

The matter about which you write to me is rather complicated.

I do not know why you infer that no payments were made before the war. K 3 was written more than a year before the 1914 war broke out. Is it not likely that one or more payments were made between June 1913 and August 1914?

It is only the vaguest of memories, but I should guess that they were made.

K 7 was written after the war had broken out.

I do not suppose that the Cambridge University Press would have known about the payments if they were made. They were not made in order to subsidise the book and had no direct relation to the book. The payments were intended to make Johnson financially able to resign his lectureship at Cambridge University for which he had been paid a salary, and thus to give him more time to get on with his own philosophical research and thinking.

Note that Wittgenstein had no regular job at Cambridge before the war. That came later. He had been a lecturer at Liverpool, and went ^{to Cambridge} there under his own steam, so to speak, being then rich. At Liverpool, he became aware of Bertrand Russell. He went to Cambridge in order to go to Bertrand Russell's lectures, not Johnson's. It was when he got to Cambridge that he got to know about and formed his admiration for Johnson.

Bertrand Russell regarded Wittgenstein as a fearful bore. It was Keynes, not Russell, who was fond of him, although his subject, formal logic, was of course Russell's and not Keynes'. He knew nothing about economics.

Brian McGuinness,
The Queen's College,
Oxford.

Wittgenstein

20th February 1974.

Yours of February 6.

I am quite confident that payments were actually made before the war.

The sentence that you have put in brackets at the end of your first paragraph seems to confirm this. The implication is that during the war money would not be paid.

As things turned out, payments were entirely impossible after the war. The Austrian currency was completely blocked.

I see that you quote a letter from a Naomi Bentwich. I would suggest getting in touch with her, brother, Joseph Solomon Bentwich, who was a schoolboy friend of mine. I am afraid I do not know if he is still alive. He lives in Tel Aviv and it is about a dozen years since I last saw him. I may say of him that he was an absolutely topclass mathematician and mathematical physicist. He was offered a Fellowship at Trinity College after he had completed his degree, but he preferred to go out to dig the soil in Palestine. This was an idealistic gesture. But he did not find much idealism among other diggers and migrated to become a schoolmaster at Tel Aviv. He did not find much idealism at the school either. He came over to consult me twelve years ago as to what he should do with the rest of his so far largely wasted life. I am afraid that I do not know what he did do. As he was in Cambridge at the time when these things were going on, and was in touch with the philosophers, he might have some memory about the Wittgenstein events.

To tell you the truth, I do not recall A. W. Whitehead ever mentioning Wittgenstein. I think that the personality of Wittgenstein, would have somewhat irritated Whitehead, who was a very straightforward and unaffected person.

My friendship with Whitehead originated from the fact that his son, who was a very dear, sweet person, was my contemporary at Westminster School during the First World War. Characteristically, he volunteered

10.11.74

Dear McGuinness,

Eric Whitehead was my age and at Westminster School with me. But, unlike me who awaited my turn to be called up in September 1918, he volunteered for the air force when he was barely 17 years old and was killed within a matter of months. So I don't think that Wittgenstein can have known him. My recollection is that North got a job to teach science, at, oddly enough, the Harvard Business School. The daughter got a job in the Widener Library. I always visited the Whiteheads, in due course the widow only, when I was in Cambridge, Mass.

I think I told you that, when they were still in England, I regularly went to their weekly after dinner At Homes, every week when I was still at Westminster and every week during vacations after I had gone to Oxford. When at Oxford I always spent the vacations - six months per year - living with my mother in London.

I don't know what you mean by saying that North was a "contemporary" of Wittgenstein's at Trinity. Wittgenstein was not an undergraduate at Cambridge, though he did go to lectures there for a time before the 1914 war. He had no special connection with Trinity then.

Wittgenstein may have known about Eric Whitehead by hearsay and praised his heroism.

I am glad to hear that my recollection of what I learnt about pre-war payments to Johnson has been verified.

Alfred North's wife had a strong French accent and dressed herself in a fashionable Frenchified style. According to Who's Who her father was Capt. Wade of the Seaforth Highlanders; that doesn't sound very French! Perhaps her mother was French. Perhaps her parents were separated and she spent time with her mother in France?

for the Air Force when he was only just seventeen years old, falsifying his age. He was sent to fight in France after little more than three months of training. We were more ruthless in World War I, well, perhaps we had to be; our situation was much more desperate than in World War II. This charming young man was almost immediately killed.

Whitehead went to live in Chelsea, after he became Professor of the College of Science and Technology in South Kensington, which was later incorporated in London University. He had what one might call an "At Home" for his friends once a week after dinner. I always lived with my mother during the vacations and always went to Whitehead's "At Homes". There had to be something very important to prevent my going.

He was a very charming and sweet person. He had none of the snobbery of "Bloomsbury"; actually, I think that he rather disliked Bloomsbury. One just met the run of students or Professors at the College in South Kensington and some toadies. He had a very interesting French wife, but, to the extent that she was a little bit of a snob - not much so - it was social rather than intellectual snobbery. But socialites, as you may imagine, had not the slightest idea that Whitehead was a person of any importance. The consequence was that her little gatherings consisted of rather dull people.

I always made an effort to go, because Whitehead himself was such an interesting man and such a great charmer. I always enjoyed my evenings with him very much indeed.

Well, as I said, I don't recall his ever mentioning Wittgenstein.

Brian McGuinness Esq.,
The Queen's College,
Oxford.