

BERTRAND RUSSELL

This Has Been My Life

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A new full-length play  
Selected and adapted for the theater from his *Autobiography*

By Tom Attea

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## CAST

BERTRAND RUSSELL ..... As the gray-haired philosopher familiar to many  
LORD GLADWYN..... Deputy leader, liberals, House of Lords

## SETTING

Russell's study  
A lectern  
A park bench

## TIME

The mid-to-late 1960's

## PRODUCTION NOTE

Photos projected behind him capture his life and the events to which he refers. At times, he acknowledges them.

Bertrand Russell was born on May 18th, 1872 and lived until February 2, 1970. As a result, his life spans the late 19th Century and a great deal of the 20th Century -- from strict but relatively genteel Victorian times through brutality of two world wars, the Korean War and Vietnam War, and, finally, the potentially catastrophic threat that still lurks darkly in the back of all of our minds, the nuclear threat. As a result, the selection of images invites the imagination of the director and the resources of the archivist.

## PRELUDE

Lights come up. Bertrand Russell, the gray-haired, sharp-eyed philosopher and social activist familiar to many, is sitting at his desk, writing, pipe in his other hand. He is dressed in the usual suit and tie. A lectern is stage center.

As he speaks, images of photographs that represent his personal life and the public events he refers to appear behind him.

He looks up, smiles slightly, puts down pipe, and speaks to audience.

## BERTRAND

When I realized I'm no quite as young as I once was, I wished to look back on my life to see what it has been. I thought that by doing so I might come to a better understanding of it. I was, of course, aware of the usual wisdom that it's impossible to be honest about oneself. Nonetheless, I decided to write my *Autobiography*. I was encouraged to do so by the rather incontrovertible realization that I know my life better than any one else.

Having just completed the third and final part ....

(picks it up and then slips it under a larger pile)

... I find that, given the opportunity, I should be happy to go back and live my life again. There have been many occasions when I would have found that conclusion quite unexpected.

I can at least venture to say that my life has not been uneventful. I have, you may be surprised to learn, known love so intense it seemed too good for this world and more happiness than I ever thought possible. On the other hand, I have also known dark despair in my private life and have been frequently distraught by the unnecessary suffering mankind continues to inflict upon himself. I have, in fact, more than once been brought to contemplate suicide.

(arrives at lectern and puts manuscript down on it, along with his pipe)

Yet my hopes for my own life and for mankind, irrational as they have sometimes seemed, always brought me back from the brink.

By writing my autobiography, I have learned a considerable amount about myself.

(picks up shorter manuscript)

My hope is that by sharing some of what I have written ...

(indicates manuscript)

... you might also come to a better understanding of me, including why I have often felt it necessary to take what have been widely perceived as controversial positions, which I knew beforehand would cause me more difficulties than I would have liked and which resulted, on more than one occasion, in my being sent to gaol.

(rises, with shorter manuscript, and heads toward the lectern; as he goes)

So that you may experience my life more nearly as I have, I have consented, as I go along, to having a variety of images displayed on the wall behind me. For instance ...

(photograph of him as a young man appears behind him; turns toward it)

... there I am as a young man. It is, so far as I know, the earliest extant photograph of me.

One more preliminary note. Toward the end, I shall have a guest, in the person of Lord Gladwyn, a liberal member of the House of Lords and a spokesman on foreign affairs and defence. Not so very long ago, he and I exchanged letters, prompted by my solicitation of his support for the then recently launched Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation. His response astonished me. He replied with a long letter, saying that he was entirely in disagreement with my position on the nuclear threat, as well as on other issues of enormous importance. I could not leave it unanswered. So I wrote back, addressing his points one at a time. I never received a response, and, to my knowledge, the letters have never been published.

I feel the issues discussed are and remain of such importance that I would like to recreate our exchange as a live debate.

You'll see that at the end of our debate, he suggests, as he did in his letter to me, that I should advance my proposals in the House of Lords, where, he said, "they would be subjected to intelligent scrutiny." I refrained from remarking that on the occasions when I had advanced proposals in the House of Lords, I had never perceived that my audience, with a few exceptions, showed any particular degree of intelligence.

Now, to the matter at hand. I began my *Autobiography* in a way you have no reason whatever to expect -- with a poem, which I was inspired to write to my fourth wife, Edith Finch, with whom I have at long last found the love for which I so long searched.

I shall, however, delay reading the poem until you have come to know something of what my life has been, so you may better understand who she is and why she has become such an essential part of my life.

I'll begin now, with the Prologue.

(opens manuscript; begins to read,  
looking up frequently)

Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy -- ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought, next, because it relieves loneliness -- that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what -- at last -- I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine,. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

(reflects and paces a bit)

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. As I said a bit earlier, I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

(pauses; then moves on)

I arrived in the world quite a few decades ago, in fact, on May 18, 1872. Three days after I was born, my mother wrote a description of me to her mother, as follows: "The baby weighed 8 3/4 lb., is 21 inches long and very fat and very ugly, very like his brother Frank everyone thinks, blue eyes far apart and not much chin. He is just like Frank about nursing. I have lots of milk now, but if he does not get it at once or has wind or anything he gets into such a rage and screams and kicks and trembles till he is soothed off.... He lifts his head up and looks about in a very energetic way."

Of my earliest childhood, I have only faint memories. My father died when I was just two. He was a freethinker, who lost his seat in Parliament because he advocated divorce for women. He wrote a book against traditional religion, as I myself would do, only more than once. Since I've experienced less laudation than I might have hoped for earnest allegiance to what one perceives as the truth, I realized he might have considered himself fortunate that it did not come out while he was alive. My mother died just two years later. She was very strict in her morals but a freethinker in social matters. For example, she advocated women's suffrage.

My father had retained tutors for us who were also freethinkers, and, at the death of my mother, the care of Frank and I devolved to them.

My grandmother, a strict Victorian, was horrified by the idea and sought to remove us from their "pernicious" influence. As a result, we were made wards in Chancery and were brought to live with her and my grandfather at Richmond Park. Of my grandfather, I remember little, as he died not long after our arrival. I do remember that he went about in a wheelchair, and that, long after he was dead, my brother and I used to roll about in it on the grounds of the home. We were caught doing so and the activity, which we quite enjoyed, was considered blasphemous. I especially enjoyed when my grandmother and I read together, although she abhorred Shelly, who was a favorite of mine.

I should say that, on the whole, my childhood was happy and straightforward, and I felt affection for most of the grown-ups with whom I was brought in contact.

Yet, throughout my childhood, I had an increasing sense of loneliness, and of despair of ever meeting anyone with whom I could talk. Nature and books and, later, mathematics saved me from complete despondency. Mathematics, in fact, delighted me.

At the age of eleven, I began Euclid, with my brother as my tutor. This was one of the great events of my life, as dazzling as first love. I had not imagined that there was anything so delicious in the world. This is the first time it had dawned upon me that I might have some intelligence.

From that moment until Whitehead and I finished *Principia Mathematica*, when I was thirty-eight years of age, mathematics was my chief interest, and my chief source of happiness. Like all happiness, however, it was not unalloyed. I had been told that Euclid proved things, and was much disappointed that he started with axioms.

Next to mathematics, I liked history.

But it would be completely misleading to suggest that my childhood was all solemnity and seriousness. I got just as much fun out of life as I could, some of it, I'm afraid, of a somewhat mischievous kind. For instance, I used to hang upside down in a tree that overhung the walkway in Richmond Park. People would gather and discuss how to get me down. When they had finally arrived at a way to do it, I would scramble down myself.

It was only as adolescence approached that loneliness became oppressive. Both in the life of the emotions and in the life of the intellect, I was obliged to preserve an impenetrable secrecy towards my people. My interest were divided between sex, religion, and mathematics.

At fifteen, I began to have sexual passions of almost intolerable intensity. Many hours every day were spent in desiring to see the female body. I became morbid, and regarded myself as very wicked. I was told that all introspection is morbid. After two or three years of introspection, however, I suddenly realized that, as it is the only method of obtaining a great deal of important knowledge, it ought not to be condemned as morbid.

At the same age, I began a systematic investigation of the supposed rational arguments in favor of fundamental Christian beliefs. I spent endless hours in meditation upon this subject; I could not speak to anybody about it for fear of giving pain. I suffered acutely both from the gradual loss of faith and from the need of silence. I thought that if I ceased to believe in God, freedom and immortality, I should be very unhappy. I found, however, the reasons given in favor of these dogmas were very unconvincing.

I took the view then, which I have taken ever since, that a theological proposition should not be accepted unless there is the same kind of evidence for it that would be required of a proposition of science.

It must be understood that the whole of this mental life was deeply buried; not a sign of it showed in my intercourse with other people. Socially I was shy, childish, awkward, well behaved, and good-natured. I used to watch with envy people who could manage social intercourse without my anguished awkwardness.

Just before my sixteenth birthday, I was sent to an Army crammer at Old Southgate, which was then in the country. I was sent to him in order to be prepared for the scholarship examination at Trinity College, Cambridge. There was a footpath leading across fields to Old Southgate, and I used to go there alone to watch the sunset and contemplate suicide. I did not, however, commit suicide, because I wished to know more of mathematics.

Throughout this time, I had been getting more and more out of sympathy with my people. It appeared to me obvious that the happiness of mankind should be the aim of all action, and I discovered to my surprise that there were those who thought otherwise. Belief in happiness, I found, was called Utilitarianism, and was merely one among a number of ethical theories. I adhered to it after this discovery, until later in life, when I found deeper thoughts of more consequence.

Meanwhile, my brother had become a Buddhist. It did not offer me anything I found of service.

In all things I made a vow to follow reason. But it is curious how people dislike the abandonment of brutish impulses for reason.

I took the scholarship examination and got a minor scholarship to Trinity, which made me very happy.

From the moment I went up to Cambridge, everything went well with me. All the people then in residence who subsequently became my intimate friends called on me during the first week of term. At the time I did not know why they did so, but I discovered afterwards that Whitehead, who had examined for scholarships, had told people to look out for me and another classmate.

In spite of shyness, I was exceedingly sociable, and I never found that my having been educated at home as any impediment.

In my third year, I met G E. Moore, who was then a freshman, and for some years he fulfilled my ideal of genius.

I had already been interested in philosophy before I went to Cambridge, but I had not read much except Mill. What I most desired was to find some reason for supposing mathematics true.

I knew Harold Joachim, who taught philosophy at Merton, and was a friend of F. H. Bradley. I got him to give me a long list of philosophical books that I ought to read, and while I was still working on mathematics, I embarked upon them. As soon as I was free to do so, I devoted myself to philosophy with great ardor.

By this time I had quite ceased to be the shy prig that I was when I first went to Cambridge. Having been reading pantheism, I announced to my friends that I was God.

They placed candles on each side of me and proceeded to acts of mock worship.

Philosophy altogether seemed to me great fun, and I enjoyed the curious ways of conceiving the world that the great philosophers offer to the imagination.

In general I felt happy and comparatively calm while at Cambridge, but on moonlight nights I used to career round the country in a state of temporary lunacy. The reason, of course, was sexual desire, though at that time I did not know this.

The one habit of thought of real value that I acquired there was intellectual honesty.

So it was a blow to me during the first world war to find that, even at Cambridge, intellectual honesty had its limitations. Until then, wherever I lived, I felt that Cambridge was the only place on earth that I could regard as home.

(pauses; then goes on)

In the summer of 1889, I met the woman who would become my first wife. I was living with my Uncle Rollo at his house on the slopes of Hindhead, and one Sunday he took me for a long walk. He said, "Some new people have come to live at this house, and I think we will call upon them." Shyness made me dislike the idea, but we went ahead. We found that the family were Americans, named Pearsall Smith, including a younger daughter at Bryn Mawr, who was home for the holidays.

She was named Alys, and she especially interested me. She was very beautiful and more emancipated than any young woman I had known, since she was at college and crossed the Atlantic alone. She was a teacher of English at Bryn Mawr and also, as I discovered, an intimate friend of Walt Whitman. She was kind, too, and made me feel not shy. I fell in love with her at first sight.

To me America seemed a romantic land of freedom, and I found in her and her family an absence of many prejudices which hampered me at home. They were Quakers, who used "thee" and "thine" in conversation, as well as with me, and I replied in kind. Yet, among them I was happy and talkative and free from timidity. They would draw me out in such a way as to make me feel quite intelligent.

With each year that passed, I became more devoted to Alys. She seemed to me to possess the simple kindness which I still cherished. I wondered whether she would remain unmarried until I grew up, for she was five years older than I was. It seemed unlikely but, I became increasingly determined that, if she did, I would ask her to marry me.

I was aware that she was not what my grandmother would call a lady, and I did at times wish my parents had lived. She said unflattering things about Alys and urged me to steer clear of what she referred to as my perilous course.

Fortunately, I came of age in May 1893, and from this moment my relations with Alys began to be something more than distant admiration. In fact, during her second visit to Cambridge, I began to think perhaps there might be happiness in human life.

It was only after breakfast, and then with infinite hesitation and alarm, that I arrived at a definite proposal, which was in those days the custom. I was neither accepted nor rejected. It did not occur to me to attempt to kiss her, or even to take her hand.

We did agree to go on seeing each other, as well as to correspond, and let time decide one way or another.

When I came home, I told my people what had occurred, and they reacted according to convention. They said she was no lady, a low-class adventuress, a baby-snatcher, a designing female taking advantage of my inexperience, a person incapable of all the finer feelings, and a woman whose vulgarity would perpetually put me to shame. In other words, they didn't think I had made an excellent choice. But I had a fortune of some 20,000 pounds inherited from my father, and I paid no attention to what my people said. Relations became very strained and remained so until after I was married.

The next occasion of importance was on January 4, 1894, when I came up from Richmond for the day to visit Alys at her parents' house. It was on this occasion that I first kissed her. I had not foreseen how great would be the ecstasy of kissing a woman whom I loved. Apparently, she became excited too, and we spent the whole day, with the exception of meal-times, in kissing, and hardly spoke a word from morning till night, except for the brief interlude when I felt inspired to read her *Episychidion*. So that you may judge how entranced I was by her, I shall read the latter part of the poem.

(recites)

Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,

And our veins beat together; and our lips

With other eloquence than words, eclipse

The soul that burns between them, and the wells

Which boil under our being's inmost cells,

The fountains of our deepest life, shall be  
Confus'd in Passion's golden purity,  
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.  
We shall become the same, we shall be one  
Spirit within two frames, oh! wherefore two?  
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew,  
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
Touch, mingle, are transfigur'd; ever still  
Burning, yet ever inconsumable:  
In one another's substance finding food,  
Like flames too pure and light and unimbu'd  
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away:  
One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,  
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,  
And one annihilation. Woe is me!  
The winged words on which my soul would pierce  
Into the height of Love's rare Universe,

Are chains of lead around its flight of fire—

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

And yet she still said she had not made up her mind whether or not to marry me.

The alternations in her feelings continued, not only that night, but throughout my next term at Cambridge. At some moments she seemed eager to marry me and at other moments determined to retain her freedom. As a matter of fact, she didn't consent to become engaged to me until about the time I finished my undergraduate exams.

The surprising thing is, I never found that love, either when it prospered or when it did not, interfered in the slightest with my intellectual concentration.

When I shared my good fortune with my people, who had never ceased from opposition to our relationship, they felt that something drastic must be done. They searched my family history for instances of mental illness and brought forth experts to confirm the likelihood that any children I fathered would be lunatics. And in the process they rendered me nearly insane. Among other things, they persuaded us to take the best medical opinion as to whether, if we were married, our children were likely to be mad.

I remember the day Alys and I walked up and down Richmond Green discussing it. She suggested that we marry but have no children. I resisted at first but eventually came around to her way of thinking.

Given my intense feelings toward her, how could I decide otherwise? I did find it terrifying to be so utterly absorbed in one person. Nothing had any worth to me except in reference to her. Even my own career, my efforts after virtue, my intellect, such as it is, everything I had or hoped for, I valued only as gifts to her, as the means of showing how unspeakably I valued her love. And I was happy, divinely happy.

We therefore announced that we intended to marry, but to have no children.

Birth control was viewed in those days with the sort of horror which it now inspires only in Roman Catholics. My people and the family doctor tore their hair. The family doctor solemnly assured me that, as a result of his medical experience, he knew the use of contraceptives to be almost invariably gravely injurious to health. My people hinted that it was the use of contraceptives which had made my father epileptic. A thick atmosphere of sighs, tears, groans, and morbid horror was produced, in which it was scarcely possible to breathe.

As long as I could forget the ghastly heritage that seemed to have been bequeathed to me, I had no more forebodings but only the pure joy of mutual love, a joy so great, so divine that I have not yet ceased to wonder how such a thing can exist in this world which people abuse.

Alys and I were married on December 13, 1894. She had been brought up, as many women always were in those days, to think that sex is beastly, that all women hate it, and that men's brutal lusts are the chief obstacle to happiness in marriage. She therefore thought that intercourse should only take place when children were desired. As we decided to have no children, she had to modify her position on this point, but she still supposed that she would desire intercourse to be very rare.

Neither she nor I had any previous experience of sexual intercourse when we were married. The difficulties appeared to us merely comic and were soon overcome. I remember, however, a day after three weeks of marriage, when, under the influence of sexual fatigue, I hated her and I could not imagine why I had wished to marry her. But the state of mind lasted just long as the journey we took early in our marriage from Amsterdam to Berlin, after which I never again experienced a similar mood.

During this time my intellectual ambitions were taking shape. I resolved not to adopt a profession, but to devote myself to writing. I remember a cold, bright day in early spring when I walked by myself in the Tiergarten and made projects of future work. I thought that I would write one series of books on the philosophy of the sciences from pure mathematics to physiology and another series of books on social questions. I hoped that the two series might ultimately meet in a synthesis at once scientific and practical. I have to some extent followed it in later years, as much at any rate as could have been expected.

In the spring, we took a trip down the Adriatic coast. It remains in my memory as one of the happiest times of my life. Italy and the spring and first love all together should suffice to make the gloomiest person happy. We used to bathe naked in the sea and lie on the sand to dry, but this was a somewhat perilous sport, as sooner or later a policeman would come along to see that no one got salt out of the sea in defiance of the salt tax. Fortunately, we were never quite caught.

Next, Alys and I went to America. Naturally, we visited Bryn Mawr, where I gave lectures on non-Euclidean geometry and Alys gave addresses in favor of endowment of motherhood, combined with private talks to women in favor of free love. The latter caused a scandal, and we were practically hounded out of the college.

She had obviously come a long way in freeing herself from her Quaker inhibitions.

When we returned to England, we began to spend part of each year at Cambridge.

With our marriage, I entered upon a period of great happiness and fruitful work. Due to her love, I had no emotional troubles, and all my energy could go in intellectual directions.

I was at this time beginning to emerge from the bath of German idealism in which I had been plunged by two of my professors at Trinity, McTaggart and Stout. I was very much assisted in my emergence by Moore. I experienced intense excitement, after having supposed the sensible world unreal, to be able to believe again that there really were such things as tables and chairs.

Alfred Whitehead, who had judged my examination for a scholarship, gradually passed from a teacher into a friend and then a collaborator.

In July 1900, there was an International Congress of Philosophy in Paris. Whitehead and I decided to go and I accepted an invitation to read a paper. The congress was a turning point in my intellectual life, because I met Giuseppe Peano. I observed that he was always more precise than anyone else and that he invariably got the better of any argument upon which he embarked. As the days went by, I decided that this must be owing to his mathematical logic. I therefore got him to give me all of his works.

As soon as the Congress was over, I retired to Fernhurst to study quietly every word written by him and his disciples. It became clear to me that his notation afforded an instrument of logical analysis such as I had been seeking for years and that by studying him I was acquiring a new and powerful technique for the work that I had long wanted to do.

I spent September in extending his methods of mathematical logic and set theory to the logic of relations. It seems to me in retrospect that, through that month, every day was warm and sunny.

The Whiteheads stayed with us at Fernhurst, and I explained my new ideas to him. Every evening the discussion ended with some difficulty, and every morning I found that the difficulty of the previous evening had solved itself while I slept.

The time was one of intellectual intoxication. My sensations resembled those one has after climbing a mountain in a mist, when, on reaching the summit, the mist suddenly clears, and the country becomes visible for forty miles in every direction.

For years I had been endeavoring to analyze the fundamental notions of mathematics, such as order and cardinal numbers. Suddenly, in the space of a few weeks, I discovered what appeared to be definitive answers to the problems which had baffled me for years. And in the course of discovering these answers, I was introducing a new mathematical technique, by which regions formerly abandoned to the vaguenesses of philosophers were conquered for the precision of exact formulae.

Intellectually, the month of September 1900 was the highest point of my life. I went about saying to myself that now at least I had done something worth doing, and I had the feeling that I must be careful not to be run over in the street before I had written it down.

I sent a paper to Poincaré for his journal, embodying my new ideas. And, with the beginning of October, I sat down to write *The Principles of Mathematics*, at which I had already made a number of unsuccessful attempts. Some parts of the book as published were written in the autumn. The book was finished in its final form in May 1902. Every day throughout October, November and December, I wrote my ten pages and finished the MS on the last day of the century.

Oddly enough, the end of the century marked the end of this sense of triumph, and from that moment onwards I began to be assailed simultaneously by intellectual and emotional problems which plunged me into the darkest despair that I have ever known.

During the Lent Term of 1901, we joined with the Whiteheads in taking Professor Maitland's house in Downing College. Professor Maitland had had to go to Madeira for his health. Mrs. Whitehead was at this time becoming more and more of an invalid, and used to have intense pain owing to heart trouble. Whitehead and Alys and I were all filled with anxiety about her. He was not only deeply devoted to her but also very dependent upon her, and it seemed doubtful whether he would ever achieve any more good work if she were to die.

One day when we came home, we found Mrs. Whitehead undergoing an unusually severe bout of pain. She seemed cut off from everyone and everything by walls of agony, and the sense of the solitude of each human soul suddenly overwhelmed me.

Ever since my marriage, my emotional life had been calm and superficial. I had forgotten all the deeper issues, and had been content with flippant cleverness.

Suddenly the ground seemed to give way beneath me, and I found myself in quite another region.

Within five minutes I went through some such reflections as the following: the loneliness of the human soul is unendurable; nothing can penetrate it except the highest intensity of the sort of love that religious teachers have preached; whatever does not spring from this motive is harmful, or at best useless. It follows that war is wrong, that a poor education is abominable, that the use of force is to be deprecated, and that in human relations one should penetrate to the core of loneliness in each person and speak to that.

The Whitehead's youngest boy, aged three, was in the room. I had previously taken no notice of him nor he of me. He had to be prevented from troubling his mother in the middle of her paroxysms of pain. I took his hand and led him away. He came willingly and felt at home with me. From that day to his death in the War in 1918, we were close friends.

At the end of those five minutes, I had become a completely different person. For a time, a sort of mystic illumination possessed me. I felt that I knew the inmost thoughts of everybody that I met in the street, and though this was, no doubt, a delusion, I did in actual fact find myself in far closer touch than previously with all my friends, and many of my acquaintances.

Having been an Imperialist, I became during those five minutes a pro-Boer and a Pacifist. Having for years cared only for exactness and analysis, I found myself filled with semi-mystical feelings about beauty, with an intense interest in children, and with a desire almost as profound as that of the Buddha to find some philosophy which should make human life endurable.

A strange excitement possessed me, containing intense pain but also some element of triumph through the fact that I could dominate pain and make it, as I thought, a gateway to wisdom.

The mystic insight which I then imagined myself to possess has largely faded, and the habit of analysis has reasserted itself. But something of what I thought I saw in that moment has remained always with me, causing my attitude during the first war, my interest in children, my indifference to minor misfortunes, and a certain emotional tone in all my human relations.

At the end of the term, Alys and I went back to Fernhurst, where I set to work to write out the logical deduction of mathematics which afterward, and in collaboration with Whitehead, became *Principia Mathematica*.

In the autumn Alys and I went back to Cambridge, as I had been invited to give lectures for two terms on mathematical logic.

About the time that these lectures finished, when we were living with the Whiteheads at the Mill House in Grantchester, a more serious blow fell than those that had preceded it. I went out bicycling one afternoon and suddenly, as I was riding along a country road, I realized that I no longer loved Alys. I had had no idea until this moment that my love for her was even lessening.

The problem presented by this discovery was very grave. We had lived ever since our marriage in the closest possible intimacy. We always shared a bed, and neither of us ever had a separate dressing room. We talked over together everything that ever happened to either of us. She was five years older than I was, and I had been accustomed to regarding her as far more practical and far more full of worldly wisdom than myself, so that in many matters of daily life I left the initiative to her.

I knew that she was still devoted to me. I had no wish to be unkind, but I believed in those days that in intimate relations one should speak the truth -- something that experience has taught me to think possibly open to doubt. I did not see in any case how I could for any length of time successfully pretend to love her when I did not. I had no longer any instinctive impulse towards sex relations with her, and this alone would have been an insuperable barrier to concealment of my feelings.

At this crisis, my father's priggery came out in me, and I began to justify myself with moral criticisms of Alys. I did not at once tell her that I no longer loved her, but of course she perceived that something was amiss. She retired to a rest-cure for some months, and when she emerged from it I told her that I no longer wished to share a room, and in the end I confessed that my love was dead. I justified this attitude to her, as well as to myself, by criticisms of her character.

Although my self-righteousness at that time seems to me in retrospect repulsive, there were substantial grounds for my criticisms. She tried to be more impeccably virtuous than is possible to human beings, and was thus led into insincerity. Like her brother Logan, she was malicious, and liked to make people think ill of each other, but she was not aware of this, and was instinctively subtle in her methods. She would praise people in such a way as to cause others to admire her generosity and think worse of the people praised than if she had criticised them. Often malice made her untruthful. She told Mrs. Whitehead that I couldn't bear children, and that the Whitehead children must be kept out of my way as much as possible. At the same time she told me that Mrs. Whitehead was a bad mother because she saw so little of her children.

During my bicycle ride a host of such things occurred to me, and I became aware that she was not the saint I had always supposed her to be. But in the revulsion I went too far, and forgot the great virtues that she did in fact possess.

My change of feeling towards Alys was partly the result of perceiving, though in a milder form, traits in her which I disliked in her mother and brother. Alys had an unbounded admiration of her mother, whom she regarded as both a saint and a sage. I, on the contrary, came gradually to think her one of the wickedest people I had ever known. Her treatment of her husband, whom she despised, was humiliating in the highest degree. She never spoke to him or of him except in a tone that made her contempt obvious. It cannot be denied that he was a silly old man, but he didn't deserve what she gave him, and no one capable of mercy could have given it.

He had a mistress and fondly supposed that his wife did not know of her. He used to tear up this woman's letters and throw the pieces into the waste-paper basket. His wife would fit the bits together, and read out the letters to Alys and Logan amid fits of laughter. When the old man died, she sold his false teeth and refused to carry out his death-bed request to give a present of 5 pounds to the gardener. The rest of us made up the sum without any contribution from her. This was the only time that Logan felt critical of her: he was in tears because of her hardheartedness. But he soon reverted to his usual reverential attitude. In a letter written when he was 3 1/2 months old, she writes:

“Logan and I had our first regular battle today, and he came off conqueror, though I don't think he knew it. I whipped him until he was actually black and blue, and until I really could not whip him any more, and he never gave up one single inch. However, I hope it was a lesson to him.”

It was. She never had to whip him black and blue again. She taught her family that men are brutes and fools, but women are saints and hate sex. So Logan, as might have been expected, became homosexual. She carried feminism to such lengths that she found it hard to keep her respect for the Deity, since He was male. In passing a public house, she would remark: “Thy housekeeping, O Lord.” If the Creator had been female, there would have been no such thing as alcohol.

The most unhappy moments of my life were spent at Grantchester. My bedroom looked out upon the mill, and the noise of the millstream mingled inextricably with my despair. I lay awake through long nights, hearing first the nightingale, and then the chorus of birds at dawn, looking out upon sunrise and trying to find consolation in external beauty.

I suffered in a very intense form the loneliness which I had perceived a year before to be the essential lot of man. I walked alone in the fields about Grantchester, feeling dimly that the whitening willows in the wind had some message from a land of peace. I read religious books such as Taylor's *Holy Dying*, in the hope that there might be something independent of dogma in the comfort which their authors derived from their beliefs. I tried to take refuge in pure contemplation. I began to write *The Free Man's Worship*. The construction of prose rhythms was the only thing in which I found any real consolation.

Throughout the whole time of the writing of *Principia Mathematica* my relations with the Whiteheads were difficult and complex. Whitehead appeared to the world calm, reasonable, and judicious, but when one came to know him well one discovered that this was only a facade. Like many people possessed of great self-control, he suffered from impulses which were scarcely sane. Before he met Mrs. Whitehead he had made up his mind to join the Catholic Church, and was only turned aside at the last minute by falling in love with her.

He was obsessed by fear of lack of money, and he did not meet this fear in a reasonable way, but by spending recklessly in the hope of persuading himself that he could afford to do so. He used to frighten Mrs. Whitehead and her servants by mutterings in which he addressed injurious oburgations to himself. At times he would be completely silent for some days, saying nothing whatever to anybody in the house. Mrs. Whitehead was in perpetual fear that he would go mad.

I think, in retrospect, that she exaggerated the danger, for she tended to be melodramatic in her outlook. But the danger was certainly real, even if not as great as she believed. She spoke of him to me with the utmost frankness, and I found myself in an alliance with her to keep him sane.

Whatever happened his work never flagged, but one felt that he was exerting more self-control than a human being could be expected to stand and that at any moment a breakdown was possible.

Mrs. Whitehead was always discovering that he had run up large bills with Cambridge tradesmen, and she did not dare to tell him that there was no money to pay them for fear of driving him over the edge. I used to supply the wherewithal surreptitiously. It was hateful to deceive Whitehead, who would have found the humiliation unbearable if he had known of it. But there was his family to be supported and *Principia Mathematica* to be written, and there seemed no other way by which these objects could be achieved. I contributed all that I could realize in the way of capital, and even that partly by borrowing. I hope the end justified the means.

Until 1952 I never mentioned this to anyone.

Meanwhile Alys was more unhappy than I was, and her unhappiness was a great part of the cause of my own. We had in the past spent a great deal of time with her family, but I told her I could no longer endure her mother, and that we must therefore leave Fernhurst. We spent the summer near Broadway in Worcestershire. Pain made me sentimental, and I used to construct phrases such as “Our hearts build precious shrines for the ashes of dead hopes.”

Before this time, at Grantchester, at the very height and crisis of misery, I devoted myself to the mathematical elaboration which was to become *Principia Mathematica*.

By now I had secured Whitehead’s cooperation in this task, but the unreal, insincere, and sentimental frame of mind into which I had allowed myself to fall affected even my mathematical work. I remember sending Whitehead a draft of the beginning, and his reply: “Everything, even the object of the book, has been sacrificed to making proofs look short and neat.” This defect in my work was due to a moral defect in my state of mind.

When the autumn came, Alys and I took a house for six months in Cheyne Walk, and life began to become more bearable. We saw a great many people, many of them amusing or agreeable, and we both gradually began to live a more external life, but this was always breaking down.

So long as I lived in the same house with Alys she would every now and then come down to me in her dressing-gown after she had gone to bed, and beseech me to spend the night with her. Sometimes I did so, but the result was utterly unsatisfactory. For nine years this state of affairs continued. During all this time, she hoped to win me back and never became interested in any other man. During all this time I had no other sex relationship. About twice a year I would attempt sex relations with her, in the hope of alleviating her misery, but she no longer attracted me, and the attempt was futile.

Looking back over this stretch of years, I feel that I ought to have ceased much sooner to live in the same house with her, but she wished me to stay, and even threatened suicide if I left her. There was no other woman to whom I wished to go, and there seemed therefore no good reason for not doing as she wished.

The summers of 1903 and 1904 we spent at Churt and Tilford. I made a practice of wandering about the common every night from eleven till one, by which means I came to know the three different noises made by night-jars. Most people only know one.

I was trying hard to solve contradictions so that I might include the solutions in *Principia Mathematica*. Every morning I would sit down before a blank sheet of paper. Throughout the day, with a brief interval for lunch, I would stare at the blank sheet. Often when evening came it was still empty.

We spent our winters in London, and during the winters I did not attempt to work, but the two summers of 1903 and 1904 remain in my mind as a period of complete intellectual deadlock.

In 1905 things began to improve. Alys and I decided to live near Oxford, and build ourselves a house in Bagley Wood. At that time there was no other house there. We went to live there in the spring.

Whitehead's teaching work left him not enough leisure for the mechanical job of writing out the book. I worked at it from ten to twelve hours a day for about eight months in the years from 1907 to 1910. The manuscript became more and more vast, and every time that I went out for a walk I used to be afraid that the house would catch fire and the manuscript get burnt up. It was not, of course, the sort of manuscript that could be typed, or even copied.

The strain of unhappiness combined with the very severe intellectual work, in the years from 1902 till 1910, was very great. At the time I often wondered whether I should ever come out at the other end of the tunnel in which I seemed to be. I used to stand on the footbridge at Kennington, near Oxford, watching the trains go by, and determining that tomorrow I would place myself under one of them. But when the morrow came I always found myself hoping that perhaps *Principia Mathematica* would be finished some day.

Moreover the difficulties appeared to me in the nature of a challenge, which it would be pusillanimous not to meet and overcome. So I persisted, and in the end the work was finished, but my intellect never quite recovered from the strain. I have been ever since definitely less capable of dealing with difficult abstractions than I was before. This is part, thought by no means the whole, of the reasons for the change in the nature of my work.

When we finally took the manuscript to the University Press, it was so large that we had to hire an old four-wheeler for the purpose. Even then our difficulties were not at an end. The University Press estimated that there would be a loss of 600 pounds on the book, and while the syndics were willing to bear a loss of 300, they did not feel that they could go above this figure. The Royal Society very generously contributed 200, and the remaining 100 we had to find ourselves. We thus earned minus 50 pounds each by ten years' work. This beats the record of *Paradise Lost*.

Throughout this period my winters were largely occupied with political questions. In 1902 I became a member of a small dining club called The Coefficients, got up for the purpose of considering political questions from a more or less Imperialist point of view. It was in this club that I first became acquainted with H. G. Wells, of whom I had never heard until then. His point of view was more sympathetic to me than that of any other member.

I had never before attempted public speaking and was shy and nervous to such a degree as to make me at first wholly ineffective. Gradually, however, my nervousness got less. In 1906, I took to working for women's suffrage. In 1907 I even stood for Parliament on behalf of votes for women. The campaign was short and arduous.

It must be quite impossible for younger people to imagine the bitterness of the opposition to women's equality. When, in later years, I campaigned against the first world war, the popular opposition that I encountered was not comparable to that which the suffragists met in 1907. The whole subject was treated, by a great majority of the population, as one for mere hilarity. The crowd would shout derisive remarks: to women, "Go home and mind the baby"; to men, "Does your mother know you're out?" This no matter what the man's age. Rotten eggs were aimed at me and hit my wife. At my first meeting rats were let loose to frighten the ladies, and ladies who were in the plot screamed in pretended terror with a view to disgracing their sex.

The savagery of the males who were threatened with loss of supremacy was intelligible. But the determination of large numbers of women to prolong the contempt of the female sex was odd.

I had been a passionate advocate of equality of women ever since in adolescence I read Mill on the subject. This was some years before I became aware of the fact that my mother used to campaign in favor of women's suffrage in the 1860's. Few things are more surprising than the rapid and complete victory of this cause throughout the civilized world. I am glad to have had a part in anything so successful.

During this period, I also exchanged letters that seemed worthy of including. One was an exchange with Gilbert Murray, a translator of classics whose work I admired, especially his *Hippolytus*. He was a utilitarian, and by now my thoughts had gone in another direction. I wrote to him as follows:

(reads)

“Our differences seem to spring from the fact that you are a utilitarian, whereas I judge pleasure and pain to be of small importance compared to knowledge, the appreciation and contemplation of beauty, and a certain intrinsic excellence of mind which, apart from its practical effects, appears to me to serve the name of virtue. I may as well begin by confessing that for many years it seemed to me perfectly self-evident that pleasure is the only good and pain the only evil. Now, however, the opposite seems to me self-evident. I should rather regard the true method of Ethics as inference from empirically ascertained facts, to be obtained in the moral laboratory which life offers to those whose eyes are open to it.

“Books on Utilitarianism contain only sophistries and lies -- opinions possible, perhaps, to men who live only in the study, and have no knowledge of life whatever, but quite untenable by anyone who faces this ghastly world of ignoble degradation, in which only virtue is punished and vice lives and dies happy and respected.

“Yet your translations have been to me a really great help in trying times, helping me to support faith in the world of beauty, and in the ultimate dignity of life, when I was in danger of losing it; without them I should have often found the day much harder to get through. Each of us is an Atlas to the world of his own ideals, and the poet, more than anyone else, lightens the burden for weary shoulders.”

I wrote the following thoughts to other friends:

“I do not altogether wish mankind to become too firmly persuaded that there is no road from philosophy to religion, because I think the endeavour to find one is very useful, if only it does not destroy candour.”

“I think the ethical faith which is warranted yields most of what is necessary to the highest life conceivable, and all that is necessary to the highest life that is possible. Like every religion, it contains ethical judgments and judgments of fact, the latter asserting that our actions make a difference, though perhaps a small one, to the ethical value of the universe. I find this enough faith to live by, and I consider it warranted by knowledge; but anything more seems to me more or less untruthful, though not demonstrably untrue.”

“But what we have to do, and what privately we do, is to treat the religious instinct with profound respect, but to insist that there is no shred or particle of truth in any of the metaphysics it has suggested: to alleviate this by trying to bring out the beauty of the world and of life, so far as it exists, and above all to insist upon preserving the seriousness of the religious attitude and its habit of asking ultimate questions.

And if good lives are the best thing we know, the loss of religion gives new scope for courage and fortitude, and so may make good lives better than any that there was room for while religion afforded a drug to misfortune.

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

(pauses; goes on)

*Principia Mathematica* being finished, I felt somewhat at a loose end. The feeling was delightful, but bewildering, like coming out of a prison. Being at the time very much interested in the struggle between the Liberals and the Lords about the Budget and the Parliament Act, I felt an inclination to go into politics. I applied to Liberal Headquarters for a constituency, and was recommended to Bedford. I went down and gave an address to the Liberal Association, which was received with enthusiasm. Before the address, however, I had been taken in a small back room, where I was subjected to a regular catechism, as nearly as I remember in the following terms:

Are you a member of the Church of England?

No, I was brought up a Nonconformist.

And have you remained so?

No, I have not remained so.

Are we to understand that you are an agnostic?

Yes, that is what you must understand.

Would you be willing to attend church occasionally?

No, I should not.

Would your wife be willing to attend church occasionally?

No, she would not.

Would it come out that you are an agnostic?

Yes, it probably would come out.

In consequence of these answers, they selected someone else. They must have felt that they had had a lucky escape.

I also felt that I had had a lucky escape, for while Bedford was deliberating, I received an invitation from Trinity College to become a lecturer in the principles of mathematics. This was much more attractive to me than politics, but if Bedford had accepted me I should have had to reject Cambridge.

I took up my residence at the beginning of the October term in 1910. Alys and I had lodgings in Bridge Street, and I had rooms in Nevile's Court. I became very fond of these rooms, which were the first place exclusively my own that I possessed since leaving Cambridge in 1894. We sold our house at Bagley Wood, and it seemed as if life were going to be settled in a new groove.

In the election of January, 1910, while I was still living in Bagley Wood, I decided to help the Member of the Liberal party for the neighbouring constituency across the river. This Member was Philip Morrell, a man who had been at Oxford with my brother-in-law, Logan, who had been passionately attached to him.

Philip Morrell had married Lady Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck, sister of the Duke of Portland. I had known her slightly since we were both children, as she had an aunt named Mrs. Scott, who lived at Ham Common. When Philip first became engaged to Ottoline, Logan was filled with jealous rage, and made unkind fun of her. Later, however, he became reconciled.

I used to see her and Philip occasionally, but I had never had any high opinion of him, and she offended my Puritan prejudices by what I considered an excessive use of scent and powder. A long-time friend of mine, Crompton Davies, first led me to revise my opinion of her, because she worked for his Land Values Organisation in a way that commanded his admiration.

In the course of this campaign I had many opportunities of getting to know Ottoline. I discovered that she was extraordinarily kind to all sorts of people, and that she was very much in earnest about public life. But Philip lost his seat and was offered a new constituency at Burnley. The result was that for some time I did not see much of the Morrells.

However, in March 1911 I received an invitation to give three lectures in Paris, one at the Sorbonne and two elsewhere. It was convenient to spend the night in London on the way, and I asked the Morrells to put me up.

Ottoline had very exquisite though rather startling taste, and her house was very beautiful. In Alys there was a conflict between Quaker asceticism and her brother's aestheticism. She considered it right to follow the best artistic canons in the more public part of one's life, such as drawing-rooms and dresses for the platform. But in her instincts, and where she alone was concerned, Quaker plainness held sway; for example, she always wore flannel night-gowns.

I had always liked beautiful things, but had been incapable of providing them for myself. The atmosphere of Ottoline's house fed something in me that had been starved throughout the years of my first marriage. As soon as I entered it, I felt rested from the rasping difficulties of the outer world.

When I arrived there on March 19th on my way to Paris, I found that Philip unexpectedly had to go to Burnley, so that I was left *tete-a-tete* with Ottoline. During dinner we made conversation about Brunely, and politics, and the sins of the Government. After dinner the conversation gradually became more intimate.

Making timid approaches, I found them to my surprise not repulsed. It had not, until this moment, occurred to me that Ottoline was a woman who would allow me to make love to her, but gradually, as the evening progressed, the desire to make love to her became more and more insistent. At last it conquered, and I found to my amazement that I loved her deeply, and that she returned my feeling.

Until this moment I had never had a complete relationship with any woman except Alys. For a variety of reasons, I did not have full relations with Ottoline that evening, but we agreed to become lovers as soon as possible. My feeling was overwhelmingly strong, and I did not care what might be involved.

I wanted to leave Alys, and to have her leave Philip. What Philip might think or feel was a matter of indifference to me. If I had known that he would murder us both, as Mrs. Whitehead assured me he would, I should have been willing to pay that price for one night.

The nine years of tense self-denial had come to an end, and for the time being I was done with self-denial. However, there was not time to settle future plans during that one evening. It was already late when we first kissed, and after that, though we stayed up till four in the morning, the conversation was intermittent.

Early the next day I had to go to Paris, where I had to lecture in French to highly critical audiences. It was difficult to bring my mind to bear upon what I had to do, and I suspect that I must have lectured very badly. I was living in a dream, and my surroundings appeared quite unreal.

Ottoline was going to Studland, in those days quite a tiny place, and we arranged that I should join her there for three days. Before going, I spent the weekend with Alys at Fernhurst.

I began the weekend by a visit to the dentist, who told me that he thought I had cancer, and recommended a specialist, whom, however, I could not see for three weeks, as he had gone away for his Easter holiday.

I then told Alys about Ottoline. She flew into a rage, and said that she would insist upon a divorce, bringing in Ottoline's name. Ottoline, on account of her child, and also on account of a very genuine affection for Philip, did not wish for a divorce from him. I therefore had to keep her name out of it. I told Alys that she could have the divorce whenever she liked, but that she must not bring Ottoline's name into it. She nevertheless persisted that she would bring Ottoline's name in. Thereupon I told her quietly but firmly that she would find that impossible, since if she ever took steps to that end, I should commit suicide in order to circumvent her. I meant this, and she saw that I did. Thereupon her rage became unbearable.

After she had stormed for some hours, I gave a lesson in Locke's philosophy to her niece, Kargin Costellow, who was about to take her graduation exams. I then rode away on my bicycle, and with that my first marriage came to an end.

I did not see Alys again till 1950, when we met as friendly acquaintances. Alys died on January 21, 1951.

From this scene, I went straight to Studland, still believing that I had cancer. At Swanage, I obtained an old-fashioned fly with an incredibly slow horse. During his leisurely progress up and down the hills, my impatience became almost unendurable. At last, however, I saw Ottoline sitting in a pine-wood beside the road., so I got out, and let the fly go on with my luggage.

The three days and nights that I spent at Studland remain in my memory as the few moments when life seemed all that it might be, but hardly ever is.

I did not, of course, tell Ottoline that I had reason to fear that I had cancer, but the thought of this possibility heightened my happiness by giving it greater intensity, and by the sense that it had been wrenched from the jaws of destruction. When the dentists told me, my first reaction was to congratulate the Deity on having got me after all just as happiness seemed in sight. I suppose that in some underground part of me I believed in a Deity whose pleasure consists of ingenious torture.

But throughout the three days at Studland, I felt that this malignant Deity had after all been not wholly successful. When finally I did see the specialist, it turned out that there was nothing the matter.

Ottoline was very tall, with a long thin face something like a horse, and very beautiful hair of an unusual colour, more or less like that of marmalade, but rather darker. Kind ladies supposed it to be dyed, but in this they were mistaken. She had a very beautiful, gentle, vibrant voice, indomitable courage, and a will of iron. She was very shy, and, at first, we were both timid of each other, but we loved profoundly, and the gradual disappearance of the timidity was an added delight.

We were both earnest and unconventional, both aristocratic by tradition but deliberately not so in our present environment, both hating the cruelty, the caste insolence, and the narrow-mindedness of aristocrats, and yet both a little alien in the world in which we chose to live, which regarded us with suspicion and lack of understanding because we were alien. All the complicated feelings resulting from this situation we shared. There was a deep sympathy between us which never ended as long as she lived. Although we ceased to be lovers in 1916, we remained always close friends.

Ottoline had a great influence upon me, which was almost wholly beneficial. She laughed at me when I behaved like a don or a prig, and when I was dictatorial in conversation. She gradually cured me of the belief that I was seething with appalling wickedness which could only be kept under by an iron self-control. She made me less self-centered, and less self-righteous.

Her sense of humour was very great, and I became aware of the danger of rousing it unintentionally. She made me much less of a Puritan, and much less censorious than I had been. And of course the mere fact of happy love after the empty years made everything easier.

Many men are afraid of being influenced by women, but as far as my experience goes, this is a foolish fear. It seems to me that men need women, and women need men, mentally as much as physically. For my part, I owe a great deal to the women whom I have loved, and without them I should have been far more narrow-minded.

After Studland various difficulties began to cause trouble. Alys was still raging, and Logan was quite as furious as she was. The Whiteheads, who showed great kindness at this time, finally persuaded them to abandon the idea of a divorce involving Ottoline, and Alys decided that in that case a divorce was not worth having. I had wished Ottoline to leave Philip, but I soon saw that this was out of the question. Meanwhile, Logan went to Philip, and imposed conditions, which Philip in turn had imposed upon Ottoline.

These conditions were onerous, and interfered seriously with the happiness of our love. The worst of them was that we should never spend a night together.

I raged and stormed, along with Philip and Logan and Alys. Ottoline found all this very trying, and it produced an atmosphere in which it was difficult to recapture our initial ecstasy.

I became aware of the solidity of Ottoline's life, of the fact that her husband and her child and her possessions were important to her. To me nothing was important in comparison with her, and this inequality led me to become jealous and exacting. At first, however, the mere strength of our mutual passion overcame all these obstacles.

She had a small house at Peppard in the Chilterns, where she spent the month of July. I stayed at Ipsden, six miles from Peppard, and bicycled over every day, arriving about noon, and leaving about midnight.

The summer was extraordinarily hot, reaching on one occasion 97 degrees in the shade. We used to take our lunch out into the beech-woods and come home to late tea. That month was one of great happiness, though Ottoline's health was bad. Finally, she had to go to Marienbad, where I joined her after a while, staying, however, at a different hotel.

With the autumn she returned to London, and I took a flat in Bury Street, near the Museum, so that she could come and see me. I was lecturing at Cambridge all the time. She used to suffer from terrible headaches, which often made our meetings disappointing, and on these occasions I was less considerate than I ought to have been. Nevertheless, we got through the winter with only one serious disagreement, arising out of the fact that I denounced her for being religious.

Gradually, however, I became increasingly turbulent, because I felt that she did not care for me as much as I cared for her. There were moments when this feeling disappeared entirely, and I think that often what was really ill-health appeared to me as indifference, but this was certainly not always the case.

I was suffering from periodontitis, although I did not know it, and this caused my breath to be offensive, which also I did not know. She could not bring herself to mention it, and it was only after I had discovered the trouble and had it cured that she let me know how much it had affected her.

At the end of 1913, I went to Rome to see her, but Philip was there, and the visit was very unsatisfactory.

I made friends with a German lady whom I had met in the summer on the Lake of Garda.

A friend who had been a fellow student and I had spent a month walking from Innsbruck over the Alps. We observed a young woman sitting at a table by herself, and discussed whether she was married or single. I suggested that she was divorced. In order to settle the point, I made her acquaintance, and found that I was right. Her husband was a psychoanalyst, and apparently professional etiquette required that he should not get on with his wife. Consequently, at the time when I knew her, she was divorced. But as soon as honour was satisfied, they remarried, and lived happily ever after. She was young and charming, and had two small children. At that time my dominant passion was desire for children, and I could not even see a child playing in the street without an almost unbearable ache. I made friends with the lady and we made an expedition into the country. I wished to make love to her, but thought that I ought first to explain about Ottoline. Until I spoke about Ottoline, she was acquiescent, but afterwards she ceased to be so. She decided, however, that for that one day her objections could be ignored. I have never seen her since, though I still heard from her at intervals for some years.

An event of importance to me in 1913 was the beginning of my friendship with Joseph Conrad, which I owed to our common friendship with Ottoline. What interested him was the individual human soul faced with the indifference of nature, and often with the hostility of man, and subject to inner struggles with passions both good and bad that led towards destruction. Tragedies of loneliness occupied a great part of his thought and feeling.

Conrad's point of view was far from modern. In the modern world there are two philosophies: the one which stems from Rousseau, and sweeps aside discipline as unnecessary, the other, which finds its fullest expression in totalitarianism, thinks of discipline as essentially imposed from without. Conrad adhered to the older tradition, that discipline should come from within.

When my first son was born in 1921, I wished Conrad to be as nearly his godfather as was possible without a formal ceremony. I wrote to him, saying, "I wish, with your permission to call my son John Conrad. My father was called John, my grandfather was called John, and my great grandfather was called John; and Conrad is a name in which I see merits." He accepted the position and duly presented my son with the cup which is usual on such occasions.

Conrad, I suppose, is in process of being forgotten, but his intense and passionate nobility shines in my memory like a star seen from the bottom of a well. I wish I could make his light shine for others as it shone for me.

I was invited to give the Lowell lectures in Boston during the spring of 1914, and concurrently to act as temporary professor of philosophy at Harvard. I had a post-graduate class of twelve, who used to come to tea with me once a week. One of them was T. S. Eliot, who subsequently wrote a poem about it, called "Mr. Apollinax." I did not know at the time that Eliot wrote poetry. He had, I think, already written "A Portrait of a Lady" and "Prufrock," but he did not see fit to mention the fact.

When the Harvard term came to an end, I gave single lectures in a few other universities. Among others I went to Ann Arbor. From Ann Arbor I went to Chicago, where I stayed with an eminent gynecologist and his family. This gynecologist had written a book on the diseases of women, containing a colored frontispiece of the uterus. He presented this book to me, but I found it somewhat embarrassing, and ultimately gave it to a medical friend. In theology he was a free-thinker, but in morals a frigid Puritan. He was obviously a man of very strong sexual passions, and his face was ravaged by the effort of self-control.

His wife was a charming old lady, rather shrewd within her limitations, but something of a trial to the younger generation. They had four daughters and a son, but the son, who died shortly after the war, I never met.

One of their daughters came to Oxford to work at Greek under Gilbert Murray, while I was living at Bagley Wood, and brought an introduction to Alys and me from her teacher of English literature at Bryn Mawr. I only saw the girl a few times at Oxford, but I found her very interesting, and wished to know her better.

When I was coming to Chicago, she wrote and invited me to stay at her parents' house. She met me at the station, and I at once felt more at home with her than I had with anybody else that I had met in America. I found that she wrote rather good poetry, and that her feeling for literature was remarkable and unusual. I spent two nights under her parents' roof, and the second I spent with her. Her three sisters mounted guard to give warning if either of the parents approached.

She was very delightful, not beautiful in the conventional sense, but passionate, poetic, and strange. Her youth had been lonely and unhappy, and it seemed that I could give her what she wanted.

We agreed that she should come to England as soon as possible and that we would live together openly, perhaps marrying later on if a divorce could be obtained. Immediately after this I returned to England. On the boat I wrote to Ottoline, telling her what had occurred.

My letter crossed one from her, saying that she wished our relations henceforth to be platonic. My news and the fact that in America I had been cured of periodontitis caused her to change her mind.

Ottoline could still, when she chose, be a lover so delightful that to leave her seemed impossible, but for a long time past she had seldom been at her best with me.

I returned to England in June, and found her in London. We took to going to Burnham Beeches every Tuesday for the day. The last of these expeditions was on the day on which Austria declared war on Serbia. Ottoline was at her best.

Meanwhile, the girl in Chicago had induced her father, who remained in ignorance, to take her to Europe. They sailed on August 3rd.

When she arrived I could think of nothing but the war, and as I had determined to come out publicly against it, I did not wish to complicate my position with a private scandal, which would have made anything I might say of no account. I felt it therefore impossible to carry out what we had planned. She stayed in England and I had relations with her from time to time, but the shock of the war killed my passion for her, and I broke her heart.

Ultimately, she fell victim to a rare disease, which first paralysed her, and then made her insane. In her insanity she told her father all that had happened.

The last time I saw her was in 1924. At that time paralysis made her incapable of walking, but she was enjoying a lucid interval. When I talked with her, however, I could feel dark, insane thoughts lurking in the background. I understand that since then she had no lucid intervals.

Before insanity attacked her, she had a rare and remarkable mind, and a disposition as lovable as it was unusual. If the war had not intervened, the plan which we formed in Chicago might have brought great happiness to us both. I feel still the sorrow of this tragedy.

The period from 1910 to 1914 was a time of transition. I underwent a process of rejuvenation, inaugurated by Ottoline Morrell and continued by the War. It may seem curious that the war should rejuvenate anybody, but in fact it shook me out of my prejudices and made me think afresh on a number of fundamental questions. I was at Cambridge, discussing the situation with all and sundry.

I found it impossible to believe that Europe would be so mad as to plunge into war, but I was persuaded that, if there was a war, England would be involved. I felt strongly that England ought to remain neutral, and I collected the signatures of a large number of professors and Fellows to a statement which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* to that effect.

The day War was declared almost all of them changed their minds.

On Sunday, I met Maynard Keynes hurrying across the Great Court of Trinity to borrow his brother-in-law's motor-bicycle to go up to London. I presently discovered that the Government had sent for him to give them financial advice. This made me realise the imminence of our participation in the War.

On Monday morning I decided to go to London. I lunched with the Morrells at Bedford Square and found Ottoline entirely of my way of thinking. She agreed with Philip's determination to make a pacifist speech in the House. I spent the evening walking round the streets, especially in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, noticing cheering crowds, and making myself sensitive to the emotions of passers-by. During this and the following days I discovered to my amazement that average men and women were delighted at the prospect of war. I had fondly imagined, what most pacifists contended, that wars were forced upon a reluctant population by despotic and Machiavellian governments.

The first days of the war were to me utterly amazing. My best friends, such as the Whiteheads, were savagely warlike. Whitehead and I began to drift apart when he completely disagreed with my pacifist position. In the last months of the war, his younger son, who was only just eighteen, was killed. This was an appalling grief to him.

In the early days of the war, I was living at the highest possible emotional tension. Although I did not foresee anything like the full disaster of the War, I foresaw a great deal more than most people did. The prospect filled me with horror, but what filled me with even more horror was the fact that the anticipation of carnage was delightful to something like ninety percent of the population. I had to revise my views on human nature.

At that time I was wholly ignorant of psychoanalysis, but I arrived for myself at a view of human passions not unlike that of the psychoanalysts. To understand popular feeling about the War, I had supposed until that time that it was quite common for parents to love their children, but the War persuaded me that it is a rare exception. I had supposed that most people liked money better than almost anything else, but I discovered that they liked destruction even better. I had supposed that intellectuals frequently loved truth, but I found here again that not ten percent of them prefer truth to popularity.

I became filled with despairing tenderness toward the young men who were to be slaughtered, and with rage against all the statesmen of Europe. For several weeks I felt that if I should happen to meet the Prime Minister, I should be unable to refrain from murder. Gradually, however, these personal feelings disappeared. They were swallowed up by the magnitude of the tragedy, and by the realisation of the popular forces which the statesmen merely let loose.

In the midst of this, I was myself tortured by patriotism. The successes of the Germans before the Battle of the Marne were horrible to me. I desired the defeat of Germany as ardently as any retired colonel. Love of England is very nearly the strongest emotion I possess, and in appearing to set it aside at such a moment, I was making a very difficult renunciation.

Nevertheless, I never had a moment's doubt as to what I must do. I have at times been paralyzed by scepticism, at times I have been cynical, at other times indifferent, but when the War came I felt as if I heard the voice of God. I knew that it was my business to protest, however futile protest might be. My whole nature was involved.

As a lover of truth, the national propaganda of all the belligerent nations sickened me. As a lover of civilisation, the return to barbarism appalled me. As a man of thwarted parental feeling, the massacre of the young wrung my heart. I hardly supposed that much good would come of opposing the War, but I felt that for the honour of human nature those who were not swept off their feet should show that they stood firm.

After seeing troop trains departing from Waterloo, I used to have strange visions of London as a place of unreality. I used in imagination to see the bridges collapse and sink, and the whole great city vanish like a morning mist. Its inhabitants began to seem like hallucinations, and I would wonder whether the world in which I thought I had lived was a mere product of my own febrile nightmares.

Throughout the earlier phases of the War, Ottoline was a very great help and strength to me. But for her, I should have been at first completely solitary, but she never wavered either in her hatred of war, or in her refusal to accept the myths and falsehoods with which the world was involved.

I found a minor degree of comfort in the conversation of Santayana, who was at Cambridge at the time. He was a neutral, and in any case he had not enough respect for the human race to care whether it destroyed itself or not.

One day in October in 1914 I met T. S. Eliot in New Oxford Street.

I did not know he was in Europe, but I found he had come to England from Berlin. I asked him what he thought of the War. "I don't know," he replied, "I only know that I am not a pacifist." That is to say, he considered any excuse good enough for homicide.

I became great friends with him and subsequently with his wife, whom he married early in 1915. As they were desperately poor, I lent them one of the two bedrooms in my flat, with the result that I saw a great deal of them. I was fond of them both, and endeavoured to help them in their troubles, until I discovered that their troubles were what they enjoyed. I held some debentures nominally worth 3000 pounds, in an engineering firm which during the War naturally took to making munitions. I was much puzzled in my conscience as to what to do with them. And at last I gave them to Eliot. Years afterwards, when the War was finished and he was no longer poor, he gave them back to me.

During the summer of 1915, I wrote *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, or *Why Men Fight* as it was called in America without my consent. It was totally unlike anything else I had written. To my surprise, it had an immediate success. I divided impulses into two groups, the possessive and the creative, considering the best life that which is most built on creative impulses. I took, as examples of the possessive impulses, the state, war and poverty; and of the creative impulses, education, marriage and religion. Liberation of creativeness, I was convinced, should be the principle of reform. I first gave the book as lectures and then published it. I had written it with no expectation of its being read, merely as a profession of faith, but it brought me in a great deal of money and laid the foundation for all my future earnings.

These lectures were in a certain way connected with my short friendship with D. H. Lawrence. We were brought together by Ottoline, who admired us both and made us think that we ought to admire each other. There were in Lawrence at that time two attitudes to the war: on the one hand, he could not be whole-heartedly patriotic, because his wife was German; but on the other hand, he had such a hatred of mankind that he tended to think both sides must be right in so far as they hated each other.

With the coming of conscription, I gave practically my whole time and energies to the affairs of the conscientious objectors. Clifford Allen, the chairman of the No Conscription Fellowship, and later Lord Allen of Hurtwood, was a young man of great ability and astuteness. In the summer of 1916, he was court marshalled and sent to prison.

It was at Clifford Allen's police court case when he was first called up that I first met Lady Constance Malleson, generally known by her stage name of Colette O'Niel. She and her sister were both genuine pacifists and threw themselves into the work of the No Conscription Fellowship.

Colette was married to Miles Malleson, the actor and playwright. He had enlisted in 1914, but had had the good luck to be discharged on account of a slight weakness in one foot.

I noticed Colette in the police court and was introduced to her. I found that she was one of Allen's friends and learned from him that she was generous with her time, free in her opinions, and whole-hearted in her pacifism. That she was young and very beautiful, I had seen for myself. She had had a rapid success with two leading parts in succession, but when the War came she spent the whole of the daytime in addressing envelopes in the office of the No Conscription Fellowship. On these data, I naturally took steps to get to know her better.

My relations with Ottoline had been in the meantime growing less intimate. In 1915 she left London and went to live at the Manor House at Garsington, near Oxford. I used to go down to Garsington fairly frequently, but found her comparatively indifferent to me. I sought about for some other woman to relieve my unhappiness, but without success until I met Colette.

After the police court proceedings, I met her next at a dinner of a group of pacifists. I walked back from the restaurant with her and others to the place where she lived. I felt strongly attracted, but had no chance to do much about it beyond mentioning that a few days later I was to make a speech. When I came to make the speech, I saw her on one of the front seats, so I asked her after the meeting to come to supper at a restaurant, and then walked back with her. This time I came in, which I had not done before.

She was very young, but I found her possessed of a degree of calm courage as great as Ottoline's. Courage is a quality that I find essential in any woman whom I am to love seriously.

We talked half the night, and in the middle of talk became lovers. There are those who say that one should be prudent, but I do not agree with them. We scarcely knew each other, and yet in that moment there began for both of us a relation profoundly serious and profoundly important, sometimes happy, sometimes painful, but never trivial and never unworthy to be placed alongside of the great public emotions connected with the War. Indeed, the War was bound into the texture of this love from first to last.

The first time that I was ever in bed with her, we did not go to bed as lovers, as there was too much to say. While we were talking, we heard suddenly a shout of bestial triumph in the street. I leapt out of bed and saw a Zeppelin falling in flames.

The thought of brave men dying in agony was what caused the triumph in the street.

Colette's love was in that moment a refuge to me, not from cruelty itself, which was inescapable, but from the agonising pain of realising that that is what men are.

I remember a Sunday which we spent walking on the South Downs. At evening we came to Lewes Station to take the train back to London,. The Station was crowded with soldiers, most of them going back to the front, almost all of them drunk, half of them accompanied by drunken prostitutes, and the other half by wives or sweethearts, all despairing, all reckless, all mad. The harshness and horror of the war world overcame me, but I clung to Colette. In a world of hate, she preserved love, love in every sense of the word from the most ordinary to the most profound, and she had a quality of rocklike immovability, which in those days was invaluable.

After the night in which the Zeppelin fell I left her in the early morning to return to my brother's house in Gordon Square where I was living. I met on the way an old man selling flowers, who was calling out: "Sweet lovely roses!" I bought a bunch of roses, paid him for them, and told him to deliver them to Bernard Street. The words, "Sweet lovely roses," were ever since a sort of refrain to all my thoughts of Colette.

We went for a three days' honeymoon to the Cat and Fiddle on the moors above Buxton. I could not spare more from work. It was bitterly cold and the water in my jug was frozen in the morning. But the bleak moors suited our mood. They were stark, but gave a sense of vast freedom. We spent our days in long walks and our nights in an emotion that held all the pain of the world in solution, but distilled from it an ecstasy that seemed almost more than human.

I did not know in the first days how serious was my love for Colette. I had got used to thinking that all my serious feelings were given to Ottoline. Colette was so much younger, so much less of a personage, so much more capable of frivolous pleasures, that I could not believe in my own feelings, and half supposed that I was having a light affair with her.

It had become clear to me that I must get over the feeling that I had had for Ottoline, as she no longer returned it sufficiently to get me any happiness. I came to think of Ottoline as a friend rather than a lover. Afterward, I was able to allow my feeling for Colette free scope. When spring came I found myself free of the doubts and hesitations that had troubled me in relation to Colette.

At the height of my winter despair, America being still neutral, I wrote an open letter to President Wilson, appealing to him to save the world. It came to nothing.

From the middle of 1916 until I went to prison in May 1918, I was very busy indeed with the affairs of the No Conscription Fellowship. My times with Colette were such as could be snatched from pacifist work, and were largely connected with the work itself.

We held a meeting at the Brotherhood Church in Southgate Road. Patriotic newspapers distributed leaflets in all of the neighbouring public houses, saying that we were in communication with the Germans and signalled to their airplanes as to where to drop bombs. This made us somewhat unpopular in the neighbourhood, which was a poor one, and a mob presently besieged the church.

Most of us believed that resistance would be either wicked or unwise, since some of us were complete non-resisters, and others realized that we were too few to resist the whole surrounding slum population. A few people among them attempted resistance, and I remember one returning from the door with his face streaming with blood.

The mob burst in, led by a few officers; all except the officers were more or less drunk. The fiercest were viragoes who used wooden boards full of rusty nails. An attempt was made by the officers to induce the women among us to retire first so that they might deal as they thought fit with the pacifist men, whom they supposed to be all cowards. Everybody had to escape as best they could while the police looked on calmly.

Two of the drunken viragoes began to attack me with their boards full of nails. While I was wondering how one defended oneself against this type of attack, one of the ladies among us went up to the police and suggested that they should defend me. The police, however, merely shrugged their shoulders. "But he is an eminent philosopher," said the lady, and the police still shrugged. "But he is famous all over the world as a man of learning," she continued. The police remained unmoved. "But he is the brother of an earl," she finally cried. At that, the police rushed to my assistance.

They were, however, too late to be of any service, and I owe my life to a young woman whom I did not know, who interposed herself between me and the viragos long enough for me to make my escape. She, I am happy to say, was not attacked. But quite a number of people, including several women, had their clothes torn off their backs as they left the building. Colette was present on this occasion, but there was a heaving mob between her and me, and I was unable to reach her until we were both outside. We went home together in a mood of deep dejection.

By this time my relations with the Government had become very bad. In 1916, I wrote a leaflet which was published by the No Conscriptions Fellowship.

I found that those who distributed it were sent to prison. I therefore wrote to *The Times* to state that I was the author of it.

I was prosecuted at the Mansion House before the Lord Mayor, and made a long speech in my own defence. On this occasion I was fined 100 pounds. I did not pay the sum, so that my goods at Cambridge were sold to a sufficient amount to realise the fine. Kind friends, however, bought them and gave them back to me, so that I felt my protest had been somewhat futile.

At Trinity, meanwhile, all the younger Fellows had obtained commissions, and the older men naturally wished to do their bit. They therefore deprived me of my lectureship. When the younger men came back at the end of the War I was invited to return, but by this time I had no longer any wish to do so.

There was a little weekly newspaper called *The Tribunal*, issued by the No Conscription Fellowship, and I used to write weekly articles for it. In one I said that American soldiers would be employed as strike breakers in England, an occupation to which they were accustomed in their own country. This statement was supported by a Senate Report, which I quoted. I was sentenced for this to six months' imprisonment.

I was much cheered, on my arrival, by the warder at the gate, who had to take particulars about me. He asked my religion and I replied, "Agnostic." He asked how to spell it, and remarked with a sigh: "Well, there are many religions, but I suppose they all worship the same God." This remark kept me cheerful for about a week.

By the intervention of Arthur Balfour, I was placed in the first division, so while in prison I was able to read and write as much as I liked, provided I did no pacifist propaganda.

I found prison in many ways quite agreeable. I had no engagements, no difficult decisions to make, no fear of callers, no interruptions to my work. I read enormously; I wrote a book, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, a semi-popular version of *The Principles of Mathematics*, and began the work for another book, *Analysis of Mind*.

Ottoline and Colette used to come alternately. There was only one thing that made me mind being in prison, and that was connected with Colette. Exactly a year after I had fallen in love with her, she fell in love with someone else, though she did not wish it to make any difference in her relations with me. I, however, was bitterly jealous. I had the worst opinion of the man, not wholly without reason. She and I had violent quarrels, and things were never again quite the same between us.

While I was in prison, I was tormented by jealousy the whole time, and driven wild by the sense of impotence, I did not think myself justified in feeling jealousy, which I regarded as an abominable emotion, but nonetheless it consumed me. Later I recognised the fact that my feeling sprang not only from jealousy, but also, as is often the case in so deeply serious a relationship as I felt ours to be, from a sense both of a collaboration broken and, as happened so often and in so many ways during these years, of the sanctuary defiled.

When I had first occasion to feel it, it kept me awake almost the whole of every night for a fortnight. And at the end I only got sleep by getting a doctor to prescribe sleeping draughts. I recognize now that the emotion was wholly foolish, and that Colette's feeling for me was sufficiently serious to persist through any number of minor affairs. The fact was, of course, that she was very young, and could not live continually in the atmosphere of high seriousness in which I lived in those days. But I allowed jealousy to lead me to denounce her with great violence, with the natural result that her feelings towards me were considerably chilled. We remained lovers until 1920, but we never recaptured the perfection of the first year.

I came out of prison in September 1918, when it was already clear that the War was ending. During the last weeks, in common with most other people, I based my hopes upon Woodrow Wilson.

The end of the War was so swift and dramatic that no one had time to adjust feelings to changed circumstances. I learned on the morning of November 11th, a few hours in advance of the general public, that the Armistice was coming. At 11 o'clock, when it was announced, I was in Tottenham Court. Late into the night I stayed alone in the streets, watching the temper of the crowd. They were frivolous still and had learned nothing during the period of horror, except to snatch at pleasure more recklessly than before. I felt strangely solitary amid the rejoicings, like a ghost dropped by accident from some other planet. True, I rejoiced also, but I could find nothing in common between my rejoicing and that of the crowd.

I have imagined myself in turn a liberal, a socialist, or a pacifist, but I have never been any of these things, in any profound sense. Always the skeptical intellect, when I have most wished it silent, has whispered doubts to me, has cut me off from the facile enthusiasm of others, and has transported me into a desolate solitude. I have loved a ghost and my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship.

The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God.

The War of 1914-18 changed everything for me. I ceased to be academic and took to writing a new kind of books. I changed my whole conception of human nature. I became for the first time deeply convinced that Puritanism does not make for human happiness. Through the spectacle of death I acquired a new love for what is living. I became convinced that most human beings are possessed by a profound unhappiness venting itself in destructive rages, and that only through the diffusion of instinctive joy can a good world be brought into being. I saw that reformers and reactionaries alike in our present world have become distorted by cruelties. I grew suspicious of all purposes demanding stern discipline.

When the War was over, I saw that all I had done had been totally useless except to myself. I had not saved a single life or shortened the War by a minute. I had not succeeded in doing anything to diminish the bitterness which caused the Treaty of Versailles. But at any rate I had not been an accomplice in the crime of all the belligerent nations, and for myself I had acquired a new philosophy and a new youth. I had got rid of the don and the Puritan. I had learned an understanding of instinctive processes which I had not possessed before, and I had acquired a certain poise from having stood so long alone. It is my deliberate expectation that the worst is to come, but I do not on that account cease to believe that men and women will ultimately learn the simple secret of instinctive joy.

I have also preserved some letters from this period.

This is from a letter I wrote to the London *Nation* in 1914. "And all this madness, all this rage, all this flaming death of our civilisation and our hopes, has been brought about because a set of official gentlemen, living luxurious lives, mostly stupid, and all without imagination or heart, have chosen that it should occur rather than that any one of them should suffer some infinitesimal rebuff to his country's pride.... And behind the diplomats, dimly heard in the official documents, stand vast forces of national greed and national hatred, atavistic instincts, harmful to mankind at its present level, but transmitted from savage and half-animal ancestors, concentrated and directed by Governments and the Press, fostered by the upper class as a distraction from social discontent, artificially nourished by the sinister influence of the makers of armaments, encouraged by that whole foul literature of "glory," and by every textbook of history with which the minds of children are polluted."

In another letter I wrote, "I find it unspeakably painful being thought a traitor. One ought to be more hardened. The sum total of my crime was that I said, in the defense of a fellow pacifist, that two years hard labour in prison was an excessive punishment of the offence of having a conscientious objection to participation in war."

The ending of the war enabled me to avoid several unpleasant things which would otherwise have happened to me. The military age was raised in 1918, and for the first time I became liable to military service, which I should of course have had to refuse. They called me up for a medical examination, but the government with its utmost efforts was unable to find out where I was, having forgotten that it had put me in prison.

If the War had continued, I should very soon have found myself in prison again as a conscientious objector. From a financial point of view also the ending of the War was very advantageous to me. While I was writing *Principia Mathematica* I felt justified in living on inherited money, though I did not feel justified in keeping an additional sum of capital that I inherited from my grandmother. I gave away this sum in its entirety, some to the University of Cambridge, some to Newham College, and the rest to various educational objects. After parting with the debentures that I gave to Eliot, I was left with only about 100 pounds a year of unearned money, which I could not get rid of as it was in my marriage settlement. This did not seem to matter, as I had become capable of earning money by my books.

In prison, however, while I was allowed to write about mathematics, I was not allowed to write the sort of book by which I could make money. With the end of the War I was again able to earn money by writing, and I have never since been in serious financial difficulties except at times in America.

The ending of the War made a difference in my relations with Colette. During the War we had many things to do in common, and we shared all the very powerful emotions connected with the War. After the War things became more difficult and more strained. From time to time we would part forever, but repeatedly these partings proved unexpectedly temporary.

Meantime, I had been become interested in my second wife. Now, if I may, I shall take a break and offer you one.

END OF ACT I

## ACT II

Returns to the lectern, carrying the shorter manuscript. There is now a park bench to one side.

I was just beginning to tell you about the woman who would become my second wife.

(puts the manuscript down; opens it)

I first met her in 1916 through a friend of hers, who was a pupil of mine.

(refers to manuscript as needed)

She arranged a summer walk with herself, Dora Black and others. Dora, whom I had not seen before, interested me at once. After the walk, we beguiled the time after dinner. I started by asking everybody what they most desired in life. Dora, to my surprise, said that she wanted to marry and have children. Until that moment I had supposed that no clever young woman would confess to so simple a desire, and I concluded that she must possess exceptional sincerity.

In June 1919, I invited Dora, along with others, to come to tea at my flat. During tea, she and I embarked on a heated argument as to the rights of fathers. She said that, for her part, if she had children she would consider them entirely her own and would not be disposed to recognize the father's rights. I replied hotly: "Well, whoever I have children by, it won't be you!"

As a result of this argument, I dined with her next evening and at the end of the evening we arranged that she should come to Lulworth for a long visit. I had on that day had a more than usually definitive parting from Colette, and I did not suppose that I should ever see her again. However, shortly afterward, I had a telegram from Colette to say that she was on her way down in a hired car, as there was no train for several hours.

Fortunately, Dora was not due for some days, but throughout the summer I had difficulties and awkwardnesses in preventing their times from overlapping. Each knew about the other, but questions of tact arose which were by no means easy.

Dora and I became lovers when she came to Lulworth, and the parts of the summer during which she was there were extraordinarily delightful. The chief difficulty with Colette had been that she was unwilling to have children, and that I felt if I was ever to have children I could not put it off any longer. Dora was entirely willing to have children, with or without marriage, and from the first we used no precautions.

She was a little disappointed to find that almost immediately our relations took on all the character of marriage, and when I told her that I should be glad to get a divorce and marry her, she burst into tears, feeling, I think, that it meant the end of independence and light-heartedness. But the feeling we had for each other seemed to have the kind of stability that made any less serious relation impossible.

Those who have know her only in her public capacity would scarcely credit the quality of elfin charm which she possessed whenever the sense of responsibility did not weigh her down. Boating by moonlight, or running with bare feet on the dewy grass, she won my imagination as completely as on her serious side she appealed to my desire for parenthood and my sense of social responsibility.

Our days at Lulworth were a balance of delicious outdoor activities, especially swimming, and general conversations as good as any that I have ever had.

The general theory of relativity was in those days rather new, and I used to discuss it endlessly with different people. We used to debate whether the distance from us to the post office was or was not the same as the distance from the post office to us, though on this matter we never reached a conclusion. The eclipse expedition which confirmed Einstein's prediction as to the bending of light occurred during this time.

Summer, the sea, beautiful country, and pleasant company, combined with love and the ending of the War to produce almost ideally perfect circumstances. At the end of the summer I went back to the flat I shared with Clifford Allen in Battersea, and Dora went to Paris to pursue the researches which she was making, in her capacity of Fellow of Girton, into the beginnings of French freethinking philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I still saw her occasionally, sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris. I was still seeing Colette, and was in a mood of indecision.

At Christmas Dora and I met at the Hague, to which place I went to see my friend Wittenstein. He was an Austrian, and his father was enormously rich. Wittenstein had intended to become an engineer, and for that purpose had gone to Manchester. He had a kind of purity which I have never known equalled except by G. E. Moore.

At the end of his first term at Trinity, he came to me and said, "Do you think I am an absolute idiot?" I said: "Why do you want to know?" He replied: "Because if I am I shall become an airplane pilot, but if I am not I shall become a philosopher." I said to him: "My dear fellow, I don't know whether you are an absolute idiot or not, but if you will write me an essay during the vacation upon any philosophical topic that interests you, I will read it and tell you." He did so and brought it to me at the beginning of the next term.

As soon as I read the first sentence, I became persuaded that he was a man of genius, and assured him that he should on no account become an airplane pilot.

After the Armistice he had been taken prisoner by the Italians, but fortunately with his manuscript. It appeared that he had written a book in the trenches and wished me to read it. He was the kind of man who would never have noticed such small matters as bursting shells when he was thinking about logic. It was the book which was subsequently published with the title *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

I spend almost the whole of the year 1920 in traveling. I was planning to go to Russia, and Dora wanted to go with me. I maintained that, as she had never taken much interest in politics, there was no good reason why she should go, and, as typhus was raging, I should not feel justified in exposing her to the risks. We were both adamant, and it was an issue upon which compromise was impossible. I still think I was right, and she still thinks she was right.

As the day of my departure drew near, I wrote to Colette: "I have a thousand things to do, yet I sit here, idle, thinking useless thoughts, the irrelevant, rebellious thoughts that well-regulated people never think, the thoughts that one hopes to banish by work, but that themselves banish work instead. How I envy those who always believe what they believe, who are not troubled by deadness and indifference to all that makes the framework of their lives. I have had the ambition to be of some use in the world, to achieve something notable, to give mankind new hopes. And now that the opportunity is near, it all seems dust and ashes.

"As I look into the future, my disillusioned gaze sees only strife and still more strife, rasping cruelty, tyranny, terror and slavish submission. The men of my dreams, erect, fearless and generous, will they ever exist on earth? Or will men go on fighting, killing and torturing to the end of time, till the earth grows cold and the dying sun can no longer quicken their futile frenzy? I cannot tell. But I do know the despair in my soul. I know the great loneliness, as I wander through the world like a ghost, speaking in tones that are not heard, lost as if I had fallen from some other planet. I know that for collective action the individual must be turned into a machine. But in these things, though my reason may force me to believe them, I can find no inspiration. It is the individual human soul that I love -- in its loneliness, its hopes and fears, its quick impulses and sudden devotions.

"All through the rugged years of the War, I dreamed of a happy day after its end, when I should sit with you in a sunny garden by the Mediterranean, filled with the scent of heliotrope, surrounded by cypresses and sacred groves of ilex -- and there, at last, I should be able to tell you of my love, and to touch the joy that is as real as pain.

The time is come, but I have other tasks, and you have other desires; and to me, as I sit brooding, all tasks seems vain and all desires foolish. Yet it is not upon these thoughts that I shall act.”

For my part, the time I spent in Russia was a continually increasing nightmare. Scenes of utter horror overwhelmed me while I was there. Cruelty, poverty, suspicion, persecution formed the very air we breathed. Our conversations were continually spied upon. In the middle of the night one would hear shots and know the idealists were being killed in prison. There was a hypocritical pretence of equality and everybody was called “tovarisch.” On one occasion in Petrograd four scarecrows came to see me, dressed in rags, with a fortnight’s beard, filthy nails, and tangled hair. They were the four most eminent poets of Russia. Equally ragged were the mathematical Society of Petrograd.

I was infinitely unhappy in this atmosphere -- stifled by its utilitarianism, its indifference to love and beauty and the life of impulse. I cannot give that importance to man’s merely animal needs that is given here by those in power. No doubt that is because I have not spent half my life in hunger and want, as many of them have. But do hunger and want necessarily bring wisdom? Do they make men more, or less, capable of conceiving the ideal society that should be the inspiration of every reformer? I cannot avoid the belief that they narrow the horizon more than they enlarge it. But an uneasy doubt remained, and I was torn in two.

Lenin, with whom I had an hour’s conversation, rather disappointed me. I do not think that I should have guessed him to be a great man, but in the course of our conversation I was chiefly conscious of his intellectual limitations, and his rather narrow Marxian orthodoxy, as well as a distinct vein of impish cruelty.

I decided that Bolshevism is a tyrannical bureaucracy, with a spy system more elaborate and terrible than the Tsar’s, and an aristocracy as insolent and unfeeling. No vestige of liberty remained, in thought or speech or action.

There was at that time no communication with Russia either by letter or telegram. But as soon as I was on my way back to England, I began telegraphing Dora. To my surprise, I got no reply. She had gone to Russia.

After a time I began to get letters from her, brought out of Russia by friends, and to my great surprise she liked Russia just as much as I had hated it. I wondered if we should ever be able to overcome this difference.

When I got back to England, I found a letter waiting for me from China, inviting me to go there for a year to lecture. I wrote a letter to Dora that I would accept if she would come with me. It would be necessary that she should return at once. Somehow, she managed.

We met again on a Sunday, and at first we were almost hostile strangers to each other. She regarded my objections to the Bolsheviks as bourgeois and senile and sentimental. I regarded her love of them with bewildered horror. She had met men in Russia whose attitude seemed to her in every way superior to mine, and I had been finding the same consolation with Colette as I used to find during the War.

In spite of all this, we found ourselves taking all the necessary steps required for going off together for a year in China. Some force stronger than words, or even than our conscious thoughts, kept us together, so that in action neither of us wavered for a moment. From the time of her arrival to the time of our departure for China was only five days. So we had to work literally night and day. As I wished to be divorced while in China, it was necessary to spend the nights in official adultery. At last, however, everything was in order. Dora, with her usual skill, had so won over her parents that they came to Victoria to see us off just as if we had been married. This in spite of the fact that they were completely and entirely conventional.

We travelled to China from Marseilles in a French boat. Just before we left London, we learned that, owing to a case of plague on board, the sailing would be delayed for three weeks. We did not feel, however, that we could go through all the business of saying goodbye a second time, so we went to Paris and spent the three weeks there.

After a few days in Paris, all the appearance of estrangement which had existed between us ceased, and we became gay and light-hearted. There were, however, moments on the boat when things were difficult. I was sensitive because of the contempt that Dora had poured on my head for not liking Russia. I suggested to her that we had made a mistake in coming away together, and that the best way out would be to jump into the sea. This mood, however, which was largely induced by the heat, soon passed.

The voyage lasted five or six weeks. When we arrived in Shanghai, there was at first no one to meet us. Our friends soon appeared on board and took us to a Chinese hotel, where we passed three of the most bewildering days that I have ever experienced. There was at first some difficulty in explaining about Dora. They got the impression that she was my wife, and when we said that this was not the case, they were afraid that I should be annoyed about their previous misconception. I told them that I wished her to be treated as my wife, and they published a statement to that effect in the Chinese papers.

From the first moment to the last of our stay, every Chinese with whom we came in contact treated her with the most complete and perfect courtesy, and with exactly the same deference as would have been paid to her if she had been in fact my wife. They did this in spite of the fact that we insisted upon her always being called Miss Black.

John Dewey was there at the time. When I became ill, he treated us both with singular helpfulness. I was told that when he came to see me in the hospital, he was much touched by my saying, "We must make a plan for peace" at a time when everything else that I said was delirium.

Our first months in Peking were a time of absolute and complete happiness. All the difficulties and disagreements that we had had were completely forgotten. We had an official interpreter assigned to look after us. His English was very good and he was especially proud of his ability to make puns in English. His name was Mr. Chao, and when I showed him an article that I had written called "Causes of the Present Chaos" he remarked, "Well, I suppose the causes of the present Chaos are the previous Chaos."

After centuries of slumber, China was becoming aware of the modern world and the Communists had not yet come to power.

I was very busy lecturing at the National University of Peking, and I also had a seminar of the more advanced students. All of them were Bolsheviks except one, who was the nephew of the Emperor. They used to slip off to Moscow one by one. They were charming youths, ingenuous and intelligent at the same time, eager to know the world and to escape from the trammels of Chinese tradition.

Most of them had been betrothed in infancy to old-fashioned girls, and were troubled by the ethical question whether they would be justified in breaking the betrothal to marry some girl of modern education.

Dora used to go to the Girls' Norma School, where those who were to be teachers were being trained. They would put to her every kind of question about marriage, free love, contraception, etc., and she answered all their questions with complete frankness. Nothing of the sort would have been possible in any similar European institutions.

In spite of their freedom of thought, traditional habits of behavior had a great hold upon them. We occasionally gave parties to the young men of my seminar and the girls at the Normal School. The girls at first would take refuge in a room to which they supposed no men would penetrate, and they had to be fetched out and encouraged to associate with males.

It must be said that when once the ice was broken, no further encouragement was needed.

The climate in Peking in winter is very cold. I got bronchitis, but paid no attention to it. It seemed to get better, and one day at the invitation of some Chinese friends, we went to a place about two hours by motor from Peking, where there were hot springs. The hotel provided a very good tea. But I suddenly began to shiver, and after I had been shivering for an hour or so, we decided that I had better get back to Peking at once. On the way home, our car had a puncture, and by the time the puncture was mended, the engine was cold. By this time I was nearly delirious, but the Chinese servants and Dora pushed the car to the top of a hill, and on the descent the engine gradually began to work.

Owing to the delay, the gates of Peking were shut when we reached them, and it took an hour of telephoning to get them to open. By the time we finally got home, I was very ill indeed. Before I had time to realise what was happening, I was delirious.

I was moved into a German hospital, where Dora nursed me by day and the only English professional nurse in Peking nursed me by night.

For a fortnight the doctors thought every evening that I should be dead before morning. I remember nothing of this time except a few dreams. When I came out of delirium I did not know where I was and did not recognise the nurse. Dora told me that I had been very ill and nearly died, to which I replied: "How interesting," but I was so weak that I forgot it in five minutes, and she had to tell me again. I could not even remember my own name.

For about a month after my delirium had ceased they kept telling me I might die at any moment, but I never believed a word of it. The nurse whom they had found was rather distinguished in her profession and was deeply religious. She told me when I began to get better that she had seriously considered whether it was not her duty to let me die. Fortunately, professional training was too strong for her moral sense.

All through the time of my convalescence, in spite of weakness and great physical discomfort, I was exceedingly happy. Dora was very devoted, and her devotion made me forget everything unpleasant. At an early stage of my convalescence Dora discovered that she was pregnant, and this was a source of immense happiness to us both. Ever since the moment when I walked on Richmond Green with Alys, the desire for children had been growing stronger and stronger within me, until at last it had become a consuming passion.

When I discovered that I was not only to survive but to have a child, I became completely indifferent to the circumstances of convalescence, although during convalescence, I had a whole series of minor diseases.

The main trouble had been double pneumonia, but in addition to that I had heart disease, kidney disease, dysentery, and phlebitis. None of these, however, prevented me from feeling perfectly happy and in spite of all gloomy prognostications, no ill effects whatever remained after my recovery.

Lying in bed feeling that I was not going to die was surprisingly delightful. I had always imagined until then that I was fundamentally pessimistic and did not greatly value being alive. I discovered that in this I had been completely mistaken, and that life was infinitely sweet to me.

Rain in Peking is rare, but during my convalescence there came heavy rains bringing the delicious smell of damp earth through the windows, and I used to think how dreadful it would have been to have never smelt that smell again. I had the same feeling about the light of the sun, and the sound of the wind. Just outside my windows were some very beautiful acacia trees, which came into blossom at the first moment when I was well enough to enjoy them. I have known ever since that at bottom I am glad to be alive. Most people, no doubt, always know this, but I did not.

I was told that the Chinese said that they would bury me by a lake and build a shrine to my memory. I have some slight regret that this did not happen, as I might have become a god, which would have been very *chic* for atheist.

There was in Peking at that time a Soviet diplomatic mission, whose members showed great kindness. They had the only good champagne in Peking, and supplied it liberally for my use, champagne apparently being the only proper beverage for pneumonia patients. They used to take Dora and later Dora and me for motor drives in the neighborhood of Peking. This was a pleasure, but a somewhat exciting one, as they were as bold in drive as they were in revolutions.

I probably owe my life to the Rockefeller Institute in Peking which provided a serum that killed the pneumococci. I owe them the more gratitude on this point, as both before and after I was strongly opposed to them politically, and they regarded me with as much horror as was felt by my nurse.

The Japanese journalists were continually worrying Dora to give them interviews when she wanted to be nursing me. At last she became a little curt with them, so they caused the Japanese newspapers to say that I was dead. The news was forwarded by mail from Japan to America and from America to England. It appeared in the English newspapers on the same day as the news of my divorce. Fortunately, the Court did not believe it, or the divorce might have been postponed.

It provided me with the pleasure of reading my obituary notices, which I had always desired without expecting my wishes to be fulfilled. One missionary paper, I remember, had an obituary notice of one sentence: "Missionaries may be pardoned for heaving a sigh of relief at the news of Mr. Bertrand Russell's death." I fear they must have heaved a sigh of a different sort when they found that I was not dead after all.

The report caused some pain to friends in England. We in Peking knew nothing about it until a telegram came from my brother enquiring whether I was still alive. He had been remarking meanwhile that to die in Peking was not the sort of thing I would do.

The most tedious stage of my convalescence was when I had phlebitis, and had to lie motionless on my back for six weeks. We were very anxious to return home for the confinement, and as time went on it began to seem doubtful whether we should be able to do so. However, the trouble cleared up just in time and on July 10th we were able to leave Peking, though I was still very weak and could only hobble about with the help of a stick.

Before I became ill I had undertaken to do a lecture tour in Japan after leaving China. I had to cut this down to one lecture and visits to various people. We spent twelve hectic days in Japan, days which were far from pleasant, though very interesting. At the first port, some thirty journalists were lying in wait, although we had done our best to travel secretly, and they only discovered our movements through the police. As the Japanese papers had refused to contradict the news of my death, Dora gave each of them a typewritten slip saying that as I was dead I could not be interviewed. They drew in their breath through their teeth and said: "Ah! Veree funnee!"

We sailed from Yokohama by the Canadian Pacific. Dora's condition was not yet visible to ordinary eyes, but we saw the ship's doctor cast a professional eye upon her, and we learned that he had communicated his observations to the passengers. Consequently, almost nobody would speak to us, although everybody was anxious to photograph us. The only people who would speak with us were Mischa Elman, the violinist, and his party.

After an uneventful journey, we arrived in Liverpool at the end of August. Dora's mother was on the dock, partly to welcome us, but partly to give Dora wise advice, which she was almost too shy to do.

On September 27th, 1921, we were married, having succeeded in hurrying up the King's Proctor, though this required that I should swear by Almighty God on Charing Cross platform that Dora was the woman with whom I had committed the official adultery.

On November 16th, my son John was born, and from that moment my children were for many years my main interest in life.

With my return from China, my life entered upon a less dramatic phase, with a new emotional centre. From adolescence until the completion of *Principia Mathematica*, my fundamental preoccupation had been intellectual. I wanted to understand and to make others understand; also I wished to raise a monument by which I might be remembered, and on account of which I might feel that I had not lived in vain.

From the outbreak of the First World War until my return from China, social questions occupied the centre of my emotions; the War and Soviet Russia alike gave me a sense of tragedy, and I had hopes that mankind might learn to live in some less painful way. I tried to discover some secret wisdom and to proclaim it with such persuasiveness that the world should listen and agree. But, gradually, the ardour cooled and the hope grew less; I did not change my views as to how men should live, but I held them with less of prophetic ardour and with less expectation of success in my campaigns.

Ever since the day when I walked with Alys on Richmond Green after hearing the medical verdict, I had tried to suppress my desire for children. It had, however, grown continually stronger, until it had become almost insupportable. When my first child was born, I felt an immense release of pent-up emotion, and during the next ten years my main purposes were parental.

Parental feeling, as I have experienced it, is very complex. There is, first and foremost, sheer animal affection, and delight in watching what is charming in the ways of the young. Next, there is the sense of inescapable responsibility, providing a purpose for daily activities which skepticism does not easily question. Then there is an egoistic element, which is very dangerous: the hope that one's children may succeed where one has failed, that they may carry on one's work when death or senility puts an end to one's own efforts, and, in any case, that they will supply a biological escape from death, making one's own life part of the whole stream, and not a mere stagnant puddle without any overflow into the future. All this I experienced, and for some years it filled my life with happiness and peace.

The first thing was to find somewhere to live. I tried to rent a flat, but I was both politically and morally undesirable, and landlords refused me as a tenant. So I bought a freehold house in Chelsea, No. 31 Sydney Street, where my two older children were born. But it did not seem good for children to live all the year in London., so in the spring of 1922 we acquired a house in Cornwall, at Perthcurno, about four miles from Land's End.

From then until 1927 we divided our time about equally between London and Cornwall.

The beauty of the Cornish coast is inextricably mixed in my memories with the ecstasy of watching two healthy happy children learning the joys of sea and rocks and sun and storm. I spent a great deal more time with them than is possible for most fathers.

During the six months of the year we spent in Cornwall we had a fixed and leisurely routine. During the morning my wife and I worked while the children were in the care of a nurse, and later a governess. After lunch we all went to one or other of the many beaches that were within a walk of our house. The children played naked, bathing or climbing or making sand castles as the spirit moved them, and we, of course, shared in these activities. We came home very hungry to a very late and a very large tea. Then the children were put to bed and the adults reverted to their grown-up pursuits. In my memory, which is of course, fallacious, it was always sunny, and always warm after April. But in April the winds were cold.

In the circumstances it was natural that I should become interested in education. I wrote a book titled *On Education*. I think now that the methods I proposed with very young children were unduly harsh.

It must not be supposed that life during these six years from the autumn of 1921 to the autumn of 1927 was all one summer idyll. Parenthood had made it imperative to earn money. The purchase of two houses had exhausted almost all the capital that remained to me. When I returned from China I had no obvious means of making money, and at first I suffered considerable anxiety. I took whatever odd journalistic jobs were offered me: while my son John was being born, I wrote an article on Chinese pleasure in fireworks, although concentration on so remote a topic was difficult in the circumstances.

In 1922 I published a book on China, and in 1923 with my wife Dora a book on *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization*, but neither of these brought much money. I did better with two small books, *The A. B. C. Of Atoms* and *The A. B. C. Of Relativity*, and with two other small books, *Icarus or the Future of Science* and *What I Believe*.

In 1927, I gave a talk at Battersea Town Hall, sponsored by the South London Branch of the National Secular Society, called *Why I Am Not a Christian*. I provided many reasons for my position. which was consistent with my belief that we should have evidence for all of our beliefs, and especially with regard to a subject as important as religion. It did not prove to be my least controversial work.

Yet to follow scientific intelligence wherever it may lead me had always seemed to me the most imperative of moral precepts for me, and I have followed this even when it has involved a loss of what I myself had taken for deep spiritual insight.

After my book on education, until 1933, I prospered financially, especially with the two books, *Marriage and Morals* and *The Conquest of Happiness*. Most of my work during these years was popular, and was done in order to make money, but I also did some more technical work. There was a new edition of *Principia Mathematica*, to which I made various additions; and I published *The Analysis of Matter*, a companion volume to *The Analysis of Mind*, which I began in prison.

I also stood for Parliament in Chelsea in 1922 and 1923; and Dora stood in 1924.

In 1927, Dora and I came to a decision, for which we were equally responsible, to found a school of our own in order that our children might be educated as we thought best. We believed, perhaps mistakenly, that children need the companionship of a group of other children, and that, therefore, we ought no longer to be content to bring up our children without others. But we did not know of any existing school that seemed to us in any way satisfactory. We wanted an unusual combination: on the one hand, we disliked prudery and religious instruction and a great many restraints on freedom which are taken for granted in conventional schools; on the other hand, we could not agree with most modern educationists on thinking scholastic instruction unimportant, or in advocating a complete absence of discipline. We therefore endeavoured to collect a group of about twenty children, of roughly the same ages as John and our daughter, Kate, with a view to keeping these same children through their school years.

For the purposes of the school we rented my brother's house, Telegraph House, on the South Downs, between Chichester and Petersfield. This owed its name to having been a semaphore station in the time of George III, one of a string of such stations by which messages were flashed between Portsmouth and London. Probably the news of Trafalgar reached London in this way.

The original house was quite small, but my brother gradually added to it. He was passionately devoted to the place, and wrote about it at length in his autobiography, which he called *My Life and Adventures*. The house was ugly and rather absurd, but the situation was superb. There was a tower with large windows on all four sides. Here I made my study, and I have never known one with a more beautiful outlook.

It is no wonder that my brother loved the place. But he had speculated unwisely, and lost every penny that he possessed.

I offered him a much higher rent than he could have obtained from anyone else, and he was compelled by poverty to accept my offer. But he hated it, and ever after bore me a grudge for inhabiting his paradise.

The house must, however, have had for him some associations not wholly pleasant. He had acquired it originally as a discreet retreat where he could enjoy the society of Miss Morris, whom, for many years, he hoped to marry if he could ever get free from his first wife. Miss Morris, however, was ousted from his affections by Molly, the lady who became his second wife, for whose sake he suffered imprisonment after being condemned by his Peers for bigamy.

For Molly's sake he had been divorced from his first wife. He became divorced in Reno and immediately thereupon married Molly, again at Reno. He returned to England and found that British law considered his marriage to Molly bigamous on the ground that British law acknowledges the validity of Reno marriages, but not of Reno divorces.

His second wife, who was very fat, used to wear green corduroy slacks, and the view of her from behind when she was bending over a flower bed at Telegraph House used to make one wonder that he had thought her worth what he had gone through for her sake. Her day, like Miss Morris's, came to an end, and he fell in love with Elizabeth. Molly, from whom he wished to be divorced, demanded 400 pounds a year for life as her price; after his death, I had to pay this. She died at about the age of ninety.

Elizabeth, in her turn, left him and wrote an intolerably cruel novel about him, called *Vera*. In this novel, Vera is already dead; she had been his wife, and he is supposed to be heartbroken at the loss of her. She died by falling out of one of the windows of the tower of Telegraph House. As the novel proceeds, the reader gradually gathers that her death was not an accident, but suicide brought on by my brother's cruelty. It was this that caused me to give my children an empathic piece of advice: Do not marry a novelist.

In this house of many memories we established the school. While conducting the school, both I and Dora made lecture tours of America.

In 1929, I published *Marriage and Morals*, which I dictated while recovering from whooping cough. It was this book chiefly which, in 1940, supplied material for the attack on me in New York. In it, I developed the view that complete fidelity was not to be expected in most marriages, but that a husband and wife ought to be able to remain good friends in spite of affairs. I did not maintain, however, that a marriage could with advantage be prolonged if the wife had a child or children of whom the husband was not the father; in that case, I thought, divorce was desirable.

I do not know what I think now about the subject of marriage. There seem to be insuperable objections to every general theory about it. Perhaps easy divorce causes less unhappiness than any other system, but I am no longer capable of being dogmatic on the subject of marriage.

In 1930, I published *The Conquest of Happiness*, a book consisting of common sense advice as to what an individual can do to overcome temperamental causes of unhappiness, as opposed to what can be done by changes in social and economic systems.

I was profoundly unhappy during the next few years and some things which I wrote then give a more exact picture of my mood.

At that time I used to write an article once a week for the Hearst Press. I spent Christmas Day, 1931, on the Atlantic, returning from one of my American lecture tours. So I chose for that week's article the subject of "Christmas at Sea." Allow me to read a few excerpts.

"Time, they say, makes a man mellow. I do not believe it. Time makes a man afraid, and fear makes him conciliatory, and being conciliatory he endeavours to appear to others what they will think mellow. And with fear comes the need of affection, of some human warmth to keep away the chill of the cold universe. When I speak of fear, I do not mean merely or mainly personal fear: the fear of death or decrepitude or penury or any such merely mundane misfortune. I am thinking of a more metaphysical fear. I am thinking of the fear that enters the soul through experience of the major evils to which life is subject: the treachery of friends, the death of those whom we love, the discovery of the cruelty that lurks in average human nature.

"To stand alone may still be possible as a moral effort, but is no longer pleasant as an adventure. I want the companionship of my children, the warmth of the family fireside, the support of historic continuity and of membership of a great nation. These are very ordinary human joys, which most middle-aged persons enjoy at Christmas. There is nothing about them to distinguish the philosopher from other men; on the contrary, their very ordinariness makes them the more effective in mitigating the sense of sombre solitude.

"And so Christmas at sea, which was once a pleasant adventure, has become painful. It seems to symbolise the loneliness of the man who chooses to stand alone, using his own judgment rather than the judgment of the herd. But there is something also to be said of the other side. Domestic joys, like all the softer pleasures, may sap the will and destroy courage. The indoor warmth of the traditional Christmas is good, but so is the South wind, and the sun rising out of the sea, and the freedom of the watery horizon.

The beauty of these things is undiminished by human folly and wickedness, and remains to give strength to the flattering idealism of middle age.

“Mathematics and the stars consoled me when the human world seemed empty of comfort.

“My personal life since I returned from China has been happy and peaceful. I have derived from my children at least as much instinctive satisfaction as I anticipated, and have in the main regulated my life with reference to them. But while my personal life has been satisfying, my impersonal outlook has become increasingly sombre, and I have found it more and more difficult to believe that the hopes which I formerly cherished will be realised in any measurable future.

“Ever since puberty I have believed the value of two things: kindness and clear thinking. At first these two remained more or less distinct: when I felt triumphant, I believed most in clear thinking, and in the opposite mood I believed most in kindness. Gradually, the two have come more and more together in my feelings.

“When I survey my life, it seems to me to be a useless one, devoted to impossible ideals. My activities continue from force of habit, and in the company of others I forget the despair which underlies my daily pursuits and pleasures. But when I am alone and idle, I cannot conceal from myself that my life has no purpose, and that I know of no new purpose to which to devote my remaining years. I find myself involved in a vast mist of solitude both emotional and metaphysical, from which I can find no issue.”

In my second marriage, I had tried to preserve that respect for my wife's liberty which I thought that my creed enjoined. I found, however, that my capacity for forgiveness and what may be called Christian love, as opposed to sexual love, was not equal to the demands that I was making on it, and that persistence in a hopeless endeavour would do much harm to me, while not achieving the intended good to others. Anybody else could have told me this in advance, but I was blinded by theory.

It was during our later years at Telegraph House that I left her. She continued the school, while John and Kate were made wards in Chancery and sent to Dartington school, where they were very happy

I spent the summer of 1932 at Carn Voel, which I later gave to Dora. After having no longer the financial burden of the school, I gave up writing potboilers. And having failed as a parent, I found that my ambition to write books that might be important revived.

During my lecture tour in America in 1931, I had contracted with W. W. Norton, the publisher, to write the book which was published in 1934 under the title *Freedom and Organization, 1814-1914*. I worked at this book in collaboration with Patricia Spence, commonly known as Peter Spence. I very much enjoyed this work.

When the writing was finished, I decided to return to Telegraph House and tell Dora she must live elsewhere. My reasons were financial. I was under a legal obligation to pay a rent of 400 pounds a year for Telegraph House, the proceeds being due to my brother's second wife as alimony. I was also obliged to pay alimony to Dora, as well as all the expenses of John and Kate. Meanwhile my income had diminished catastrophically. This was due partly to the depression, which caused people to buy much fewer books, partly to the fact that I was no longer writing popular books, and partly to my having refused to stay with Hearst in 1931 at his castle in California.

My weekly articles in the Hearst newspapers had brought me 1,000 pounds a year, but after my refusal the pay was halved, and very soon I was told the articles were no longer required.

I wished to sell Telegraph House, but could not put it on the market while the school was there. The only hope was to live there and try to make it attractive to possible purchasers.

After settling again at Telegraph House, without the school, I went for a holiday to the Canary Islands. On returning, I found myself, though sane, quite devoid of creative impulse, and at a loss to know what work to do. For about two months, purely to afford myself distraction, I worked on the problem of the twenty-seven straight lines on a cubic surface. But this would never do, as it was totally useless and I was living on capital saved during the successful years that ended in 1932.

I decided to write a book on the daily increasing menace of war. I called this book *Which Way to Peace?* and maintained in it the pacifist position that I had taken up during the First War. I did, it is true, make an exception: I held that, if ever a world government were established, it would be desirable to support it by force against rebels. But as regards the war to be feared in the immediate future, I urged conscientious objection.

This attitude, however, had become unconsciously insincere. I had been able to view with reluctant acquiescence the possibility of the Kaiser's Germany; I thought that, although this would be an evil, it would not be so great an evil as a world war and its aftermath. But Hitler's Germany was a different matter. I found the Nazis utterly revolting -- cruel, bigoted, and stupid. Morally and intellectually they were odious to me.

Although I clung to my pacifist convictions, I did so with increasing difficulty. When, in 1940, England was threatened with invasion, I realised that, throughout the First War, I had never seriously envisaged the possibility of utter defeat. I found this possibility unbearable, and at last consciously and definitely decided that I must support what was necessary for victory in the Second War, however difficult victory might be to achieve, and however painful in its consequences.

This was the last stage in the slow abandonment of many of the beliefs that had come to me in the moment of conversion in 1901. I had never been a complete adherent of the doctrine of nonresistance; I had always recognised the necessity of the police and the criminal law; and even during the First War I had maintained publicly that some wars are justifiable. But I had allowed a larger sphere to the method of nonresistance, or rather, non-violent resistance, than later experience seemed to warrant. It certainly has an important sphere; but it depends upon the existence of certain virtues in those against whom it is employed. But the Nazis had no scruples.

About a year and a half was spent by Peter Spence, with whom for some time I had been in love, and me on *The Amberley Papers*, a record of the brief life of my parents.

In 1936, I married Peter Spence and my youngest child, Conrad, was born in 1937. This was a great happiness.

A few months after his birth, I at last succeeded in selling Telegraph House. For years, I had no offers, but suddenly I had two. Although for financial reasons, I had to be glad to be rid of Telegraph house, the parting was painful.

After I had finished my latest book, *Power, a new social analysis*, I found my thoughts turning again to theoretical philosophy. The logical positivists seemed to me on some points to be falling into errors which seemed inclined to treat the realm of language as if it were self-subsistent, and not in need of any relation to non-linguistic occurrences. Being invited to give a course of lectures at Oxford, I chose as my subject "Words and Facts." The lectures were the first draft of the book published in 1940 under the title *An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth*.

Peter Spece and I bought a house at Kidlington, near Oxford, and lived there for about a year, but only one Oxford lady called. We were not respectable. We had later a similar experience in Cambridge. In this respect I have found these ancient seats of learning unique.

Now, just a brief quote from the letters of this period.

“Einstein’s pronouncement on the duty of Pacifists to refuse every kind of military service has my most hearty agreement, and I am very glad that the leading intellect of our age should have pronounced himself so clearly and so uncompromisingly on this issue.”

In August 1938 we sold our house at Kidlington. The purchasers would only buy it if we evacuated it at once, which left us a fortnight in August to fill in somehow. We hired a caravan, and spent the time on the coast of Pembrokeshire. There were Peter and me, John and Kate, and Conrad, and our big dog Sherry. It poured with rain practically the whole time and we were all squashed up together. It was about as uncomfortable a time as I can remember. Peter had to prepare the meals, which she hated doing. Finally, John and Kate went back to Dartington, and Peter and Conrad and I sailed for America.

In Chicago I had a large Seminar, where I continued to lecture on the same subject as at Oxford, namely, “Words and Facts.” But I was told that Americans would not respect my lectures if I used monosyllables, so I altered the title to something like “The Correlation between Oral and Somotic Motor Habits.” Under this title, or something of the sort, the Seminar was approved.

I became a professor at the University of California at Los Angeles. After the bleak hideousness of Chicago, which was still in the grip of winter, it was delightful to arrive in the Californian spring. We arrived in California at the end of March, and my duties did not begin until September.

In the summer of 1939, John and Kate came to visit us for the period of the school holidays. A few days after they arrived the War broke out and it became impossible to send them back to England. I had to provide for their further education at a moment’s notice. John was seventeen and I entered him at the University of California, but Kate was only fifteen, and this seemed young for the University. I made enquiries among friends as to which school in Los Angeles had the highest academic standard, and there was one that they all concurred in recommending, so I sent her there. But I found that there was only one subject taught that she did not already know, and that was the virtues of the capitalist system. I was then compelled, in spite of her youth, to send her to the University.

In the summer of 1939 we rented a house at Santa Barbara, which is an altogether delightful place. Unfortunately, I injured my back and had to lie flat on my back for a month, tortured by almost unendurable sciatica.

The academic atmosphere was much less agreeable than in Chicago;

the people were not so able, and the President was a man of whom I conceived, I think justly, a profound aversion. If a lecturer said anything that was too liberal, it was discovered that the lecturer in question did his work badly and he was dismissed.

Towards the end of the academic year 1939-40, I was invited to become a professor at the College of the City of New York. The matter appeared to be settled, and I wrote to the President of the University of California to resign my post there. Half an hour after he received my letter, I learned that the appointment in New York was not definitive, and I called up the President to withdraw my resignation, but he told me it was too late. Earnest Christian taxpayers had been protesting against having to contribute to the salary of an infidel, and the President was glad to be quit of me.

The College of the City of New York was an institution run by the City Government. Those who attended it were practically all Catholics or Jews; but to the indignation of the former, practically all the scholarships went to the latter. The Government of New York City was virtually a satellite of the Vatican, but the professors at the City College strove ardently to keep up some semblance of academic freedom. It was no doubt in pursuit of this aim that they had recommended me.

An Anglican bishop was incited to protest against me, and priests lectured the police, who were practically all Irish Catholics, on my responsibility for the local criminals. A lady whose daughter attended some section of the City College with which I should never be brought in contact, was induced to bring a suit, saying that my presence in that institution would be dangerous to her daughter's virtue.

This was not a suit against me, but against the Municipality of New York. I endeavoured to be made a party to the suit but was told that I was not concerned. Although the Municipality was nominally the defendant, it was as anxious to lose the suit as the good lady was to win it. The lawyer for the prosecution pronounced my works "lecherous, libidinous, lustful, venerous, erotmaniac, aphrodisiac, irreverent, narrow-minded, untruthful, and bereft of moral fiber."

The suit came before an Irishman who decided against me at length and with vituperation. I wished for an appeal, but the municipality of New York refused to appeal. Some of the things said against me were quite fantastic. For example, I was thought wicked for saying that very young infants should not be punished for masturbation.

A typical American witch-hunt was instituted against me, and I became taboo throughout the whole of the United States. I was to have been engaged in a lecture tour, but I had only one engagement, made before the witch hunt had developed.

The Rabbi who had made this engagement broke his contract, but I cannot blame him. Owners of halls refused to let them if I was to lecture, and if I had appeared anywhere in public, I should probably have been lynched by a Catholic mob, with the full approval of the police.

No newspaper or magazine would publish anything that I wrote, and I was suddenly deprived of all means of earning a living. As it was legally impossible to get money out of England, this produced a very difficult situation, especially as I had my three children dependent upon me. Many liberal-minded professors protested, but they all supposed that I was an earl and I must have ancestral estates and be very well off.

Only one man did anything practical, and that was Dr. Barnes, the inventor of Argyrol, and the creator of the Barnes Foundation near Philadelphia. He gave me a five-year appointment to lecture on philosophy at his Foundation. This relieved me of a very great anxiety. Until he gave me this appointment, I had seen no way out of my troubles.

I could not get money out of England; it was impossible to return to England; I certainly did not wish my three children to go back into the blitz, even if I could have got a passage for them, which would certainly have been impossible for a long time to come. It seemed as if it would be necessary to take John and Kate away from the University and to live as cheaply as possible on the charity of kind friends. From this bleak prospect I was saved by Dr. Barnes.

The summer of 1940 offered for me an extraordinary contrast between public horror and private delight. We spent the summer in the Sierras, at Fallen Leaf Lake near Lake Tahoe, one of the loveliest places that it has ever been my good fortune to know. The lake is more than 6,000 feet above sea level, and during the greater part of the year deep snow makes the whole region uninhabitable. But there is a three months' season in the summer during which the sun shines continually, the weather is warm, but as a rule not unbearably hot, the mountains meadows are filled with the most exquisite wild flowers, and the smell of the pine trees fills the air.

We had a log cabin in the middle of pine trees, close to the lake. Conrad and his nursery governess slept indoors, but there was no room for the rest of us in the house, and we all slept on various porches. One angle of the house in which we lived was made of a live and growing tree; I could not imagine what would happen to the house when the tree grew too big.

There were endless walks through deserted country to waterfalls, lakes and mountain tops, and one could dive off snow into deep water that was not unduly cold.

I had a tiny study which was hardly more than a shed, and there I finished my *Inquiry into Meaning and Truth*. Often it was so hot that I did my writing stark naked. But heat suits me, and I never found it too hot for work.

Amid all these delights we waited day by day to know whether England had been invaded, and whether London still existed. The postman, a jocular fellow with a somewhat sadistic sense of humour, arrived one morning saying in a loud voice, "Heard the news? All London destroyed, not a house left standing!" And we could not know whether to believe him. Long walks and frequent bathes in many lakes helped to make the time endurable, and by September it had begun to seem that England would not be invaded.

I found in the Sierras the only classless society that I have ever known. Practically all the houses were inhabited by university professors, and the necessary work was done by university students. The young man, for instance, who brought our groceries, was a young man to whom I had been lecturing throughout the winter.

In the autumn of 1940 I gave the William James lectures at Harvard. This engagement had been made before the trouble in New York. Perhaps Harvard regretted having made it, but, if so, the regret was politely concealed from me.

My duties with Dr. Barnes began at the New Year of 1941. We rented a farmhouse about thirty miles from Philadelphia, a very charming house, about two hundred years old, in rolling country, not unlike inland Dorsetshire. There was an orchard, a fine old barn, and three peach trees, which bore enormous quantities of the most delicious peaches I have ever tasted. There were fields sloping down to a river, and pleasant woodlands. From there I used to go by train to the Barnes Foundation, where I lectured in a gallery of modern French paintings, mostly of nudes, which seemed somewhat incongruous for academic philosophy.

Dr. Barnes was a strange character. He demanded constant flattery and had a passion for quarrelling. I was warned before accepting his offer that he always tired of people before long, so I exacted a five-year contract from him. On December 28th, 1942, I got a letter from him informing me that my appointment was terminated as from January 1st. I was thus reduced once again from affluence to destitution. True, I had my contract, and the lawyer whom I consulted assured me that there was no doubt whatever of my getting full redress from the courts. But obtaining legal redress takes time, especially in America, and I had to live through the intervening period somehow.

When my case came to court, Dr. Barnes complained that I had done insufficient work for my lectures, and that they were superficial and perfunctory. So far as they had gone, they consisted of the first two thirds of my *History of Western Philosophy*, of which I submitted the manuscript to the judge, though I scarcely suppose he read it. I won my case. Dr. Barnes, of course, appealed as often as he could, and it was not until I was back in England that I actually got the money. Meanwhile, he had sent a printed document concerning my sins to the Master and each of the Fellows of Trinity College, to warn them of their folly in inviting me back. I never read this document, but I have no doubt it was good reading.

In the early months of 1943, I suffered some financial stringency, but not so much as I had feared. We sublet our nice farmhouse, and went to live in a cottage intended for a black couple whom it was expected that the inhabitants of the farmhouse would employ. This consisted of three rooms and three stoves, each of which had to be stoked every hour or so. One was to warm the place, one was for cooking, and one was for hot water. When they went out it was several hours work to get them lighted again.

Conrad could hear every word that Peter and I said to each other, and we had many worrying things to discuss which it was not good for him to be troubled with. But by this time the trouble about City College had begun to blow over, and I was able to get occasional lecture engagements in New York and other places.

The embargo was first broken by an invitation from Professor Weiss of Bryn Mawr to give a course of lectures there. This required no small degree of courage by either party. On one occasion I was so poor that I had to take a single ticket to New York and pay the return fare out of my lecture fee.

My *History of Western Philosophy* was nearly complete, and I wrote to W. W. Norton, who had been my American publisher, to ask if, in view of my difficult financial position, he would make an advance on it. He replied that because of his affection for John and Kate, and as a kindness to an old friend he would advance five-hundred dollars. I thought I could get more elsewhere, so I approached Simon and Schuster, who were unknown to me personally. They at once agreed to pay me two-thousand dollars on the spot, and another six months later. At this time John was at Harvard and Kate was at Radcliffe. I had been afraid that lack of funds might compel me to take them away, but thanks to Simon and Schuster, this proved unnecessary. I was also helped at this time by loans from private friends which, fortunately, I was able to repay before long.

*The History of Western Philosophy* began by accident and proved the main source of my income for many years.

Yet I had no idea, when I embarked upon this project, that it would have a success which none of my other books have had, even, for a time, shining high up on in the American list of Best Sellers.

While I was still concerned with ancient times, Barnes had told me that he had no further need of me, and my lectures stopped. I found the work exceedingly interesting, especially the parts that I knew least about beforehand, the early Medieval part and the Jewish part just before the birth of Christ, so I continued the work till I had completed the survey.

I was grateful to Bryn Mawr College for allowing me the use of its library, which I found excellent, especially as it provided me with invaluable translations of Jewish works written shortly before the time of Christ and in a great degree anticipating His teaching.

I was pleased to be writing this history because I had always believed that history should be written in the large. I had always held, for example, that the subject matter of which Gibbon treats would not be adequately treated in a shorter book or several books. I was sometimes accused by reviewers of writing not a true history but a biased account of the events that I arbitrarily chose to write of. But to my mind, a man without a bias cannot write interesting history -- if indeed such a man exists.

I regard it as mere humbug to pretend to lack a bias. Moreover, a book like any other work, should be held together by its point of view. Since I do not admit that a person without a bias exists, I think the best that can be done with a large scale history is to admit one's bias and for dissatisfied readers to look for other writers to express an opposite bias. Which bias is nearer to the truth must be left to posterity.

The last part of our time in America was spent at Princeton, where we had a little house on the shores of the lake. While in Princeton, I came to know Einstein fairly well. I used to go to his house once a week to discuss various matters with him and two others. These discussions were in some ways disappointing, for, although all three of them were Jews and exiles, and, in intention, cosmopolitans, I found that they all had a German bias towards metaphysics, and in spite of our utmost endeavours, we never arrived at common premises from which to argue.

The society of Princeton was extremely pleasant, pleasanter, on the whole, than any other social group I had come across in America. By this time John was back in England, having gone into the British Navy and been sent to learn Japanese. Kate was self-sufficient at Radcliffe, having done extremely well in her work and acquired a small teaching job. There was therefore nothing to keep us in America except the difficulty of obtaining a passage to England.

This difficulty, however seemed for a long time insuperable. I went to Washington to argue that I must be allowed to perform my duties in the House of Lords, and tried to persuade the authorities that my desire to do so was very ardent. At last I discovered an argument which convinced the British Embassy. I said to them: "You will admit this is a war against Fascism." "Yes," they said. "And," I continued, "you will admit that the essence of Fascism consists in the subordination of the legislature to the executive." "Yes," they said, though with slightly more hesitation. "Now," I continued, "you are the executive and I am the legislature and if you keep me away from my legislative functions one day longer than is necessary, you are Fascists." Amid general laughter, my sailing permit was granted then and there.

A curious difficulty, however, still remained. My wife and I got A priority, but our son Conrad only got a B, as he had as yet no legislative function. Naturally enough we wished Conrad, who was seven years old, and his mother to travel together, but this required that she should consent to be classified as a B. No case had so far occurred of a person accepting a lower classification than that to which they were entitled, and all the officials were so puzzled that it took them some months to understand. At last, however, dates were fixed, for Peter and Conrad first, and for me about a fortnight later. We sailed in May 1944.

Letters during this period brought me the sad news of a very great loss to me. I learned of Ottoline's death.

I wrote to a friend, I shall return to England with Peter and Conrad, if the danger from submarines is not too great. We can't bear being away from home any longer. In England I shall have to find some means of earning a livelihood. My Peter's whole time is absorbed in housework, cooking and looking after Conrad. She hardly ever has time to read.

Our reason for coming home is that we don't want to send Conrad to an American school. Not only is the teaching bad, but the intense nationalism is likely to cause in his mind a harmful conflict between home and school.

We think submarines, bombs, and poor diet is a smaller danger. I shall finish my big *History of Philosophy* during the summer. You won't like it, because I don't admire Aristotle.

As regards international government, I think it far and away the most important question at present before the world. I am prepared to support any scheme which seems to me likely to put a large preponderance of armed force on the side of international law;

some would please me more than others, but I should support whichever had a good chance of being adopted.

(looks up)

We now come to the third and final volume. I wrote a preface to it, which I simply titled "1944-1967."

(looks down and reads, while looking up frequently)

This book is to be published while the great issues that now divide the world remain undecided. As yet, and for some time to come, the world must be one of doubt. It must as yet be suspended equally between hope and fear.

It is likely that I shall die before the issue is decided. I do not know whether my last words should be:

The bright day is done  
And we are for the dark,

or, as I sometimes allow myself to hope,

The world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return....  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

I have done what I could to add my small weight in an attempt to tip the balance on the side of hope, but it has been a puny effort against vast forces.

May others succeed where my generation failed.

During the year 1944, it became gradually clear that the war was ending, and was ending in German defeat. This is part of what made it possible for us to return to England and to bring our children with us without serious risk except for John, who was liable for conscription whether he went home or stayed in America. Fortunately, the end of the war came soon enough to spare him the awkward choice which this would have entailed.

Crossing the Atlantic in the first half of 1944 was a complicated business. Peter and Conrad travelled on the Queen Mary at great speed but with extreme discomfort, in a ship completely crowded with young children and their mothers, all the mothers complaining of all the other children, and all the children causing the maximum trouble by conduct exposing them to the danger of falling into the sea.

But of all this I knew nothing until I myself arrived in England.

As for me, I was sent in a huge convoy which proceeded majestically at the speed of a bicycle, escorted by corvettes and airplanes. I was taking with me the manuscript of my *History of Western Philosophy*, and the unfortunate censors had to read every word of it lest it should contain information useful to the enemy. They were, however, at last satisfied that a knowledge of philosophy could be of no use to the Germans, and very politely assured me that they had enjoyed reading my book, which I confess I found hard to believe.

Everything was surrounded with secrecy. I was not allowed to tell my friends when I was sailing or from what port. I found myself at last on a Liberty ship, making its maiden voyage. The Captain, who was a jolly fellow, used to cheer me up by saying that not more than one in four of the Liberty ships broke in two on its maiden voyage. Needless to say, the ship was American and the Captain, British.

There was one officer who whole-heartedly approved of me. He was the Chief Engineer, and he had read *The ABC of Relativity* without knowing anything about its author. One day, as I was walking the deck with him, he began on the merits of this little book and, when I said that I was the author, his joy knew no limits.

There was considered to be no risk of submarines until we were approaching the coast of Ireland, but after that we were ordered to sleep in trousers. However, there was no incident of any kind. We were a few days from the end of our journey on D-Day, which we learned about from the wireless. Almost the whole ship's crew was allowed to come and listen. I learned from the wireless the English for "*Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrive.*" The English for it is: "Well, friends, this is it."

They decanted us at a small port on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth on a Sunday. We made our way with some difficulty to the nearest town, where I had my first glimpse of Britain in that war time. It consisted, so far as I could see at that moment, entirely of Polish soldiers and Scotch girls, the Polish soldiers very gallant, and the Scotch girls very fascinated.

I got the night train to London, arrived very early in the morning, and for some time could not discover what had become of Peter and Conrad. At last, after much frantic telephoning and telegraphing, I discovered that they were staying with her mother at Sidmouth, and that Conrad had pneumonia. I went there at once, and found to my relief, that he was rapidly recovering. We sat on the beach, listening to the sound of naval guns off Cherbourg.

Trinity College had invited me to a five year lectureship and I had accepted the invitation. It carried with it a fellowship and a right to rooms in College. I went to Cambridge and found that the rooms were altogether delightful; they looked out on the bowling green, which was a mass of flowers. It was a relief to find that the beauty of Cambridge was undimmed, and I found the peacefulness of the Great Court almost unbelievably soothing.

But the problem of housing Peter and Conrad remained. Cambridge was incredibly full, and at first the best that I could achieve was squalid rooms in a lodging house. There they were underfed and miserable, while I was living luxuriously in College. As soon as it became clear that I was going to get money out of my lawsuit against Barnes, I bought a house in Cambridge, where we lived for some time.

VJ-Day and the General Election which immediately followed it occurred while we were living in this house. It was also there that I wrote most of my book on *Human Knowledge, its Scope and Limits*. I could have been happy in Cambridge, but the Cambridge ladies did not consider us respectable. I bought a small house at Ffestiniog in North Wales with a most lovely view. Then we took a flat in London.

When, in 1949, my wife decided that she wanted no more of me, our marriage came to an end.

Throughout the forties and the early fifties, my mind was in a state of confused agitation on the nuclear question. It was obvious to me that a nuclear war would put an end to civilisation. It was also obvious that unless there were a change of policies in both East and West a nuclear war was sure to occur sooner or later. The dangers were in the back of my mind from the early twenties. But in those days, although a few learned physicists were appreciative of the coming danger, the majority, not only of men in the streets, but even of scientists, turned aside from the prospect of atomic war with a kind of easy remark that "Oh, men will never be so foolish as that."

The bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 first brought the possibility of nuclear war to the attention of men of science and even of some few politicians. A few months after the bombing of the two Japanese cities, I made a speech in the House of Lords pointing out the likelihood of a general nuclear war and the certainty of its causing universal disaster if it occurred. I forecast and explained the making of nuclear bombs of far greater power than those used upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki, fusion as against the old fission bombs, the present hydrogen bombs, in fact.

It was possible at that time to enforce some form of control of these monsters to provide for their use for peaceful, not warlike, ends, since the arms race which I dreaded had not yet begun. If no controls were thought out, the situation would be almost out of hand. It took no great imagination to foresee this.

Everybody applauded my speech; not a single Peer suggested that my fears were excessive. But all my hearers agreed that this was a question for their grandchildren. In spite of hundreds of thousands of Japanese deaths, nobody grasped that Britain had escaped only by luck and that in the next war she might be less fortunate. Nobody viewed it as an international danger which could only be warded off by agreement among the Great Powers. There was a certain amount of talk, but no action was taken.

This easy going attitude survives among the laity even down to the present day. Those who try to make you uneasy by talk about atom bombs are regarded as troublemakers, as people to be avoided, as people who spoil the pleasure of a fine day by foolish prospects of improbable rain.

Against this careless attitude I, like a few others, used every opportunity that presented itself to point out the dangers. It seemed to me then, as it still seems to me, that the time to plan and to act in order to stave off approaching dangers is when they are first seen to be approaching. Once their progress is established, it is very much more difficult to halt it. I felt hopeful, therefore, when the Baruch Proposal was made by the United States to Russia.

I thought better of it then, and of the American motives in making it, than I have since learned to think, but I still wish that the Russians had accepted it. However, the Russians, did not. They exploded their first bomb in August, 1949, and it was evident that they would do all in their power to make themselves the equal of the United States in destructive -- or, politely, defensive -- power.

The arms race became inevitable unless drastic measures were taken to avoid it. That is why, in late 1948, I suggested that the remedy might be the threat of immediate war by the United States on Russia for the purpose of forcing nuclear disarmament upon her. I have given my reasons for doing this in an Appendix to my *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare*. My chief defence of the view I held in 1948 was that I thought Russia very likely to yield to the demands of the West. This ceased to be probable after Russia had a considerable fleet of nuclear planes.

This advice of mine is still brought up against me. It is easy to understand why Communists might object to it. But the usual criticism is that I, a pacifist, once advocated the threat of war.

It seems to cut no ice that I have reiterated *ad nauseum* that I am not a pacifist, that I believe that some wars, a very few, are justified, even necessary. They are usually necessary because matters have been permitted to drag on their obviously evil way till no peaceful means can stop them. Nor do my critics appear to consider the evils that have developed as a result of the continued Cold War and that might have been avoided, along with the Cold War itself, had my advice to threaten war been taken in 1948. Had it been taken, the results remain hypothetical, but so far as I can see it is no disgrace, and shows no inconsistency in my thought, to have given it.

Nonetheless, at the time I gave this advice, I gave it so casually without any real hope that it would be followed, that I soon forgot I had given it. I had mentioned it in a private letter and again in a speech that I did not know was to be the subject of dissection by the press. When, later, the recipient of the letter asked me for permission to publish it, I said, as I usually do, without consideration of the contents, that if he wished he might publish it. He did so. And to my surprise I learned of my earlier suggestion. I had, also, entirely forgotten that it occurred in the above-mentioned speech. Unfortunately, in the meantime, before this incontrovertible evidence was set before me, I had hotly denied that I had ever made such a suggestion. It was a pity. It is shameful to deny one's own words. One can only defend or retract them. In this case I could, and did, defend them, and should have done so earlier but for a fault of my memory upon which from many years' experience I had come to rely too unquestioningly.

My private thoughts meanwhile were more and more disturbed. I became increasingly pessimistic and ready to try any suggested escape from the danger. My state of mind was like a very much exaggerated nervous fear such as people are apt to feel while a thunder storm gathers on the horizon and has not yet blotted out the sun. I found it very difficult to remain sane or to reject any suggested measures. I do not think I could have succeeded in this except for the happiness of my private life.

For a few years I was asked yearly to give a lecture at the Imperial Defence College in Belgrave Square. But the invitations stopped coming after the lecture in which I remarked that, knowing that they believed you could not be victorious in war without the help of religion, I had read the Sermon on the Mount, but, to my surprise, could find no mention of H-bombs in it. My audience appeared to be embarrassed, as they were good Christians as well as, of course, warriors. But, for myself, I find the combination of Christianity with war and weapons of mass extinction hard to justify.

In 1948, the Western Powers endeavoured to create a union which should be the germ of a World Government.

At the time of the Berlin air life, I was sent by the government to Berlin to help to persuade the people of Berlin that it was worthwhile to resist Russian attempts to get the Allies out of Berlin. It was the first and only time that I have been able to parade as a military man. I was made a member of the armed forces for the occasion and given a military passport, which amused me considerably.

In the same year, the Government sent me to Norway in the hope of inducing Norwegians to join an alliance against Russia. The place they sent me to was Trondheim. The weather was stormy and cold. We had to go by seaplane from Oslo to Trondheim. When our plane touched down on the water it became obvious that something was amiss, but none of us in the plane knew what it was. We sat in the plane while it slowly sank.

Small boats assembled round it and presently we were told to jump into the sea and swim to a boat -- which all the people in my part of the plane did. We later learned that all the nineteen passengers in the nonsmoking compartment had been killed. When the plane had hit the water a hole had been made in the plane and the water had rushed in.

I had told a friend at Oslo who was to find me a place that he must find me a place where I could smoke, remarking jocularly, "If I cannot smoke, I shall die." Unexpectedly, this turned out to be true. All those in the smoking compartment got out by the emergency exit window beside which I was sitting. We all swam to the boats which dared not approach too near for fear of being sucked under as the plane sank. We were rowed to shore to a place some miles from Trondheim and thence I was taken in a car to my hotel.

Everybody showed me the utmost kindness and put me to bed while my clothes dried. They asked me if I wanted anything and I replied, "Yes, a strong dose of brandy and a large cup of coffee." The doctor, who arrived soon after, said that this was quite the right reply. A question came by telephone from Copenhagen: a voice said, "When you were in the water, did you not think of mysticism and logic?" "No," I said. "What did you think of?" the voice persisted. "I thought the water was cold," I said and put down the receiver.

My lecture was cancelled as the man who had been intended to be the Chairman had been drowned.

I was astonished by the commotion caused by my part in this adventure. Every phase of it was exaggerated. I had swum about one hundred yards, but I could not persuade people that I had not swum miles. True, I had swum in my great-coat and lost my hat and thrown my attache' case into the sea. The latter was restored to me in the course of the afternoon -- and is still in use.

At the end of the forties, I was invited by the BBC to give the first course of Reith lectures and chose for my subject "Authority and the Individual," which were later published as a book of that title.

The problem of preserving liberty in a world of nuclear weapons is a new one and one for which men's minds are not prepared. It is especially as regards science that difficult problems arise. The modern civilised State depends upon science in a multitude of ways. Generally, there is old science, which is official, and new science, which elderly men look upon with horror. This results in a continual battle between old men, who admire the science of their fathers, and the young men who realize the value of their contemporaries' work. Up to a point this struggle is useful, but beyond that point it is disastrous. In the present day, the most important example of it is the population explosion, which can only be combated by methods which to the old seem impious.

Some ideals are subversive and cannot well be realised except by war or revolution. The most important of these is at present economic justice.

Very difficult problems are concerned with the inroads of war against liberty. The most obvious of these is conscription. It is barbarous to compel a man to do acts which he considers wicked. In addition to those who consider all war wrong, there are those who object to the particular war that they are asked to fight. This happened with many people at the time of the Korean War and later in regard to the Vietnam War. Such people are punished if they refuse to fight.

The law not only punished those who condemn all war, but also those who condemn any particular war, although it must be obvious that in any war one side, at least, is encouraging evil. Those who take this position of objecting to a certain war or a certain law or to certain actions of governments may be held justified because it is so doubtful that they are not justified. Such considerations, it will be said, since they condemn the punishment of supposed malefactors, throw doubt upon the whole criminal law.

Some years before, my old professor and friend and collaborator in *Principia Mathematica*, A. N. Whitehead, had been given the Order of Merit. Now, by the early part of 1949, I had become so respectable in the eyes of the Establishment that it was felt that I, too, should be given the OM. This made me very happy for, though I dare say it would surprise many Englishmen and most of the English Establishment to hear it, I am passionately English, and I treasure an honour bestowed on me by the Head of my country.

I had to go to Buckingham Palace for the official bestowal of it.

The King was affable, but somewhat embarrassed at having to behave graciously to so queer a fellow, a convict to boot.

Later, I went again to the United States. I had been asked to give a short course in philosophy for a month at Mt. Holyoak College. From there I went to Princeton where I, as usual, delivered a lecture and again met various old friends, among them Einstein. There I received the news that I was to be given the Nobel Prize.

I was astonished that, in New York, where I had been, so short a time before, spoken of with vicious obloquy, my lectures seemed to be popular and to draw crowds. This was not surprising, perhaps, at the first lecture, where the audience might have gathered to have a glimpse of so horrid a character, hoping for shocks and scandal and general rebelliousness. But what amazed me was that the hall should have been packed with enthusiastic students in increasing numbers as the lectures proceeded. There were so many that crowds of those who came had to be turned away for lack of even standing room. I think it also surprised my hosts.

The chief matter with which I was concerned was the increase of human power owing to scientific knowledge. The gist of my first lecture was contained in the following sentence: "It is not by prayer and humility that you cause things to go as you wish, but by acquiring a knowledge of natural laws." I pointed out that the power to be acquired in this way is very much greater than the power that men formerly sought to achieve by theological means.

The second lecture was concerned with the increase of power men achieve by the application of scientific technique. It begins with gunpowder and the mariners' compass. Gunpowder destroyed the power of castles and the mariners' compass created the power of Europe over other parts of the world. These increases of governmental power were important, but the new power brought by the Industrial Revolution was more so. I was largely concerned in this lecture with the bad effect of early industrial power and with the dangers that will result if any powerful State adopts scientific breeding.

From this I went on to the increase of the harmfulness of war when scientific methods are employed. This is, at present, the most important form of the application of science in our day. It threatens the destruction of the human race and, indeed, of all living beings of larger than microscopic size. If mankind is to survive, the power of making scientific war will have to be concentrated in a supreme State. But this is so contrary to men's mental habits that, as yet, the great majority would prefer to run the risk of extermination. This is the supreme danger of our age.

Whether a World Government will be established in time or not is the supreme question.

I ended these lectures with an investigation of the kind of temperament which must be dominant if a happy world is to be possible. The first requisite, I should say, is absence of dogmatism, since dogmatism almost inevitably leads to war. I will quote the paragraph summing up what I thought necessary if the world is to be saved: "There are certain things that our age needs, and certain things that it should avoid. It needs compassion and a wish that mankind should be happy; it needs the desire for knowledge and the determination to eschew pleasant myths; it needs, above all, outrageous hope and the impulse to creativeness. The things that it must avoid and that have brought it to the brink of catastrophe are cruelty, envy, greed, competitiveness, search for irrational subjective certainty, and what Freudians call the death wish."

Generally, I had the pleasant experience of being applauded on the very same remarks which had caused me to be ostracized on the earlier occasion.

When I was called to Stockholm, at the end of 1950, to receive the Nobel Prize -- somewhat to my surprise, for literature, for my book *Marriage and Morals* -- I was apprehensive, since I remembered that, exactly three hundred years earlier, Descartes had been called to Scandinavia by Queen Christina in the winter time and had died of the cold. However, we were kept warm and comfortable, and instead of snow, we had rain, which was a slight disappointment. The occasion, though very grand, was pleasant and I enjoyed it.

In 1950, beginning with the OM and ending with the Nobel Prize, seems to have marked the apogee of my respectability. It is true that I began to feel slightly uneasy, fearing that this might mean 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.

Honours and increased income which began with the sales of my *History of Western Philosophy* gave me a feeling of freedom and assurance that let me expend all my energies upon what I wanted to do. I got through an immense amount of work and felt, in consequence, optimistic and full of zest.

I suspected that I had too much emphasized, hitherto, the darker possibilities threatening mankind and that it was time to write a book in which the happier issues of current disputes were brought into relief. I called this book *New Hopes for a Changing World* and deliberately, wherever there were two possibilities, I emphasized that it might be the happier one which would be realised.

I did not suggest that either the cheerful or the painful alternative was the more probable, but merely that it is impossible to know which would be victorious.

The book ends with a picture of what the world may become if we so choose. I say:  
 “Man, in the long ages since he descended from the trees, has passed arduously and perilously through a vast dusty desert, surrounded by the whitening bones of those who have perished by the way, maddened by hunger and thirst, by fear of wild beasts, by dread of enemies, no only living enemies, but spectres of dead rivals projected onto the dangerous world by the intensity of his own fears. At last he has emerged from the desert into a smiling land, but in the long night he has forgotten how to smile.

“We cannot believe in the brightness of the morning. We think it trivial and deceptive; we cling to old myths that allow us to go on living with fear and hate -- above all, hate of ourselves, miserable sinners. This is folly. Man now needs for his salvation only one thing: to open his heart to joy, and leave fear to givver through the glimmering darkness of a forgotten past. He must lift up his eyes and say, ‘No I am not a miserable sinner; I am a being who, by a long and arduous road, have discovered how to make intelligence master natural obstacles, how to live in freedom and joy, at peace with myself and therefore with all mankind.’ This will happen if men choose joy rather than sorrow. If not, eternal death will bury man in deserved oblivion.”

(looks up)

During this period, I received, in 1949 and ‘50, several touching letters from Alys. Here are some passages:

(reads)

“Dearest Bertie,

“I feel I must break the silence of all these years by sending thee a line of congratulations on thy OM. No one can rejoice in it more heartily than I did just as no one was more sorry for thy prison sentence and thy difficulties in America. Now I hope thee will have a peaceful old age, just as I am doing at 81, after a stormy time with Logan. As ever, affectionately thine.”

(turns to another letter)

“I have been told thee is writing thy Autobiography, which ought to be deeply interesting. I am also writing some Memoirs, and enclose a copy of what I think of saying about our marriage. But if thee thinks it incorrect, or wounding to thee, I could make it much shorter. “

Here is what Alys wrote of our marriage:

“Bertie was an ideal companion, and he taught me more than I can ever repay.

But I was never clever enough for him, and perhaps he was too sophisticated for me. I was ideally happy for several years, almost deliriously happy, until a change of feeling made our mutual life very difficult. A final separation led to a divorce, when he married again. But that was accomplished without bitterness, or quarrels, or recriminations, and later with great rejoicing on my part when he was awarded the OM. But my life was completely changed, and I was never able to meet him again for fear of the renewal of my awful misery, and heartsick longing for the past. I only caught glimpses of him at lectures or concerts occasionally, and through the uncurtained windows of his Chelsea house, where I used to watch him sometimes reading to his children. Unfortunately, I was neither wise enough nor courageous enough to prevent this one disaster from shattering my capacity for happiness and my zest for life.”

The two of us were able to meet as friendly acquaintances, and she wrote:

“I have so enjoyed our two meetings and thee has been so friendly, that I feel I must be honest and just say once -- but once only -- that I am utterly devoted to thee, and have been for over 50 years. My friends have always known that I loved thee more than anyone else in the world, and they now rejoice with me that I am now able to see thee again.

“But my devotion makes no claim, and involved no burden on thy part, nor any obligation, note even to answer this letter.

“But I shall still hope thee can spare time to come to lunch or dinner before very long.

“I could write on forever, but must walk up to the King’s Road and post this letter. I have said nothing about thy cruel private grief in not seeing Conrad, and perhaps thy fear that John may have to go back to the Navy. I do feel for thee, but hope thee is somehow managing to conquer happiness. Thine ever, Alys”

“Thy letter of the 16th arrived too late for my b. Day, but is most welcome.

“I am enchanted with thy new Honour, and am only sorry I was not sure enough of thy address to cable my congratulations. I knew of it on the 7th, when a Swedish journalist friend came here for information about thee. He told me incidentally that Churchill and Croce were the runners-up, but thee won. The papers here have been very enthusiastic, including a BBC Talk to children, calling thee “an apostle of humanity and of free speech.” The American papers must have gone wild over thee. I hope thee will not share the Prize with the American Dentist’s wife, though she must be feeling rather flat.

“Thanks for thy letter from Swathmore. “I am shocked at thy account of poor Evelyn Whitehead and feel most sorry for her without her angelic Alfred to care for her. I hope her children are some comfort. I look forward to seeing thee before or after Stockholm, but agree that Scandinavia is unhealthy for philosophers.”

During this period, my *History of Western Philosophy* was published. One of the comments about it that especially pleased me was made by Einstein. He very kindly said, “Bertrand Russell’s ‘History of Philosophy’ is a precious book. I don’t know whether one should more admire the delightful freshness and originality or the sensitivity of the sympathy with distant times and remote mentalities on the part of this great thinker. I regard it as fortunate that our so dry and also brutal generation can point to such a wise, honourable, bold and at the same time humorous man. It is a work that is in the highest degree pedagogical which stands above the conflicts of parties and opinions.”

During this period, I wrote an article that appeared in *The New York Times Magazine*, titled, “The Best Answer to Fanaticism-Liberalism.”

I included what I called A Liberal Decalogue.

1. Do not feel absolutely certain of anything.
2. Do not think it worth while to proceed by concealing evidence, for the evidence is sure to come to light.
3. Never try to discourage thinking for you are sure to succeed.
4. When you meet with opposition, even if it should be from your husband or your children, endeavour to overcome it by argument and not by authority, for a victory dependent upon authority is unreal and illusory.
5. Have no respect for the authority of others, for there are always contrary authorities to be found.
6. Do not use power to suppress opinions you think pernicious, for if you do the opinions will suppress you.
7. Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric.
8. Find more pleasure in intelligent dissent than in passive agreement, for, if you value intelligence as you should, the former implies a deeper agreement than the latter.
9. Be scrupulously truthful, even if the truth is inconvenient, for it is more inconvenient when you try to conceal it.
10. Do not feel envious of the happiness of those who live in a fool’s paradise, for only a fool will think that it is happiness.

In April of 1954, I was interviewed by Robert Waithman for the *News Chronicle*.

The questions are, of course, his, and the answers are mine.

Is there any justification for alarm at the thought that some disastrous miscalculation may occur in the H-bomb tests?

Though, obviously there will come a time when these experiments are too dangerous, I don't think we have reached that point yet.

If there were a hydrogen bomb war it is quite clear that practically everybody in London would perish. A shower of hydrogen bombs would almost certainly sterilise large agricultural areas, and the resulting famine would be fearful.

But we are talking of the current tests, in peace time. I do not expect disaster from them. I think those who may have been showered with radioactive ash, whose fishing catches have been damaged or destroyed, undoubtedly have every right to complain. But I do not foresee a rain of radioactive ash comparable with the phenomena we saw after the explosion of the Krakatoa Volcano in 1883, which I remember well. I do not think that, so long as the explosions are few, marine life will be grievously affected. It is affected now by oil pollution, isn't it -- though that is much less dramatic a story?

Do you think that a feeling of dread and uncertainty at the back of people's minds might have an evil social effect?

Well, you know, it isn't an effect that lasts long. As with the atom bomb at first, people get into a state; but after a little while they forget it. If you have perpetually mounting crises, of course, it will be different. The truth is, though, that the thought of an old peril, however great, will not distract people from their daily jobs. You will have observed that since the first atom bombs were exploded the birth rate has continued to go up. That is a reliable test. I should say that the fear of unemployment, which is something every one understands, has a much greater social effect than the fear of atom bombs.

And the international effects? Do we seem to you to have reached a strategic stalemate? Is there now a new basis for discussion between Russia and the West?

I think the existence of the hydrogen bomb presents a perfectly clear alternative to all the Governments of the world. Will they submit to an international authority, or shall the human race die out? I am afraid that most Governments and most individuals will refuse to face that alternative. They so dislike the idea of international government that they dodge the issue whenever they can.

Ask the man in the street if he is prepared to have the British Navy partly under the orders of Russians. His hair will stand on end. Yet that is what we must think about.

You see no virtue in any proposal that the experiments should be stopped?

None whatever, unless we have found a way of causing the Russian experiments to be stopped, too. In my opinion, there is only one way. It is to convince the Russians beyond doubt that they can win no victory: that they cannot ever Communise the world with the hydrogen bomb. Perhaps they are beginning to feel that. It seems to me to be significant that the Russian leaders are now allowing the Russian people to know of the devastation to be expected from an atomic war. But I would hasten the process. I would invite all the Governments of the world, and particularly the Russians, to send observers to see the results of the American tests. It ought to be made as plain as it can be made. There is one more thing we should do. We should diminish the anti-Communist tirades that are now so freely indulged in. We should try hard to bring about a return to international good manners. That would be a great help.

And if -- or when -- the Russians are convinced?

I think it ought to be possible to lessen the tension and to satisfy the Russians that there is no promise for them in atomic war. Then the first, vital step will have to be taken. We shall have to set up an arrangement under which all fissionable raw material is owned by an international authority, and is only mined and processed by that authority. No nation or individual must have access to fissionable raw material. And there would have to be an international inspectorate to ensure that this law is maintained. The Russians have a morbid fear of being inspected. We shall have to help them to overcome it. For until they are agreeable to it nothing can be effectively done. The H-bomb tests must be helping to persuade them. Hence to put off the tests would simply be to put off the day of agreement. It goes without saying that we, too, must always be ready to negotiate and to agree. Once this first, vital agreement has been reached it should be possible, gradually, to extend international control. That is the only answer I can see.

During this time I also began a correspondence with Edith Finch, who would become my fourth wife and, at long last, the love I had for so long searched.

More important than anything in pulling me through the dark apprehensions and premonitions of these last two decades is the fact that I had fallen in love with Edith and she with me. She had been a close friend of Lucy Donnelly, whom I had known well at the turn of the century and had seen something of during my various American visits as I had of Edith. Lucy was a Professor at Bryn Mawr, where Edith also taught.

I had had friendly relations with Bryn Mawr ever since I married a cousin of the President of that College. And it was the first institution to break the boycott imposed on me in America after my dismissal from the City College of New York.

After a time, Lucy had died and Edith had moved to New York, where I met her again during my Columbia lectures there in 1950.

(as he walks toward the park bench,  
manuscript in hand)

Our friendship ripened quickly, and soon we could no longer bear to be parted by the Atlantic. She settled in London, and, as I lived at Richmond, we met frequently. The resulting time was infinitely delightful.

(sits on bench; speaks as if he remember  
the events so well he hardly needs to  
refer to the manuscript)

Richmond Park was full of reminiscences, many going back to early childhood. Relating them revived their freshness, and it seemed to me that I was living the past all over again with a fresh and happier alleviation of it. In fact, I almost forgot the nuclear peril in the joys of recollection.

As we walked about the grounds of Pembroke Lodge and through Richmond Park and Kew Gardens, I recalled all sorts of things that had happened to me there. There is a fountain outside Pembroke Lodge at which the footman, employed to make me not afraid of water, held me by the heels with my head under water. Contrary to all modern views, this method was entirely successful: after the first application, I never feared water again.

Edith and I each had family myths to relate. Mine began with Henry VIII, of whom the founder of my family had been a protegee, watching on his Mount for the signal of Anne Boleyn's death at the Tower. It continued to my grandfather's speech in 1815, urging, before Waterloo, that Napoleon should not be opposed. Next came his visit to Elba, in which Napoleon was affable and tweaked his ear.

Edith's family myths, as I came to know them, seemed to me far more romantic; an ancestor who in 1640 or thereabouts was either hanged or carried off by the Red Indians; the adventures of her father among the Indians when he was a little boy; attics full of pillions and saddles on which members of her family had ridden from New England to the Congress at Philadelphia. In the Civil War, Edith's people were divided between North and South. Among them were two brothers, one of them, a Southern General, at the end had to surrender his sword to his brother, who was a Northern General.

She herself had been born and brought up in New York City, which, as she remembered it, seemed very like the New York of my youth of cobbled streets and hansom cabs and no motor cars.

All these reminiscences, however entertaining, were only some of the arabesques upon the cake's icing. Very soon we had our own myths to add to the collection.

We not only took long walks in the neighbourhood of Richmond and in London, but we sometimes drove farther afield for a walk. We went to plays, new and old, I remember. These small adventures sound trivial in retrospect, but everything at that time was bathed in the radiant light of mutual discovery and of joy in each other.

Happiness caused us for the moment to forget the dreadful outer world, and to think only about ourselves and each other. We found that we not only loved each other entirely, but, equally important, we learned gradually that our tastes and feelings were deeply sympathetic and our interests for the most part marched together.

Edith had no knowledge of philosophy or mathematics; there were things that she knew of which I was ignorant. But our attitude towards people and the world is similar. The satisfaction that we felt then in our companionship has grown, and grows seemingly without limit, into an abiding and secure happiness and is the basis of our lives. Most of that I have to relate henceforth may be taken, therefore, to include her participation.

(heads back to the lectern)

In the spring of fifty-two we visited Greece, where we spent some time in Athens and then ten days or so driving through the Peloponnesus. I found what I saw exceedingly interesting. In one respect, however, I was surprised. After being impressed by the great solid achievements which everybody admires, I found myself in a little church belonging to the days when Greece was part of the Byzantine Empire.

(back at lectern)

To my astonishment, I felt more at home in this little church than I did in the Parthenon or in any of the other Greek buildings of Pagan times. I realised then that the Christian outlook had a firmer hold upon me than I had imagined. The hold was not upon my beliefs, but upon my feelings. It seemed to me that where the Greeks differed from the modern world it was chiefly through the absence of a sense of sin, and I realised with some astonishment that I, myself, am powerfully affected by this sense in my feelings.

Two years later my elder son, John, fell seriously ill. We were beset with worry about him. We worried, too, about his three young children, who were at that time more or less, and later almost wholly, in our care.

I sometimes visited John and his family at Richmond.

They were living near the Park in a tiny house, much too small for their family of three little children. My son told me that he wanted to give up his job and devote himself to writing. Though I regretted this, I had some sympathy with him. I did not know how to help them as I had not enough money to stake them to an establishment of their own in London while I lived in North Wales. Finally I hit upon the scheme of taking a house to share with him and his family in Richmond.

Returning to Richmond, where I spent my childhood, produced a slightly ghostly feeling, and I sometimes found it difficult to believe that I still existed in the flesh. I had hoped vaguely that I might somehow rent Pembroke Lodge and install myself and my family there. As this proved impossible, I took a largish house near Richmond Park, turning over the two lower floors to my son's family and keeping the top two for myself. This worked more or less well for a time in spite of the difficulties that almost always occur when two families live at close quarters. We had a pleasant life there, living separately, and coming together when we wished.

One morning my wife and I had gone on a long walk in Richmond Park and, after lunch, she had gone up to her sitting-room, which was above mine. Suddenly I appeared, announcing that I felt ill. Not unnaturally, she was frightened. It was a fine sunny Sunday. Though my wife tried to get hold of a neighbour and of our own doctors in Richmond and London, she could get hold of no one. Finally, she rang the Richmond police, who, with great kindness and much effort, came to the rescue. They sent a doctor who was unknown to me, the only one whom they could find. By the time the police had managed to get hold of our own doctors, I had turned blue. My wife was told by a well-known specialist, one of the five doctors who had by then congregated, that I might live for two hours. I was packed into an ambulance and whisked to hospital where they dosed me with oxygen and I survived.

The pleasant life at Richmond had other dark moments. At Christmas, 1953, I was waiting to go into the hospital again for a serious operation and my wife and household were all down with flue. John and his wife, Susan, decided that, as she said, they were "tired of children." After Christmas dinner with the children and me, they left, taking the remainder of the food, but leaving the children, and did not return. We were fond of the children, but were appalled by this fresh responsibility, which posed so many harassing questions in the midst of our happy and already very full life. For some time we hoped that their parents would return to take up their role, but when my son became ill we had to abandon that hope and make long-term arrangements for the children's education and holidays.

Moreover, the financial burden was heavy and rather disturbing: I had given 10,000 pounds of my Nobel Prize cheque to my third wife, and I was paying alimony to her and to my second wife as well as paying for the education and holidays of my younger son. Added to this, there were heavy expenses in connection with my elder son's illness; and the income taxes which for many years he had neglected to pay now fell to me to pay. The prospect of supporting and educating his three children, however pleasant it might be, presented problems.

For a time when I came out of the hospital I was not up to much, but by May I felt that I had recovered.

But all this was the daily background and the relief from the dark world of international affairs in which my chief interest lay. I felt I must find some way of making the world understand the dangers into which it was running blindly, head-on. I thought perhaps if I repeated an early work on the BBC it would make more of an impression than it had hitherto made. In this, however I was thwarted by the refusal of the BBC to repeat anything that had already been published. I therefore set to work to compose a new dirge for the human race.

Even then, in the relatively early days of the struggle against nuclear destruction, it seemed to me almost impossible to find a fresh way of putting what I had already, I felt, said in so many different ways. My first draft of the broadcast was an anaemic product, pulling all the punches. I threw it away at once, girded myself up and determined to say exactly how dreadful the prospect was unless measures were taken.

The result was a distilled version of all that I had said theretofore. But the BBC still made difficulties, fearing that I should bore and frighten many listeners. They asked me to hold a debate, instead, with a young and cheerful footballer who could offset my grim forebodings. This seemed to me utterly frivolous and showed so clearly that the BBC Authorities understood nothing of what it was all about that I felt desperate. I refused to accede to their pleadings.

At last, it was agreed that I should do a broadcast in December by myself. In it, as I have said, I stated all my fears and the reasons for them. The broadcast, now called "Man's Peril," ended with the following words: "There lies before us, if we choose, continual progress in happiness, knowledge, and wisdom. Shall we, instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels? I appeal, as a human being 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, nothing lies before you but universal death."

The broadcast had both a private and a public effect.

The private effect was to allay my personal anxiety for a time, and to give me a feeling that I had found words adequate to the subject. The public effect was more important. I received innumerable letters and requests for speeches and articles, far more than I could well deal with.

Among the first organisations to show a pronounced interest in my views were the World Parliamentarians and, more seriously perhaps, the Parliamentary World Government Association with whom I had many meetings.

Meantime, as I assessed the response that my broadcast had achieved and considered what should be done next, I had realised that the point that I must concentrate upon was the need of cooperation among nations. It occurred to me that it might be possible to formulate a statement that a number of very well-known and respected scientists of both capitalist and communist ideologies would be willing to sign calling for further joint action. Before taking any measures, however, I had written to Einstein to learn what he thought of such a plan.

He replied with enthusiasm, but had said that, because he was not well and could hardly keep up with present commitments, he himself could do nothing to help beyond sending me the names of various scientists who, he thought, would be sympathetic. He had begged me, nevertheless, to carry out my idea and to formulate the statement myself. This I had done, basing the statement upon my Christmas broadcast, "Man's Peril." I had drawn up a list of scientists of both East and West and had written to them, enclosing the statement, shortly before I went to Rome with the Parliamentarians.

I had, of course, sent the statement to Einstein for his approval, but had not yet heard what he thought of it and whether he would be willing to sign it. As we flew from Rome to Paris, where the World Government Association were to hold further meetings, the pilot announced the news of Einstein's death. I felt shattered, not only for the obvious reasons, but because I saw my plan falling through without his support. But, on my arrival at my Paris hotel, I found a letter from him agreeing to sign. This was one of the last acts of his public life.

When I look back upon this time I do not see how the days and nights provided time to get through all that I did.

June came and still all the replies to my letters to the scientists had not been received. I felt that in any case some concrete plan must be made as to how the manifesto should be publicised. After discarding many plans I decided to get expert advice. I knew the editor of *The Observer* slightly and believed him to be liberal and sympathetic.

He proved at that time to be both. He called in colleagues to discuss the matter. They agreed that something more was needed than merely publishing the fact that the manifesto had been written and signed by a number of eminent scientists of varying ideologies. They suggested a press conference should be held at which I should read the document and answer questions about it.

A room was engaged in Caxton Hall a week before. Invitations were sent to the editors of all the journals and to the representatives of foreign journals, as well as to the BBC and representatives of foreign radio and TV in London. This invitation was merely to a conference at which something important of worldwide interest was to be published. The response was heartening and the room had to be changed to the largest in the Hall. The journalistic mind, naturally, was impressed by the dramatic way in which Einstein's signature had arrived. Henceforth, the manifesto was called the Einstein-Russell, or vice versa, manifesto. The meeting ended after two and a half hours with enthusiasm and high hope.

When it was all over, however, and we had returned to our flat, reaction set in. Word continued to pour in of the wide news coverage all over the world of the proclamation of the manifesto. Most of it was favourable. My spirits rose. But for the moment I could do nothing more to forward the next step in opposition to nuclear armaments.

During the dreadful week before the proclamation when the telephone was not ringing about that subject it was ringing to give me most distressing news about my elder son's illness. I now had to devote all my mind to that and to moving my family for the summer to our new house in North Wales. We went there to prepare for the coming of the three grandchildren as soon as possible. I was glad to escape from London. Most people seem to think of me as an urban individual, but I have, in fact, spent most of my life in the country and am far happier there than in any city known to me. But, having settled the children with the nurse who had for some years taken care of them at Richmond, I had to journey to Paris again for another World Government conference.

An additional conference took place in July, 1957, at Pugwash. I was unable to go because of my age and ill health. A large part of my time was devoted to various medical tests to determine what was the trouble with my throat. In February, I had to go into the hospital for a short time to find out whether or not I had cancer of the throat. It was discovered conclusively that I did not have cancer. But what did I have? And so the tests continued and I continued to have to live on baby's food and other such pabulum.

The most obvious achievement of the Pugwash movement has been the conclusion, for which it was largely responsible, of the partial Test-Ban Treaty, which forbade nuclear tests above ground in peace time.

I, personally, was not and am not happy about this partial ban. It seems to me to be, as I should expect it to be, a soother of consciences and fears that should not be soothed. At the same time, it is only a light mitigation of the dangers to which we are all exposed. Nevertheless, it shows that the East and West could work together to obtain what they wished to obtain.

My interest turned to new plans toward persuading peoples and Governments to banish war and in particular weapons of mass extermination, first of all nuclear weapons. In the course of these rash endeavours, I felt that I had become rather disreputable in the eyes of the more conservative scientists.

In July of 1955, I gave a press conference at Caxton Hall to read the manifesto I had asked leading scientists to sign. In the manifesto, I said I think that men of science should make the public and the governments of the world aware of the facts by means of a widespread popular campaign. It is their duty, I think, to make the public aware of things; they have to persuade the world to avoid war, at first by whatever expedients may suggest themselves, but ultimately by some international machinery that shall make the avoidance of war not a matter of day-to-day expedients but of world organisation. I think they should emphasise that science, which has come to have a rather sinister meaning in the minds of the general public, if once this question of war were out of the way, would be capable of conferring the most enormous benefits upon mankind and making the world a very much happier place than it has ever been before.

In early June of 1957, my wife fell ill of a bad heart attack, which dislocated and slowed up our activities for some months. I got through little that could be of any conceivable public interest for some time.

By November, however, my concern with international affairs had boiled up. I felt that I must again do something to urge at least a modicum of common sense to break into the policies of the two Great Powers, Russia and America. They seemed to be blindly but with determination, careering down a not very primrose-strewn path to destruction, a destruction that might -- probably would -- engulf us all. I wrote an open letter to President Eisenhower and Premier Krushchev, addressing them as "Most Potent Sirs." I tried to make clear the fact that the things which they held in common were far more numerous and far more important than their differences, and that they had much more to gain than to lose by cooperation.

During that autumn of 1958, George Kennan had been giving the Reith Lectures over the BBC and saying some excellent things drawn with acumen from his wide and first-hand knowledge of American and Russian policies. Early in December a group of us met with Kingsley Martin at his invitation to talk things over. As far as I remember it was at this meeting that the first glimmerings flickered of what was to become the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. I was to become the President. The CND was publicly launched at a large meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, On February 17, 1958. So many people attended this meeting that there had to be overflow meetings. Moreover, interest in the CND quickly spread.

I was not able to attend the 1959 march or the subsequent meeting in Trafalgar Square, but the following year I spoke in the Square at the end of the march. I wished, in these years, that I had been young enough to take part in the marches. Later, they seemed to me to be degenerating into something of a yearly picnic. Though individual marchers were as sincere as ever in their endeavours and as admirable, the marches were quite ineffective in achieving their aim, which was to call attention to and spread the movement.

The CND had been working for unilateral disarmament, believing that if Great Britain gave up her part in the nuclear race and even demanded the departure of United States bases from her soil, other nations might follow suit. It was a slim hope, and still is, but nonetheless it was, and is, a hope.

I put my point of view clearly in the introduction to my book *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare*, which I wrote during the summer of 1958. The policies that were needed were those dictated by common sense. If the public could be shown this clearly, I had a faint hope that they might insist upon governmental policies being brought into accord with common sense. I wrote my *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare* in this hope.

By the summer of 1960 it seemed to me as if Pugwash and the CND and the other methods that we had tried of informing the public had reached the limit of their effectiveness. It might be possible to so move the general public that it would demand en masse, and therefore irresistibly, the remaking of present governmental policies, here in Britain first and then elsewhere in the world.

In the summer of 1960, my daughter, Kate, and her husband and their children came to visit me. I had not seen them for a long time, not since I was last in the United States.

Since that time my son-in-law had become a full-fledged Minister in the Episcopal Church -- and he was taking his whole family to Uganda, where he had been called as a missionary. My daughter had become very religious and was whole-heartedly in sympathy with his aspirations. I myself, naturally, had little sympathy with either of them on this score.

Toward the end of July, 1960, I received my first visit from a young American called Ralph Schoenman. He was very keen to start a movement of civil disobedience that might grow into a mass movement of general opposition to governmental nuclear policies so strong as to force its opinions upon the Government directly. The more I talked with him, the more favorable to the idea I became.

I went to work with Schoenman to prepare a list of people who might be approached to uphold such a movement. Letters went out to them over my name. The new movement came to be called the Committee of 100. There was a big meeting in Trafalgar Square, at which I spoke.

On February 18th, a far larger demonstration took place at Trafalgar. The morning was dark and drizzly and cold, and our spirits plummeted. If it rained, the numbers participating in the demonstration would undoubtedly dwindle in spite of the large nucleus already pledged to take part. But when we assembled in Trafalgar Square there was a great crowd. Precisely how great it was, it is impossible to say. The median number is as reckoned by the press and the police and the Committee made it about 20,000. Then began the march up Whitehall preceded by a large banner. At one point we were held up by the police, who tried to stop the march on the ground that it was obstructing traffic. The objection, however, manifestly did not hold, and the march proceeded.

Finally, over 5,000 people were sitting or lying on the pavements surrounding the Ministry of Defence. And there we sat for about two hours till darkness had fallen. As soon as word came that the marchers had all become seated, we took a notice that we had prepared and stuck it on the Ministry door. We learned that the Government had asked the Fire department to use their hoses upon us. Luckily, the Fire Department refused. When six o'clock arrived, we called an end to the sit-down. A wave of exultation swept through the crowd.

As we marched back towards Whitehall in the dusk and lamp light, past the cheering supporters, I felt very happy -- we had accomplished what we set out to do that afternoon, and our serious purpose had been made manifest. I was moved, too, by the cheers that greeted me and by the burst of "for he's a jolly good fellow" as I passed.

The demonstration was much more auspicious than we had any right to expect. During the next months the fortunes of the Committee prospered.

Toward the end of March, I arranged to write a further book on nuclear matters and disarmament, which I called *Has Man a Future?* I went to work on it right away and it was published in the autumn.

On August 6th, "Hiroshima Day," the Committee of 100 arranged to have two meetings: a ceremony in the morning of laying a wreath upon the Cenotaph in Whitehall and, in the afternoon, a meeting for speeches to be made at Marble Arch. The former was carried out with dignity. The meeting in Hyde Park was a lively one. The police had forbidden us to use microphones as their use was prohibited by Park rules. This ruling had been overlooked in many previous cases, but was firmly held to in our case. We had determined to try to use microphones, partly because we knew that they would be necessary to make ourselves heard, and partly to expose the odd discrepancy in the enforcement of Park rules. We were, after all, an organisation devoted to civil disobedience. I, therefore, started to speak through a microphone. A policeman quietly remonstrated. I persisted. And the microphone was removed by the police.

We then adjourned the meeting, announcing that we would march to Trafalgar Square to continue it. All this we had planned, and the plan was carried out with some success. What we had not counted on was a thunderstorm of majestic proportions, which broke as the crowd moved down Oxford Street and continued through most of the meeting in the Square.

A month later, as we returned from an afternoon's drive in North Wales, we found a pleasant, though much embarrassed, Police Sergeant astride his motorcycle at our front door. He delivered summonses to my wife and me to be at Bow Street on September 12th to be charged with inciting the public to civil disobedience. The summons was said to be delivered to all the leaders of the Committee, but, in fact, it was delivered only to some of them. Very few who were summoned refused to appear.

We went up to London to take the advice of our solicitors and, even more important, to confer with our colleagues. I had no wish to become a martyr to the cause, but I felt that I should make the most of any chance to publicise our views. We were not so innocent as to fail to see that our imprisonment would cause a certain stir. We hoped that it might create enough sympathy for some, at least, of our reasons for doing as we had done to break through to minds hitherto untouched by them. We had obtained from our doctors statements of our recent serious illnesses, which they thought would make long imprisonment disastrous.

These we handed over to the barrister who was to watch our cases at Bow Street. No one we met seemed to believe that we should be condemned to goal. They thought the Government would think that it would not pay them. But we, ourselves, did not see how they could fail to sentence us to goal. For some time it had been evident that our doings irked the Government, and the police had been raiding the Committee office and doing a clumsy bit of spying upon various members who frequented it. The barrister thought that he could prevent my wife's and my incarceration entirely. But we did not wish either extreme. We instructed him to try to prevent our being let off scot-free, but, equally, to try to have us sentenced to not longer than a fortnight in prison. In the event, we were each sentenced to two months in goal, a sentence which, because of the doctors' statements, was commuted to a week each.

When the sentence of two months was pronounced upon me cries of "Shame, shame, an old man of eighty-eight!" arose from the onlookers. It angered me. I knew that it was well meant, but I had deliberately incurred the punishment and, in any case, I could not see that age had anything to do with guilt. If anything, it made me the more guilty. The magistrate seemed to me nearer the mark in observing that, from his point of view, I was old enough to know better. But on the whole both the Court and the police behaved more gently to us all that I could have hoped.

As each person in alphabetical order was sentenced, he or she was taken out to the cells where we behaved like boys on holiday, singing and telling stories, the tension of incertitude relaxed, and there was nothing more to try to do till we were carted away in our Black Marias.

It was my first trip in a Black Maria, as the last time I had been gaoled I had been taken to Brixton in a taxi, but I was too tired to enjoy the novelty. I was popped into the hospital wing of the prison and spent most of my week in bed, visited daily by the doctor who saw that I got the kind of liquid food that I could consume. No one can pretend to a liking for being imprisoned, unless, possibly, for protective custody. It is a frightening experience. The dread of particularly severe or ill treatment and of physical discomfort is perhaps the least of it. The worst is the general atmosphere, the sense of being always under observation, the dead cold and gloom and the always noted, unmistakable, prison smell -- and the eyes of some of the other prisoners.

We had all this for only a week. We were very conscious of the continuing fact that many of our friends were undergoing it for many weeks and that we were spared only through special circumstances, not through less "guilt," in so far as there was any guilt.

We delighted in our reunion in freedom at home very early on Monday morning. We learned only gradually quite how unbelievably great a success that demonstration had been. The full story of it I must leave to some historian or participant to tell. The important part is that unprecedented numbers took part. It augured well for an approach to the mass movement that we desired.

During the next months there were a number of Committee of 100 meetings, both public and private, at which I spoke. Over time, other demonstrations were planned and took place.

The most important events in relation to my own life were those centering about my ninetieth birth on May 18th.

I looked forward to my birthday celebrations, I confess, with considerable trepidation, for I had been informed of their prospect though told nothing of the toil and anxiety that was going into their consummation. Only afterwards did I hear of the peculiar obstructions caused by impresarios and the managers of concert halls, or of the extreme kindness and generosity of conductors and orchestras and soloists. I only gradually learned of the immense amount of time and energy, thought and sheer determination to give me pleasure expended by my friends for many weeks. The most active of these was Ralph Schoenman who was chiefly responsible for all aspects of the concert, including the excellently arranged and, to me, most pleasing programme. When I did learn all this, I was deeply touched, as I was by the parties themselves. And to my surprise, I found that I enjoyed greatly being the centre of such unexpected friendly plaudits and encomiums.

On my birthday itself, we had a jolly family tea party with two of my grandchildren and my London housekeeper and, to celebrate, a fine cake topped appropriately by a small constable, donated by the baker, bearing one candle for good luck. In the evening, a dinner arranged by A. J. Ayer and Rupert Crawshay-Williams took place at the Cafe Royal. It seemed to me a happy occasion. Some of my friends made speeches: Ayer and Julian Huxley spoke most kindly of me and E. M. Forster recalled the early Cambridge days and spoke delightfully about my old friend Bob Trevelyan. And I met for the first time the Head of my family, the Duke of Bedford and his wife.

Of the celebration party at Festival Hall that took place the next afternoon, I do not know what to say or how to say it. I had been told that there would be music and presentation to me, but I could not know beforehand how lovely the music would be, either the orchestral part under Colin Davis or the solo work by Lili Kraus. Nor could I know how touching and generous would be the presentation of speeches.

The gifts, the programme, the record that was privately made of the proceedings, and especially, the warm friendliness that I felt in the audience as well as in the actors, I still, and always shall, treasure. At the time I was so deeply moved that I felt I could not utter a word, much less find words that might express my feeling of gratitude and of what the occasion meant to me. But, mercifully, words came. I do not think that I can say again so freshly or with such entire, unconsidered sincerity that I felt then, so I give my speech itself, taking it from the recording:

“Friends, This is an occasion that I hardly know how to find words for. I am more touched than I can say, and more deeply than I can ever hope to express. I have to give my very warmest possible thanks to those who have worked to produce this occasion: to the performers, whose exquisite music, exquisitely performed was so full of delight; to those who worked in less conspicuous ways, like my friend Mr. Schoenman; and to all those who have given me gifts -- gifts which are valuable in themselves, and also as expressions of an undying hope for this dangerous world.

“I have a very simple creed: that life and joy and beauty are better than dusty death, and I think when we listen to such music as we heard today we must all of us feel that the capacity to produce such music, and the capacity to hear such music, is a thing worth preserving and should not be thrown away in foolish squabbles. You may say it’s a simple creed, but I think everything important is very simple indeed. I’ve found that creed sufficient, and I should think that a great many of you would also find it sufficient, or else you would hardly be here.

“But now I just want to say how it’s difficult, when one has embarked upon a course which invites a greater or less degree of persecution and obloquy and abuse, to find instead that one is welcomed as I have been today. It makes one feel rather humble, and I feel I must try to live up to the feelings that have produced this occasion. I hope I shall; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

When all this pleasant fuss to do with my becoming a nonagenarian had passed, we retired to Wales, returning to London only for a few days in July for the purpose of talking with U Thant about international nuclear and disarmament policies.

During this period, I wrote an article about growing old that appeared in *The Observer*: “Old age, as I am experiencing it, could be a time of very complete happiness if one could forget the state of the world. Privately, I enjoy everything that could make life delightful. I used to think that when I reached old age I would retire from the world and live a life of elegant culture, reading all the great books that I ought to have read at an earlier date. Perhaps it was, in any case, an idle dream.

A long habit of work with some purpose that one believes important is difficult to break, and I might have found elegant leisure boring even if the world had been in a better state. However that might have been, I find it impossible to ignore what is happening.

“Serenity, in the present world, can only be achieved through blindness or brutality. Unlike what is conventionally expected, I become gradually more and more of a rebel. I was not born rebellious. Until 1914, I fitted more or less comfortably into the world as I found it. There were evils -- great evils -- but there was reason to think that they would grow less. Without having the temperament of a rebel, the course of events had made me gradually less and less able to acquiesce patiently in what is happening. A minority, though a growing one, feels as I do, and, so long as I live, it is with them that I must work.”

I also have a quote from the manifesto I wrote, along with Reverend Michael Scott, “Act or Perish.”

“Every day, and at every moment of every day, a trivial accident, a failure to distinguish a meteor from a bomber, a fit of temporary insanity in one single man, may cause a nuclear world war, which, in all likelihood, will put an end to man and to all higher forms of animal life.”

On a more positive note, we wrote, “We hope, and we believe, that those who feel as we do and those who may come to share our belief can form a body of such irresistible persuasive force that the present madness of East and West may give way to a new hope, a new realisation of the common destinies of the human family and a determination that men shall no longer seek elaborate and devilish ways of injuring each other but shall, instead, unite in permitting happiness and cooperation.

“Our immediate purpose, in so far as it is political, is only to persuade Britain to abandon reliance upon the illusory protection of nuclear weapons. But, if this can be achieved, a wider horizon will open before our eyes. We shall become aware of the immense possibilities of nature when harnessed by the creative intelligence of man to the purposes and arts of peace.

“We shall continue, while life permits, to pursue the goal of world peace and universal human fellowship. 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, nothing lies before you but universal death.”

This next quote is from my leaflet titled “On Civil Disobedience.”

“We have to remember that weapons of mass extermination, once invented, remain a potential threat even if none are actually in being. For this reason we have to remember, further, that, unless war is completely eliminated, the human race is doomed. To put an end to war, which has dominated human life for 6,000 years, isn't an easy task. It is a heroic task, a task worthy of all the energies and all the thought of every sane man throughout the world.”

And this is from a message I wrote while in Brixton prison:

“You, your families, your friends and your countries are to be exterminated by the common decision of a few brutal but powerful men. To please these men, all the private affections, all the public hopes, all that has been achieved in art, and knowledge and thought and all that might be achieved hereafter is to be wiped out forever.

“Our ruined lifeless planet will continue for countless ages to circle aimlessly round the sun unredeemed by the joys and loves, the occasional wisdom and the power to create beauty which have given value to human life. It is for seeking to prevent this that we are in prison.”

All the work involved in the struggle for nuclear disarmament and world peace steadily mounted in demand. By 1963, it was rapidly becoming more than one individual could carry on alone even with the extraordinarily able and willing help that I had. Moreover, the expenses of journeys and correspondence -- written, telegraphed and telephoned -- and of secretaries and coworkers was becoming more than my private funds could cover. And the weight of responsibility of being an entirely one-man show was heavy.

Gradually the scheme took shape, hatched, again, I think, by the fertile mind of Ralph Schoenman, of forming some sort of organization. This should be not just for this or that purpose. It should be for any purpose that would forward the struggle against war and the armaments race, and against the unrest and the injustices suffered by oppressed individuals and peoples that in very large part causes these.

Rather against my will my colleagues urged that the Foundation should bear my name. I knew that this would prejudice against the Foundation many people who might uphold our work itself. It would certainly prejudice well-established and respectable organisations and, certainly, a great number of individuals in Britain, particularly those who were in a position to support us financially.

But my colleagues contended that, as I had been carrying on the work for years, helped by them during the last few years, and my name was identified with it in many parts of the world, to omit my name would mean a setback for the work. I was pleased by their determination, though still somewhat dubious of its wisdom. But in the end I agreed. When, however, we decided to seek charitable status for our organisation, it became evident to my friends as well as to myself that it would be impossible to obtain it in Great Britain for any organisation bearing my name.

Finally, our solicitors suggested that we compromise by forming two Foundations: The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation and the Atlantic Peace Foundation, for the second of which we obtained charitable status. These two Foundations were to work and do work, in cooperation, but the latter's objects are purely educational. Its purpose is to establish research in the various areas concerned in the study of war and peace and the creation of opportunities for research and the publication of its results. The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation was to deal with the more immediately political and controversial side of the work, and contributions to it, whether large or small, are given as ordinary gifts.

Many people in many parts of the world helped us with in a variety of ways.

I lived to see many more events than I've mentioned, such as the Korean War, The Cuban Missile Crisis, the assassination of President Kennedy, and The Vietnam War, which I considered wholly indefensible. I took public positions on them all and all proved controversial.

As we come to the end, I would like to share the poem I mentioned at the start that I was inspired to write to Edith Finch ...

(takes up manuscript and begins to walk  
to park bench)

... who, as you now know, became my fourth wife and finally brought me the sort of complete love and happiness for which I had so long searched.

(sit on park bench; reads from front of  
manuscript)

To Edith

Through the long years

I sought peace,

I found ecstasy, I found anguish,

I found madness,

I found loneliness,

I found the solitary pain

That gnaws the heart,

But peace I did not find.

Now, old & near my end,

I have known you,

And, knowing you,

I have found both ecstasy & peace,

I know rest,

After so many lonely years.

I know what life & love may be.

Now, if I sleep,

I shall sleep fulfilled.

(clears throat, looks up)

All that remains for me to share is the debate I promised you between Lord Gladwyn and myself.

Lights go down.

END OF ACT II

SCENE 1

## ACT II

## SCENE 2

Lights come up. A second lectern is to the side of the one Russell has been using. The park bench has been removed. Russell is at one lectern, and Lord Gladwyn is at the second one.

RUSSELL

Thank you for coming, Lord Gladwyn.

GLADWYN

My pleasure, Lord Russell. It was indeed kind of you to send me the literature concerning the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation and to ask for my views.

RUSSELL

Thank you. I should like to hear them.

GLADWYN

As a general observation, I should at once say that I question your whole major premise.

RUSSELL

In what sense, may I ask?

GLADWYN

I really do not think that general nuclear war is getting more and more likely. I believe, on the contrary, that it is probably getting less and less likely.

RUSSELL

On what do you base your optimism?

GLADWYN

I do not think that either the USA or the USSR has the slightest intention of putting the other side into a position in which it may feel it will have to use nuclear weapons on a "first strike" for its own preservation -- if that very word is not in itself paradoxical in the circumstances. Nor will the Chinese for a long time have the means of achieving a first strike, and when they have they likewise will not want to achieve it.

RUSSELL

That seems to me to be putting one's head in the sand, and at a very dangerous time indeed to be doing so. You point out that the danger of a nuclear war between Russia and the West is less than it was a few years ago. As regards a direct clash between NATO and the Warsaw Powers, I agree with you that the danger is somewhat diminished. You also say that it will be a long time before China will be effective, but I see no reason to believe this. The West thought that it would be a long time before Russia had the A-bomb. When Russia had the A-bomb, the West thought it would be a long time before they had the H-bomb. Both these expectations turned out to be illusions. Furthermore, in estimating the wisdom of a policy, it is necessary to consider not only the possibility of a bad result, but also the degree of badness of the result. The extermination of the human race is the worst possible result, and even if the probability of its occurring is small, its disastrousness should be a deterrent to any policy which allows it.

GLADWYN

Oh, I admit we are no doubt in for a difficult, perhaps even a revolutionary period, and the West must stand together and discuss wise joint policies for facing it; otherwise we may well lapse into mediocrity, anarchy or barbarism.

RUSSELL

I believe the greater danger is that we may lapse into nonexistence.

GLADWYN

I believe that opinion is a bit reactionary. If we do evolve an intelligent common policy, not only will there be no general nuclear war, but we shall overcome the great evils of hunger and overpopulation. Here, however, to my mind, everything depends on the possibility of organizing Western Unity.

RUSSELL

You admit that the present state of the world is not desirable and suggest that the only way of improving it is by way of Western unity. You seem to imply that this unity is to be achieved by all countries of the West blindly following one policy. Such unity does not seem to me desirable. Certainly the policy to which you appear to think the West should adhere -- a policy which, for example, upholds the present United States war in South Vietnam -- cannot possibly avoid a lapse into mediocrity, anarchy or barbarism, which you say you wish above all to avoid. In addition, the entire concept of Western or Eastern unity leaves the various nuclear confrontations in place, along with their dangers. Universal unity, however, such as might be achieved by a World Government, I am entirely persuaded is necessary to the peace of the world.

## GLADWYN

I consider that hope an idle dream, at least, for the foreseeable future. Let me go on. In the Cold War struggle the general position of the West is likely to be strengthened by the recent ideological break between the Soviet Union and China, which seems likely to persist in spite of the fall of Krushchev. Next to the so-called Balance of Terror between Russia and America, I should indeed place the split as a major factor militating in favor of prolonged World Peace, in the sense of an absence of nuclear war.

## RUSSELL

I agree with you that the danger is somewhat diminished. On the other hand, new dangers have arisen. All the Powers of East and West, ever since Hiroshima, have agreed that the danger of nuclear war is increased when new Powers become nuclear. But nothing has been done to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. France and Belgium, India and China and Brazil have or are about to have nuclear weapons, and West Germany is on the verge of acquiring a share of NATO weapons.

## GLADWYN

The spread of nuclear weapons is, of course, a major cause for concern. But they, too, have no choice but to be controlled by the Balance of Terror, by which I mean the ability of each of the two giants to inflict totally unacceptable damage on the other, or any other nuclear armed nation, even on a "second strike." I believe this deterrent is likely to result in the maintenance of existing territorial boundaries, or the Status Quo, in all countries in which the armed forces of the East and West are in physical contact and a continuance of the so-called Cold War, in other words a struggle for influence between the free societies of the West and the Communist societies of the East, as well as in the emergent countries of South America, Africa and Asia. .

## RUSSELL

I believe that the human race is capable of and, if it is to survive, must do better than to agree to live under the dismal threat of ever-impending universal doom.

## GLADWYN

The Balance of Terror has not turned out to be so "delicate" as some thought; with the passage of time, I should myself say that it has gotten even less fragile. I developed my general thesis in 1958 in an essay called "Is Tension Necessary?" And events since then have substantially confirmed it. The chief feature of the present landscape, in fact -- and it is a reassuring one -- is that America and Russia are becoming less afraid of each other. The one feels that the chances of a subversion of its free economy are substantially less; the other feels that no attack can now possibly be mounted against it by the Western "capitalists."

RUSSELL

What do you propose with regard to the possibly of war by accident? You seem to consider it so improbable that it can be ignored.

GLADWYN

I think it is so highly improbable that it needn't cause undue alarm.

RUSSELL

There is, however, the possibility of war by mistake. This prospect has already almost occurred several times through mistaking the moon for Soviet planes or some such misreading of radar signals. It cannot be deemed unlikely that, sooner or later, such a mistake will not be discovered in time.

GLADWYN

I admit it is not an ideal situation, but I believe that all possible safeguards have been put in place..

RUSSELL

But, Gladwyn, it is a simple matter of mathematical statistics that the more nuclear missiles there are, the greater is the danger of nuclear accident. Vast numbers of rockets and other missiles, primed for release and dependent upon mechanical systems and slight margins in time, are highly subject to accident. Any insurance company would establish this where the factors involved relate to civilian activity such as automobile transport or civilian aviation. In this sense, the danger of accidental war increases each day that the weapons systems are permitted to remain. Nor is the danger wholly mechanical: human beings, even well "screened" and highly trained, are subject to hysteria and madness of various sorts when submitted to the extreme tensions and concentration that many men having to do with nuclear weapons are submitted to.

GLADWYN

Unfortunately, there is always the possibility of an act of human lunacy. Have you a remedy for it?

RUSSELL

Has the human race ever had a remedy for it? What if an emerging country got hold of a nuclear weapon?

GLADWYN

Would it not be suicidal for such a country to employ it?

RUSSELL

What if the people who possessed it had, in psychanalytic terms, a death wish?

GLADWYN

Then they might well achieve their goal, and rather suddenly.

RUSSELL

With very unpredictable consequences. I find the risk entirely unacceptable. Another danger is the existence of large, adventurous and very powerful groups in the United States. The US Government has run grave risks in attacks on the forces of North Vietnam. And, in the recent election, some 40%, or thereabouts, of the population voted for Goldwater, who openly advocated war. Such warlike groups can, at any moment, create an incident, such as the U-2 incident, which put an end to the conciliatory mood of Camp David.

GLADWYN

There are warlike groups on all sides. But notice that Goldwater was not elected. I would like to address something else. It is absurd that everybody, and more particularly the USA and the USSR, should spend such colossal sums on armaments, though it seems probably that, the nuclear balance having been achieved, less money will be devoted to reinforcing or even to maintaining it. It is also wrong, in principle, that Germany should continue to be divided.

RUSSELL

But don't you see, you're enumerating difficulties that can only be solved by the United Nations or the creation of some other international institution to control nuclear weapons.

GLADWYN

Clearly, general disarmament is desirable.

RUSSELL

Thank you. I'm delighted we've found some common ground.

GLADWYN

I thought we might. Yet it is arguable that any general disarmament will be achieved until an agreed settlement of outstanding political problems, and notably the reunification of Germany is peacefully negotiated. The truth may well be that in the absence of such settlements both sides are in practice reluctant to disarm beyond a certain point, and without almost impossible guarantees, and are apt to place the blame for lack of progress squarely on the other. What is demonstrably untrue is that the West are to blame whereas the Soviet Union is guiltless.

## RUSSELL

You find fault with me on the ground that I seem to hold the West always to blame and the Soviet Union always guiltless. This is by no means the case. While Stalin lived, I considered his policies abominable. More recently, I protested vigorously against the Russian tests that preceded the Test Ban Treaty. At present, I am engaged in pointing out the ill-treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union.

## GLADWYN

That's all highly commendable. However, in particular, I question your statement -- in the African paper you forwarded to me -- that the Soviet Union has already agreed to disarm and to accept adequate inspection in all the proper stage, and that failure to agree on disarmament is solely the responsibility of the West.

## RUSSELL

My own view is that disarmament could now come about. Perhaps you know Philip Noel-Baker's pamphlet "The Way to World Disarmament - Now!" In it he notes accurately and dispassionately the actual record of disarmament negotiations. He said, among other things, that Soviet proposals entail the presence of large numbers of inspectors on Soviet territory during all stages of disarmament. In 1955 the Soviet Union accepted in full the Western disarmament proposals. The Western proposals were withdrawn at once upon their acceptance by the Soviet Union.

## GLADWYN

On the contrary, the facts are that, although the Soviet Government has accepted full verification of the destruction of all armaments due for destruction in the various stages of both the Russian and the American Draft Disarmament Treaties, they have *not* agreed that there should be any verification of the balance of armaments remaining in existence. There would thus, under the Russian proposal, be no guarantee at all that retained armed forces and armaments did not exceed agreed quotas at any stage. Here the Americans have made a significant concession, namely to be content in the early stages with a system of verifying in a few sample areas only: but the Soviet Government has so far turned a deaf ear to such suggestions.

## RUSSELL

It is far from being only the West that cries out for disarmament. I believe Russia has a sincere interest in it, and China has pled for it again and again, the last time a few days ago.

GLADWYN

It's on thing to want or to plea. It's the specifics upon which the issue depends. For example, there is a whole problem of the run-down to the Agreed Principles, as regards which the Soviet intentions have not, as yet, been fully revealed. Finally the West want to have an International Peace Keeping Force, which would clearly be required in the event of complete disarmament, under an integrated and responsible Command, but the Soviet Government is insisting, for practical purposes, on the introduction into the Command of a power of veto.

RUSSELL

I do not see that as an insoluble impediment, particularly, if the West also has the power of veto.

GLADWYN

What I am attempting to establish is that I cannot possibly agree with your position that, if we are to alter the drift to destruction, it will be necessary to change Western policy -- and apparently Western policy only.

RUSSELL

That is not my position, Lord Gladwyn.

GLADWYN

Apparently, at times it has been. For instance, at the time of the Cuba crisis, you circulated a leaflet entitled "No Nuclear War over Cuba," which started off "You are to die." We were to die, it appeared, unless public opinion could under your leadership be mobilized so as to alter American policy, thus allowing the Soviet Government to establish hardened nuclear missile bases in Cuba for use against the United States.

RUSSELL

It was written at the height of the crisis when most informed people were expecting universal death within a few hours. After the crisis passed, I no longer considered such emphatic language appropriate, but, as an expression of the right view at the moment, I still consider it correct.

GLADWYN

The fact remains that we did not die. Of course, some day, all of us will die, but not, I think in the great holocaust of the Western imagination. The human animal, admittedly, has many of the characteristics of a beast of prey: mercifully he does not possess the suicidal tendencies of the lemmings.

RUSSELL

He doesn't? Are you aware of the death instinct, as developed by psychoanalysis, and which we see evidence of in the rampant violence that blights much of the world?

GLADWYN

I do not pretend to be a psychoanalyst. But it is obvious that what we want in the world is less fear and more love. With great respect, I do not think that your campaign is contributing to either objective.

RUSSELL

Do you think that less fear and more love are to be achieved by the Balance of Terror? Is it not evident that, so long as that dangerous policy prevails, there will continually new inventions which will increase the danger of a nuclear holocaust, as well as the expense of armaments until both sides are reduced to penury? The balance of terror consists of two expensively armed blocs, each saying to the other, "I should like to destroy you but I fear that, if I did, you would destroy me." Do you really consider that this is a way to promote love? If you do not, I wish that you would give some indication of a way that you think feasible. All that you say about this is that you see no way except disarmament, but that disarmament is not feasible unless various political questions have first to be settled.

GLADWYN

Realism is, admittedly, a complex matter, Lord Russell. As to the expense of the present arms production programmes, I, naturally, agree with you.

RUSSELL

I should hope so. Arms production on the part of the great powers is in excess of the gross national product of three continents -- Africa, Latin America, and Asia. I do agree, however, that disarmament would be easier to achieve if various political questions were first settled.

GLADWYN

I see no other way.

RUSSELL

But it is precisely for this reason that the Peace Foundation is engaged at present in an examination of these questions and discussions with those directly involved in them in the hope of working out with them acceptable and feasible solutions. And it is with a view to enhancing the love and mitigating the hate in the world that the Foundation is engaged in questions relating to political prisoners and members of families separated by political rulings and red tape and to unhappy minorities.

It has had surprising and considerable success in all these field during the first year of its existence. As a result, I do not understand your negating its importance.

GLADWYN

These are matters of great moment to our people and indeed to humanity. I should hope that you would one day be prepared to advance your proposals in the House of Lords, where they could be subjected to intelligent scrutiny.

RUSSELL

Thank you, Lord Gladwyn. And thank you for your participation.

GLADWYN

Thank you, Lord Russell, for the invitation.

Lights fade down.

END OF ACT II

## EPILOGUE

Lights come up. Only one lectern is present again. Russell enters with his manuscript and goes to it.

## RUSSELL

I trust you found the debate of interest. By now, I think you have probably heard enough to make up your minds about what my life has been. Let me conclude with a few selections from the epilogue to my *Autobiography*.

(reads a bit but primarily looks at the audience, presenting it as material he knows very well, )

The serious part of my life ever since boyhood has been devoted to two different objects which for a long time remained separate and have only in recent years united into a single whole. I wanted, on the one hand, to find out whether anything could be known; and, on the other hand, to do whatever might be possible toward creating a happier world. Up to the age of thirty-eight, I gave most of my energies to the first of these tasks. I was troubled by skepticism and unwillingly forced to the conclusion that most of what passes for knowledge is open to reasonable doubt. I wanted certainty in the kind of way in which people want religious faith. I thought that certainty is more likely to be found in mathematics than elsewhere. But I discovered that many mathematical demonstrations, which my teachers expected me to accept, were full of fallacies, and that, if certainty were indeed discoverable in mathematics, it would be in a new kind of mathematics, with more solid foundations than those that had hitherto been thought secure.

But as the work proceeded, I was continually reminded of the fable about the elephant and the tortoise. Having constructed an elephant upon which the mathematical world could rest, I found the elephant tottering, and proceeded to construct a tortoise to keep the elephant from falling. But the tortoise was no more secure than the elephant, and after some twenty years of very arduous toil, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing more that I could do in the way of making mathematical knowledge indubitable.

Then came the First World War, and my thoughts became concentrated on human misery and folly. Neither misery nor folly seems to me any part of the inevitable lot of man. And I am convinced that intelligence, patience, and eloquence can, sooner or later, lead the human reach out of its self-imposed tortures, provided it does not exterminate itself meanwhile.

On the basis of this belief, I have had always a certain degree of optimism, although, as I have grown older, the optimism has grown more sober and the happy issue more distant. But I remain completely incapable of agreeing with those who accept fatalistically the view that man is born to trouble.

The causes of unhappiness in the past and in the present are not difficult to ascertain. There have been poverty, pestilence, and famine, which were due to man's inadequate mastery of nature. There have been wars, oppressions and tortures which have been due to men's hostility to their fellow men. And there have been morbid miseries fostered by gloomy creeds, which had led men into profound inner discords that made all outward prosperity of no avail. All these are unnecessary. In regard to all of them, means are known by which they can be overcome.

In the modern world, if communities are unhappy, it is often because they have ignorances, habits, beliefs, and passions which are dearer to them than happiness or even life. I find many men in our dangerous age who seem to be in love with misery and death, and who grow angry when hopes are suggested to them. They think hope is irrational and that, in sitting down to lazy despair, they are merely facing facts. I cannot agree with these men. To preserve hope in our world makes calls upon our intelligence and our energy. In those who despair it is frequently the energy that is lacking.

The last half of my life has been lived in one of those painful epochs of human history during which the world is getting worse, and past victories which had seemed to be definite have turned out to be only temporary.

My work is near its end, and the time has come when I can survey it as a whole. How far have I succeeded, and how far have I failed?

I set out with a more or less religious belief in a Platonic eternal world, in which mathematics shone with a beauty like that of the last Cantos of the *Paradiso*. I came to the conclusion that the eternal world is trivial, and that mathematics is only the art of saying the same thing in different words. I set out with a belief that love, free and courageous, could conquer the world without fighting. I came to support a bitter and terrible war. In these respects there was failure.

But beneath all this load of failure I am still conscious of something that I feel to be victory. I may have conceived theoretical truth wrongly, but I was not wrong in thinking that there is such a thing, and that it deserves our allegiance.

I may have thought the road to a world of free and happy human beings shorter than it is proving to be, but I wasn't wrong in thinking that such a world is possible, and that it is worthwhile to live with a view to bringing it nearer.

I have lived in the pursuit of a vision, both personal and social. Personal: to care for what is noble, for what is beautiful, for what is gentle: to allow moments of insight to give wisdom at more mundane times. Social: to see in imagination the society that is to be created, where individuals grow freely, and where hate and greed and envy die because there is nothing to nourish them.

These things I believe, and the world, for all its horrors, has left me unshaken.

Thank you very much for coming.

CURTAIN