, have only heightened tension between the superpowers and made nuclear war by accident frighteningly likely.

Your belief that nuclear weapons offer "a great benefit to mankind" (editorial, Aug. 25, 1986) rests on the further belief that "because of the nuclear shadow" the United States and the Soviet Union "have enjoyed 40 years of peace." This undocumented and unproved assumption neglects to mention that in the judgment of the authoritative Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists the nuclear-arms race has brought the world to the brink of nuclear holocaust.

You are of course right in noting that United States and Soviet troops have "never met in combat" in the last 40 years. But why does it follow that The Bomb is responsible for this?

John Foster Dulles, W. Averell Harriman and other post-World War II American leaders argreed privately that the Soviet Union had no intention of overrunning Western Europe or the world. It can be argued that our development of thousands of bombs targeting every Soviet military, industrial and population center, and our secret plans to launch them in a pre-emptive strike, were part of a policy that resulted in the tragic Vietnam War.

It is important to recall that we deployed atomic bombs against the Russians and initiated the nuclear arms race, not to deter aggression, but rather to destroy the Russians in the war that many of our leaders said was inevitable. Deterrence was a rationale for a military policy that the United Nations and most of the world's religions have judged unacceptable. As Adm. Gene R. La Rocque has pointed out, deterrence was an afterthought, a theory "to help justify our nuclear weapons," which our leaders had put in place in order to achieve "worldwide military dominance."

Since you have learned to love The Bomb, one can understand your unhappiness with what you call the "growing public antagonism to nuclear weapons." Might it not be possible that the public understands better than you do that weapons so frightful and dangerous, so susceptible of being used as a result of mechanical or human error, provide a treacherous and unreliable deterrence to war?

EDWARD PESSEN
New York, June 30, 1987

The writer is Distinguished Professor of History at Baruch College and the City University Graduate School.

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PHILOSOPHY

(24) Free Will is discussed by CORLISS LAMONT in "The Assurance of Free Choice" (Basic Pamphlet #27, Box 42, NY NY 10025). Here is part of the discussion:

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

When the fatalistic Mohammedan fighters in the motion picture *Lawrence of Arabia* wanted to persuade Colonel Lawrence of the impossibility of one of his proposed military ventures in World War I they said, "It is written." To which Lawrence's spirited answer was always, "*Nothing* is written." And the film in each case proceeds to show how he carried out the venture against immense odds.

Actually, Lawrence was not right, nor were the Arabs. The truth is that in human life there is a great deal that is inexorably determined ("written") and a great deal that springs from man's free choice ("free will" in traditional terminology). Both Lawrence and the Arabs made the mistake of considering these concepts, freedom of choice and determinism, to be mutually exclusive, as if there must be universal determinism *or* absolute freedom. Philosophers, too, have sometimes made the same error.

In modern times man has gained enormous control over nature by discovering a multitude of scientific laws and then using them to his own advantage. Those laws represent determinism and are always the expression of if-then relations or sequences. *If* the temperature drops to 32 degrees Fahrenheit, *then* water freezes into ice. Fortunately, many human functions, such as breathing and the circulation of the blood, are automatic and deterministic. At the same time an individual functioning on the level of intellectual deliberation can exercise true freedom of choice in deciding between two or more genuine alternatives that confront him.

I want to emphasize the word "alternatives" because it expresses a key concept in the analysis of freedom of choice. It was the psychoanalist and author Erich Fromm who suggested that Bertrand Russell, Britain's greatest philosopher of the twentieth century, was not a determinist as usually thought, but an "alternativist who sees that what is determined are certain limited and ascertainable alternatives." I wrote to Earl Russell in 1968, quoting Fromm's comment and added:

"Now this fits in precisely with my own viewpoint. Opposing extremes to which Sartre goes on this question, I claim that free choice is *always* limited by one's heredity, environment, economic circumstances and so on. Those are the deterministic elements in the picture. But beyond them, though established by them, are real alternatives among which a man can choose. That is where freedom of choice comes in.

"You have usually been classified as a determinist," I went on to say. "But if Fromm's remarks are correct, as well as my interpretation of them, you are by no means a total determinist and have been misunderstood."

Russell promptly replied: "I am in broad agreement with what you say about the free will question. Anything one says on this is sure to be wrong! It is difficult to find a form of words, and the difficulty is due to linguistic problems. There are no laws of nature that make the future certain. Any scientific investigator would always have to assume determinism as a working hypothesis, without complete belief or complete denial. *I cannot be described as a determinist,* and my views are closer to yours than to Sartre's." [My italics. — C.L. Aug. 16, 1968.]

We give the last word to Yiddish-author and Nobel Lauréate Isaac Bashevis Singer:

Q: Do you believe in Free Will, Mr. Singer?

A: We have to. We have no choice.

NEW MEMBERS

(25) We welcome these new members:

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BOOK REVUES

(27) Al Seckel's latest book is reviewed by BOB DAVIS:

BRS Member Al Seckel has edited another book of Russell's essays to complement last year's "Bertrand Russell on God and Religion". This year's effort, "Bertrand Russell on Ethics, Sex and Marriage," is published by Prometheus Press at $14.95.

The format is the same. Al republishes 25 essays of Russell's, grouped into 5 sections. A 26th essay, "Morality and Instinct", written in 1926, is published here for the first time. The 25 are either essays or chapters from his books, such as "Marriage and Morals," that you are very likely familiar with, and will enjoy reading again, or they are from periodicals which you probably are not familiar with. So you get to re-read old favorites and some new material. Not a bad deal, that.

Of special interest to me was the first section, "Ethics", which contains five philosophical essays on ethics. That is to say, what is ethics, what is ethical knowledge (if such there be), and how does one think about ethics. Those of you who enjoy reading philosophy that is accessible to the layman will certainly enjoy this section, as well as the other sections, "Moral Rules", " Sexual Morality", " Marriage and Divorce", and "Happiness".

When I was growing up in rural Iowa 20 some years ago, it was a rather repressive moral climate, especially about sex. I found BR's writings, especially "Marriage and Morals", to be very helpful in dealing with my environment and forging a rational, reasonable code of behavior. Later, when I moved to California, I found everybody decidedly ho-hum about his writings on this topic and not at all impressed. That is because basically what he was saying was very standard for urban, modern people.

One lesson of BR's that they seemed to miss, though, was the lesson of responsibility. BR preached freedom with responsibility, not license -- a point we frequently need to remind his critics of.

Now, with the recrudescence of fundamentalism and their nit-wit views on sexual morality, I think that BR's views are becoming relevant again, and regaining their power. This might be a very good book with which to review your own thinking on this topic. Better yet, it might make a good gift to some young person who is confused by the current tumult on the topic.

Reading Russell helps people to learn to think for themselves in a rational fashion. And that, I firmly believe, is the best antidote to obscurantist nonsense.

(28) Wittgenstein, as portrayed in "The World As I Found It", a novel by Bruce Duffy...reviewed in The Washington Blade (9/25/87):

Philosopher for the age of anxiety

by Dennis Drabelle

The tortured genius is a virtual cliche, but there was nothing commonplace about Ludwig Wittgenstein. His talents and traumas epitomize some of the highs and lows of the 20th century. He could fix anything mechanical, design a flawless and original house, and poke holes in the philosophy of one so brilliant as Bertrand Russell. He was never comfortable as an assimilated Jew; he suffered agonies over his his homosexuality; and, because he was persuaded that his mysticism could not be reduced to words, he insisted that some of his most ardent followers misinterpreted him and that the real importance of his philosophy lay in what it left unsaid.

This self-torturer is the central figure of Bruce Duffy's ambitious, absorbing first novel, ***The World As I Found It*** (Ticknor & Fields, $19.95). Russell himself plays a strong supporting role, as does George Edward Moore, the Cambridge don whose enlightened hedonism electrified the Bloomsbury Group. The three men represent not just different philosophies but divergent styles of sexual fulfillment: Russell the restless womanizer; Moore the sexually retarded *naif*, who bumbles his way through a late courtship to a tranquil and enduring marriage; Wittgenstein the cruising snatcher of furtive sex in public parks.

From birth Ludwig was conditioned to be one of Austrian steel tycoon Karl Wittgenstein's few failures: his sons. The oldest two, both homosexual, committed early suicide. A third was a patent fool. Another was Paul Wittgenstein, a technically proficient if not emotionally expressive pianist. Then there was Ludwig, the brightest of all, who disappointed his father profoundly when he left home to study philosophy in England instead of entering the family firm.

Karl Wittgenstein is Duffy's most inspired portrait—a monster of overbearing perfectionism. When his son-in-law Rolf turns out to be the likeliest inheritor of the business, Karl loads him down with the same preternatural impressiveness formerly reserved for his feckless sons. Though Rolf might occasionally say something shrewd, it was, observes Duffy's omniscient narrator,

> still a little, well... *off the mark*. Not through any intrinsic fault of his, Karl Wittgenstein would affably suggest. After all, Rolf could hardly be held accountable for the fact that he still lacked seasoning... Still less could Rolf compensate for lacking that comprehensive and indeed synoptic view that came with more years than he, unfortunately, would ever have, because Karl Wittgenstein would always have more years and, moreover, would carry to his grave the wisdom that worked in the days when the world truly worked as it should...

In a speechless death-scene as moving as any in Tolstoy, the cancer-ridden Karl forgives his Ludwig for failing him (which in this case is tantamount to forgiving him for existing) while Ludwig forgives his father for being insufferable.

The World As I Found It also succeeds at sketching complex philosophies without muddying the narrative line. In this classroom scene, Moore is applying his renowned common sense to those skeptics who have gone so far as to deny the reality of the material world. "And let us also ask ourselves," Moore chirps, "how it is possible that *material* philosophers have held that *material* objects do not exist. For, after all..."

Here Wittgenstein interjects: "Whether I am material or immaterial—why should this affect the truth of what I say? If something is true, then it is true."

Stunned, Moore—ever the practitioner of humility and candor—replies: "I had not considered that objection, but it is certainly a serious objection and perhaps reduces my statement from an argument that holds water to a more or less interesting point that only sprinkles a little water."

Despite his book's length (546 pages of small type), Duffy, who lives in Takoma Park, slights the later Wittgenstein, who returned to philosophy after a long stint as a grammar-school teacher and a short one as an architect. Nor does Duffy bring to life the few perfunctory scenes where Wittgenstein is sexually active: Russell's pursuits of the opposite sex are far more vivid and convincing, though somewhat peripheral to the book's main channel.

But these are minor flaws in a novel that manages to shed light on contemporary philosophy, intellectual comradeship and rivalry, assimilated Jews, and the relationship between gifted fathers and gifted sons—while at the same time loosing a steady stream of gossipy entertainment. The truest measure of the book's value is that it explains more clearly than the philosopher himself ever did why he put so much stock in what he left unsaid.

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(29) But not all critics agree on the merits of Duffy's "The World As I Found It". Here is a review by Carlin Romano, in Book World (9/27/87):

Bruce Duffy, a 34-year old writer from Takoma Park [is not the] first to recognize that Ludwig Wittgenstein -- the giant of 20th Century philosophy and the central figure of Duffy's "The World As I Found It" -- pursued truth a little too colorfully to be left on the non-fiction shelf.

Iris Murdoch's first novel, "Under the Net" (1954), featured a barely disguised portrait of him in Dave Gellmann, anti-metaphysician. Austrian writer, Thomas Bernhard retooled Wittgenstein as a suicidal mathematician in his novel, "Correction" (1975). Randall Collins, in "The Case of the Philosopher's Ring" (1978) [RSN22-34], dispatched Sherlock Holmes to probe the theft of Wittgenstein's brain.

The man plainly attracts novelists like fleas. And the reason is simple -- he was a walking soap opera.

Born in 1889 in Vienna, the son of steel magnate Karl Wittgenstein, Wittgenstein bounced on Brahms's knee as a child. As a young man, his brilliance in logic led him to study with Bertrand Russell in Cambridge, where Russell called him "the most perfect example I have ever known of genius as traditionally conceived."

Wittgenstein's ideas about language's link to the world seemed to jibe with Russell's, and Russell tried to make him a disciple. But Wittgenstein resisted. Haughty, eccentric and obsessive, he clashed with both Russell and G. E. Moore, both of whom believed that philosophical work should end at 5 p.m.

Indeed, Wittgenstein's personal life teemed with unconventionality. Three of his brothers committed suicide, and Wittgenstein often threatened the same. He renounced his fortune and lived in Spartan lodgings. He disparaged philosophy and urged admirers to leave it. According to one controversial biography, W. W. Berley III's "Wittgenstein", he was a self-loathing homosexual, given to bouts of promiscuous cruising that revolted him.

During World War I, he fought in the Austrian Army and wrote the only book published in his lifetime, the "Tractatus". After the war, he decided to teach children in elementary school in Austrian villages. The so-called "later Wittgenstein" rejected the "early" one's theories, writing that all philosophers could do was identify "bumps" that the understanding suffers by "running its head up against the limits of language." He died in 1951, hugely influential.

Duffy's ambitious approach fully exploits the known facts on Wittgenstein, Russell and Moore, imagining anything necessary to fill in the gaps. "The World As I found It" should be welcomed as manna by many readers starved for intellectual content in their fiction. But a book that strives as hard as Duffy's to be literature also asks to be judged by high standards. Here, alas, it fails.

Because Duffy regularly bloats his story with the beliefs and histories of minor characters, the book lacks "the severe criteria of harmonious balance" that Duffy recognizes in Wittgenstein's own work. "The World As I found It" pans from Wittgenstein to Russell to Ottoline Morrell (Russell's mistress) to David Pinsent (Wittgenstein's friend) to Pinsent's mother to D. H. Lawrence to Dora Russell to Russell's mistresses and even, most ludicrously, to the dog at Russell's school, Beacon Hill.

Duffy, in short, can't seem to decide where he wants to go with his material. The novelist who chooses a great thinker as his protagonist usually has a tool for a client -- we expect an ulterior message. Duffy's is unclear.

An even more damaging misstep is Duffy's wordiness, deeply antithetical to the elegant styles of his three philosophical stars. At one point, Duffy's Moore tells Wittgenstein, apropos of the "Tractatus", that "it seems as if it was painful for you to say even one more word than was necessary to express your meaning." Duffy, instead, regularly wallows in poetic overkill while straining after epiphanies: "Now the picture of his life cast his shadow across the world. Bitterly, he thought of how fiercely he had fought to save himself. And for what? Flatulent heart. Fraudulent life. The shadow ran through a sieve, spilling lies in the vain hope of distilling even a few grains of truth."

Elsewhere, when not dyeing his thinkers purple, Duffy encases them in prosaic packages. Typical is this size-up of Wittgenstein: "The irony was that he was at the height of his intellectual powers, and he knew it, which should have been liberating but was instead a sorrow, when he saw how little had been achieved for all his efforts." The man who asked what is left when we "subtract the fact that my arm goes up from the fact that I raise my arm," did not think in such clichés.

Our thanks to DON JACKANICZ.

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(30) Did Carlin Romano's review turn you off? Peter Meisel's review may turn you on. Here it is (and it looks like a Sunday NY Times Book Review review)...with thanks to KEN KORBIN:

By Perry Meisel

WHEN the wealthy and cultivated young Ludwig Wittgenstein burst upon the hermetic world of Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore at Cambridge in 1912, three lives were changed forever. The Viennese Wittgenstein struck even Russell as perhaps more than his match. The unflappable Moore shared in a fierce but collegial relation that survived two world wars. As a combatant in the Austrian Army late in World War I, Wittgenstein completed the only book he saw fit to publish during his lifetime, "Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus" (1921). Returning to Cambridge in 1929, he began to question his own assumption in the "Tractatus" that the study of language could yield systematic rules, preferring instead to delight in the indeterminacies of linguistic reference, and composing, among other works, "Philosophical Investigations," published in 1953, two years after his death.

So alluring is Wittgenstein's appeal that it has stirred Bruce Duffy, a writer who lives in suburban Washington, to produce a historical novel centered on Wittgenstein and his English friends. Its sweeping arrangement of fact and fancy is vivid, passionate and funny. Mr. Duffy adheres faithfully enough to the outlines of Wittgenstein's life as we know them (a full-scale biography has yet to be completed), although his book is really an accomplished orchestration of the spheres of Russell's urbanity, Moore's domesticity and Wittgenstein's wanderlust that is organized around three key points in Wittgenstein's experience — his first years at Cambridge, his service in World War I and his return to England.

• • •

Mr. Duffy intersperses his absorbing narrative with deft flashbacks that fill in the pasts of all three men (the death of Wittgenstein's father in Vienna is probably the novel's most extraordinary sequence). He writes with great wisdom about love, work and fame, painting raucously humorous and uncommonly moving portraits of his three principals. Russell stews deliciously in his inwardness; Moore gobbles his meals at high table at Trinity with such methodical relish that his philosophical hedonism is explained more convincingly than it is in most academic accounts.

The rendering of Wittgenstein is more dramatic and less naturally inward, testimony to his daunting intractability as both a man and a thinker. Wittgenstein's melancholy narcissism was so profound that it frequently turned into its opposite — the feeling that he hardly existed at all. In reply to a friend's request to take his photograph, Wittgenstein remarks: "You may develop your film & find no image whatsoever."

THE novel's title comes from a passage in the "Tractatus" ("If I wrote a book called *The World As I Found It*, I should have to include a report on my body") that concludes with the difficult statement that such a book would be "a method of isolating the subject, or rather of showing that in an important sense there is no subject." Mr. Duffy exemplifies Wittgenstein's point both by apprehending him within a matrix of social contexts, and by dramatizing the elusiveness of subjectivity in the dream of a world he fashions with a prose that aspires to a combination of visionary expansiveness and postmodern terseness.

There are, to be sure, a few hitches. Bertrand Russell did not, *pace* Mr. Duffy, split infinitives. Nor did Lytton Strachey have a booming voice — it squeaked. There are also some lapses into melodrama — a visit to a Yiddish theater in Vienna, a family friend-turned-Nazi and Wittgenstein's painful acknowledgment of his Jewish roots at the onset of World War II. Such moments aside, Mr. Duffy's is an achievement in both fiction and historiography which deepens Wittgenstein's mythology and should attract a wider audience to it. □

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(31) Don't go away; we haven't finished with Loodvig; can you sit still for one more? This review is by Richard Eder, in The Book Review, of the L.A. Times (with thanks to BOB DAVIS):

Here are nearly 550 pages of a most unusual, even preposterous venture: a novel constructed out of the lives, the thoughts, the appetites, the egos and the very toenails and pocket watches of the philosophers Ludwig Wittgenstein, Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore.

It is hard to know which is more outsized; the talent of Bruce Duffy, the author, or his nerve. Sometimes they are the same thing, sometimes not. Duffy is a superb writer though not always a prudent one. The successes of "The World as I Found It" are astonishing; its defeats are less astonishing, given its ambition, though perhaps they are not always necessary.

"Passion" may be more accurate than "ambition." This is Duffy's first novel, and he is equipped to be a very fine novelist and perhaps more; but in this case, he is novelizing in the service of a passion that both makes this an extraordinary book and sometimes gets in its way.

Duffy introduces plenty of philosophy, as clearly as possible; particularly in the case of Wittgenstein, the major character, and Russell, his patron and antagonist. But his purpose—and much of the astonishing success—is to write about thought as one of the vital signs of life.

He makes vivid characters out of the three men, and he makes their ideas traits of these characters. With Wittgenstein, ideas are energy, ego and a mystical will to prevail. With the arrogant and insecure Russell, they are the will to maneuver. With the gentle Moore, they are the will to give way to any better argument.

A great deal more than diplomacy is war by other means. Poetry—read Robert Lowell's biography—is war by other means. Cooking and seduction are wars by other means. Philosophy, Duffy tells us, is war (or with Moore, conscientious objection) by other means.

The author asserts in a brief preface that he has used the principal lines of the three lives—diaries and letters are freely quoted—but that he has transposed and invented details. It is a novel by texture, to put it roughly, and a triple biography by plot; real bones with a fictional skin and a large life. It is a fusion that suggests Jacques Maritain's phrase: "The dreamers of what is true."

Duffy's Wittgenstein, son of a rich and overbearing Viennese steel magnate, comes to Cambridge as a young man to study under Russell. He is a most unabashed disciple; before long, he is subjecting Russell's work on mathematical logic to devastating criticism.

The book recounts their collaboration and growing differences; it portrays quite brilliantly Russell's fascination with the younger man whose rigorous logic is voiced with a prophet's certainty. Best of all, it gives a subtle picture of a philosopher's mixture of excitement and agony at being overborne by a deeper mind.

In one of many witty vignettes, the author has Russell telling Ottoline Morrell, his Bloomsbury lover, of how he destroyed the work of the German philosopher Gottlob Frege; and of Frege's cordial acknowledgments. Lady Morrell is mystified by Russell's complacency. "He is in your debt," she says ironically. The real irony, of course, is that it was Frege who sent Wittgenstein to study with Russell.

Philosophic dueling provides some of the book's most exhilarating moments. There is a superbly comical and instructive scene that has Russell, Wittgenstein and Moore—who throughout is a kind of balance-wheel between the others—attending a Cambridge discussion group toward the end of their lives. Wittgenstein stalks out after one speaker accuses him of picking up a poker to threaten him; Russell shrieks with frustration at seeing his rival depart before he can tackle him.

Moore is sketched rightly, but what emerges is a stunningly graceful portrait. He is an innocent with large appetites. Duffy writes several splendid pages that describe Moore making his prodigious way through an enormous and greasy Cambridge meal. His late-life courtship of a student is funny and touching; later, Duffy provides a brilliant account of how their marriage balances her need for intimacy and his for abstraction.

Russell's portrait is less subtle—as Russell himself was less subtle—but it is vastly entertaining. Duffy gets full measure of his restlessness, the need for attention that made much of his philosophizing rather shallow, his egotism and his perpetual philandering. The school that

he runs with his feminist wife is a wacky mixture of the earnest and the cock-eyed. Russell interviews the new woman teachers and urges them, in gravely paternal tones, to sleep with him.

Duffy can so pleasure us with a phrase that some of the pleasure rubs off on the character. Describing Russell's snobbish one-upmanship, he calls him "master of the seemingly good-natured slight, fraught with elan and bonhomie, which fizzed up like a fatal heart-burn in the person slighted."

Wittgenstein is the book's center both of gravity and energy. He is the figure with whom Duffy risks the most, achieves a lot, and sometimes fails. Where the other two appear and disappear, suiting the author's firework rhythms, with Wittgenstein, a full-scale fictional biography is attempted.

His childhood in the oppressive pre-World War I wealth of Vienna is spelled out. So is the overbearing presence of his enormously successful father. Meals are described, course by rich course; and concerts and family gatherings are presented with a steamy weight that makes "Buddenbrooks" seem like a French farce.

Wittgenstein's burdens are set out: the suicide of his two older brothers, his guilt over concealing his Jewishness, his homosexuality. There are long sections on his ordeal in the World War I trenches, and his spells of brooding rustication in Norway, and later as a village schoolteacher in Austria.

It is an impressive, tormented portrait. It succeeds by dint of cumulative detail in suggesting convincing parallels between the strains and ambiguities of Wittgenstein's life, and the extraordinarily severe—and paradoxically liberating—restrictions he put on the meaning and uses of language.

In truth, the biographical detail is excessive; it weighs down and distorts the rich intellectual and emotional play in the lives and strivings of the three philosophers. If much of the writing is quite marvelous, there are whole pages of routinely presented facts and expository intellectual history. Duffy's formidable fictional ability to bring moments and characters to life raises novelistic expectations that are frequently dashed by the "and then . . . and then . . ." plodding of the biographical form.

It is, of course, an easy way out for a reviewer to suggest that more editing would have helped. Clearly, it would have had to be administered by a manic energy equivalent to the author's. No doubt, quite a bit was done, in any case, and perhaps exhaustion set in.

Still, if its mid-section and later sagging is a problem, "The World as I Found It"—a Wittgenstein phrase suggestive of his passionately provisional approach to reality—is a treasure-house, even if unwieldy. It would take a much longer review to suggest the variety of ungroomed pleasures to be found in it, along with the complex and moving portrait of a man whose intellectual energy burned like an acid so pure and corrosive that there was no container it could rest in. ■

PHILOSOPHY?

(32) Wittgenstein skewered. A spoof from the Village Voice(6/16/87 p.62), with thanks to WARREN SMITH.

STARRING ROBERT STACK AS LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN IN

The Unspeakables

Tonight's Episode: The Al Camus Story

BY FRANCIS LEVY

WALTER WINCHELL *(VOICEOVER)*
Despite the passage of strict Prohibition laws, illegal manufacturers of meaningless terms continued to flourish and operate. . . .

The offices of Ludwig Wittgenstein and the Unspeakables in Cambridge, England. The sound of typewriters pecking. Wittgenstein studies a blank sheet of paper. Bert Russell looks puzzled by something as he walks over to Wittgenstein's desk.

RUSSELL
I've been working on this mind/body thing, but I haven't come up with any leads.

WITTGENSTEIN
Have you talked with that Arendt girl?

RUSSELL
Claims she knows nothing about it. I've got an idea she's formulating something, though.

WITTGENSTEIN
I'd put a tail on her.

RUSSELL
One of my men's staking out the New School right now.

WINCHELL *(V. O.)*
Paris in the '30s was fast becoming a hotbed for the manufacture and distribution of inflated ideas. An influx of self-proclaimed thinkers was reaching epidemic proportions. One of the most dangerous was the notorious Al Camus. In his eagerness to foist unverifiable opinions on an unsuspecting public, Camus had established a clandestine network of mom-and-pop operations. Ludwig Wittgenstein and the Unspeakables were called in when local authorities could no longer cope with the problem.

Ludwig Wittgenstein's Paris hotel room. Name tags are attached to all objects. The chair is labeled "chair," the sofa, "sofa," etc. On a wall is the motto: "There are no innuendos." Wittgenstein is awakened from his sleep by the ring of the phone. He flips on the light and picks up the receiver. The label "man" is attached to his forehead.

A. J. Ayer, another of Wittgenstein's Unspeakables, is standing in a phone booth on the Boulevard Saint Germain. Several Frenchmen in berets sit in the nearby café Aux Deux Magots, a well-known hangout for the loquacious, and eye him suspiciously.

AYER
You'd better get over here as fast as possible, Ludwig!

WITTGENSTEIN
What's up?

AYER
I'd describe it, if it were possible. You know what I mean?

WITTGENSTEIN
I don't, but okay.

A Left Bank speakeasy, the "I 'n' Thou" run by the infamous Marty Buber. Words like "freedom," "fate," and "mankind" flow freely. Erich Fromm, a young student who works nights as a waiter, carries an ice bucket to Susanne K. Langer. The bucket contains a copy of Henri Bergson's Time and Free Will.

LANGER
I won't say existence precedes essence.

FROMM
We can quibble later. Al needs words.

Ludwig Wittgenstein and his Unspeakables burst through the doors of the "I 'n' Thou." There are screams and cries of "I've lost my place" as philosophical treatises fall to the floor.

WITTGENSTEIN
All right, lay down your nouns.

In the back room of the "I 'n' Thou" Al Camus is fingering a copy of Spinoza, unaware of the clamor outside. Jack Sartre and his sidekick Simone face him across a small candlelit table.

SARTRE
We'll give your people *Being and Nothingness* however they want it, installments, paperback, Book-of-the-Month Club. You name it.

CAMUS
That's awful generous of you, Jack. That's enough words to keep a speakeasy like the "I 'n' Thou" going for a year. . . . What's the price?

Sartre looks to Simone, who looks back at him and nods.

SARTRE
(nervously)
You got to give up your relativism.

CAMUS
With you it's always choices, choices, choices.

SIMONE
If you're ever going to have a successful relationship with Others, you're going to have to overcome your fears of commitment.

Fromm breaks in on Camus and his cronies.

FROMM
(breathlessly)
It's Wittgenstein!

CAMUS
Let's beat it.

SARTRE
I'm willing to stand up to him for the sake of principle.

SIMONE
I wish you'd think of somebody else instead of everybody else for once.

WINCHELL *(V. O.)*
In the fall of 1932 Ludwig Wittgenstein returned to Cambridge empty-handed. Al Camus, Jack Sartre, and his sidekick Simone had successfully eluded the Unspeakables again....

Wittgenstein is sitting at his desk. The label "failure" hangs from his forehead. Russell rubs his eyes wearily as he reports in.

RUSSELL
There's been another outbreak of abstract thinking.

WITTGENSTEIN
I had a hunch something like this was coming down the pike.

RUSSELL
It's worse than we expected. There are already several schools of thought.

WITTGENSTEIN
Anything new on that fellow with the beard—the one who was hung up on infant sex?

RUSSELL
He's turning into one of the biggest suppliers of the speakeasies.

WITTGENSTEIN
Listen, Bert. I'm going to go sharpen my pencil. In the meanwhile I want a 24-hour surveillance on his sentences.

RUSSELL
We'll try our best, Ludwig. But they're pretty hard to follow. ■

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(33)

THE RUSSELL SOCIETY LIBRARY
Tom Stanley, Librarian
Box 434, Wilder, VT 05088

Books for sale:

By Bertrand Russell:

Title	Price	
Appeal to the American Conscience	$ 2.25	
Authority and the Individual	3.75	
The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, Vol. I	16.00	H
Vol. II	13.00	H
Vol. III	11.00	H
Bertrand Russell on God and Religion, edited by Al Seckel	10.00	
Education and the Social Order	4.25	
Essays in Analysis, edited by Douglas Lackey	6.50	H
Has Man a Future?	8.00	H
History of the World in Epitome	1.00	
Icarus, or the Future of Science	3.00	H
In Praise of Idleness	3.75	
The Impact of Science on Society	3.00	
An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth	6.00	
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My Philosophical Development	3.75	
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Power: A New Social Analysis	5.50	
The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism	3.75	
Principles of Social Reconstruction	3.75	
Roads to Freedom	4.00	
Sceptical Essays	4.25	
The Scientific Outlook	5.50	

By Other authors:

Title	Price	
Bertrand Russell, 1872-1970	1.50	
Bertrand Russell Memorial Volume, edited by George Roberts	10.95	H
Bertrand Russell as a Philosopher by A.J. Ayer	2.25	
Essays on Socialist Humanism in Honor of the Centenary of Bertrand Russell, edited by Ken Coates	9.00	H
Essays on Socialist Humanism in Honor of the Centenary of Bertrand Russell, edited by Ken Coates	4.00	
The Incompatible Prophecies: Bertrand Russell on Science and Liberty by Louis Greenspan	4.00	
Into the Tenth Decade: A Tribute to Bertrand Russell	3.25	
The Life of Bertrand Russell in Pictures and His Own Words	4.75	
Mr. Wilson Speaks 'Frankly and Fearlessly' on Vietnam to B.R.	1.50	
The Tamarisk Tree, Vol. I by Dora Russell	5.25	H

Prices are postpaid. Books are paperback unless otherwise indicated. Please send check or money-order, payable to the Bertrand Russell Society, to the Russell Society Library, Box 434, Wilder, VT 05088.

Books for sale from McMaster:

My Own Philosophy by Bertrand Russell. 30 pp. Printed for McMaster by the Cambridge University Press. Edition limited to 600 numbered copies. 4.00
Catalogue of the Centenary Exhibition 40pp in stiff cover. 17 full-page illustrations. 1.00
Russell in Review, edited by Thomas and Blackwell. Proceedings of the Centenary celebrations. 268pp. Cloth 12.00
Intellect and Social Conscience: Essays on Bertrand Russell's Early Work, edited by Moran and Spadoni. Proceedings of the conference on Russell's early non-technical work held at McMaster in June 1983. 238pp 7.00

Orders should be addressed to McMaster University, Mills Memorial Library, 1280 Main St. West, Hamilton, Ontario, L8S 4L6. Prices are in Canadian dollars, payable to McMaster University Library Press.

New books to lend:

New books to lend:

132. Bertrand Russell and the Scientific Spirit by Sam Labson, Bertrand Russell on Education by Michael Rockler and Bertrand Russell on Impulse by Chandrakala Padia. Papers read at the 1987 annual meeting.
133. Bertrand Russell on Ethics, Sex, and Marriage, edited by Al Seckel. Prometheus Books.
134. Ottoline: The Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell by Sandra Darroch. Hugh McVeigh
135. The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell, edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. Third edition with corrections and emendations to the bibliography. Tom Stanley

Misc.

Irving Anellis has been compiling a bibliography of journal articles on Russell and his technical work. Copies are available from the Library for a S.A.S.E.

The publisher's list price for Bertrand Russell as a Philosopher has doubled to 5.50. We have a limited supply for 2.25 PP.

THE MEMBERS VOTE

(34) 5 Directors elected. The following were elected or re-elected Directors, for 3-year terms starting 1/1/88: IRVING ANELLIS, BOB DAVIS, JIM MCWILLIAMS, HUGH MOORHEAD, KATE TAIT.

The election was close. There were no way-out-front winners nor far-behind losers.We hope that those not elected this year will try again next year.

We are not proud of the poor "turnout". Many more of you did not vote than did. Too much trouble, eh? Now hear this: Next year we expect to make non-voters suffer from a mysterious malady caused by a low tech device the identity of which we will not reveal. Take heed.

ABOUT OTHER ORGANIZATONS

(35) NECLC, The National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, chaired by CORLISS LAMONT, is having a Bill of Rights Dinner at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, NYC, on 12/4/87, at which time it will present several awards, including its Tom Paine Award to Paul O'Dwyer. Alas, rights come expensive these days; $75 per person. NECLC publishes a good-looking 16-page bi-monthly, "Rights", for its members. The July/Sept issue discusses the Hamilton College case, Col. North, the Sanctuary Movement,a recently discovered early draft of the Bill of Rights...and reviews "Reagan's America" and "Life In A Vacuum (J. Edgar Hoover)". NECLC, 175 Fifth Avenue, NY NY 10010.

RECRUITING

(36) Can you help? Here is an application form that will enable BRS members to help us recruit new members. If you know someone -- a friend, acquaintance or relative -- who might become interested in the BRS, remove this application form (using a scissors) and mail it to the prospective member. (You could paste it onto a postcard.) Help us build up our membership, so that we become more secure financially; that is the key to long-term survival as an organization. With thanks to DEWEY WALLACE for suggesting this.

Dear ______________________________

I am delighted to be a member of the Bertrand Russell Society and I think you would be delighted too, if you were a member...learning more about this remarkable man and his great ideas.

To find out more about the Society, send them a postcard, and they will send you their "Information Packet". Mail to RSN, BRS, RD1, Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

Sincerely, ______________________________

$

(37) Money. We are after your money. Not all of it. Not even most of it. Just a bit of it -- actually, only a tiny fraction of your net worth...like ten bucks...or twenty-five...or more...or less. It can help put the BRS on a sounder footing financially, it can help keep the BRS going for many years to come. Help us build up a reserve, for a great future...and a long one.

Send a contribution to: BRS Treasury, RD 1, Box 409. Coopersburg, PA 18036...and accept our grateful thanks.

ABOUT OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

(38) FFRF, Freedom From Religion Foundation, offers attractive freethought literature. We reproduced their Bertrand Russell notecard in February (RSN53-42). Here are several more notecards; they fold in the center; the other side is blank, for your message. Also available as postcards. FFRF offers tapes, books, mugs, bumperstickers,etc. You might wish to write to them, requesting their list of "Freethought Products" .

Margaret Sanger

An ardent freethinker, Margaret Sanger (1883-1966) worked most of her adult life for women's freedom. She wrote: "No woman can call herself free who does not own and control her own body. No woman can call herself free until she can choose consciously whether she will or will not be a mother."

In a tribute to Margaret Sanger, British author H. G. Wells once wrote: "Alexander the Great changed a few boundaries and killed a few men. Both he and Napoleon were forced into fame by circumstances outside of themselves and by currents of the time. But Margaret Sanger made currents and circumstances. When the history of our civilization is written, it will be a biological history and Margaret Sanger will be its heroine."

FREETHOUGHT SERIES, Number One, 1981
Freedom From Religion Foundation, Inc.
P.O. Box 750, Madison, Wisconsin

Clarence Darrow
(1857-1938)

"I don't believe in God because I don't believe in Mother Goose," Clarence Darrow said. "An Agnostic," he defined, "is a doubter."

The passionate defense attorney, dubbed "the attorney for the damned" by journalist Lincoln Steffens, was a life-long crusader: for freethought and labor rights, against capital punishment and segregation. Darrow's unorthodoxy ran in the family; his own father had been the "village infidel."

In 1925 in the infamous "Monkey Trial," he defended (for free) John Scopes, a science teacher in Dayton, Tennessee accused of the "crime" of teaching evolution. "Education," Darrow said, "was in danger from the source that always hampered it--religious fanaticism."

During Darrow's dramatic speech before the Court, he said: "If today you can take a thing like evolution and make it a crime to teach it in the public school . . . After a while, Your Honor, it is the setting of man against man and creed against creed until, with flying banners and beating drums, we are marching backward to the glorious ages of the 16th century when bigots lighted fagots to burn the men who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind."

In 1929, Darrow coauthered with Wallace Rice an anthology *Infidels and Heretics.*

FREETHOUGHT SERIES, Number 9, 1986
Freedom From Religion Foundation, Inc.
P.O. Box 750, Madison, Wisconsin 53701
Drawing by Karen Foget

Clarence Darrow

Robert Green Ingersoll
(1833-1899)

Freethought flowered in the United States in the latter half of the 19th century, and its best known advocate was Robert Green Ingersoll, a lawyer and Civil War officer, who travelled the continent for 30 years, speaking to capacity audiences. Although his repertoire included some 30 topics, including lectures on Shakespeare, Voltaire and Burns, the largest crowds turned out to hear the famous orator denounce the bible and religion.

Ingersoll was immensely popular, and his speaking fees ranged as high as $7,000 in an era of low wages and no income tax. Reportedly, he once attracted 50,000 people to a lecture in Chicago—40,000 too many for the Exposition Center.

The personal friend of three United States presidents, he was famous for his hospitality and devoted to his wife and daughters. He became one of the best known men of his time. His statue stands in Glen Oak Park in Peoria, Illinois where he practiced law for 20 years.

FREETHOUGHT SERIES, Number 7, 1983
Freedom From Religion Foundation, Inc.
P. O. Box 750, Madison, Wisconsin 53701

Robert G. Ingersoll

(39) Pugwash. A quick briefing, for recent members who may not know about Pugwash: The first Pugwash meeting was initiated by BR in 1957. It broke the ice, bringing scientists from both sides of the Iron Curtain together for the first time , to discuss the danger to the world of nuclear weapons. The meeting was held in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, birthplace of Cyrus Eaton, wealthy Canadian/American industrialist,who financed it. The Pugwash meeting, and those that followed it, led to the Limited Test Ban Treaty of 1972. The Pugwash organization continues to meet regularly.

The following talks were given at the Twenty-Second Pugwash Conference on World Affairs: "Scientists and World Affairs," at Oxford, England, September 1972, and were printed in the official "Proceedings". (Thank you, TOM STANLEY.)

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Patricia Lindop

BERTRAND RUSSELL AND PUGWASH

In recalling Bertrand Russell's role in past and future activities of Pugwash, I am sure our President Alfven will agree that we are not simply "repainting old idols".

When we discussed the plans for this Conference over 3 years ago with Lord Russell in Wales, we had every confidence, from the lively interest which he showed, typified by his economy of pertinent questions, and his relaxation during periods of unproductive chatter, that he would be here - celebrating his centenary.

I feel we can still celebrate Russell's centenary, as so much of his initiative and interventions; and his discreet withdrawals when he thought it appropriate, have helped to fashion the past, and I hope will still play a significant role in fashioning future Pugwash activities.

His two main characteristics of foresight and rebellion are reflected in Pugwash. With his foresight, the ability to integrate scientific data with logic, he saw faster and more realistically the future consequences of current weapons development. In 1945 in the House of Lords, he foresaw the development of the H-bomb. But more important, he detected its inevitability in the role of the scientists' obsession to reach out to the frontiers of his field, coupled with the contemporary inability of military or government leaders to understand the implications of such a development.

It was this dilemma of how to bridge the educational abyss between scientists, the public and ultimately the governments, that led to his broadcast in 1954, "Man's Peril". The impact of his clarity of thought, coupled with his rasping voice, evoked such a widespread response, that Russell then concentrated his efforts on what international scientists could and should do, and essentially how, to overcome the crescendoing crises. To do this, he sought advice and help from many scientists and scientific bodies, but insisted always on the individual's part in any corporate effort, rather than as part of a federation of scientists group.

His second major characteristic, which would have been further strengthened in the light of government actions in most parts of the world, was one of rebellion. His was not the rebellion born of youth, but one which matured into a burning rebellion as he became older. It was based on years of watching the petty, the greed, and the gross stupidity destroy the cream of several generations.

It was recognition of the positive characteristics of rebellion, that created an empathy between Lord Russell and Professor Rotblat. Lord Russell was fully aware that a 'foreigner' (albeit British for over a decade!) had entered the confines of a medical fraternity, established in 1123! That a mere physicist should publicly and effectively show his concern for survival of mankind in the context with which clinicians showed concern for the survival of one patient, was received by his Institution first with horror, and then in later years, following public acceptability of his role, by approbation.

Thus two rebels, totally unalike, treated with respect the efforts and sacrifices of the other. It was this mutual respect which allowed an atraumatic transition from Pugwash activities to wider spheres, which Mr. Farley will mention. Russell delighted us on our last visit to him in relation to this Conference; he dryly chuckled, that "with my recent phase of quietness, away from the public eye, perhaps I could be considered respectable enough to take part in Pugwash at Oxford."

Unfortunately, this increasing attribute of rebellion which grew over the eighth and ninth decades of his life was not sufficiently instilled into the Pugwash Movement. It is an attribute which we need so much in the future if we also are to mature, and not simply to senesce.

Whilst Russell recognized the need for a "balancing act" when Pugwash scientists essentially needed to have the ear of their governments, if their first priority, the halting of the nuclear arms race, were to be effective, he was more than sceptical about the easy protective wall behind which Pugwash actions and people could be standing still, without anyone really noticing! This was, perhaps, an over reaction to Pugwash "respectability" - which could be expected from a man, who was at the same time humble and arrogant.

And how well this dual description fits Pugwash!

The individual scientists are humble when realizing the task of pitting their efforts against the arms-race industry, with a viability of its own, of which even the major governments are afraid. Many Pugwashites visiting new countries must surely feel humility about the very high opinion held by people outside Pugwash, for what Pugwash can achieve; when we are each aware of the very minor steps made in many important fields.

But Pugwash has its arrogance - and justifiably so.

It has tackled problems in the international political arena, by a scientific method, both disregarding and recognizing the ideological or national protocol. If its achievements can never be enumerated, it has caused the world to see the pretensions and insincerity of diplomatic negotiations; and has removed partly from the politician's armamentarium, the use of inaccurate or selected scientific data, as it had suited their own cause. Recent examples of this were the data agreed between scientists of East and West relevant to discussion of an underground test ban treaty, or on the prohibition of production or use of biological agents in war. Less happily, against these achievements, we have had little impact on the ABM or MIRV developments; under cover of which fester inhuman conflicts in Vietnam, the Middle East, Central Africa, Northern Ireland, India, Pakistan and Bangladesh.

In talking about Russell in relation to our task at this Conference - to see where, how, or even whether, we should go forward, I recall a phrase from his autobiography. He was defending his outspoken opposition to the U.K. action over Suez, and his public silence about the Hungarian situation in 1956. His defence was that it was necessary to contribute to solving important areas of conflicts or injustice, about which there was perhaps an unclear or unvoiced public opinion; rather than to be one more voice to swell the unanimous protests current at that time about the other conflict.

Pugwash too must follow this example of selecting areas to which, by expert study, and foresight arising from our scientific expertise in the best use of information, it can make a real impact. Where major concerns currently in vogue, such as the quality of the environment, family planning and food production, higher education for developing countries etc., are being studied by a myriad of other organizations, Pugwash must use the incisive selective processes which Russell possessed - and with a twinkling eye and grating voice pick out a unique weakness in the system, or a solution to a mire which has bogged down a major programme; and concentrate on that.

We must all wish Russell was here, not only to honour him, but because he was the one man I know who could have brought young scientists into the Movement, gently ridiculing their fears for losing a career by taking part in social responsibilities and by reassuring them from his multitude of lives, about the evanescence of what in the young seems essentially permanent; and convincing them - perhaps even by citing Pugwash - of the enduring characteristics of groups of people who genuinely devote themselves to trying to ensure mankind's survival.

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A.J. Ayer

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Your Chairman has asked me to say a few words to you, not about Bertrand Russell's philosophy - which would, indeed, be difficult to summarize in a few minutes - but about his personal character. My qualification for doing this is that

I was not only his philosophical disciple, but a fairly close personal friend of his for over thirty years. He had been a hero of mine ever since, at the age of seventeen, I first read his Sceptical Essays with their very characteristic opening sentence "I wish to propose for the reader's favourable consideration a doctrine which may, I fear, appear wholly paradoxical and subversive. The doctrine in question is this: that it is undesirable to believe a proposition when there is no good reason whatever for supposing it true" - and I first met him about ten years later, shortly before the war, when he came to Oxford to give a series of lectures. I can no longer remember any details of these lectures but I think they were probably a trial run of the William James lectures which he gave at Harvard in 1940 and published under the title of An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth. Apart from the lectures he held fairly regular discussions with a small group of the younger philosophy dons and one or two of us got to know him personally. He seemed to me then to have in a high degree a quality which I have found in some other great men, notably in Einstein, but by no means in all, that of being able to talk to much younger and much less distinguished people as though he could learn something from them. In Russell's case, this was by no means just a teacher's trick. He genuinely valued your opinion, and was genuinely pleased if you admired his work. He was not lacking in moral or intellectual courage - no man less so - but he was surprisingly sensitive to criticism and surprisingly diffident about his own achievement.

I don't remember seeing him during the war, the greater part of which he spent in the United States, where he had a pretty rough time - there was the disgraceful episode of his being judicially pronounced unworthy to take up a professorship at the City College of New York - but I saw a great deal of him in the decade following the war. We were both associated with a short-lived review called Polemic, and he used to come regularly to the meetings of a society which I organized in London and called the Metalogical Society. It was a group of philosophers and scientists with which he felt very much at home. He did not at all like the direction philosophy then seemed to be taking, partly because of its neglect of science. He was, I think, also a little hurt by the tendency of linguistic philosophers to disparage his work or at least to subordinate it to that of Moore and Wittgenstein. I am glad to say that this is no longer the fashion. He is coming and will, I believe, continue to be seen as the greatest philosopher of his time.

In his later years, I saw less of him, partly because he spent most of his time in North Wales - partly because his intense involvement in political action left him less time for his friends, but whenever one did see him he was still the most wonderful company, gay, quick, imaginative, humorous. He had the most astonishing memory; scraps of verse that he had learned as a child, details about the persons he had known - and he had known almost every prominent person that you could think of right back to Gladstone and Disraeli - scientific theories, titbits of history, almost everything stayed in his head. The only man I have known to match him in this respect was J.B.S. Haldane. Haldane was even more of a polymath but his talk was more impersonal.

If I had to pick out Russell's salient characteristics I should name his wit, his courage and above all his physical and intellectual vitality, both of which lasted well into his old age. His courage, I think, owed something to his being an aristocrat, and he was consciously an aristocrat in spite of his political opinions. The Russells are a very grand family - the present Duke of Bedford has described his ancesters as holding themselves a little higher than God - and this helped Bertrand Russell not to be a respecter of persons. He was always courteous but never abashed. There was also, together with his hedonism, a strong strain of Puritanism in him. For all his rejection of, and indeed hostility to, the Christian religion, the text which his grandmother wrote in the flyleaf of the Bible which she gave him when he was a boy - "Thou shallt not follow a multitude to do evil" - was one of the mainsprings of his life.

His wit comes out strongly in his writing. There is something Gibbonian in the elegance of his style. For example: "The Doukhobors refused military service, but thought it proper to dance naked all together round a camp fire: being persecuted for the former tenet in Russia, they emigrated to Canada where they were persecuted for the latter." Le style c'est l'homme, and Russell was in many ways an eighteenth century figure, a man of the Enlightenment. I remember, about ten years ago, walking round the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad with a Russian philosopher and coming upon a bust of Voltaire. "Ah", said my companion, "the eighteenth century Bertrand Russell." When I repeated this to him, Russell was pleased and flattered. In fact, if anything, the comparison flattered Voltaire. Voltaire was equally courageous and witty and vital, and a much better writer of fables, but Russell was by far the more profound thinker, and, I believe, the better man. So long as your Society exists, and I see no immediate prospect of its becoming redundant, I am sure that you will continue to honour his memory.

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C. Farley

THE LAST DECADE OF RUSSELL'S LIFE

Very near the end of his life, I asked Lord Russell for his evaluation of the birth of the Pugwash Movement. Was it not, I suggested tentatively, an organization firmly rooted in the liberal tradition, which did not herald any dramatic development? At once Russell vehemently rejected this view. Such an erroneous suggestion on my part completely misunderstood the temper of the mid-1950s; at that time many politicians were claiming openly that there was no role for reason in international affairs, and that all that other politicians understood was naked force. In such circumstances, to demonstrate the possibility and value of international meetings of scientists of differing ideologies marked a fundamental change in the way that the world could contemplate foreign relations in the nuclear age. I had, Russell, concluded, gravely underestimated the significance of Pugwash, and failed to recognize the distinction between the acceptance of potential annihilation and the emergence of some hope.

This spontaneous and spirited defence of the international conferences on science and world affairs was based in part upon Russell's recognition of the appalling threat of nuclear warfare, eloquently expressed in his broadcast of Christmas 1954 on "Man's Peril in the Nuclear Age", and in the later Russell/Einstein Manifesto. It was also rooted in an internationalism which he had developed since the turn of the Century. Expressions of this are to be found in dozens of his books. Here, for example, is a brief extract from 1917: "Until lately (wrote Russell) I was engaged in teaching a new science which few men in the world were able to teach. My own work in this science was based chiefly upon the work of a German and an Italian. My pupils came from all over the civilized world: France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Greece, Japan, China, India and America. None of us was conscious of any sense of national divisions. We felt ourselves an outpost of civilization, building a new road into the virgin forest of the unknown. All co-operated in the common task, and in the interest of such a work the political enmities of nations seemed trivial, temporary and futile."

Although his internationalism never wavered, Russell came to take a decreasing role in the organization of which he was for some time President and Chairman of the Continuing Committee. He was soon confident that the Pugwash Movement had become what he called "part of the respectable progress of scientific relations with international affairs". He sensed also a certain solidification of the Movement, an institutionalization of its work which endangered the zeal of the infant body. And he recognized that although Pugwash was importantly a non-governmental organization, not all its scientists had an identical relationship to their government. As one of the main purposes of Pugwash was to help persuade governments to change their policies, this might limit the opportunities available.

His interest turned increasingly to additional plans for persuading Governments to turn back from the road to mutual destruction. "In the course of these fresh endeavours", he recounts in the final volume of his Autobiography, published only 3 years ago, "I felt that I had become rather disreputable in the eyes of the more conservative scientists." (This is hardly surprising, for in his 90th year Russell was again sent to prison for his principles). It was a particular pleasure for Russell, therefore, that shortly afterwards, when he rose to address the 1962 international conference in London, he was given a standing ovation by all the scientists present.

Immediately after Russell's description in 1917 of his teaching of mathematical logic, which I quoted earlier, he wrote: "But it is not only in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of abstruse science that international co-operation is vital to the progress of civilization. All our economic problems, all the questions of securing the rights of labour, all the hopes of freedom at home and humanity abroad, rest upon the creation of international good-will."

In his last decade, Russell wanted to be free to develop a series of activities in such areas, embracing not only the cold war and modern weaponry, but much else. He advocated unilateral nuclear disarmament for Britain, he practised civil disobedience. He developed an extraordinary range of correspondence with Heads of State and informed citizens of about half the nations of the earth. He established the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation to assist in much of this work, and its activity continues. He came to the defence of political prisoners and victims of the cold war in dozens of countries. He criticised theories of spheres of influence, and the economic relations of Western industrialized nations to newly independent states. Weeks before tanks entered Prague in August 1968, he appealed publicly to Mr. Brehznev not to intervene militarily in Czechoslovakia.

Above all, from early in 1963 he became preoccupied with the policies of the United States Government in Indo China, which he characterized as aggression. In 1966 he established an international tribunal to examine the conduct of the war in Vietnam, and its findings were soon overtaken by enlightened public opinion in every country, and dwarfed by publication of the Pentagon Papers and the t[illegible]ls of U.S. servicemen for war crimes.

Russell gave himself unstintingly to such work with astonishing energy, and in the face of much abuse, some 30 years after he might have retired. His elaboration of his central concerns for social responsibility, for justice and for the liberation of the creative capacities of every person, endures as an extraordinarily rich contribution to thought and action in our century. This is, moreover, part of a living tradition. Those who cannot even have read Russell now unconsciously develop his insights. The distinguished Soviet geneticist, Dr. Zhores Medvedev, has recently situated Russell's early concern for supra-national science in its modern technological context by emphasizing the imperative need for a greater international "is now expanding so rapidly that there is no country, however large, that can support by itself investigations into all the problems which lie at the basis of the development of its economy, industry, agriculture, medicine and so on, especially as these investigations become ever more costly and complicated. A national closed system in any field of science appears stupid and absurd ... The slogan, to 'overtake and outstrip', which is still as senseless as ever, is used in an economically ruinous manner in the sense of doubling, repeating and achieving what has already been achieved, and not as an attempt to take part in the world-wide differentiation and world-wide specialization, which is possible only if co-operation is really free.."

Modern technology, says Dr. Medvedev, thus makes Russell's approach irresistible, though such an international division of labour is far from operating in some crucial areas, not least the defence of the environment.

Russell's prescience too often made him a man far ahead of his time. Those of us who come after him, and now celebrate his centenary, will find in his life much to enrich our own knowledge, understanding and happiness. But if we here seek a memorial to Bertrand Russell, he would have none - save the successful outcome of these proceedings.

PHILOSOPHY

(40) BRS at APA 12/29/87: Abstracts of the Papers:

"Russell's Robust Sense of Reality: A Reply to Butchvarov" by Jan Dejnozka

This paper is a reply to Professor Panayot Butchvarov's recent article entitled "Our Robust Sense of Reality".[1] Critical of Russell from a Meinongian viewpoint, Butchvarov raises a deep ontological question concerning the Russellian critique of Meinong: Just what is the "robust sense of reality" Russell accuses Meinong of lacking when Meinong claims that "There are things of which it is true to say that there are no such things?"[2] It is more fundamental than the standard semantic question: What is the meaning or proper use of Russell's existential quantifier?[3] Butchvarov claims that: (i) Russell's existential quantifier needs a more fundamental conception of existence to determine its applicability in specific cases. (ii) For Russell this conception is that: CON. All things exist. (iii) But CON begs the question against Meinong's theory of objects.[4] (iv) And CON unravels because all genuine concepts (including existence) are classificatory. (v) A determining conception of existence as identifiability is a preferable Meinongian alternative to Russell's CON.

I shall accept claim (i) but shall reject claims (ii)-(v). My rejection is largely based on three points which are indispensable to understanding Russell's views: (1) Russell does not use the word "real" and its synonyms ("exists," "is actual," "has being") univocally, but in three senses. These senses are not rival theories or given at different times by Russell. They are related parts of one theory given in one broad period, 1905-1918. They are perhaps best seen working together in the single work, "The Philosophy of Logical Atomism". (2) In one of these three senses Russell is a neglected major early proponent of the "No entity without identity" sort of theory advocated by Quine, the later Wittgenstein, and Butchvarov himself. (3) It is this sense, and not CON, which is Russell's conception of existence that governs the applicability of his existential quantifier. So that claim (v)'s conception of existence as identifiability, far from being an alternative to Russell, is very close to Russell's own view.

It is easily understandable why Butchvarov neglects the three points I just mentioned: they seem to be neglected in the whole literature on existence

and identity. This is probably because identifiability has been associated at most with Russell's theories of sense-data and of logical fictions, and not with his theory of denoting. This has led to a neglect of how these three theories fit together.

"On What Is Denoted" by Russell Wahl

Recently, Professor Hintikka has argued that Russell's views on denoting and quantification require that the quantifiers in epistemic contexts range only over objects of acquaintance, and that Russell was therefore committed to the view that denoting phrases denote only objects of acquaintance. Hintikka gives two arguments for this conclusion, one involving Russell's claim that his theory of denoting entails his principle of acquaintance, and the other involving a puzzle similar to those Russell offered in "On Denoting. Hintikka suggests a modification of Russell's view which employs two types of quantifiers with different value ranges.

I argue that Russell's theory of denoting requires that the quantifiers range over all objects whatsoever, and that both of Hintikka's arguments fail. It is neither necessary nor desirable to add the different types of quantifiers to Russell's theory. It is not clear that this addition is needed even when Russell's theory of proper names is rejected.

SCIENCE

(41) Technology Review article in the May/June 1987 issue, by Robert C. Cowan, Science Editor of the Christian Science Monitor...with thanks to BRS Science Committee Chairman WILLIAM K. FIELDNG:

DURING the annual ritual of congressional budget hearings, space scientists and high-energy physicists have been trekking to Capitol Hill to protect and, if possible, increase their shares of the federal pie. This year, the physicists are asking for a particularly expensive item—a $4.4 billion supercolliding superconductor (SSC), which would be the most powerful particle accelerator in the world.

This time the scientists' well-reasoned pleas for more money may not prevail. Even without the overarching concern for the federal deficit, their requests would be in trouble. Something more fundamental than shifting budget priorities is involved.

The cost of doing frontline research in these fields has grown 10-fold in the past 15 years. In fact, you could say that the fields of big science have undergone a metamorphosis. The scale on which they now must operate has grown so vast that no single nation can afford to meet their legitimate needs.

Space science is a victim of its own success. The pioneering missions of the 1960s and 1970s opened new research frontiers at costs of hundreds of millions of dollars. The sophisticated missions needed to follow up on those early discoveries run to over a billion dollars apiece. In addition to the $1.4 billion Hubble Space Telescope, now awaiting launch, other components of the "Great Observatory Series" remain a top funding priority for astronomers. They include the $1 billion Advanced X-ray Astrophysics Facility (*see "X-Ray Astronomy Past and Future," page 66*), and the Gamma Ray Observatory and Space Infrared Telescope Facility at $500 million each.

All these observatories, which would be launched and serviced by shuttle astronauts, need extensive ground support. The annual operating and maintenance costs for the Hubble telescope are estimated to be $150 million. The other observatories would require similar operating budgets, and this is to say nothing of the new planetary probes and the next phase of Earth-observing satellites.

At this writing, the National Academy of Sciences Space Science Board was nearly ready to publish its recommendations for missions to be launched from 1995 to 2015. Projects in the astronomy and astrophysics category alone would need an annual budget of $1 billion to $1.5 billion. NASA's science and applications budget—which has been about $1.5 billion—simply can't handle such projected increases. And it's unrealistic to expect it to do so. The cost of doing space science in a comprehensive way has grown beyond the means of a single nation.

New Accelerators Standing Idle

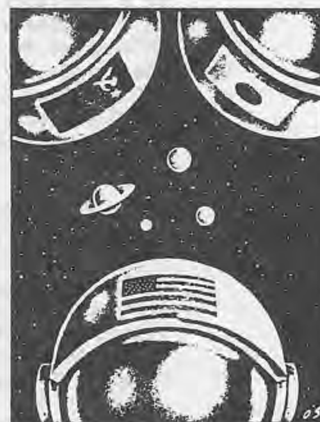
American high-energy physicists are facing similar frustrations. They're elated over the Reagan administration's willingness to fight for the SSC, which would boost the energy level for studying particle collisions some 20-fold and may reveal new interactions among quarks, the subatomic constituents of protons and neutrons. But since Congress hasn't fully funded the operation of existing accelerators, the physicists' dreams may be just that. Were Congress to approve the SSC, which is not certain, they could gain another front-rank facility without the money to make the most of it.

Consider Fermilab at Batavia, Ill. Its new $500 million Tevatron has begun smashing protons and antiprotons together at a total collisional energy of 1,800 billion electron volts. That's the highest laboratory energy now available for studying proton particle interactions. Yet Fermilab struggles to exert research leadership with a fiscal-1987 operating budget of only $171 million rather than the $191 million requested. It's the difference between being able to run the lab full tilt and having to curtail operations.

Major Tevatron experiments already planned are proceeding. But related studies, planning for new experiments, and general engineering design work is suffering. Because of the budget cuts, Fermilab Director Leon Lederman was forced to make the center's first layoffs ever. The staff has been reduced through normal attrition by 150 people as of March 1. "We're just praying we can keep this machine on right through the fiscal year," Lederman says.

Burton Richter, director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center (SLAC), cannot even hope for that much. SLAC's newly completed machine stands ready to provide the world's most energetic electron-positron interactions at collisional energies of 100 GeV. That's one of the highest energies available for studying this type of particle. However, the accelerator will be able to run only for three months or less this year because Congress cut SLAC's 1987 budget from a requested $115 million to $88 million.

To quote Lederman, an outspoken proponent of the SSC, starving the operating budget is "no way to bring on a world-class machine." Yet that's exactly what could happen if Congress approves the SSC without adequate provision for the operating costs. The annual operating budget of the SSC is estimated at $270 million. At this point, there isn't even a 1988 budget provision for the $35 million needed to continue developmental studies if Congress authorizes the project. The Department of Energy says it will redistribute funds already requested for other budget items. But if that means rejiggering the high-energy physics budget, it would probably further crimp Fermilab and SLAC operations. It could also starve particle physics research elsewhere.



No single country can afford to pursue every big project in space and particle physics.

Obviously, the United States can no longer afford to pursue every line of space and particle-physics research that scientific and technological advances allow. Neither can any other country. Roald Sagdeev, director of the Space Research Institute in Moscow, says "there is a great deal of necessity to join efforts" in exploring the solar system. He adds, "I hope that at a certain point we could merge with this part of the American program."

Proponents of the ssc also seek foreign partners. DOE Secretary John Herrington speaks hopefully of sharing 25 to 50 percent of costs. SLAC's Burton Richter considers 15 to 25 percent more realistic. Even that substantial a contribution is unlikely, given the past track record of this country's participation in international projects. *(For more information, see page 4 of the January 1986 issue.)*

More recently, NASA has tried to restrict the kinds of research the European Space Agency and Japan will conduct on the "international" space station, even though these countries are contributing 20 percent of the cost of its development. Needless to say, this has rankled our Japanese and European partners. They find the Defense Department's desire to do military research on the station even more offensive. As NASA Administrator James C. Fletcher remarked earlier this year, he found himself having to negotiate "adverb by adverb" to sustain a cooperative relationship.

The United States should fully face its need for research partners. Its tendency to dominate such partnerships is outdated. A new humility is in order. True partnerships mean sharing benefits as well as costs. And where the venture is pursuit of basic knowledge that no single country can afford, the benefits of partnership outweigh parochial concerns. If the United States wants to remain in the forefront of space research and high-energy physics, it should subordinate parochial tendencies to this larger purpose and seek all the international help it can get. □

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