The Bertrand Russell Society, Inc.* 3802 North Kenneth Avenue Chicago Illinois 60641

RUSSELL SOCIETY NEWS
No. 60
November 1988

(1) Highlights: Dues are due 1/1/89 (15). New BRS chapter, at McMaster (10). Conrad Russell reviews book about his father (18). Directors elected (20). This issue co-edited by Ben Eshbach (2). Tenniel's Mad Hatter caricature (38). Vanunu blows the whistle. (8). The atheistic Rabbi's Humanistic Judaism (23). Reston's favorite BR proposition (7). The Index is on the last page (40). An asterisk in the left column indicates a request.

CO-EDITOR

(2) We received the following from the Co-Editor of this issue of the newsletter:

"Greetings: This issue of the newsletter is being co-edited by me, Ben Eshbach. I am a student attending California State University at Northridge majoring in philosophy, and have made philosophy my primary interest for the past five or six years. I intend to teach philosophy eventually. My great interest in Russell is due, probably, to the diversity of his works. To pin him down in any one category is impossible! I am particularly fond of the philosophers of the Enlightenment (for their style and efforts against dogmatism), and the twentieth century analytic philosphers. Russell is, of course, both of these and much more.

Lee Eisler and I are working together from opposite sides of the North American continent on this experimental issue. Changes will be kept to a minimum. If you have any comments about this issue let's hear from you."

STATUE PROTESTED

(3) Moses Statue Protested From The Times Union, Albany, N.Y., Saturday, June 25 1988. A letter to the Editor. Thanks to Hugh Mc Veigh.

To the Editor:
The June 17 Times Union printed a photo of a statue of Moses in Washington Park being "spruced up." As one who values freedom of religion, freedom from religion and a separation of church and state, I must strongly protest the placement of a religious symbol on public ground and maintained with public funds.

I realize this is not one of the larger issues of the day but am happy that one of our other basic rights, freedom of speech, guarantees me an opportunity to object with the hope of being heard in a public forum.

William Hansen, West Lebanon

FOR SALE

(4) BR by Norman Rockwell. This is an oil painting that shows BR in 2 different moods: an angry mood (as at an anti-nuclear rally), and a wise and benign mood. Really quite attractive. Probably done from photographs, it appeared in the May 1967 issue of Ramparts. About 11.5 x 17 inches. Price $5 postpaid. Says TOM STANLEY: "Since the first class postage comes to $2.40, I think the price is quite reasonable. Thomas Rockwell has assured me that his father's portrait is not available as a postcard or poster." Order it from: Attention Henry, The Arlington Gallery, Arlington, VT 05250.

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BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

(5) Russell in Playboy, January 1964. This was not Russell's first appearance in Playboy. He had been interviewed in Playboy in March 1963. The interview appeared in RSN31 (Item 12), and was later reprinted in "The Playboy Interview" (New York: Playboy Press, 1981). We are indebted to ROBERT HICKS for the present article from the 1964 issue, p. 117.

THE CONFLICTING IDEOLOGIES OF EAST AND WEST

an eminent philosopher weighs the factors in today's critical balance of power

opinion By BERTRAND RUSSELL

THE TENSION BETWEEN EAST AND WEST has many forms and is supported by many very differing arguments. One of the causes of tension is supposed to be that the West has one ideology and the East has another. It is said in the West that the West is Christian, while the East is godless, and that the West loves freedom, while the East practices despotism, and that the West believes in self-determination for nations, while Russia is out for world conquest. A correlative set of beliefs exists in the Communist world: the West is said to entertain superstitions which help sinister influences to gain power; the vaunted freedom of the West is said to be only freedom for the rich and to have no purpose except exploitation. Communist countries call themselves "peace-loving" and are as persuaded of America's imperialism as America is of that of Russia. By means of these opposing beliefs, each side becomes persuaded that the other is wicked and that the destruction of the forces of evil is a noble work which must be performed at no matter what cost.

Although the ideological differences are sincerely believed by each party to justify its hostility to the other, I do not myself believe that ideological questions play any important part in *causing* the tension between East and West. I think, on the contrary, that they are propaganda weapons designed to stimulate warlike ardor and to convert neutrals. Whenever, in past history, two approximately equal states have had much more power than any others, they have been hostile and have fought each other until both were too exhausted to remain formidable. France and Spain, England and France, Germany and England have all, in turn, followed this pattern until now all have rendered themselves nearly powerless, and the old futilities have been taken up by America and Russia. All these various struggles had their ideological aspect, but all were, in fact, caused by love of power. The rest is merely an elegant decoration.

The evidences for this thesis are not far to seek. Western propagandists tell us that the West has noble aims, whereas the East is materialistic. But one of the most persuasive arguments for an American invasion of Cuba is that, if Castro is allowed to remain, real estate in Miami will not be worth 50 cents an acre. Throughout Latin America, and in various other parts of the world also, American influence is devoted to keeping corrupt, cruel tyrants in power because they are more convenient for American capitalists to deal with.

I do not wish to suggest that one side has a monopoly on humbug. East Germany is called "The German *Democratic* Republic," whereas it is, in fact, a military dictatorship established by an alien military power in the course of suppressing a popular revolution. But, although Russian humbug exists, I do not think it has ever surpassed in cynical pretense the Western contention that the West stands for what it calls "The Free World." The West is ready to accept Spain and Portugal as allies although both these countries have a despotism as ruthless as that of Russia in the worst days of Stalin. Nor is it only in allied countries that America shows indifference to freedom. Modern developments of capitalism have placed immense power in the hands of great industrial corporations, and those who do not submit to their dictation find scant respect for liberty. This was much less the case in earlier times. Capitalists were less organized and were often engaged in competition with each other. Craftsmen and peasants had a certain degree of economic freedom such as is now possessed only by the great magnates of industry. Freedom of the press, which has always been a liberal slogan, has now become almost completely a sham. Newspapers with large circulations depend for solvency upon advertisements, and well-paid advertisements inevitably come almost wholly from the rich. It is true that in the Western world the press has a certain degree of *legal* liberty, but newspapers which oppose the Establishment cannot hope for large circulations, because they do not appeal to advertisers. The consequence is that the general public gets its news distorted and biased, and is kept in ignorance of many things which it is important that it should know. The most sinister example of this kind of distortion is the influence of the armament industry in repressing the facts about nuclear warfare, its probability and its destructiveness. In the West, the press is thus controlled by leading industrialists; in Russia, by leading politicians. The one system is no more democratic than the other.

There also is a tendency in the West to lay too much stress upon purely legal freedom and to ignore the economic penalties to which a man of unorthodox opinions is exposed. While he is a student at a university, he is spied upon by the authorities and, if his opinions are not wholly conventional, he finds, on leaving the university, that it is very difficult to secure a job. If he does succeed in this, he is liable to be harried by Congressional investigations which take up his time and are likely to leave him bankrupt. Is it to be wondered at that most men take pains to avoid such penalties?

I am not pretending that Russia is better in these respects. I am only contending that "The Free World" has become, everywhere, a beautiful dream which can be honestly believed in only by those who are ignorant of modern facts – but these, unfortunately, constitute about 99 percent of the population.

It is ironic that the curtailment of freedom in the West has been chiefly due to the belief that the West is fighting for freedom. So long as East and West continue to regard each other as monsters of iniquity, freedom is sure to diminish in the West and will have difficulty increasing in the East.

This brings me to the question: What can be done to diminish the acerbity in the conflict of ideologies? Something can be done by an increase of social intercourse between East and West. But I do not think that anything very decisive can be done until ways are found of diminishing mutual fear. At present, most people on each side believe that the other may at any moment make a treacherous attack which will be utterly disastrous in its effects. This belief naturally engenders hatred of the other side. The hatred increases the other side's fear, and therefore the other side's armaments. The Russians talk about 100-megaton bombs, and we shudder and think how wicked they are. Our authorities, in return, boast of our numerical superiority in nuclear weapons. Each side, like a bragging schoolboy, says, "You're the ones who will be exterminated, while we shall survive." This is so childish that one would hardly have believed, in advance, that eminent politicians would talk such nonsense. And so, in a kind of deadly interchange, each increases its own danger in the attempt to decrease the danger of the other side. I do not see how this deadly spiral is to be overcome except by mutual disarmament. But there will not be disarmament until fear is lessened, and fear will not be lessened until there is disarmament. What can be done to find a way out of this tangle? Disarmament conferences keep on taking place, but it is understood on both sides that they are only a game to bemuse the populace and that they must on no account be allowed to lead to any good result. All the people engaged in this dangerous game know perfectly well that sooner or later it will lead to disaster. Perhaps tempers will be frayed beyond endurance, perhaps nervous apprehension will come to be thought worse than what it fears, perhaps an accident or a mistake will plunge the world into nuclear war. All these things may not be very probable, but sooner or later, if there is no change in public policy, one or another of them is almost a certainty.

There is one quite simple thing which could be done, however, and which would make all the difference. Each side must acknowledge that the destruction on both sides would probably be about equal and that nothing that anybody desires would result. Each side should say to the other, "We have a common interest, which is to remain alive. We also have a common enemy, which is nuclear weapons. Let us conquer the common enemy and pursue our common interest in peace. Let us hate armaments instead of hating half of those who wield them. At present, both halves are mad, and each hates the other half for being mad. It is absurd that such a state of affairs should be prolonged by men with any shred of rationality."

I believe that if either Kennedy or Khrushchev were to stand up at a disarmament conference and make this speech, the world would rise to applaud him, and the merchants of death who at present govern our policies would slink away and hide to escape the common detestation which they have so amply earned. I shall be told that this is a foolish vision of an idealist out of touch with reality. Reality, I shall be told, is corpses. Anything else is an idle dream. Perhaps those who say this are right, but I cannot think so. I am persuaded that one eminent man, whether Russian or American, could, given courage and eloquence, convert the world to sanity and allow mankind to live in joy rather than perish in futile agony.

RUSSELL APPRECIATED

(6) Jim Duncan was Professor of Radio and Journalism at Drake University (Iowa) from 1950 to 1981, when he retired from teaching. He continues to announce the Drake relays, which he has been doing ever since 1951. If Ronald Reagan was Iowa's best-known sports announcer in the 1940s, Duncan has been its best-known ever since. Drake Stadium's track has just been named after Duncan.

Shown the Russell Society newsletter, which he had not seen before, Duncan proved that in addition to being an athlete, he is a cogent intellectual. He wrote Director WARREN ALLEN SMITH (to whom we are indebted for all this information) as follows:

> Russell appeals to me for two reasons. One is his quick acceptance of Wittgenstein, his recognition of the amazing genius of the man, even in a field in which he was untutored. In fact, Frege sent Wittgenstein to Russell, who was with G. E. Moore at Cambridge. Although Wittgenstein was perfectly happy with the professor-student relationship, within a matter of weeks Russell and Moore had changed it to three confreres. Knowing the pomposity of so many scholars of reputation, I feel this shows not only a very quick appreciation of rare talent, but a remarkable humanity as well.
>
> My second pleasant observation of Russell is that he introduced me to the horrible wrong the Newtonians did Leibniz. In 1900 he had done "A Creative Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz". I had learned about Leibniz's monads in college philosophy, but had no idea the man died in disgrace. Isaac Newton developed a calculus; so did Leibniz. The Newtonians were so jealous of their turf that they brought charges against Leibniz at the Royal Academy, charges that he had plagiarized Newton. As Russell points out, he had not plagiarized; he had developed a better calculus, one much closer to the calculus taught today than Newton's. But the latter's followers had clout; their charges were enough to keep him from important royal commissions and to make him such a pariah that only one person was present at his burial. After reading Russell, I once did an investigation and paper on the matter. One of the world's great minds died in disgrace.

RUSSELL QUOTED

(7) Reston loves this proposition (as indeed we all do.) He also did an earlier column on it, in 1977, which he titled, "Silly Season Samples" (RSN16-17). BR'S proposition first appeared in "Sceptical Essays" (1928), says BOB DAVIS. The current column is from The New York Times (8/29/30, p.A19), with thanks to CLARE HALLORAN.

Bertrand Russell, on the Candidates' Claims

By James Reston

WASHINGTON

If you'll excuse the pun, Vice President Bush is acting like a bush leaguer. He's running around the country telling selected audiences how marvelous he'd be in the majors, but he's always striking out or getting caught off base.

Bush made one solid hit during the big exhibition game in New Orleans, but ever since he's been in slump. He picked another busher as a pinch-runner, and then, what was even more embarrassing, defended that pinch-runner, Senator Quayle, on the grounds that "he didn't go to Canada, he didn't burn his draft card, and he damn sure didn't burn the American flag."

It was the most memorable recommendation since President Nixon said: "I am not a crook."

Bush praised the junior Senator from Indiana for being young, strong on defense and co-sponsor of the job-training act (without mentioning that the other sponsor was Ted Kennedy of Massachussetts), but by selecting another rich conservative for the Vice Presidential spot he handed the Democrats a couple of issues they didn't expect.

James Reston is the senior columnist of The New York Times.

By not looking carefully into the implications of Quayle's military record, he revived the old argument that the influential rich minimized the dangers of having to fight in Vietnam, and by picking a wealthy golfer as his running mate he invited the Democrats to argue that this campaign was between the country and the country club.

There are sound reasons for debate on national security and other issues. Gov. Michael S. Dukakis has been emphatically vague on defense, but Bush has turned down the proposals for early debates with his opponent and wants to avoid them until late in September.

Meanwhile, the Vice President prefers to argue that he alone believes in the Pledge of Allegiance, and implies that Dukakis is unpatriotic because he vetoed a bill that would have compelled the teachers of Massachussetts to lead their classes in the pledge each morning.

Never mind that the United States Supreme Court is against such compulsory pledges. It's an obvious beanball pitch, but George's fast ball is better than his control.

It's the old Harry Truman "give 'em hell" technique, but with two differences. Bush gives them "heck!" and he's giving it to them early. Truman waited until the last two weeks of his famous campaign 40 years ago before comparing Dewey to Hitler and Mussolini, but it helped turn things around when the voters had to vote before they had time to think.

This election, however, the voters will have time to reflect on Bush's arguments about the Pledge of Allegiance, prayer in the schools, abortion, "Star Wars," budget and trade deficits, child care, cabinet and judicial appointments.

Even with Bush's delaying tactics on debates, he will have to face Dukakis and the facts before a national television audience.

Meanwhile, the voters may wish to consider the value of skepticism, as proposed in another election long ago by Bertrand Russell.

The old man had some goofy ideas, but on elections he had something worth remembering: "I wish to propose for the reader's favorable consideration," he wrote, "a doctrine which may, I fear, appear wildly paradoxical and subversive. The doctrine in question is this: that it is undesirable to believe a proposition when there is no ground whatever for supposing it true."

> His advice? Don't believe anything that can't possibly be true.

Many such propositions are being put forward in this election by both Bush and Dukakis, with little or no truth to support them.

Dukakis is not unpatriotic and would not place the country's defenses in jeopardy, and the Vice President knows it.

Likewise, Bush is not a prisoner o the Republican right wingers, as Dukakis implies, but is merely using them for his own election purposes.

The guess here is that they're both closet moderates, and even if they're not, Congress ultimately will force them back toward the middle. Bu Bush, especially, is playing the Rea gan game. He is not thinking pri marily about how to govern but how to get elected.

Ronald Reagan proved that it didn't matter so much what you said provided you smiled, tossed a few bones to the growlers on the right and denounced the Democrats and the Russians as scoundrels, in that or der.

The Vice President doesn't smile but he swings just as hard, and the question is whether, after eight years of borrowing and spending, sunshine and deficits, the voters are going to swallow more of this voodoo politics' Bush is betting that they will, and maybe he's right.

But he shouldn't be fooled by his slight lead in the polls. People are beginning to laugh at the wrong places.

NUCLEAR AFFAIRS

(8) BR would have approved -- of that we are quite certain. Vanunu chose to do the unpopular thing, because -- like BR -- he had great moral courage, and because -- like BR — he viewed nuclear weapons as the ultimate evil. He felt obligated to fight against that evil...even more obligated than his obligation to his own country (Israel). Eminent fellow scientists plead his case, as reported in The New York Review of Books (June 16, 1988), with thanks to BOB DAVIS:

THE CASE OF MORDECHAI VANUNU

To the Editors:

Your readers may be interested in the enclosed appeal by twenty-seven scientists on behalf of Mordechai Vanunu, the Israeli nuclear technician who, on March 27, was sentenced by a military tribunal to eighteen years in prison for having made public information about Israel's nuclear capacity.

Rudolf Peierls

Oxford, England

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF MORDECHAI VANUNU

The vast arsenal of nuclear weapons in the world is a continuous threat to the survival of life on the planet.

Over the years, many people of conscience have sought to arouse world opinion to the grave danger posed to humanity by expanding nuclear weapons systems and their introduction to new arenas of conflict.

As early as 1946, Albert Einstein appealed to humanity to place ahead of every consideration the moral imperative of active opposition to the imminent prospect of annihilation presented by the stock piling of nuclear weapons, their delivery systems and the willingness of governments to threaten their use.

"Henceforth," wrote Einstein in 1946, "every nation's foreign policy must be judged at every point by one consideration, does it lead to a world of law and order, or does it lead back toward anarchy and death? When humanity holds in its hand the weapon with which it can commit suicide, I believe that to put more power into the gun is to increase the probability of disaster."

Citing Bernard Baruch's declaration that the problem is not one of physics but of ethics, Albert Einstein stated in 1946, "In all negotiations, whether over Spain, Argentina or Palestine, so long as we rely on the threat of military power, we are attempting to use old methods in a world which is changed forever."

Albert Einstein urged scientists to carry these truths "to the village square." He summoned people of conscience to speak out no matter the magnitude of personal risk and concluded with the words

> When we are clear in heart and mind — only then shall we find courage to surmount the fear which haunts the world.

The Einstein declaration was taken up by the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists and signed by Linus Pauling, Harold Urey, Hans Bethe, Selig Hecht, Philip Morse, Thorfin Hogness, Leo Szilard and Victor Weisskopf.

By 1955, fifty-two Nobel Laureates added their voices in the Mainau Declaration, urging all "scientists of different countries, different creeds, different political persuasions," to speak out against the "horror that this very science is giving mankind the means to destroy itself." If nations, the Nobel Laureates warned, did not heed the moral imperative to renounce such weapons and their use, "they will cease to exist."

Men and women of science have, over the years, responded to a moral imperative, aware that they occupied a unique position as creators of knowledge which had enabled governments to forge weapons of mass murder.

Albert Schweitzer, in his Declaration of Conscience, said in 1957 to the Nobel Peace Prize Committee in Oslo, "A public opinion of this kind stands in no need of plebiscites...to express itself. It works through just being there.... The end of further experiments with atom bombs would be like the early sunrays of hope which suffering humanity is longing for."

In this same spirit, ninety-five Fellows of the Royal Society and thirty-six Nobel Laureates from twelve countries were among the 9,235 scientists from around the world who signed the petition to the United Nations initiated by Linus Pauling, opposing the testing of weapons of mass destruction.

For over forty years, men and women of conscience have been stirred by the knowledge that the prospect of nuclear annihilation poses a moral imperative transcending lesser loyalties. Resistance to great evil, even when sanctioned by governmental authority, is its own justification. It is also the prerequisite to social advance.

The crime of Mordechai Vanunu is that he could not, in conscience, maintain silence about a program of nuclear weapons in his country and he spoke of this to a major newspaper. He was responding, in part, to the words of Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein when they wrote,

> We appeal as human beings to human beings: remember your humanity and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new paradise. If you cannot, there lies before you the risk of universal death.

We appeal to the Israeli court to recognize that Mordechai Vanunu is a man of conscience, deeply disturbed by his role in a nuclear weapons program, who first sought religious guidance and then decided to make public his concerns.

However the court may view a citizen's responsibility to the state, this act — of making public the reality of Israel's nuclear program — deserves the court's understanding and its perception of a moral imperative seized by scientists of conscience throughout the world.

No greater regard can be shown by the court for the decent opinion of humankind than by acknowledging the lonely courage of Mordechai Vanunu, who has acted from considerations of conscience.

We urge you to consider our appeal.

Hannes Alfvén, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1970; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Edoardo Amaldi**, Fellow of the Royal Society; **Paul Beeson**, M.D., National Academy of Science; **Hans Bethe**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1967; Fellow of the Royal Society; signer of original Einstein Declaration; **Owen Chamberlain**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1959; **Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1983; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Ragnar Granit**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1967; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Robert Hinde**, Fellow of the Royal Society; **Dorothy Hodgkin**, Nobel Laureate – Chemistry, 1964; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Thomas Kibble**, Fellow of the Royal Society; **S.E. Luria**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1969; **Philip Morrison**, group leader, Los Alamos, 1944-1946; **Linus Pauling**, Nobel Laureate – Chemistry, 1954; Peace, 1962; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Sir Rudolph Peierls**, Fellow of the Royal Society; **Francis Perrin**, Grand Officer, Legion of Honor; former High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, France; **John Polanyi**, Nobel Laureate – Chemistry, 1985; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Edward Purcell**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1952; **Carl Sagan**; **Abdus Salam**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1979; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Frederick Sanger**, Nobel Laureate – Chemistry, 1958, 1980; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Roger Sperry**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1981; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Nikolaas Tinbergen**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1973; Fellow of the Royal Society; **Charles Townes**, Nobel Laureate – Physics, 1964; Fellow of the Royal Society; **George Wald**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1967; **Victor Weisskopf**, group leader, Los Alamos, 1943-1947; signer of original Einstein Declaration; **Torsten Wiesel**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1981; **Maurice Wilkins**, Nobel Laureate – Medicine and Physiology, 1962; Fellow of the Royal Society

We nominate Vanunu for the 1989 BRS Award.

RELIGION

(9) Jim Curtis on God vs. god:

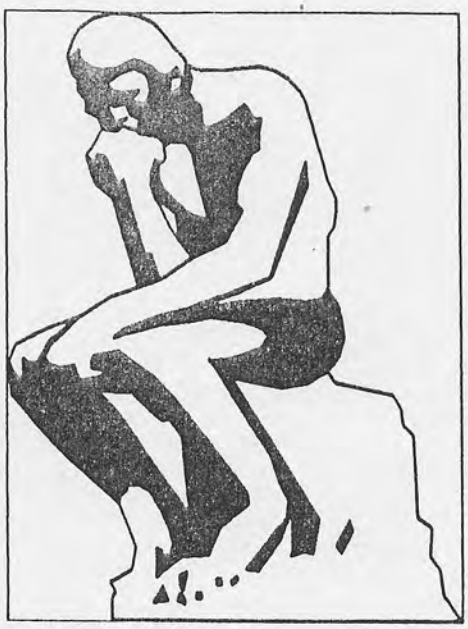
Further to Item (5) in RSN59, I would like to reinforce Mr. Jacob's argument: the use of the capital letter 'G' in reference to the most commonly worshipped deity is not so much a case of subtle bias as it is of slipshod logic, because it assigns a specific identity to the word, thereby implying 'His' existence and rendering the statements 'I believe in God' and 'I do not believe in God' an affirmation or denial of a self-evident truth. It is as if one were to say: 'I believe (or not) in the sun.' The obvious solution is to place the article 'a' in front of the lower-case 'god'. Russell's choice of the upper-case is, I think, a rare instance of his deference for common usage overriding his usual syntactic precision.

LOCAL CHAPTERS

(10) McMaster now has a BRS chapter, guided by KEN BLACKWELL. Here is the attractive announcement of its formation and its October 12th meeting:

THE BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY

RUSSELL SOCIETY HAS FIRST PANEL DISCUSSION OCT. 12



A local chapter of the Bertrand Russell Society has been formed to bring together all those interested in Russell Studies at McMaster. The usual format will be the panel discussion. The panels will feature not only McMaster scholars but also distinguished visitors researching in the Bertrand Russell Archives in the University Library.

The first panel, "From Geometry to Politics", concerns the remarkable correspondence of Bertrand Russell with the French logician Louis Couturat. The panel features Anne-Françoise Schmid of the Ecole Polytechnique Fédérale de Lausanne, the Université de Genève and the Université de Paris X, Nanterre. Funded by the Centre Nationale de la Recherche Scientifique de France, Dr. Schmid has spent three months at McMaster on her complete edition of the correspondence. She will offer some of the results of her research here before returning home on the 14th.

The other panelists, Drs. Gregory Moore (Mathematics), Richard A. Rempel (History) and Alasdair Urquhart (Philosophy, Toronto), are all editors of the *Collected Papers* who have drawn upon the correspondence in their editorial work. The moderator is Dr. Kenneth Blackwell, Russell Archivist.

Upcoming panel topics include "Ryan's Book on Russell's Political Theory" and "Russell on Contradiction". All are welcome to attend.

Wed., Oct. 12, 12:30 p.m. UH-317.

FOR SALE

(11) Members' stationery. 8 1/2 x 11, white. Across the top: "The good life is one inspired by love and guided by knowledge.* Bertrand Russell" On the bottom:"*Motto of The Bertrand Russell Society, Inc." New reduced USA price, $5 for 90 sheets, postpaid. Canada & Mexico still $6. Order from the newsletter, address on Page 1, bottom.

NEWS ABOUT MEMBERS

(12)

Dennis Darland, BRS Treasurer, and Member Susan Endreshak were married in August. Our congratulations and best wishes!

Ben Eshbach is Co-Editor of this issue of the newsletter. He may in time become the next Editor. More about him in Item (2).

Paul Logeman says: "Lets have more activities in Southern California."

Carl Miller writes: "Proud and happy to be a member of the BRS. In 1928 I saw B. Russell and A.N. Whitehead together on stage of Lecture Hall at Harvard."

Benito Rey wrote this on his BRS ballot: "I knew Cuban Capitalism under Fulgencio Batista, and Cuban Communism under Fidel Castro. Now, at age 40, I may say that this is the first free election of my life!"

John Rockfellow: "I will be in the Department of Law at Trinity College [Dublin], working on a book on the parallels in repressive legal and representational maxims governing both Northern Ireland and South Africa. The common ground between Apartheid and the Diplock Courts of Northern Ireland are amazing. It is a very sad piece of work, to be certain." He will live in a staff flat this year, and hopes to take a farm outside of town next year.

Cherie Ruppe: "Am off this month [September] on my annual junket to Australia. Have experienced major burnout this year, and hope this will rejuvenate me."

Carl Spadoni has changed jobs at McMaster University. Formerly at the Health Science Library, he is now at the Research Collections Library, responsible for all archives (excluding the Russell Archives) and the post-1800 collection of rare books.

Ramon Carter Suzara: "I'm now building administrator of LT300 (417 units), the biggest condominium complex in the Philippines. It has 22 floors with 56,000 square meters of floor area. It's a piece of cake for me to manage."

Susan Berlin Vombrack, a Data Bank Analyst at Ford Aerospace, is working on a degree in Philosophy at Cal State, Long Beach. She says she may "create a special master's degree that combines philosphy and computer science. I would be interested to know if anyone has done that yet." Her address: 4126 Del Mar St.,Long Beach, CA 90807.

Vincent Dufaux Williams: "Visiting Mexico quite often, I note many Russell titles (in Spanish) in bookstores. There is a bit of a [Russell] cult among University students. As a delegate, I attended the Easter Weekend Congress (XVII) in Bordeaux of the I.W.A. ((International Workers Association) or A.I.T. (Asociacion de Trabajadores), the main Anarcho-Syndicalist Movement worldwide.

CONTRIBUTIONS

(13)

We thank RAMON CARTER SUZARA for his recent contribution to the BRS treasury.

* We remind all of you that a good way to, as they say, feel good about yourself is to bolster the BRS Treasury with some of your hard-earned money. Any amount, even a little, is welcome. Send it c/o the newsletter, address on Page 1, bottom.

CORRECTION

(14) In reporting the serious money-shortage that will stop publication of most of the future volumes of the Bertrand Russell Editorial Project (RSN59-2) -- a total of 28 volumes had been planned -- we incorrectly referred to "Ken Blackwell's research team"; it isn't Ken's; it isn't anybody's, apparently; it's just there...or was till the money ran out. Dr. Louis Greenspan is Managing Editor of the Project (see photo and caption, Item 21.)

1989 DUES ARE DUE

(15) TO ALL MEMBERS: Everybody's renewal dues are due January 1, 1989. The January 1st due-date applies to all members, including first-year members (except those who join in December 1988).

Here is the 1989 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 1989, 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 1988; 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 anniversay date of enrollment -- that the next year's dues were due. And after that, we had to follow up on all members, to see whether dues were in fact 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. Everyuone'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 enrolled 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 to all the above are those who join in December 1988. Their renewl dues are not due till January 1, 1990.

1989 BRS AWARD AND BRS BOOK AWARD

(16) Input wanted. Members are invited to submit candidates for the 1989 BRS Award and 1989 BRS Book Award.

THE BRS AWARD goes to someone who meets one or more of the following req uirements: (1) had worked closely with BR in an important way (like Joseph Rotblat); (2) has made an important contribution to Russell scholarship (like Paul Schilpp); (3) has acted in support of a cause or idea that BR championed (like Henry Kendall); (4) whose actions have exhibited qualities of character (such as moral courage) reminiscent of BR; or (5) has promoted awareness of BR or BR's work (like Steve Allen.)

THE BRS BOOK AWARD goes to the author whose recent book throws new light on BR's life or work or times in an important way.

* Please give it some thought! Send your suggestions c/o the newsletter, address on the bottom of Page 1.

BOOK OFFER

(17) "Bertrand Russell", by Paul Kuntz, 1988 BRS Book Award Winner, is offered to BRS members by its publisher, G. K. Hall & Co., at 30% off the list price of $14.95 = $10.47. We would receive the book and re-mail it to you (add postage $1.25, and mailing envelope, 75¢). To order, send $12.50 to the newsletter, address on Page 1.

BOOK REVIEWS

(18) Conrad Russell reviews a book about his father, in the London Review of Books, 1 September 1988, pp. 6-7, with thanks to KEN BLACKWELL:

Radical Heritage

Conrad Russell

Bertrand Russell: A Political Life
by Alan Ryan.
Allen Lane, 226 pp., £16.95, 30 June, 0 7139 9005 8

It is only necessary to cite the cases of Gwilym and Megan Lloyd George to show that a politician's biological heirs are not necessarily the infallible custodians of his or her political legacy. The fact that Alan Ryan's view of Bertrand Russell and my own are very closely similar is not, therefore, proof that we are both right. It is merely proof that our perceptions are compatible with a thorough knowledge of the evidence, and perhaps reason for suspecting that he and I view the evidence from fairly similar political standpoints.

It is particularly hard to have an authoritative grasp of a political legacy if that legacy meets either of two conditions, both amply fulfilled here. One is a very long life: much of the key part of the story we are here considering happened between twenty and thirty years before I was born, and on that, my view is inevitably second-hand and *ex parte*. Alan Ryan's search for consistency between Bertrand Russell's reactions to the First World War and his reactions to the Vietnam War seems to me entirely admirable and in the middle of the bat, but he and I must both allow for the fact that a book written, for example, by Lord Fenner-Brockway might have found a consistency of a different kind. In a political life of eighty years, the search for underlying consistency puts heavy pressure on the skill of selection, and the selection must in some degree reflect the prejudices of the selector.

The other condition which makes authoritative grasp of a political life difficult is if that life is lived in the light of the British liberal tradition, and extends through the hammer blows inflicted on that tradition in August 1914 and October 1917. That condition also is abundantly fulfilled here. Winston Churchill, in 1900, shrewdly observed that 'war is always bad for Liberals.' The fact that issues of war, defence and foreign policy tend to create confusion in the anti-Conservative opposition is not a new fact of the 1980s: it extends right back into the Liberal Party of the 19th century: it can be seen in the disputes of the last Gladstone cabinet about Dreadnoughts, and in Gladstone's correspondence with Granville about the future of Cyprus. The disputes the war created between Asquith and Lloyd George could have been foreseen in a party which combined the inheritances of Bright's Quaker Pacifism and Palmerston's imperial jingoism. It is more important still that the intellectual inheritance of liberalism, as developed by J.S. Mill, depended on a doctrine of progress which came perilously close to a belief in the perfectibility of man. It was this sort of moral optimism, a crucial element in Gladstonian Liberalism, which, along with innumerable soldiers, was machine-gunned at Passchendaele and gassed at Ypres.

Bertrand Russell never believed in the perfectibility of man: a Victorian religious upbringing left roots which went too deep for that. Yet most of his politics, and a very large amount of his writing, depended on a belief in the potential for moral improvement of the human being – a belief on which the First World War inflicted an *almost* mortal injury. Alan Ryan understands this very well, and some of the most perceptive passages in the book deal with the way these nightmares were revived by the conduct of the Vietnam War in the Sixties. Everything he says on this subject is right, and yet, as a child of the post-Hiroshima age, Dr Ryan can never *quite* understand the depth of the faith which was threatened in August 1914.

It was in this wilderness that the ideals of socialism came to offer temptation: where men saw demons, Marxian Socialism offered a neatly-organised demonology. It is no coincidence that my father's 'Socialist phase' came in the decade after the First World War. The extent to which he did, and the extent to which he did not, succumb to this temptation provide some of the very best writing in the book. The answers, of course, vary sharply according to the date under consideration, and none of them are simple. Alan Ryan, discussing the difficulties of liberals in deciding what concessions were to be made to socialist critics, rightly says that 'Russell was never entirely sure what he thought about this.' He is also right in seeing the variations as being influenced by the extent of the current threat to pre-war liberal optimism: he is right in saying that in the Sixties, 'casting his mind back to 1914, he surely felt that the war in Vietnam was proof that western, civilised, rational, liberal, scientific man had reverted to something lower than the beasts.' This revived the sense of betrayal which August 1914 had created: I can remember him, I think in 1968, shifting from a denunciation of the Vietnam War to the remark that he could never again vote for the Liberals, because they were the party of Sir Edward Grey. That remark surely indicates what had been, in the technical sense, a traumatic experience.

One of the key temptations of socialism, to a former liberal optimist, was the belief that, as Dr Ryan puts it, 'only socialism could avert another war.' Marx, in his attempts to link war to the development of capitalism, provided a generation with a way of explaining war without wholly abandoning the faith in human nature by which they had previously lived. The temptation was a very powerful one, and it is one to which Dora Russell, among others, seems to have succumbed. Yet Bertrand Russell could never entirely fall for this temptation, since he had seen through the intellectual pretensions of Marxism, and had published the results as early as 1896. Attitudes to his *German Social Democracy* are one of the litmus tests which sort one type of Russell admirer from another. To those who are devoutly of 'the left', it is one of his juvenilia, a work to be passed over in silence if possible. To Dr Ryan, it is 'neither stale nor out of date even now'. To my father himself, it was a verdict he could never forget, but whose *comparative* importance in his scheme of things varied almost infinitely according to the urgency of the dangers he saw from other quarters. Dr Ryan's understanding of this ambivalence runs all through his book: he says at one point that Bertrand Russell 'remained a liberal of a very recognisable kind', and at another, describes him as holding to 'traditional Lib-Lab ideas'. These statements are not identical, but both are correct in their contexts, and they describe the ambivalences, not only of one man, but of a very large proportion of a generation. These tensions were, of course, particularly acute in a man who was the godson of J.S. Mill, and had been brought up by a former Liberal prime minister on the belief that the word 'history' stood for 'hiss-Tory', but the recent work of Peter Clarke, for example, has shown how much these difficulties were part of the central experience of a generation.

The other great refuge of liberal optimism, in 1914 as in 1867, was education. It is hard to read Russell *On Education* without seeing that the subject was carrying a misplaced faith: education is a fine means of intellectual development, but he might more often have remembered when working on education his own Humean belief that 'reason is and ever must be the slave of the passions.' Education is a way of enabling us to justify things well: it is not a way of ensuring that we justify good things. It is well worth encouraging for what it does do, not least for my father's deep (and justified) conviction that it can be fun, but some of the reaction against our educational system now in progress is the result of its failure to satisfy hopes which should never have been placed upon it. Education is no more able to make a reality of the perfectibility of man than the churches have been. Among all his many ventures, the attempt to run a school seems to have been one of the least successful.

Dr Ryan remembers very well that in discussing a 'political life' he is only discussing one among many lives. He is aware of the philosopher and of the mathematician, and of the constant cyclical progression between quiet work and reflection in his study, on the one hand, and vigorous public utterance, on the other. In choosing to write about one part of this combination, he has well understood the combination itself, and has never lost sight of the other half. Dr Ryan stresses that 'before 1914, politics was not his ruling passion.' Dr Ryan is also aware of the constant pressure to write for money, a pressure which accounted for a very large proportion of the output here discussed. Here, as with the impact of August 1914, Ryan is entirely correct in what he says, but perhaps has not imagined the full urgency of the situation as it appeared at the time. My father's situation in 1918 was not an enviable one: he was 46, and had just lost his job, suffered imprisonment and social disgrace, and was facing the failure of his marriage. He had, in effect, no inherited money left, and, it must have seemed, a very bleak future indeed. Many men have broken under stresses no greater than this, and that the writing which came out of it should sometimes have been done for effect is no more than, reasonably, we should have expected. His situation in 1941 was no more enviable: he was trapped in the United States by the outbreak of war, unable to get himself into England or his money out of it, again dismissed from an academic job in disgrace, and in difficulties even for money to pay the fare into New York to meet a publisher. I can still remember the day when Simon and Schuster came to lunch (and my own bewilderment that they turned out to be a single person), and the overwhelming relief in the household when they happily departed. The result was *The History of Western Philosophy*. The tension, and the urgency, which such recurrent situations gave to the act of writing are accurately described here, but their contribution to the strident note which sometimes appeared in his writing is even bigger than Dr Ryan suggests.

Yet this is not the whole story. It could be said of him, as was said of his grandfather,

this: politics was his life-blood, and yet he was entirely unpolitical.' Dr Ryan's comment on Bertrand Russell, that he 'was an apolitical liberal, perhaps even an anti-political liberal', is very close to a repetition of Dr Prest's judgment on his grandfather. He was, as Dr Ryan remarks, 'not an organisation man'. His one attempt at serious work inside an organisation, for the No Conscription Fellowship, was, perhaps not as disastrous as he believed it, but it was not a conspicuous success. Some of the difficulty arose from the intensity of his conviction that 'thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil': such a conviction, held strongly, does not make a committee man. In fact, the experience of joining the majority could alone be enough to make him uneasy: finding himself, in the late Forties, both famous and respectable, 'I began to feel slightly uneasy, fearing that this might be the onset of blind orthodoxy. I have always held that no one can be respectable without being wicked, but so blunted was my moral sense that I could not see in what way I had sinned.' The choice of the verb 'sinned' here should provoke thought on the experience of growing up a non-Christian in a devout Victorian household.

Yet there is more to it than this: he did not find committees exciting. He also held a different picture of political power from that of the classic committee man: his interest was always in changing the way people thought. To an active politician, the current stock of ideas provides the straw out of which he must make his bricks, and therefore is an important part of the constraints within which he operates. Bertrand Russell was always interested in changing basic ideas, rather than in the nuts and bolts of how ideas could be translated into action. He was to some extent right that the two tasks are not easy to double, but they were perhaps not quite as difficult to combine as a nonconformist conscience would have liked to think they were. Intellectual puddings have their proof in the compromising, and it is perhaps not quite fair to leave all the proof of one's own pudding to others.

These reflections are relevant to the final stage of his career, devoted to the issue of nuclear disarmament. Here his contribution was more that of a prophet than a politician: the basic insight was that nuclear weapons had so changed the nature of war that it could never again be used as an instrument of policy. This simple insight was one which changed the whole nature of foreign and defence policy, and at first it was very widely resisted indeed. It is now generally accepted, save by a few dissidents such as George Bush, and it is not easily remembered now quite how controversial this view was in the years up to about 1964. Securing general acceptance for this view was his major, and significant, success. A second insight was that, because of the risk of error, panic, pre-emptive strike and the called bluff, if nuclear weapons were kept, they would sooner or later be used. On this, Bertrand Russell would have been entitled to use the argument he used against the Christians: that it was unfair that if they were right, they would be able to say, 'I told you so,' but if he were right, he would never be able to say: 'I told you so.' The difficulty of this argument was and is that it remains conjectural *on both sides*, and only a nuclear war or the disappearance of nuclear weapons can ever make it anything else. A third insight was that the nature of the political process was such that disarmament by multilateral agreement would simply never happen. On this, the record has so far borne him out, but it was here that the bulk of the argument should have been concentrated, and it was here that he did not succeed in understanding his opponents well enough to enter into a serious dialogue with them. Instead he was left with the Committee of 100, a classic case of 'the medium is the message.'

Twenty-eight years after that Committee was formed, it is painfully clear that it has done more to publicise the cause of civil disobedience than it ever did to publicise the cause of nuclear disarmament.

In discussing these issues, Dr Ryan is particulary good at setting them in a long-term context of Bertrand Russell's thinking, rightly stressing that his attitude to war was always consequentialist rather than straight pacifist: war was wrong because, and in so far as, it increased the sum of human misery. Dr Ryan also stresses the underlying belief in world government as the only possible remedy for a state of war of every nation against every nation. With these points, Dr Ryan brings out a good deal of underlying consistency which is very well presented. He devotes less effort to understanding Edith Russell, a person who deserves more admiration and respect than she has yet been given.

The Eighties are ideally the wrong decade to see the Sixties in perspective, and in another twenty years (if we are still alive), it will be much easier to assess the implications of the campaign against nuclear weapons than it is now. On other issues, 116 years after a man's birth is perhaps soon enough to begin an assessment of his achievements. The first thought to strike me here is the obvious paradox that his biggest achievements are those which, because of his success, we can now afford to regard as unimportant. That, of course, is not good for his reputation, and it is part of the explanation of why a prophet tends to be without honour.

One of the biggest changes of his lifetime, a change to which he made a very large contribution indeed, is that the world has become safe for non-Christians. This is an area in which we easily forget the magnitude of change during his lifetime. The debate in which Randolph Churchill accused Gladstone of being an atheist for arguing that Bradlaugh, although an atheist, should be allowed to sit in the House of Commons was within my father's memory. Today, on the other hand, the right to affirm instead of taking an oath is so casually regarded that many unbelievers do not even feel the need to take advantage of it. We do not easily understand the fear attached to not being a Christian, even as recently as forty years ago. The issue is not dead, as this summer's debates in the House of Lords have shown extremely clearly. Yet, when I found that I was able to put a non-Christian case in those debates and emerge with a whole skin, I was aware that I was deeply in my father's debt.

The other area in which change has been so big that we tend to forget it is that of sexual morals. It is not easy now to remember the fear which, even very recently, was attached to any admitted departure from sexual regularity. The fact that Richard Crossman lost an Oxford fellowship for having a divorce, and was not the last fellow to do so, is one which is now received with general incredulity. The fact that it is now perfectly safe, for example, for a couple to admit that they live together when they have not gone through a ceremony of marriage is something for which my father deserves a great deal of credit. The fact that such couples, having established their right, so regularly live exactly like any other married couple merely makes the irony more pleasing. The coming of contraception, an issue which interested my grandfather before my father was even born, is something which can compete with industrialisation for the title of the biggest change in the social history of the past two thousand years. That a change so great should not always be met quite in the middle of the bat is no more than we should expect, but my father's contribution to freedom from fear in this area remains one to which the 20th century has a profound cause to be grateful.

The parallel concern with the emancipation of women, with which my grandparents were involved before my father was born, also deserves a mention. That issue is one which shows the strengths and weaknesses of the old liberal tradition. On the issues on which that tradition was strong, which are essentially those of rights, the battle has been fought and won. Women are now eligible for all the major political prizes, up to and including 10 Downing Street, and on that front a former Women's Suffragist candidate could afford to be well content. Yet the success of the tradition has served to expose its incompleteness: the key issues which now affect women's status in the world are the complex of economic issues associated with equal pay and with child care, and these were the sort of issues on which neither my father nor the old liberal tradition had very much to offer.

At this point, some reflection is in order on the rival liberal and socialist claims to the radical inheritance. It is an inheritance my father made a large contribution to keeping alive, but I must take strong exception to Alan Ryan's description of him as 'one of the last great radicals'. Such a claim is 'grossly exaggerated', and will remain so unless or until nuclear war brings all our traditions to an end. The great weakness of the old liberal tradition was its excessive indifference to practical economic issues. This, as Peter Clarke has shown, was a weakness the 'new Liberalism' of the years before the First World War had almost got over when the war rudely interrupted the process, and the post-war realignment drained the Party of many of those who had learnt the necessary lessons. In the past thirty years, the Party has re-learnt those lessons all over again, and the infusion of Labour-trained politicians from the SDP has fixed a change which was already substantially complete.

The Labour Party, on the other hand, is tied to a set of egalitarian assumptions which, in their extreme forms, have already proved unpalatable, and is wedged in the cleft stick of being able neither to deny them nor to assert them. It is wedded, by the basic notion that there is a thing called 'socialism', to ideas of class solidarity which have been empirically falsified, and to ideas of class hostility which have not increased the sum of human happiness. It has absorbed a large amount of the old radical tradition, and often represents it effectively. Yet, however little many of its members may be affected by them, it cannot, by the very existence of its socialist label, entirely extricate itself from that colossal wrong turning in the intellectual history of Europe which is represented by the body of ideas associated with Karl Marx. Over the past ninety years or so, the body of ideals that bear the label 'socialist' has shown far less potential for growth than those with the label 'liberal'. When that is recognised, my father's *German Social Democracy* may get the credit it deserves, and Alan Ryan's description of him as 'one of the last great radicals' be seen as being as premature as it really is. □

OFFICERS OF THE BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY, INC.

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

THE MEMBERS VOTE

(20) 9 Directors elected. Originally, there were 10 candidates for 9 openings. Carl Spadoni notified us on 8/11 that he preferred not to stand for election. In other words, Carl withdrew, which left 9 candidates for 9 posts. Consequently, all the other Candidates have been elected: LOU ACHESON, ADAM PAUL BANNER, KEN BLACKWELL, JOHN JACKANICZ, DAVID JOHNSON, JUSTIN LEIBER, GLADYS LEITHAUSER, STEVE REINHARDT, TOM STANLEY.

Only 14% of the members voted. Pretty awful! Even a U.S. Presidential Election gets more than 14%! We thank the members who voted; here they are: ARAGONA, BANNER, BUXTON, CANTERBURY, CLIFFORD, CURTIS, EISLER, GARCIADIEGO, GIROD, HARPER, HARTER, D. JACKANICZ, LANSDELL, MCWILLIAMS, MILLER, PAGE, REINHARDT, REY, ROCKFELLOW, ROCKLER, RUJA, RUPPE, SCHERER, SPADONI, SUZARA, TOBIN, VAN DYKE, WEYAND, WILLIAMS, WOODROW, plus 7 ANONYMOUS.

As for the rest of you: our feelings toward you are not kindly.

Incidentally, some ballots — all were marked FIRST CLASS -- took over a month to arrive!

RUSSELL ARCHIVES

(21) From The McMaster Courier, August 16, 1988, Page 9, -----> with thanks to KEN BLACKWELL:

Support for Russell Editorial Project

Dr. Harry Ruja, centre, chairman of the Bertrand Russell Society, presents the Russell Editorial Project with the Society's cheque for $1,000 to go toward the Bibliography of Russell. Dr. Louis Greenspan, left, managing editor of the project, is shown receiving the cheque on behalf of the Development Office. Dr. Ken Blackwell, right, co-author of the bibliography also attended the presentation.

DIRECTORS OF THE BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY, INC.
elected for 3-year terms, as shown

(22) 1987-89: JACK COWLES, WILLIAM FIELDING, DAVID GOLDMAN, STEVE MARAGIDES, FRANK PAGE, MICHAEL ROCKLER, CHERIE RUPPE, PAUL SCHILPP, WARREN SMITH, RAMON SUZARA

1988-90: IRVING ANELLIS, BOB DAVIS, JIM MCWILLIAMS, HUGH MOORHEAD, KATE TAIT

1989-91: LOU ACHESON, ADAM PAUL BANNER, KEN BLACKWELL, JOHN JACKANICZ, DAVID JOHNSON, JUSTIN LEIBER, GLADYS LEITHAUSER, STEVE REINHARDT, TOM STANLEY

The 6 BRS officers are also directors, ex officio

HUMANISM

(23) From Insight (5/4/87, pp. 56,57):

Giving Judaism a Humanist Face

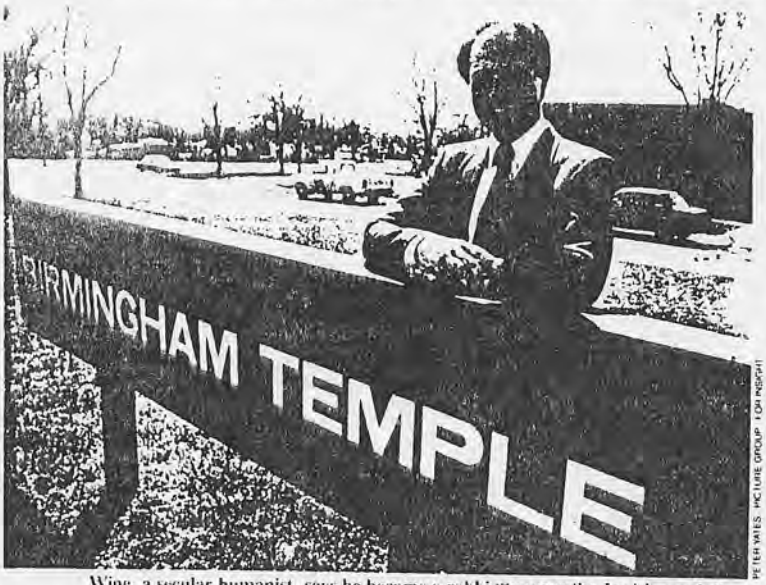
SUMMARY: The incompatibility of Sherwin Wine's agnostic secular humanist views and the theistic elements in Reform Judaism prompted the Michigan rabbi to found the Society for Humanistic Judaism. The movement maintains Jewish rituals, but it replaces religious values with secular content. Wine is confident that secularism will only grow.

Sherwin T. Wine is an agnostic. He is also rabbi of the Birmingham Temple in the Detroit suburb of Farmington Hills.

"The main division ideologically between people today," he says, "is between those who have adapted to the secular age and those who have rejected it." Wine knew pretty much which side he was on — that of agnostic secular humanism — by the time he graduated from the University of Michigan in 1950, having majored in philosophy. The following year he obtained a master's degree in the same subject. He realized he wanted to be a rabbi for two reasons. "The only way in our society that you can teach philosophy to the public, outside of an academic setting, is as a clergyman." And, he says, "I have a strong desire to serve the Jewish people." So he went to Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and was ordained a rabbi in the Reform branch of Judaism in 1956.

But Wine found that he could not square his own ideas with the theistic elements in Reform Judaism. So in 1963, together with eight families in the Detroit area, he founded the Birmingham Temple, the first congregation to celebrate both secular humanism and the Jewish identity. Within one year, the congregation membership increased to 100 families.

In 1969, as the movement grew, the Society for Humanistic Judaism was formed with headquarters in Farmington Hills. Wine claims some 30,000 followers worldwide for the movement, 10,000 in the United States.



PETER YATES, PICTURE GROUP / FOR INSIGHT

Wine, a secular humanist, says he became a rabbi "to serve the Jewish people."

Last October, representatives from Canada, South America, Europe, Israel and Australia, as well as the United States, met at the Birmingham Temple to found an International Federation of Secular Humanist Judaism.

The society's position is bluntly stated. "There are two kinds of religion. *Theistic* religions assert that the ultimate source of moral authority and of the power for the solution to human problems is to be found outside of people — in a supernatural realm. *Humanistic* religions affirm that moral authority lies within each person and that we have the power, the right and the responsibility to be the masters of our own lives.

"Theistic religions, such as Christianity and conventional Judaism, stress the importance of prayer and faith. Humanistic religions, such as Humanistic Judaism, declare that reason, rather than faith, is the source of truth and that human intelligence and experience are capable of guiding our destiny."

Why, then, retain the particularly Jewish identification? "Humanistic Judaism," the promotional literature explains, "is a religion for Jews who question the traditional view of Jewish history, but who value their Jewish identity. Humanistic Jews understand and appreciate the Jewish past and present in ways consistent with the best insights of modern enlightment."

Wine's book "Judaism Beyond God: A Radical New Way to Be Jewish," published in 1985, argues that Enlightenment ideas successfully undermined both strong belief in the supernatural and the popularity of worship. The Enlightenment, writes Wine, "turned religious epics into myths and made public acts of reverence, even directed to human rulers, an uncomfortable experience."

Another victim of the Secular Revolution is humility, a virtue that, according to Wine, is tied to authoritarian attitudes. Humility has been replaced by its democratic opposite, dignity, which, Humanistic Judaism asserts, has emerged "as the primary value of the secular age."

"In the contemporary world of individual agendas," Wine says, "the demand for dignity continues to increase. Traditional hierarchical structures are collapsing. Women demand equality with men. Blacks demand equality with whites. The young demand equality with the old. Even children speak of their right to freedom. As for God, he is no longer presented in educated circles as a lord and master. The new egalitarian philosophy prefers him to be a cosmic friend."

In one sense of the word, Humanistic Judaism is a religion: The movement binds its adherents together by virtue of a shared philosophic outlook and participation in the rituals of Judaism. But these have been emptied of their significance as memorials of God's activity in the history of the Jews, his "chosen people," and filled instead with a secular content.

For example, a manual on how to celebrate Passover, the spring festival commemorating the Jews' delivery from bondage in Egypt, states that the patriarchs, who are described in the Bible as guiding the people on God's way, did not actually exist. "Neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob were real people," writes Wine. "Each of them is a personification, a symbol of a group of Semitic tribes who lived in the Palestine area and who became the ancestors of the Jewish people."

As for the belief that the Hebrew slaves in Egypt were descended from a single man called Jacob (Israel), Wine finds the notion "as probable as the assertion that all Americans are descended from Uncle Sam."

The Passover Seder is, in the Society's "Humanist Haggadah," purged of all references to divine intervention or to the wickedness of the Egyptians. (The traditional intoning of the plagues God inflicted on the Egyptians is also omitted.)

Other holidays are reinterpreted accordingly. For Yom Kippur, the solemn day of atonement and fasting, the Boston Congregation for Humanistic Judaism came up with a family service that ends with a singing of "We Are the World."

Ruth D. Feldman, who edits the journal Humanistic Judaism, feels that her beliefs are consistent with the way most Jews live their lives today. Indeed, she says, secular Judaism allows them to do so with honesty and integrity.

Last year, her mother died. At the funeral, a humanist rabbi encouraged every member of the family to voice their feelings about the dead woman, and the service took account of her eclectic religious beliefs. "Humanistic Judaism allows you to express what you feel in a way that is appropriate to our world," she says.

Her daughter's recent wedding, to a non-Jew, violated traditional Jewish law in that a rabbi presided. Everyone felt comfortable, reports the editor, and all present agreed that the happiness of the couple came first.

How a secular Jewish identity is formed is recounted by Joseph Chuman, leader of the Bergen County Ethical Culture Society in New Jersey. (The Ethical Culture movement was founded in New York City in 1876 by Felix Adler and drew much support from other German Jewish emigrants who abandoned Judaism and embraced a secular humanist outlook.)

Writing in Humanistic Judaism, Chuman recounts how his mother's parents arrived from Poland just before the turn of the century and settled in the Bronx. Though they lived in the United States for more than 60 years, neither learned English, which compelled their seven children to pick up Yiddish. Chuman's grandmother remained "folk-Orthodox" throughout her life. His grandfather conducted the Seder in flawless Hebrew but had become a nonbeliever who was attracted to unionism and socialism.

"With the possible exception of my mother," writes Chuman, "all seven of my grandparents' children became atheists. But because of their active family involvement, which was dutiful even if it was rebellious, and because of their antireligion, which was also a form of intimate connectedness with religion, their identity as Jews, as secular Jews, was uncontestable."

But, Chuman notes, "With religious commitment on the ascendance, and with the concomitant ideological attack on modernity, the nonreligious Jew feels betrayed by events and squeezed by two unacceptable alternatives." These, he cites, are either to join a synagogue and so violate his metaphysical commitments or to "transcend his Jewishness and elect to assimilate totally into the mainstream culture . . . the dominant Christian culture."

Wine, too, is aware that his philosophy is far from having swept the field. "There is a large and vocal minority that rejects secular humanism," he says.

"Moreover, among the majority who have accepted secular humanist values, most are ambivalent about having done so, feeling guilt at having left their conventional religion or retaining it in a vestigial form."

Rabbi David Novak, who teaches Jewish law at the Conservative Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York, finds Humanistic Judaism to be neither humanistic nor Jewish. Any attempt to constitute a godless Judaism must fail historically or any other way, he believes. And, he adds, true humanism recognizes that the person is related to God.

People such as sociologist Peter Berger and the Lutheran author Richard John Neuhaus make the point that most Americans persist in believing in God and following a religion and consequently are living con-

traditions to the claims made for the secular age, says Novak. Wine's arguments, he contends, are redolent of a puerile optimism that has ignored such historical events as Auschwitz and Hiroshima.

Wine, meanwhile, is confident that "as time goes by, more and more people will be secular, whether they admit to it or not. This year his followers will hold regional meetings in Brussels in June and Buenos Aires in August, and plans are under way for an Institute of Secular Humanist Judaism in Jerusalem. The institute will offer five-year courses for those intending to be rabbis and three-year courses for *madrichim*, congregation leaders.

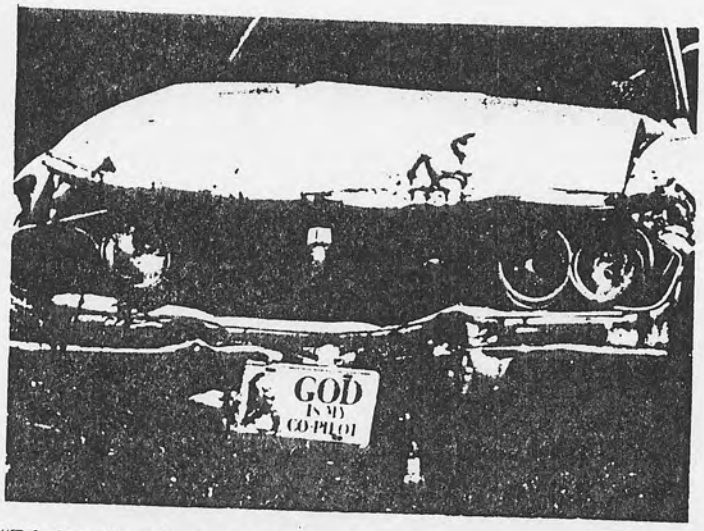
To Rabbi Seymour Seigel, professor of theology and ethics at Jewish Theological Seminary of America, secular humanists are simply wrong in believing that the ethnic and ethical aspects of the Jewish identity can be furthered without reference to the divine.

"The survival of the Jewish community, despite all the mishaps and persecutions it has undergone," he says, "is an oblique proof of God's concern."

— *Derk Kinnane Roelofsma*

RELIGION

(24) From
Freethought Today ------>
(July 1988, p.14)



"Tch, Tch. Try A human next time ... Greetings from the Deep South"
- Submitted by Jeanrose Buczynski, Alabama

NEW ADDRESSES

(25)
MR. J. WARREN ARRINGTON /86//RT 4, BOX 220/HILLSBORO/OR/97123-9007/ /
MR. WALT H. COKER /84//NOVA U.8601 N.BLK CANYON,711/PHOENIX/AZ/85021/ /
MR. PRADEEP KUMAR DUBEY /82//3612 BRAMPTON DR. SOUTH/LAFAYETTE A/IN/47905/ /
DR. SUSAN J. GIROD /87//1934 HOSPITAL PLACE/LOS ANGELES/CA/90033/ /
DR. JEROLD J. HARTER /87//1934 HOSPITAL PLACE/LOS ANGELES/CA/90033/ /
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DR. HENRY VAN DYKE /87//69 BUSCHMANN AV., 2ND FL./HALEDON/NJ/07508/ /
MR. WALTER VANNINI /87//20 OAK ST.,FLOOR 2/NEW BRUNSWICK/NJ/08901/ /

ASSESSMENTS OF BR

(26) Max Eastman devotes a chapter in his book — "Einstein, Trotsky, Hemingway, Freud and Other Great Companions" (NY: Collier Books, 1962) -- to BR. Thank you, TOM STANLEY.

Two Bertrand Russells

BERTRAND RUSSELL is the most readable of living highbrows; he also knows more than any of the rest of them. When Lenin died, his adoring disciples had his brain examined with a microscope to see if it differed in some occult way from the normal. Bertrand Russell's might be better worth examining, for it is a more variously prodigious specimen. George Santayana, in the final volume of his memoirs, described "Bertie" as the most gifted of all the men he had known.

"He had birth, genius, learning, indefatigable zeal and energy, brilliant intelligence, and absolute honesty and courage. His love of justice was as keen as his sense of humor. He was at home in mathematics, in natural science, and in history. He knew well all the more important languages and was well informed about everything going on in the world of politics and literature."

That is high praise indeed, but Santayana added that as a great intellect Russell had somehow "petered out." In discussing the subject with me he said, more harshly: "Along with his genius he has a streak of foolishness."

I was reminded of this when reading a review by Milton Hindus of Russell's recent book, *Portraits From Memory and Other Essays*. Hindus praises the book highly, as any good critic must, but also remarks: "The goddess he worships is Sprightliness, and she can make him do and say silly things at times . . ." I should say *irresponsible* or *light-minded*, rather than foolish or silly things, but I have long shared this two-fold opinion if Bertrand Russell: unbounded admiration for his mind, and a certain embarrassment about this trait of his character.

He is a funny-looking fellow, rather like some eager-beaked bird, or birdlike gargoyle, and I sometimes wonder what effect this had on him as he grew up. To discover the finest brain of the generation in such a receptacle must have been a surprise. He is not unpleasantly grotesque, however, but pleasantly so when you see his eyes lighted with interest in an idea.

It was thirty-two years ago (November 21, 1927) that he and I entertained a crowded Cooper Union with a debate on *The Road to Freedom*, and I came home and wrote down the title of this essay: "Two Bertrand Russells." I had then read some of Russell's philosophic writings, notably *Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy*. The title is almost as long as the book, and is not logically constructed, it seems to me. It should read: "The Problem of our Knowledge of the External World, etc. . . ." But the book itself is brief and is logical to a degree rarely to be found in books of philosophy, even the most famous. They are all, with but two or three exceptions, dedicated to proving, or building into a conception of the universe, some notion that is satisfactory to the emotional needs of the philosopher. This, at least, was my firm opinion after emerging from a four-year course in philosophy. I cherished a feeling of admiring kinship with the few so-called skeptics—Hume, Montaigne, Sextus Empiricus, Protagoras perhaps—men who had attempted *without any other motive* to find out what could be known about the plight of man's mind in the universe. I believed, and believe still, that Bertrand Russell belongs among these cool and elevated spirits, and that in a wise history if philosophy his place would be secure. For that reason I approached the meeting in Cooper Union somewhat awed by the honor of being associated in conflict with so great a mind.

Proposed Roads to Freedom was the title of a book that Russell had published, and my opening speech, which as usual I wrote out and delivered from memory, was as thoughtful a criticism of it as I knew how to make. Indeed for those in the audience with a taste for proletarian revolution, it must have seemed quite conclusive. I took a backward glance at all the great advocates of a better social system, and pointed out that none of them, from Plato to Russell, had ever even looked for *the road* to freedom. They had merely told us what a free society might be like when we got there. Karl Marx, I declaimed —and I was then immature enough to regard this as very wise —did not bother his head about what it would be like when we got there. He concentrated on finding the road: the working-class struggle, namely, for the conquest of political power.

Russell replied, as I would now, that this was all very much more neat than convincing, that it was impossible to treat human history as though it were a process taking place in a laboratory—words, at least, to that effect. And he remarked how many years had passed since Marx predicted the revolutionary change I was still waiting for, and spoke of the folly of any man's imagining that he could predict the course of history over a long period of time.

"Not one of us can tell right now what is going to happen in the next seven years," he exclaimed.

Toward the end of his speech—which was not a speech, but just brilliant inconsecutive talking—he happened accidentally, as any impromptu speaker might, to get to telling us, rather explicitly, what might be expected of the rest of the twentieth century. It was a bad accident, and I made some good fun in my rebuttal out of the striking contrast between the prophetic genius of Karl Marx and of Bertrand Russell. His answer was magnanimous, and also clever. He acknowledged that with this lucky crack I had probably won the debate, but remarked that this did not prove the validity of the theory of progress through class struggle.

We walked across town together after the debate, and I tried to get him to say something illuminating about my teacher, John Dewey, toward whose instrumental philosophy I was still struggling to orient myself.

"I find him such a dull writah," was all I could get out of him.

I don't know why, but though I have often met Russell since, and ridden in taxis with him, and dined beside him, and made speeches from the same platform, I have never been able to get much farther into a conversation than that. Something rises up between us—whether my too humble admiration for his mind, or an opinion on his part that I haven't any mind, I can't pretend to say. Mathematics, of course, is an alarming thing to a man of my temper and experience. Although I passed examinations in both algebra and trigonometry, not to mention plane and solid geometry, I could not at this moment describe the binomial theorem, or state what a logarithm is, if the sword of Damocles were hanging over me. So perhaps it is just the phantom of Mathematics that rises up between us, putting me in my place with that mystic and impenetrable gesture that has the whole world of unciphering mortals buffaloed.

At any rate, this memoir will contain only one more phrase spoken to me by Bertrand Russell. That, too, was on the way home from our debate, and what he said was—and he said it disdainfully—"Anyone who takes these debates and lectures of our seriously must be an idiot." I had taken my part of it seriously as my manuscript testifies, and whatever may have been my answer, I recoiled inwardly from this remark. As he was then making an enviable income out of these debates and lectures, playing up to the eagerness of a half-baked American intelligentsia to gaze upon, and gather pearls of wisdom from, a great British philosopher, this roused my democratic indignation. I thought he ought to give the best he had for the money and adulation he was getting. I also thought—at that time—that his political opinions were as trivial and superficial as his philosophic speculations were profound. That was the source of my title: "Two Bertrand Russells." I now see that his answer to my neat speech, in spite of that accidental lowering of his guard, was a good one. But I still resent his flippant attitude to that attentive audience. There is a point of view from which nothing that any of us "intellectuals" do or think seems very important. But from that point of view, I am not sure a book in the library on the Principles of Mathematics ranks so much higher than a speech in Cooper Union on the Road to Freedom. I would like to find the same Bertrand Russell in both places.

I will give another example of what I mean. Not so many years ago I attended a lecture by him in the Rand School for Social Science. It was a lecture on Aristotle, and was attended by a throng of young boys and girls, mostly working-class, all hungrily drinking up with burningly attentive eyes whatever gems of wisdom and guidance they could get from this famous and truly great man. And the great man delivered a very fine lecture—a chapter perhaps from his *History of Western Philosophy*. He was particularly illuminating on the subject of the virtue which Aristotle called *megalopsychia*, and which is often but incorrectly translated "magnanimity." It means something more like high-mindedness or dignity of spirit. You might say that it means "what *noblesse* obliges," for it is essentially an aristocratic virtue. Russell was engaging and wonderfully subtle in describing it. But afterward one of those burning-eyed youngsters, a girl in her teens, breathless with bashfulness and a zeal to understand, asked him a question—not a penetrating question perhaps, but not foolish. He brushed her off and out of the

intellectual world with some frivolous jest about consulting Mrs. Aristotle. As I watched her sink back miserably into her chair, I thought: "Well, he has given a perfect discourse on *megalopsychia* and a perfect example of the lack of it."

It must have been after that lecture, for it was in an anteroom at the Rand School, that Bertrand Russell confided to me the genuinely desperate financial situation he was in. His radical opinions, particularly about military patriotism and marriage, had closed all the innumerable chairs of philosophy that would otherwise have been open to him. To climax this hardship, he had just been summarily ejected from a professorship at the rambunctious art foundation in Philadelphia established by the Argyrol king and ex-prize fighter and cranky connoisseur, Albert C. Barnes. He told me with genuine distress in his voice that he really did not know how he was going to earn his living.

This will surprise the reader now, but hardly more than it surprised me then. I was indeed so appalled that a great mind should be in such a plight—and my admiration for the delving mind was so much stronger than my distaste for the flippant tongue—that I went over the next morning to the New School for Social Research, and pleaded with its founder and director, Alvin Johnson, to give Bertrand Russell a job! Both Johnson and the New School, I thought, were bold enough to stand up to public opinion in such a cause. I realized how little Russell had exaggerated his plight when I received my answer. Johnson listened patiently, with the genial twinkle in his eyes and the genial pipe in his mouth that are both a part of him, and when my plea was finished, removed the pipe with friendly deliberation and said:

"Max, I agree with everything you said . . . But the question will have to come before the trustees. I will put it before them, but I can advise you in advance not to hope for a favorable answer."

The two-fold nature of Bertrand Russell has given rise to some other interesting reactions besides those I quoted. W. B. Yeats, in an imaginary letter to a schoolmaster about his son's education, made this amusing remark: "Teach him mathematics as thoroughly as his capacity permits. I know that Bertrand Russell must, seeing that he is such a featherhead, be wrong about everything but as I have no mathematics I cannot prove it. I do not want my son to be as helpless." Even the *Encyclopædia Britannica* shares this two-way attitude toward the great philosopher. It describes him in a biographical essay as "temperamentally desperate, loving extremes . . . almost querulously criticising the world's workings," and declares ironically that he "has been peculiarly successful in eliciting from contemporary physics those theorems that are most consonant with his own temper." But when it comes to getting an article on the most subtle and difficult subject in the whole encyclopedia, one requiring acuity and balance as well as learning of the most reliable kind, the article on Knowledge itself—what we can know and how we know it—the editors turn to Bertrand Russell!*

I have a feeling, which I cannot verify, that the trivial and irresponsible member of this dual personality is apt to be uppermost when he is dealing with America. Many other distinguished Europeans have come overseas annually to tap the gold mine of our provincial adoration of Old World Culture—it was natural enough—but most of them tried hard, however unsuccessfully, to give a good lecture. Yeats, for instance, according to his biographer, "always gave of his best . . . and this consideration sprang no less from his inborn courtesy than from a sense of his own dignity and what was due to others." But Bertrand Russell was content merely to stand up and chatter about ideas. Perhaps, indeed, he was the only one who could stand up and chatter about ideas without fear of exhausting the reservoir, or losing control of the taps. I cannot help doubting, however, whether in lectures to a British audience he would have been quite so cavalier. "Love of England," he says in this recent book, "is very nearly the strongest emotion I possess"—a statement so surprising in one whose closest companion seems to have been the universe that it adds weight to my feeling that in order to understand him we have to divide him in two.

Russell himself contributes a little to this feeling. "The serious part of my life ever since boyhood," he says, "has been devoted to two different objects. . . . I wanted, on the one hand, to find out whether anything can be known; and, on the other, to do whatever might be possible toward creating a happier world." He adds that he has found his work on social questions "much more difficult and much less successful" than his earlier work on mathematical logic. He thinks it is more difficult "because its utility depends upon persuasion." My feeling is that on social (and political) questions, he is inclined to spend more time in persuasion than in doing the work—the work, I mean, of establishing valid opinions. It is in this sphere, at least, that the light-minded Bertrand Russell seems so often to have sway.

Having said this, I must hasten to add that in 1920, when he paid his visit to Soviet Russia, Bertrand Russell arrived with speed at an opinion that time has verified. He was right when most of us who shared his bold views about World War One were making the mistake of our lives. He is entitled to all the boasting he so genteelly refrains from doing about that fact. At that early date, his adverse report on the "Great Experiment" said pretty nearly everything that the rest of us wasted so much time in summoning the mental force or humility to say. It was not as though he had gone over there with adverse prejudices, either. On the contrary, a month or so before boarding the train, he had issued a startling announcement of his conversion to Communism. He had to take that announcement back while it was still floating like a flag almost from the masthead of all pro-Bolshevik publications throughout the western world.

The memory touches me rather deeply because it was in my magazine, the *Liberator*, that he published the original confession of his faith. We printed it in extra-sized type on the first pages of the magazine, rejoicing that we had now a comrade-in-arms who would strike respect at least, if not fear, into the hearts of our enemy, the general public. He did not send his recantation to the *Liberator*, but to our rival the *Nation*, wishing perhaps to save me a rather painful embarrassment, for I believed in free discussion as well as proletarian revolution and should have had to publish it. As it was, I felt compelled to answer the great philosopher, and I did so with all the scholarly heft I could muster, entitling my essay, "Plato, Nietzsche and Bertrand Russell." I am happy to recall that I did not dismiss his recantation as a class-conscious reaction, although that would have been made easy by the fact that his traveling companion, Robert Williams, head of the British Transport Workers' Union, came back with an exactly opposite reaction: "All my previous hopes and expectations were more than borne out by my actual contact with Soviet affairs." I brushed this easy argument aside, and answered according to my own pretty thoroughly un-Marxian type of revolutionism.

"It *is* possible," I said, "for persons of drastic and pure intellect, or militantly sympathetic emotion, to abstract from their own economic or social situation, conceive the process of revolutionary struggle scientifically, and put their personal force in on the side where lie the ultimate hopes of human life." And I paid a special tribute to Russell's capacity for such disinterested logic, his championship of "scientific method in philosophy." "What is it," I asked, "that prevents him from bringing over that austere and celebrated method into his contemplation of the problems of society? It is the contagious Christian disease of idealizing the soft, and worshipping the ineffectual."

So I disposed of this most devastating intrusion on my state of exalted belief. Bertrand Russell was in China when my editorial essay came out. His wife, Dora Russell, wrote a ponderous answer to it, and he sent her manuscript to me saying that it expressed his views. I am not by any means a touchy person; my inferiority complex takes other forms than that. But I must confess I was not flattered by this left-handed, or no-handed, way of answering my studious and deeply pondered criticism of his changed opinion. Twice since then, once in a letter, once in a personal encounter, Bertrand Russell has reproached me for betraying the principle of free discussion in not publishing his wife's letter. On neither occasion did I say in reply—what I thought should be obvious—that I did not care to advertise the position he put me in by replying to my dissertation through an unknown woman who happened to be his wife. I cannot help wondering, since I am still in the vicinity of that subject, whether he would have sent such a communication to a British editor.

I wish I might feel as happily confident as I did in those days about that "hard-headed idealism" which I regarded as the heart of the Marxian doctrine when purged of Hegelian metaphysics. My present feeling when Bertrand Russell expresses his "firm conviction" that "the only stable improvements in human affairs are those which increase kindly feeling and diminish ferocity," is one of nostalgia. I was brought up to think so, and I would like to go back to my childhood. But I do not believe we can increase kindly feeling and diminish ferocity on a large scale except by selective breeding. And I still think that the political Bertrand Russell fails to confront such facts with that unremitting, diligent and disciplined hardness of mind with which the philosophic Bertrand Russell confronts a proposition in logic or mathematics. One cannot be so sure, it is true, about political as about mathematical matters, but one can require of himself that he be as sure as possible before advising the world. And this, it seems to me, is what the political member of the Bertrand Russell combination fails to do. His recantation after the visit to Soviet Russia was an act of admirable devotion to an ascertained truth; it is beyond praise. But was not his startling proclamation of a conversion to Communism just before he went, by the same token, somewhat cursory and careless?

Bertrand Russell has made a good many such startling shifts of opinion in the course of his work on social questions, more, by a good deal, than the changing conditions have warranted. I remember—it cannot be so long ago—his announcing in the *New Leader* that love, after all, is the only force that can save the world. Yet in 1948, in an address at Westminster School which he took pains to publish, he said:

"There must be in the world only one armed force supranational and all-powerful . . . It is the only way to prevent Great

Wars. There is singularly little hope of establishing such a force by international agreement. . . . The Western Alliance with the United States and the Commonwealth have the nucleus of such a force. It must impose itself on the whole world, and remain powerful, uniquely so, until the world has been educated into a unified sanity."

A very far call from love as the savior of the world.

Though sprightly enough, none of these rapid changes seems quite so featherweight as his shift of passion and opinion in the last seven years on the subject of the fight against Communism. In 1950, in the *New York Times Magazine*, he issued a battle cry that must have roused thousands who care about real values to join in that fight. He depicted with militant eloquence the horrors of life under the Communist dictatorship: "Soviet man, crawling on his knees to betray his family and friends to slow butchery"; "A world in which human dignity counts for nothing"; a world in which "it is thought right and proper that men should be groveling slaves, bowing down before the semi-divine beings who embody the greatness of the state.

"It is this conception that we have to fight," he cried, "a conception which . . . would, if it prevailed, take everything out of life that gives it value, leaving nothing but a regimented collection of groveling animals. I cannot imagine a greater or more profound cause for which to fight."

During the eight years since that battle call was issued, the "regimented collection of groveling animals," with no change in its nature, has steadily gained ground throughout the world. The fight to which we were so gloriously summoned, though more desperate, is still being fought. And what has become of our intellectual standard bearer now, our great philosopher who came down from the heights of pure reason to summon us into battle for "all human values?" He sits aloft once more and informs us that "anti-Communism" may be classified with Communism as a "dogmatic and fanatical belief in some doctrine for which there is no evidence." "Nationalism, Fascism, Communism, and now anti-Communism," he says, "have all produced their crop of bigoted zealots ready to work untold horror in the interests of some narrow creed."*

And to certify this surrender to the enemy of all human values, he contributes a preface to another book written by one of the most unabashed defenders of that "regimented collection of groveling animals" in the western world, Corliss Lamont.† In this preface he reaches the climax of a series of slanders against America that would, in a man less famed for the achievements of his mind, seem very nearly insane. I will quote but one example of this wild talk, since it is no pleasure to dwell on these flights of the feather-like partner in the firm of Bertrand Russell.

"Members of the FBI join even mildly liberal organizations as spies and report any unguarded word. Anybody who goes so far as to support equal rights for colored people, or to say a good word for the UN, is liable to visit by officers of the FBI and threatened, if not with persecution, at least with blacklisting and consequent inability to earn a living. When a sufficient state of terror has been produced by these means, the victim is informed that there is a way out: if he will denounce a sufficient number of his friends, he may obtain absolution."

I imagine that Bertrand Russell regards it as an example of unprejudiced logic to liken the extremes of intolerance to that which the passion of the fight against Communism has carried certain individuals in America to the systemized brutalities of the totalitarian police state. To my mind it suggests, rather, a deep-lying and irrational prejudice.

But that is not the point I wished to make in concluding this essay. The error underlying everything Russell now says about the "great fight" to which he summoned us so gloriously was present already in the summons. It is not a "*conception*" we have to fight, but a *conspiracy*—a conspiracy by seizing political power to force that conception upon an unwilling world. The problem is indeed complex and subtle how a relatively free society can, without destroying its own freedom, defeat such a conspiracy. There is room here for a wide latitude of opinion.

* *Portraits From Memory*, p. 38.
† *Freedom Is as Freedom Does*. Preface in the English edition only.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S VIEWS ON RELIGION

(27) Bertrand Russell's Views on Religion is a pamphlet on Russell with a forward written by Al Seckel (Editor of *Bertrand Russell on God and Religion* and *Bertrand Russell on Ethics, Sex and Marriage*)

Some excerpts from the pamphlet are reprinted below. You may purchase these pamphlets for ten cents per copy from Atheists United, 14542 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 211 Sherman Oaks, Ca. 91403

GOD

"I've observed that the belief in the goodness of God is inversely proportional to the evidence. When there's no evidence for it at all, people believe it, and when things are going well and you might believe it, they don't."

RELIGIONS

"The fact is that religion is no longer sufficiently vital to take hold of anything new, it was formed long ago to suit certain ancient needs, and has subsisted by the force of tradition, but is no longer able to assimilate anything that cannot be viewed traditionally."

FAITH

"What I wish to maintain is that all faiths do harm. We may define 'faith' as the firm belief in something for which there is no evidence. When there is evidence, no one speaks of 'faith'. We do not speak of faith that two and two are four or that the earth is round. We only speak of faith when we wish to substitute emotion for evidence."

PRAYER

"It is not by prayer and humility that you cause things to go as you wish, but by acquiring a knowledge of natural laws. The power you acquire in this way is much greater and more reliable than formerly supposed to be acquired by prayer, because you could never tell if your prayer was answered favourably in heaven."

LINUS PAULING

(28) The Pauling Prize: A Welcome Honor from Norway from the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, Dec. 1963, vol. 19, no. 10, p. 18

"On October 11, Linus Pauling was awarded his second Nobel prize. The first was awarded in 1954 for his achievements in theoretical chemistry; the second for his relentless and dedicated campaign against the testing of nuclear weapons. Pauling's achievement in thus winning two Nobel prizes in two widely separated areas of human endeavor is unique. We extend to Dr. Pauling our sincere congratulations.

"The award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Pauling is a recognition that in our time scientists have become an important influence in mankind struggle. Pauling was among those who spoke out against nuclear weapons testing early and vigorously. He emphasized that the production of radioisotopes in these tests can lead to an increased frequency of congenital malformations in future generations. His estimates, as well as those of others, of the likely extent of this genetic damage, have helped to increase public appreciation of the danger.

His efforts to publicize this hazard included the well known petition to the United States of January 14, 1958, signed by 9,234 scientists from 44 countries, and the suit against the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union seeking a court injunction against nuclear weapons tests. Pauling's condemnation of these tests have been equally vigorous when levelled at either the government of the United States or at the government of the Soviet Union.

"Pauling's scientific work has encompassed a broad spectrum of molecular science. His earliest efforts were directed toward understanding the nature of chemical bond. He made significant contributions to theoretical chemistry and the knowledge of the molecular structure of chemical compounds. He emphasized the view that the behavior of such compounds can be understood in terms of their molecular structure. Beginning in the mid-1930s, ne became increasingly interested in the molecular structure of biologically important compounds. This led to his work on the structure of proteins; coupled with this was a growing interest on his part in the broader field of biological phenomena. He made a significant contribution to biology by developing the concept of "molecular disease," such as sickle cell anemia based on a single "error" in the molecular structure of hemoglobin.

"The range of Dr. Pauling's genius has thus made him a key figure in controversy over the scientist in politics. While we have not always seen eye to eye with him on uses of tactics, we have only admiration for the courage, energy, and integrity with which he has pursued his principles. It pleases us as fellow Americans that the Norwegian Parliament has now given this special recognition to his role as scientist-citizen."

BOOK REVIEW

(29) From the Journal of Pain and Symptom Management (Winter 1987, pp. 53-55), with thanks to MARVIN KOHL:

Voluntary Euthanasia
Edited by A.B. Downing and Barbara Smoker
Published by Peter Owen, London and Humanities International
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, 1986, 303 pp, $29.95

Reviewed by Marvin Kohl

The past two decades have witnessed both a notable increase of interest in voluntary euthanasia and considerable insurgence against the practice. Under the influence of what may broadly be called quality-of-life points of view, advocates have urged that sanity and wisdom consist not in the pursuit of life but in the pursuit of a quality life and conversely that, where a life is irreparably blasted by the most loathsome forms of disease and degradation, it may be desirable to exit. Despite great variety in the kinds of justifications offered, quality-of-life advocates basically agree that voluntary euthanasia is sometimes excusable, permissible, virtuous, or obligatory. Indeed, the quality-of-life group might well be called Promethean, since they are hostile to the idea of just letting nature take its course and insist that man should consciously and intelligently control his own destinies.

The contrary point of view is put forward with considerable vigor by anti-quality-of-life advocates or vitalists who argue that talk about worthwhile or worthless, meaningful or meaningless, quality or non-quality life generates formidable problems. Here too we find a diversity of philosophical and moral positions. But there

is general agreement that life is intrinsically valuable or that a human life can never be correctly assessed as being worthless or to be sufficiently lacking in quality as to warrant the active pursuit of death. Against the euthanasiast's position, it is argued that a judgment about the quality of a person's life cannot in principle be a reasonable basis for killing that person.

Marvin Kohl, PhD, is Professor and Chair of Philosophy, State University of New York, College at Fredonia, Fredonia, New York.

This volume is an enlarged and updated edition of *Euthanasia and the Right to Life* (1969). The majority of papers—including Anthony Flew, Joseph Fletcher, Granville Williams, and Christian Barnard's—are written from the quality-of-life perspective. Yale Kamisar and Luke Gormally represent the opposition, each making an able case against euthanasia. In addition to Barnard and Gormally's papers, the new material in the volume includes the Vatican's Declaration, Colin Brewer's discussion of the hospice movement, P.V. Admiraal's outline of the way euthanasia is and should be practiced in the Netherlands, and an insightful article about the suicides of Arthur and Cynthia Koestler.

Let us begin with Barnard's story about a patient named Eli Kahn. Aged 78, he was suffering from carcinoma of the prostate, obstruction of the bowel, and very severe emphysema. Mr. Kahn said to his doctor: "You mustn't try to save my life. I am ready to die. The machine is worn out, and the mechanic must now give up." "No," was the reply, "this is not a hospital which just allows patients to die like that. We treat you here, we don't just let you die."

Unfortunately what happened to Mr. Kahn is all too familiar. After pointless surgery he developed problems with his lungs, and was intubated. During the night he somehow managed to disconnect the respirator. And in bed there was a note, written in a shaky hand. The message read: "Doctor, the real enemy is not death—the real enemy is inhumanity."

According to Barnard that also should be our message. We should not allow medicine to become inhumane. And to become unconcerned about the quality of life is to become inhumane. Thus he writes:

> It is not true that we become doctors in order to prolong life. We become doctors in order to improve the quality of life, to give the patient a more enjoyable life . . . And the same is true when we are dealing with terminally ill patients: what we should ask ourselves is whether there is still any quality of life left. The doctor who is unconcerned about the quality of life is inhumane; and the real enemy is not death but inhumanity. (p 177)

Barnard's point about quality of life is well taken. We may attempt to dodge the issue and argue, as Gormally does, that quality of life arguments are not sound and that "the only reason for killing a man which is consistent with the true dignity of human beings is that the man deserves death." (p 89) But morality is not limited to a matter of desert. And the heart of Barnard's argument is that it is difficult to see how an inhuman act can be a moral one, even if it be one of omission.

But improving the quality of life is by no means the only function nor perhaps the most important function of medicine. And it is at best hyperbole to say that "the real enemy is not death but inhumanity." It is true that death may be a friend but more often than not it is an enemy. Thus it seems much closer to the truth to say that the general function of medicine is to improve both the quality and quantity of life. And even if we want to add that we are not talking about the prolongation of mere biological existence but the prolongation of life of at least minimal quality, undesirable death is still a very great enemy.

To prevent misunderstanding, let me say emphatically that I do not wish in any way to minimize the importance of the daily routine of most physicians who may not be engaged in combat against death but who decidedly help improve the quality of their patient's life. But I do wish to argue that because this function is important and must not be neglected, it does not follow that the fight against death is of no importance, or that it is a lesser function. What is often lost in the fury that accompanies public debates of this kind is the common sense understanding that being humane, improving the quality of life, *and* fighting against undesirable death are all necessary parts of modern medicine.

The harder question, the question of whether a patient still has any quality of life left or the more general question of what constitutes the lack of a quality life, stands on a somewhat different footing. All the evidence indicates that what we generally regard as a life of minimal quality is bound up with an individual's ability to satisfy certain kinds of reasonable desires or goals. It is undoubtedly true that men form different conceptions of what constitutes a life of high quality, even a life of sufficient quality, but many would unhesitatingly maintain that when a human being cannot possess or achieve any goals that life is devoid of quality. Quality of life advocates certainly think it reasonable to say that where an individual lacks both cerebral hemispheres (as in the case of the hydranencephalic infant), there is not even minimal quality life. They also think it reasonable to say that where an individual has perminently lost all higher brain function the same holds true.

When, however, we turn to cases where there is no brain damage or where there is less than full impairment, we find another judgment, which I will call the judgment that a life *lacks sufficient quality*. This is often blended indistinguishably with the judgment that there is *no quality*. Space does not permit full elaboration. But I do wish to suggest that, even if we admit that where there is no quality of life, death is not an injury to the decedent, it does not follow that this is true in all cases when a life lacks sufficient quality. To argue, as some libertarians do, that a life that merely tips on the side of a negative balance is sufficient to warrant voluntary death is, I believe, tantamount to saying that it is permissible for people to exit when life merely tips on the side of unhappiness. Such thinkers seem to forget that a life of this quality is not necessarily an empty, or nearly empty, one. It still may possess opportunity for great moments of satisfaction and achievement. So that exiting from a life that has just barely tipped to the negative side of the scale is one thing; exiting from a life devoid of any quality for its possessor still another.

Judgments as to quality of life become even more complicated. We can and should further distinguish between those who have just tipped to the negative side of the scale and those who are close to being devoid of quality. Eli Kahn was ready to die. But he welcomed death not because of cognitive incapacity. Nor did he decide to die because his life had just tipped to the negative side. His decision to die was made on significantly different grounds. Because of advanced prostatic cancer and very severe emphysema the judgment was that his life was *almost devoid of any quality*. This indicates that there is a difference—a vital logical, if not moral difference—between *a life devoid of any quality, one almost devoid of quality, and one that has just tipped on the negative side of the scale.*

The essence of the quality-of-life position is that we are being inhumane when we do not actively respect the former conditions; that we are being inhumane when a patient correctly judges his own life to be devoid or almost devoid of quality and wants to die, and we do not help. Thus doing good in the sense of being beneficent or helping others is an essential part of being humane. It is the duty of every man, we are told, to be beneficent, ie, to be helpful to men or women in need according to one's means. This duty becomes a stricter one (and a necessary condition for being humane) when there is dire need and it is relatively easy to help. Contrary to Gormally's suggestion that the minimally moral man is one who rewards and punishes only on the basis of desert, Barnard and other quality-of-lifers are urging that it requires the recognition of the duty to help others when their need is dire and it is relatively easy to do so.

(30)

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Bertrand Russell: A Political Life by Ryan September Hill & Wang 19.95 Cloth

New books to lend:

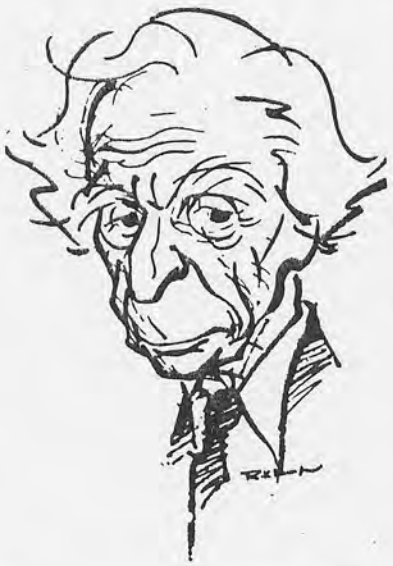
150. "Is Life Meaningful in a Universe Without God?" by Paul Kurtz. Paper read at the 1988 annual meeting. The author.
151. The Amberley Papers. Dan McDonald
152. Russell Remembered by Rupert Crawshay-Williams. Dan McDonald.
153. Which Way to Peace? Whitfield Cobb.
154. Bertrand Russell on Education.by Joe Park. Tom Stanley.
155. Nightmares of Eminent Persons. 2 copies, Jerold Harter and Herb Lansdell.

New books to lend, (continued.)

156. "A Bibliography on Philosophy and the Nuclear Debate" by William Gay. 12 pp offprint The Author.
157. "Philosophy and the Contemporary Faces of Genocide" by William Gay 18 pp offprint The Author.

RUSSELL OBITUARY

(31) Bertrand Russell is Dead is from the February 4, 1970 issue of the Times of India (New Delhi). The obit was written by J. D. Singh from the Times of India News Service.



LONDON, Feb. 3
Bertrand Russell died at his home in Wales this morning at the age of 97. He had been ill with influenza.

Philosopher, mathematician, logician and crusader, Lord Russell made a unique contribution to improving the moral and political climate of this century. His passionate advocacy of public causes, generally of an unpopular kind, made him a controversial figure and led to his imprisonment twice--first in 1918 and again in 1961.

During the First World War, he was a pacifist and campaigned for "no conscription". He was fined one hundred pounds (his library was seized to pay the fine) and removed from lectureship at Trinity College. In 1916 he was due to lecture at Harvard but the British Government refused to issue him a passport. In 1918 he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for making comments on the American army which were intended to prejudice Britain's relations with the United States.

His second imprisonment came in September 1961. Impatient of its law-abiding methods he had left the campaign for nuclear disarmament which he had helped to found in 1958 and launched a civil disobedience movement. He was sentenced to two months' jail. He was 88.

As late as December last he protested to the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr. Kosygin, against the expulsion of the well-known author, Mr. Solzhenitsyn, from the Writers' Union.

Throughout his life he was an ornament and an acquisition to a variety of causes and worked actively for the Fabian Society, the free trade movement and women's suffrage. He stood unsuccessfully as a parliamentary candidate on three occasions--the first time in 1907 on the issue on women's suffrage.

Often called "the Voltaire of our time," he was a stimulating speaker and lecturer and prolific author and wrote more than 50 books, many of them on mathematics and philosophy.

In his "Principles of Mathematics" he explained that this purpose was first to show that all mathematics followed from symbolic logic and, secondly, to discover, as far as possible what were the principles of symbolic logic itself.

Bertrand Arthur William Russell was born on May 18, 1872, in one of England's aristocratic families known for its radical stand in politics. One of his ancestors, Lord William Russell, lost his head on a charge of rebellion against King Charles II while his grandfather, Lord John Russell, was one of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers and famous for pushing through the Reform Bill of 1832.

Bertrand Russell's mother died when he was two and his father when Bertrand was three years old. His father had directed that his son should be brought up as an agnostic, and had appointed a free thinker as his guardian but the direction was set aside by a court.

As a young man he won an open scholarship to Trinity College where he took a first class in Mathematics and Moral Sciences. He spent some months as honorary attache at the British Embassy in Paris. After the First World War he visited Russia as a member of the British Labour Party delegation. In 1920 he went to China to deliver a series of lectures on behaviourism at Peking University .

On the death of his elder brother in 1931, he succeeded to the title as the third earl.
He was awarded the Order of Merit in 1949, the Nobel Prize for literature in 1950, the Kalinga Prize in 1957 and Danish prize for outstanding contributions to European culture in 1960. He founded the Russell Peace Foundation and the Atlantic Peach Foundation.

He married four times and had three children, His obituary, he suggested some years ago, should mention that he had many friends and survived them all.

Bertrand Russell fought to save the world from the horror of nuclear war.

He had done much to change the course of philosophic study, but to most people he was a figure of opposition--his own opposition to many beliefs during his long life and others' opposition to his views.

He was best known as an advocate of civil disobedience who urged people to demonstrate against war, nuclear armaments and racial discrimination.

Advanced years did not diminish his fervour, and just before his 95th birthday in 1967 he organised the Bertrand Russell International War Crimes Tribunal -- unofficially and without legal standing -- in Stockholm. The Tribunal found America guilty of committing war crimes, in Viet Nam, and its Allies guilty of being accomplices.

Only last December he appealed to the U.N. Secretary-General, U Thant, to back an international war crimes commission to investigate the alleged "torture and genocide" by Americans in South Viet Nam.

He was reviled in his early years as a crank because of his views on pacifism and sexual freedom. Even as an octogenarian and nonagenarian he was mocked--and revered--for his views on the Cuban missile crisis, on the threat of the hydrogen bomb, and the Viet Nam war, and was thrown out of academic posts.

At the age of 90, he sat in the roadway to back his opinions, only to be hauled away to jail again, but gently.

In his later years, Bertrand was called "pro-communist" and "anti-American". A series of lectures on the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1945 were described by Moscow Radio as "the howling of a wolf".

THREE PASSIONS

In that year, he was reported as saying if communism could only be swept away by war, he would accept war in spite of all its destruction.

When his views on communism later mellowed, he lobbied the Soviet Government over the fate of an imprisoned student and raised with Premier Nikita Khrushchev the position of Jews in Russia.

He described himself as "never a good Victorian".

In his autobiography published in 1967, he said three passions had governed his life: "the longing for love, the search for knowledge and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind".

"I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of joy", he said.--AP & Reuter.

"The Guardian" said that Russell's death will bring home the fact that his philosophical work has already taken its place alongside such greats as Descartes, Leibnitz and Kant.

"The Times", in a massive four-column obituary, said: "Bertrand Russell had a secure place in history. There exist no disciples of Russell. Instead there exist scores of inquiring philosophers driven by questions which Russell was the first to ask."

BERTRAND RUSSELL: A LIAR?

(32) The following article appeared on page 2 of the Oct. 29, 1956 edition of the Daily Express (London).

Bertrand Russell is called a liar today by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The 84-year-old English philosopher has written a sizzling attack on the F.B.I. in a preface to a book due out tomorrow.

The book, a new edition of "Freedom Is As Freedom Does," is by 54 year old Corliss Lamont, Left-wing New York lecturer who has appeared several times before congressional committees.

Russell accuses the F.B.I. of employing "spies and agents provocateurs" and of creating "a terrorist system" in the U.S.

Informers are safe, he says, "so long as they continue to do the dirty work. But woe betide them if they repent."

What says the F.B.I.? "We decided we should never add dignity to the name of Bertrand Russell by making an official statement." said a Washington spokesman.

"The history of the F.B.I. will be published in two weeks' time. It is accurate and will stand in sharp contrast to what Russell said - a complete falsehood."

BR's foreword to Lamont's book is reproduced in RSN30-9 (May 1981).

BOOK REVIEWS

(33) Ryan's "Bertrand Russell, A political life," reviewed by John Campbell (London Times Literary Supplement, July 1-7, 1988)...with thanks to KEN KORBIN.

Bertrand Russell stood for Parliament three times in his long life - once in 1907 as a Liberal and twice in 1922 and 1923 for Labour. In the former case he stood specifically as a Suffragist in the rather special circumstances of a by-election at Wimbledon; while after the war he was careful to select true-blue Chelsea as a safe platform from which to make his gesture of support for Labour with no possibility of winning. When he did make a serious attempt in 1910 to secure the family pocket borough of Bedford, the local committee very wisely rejected him. For Russell was not in any normal sense of the word a politician at all. He could never co-operate happily in any sort of organization. His one experience of trying, in the No Conscription Fellowship in 1916-17, cured him very nearly for life of the ambition to try again; his presidency of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in the late 1950s ended equally acrimoniously.

So Alan Ryan's subtitle is ambiguous. "A political life" normally implies a biography of a politician from which the personal and private life has largely been excluded. Alternatively it may mean a specialized study of one particular aspect of a varied career. Ryan's meaning is closer to the second, except that Russell, though not formally a politician, lived, wrote and thought for most of his life within a framework that was always in the broadest sense political. His format is in fact a clever device for allowing him to write freely about the public Russell, whom most of us are interested in, leaving out on the one hand the mathematics and most of the philosophy and on the other all Russell's tortuous emotional and marital entanglements. Having thus cleared his ground, he has written an enjoyably lucid, shrewd and critically admiring assessment of the old goat's extraordinary mixture of clear-sighted and cock-eyed ideas.

Russell's political thinking was founded on his philosophical work; the authority with which he spoke and wrote on politics derived partly from his mathematical achievement, partly from his rank and pedigree. He belonged, as Ryan puts it, to two overlapping aristocracies, of birth and of exceptional talent. He was born not merely into the Liberal purple - his grandfather was Lord John Russell, his godfather John Stuart Mill - but into the radical tradition as well: his parents were prominent advocates of birth control and his midwife, debarred by the prejudices of the day from attending him as a doctor, was Elizabeth Garrett Anderson. For most of his life, however, Russell's radicalism was in some tension with his intellect. He lost his position at Trinity College, Cambridge, as a result of his opposition to the First World War, and gave away most of his money. He was thenceforth obliged, in order to support wives and children (and for several years from 1927 his experimental Beacon Hill School), to earn his living by his pen. Though he chafed at not being able to get on with his serious work, most of his enormous output of political writing, over half a century from 1916 to the late 1960s, was written for money and therefore at least partly with the deliberate intention to shock.

Hence there are two Russells, expressing often contradictory views in quite distinct tones of voice. Russell One is the sober liberal - rational, sceptical and humane. Russell Two is a wild railer against the iniquities of the world - strident, personalized and foolishly exaggerated. Ryan actually distinguishes a third, the utopian preacher; but this is only the positive aspect of the hell-fire prophet. Both equally lack the intellectual rigour of what one would like to call the "true" Russell. The point is, for those who only remember him in extreme old age squatting intransigent in Trafalgar Square and, later still, violently denouncing American "genocide" in Vietnam through the mouth of his sinister disciple Ralph Schoenman, that the second Russell did not emerge only as an aberration at the end of his life but had been present throughout: as early as 1915 he was capable of alleging that the bishops supported the war because they hoped to get large dividends from their armament shares. He was always liable to spoil a good argument by intemperate personal abuse. His religious agnosticism, for instance, was quite rationally founded; yet his loathing of organized religion became so intense as to be at times disturbingly religiose itself.

The rationalist's desire for a faith was one of the springs of Russell's thought. This, Ryan suggests, was what initially drew him to mathematics: he wanted to discover the fundamental structure of things. He very early saw through the political flaws and economic errors of Marxism; but he understood its appeal as a secular religion, even though it was not for him. As an old liberal anti-tsarist he initially welcomed the 1917 revolution; but a visit to Russia in 1920 only confirmed his horror of the infant Soviet Union's inherent tyranny. With equal realism, Russell the sober sceptic similarly recognized the futility of the League of Nations, in which so many of his high-minded liberal friends like Gilbert Murray placed such faith; but characteristically Russell the utopian preacher insisted not that the League was over-ambitious but that the only effective safeguard of peace would be a world government. Once seized of the idea, he did not deign to bother his head about how it could be brought about. In Russell's mind shrewd *Realpolitik* coexisted bewilderingly with blind utopianism.

The dilemma that most exercised Russell all his life was the classic liberal dilemma of late nineteenth-century liberalism threatened by collectivism: how to secure for the many the freedom enjoyed by the few without thereby destroying it; how to preserve the intellectual integrity and cultural inheritance of the educated élite (which Russell prized more than anyone) in the face of advancing democracy (which he also supported); how to reconcile, in the terms of one of his best and most thoughtful political books, *Freedom and Organisation* (1934), the freedom of the autonomous individual with the necessary regulating organization of the State. So far as domestic politics were concerned, this sense of conflicting imperatives led him by the early 1950s to a really very sensible, if unexciting, Lib–Lab compromise: in particular his belief in the fundamental importance of education, and his own experience of running a private school, led him to place great value on pluralism against the monopolistic claims of the all-powerful State. But he had never really been a socialist even when he had joined the Independent Labour Party and stood for Parliament. He had declared himself a guild socialist as a sort of best-of-both-worlds fudge between Marxism and anarchic syndicalism. He really only called himself a socialist because he believed that capitalism caused war; and from 1914 on, the prevention of war was what aroused his political passion.

In truth he was not very interested in domestic politics at all: Ryan points out that he never wrote anything between the wars about unemployment. It was the Great War which changed his life, wrenching him out of his comfortable Bloomsburyish Cambridge niche. He joined first the Union of Democratic Control – writing a superb demolition of the *entente* policy of Sir Edward Grey – then (though he was already too old himself to be called up) the No Conscription Fellowship; he lost his job at Trinity and in 1918 was sent to prison for "insulting an ally" – the United States. (In six months inside, we are told, he read 200 books and wrote two.) For the rest of his life it was war and the increasingly monstrous threat of war that continued to trigger the emotionalism, extravagance, name-calling and, in the end, absurdity of Russell Two.

In 1936 Russell published the silliest of all his books and the only one he himself explicitly disavowed a few years later, *Which Way to Peace?*, an openly defeatist tract in which he argued that war would mean the certain end of European civilization and that therefore conquest by Hitler was the lesser evil. In reaching this conclusion Russell was influenced by the widespread expert consensus that (as Baldwin expressed it) "The bomber will always get through". Heavy bombing of cities in the first days or hours of a war was expected to produce panic and the rapid disintegration of civil society. It is odd to find the habitually maverick Russell thus tamely accepting the received wisdom; as Ryan points out, he failed to consider either the prohibitive cost in aircraft of delivering such a knock-out assault or the possibility of mutual deterrence as an alternative to surrender. It was not because he was a pacifist. Russell was never a pacifist. He had no absolute objection to the taking of life, if the likely end justified the sacrifice. Back in 1900, he had defended the Boer War on the ground of Britain's civilizing mission: a British victory over the Boers would, he believed, advance the larger interest of the human race; therefore the war was justified. Forty-five years later, notoriously, when the Americans had the atom bomb but the Russians had not, he seriously proposed an American pre-emptive strike against the Soviet Union to prevent them acquiring it. Throughout his life Russell judged the issues of war and peace against the loftiest measurement of the future of humanity – as he reckoned it.

His attitude to both Russia and America changed little over his life: at least the poles between which his attitudes veered remained consistent. Russell Two hated them both equally. His virulent anti-Americanism did not make him in the least pro-Soviet: Russell One was quite clear that CND was no place for fellow-travellers. He was not "soft on Communism"; yet more powerfully than as the headquarters of world Communism, the Soviet Union always remained in his imagination the cruel, backward imperialist Russia of the tsars. Loathing America, however, Russell One nevertheless simultaneously for a substantial period looked to the United States as the only possible guarantor of peace and the nucleus of his projected world government. In the mellow decade after 1945 when he began to age gracefully into the role of sage ("a new Voltaire?" Ryan asks, before emphasizing the differences), receiving the Order of Merit and a Nobel Prize for Literature, he actually supported the creation of Nato. Then, however, from about 1954 (when he was eighty-two) he began to age disgracefully into the raving old monomaniac of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation and the Vietnam Tribunals. Ryan is as kind to this sad coda as he can reasonably be; but he tellingly illustrates how far Russell Two had by the end slipped the last restraints of Russell One by quoting some of the uncritical idealization of the Vietcong that – if he did not actually write it – went out over his name. (Ryan judges that Russell did know broadly what he put his name to.) Hitherto Russell, even when at his most outraged by the iniquity of governments, whether British, Russian or American, had been scrupulously impervious to the sentimental fallacy of imputing special virtue to the victims of invasion or oppression. At the end he fell for it hook, line and sinker. He thus brought himself down to the level of the very mindless slogan-chanting rabble he had, as one of the greatest living embodiments of Intellect, all his life most furiously despised. He should have died a decade sooner.

Yet for all the follies, contradictions and absurdities he catalogues – and that is largely omitting the distinctly unlovable human frailties of his private life – Ryan cannot suppress his admiration for Russell. Even Russell Two at his most egregious has a magnificent zest for life which is infectious and life-enhancing. What he said was ultimately less important than how he said it and the fact that he bothered to say it, insisted on saying it and went on saying it in the teeth of the condemnation of the righteous. It comes back, of course, to his aristocratic self-confidence in his right to speak out, addressing American Presidents, for instance, from Woodrow Wilson to Lyndon Johnson, with a lordly assurance of equality. Who can pretend to such self-confidence today? And for what values would a modern Russell speak? He was an extraordinary survivor from the high age of Liberalism into the world of nuclear war and mass extermination. Russell's liberal instincts, even when impractical, even when on occasion chillingly lofty, were rooted with absolute certainty in a morality, a faith in human possibility that we have lost. Who, in our cynical age, now speaks to overweening governments with such certainty?

(34) Ryan's "Bertrand Russell, A political life," reviewed by Oliver Conant in the Village Voice's Literary Supplement (November 1988) ...with thanks to WARREN SMITH.

This modest, serious book by political historian Alan Ryan is a guide to the remarkably various views of Bertrand Russell. Ryan's prose—sober, dispassionate, donnish—can't hope to compete with the flash and sparkle of Russell's own style. However, anyone who welcomes the chance to be reminded of what Bertrand Russell meant in the world could do no better than to read Ryan's careful examination of his lesser-known but fascinating essays, pamphlets, and books. He has also provided well-researched commentary on Russell's astonishing public life—or was it lives?—as "polemicist, agitator, educator and popularizer."

Despite Ryan's disclaimer that he has not written a biography, *Bertrand Russell* covers Russell's aristocratic and liberal upbringing; his qualified feminism; his courageous agitation against World War I, for which he served time in jail; his trip to the USSR, which resulted in one of the earliest and harshest accounts of the course of the Russian revolution, *The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*, written in 1920; his utopian educational ventures in the 1930s; his stormy visits to the U.S.; and the last two causes with which his name was associated, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the movement against the war in Vietnam.

Ryan most admires Russell's "refusal to grow old, calm down and become respectable." Russell's vigor was in evidence throughout his long public life. When, in 1916, he threw in his lot with the group of young English pacifists called the "No-Conscription Fellowship," he was already 44, with an established reputation. But Ryan's book is no hagiography. Russell's faults—his tendency to demonize his opponents, his polemical excesses and recklessness, his arrogance, what Ryan tellingly calls the "curious thinness" in his argumentative style—are kept in plain view. Ryan deplores Russell's sentimentalized depictions of the Vietnamese (which, he notes, contradicted a long-held scorn for doctrines asserting the superior virtue of the oppressed) and his support for the Vietnamese Communists. To depict them as the leaders of a "purely indigenous movement of national liberation, with scarcely a communist in their ranks," was, Ryan writes, "either disingenuous or self-deceived, or both." It was also self-defeating, since it allowed his opponents to claim that he had become senile. Ryan himself is far from believing anything of the sort—in "War and Peace in the Nuclear Age," he acknowledges fully the prescience of Russell's observations on the barbarous American conduct of the war in Vietnam, and asks, movingly, "At the age of ninety-three or ninety-five, what more could he do than cry out against the horror and lend his prestige and his name to those who seemed most energetic in combating it?"

Bertrand Russell was a man of volatile combinations: a rebel-aristocrat, a passionate rationalist. One of the more disquieting impressions to emerge from Ryan's "political life" is how reckless a man he could be, the extent to which he veered between extremes, capable of advocating "virtual anarchy at one moment and a completely controlled society at the next." Yet Russell consistently attempted to write and speak as a free intelligence, a task that was passed on to him by the great 19th century liberals and radicals, including his own godfather, John Stuart Mill. In an atmosphere as fouled with aversion to liberalism as ours, a man like Bertrand Russell is in danger of seeming irrecoverably alien.

BR RECOLLECTED

(35) Victor Lowe reminisces, in the Baltimore Sun (6/16/74, p.K3). Our thanks to HARRY RUJA:

Tea with the 'Mad Hatter'

By VICTOR LOWE

When Bertrand Russell was at Harvard University for the fall term of 1940, he looked like the Mad Hatter. We met but had no real talk. But in the summer of 1965 I did want to talk to him very much. I was in England to research the life of Alfred North Whitehead, the philosopher whose work had first drawn me to Harvard where I became his student in 1929. Russell had been his student in the Nineties as an undergraduate at Cambridge University, and later —before Whitehead moved from mathematics to philosophy—his intimate friend and his collaborator on the monumental, three volume "Principia Mathematica." He wrote me from his home in North Wales that he would be happy to see me there; he had a fair number of Whitehead letters that he would let me copy. (A bonanza, for Whitehead was a notorious non-letter-writer—unlike Russell who wrote letters incessantly.)

The house in which he had lived for the last nine years, Plas Penhryn, stood above and behind the oddly charming, fake-Italian resort town of Portmerion, where I put up at the hotel. The house was smallish, but pleasantly secluded from the road by beech trees and with a magnificent view of mountains, Cardigan Bay, and the Glassiyn River valley.

I never saw a servant there—then or at a later visit. Lady Russell opened the door and brought tea into the living-room. She was in her 60's, a small, attractive woman, civilized and utterly devoted to him. A peace-button in her lapel declared: "I like Bertrand Russell." Edith Finch was his fourth wife. As a woman once said to me, "four wives isn't many for a man his age."

As I looked at Russell I thought, "How he has shrunk!" But age had miniaturized rather than changed him. His hazel eyes were as direct, his jaw as firm or firmer above the wrinkled neck. He had lost nothing except that look of the *Mad Hatter*. His only visible concession to age was in wearing slippers instead of shoes. But why shouldn't an earl wear slippers in his own house?

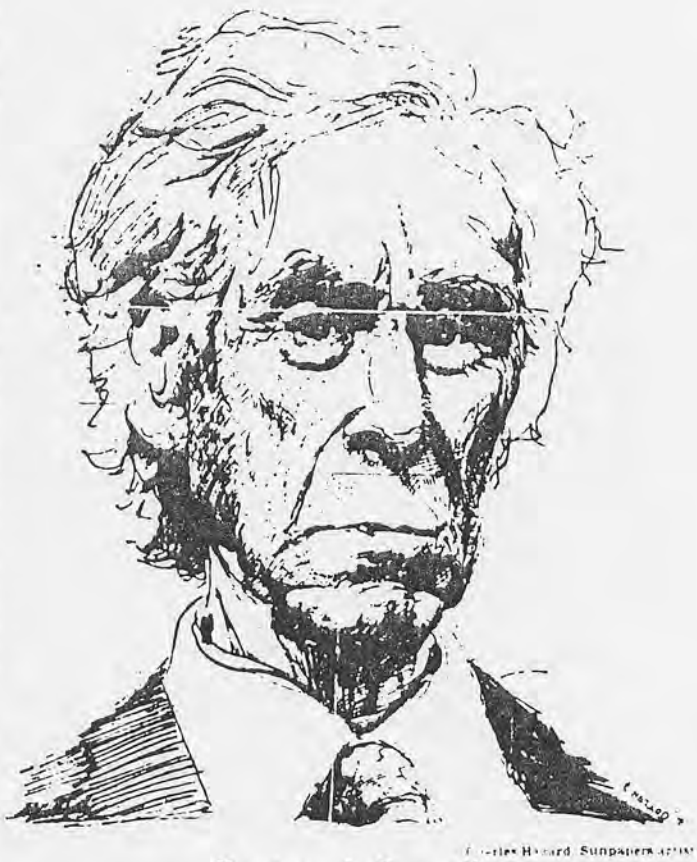
His wife wore a hearing aid; Russell, she told me later, should have worn his too, but he could not adjust it. (His incompetence with mechanical contraptions was legendary.) My speech is naturally slow, however, and in our talks he missed but one word—Xerox. I had rashly assumed that there would be a Xerox machine not far away with which Russell's secretary and I could copy the letters quickly. When I mentioned this dream to explain why I had left my portable typewriter in London, he only said, "You can use mine, in my study," and took me upstairs to a small, plain room. The typewriter was a Remington Noiseless, apparently one of the first of its kind; but it worked, once you learned its tricks and manners, and I was glad to humor it.

Whitehead, Russell said, had been a superb teacher. As I copied the letters of the "Principia" years, I became convinced that the teacher-pupil relationship had not wholly disappeared. At 30 Russell was unhappy, easily discouraged. I was struck by the frequency with which Whitehead praised the work that Russell had sent him. But their work could not have been so good if Whitehead had been soft in his criticisms. He was not. One letter, interestingly, had not been saved *in toto*: there were only two sentences.—"Everything, even the purpose of the book, has been sacrificed to making the proofs look short and neat. It is essential, especially in the early parts, that the proofs be written out fully."

I could not ask Russell directly what he had destroyed, but I did ask why he had saved those two sentences. "Because they show that the fullness of 'Principia' is due to Whitehead." In his "Autobiography," published two years later, Russell quoted the first sentence for another purpose—to show that as his first marriage began to disintegrate his unreal state of mind made even his mathematical work defective. I think, however, that in his treatment of many subjects Russell was always neat and often too short: considerations that would interfere with a simple, witty conclusion did not get considered.

I came back to Russell's house the next morning to go on copying. A pretty, barefoot teen-ager let me in. When I asked if she was a granddaughter she answered pleasantly, "Oh, there are hundreds of us." Around noon he came into the study to see if I was comfortable and to apologize for not asking me to lunch. Then he took me out through the garden and showed me a short-cut through a cow pasture to my hotel.

In the afternoon we talked for an hour. Russell's speech was deliberate, never hurried. His voice usually rose at the end of a sentence, as if to say: *this* is the truth, period. No groping for words; Russell, the most highly verbalized man I have known, thought entirely in them.



Bertrand Russell

Naturally, he could not answer half the questions I asked about the Whitehead he knew 60 years earlier. As to when their collaboration started he could only say, "It grew up." When he was quite specific (and, as it turned out, accurate) about the sums that the Royal Society, he, and Whitehead had put up towards publication I thought, "What a memory, at 93!" However, I later found the same figures in his autobiography; they were part of a story with a witty punchline, the sort of story that one finds oneself reeling off by rote—a good conversational set-piece.

At Harvard, some people called Whitehead a saint. I asked Russell, who has often mentioned Whitehead's great kindness to him, whether he thought it was the right word. "No," thoughtfully. "Whitehead was a complicated man." "Saint," he pointed out, "is a religious word." His voice rose. "And I don't like religion!"

At the time of their collaboration Whitehead, like Russell, believed that there were no rational arguments for God's existence, and called himself an agnostic. The agnosticism did not last. Russell said that the death of Whitehead's son in the war "made him want to believe in immortality." As Russell knew that Whitehead when young had almost become a Catholic, I raised the possibility that he had always wanted to be religious. Russell dismissed it: "I suppose that when Whitehead professed to be an agnostic he really was one." It seemed to me, though I did not say so,

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that human beings can be more complicated than Russell would allow.

Russell first went to prison for pacifism in World War I. The Whiteheads had two sons in the service. Whitehead himself did some mathematical work for the war effort—from a sense of duty, and with a heavy heart. Russell's only comment was, "It must have given him some happiness, or he wouldn't have done it." Yet Russell told me emphatically that there had never been a break between them. I believed him. Letters I had copied *not* only showed how strongly the Whiteheads disagreed with his pacifism, but their strong sympathy when he was persecuted for it. The letters were quite moving.

I was surprised, though, when he told me with equal emphasis that Whitehead had never influenced his philosophy. Both publicly and in our correspondence he had fully acknowledged his debt to Whitehead in the early development of his philosophy of science. I silently concluded that Russell's denial simply expressed his rejection of Whitehead's later work.

Russell himself always felt it both a duty and a pleasure to expose and denounce wrongdoing by governments. There was pride in his voice when he said that one of his ancestors had his head cut off by the king.

At the end of the second day, I looked in on Russell and his family to say thank you and good-by, and then let myself out the side door, to the garden and the cow pasture. Just inside the door, a table held a neat stack of outgoing letters. The one on top was addressed to Ho Chi Minh.

I was next in England in 1967 on a leave of absence from Johns Hopkins, and anxious to see Russell again. He invited me and my wife to tea at Plas Penrhyn on a Sunday in early May. Lady Russell brought us in. Before, my mind full of Whitehead, I had not noticed in the hall the Epstein bust of Russell before which my wife stopped, delighted. In the same way, I had only seen the living-room as pleasant, liveable and uncluttered. It was also—my wife tells me—full of beautiful things, from the rare old Chinese scroll paintings to the exquisite Eighteenth Century teacups. On a table there were tall tulips with unusual blue markings. "How lovely! What are they?" Neither Russell nor his wife knew. "We must ask the gardener." But it was a courtesy answer. Gardens were not their subject.

Russell's appearance had not changed in two years. His wife, pointing to a round, filled pipe-holder, told us that he had smoked them all since breakfast.

When my wife had last seen him, in 1940, she felt an aura which suggested that he did not suffer fools gladly. In awe, she could say nothing but, "Yes, Lord Russell," and "No, Lord Russell." Now that was gone. Within two weeks of his 95th birthday, he looked civilized, engaging, and not above a bit of gossiping about people they had both known and who could no longer be hurt. They could and did gossip.

She admired the unusually heavy gold watchchain across his vest. "My grandfather had one like it." Russell said, "This one belonged to my grandfather, Lord John Russell." He touched it, and spoke the name proudly and affectionately.

There was an echo of the same feeeling when the talk drifted to his first and most distinguished mistress, Lady Ottoline Morrell, a duke's daughter who had married a commoner. "We understood each other," he said unselfconsciously. "You see, we were both aristocrats."

We had been asked to stay for an hour, but to our delight were kept an extra 30 minutes. Neither of us saw Bertrand Russell again, but I sent several letters with further questions about Whitehead; at decent intervals, for I respected his preoccupation with peace. He answered them all. Russell was a kind man.

There is much to be said for calling him the English Voltaire, as many did when he died in 1970. His reaction to suffering was pity and great anger; he had exclaimed to me, "Men take their greatest pleasure in killing other men!" He was a man of great courage and goodwill, and a brilliant man—but not a meditative one. His incorrigible wit got in the way, and demanded exaggerations of reality.

It is not the meditative mind, but the simplifying, fighting one that gains a big following. I saw the size of Russell's when the centenary of his birth was celebrated two years ago at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, where the Bertrand Russell Archives are kept. It drew an amazing crowd. Since Russell was an important philosopher, the author of about 70 books, and a man who could not open his mouth without spearing against hypocrisy and respectability, professors, bibliographers, journalists and simple acolytes all celebrated together. Some of the proceedings would have made him laugh, but I think that on the whole he would have found that big show highly gratifying. Unlike Whitehead, he relished publicity. And I think, odd though it seems when one considers his accomplishments, that he never ceased to need praise and encouragement.

RELIGION

(36) From Wisconsin State Journal (5/13/88) and Freethought Today (7/88, p.24):

Tutu right for wrong reason

By Annie Laurie Gaylor

Guest column

Archbishop Desmond Tutu is a great human being, and one whose personal charm and warmth seem irresistible. But as a feminist and a freethinker, I also feel greatly disappointed in his message.

I am sure many other non-Christians who applaud his cause, but who were forgotten by him during his Madison visit, also felt estrangement.

Tutu asks us to base our commitment to equality and justice not on human values, but on adherence to the dictates of supernatural authority. The elderly black woman walking down the dusty streets of Soweto deserves "not just respect but reverence," he said, because she is "God's child." His views, he said, are not adopted as "a political ideology but on the basis of Scriptures. You and I and all of us for the sake of the survival of our global village home have to oppose apartheid and racism and injustice wherever we find them."

In the historic pattern of the powerless, Tutu has adopted the religion of his oppressors. The oppressed often desperately hope that, if one of their own could be accepted as a mouthpiece for God, the oppressors would finally listen.

Tutu seeks to persuade not on the justice of his cause, but on the authority of a religion whose patriarchal, hierarchical values created the very oppression he seeks to end.

Bertrand Russell once noted: "Cruel men believe in a cruel God and use their belief to excuse their cruelty. Only kindly men believe in a kindly God, and they would be kindly in any case." Clearly, Tutu is a kindly man who could only believe in a kindly god. Because Tutu is kind, he sees only the kind references in the Scriptures he upholds so passionately. But basing a movement of human liberation on the Bible is like building on quicksand.

Even conventionally religious Winnie Mandela notes in her book "Part of My Soul Went With Him": ". . . the white man came with a Bible in one hand and a gun in the other; he gave the black man the Bible while taking his land. He taught the black man that when master hits the one cheek, you turn the other. And while the white man was enjoying his heaven on this earth, he wanted us to believe we would have our share of the fat of the land in the next world."

Historically, Christianity has supported and upheld slavery, segregation and racism. Abolitionist Theodore Parker once remarked that if the whole American church had "dropped through the continent and disappeared altogether, the anti-slavery cause would have been further on."

Other than the Unitarians and Quakers, mainstream churches were Johnny-come-latelies in opposing slavery. Mid-1800s estimates reported 80,000 slaves owned by Presbyterians, 225,000 by Baptists and 250,000 by Methodists. Tutu might be interested to know that Anglicans probably owned most of the rest of the nearly 4 million blacks held in slavery at the beginning of the Civil War.

Why was this, and why is the church the backbone of apartheid in South Africa? The Bible from which Tutu claims all authority for racial equality is riddled with laws, endorsements and commandments for slavery.

Exodus 21 contains barbaric orders for slavery and punishment of insurrection. Jesus' parables tell of slaves justly whipped and "delivered to the tormentors" (Matthew 18:34). Paul tells slaves to honor their owners (Tim. 6:1); servants are told to obey with "fear and trembling" (Titus 2:9); "Servants, be subject to your masters in all fear" (1 Peter 2:18). Paul even turns in a runaway slave (Epistle of Paul to Philemon).

My sermon to Archbishop Tutu is this. If you look to an authority outside yourself, outside the human mind and heart, you will never solve any injustice. Injustice is created by human beings (often in the name of religion); justice must likewise be created by human beings. When you argue from authority, you must remember that there will always be an opposite authority. When you say "God" grants us freedom and equality, you are talking like a slave, and, Mr. Tutu, you of all people are not worthy of that.

Social justice is not right because a Big Daddy tells us so — it is right because our human reason and compassion tell us so. The elderly African woman walking down that dusty road does deserve respect and reverence, not because she is "God's child" but because she is a human child.

Desmond Tutu

Gaylor is editor of Freethought Today, a newspaper published by the Freedom From Religion Foundation, Madison.

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(37) We welcome these new members:

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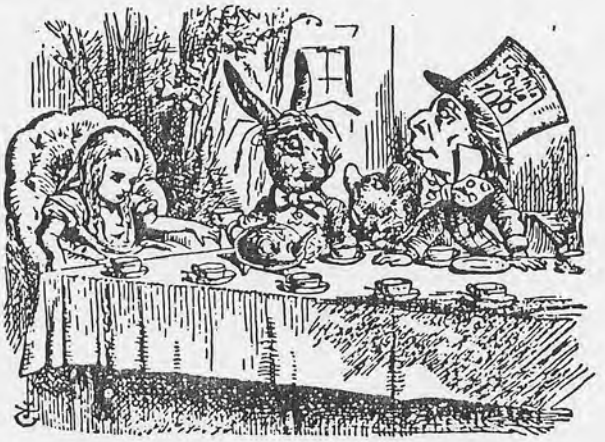
ABOUT BERTRAND RUSSELL

(38) More on the Mad Hatter, from Martin Gardner's "Annotated Alice" . Thank you, TOM STANLEY.

"It is impossible to describe Bertrand Russell," writes Norbert Wiener in Chapter 14 of his autobiography *Ex-Prodigy*, "except by saying that he looks like the Mad Hatter . . . the caricature of Tenniel almost argues an anticipation on the part of the artist." Wiener goes on to point out the likenesses of philosophers J. M. E. McTaggart and G. E. Moore, two of Russell's fellow dons at Cambridge, to the Dormouse and March Hare respectively. The three men were known in the community as the Mad Tea Party of Trinity.



This is Tenniel's caricature

ABOUT RUSSELL'S WRITINGS

(39)

From the Philadelphia Inquirer (8/2/53, p. 19, Society) . Our thanks to HARRY RUJA.

Russell, 81, Tells Stories With Twinkle

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS. *By Bertrand Russell. (Simon and Schuster. 148 pp. $3)*

MATHEMATICIAN, philosopher and Nobel Prize - winner, Bertrand Russell, in his 81st year, presents a new facet of his versatile powers in this slender volume of short stories.

While he would hardly merit handsprings from the public for the present achievement alone, many readers will wish to read these tales, not only for their special charm and wit, but because they are, after all, from the pen of one of the world's leading citizens.

There are four short stories here, and a novelette which bears the book's title. All are odd, unclassifiable. There is a marked Victorian or "old-fashioned" flavor to the prose, but with an added element --which might be called the twinkle in an octogenarian's eye.

The tales appear to stem from a familiarity with a host of writers: Beerbohm, Dumas, Bronte, Haggard, Stevenson and others of the pre-20th century school of story-telling. Some readers will detect the Voltairean touch and, too, the influence of H. G. Wells.

Russell, in his preface, states, "Each of them was written for its own sake, simply as a story, and if it is found either interesting or amusing it has served its purpose." No one will deny that entertainment is the book's main purpose. The pen-and-ink drawings by Asgeir Scott, which embellish the tales, are particularly good, and suggest that more publishers might employ the services of illustrators.

WILLIAM TARG

Did you notice the price of a hard-cover book in 1953?

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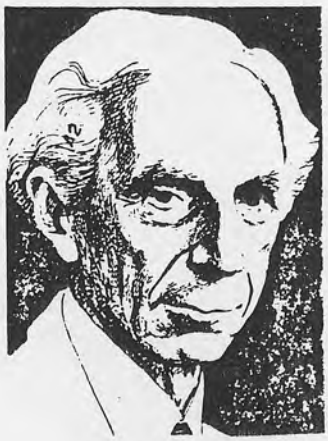

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