



ON THE MOVE
A LIFE

OLIVER SACKS

AUTHOR OF MUSICOPHILIA



ALSO BY OLIVER SACKS

Migraine

Awakenings

A Leg to Stand On

The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat

Seeing Voices

An Anthropologist on Mars

The Island of the Colorblind

Uncle Tungsten

Oaxaca Journal

Musicophilia

The Mind's Eye

Hallucinations

On the Move

A Life

Oliver Sacks



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for Billy

“Life must be lived forwards but can only be understood backwards.”

—Kierkegaard

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On the Move

When I was at boarding school, sent away during the war as a little boy, I had a sense of imprisonment and powerlessness, and I longed for movement and power, ease of movement and superhuman powers. I enjoyed these, briefly, in dreams of flying and, in a different way, when I went horse riding in the village near school. I loved the power and suppleness of my horse, and I can still evoke its easy and joyous movement, its warmth and sweet, hayey smell.

Most of all, I loved motorbikes. My father had had one before the war, a Scott Flying Squirrel with a big water-cooled engine and an exhaust like a scream, and I wanted a powerful bike, too. Images of bikes and planes and horses merged for me, as did images of bikers and cowboys and pilots, whom I imagined to be in precarious but jubilant control of their powerful mounts. My boyish imagination was fed by Westerns and films of heroic air combat, seeing pilots risking their lives in Hurricanes and Spitfires but lent protection by their thick flying jackets, as motorcyclists were by their leather jackets and helmets.

When I returned to London as a ten-year-old in 1943, I enjoyed sitting in the window seat of our front room, watching and trying to identify motorbikes as they sped by (after the war, when petrol was easier to get, they became much commoner). I could identify a dozen or more marques —AJS, Triumph, BSA, Norton, Matchless, Vincent, Velocette, Ariel, and Sunbeam, as well as rare foreign bikes like BMWs and Indians.

As a teenager, I would go regularly to Crystal Palace with a like-minded cousin to see the motorbike racing there. I often hitchhiked to Snowdonia to climb or to the Lake District to swim and sometimes got a lift on a motorbike. Riding pillion thrilled me and stimulated daydreams of the sleek, powerful bike I would get one day.

My first motorbike, when I was eighteen, was a secondhand BSA Bantam with a little two-stroke engine and, as it turned out, faulty brakes. I took it to Regent's Park on its maiden ride, which turned out to be fortunate, possibly lifesaving, because the throttle jammed when I was going flat out and the brakes were not strong enough to stop the bike or

even slow it more than a little. Regent's Park is encircled by a road, and I found myself going round and round it, perched on a motorbike I had no way of stopping. I hooted or yelled to warn pedestrians out of my way, but after I had made two or three circuits, everyone gave me a free path and shouted encouragement as I passed by again and again. I knew the bike would have to stop eventually, when it ran out of gas, and finally, after dozens of involuntary circuits of the park, the engine sputtered and died.

My mother had been very much against my getting a bike in the first place. That I expected, but I was surprised by my father's opposition, since he had ridden a bike himself. They had tried to dissuade me from getting a bike by buying me a little car, a 1934 Standard that could barely do forty miles per hour. I had grown to hate the little car, and one day, impulsively, I sold it and used the proceeds to buy the Bantam. Now I had to explain to my parents that a feeble little car or bike was dangerous because one lacked the power to pull out of trouble and that I would be much safer with a larger, more powerful bike. They acceded to this reluctantly and funded me for a Norton.

On my first Norton, a 250 cc machine, I had a couple of near accidents. The first came when I approached a red traffic light too fast and, realizing that I could not safely brake or turn, drove straight on and somehow—miraculously—passed between two lines of cars going in opposite directions. Reaction came a minute later: I rode another block, parked the bike in a side road—and fainted.

The second accident occurred at night in heavy rain on a winding country road. A car coming in the opposite direction did not dim its headlights, and I was blinded. I thought there would be a head-on collision, but at the last moment I stepped off the bike (an expression of ridiculous mildness for a potentially lifesaving but potentially fatal maneuver). I let the bike go in one direction (it missed the car but was totaled) and myself in another. Fortunately, I was wearing a helmet, boots, and gloves, as well as full leathers, and though I slid twenty yards or so on the rain-slicked road, I was so well protected by my clothing that I did not get a scratch.

My parents were shocked, but very glad I was in one piece, and raised strangely little objection to my getting another, more powerful bike—a 600 cc Norton Dominator. At this point, I had finished at Oxford, and I was about to go to Birmingham, where I had a job as a house surgeon for the first six months of 1960, and I was careful to say that with the newly opened M1 motorway between Birmingham and London and a fast bike, I would be able to come home every weekend. The motorway in those days

had no speed limit, so I could be back in a little over an hour.

I met up with a motorcycle group in Birmingham and tasted the pleasure of being part of a group, sharing an enthusiasm; up to this point, I had always been a solitary rider. The countryside around Birmingham was quite unspoiled, and a special pleasure was riding to Stratford-on-Avon to see whatever Shakespeare play was on.

In June of 1960, I went to the TT, the great Tourist Trophy motorcycle race held annually on the Isle of Man. I managed to procure an Emergency Medical Service armband, which enabled me to visit the pits and see some of the riders. I kept careful notes and had plans to write a motorbike-racing novel set on the Isle of Man—I did a great deal of research for this—but it never got off the ground.¹

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The North Circular Road around London also had no speed limits in the 1950s—very inviting for those who loved speed—and there was a famous café, the Ace, which was basically a hangout for motorcyclists with fast machines. “Doing the ton”—a hundred miles per hour—was a minimum criterion for being one of the inner group, the Ton-Up Boys.

A number of bikes, even then, could do the ton, especially if they were tuned up a little, relieved of surplus weight (including exhausts), and given high-octane fuel. More challenging was the “burn-up,” a race around secondary roads, and you risked a challenge as soon as you entered the café. “Playing chicken,” however, was discountenanced; the North Circular, even then, carried heavy traffic at times.

I never played chicken, but I enjoyed a little road racing; my 600 cc “Dommie” had a slightly souped-up engine but could not match the 1000 cc Vincents favored by the inner circle at the Ace. I once tried a Vincent, but it seemed horribly unstable to me, especially at low speeds, very different from my Norton, which had a “feather bed” frame and was wonderfully stable, whatever one’s speed. (I wondered if one could fit a Vincent engine in a Norton frame, and I was to find, years later, that such “Norvins” had been made.) When speed limits were introduced, there was no more doing the ton; the fun was over, and the Ace ceased to be the place it once was.

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When I was twelve, a perceptive schoolmaster wrote in his report, “Sacks

will go far, if he does not go too far,” and this was often the case. As a boy, I often went too far in my chemical experiments, filling the house with noxious gases; luckily, I never burned the place down.

I liked to ski, and when I was sixteen, I went to Austria with a school group for some downhill skiing. The following year I traveled alone to do cross-country skiing in Telemark. The skiing went well, and before taking the ferry back to England, I bought two liters of aquavit in the duty-free shop and then went through Norwegian border control. As far as the Norwegian customs officers were concerned, I could have any number of bottles with me, but (they informed me) I could bring only one bottle *into* England; U.K. customs would confiscate the other. I got on board, clutching my two bottles, and made for the upper deck. It was a brilliantly clear, very cold day, but having all my warm ski clothes with me, I did not see this as a problem; everyone else stayed inside, and I had the entire upper deck to myself.

I had my book to read—I was reading *Ulysses*, very slowly—and my aquavit to sip: nothing like alcohol to warm one inside. Lulled by the gentle, hypnotic motion of the ship, taking a little aquavit from time to time, I sat on the upper deck, absorbed in my book. I was surprised to find, at one point, that I had drunk, in tiny increments, almost half the bottle. I noticed no effect, so I continued reading and sipping from the bottle, increasingly upended now it was half-empty. I was rather startled when I realized we were docking; I had been so absorbed by *Ulysses* that I failed to note the passage of time. The bottle was now empty. I still felt no effects; the stuff must be much weaker than they make out, I thought, even though it said “100 proof” on the label. I noticed nothing amiss, until I stood up and promptly fell flat on my face. I was extremely surprised by this—had the ship suddenly lurched? So I got up and immediately fell down once again.

Only now it began to dawn on me that I was drunk—very, very drunk—though the drink had apparently gone straight to my cerebellum, leaving the rest of my head alone. Coming up to make sure everyone was off the boat, a crewman found me endeavoring to walk, using my ski poles for support. He called an assistant, and the two of them, one on each side, escorted me off the boat. Though lurching badly and attracting (mostly amused) attention, I felt I had beaten the system, leaving Norway with two bottles but arriving with one. I had cheated the U.K. customs of a bottle which, I imagined, they would dearly have liked for themselves.

Nineteen fifty-one was an eventful, and in some ways painful, year. My Auntie Birdie, who had been a constant presence in my life, died in March; she had lived with us for my entire lifetime and was unconditionally loving to us all. (Birdie was a tiny woman and of modest intelligence, the only one so handicapped among my mother's siblings. It was never quite clear to me what had happened to her in early life; there was talk of a head injury in infancy but also of a congenital thyroid deficiency. None of this mattered to us; she was simply Auntie Birdie, an essential part of the family.) I was greatly affected by Birdie's death and perhaps only then realized how deeply she was woven into my life, all our lives. When, a few months before, I got a scholarship to Oxford, it was Birdie who gave me the telegram and hugged and congratulated me—shedding some tears, too, because she knew this meant that I, the youngest of her nephews, would be leaving home.

I was due to go to Oxford in late summer. I had just turned eighteen, and my father thought this was the time for a serious man-to-man, father-to-son talk with me. We talked about allowances and money—not a big issue, for I was fairly frugal in my habits and my only extravagance was books. And then my father got on to what was really worrying him.

“You don't seem to have many girlfriends,” he said. “Don't you like girls?”

“They're all right,” I answered, wishing the conversation would stop.

“Perhaps you prefer boys?” he persisted.

“Yes, I do—but it's just a feeling—I have never ‘done’ anything,” and then I added, fearfully, “Don't tell Ma—she won't be able to take it.”

But my father did tell her, and the next morning she came down with a face of thunder, a face I had never seen before. “You are an abomination,” she said. “I wish you had never been born.” Then she left and did not speak to me for several days. When she did speak, there was no reference to what she had said (nor did she ever refer to the matter again), but something had come between us. My mother, so open and supportive in most ways, was harsh and inflexible in this area. A Bible reader like my father, she loved the Psalms and the Song of Solomon but was haunted by the terrible verses in Leviticus: “Thou shall not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination.”

My parents, as physicians, had many medical books, including several on “sexual pathology,” and I had dipped into Krafft-Ebing, Magnus Hirschfeld, and Havelock Ellis by the age of twelve. But I found it difficult to feel that I had a “condition,” that my identity could be reduced to a

name or a diagnosis. My friends at school knew that I was “different,” if only because I excused myself from parties which would end in petting and necking.

Buried in chemistry and then in biology, I was not too aware of what was going on all around me—or inside me—and I had no crushes on anyone at school (although I was turned on by a full-size reproduction, at the head of the stairway, of the famous statue of a beautifully muscled, naked Laocoön trying to save his sons from the serpents). I knew that the very idea of homosexuality aroused horror in some people; I suspected that this might be the case with my mother, which is why I said to my father, “Don’t tell Ma—she won’t be able to take it.” I should not, perhaps, have told my father; in general, I regarded my sexuality as nobody’s business but my own, not a secret, but not to be talked about. My closest friends, Eric and Jonathan, were aware of it, but we almost never discussed the subject. Jonathan said that he regarded me as “asexual.”

We are all creatures of our upbringings, our cultures, our times. And I have needed to remind myself, repeatedly, that my mother was born in the 1890s and had an Orthodox upbringing and that in England in the 1950s homosexual behavior was treated not only as a perversion but as a criminal offense. I have to remember, too, that sex is one of those areas—like religion and politics—where otherwise decent and rational people may have intense, irrational feelings. My mother did not mean to be cruel, to wish me dead. She was suddenly overwhelmed, I now realize, and she probably regretted her words or perhaps partitioned them off in a closeted part of her mind.

But her words haunted me for much of my life and played a major part in inhibiting and injecting with guilt what should have been a free and joyous expression of sexuality.

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My brother David and his wife, Lili, learning of my lack of sexual experience, felt it could be attributed to shyness and that a good woman, even a good fuck, could set me to rights. Around Christmas of 1951, after my first term at Oxford, they took me to Paris with the intention not only of seeing the sights—the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower—but of taking me to a kindly whore who would put me through my paces, skillfully and patiently teaching me what sex was like.

A prostitute of suitable age and character was selected—David and Lili interviewed her first, explaining the situation—and I then went into her

room. I was so frightened that my penis became limp with fear and my testicles tried to retreat into my abdominal cavity.

The prostitute, who resembled one of my aunts, saw the situation at a glance. She spoke good English (this had been one of the criteria for her selection), and she said, “Don’t worry—we’ll have a nice cup of tea instead.” She pulled out tea things and petits fours, put on a kettle, and asked what sort of tea I liked. “Lapsang,” I said. “I love the smoky smell.” By this time, I had recovered my voice and my confidence and chatted easily with her as we enjoyed our smoky tea.

I stayed for half an hour, then left; my brother and his wife were waiting, expectantly, outside. “How was it, Oliver?” David demanded. “Terrific,” I said, wiping crumbs off my beard.

—

By the time I was fourteen, it was “understood” that I was going to be a doctor. My mother and father were both physicians, and so were my two eldest brothers.

I was not sure, however, that I wanted to be a doctor. I could no longer nourish ambitions to be a chemist; chemistry itself had advanced beyond the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century inorganic chemistry I loved so much. But at fourteen or fifteen, inspired by my school biology teacher and by Steinbeck’s *Cannery Row*, I thought I would like to become a marine biologist.

When I got my scholarship to Oxford, I faced a choice: Should I stick to zoology or become a pre-med student and do anatomy, biochemistry, and physiology? It was especially the physiology of the senses that fascinated me—how did we see color, depth, movement? How did we *recognize* anything? How did we make sense of the world, visually? I had developed these interests from an early age through having visual migraines, for besides the brilliant zigzags which heralded an attack, I might, during a migraine aura, lose the sense of color or depth or movement or even the ability to recognize anything. My vision could be unmade, deconstructed, frighteningly but fascinatingly, in front of me, and then be remade, reconstructed, all in the space of a few minutes.

My little home chemistry lab had doubled as a photography darkroom, and I was especially drawn to color and stereophotography; these too made me wonder how the brain constructed color and depth. I had enjoyed marine biology much as I had enjoyed chemistry, but now I wanted to understand how the human brain worked.

I never had much intellectual self-confidence, even though I was regarded as bright. Like my two closest school friends, Jonathan Miller and Eric Korn, I was obsessed with both science and literature. I was in awe of Jonathan's and Eric's intelligence and couldn't think why they hung around with me, but we all got scholarships to university. I then ran into some difficulties.

At Oxford, one had to take an exam called "prelims" for entry; it was considered a mere formality with me, because I already had an open scholarship. But I failed prelims; I took them a second time, and I failed again. I took the test a third time and failed yet again, and at this point Mr. Jones, the Provost, pulled me aside and said, "You did splendid scholarship papers, Sacks. Why are you failing this silly exam again and again?" I said I didn't know, and he said, "Well, this is your last chance." So I took the test a fourth time and finally passed.

At St. Paul's School, with Eric and Jonathan, I could enjoy an easy mix of arts and sciences. I was president of our literary society and secretary of the Field Club at the same time. Such a mix was more difficult at Oxford, for the anatomy department, the science laboratories, and the Radcliffe Science Library were all clustered together in South Parks Road, at a distance from the university lecture halls and colleges. There was both a physical and a social separation between those of us doing science or pre-med degrees and the rest of the university.

I felt this sharply in my first term at Oxford. We had to write essays and present these to our tutors, and this entailed many hours in the Radcliffe Science Library, reading research and review papers, culling what seemed most important, and presenting it in an interesting and individual way. Spending a great deal of time reading neurophysiology was enjoyable, even thrilling—vast new areas seemed to be opening out—but I became more and more conscious of what was now missing from my life. I was doing almost no general reading other than Maynard Keynes's *Essays in Biography*, and I wanted to write my own "Essays in Biography," though with a clinical twist—essays presenting individuals with unusual weaknesses or strengths and showing the influence of these special features on their lives; they would, in short, be clinical biographies or case histories of a sort.

My first (and, in the event, my only) subject here was Theodore Hook, whose name I had come across while reading a biography of Sydney Smith, the great early Victorian wit. Hook too was a great wit and

conversationalist, a decade or two earlier than Sydney Smith; he also had, to an unrivaled degree, powers of musical invention. It was said that he had composed more than five hundred operas, sitting at a piano, improvising, and singing all of the parts. These were flowers of the moment—astonishing, beautiful, and ephemeral; they were improvised on the spot, never repeated, never written down, and soon forgotten. I was enthralled by descriptions of Hook’s improvisational genius; what sort of brain could allow for this?

I started reading what I could about Hook, as well as some of the books he had written; they seemed oddly dull and labored, in contrast to descriptions of his lightning-quick, wildly inventive improvisations. I thought about Hook a good deal, and towards the end of the Michaelmas term I wrote an essay on him, an essay which ran to six closely typed foolscap pages, four or five thousand words in all.

I recently found this essay in a box, along with other early writings. Reading it, I am struck by its fluency, its erudition, its pomposity, and its pretentiousness. It does not seem like my writing. Could I have cribbed the entire thing or stitched it together from half a dozen sources, or was it in fact my own writing, couched in a learned, professorial style which I had adopted to counter the fact that I was a callow eighteen-year-old?

Hook was a diversion; most of my essays were on physiological subjects and were to be read weekly to my tutor. When I took on the subject of hearing, I got so excited by this, did so much reading and thinking, that I did not actually have time to write my essay. But on the day of my presentation, I brought in a pad of paper and pretended to read from it, turning over the pages as I extemporized on the subject. At one point, Carter (Dr. C. W. Carter, my tutor at Queen’s) stopped me.

“I didn’t quite follow that,” he said. “Could you read it again?” A little nervously, I tried to repeat the last couple of sentences. Carter looked puzzled. “Let me see it,” he said. I handed him the blank pad. “Remarkable, Sacks,” he said. “Very remarkable. But in future, I want you to *write* your essays.”

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As a student at Oxford, I had access not only to the Radcliffe Science Library but to the Bodleian, a wonderful general library that could trace its origins back to 1602. It was in the Bodleian that I stumbled upon Hook’s now obscure and forgotten works. No other library—apart from the British Museum Library—could have provided the materials I needed, and the

tranquil atmosphere of the Bodleian was a perfect one in which to write.

But the library I most loved at Oxford was our own library at the Queen's College. The magnificent library building, we were told, had been designed by Christopher Wren, and beneath this, in an underground maze of heating pipes and shelves, were the vast subterranean holdings of the library.

To hold ancient books, incunabula, in my own hands was a new experience for me; I particularly adored Conrad Gesner's *Historiae animalium* (1551), richly illustrated (it had Albrecht Dürer's famous drawing of a rhinoceros), and Louis Agassiz's four-volume work on fossil fish. It was in the stacks that I saw all of Darwin's works in their original editions, and there, too, that I fell in love with all the works of Sir Thomas Browne—his *Religio Medici*, his *Hydriotaphia*, and *The Garden of Cyrus (The Quincunciall Lozenge)*. How absurd some of these were, but how magnificent the language! And if Browne's classical magniloquence became too much at times, one could switch to the lapidary cut and thrust of Swift, all of whose works, of course, were there in their original editions. While I had grown up on the nineteenth-century works that my parents favored, it was the catacombs of the Queen's library that introduced me to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literature—Johnson, Hume, Gibbon, and Pope. All of these books were freely available, not in some special, locked-away, rare books enclave, but just sitting on the shelves, as they had done, I imagined, since their original publication. It was in the vaults of the Queen's College that I really gained a sense of history and of my own language.

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My mother, a surgeon and anatomist, while accepting that I was too clumsy to follow in her footsteps as a surgeon, expected me at least to excel in anatomy at Oxford. We dissected bodies and attended lectures and, a couple of years later, had to sit for a final anatomy exam. When the results were posted, I saw that I was ranked one from bottom in the class. I dreaded my mother's reaction and decided that, in the circumstances, a few drinks were called for. I made my way to a favorite pub, the White Horse in Broad Street, where I drank four or five pints of hard cider—stronger than most beer and cheaper, too.

Rolling out of the White Horse, liquored up, I was seized by a mad and impudent idea. I would try to compensate for my abysmal performance in the anatomy finals by having a go at a very prestigious university prize—

the Theodore Williams Scholarship in Human Anatomy. The exam had already started, but I lurched in, drunkenly bold, sat down at a vacant desk, and looked at the exam paper.

There were seven questions to be answered; I pounced on one (“Does structural differentiation imply functional differentiation?”) and wrote nonstop for two hours on the subject, bringing in whatever zoological and botanical knowledge I could muster to flesh out the discussion. Then I left, an hour before the exam ended, ignoring the other six questions.

The results were in *The Times* that weekend; I, Oliver Wolf Sacks, had won the prize. Everyone was dumbfounded—how could someone who had come one but last in the anatomy finals walk off with the Theodore Williams prize? I was not entirely surprised, for it was a sort of repetition, in reverse, of what had happened when I took the Oxford prelims. I am very bad at factual exams, yes-or-no questions, but can spread my wings with essays.

Fifty pounds came with the Theodore Williams prize—£50! I had never had so much money at once. This time I went not to the White Horse but to Blackwell’s bookshop (next door to the pub) and bought, for £44, the twelve volumes of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, for me the most coveted and desirable book in the world. I was to read the entire dictionary through when I went on to medical school, and I still like to take a volume off the shelf, now and then, for bedtime reading.

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My closest friend at Oxford was a Rhodes scholar, a young mathematical logician called Kalman Cohen. I had never met a logician before, and I was fascinated by Kalman’s power of intellectual focus. He seemed able to fix his mind on a problem nonstop for weeks on end, and he had a passion for thinking; the very act of thinking seemed to excite him, irrespective of the thoughts he arrived at.

Though we were so different, we got on very well. He was attracted by my sometimes wildly associative mind, as I was by his highly focused mind. He introduced me to Hilbert and Brouwer, the giants of mathematical logic, and I introduced him to Darwin and the great nineteenth-century naturalists.

We think of science as discovery, art as invention, but is there a “third world” of mathematics, which is somehow, mysteriously, both? Do numbers—primes, for example—exist in some eternal Platonic realm? Or were they invented, as Aristotle thought? What is one to make of irrational

numbers, like π ? Or imaginary numbers, like the square root of -2 ? Such questions exercised me, fruitlessly, from time to time, but they were almost a life-and-death matter for Kalman. His hope was to somehow reconcile Brouwer's Platonic intuitionism with Hilbert's Aristotelian formalism, their so different yet complementary views of mathematical reality.

When I spoke of Kal to my parents, they immediately thought of how far he was from home and invited him to spend a relaxed weekend, with home cooking, in our house in London. My parents enjoyed meeting him, but my mother was indignant the next morning when she found one of Kal's bedsheets covered with inky writing. When I explained that he was a genius and that he had used the sheet to work out a new theory in mathematical logic (here I exaggerated a little), her indignation changed to awe, and she insisted on keeping the sheet, unwashed, uneraser, in case, on a future visit, Kalman might want to consult it again. She also showed it proudly to Selig Brodetsky, a former Senior Wrangler at Cambridge (and an ardent Zionist), the only mathematician she knew.

Kalman had been at Reed College in Oregon—this, he told me, was known for its brilliant students—and he had been its highest-ranking graduate in many years. He said this simply, unaffectedly, as one might speak of the weather. It was simply a matter of fact. He seemed to think I was bright, too, despite the manifest disorder and illogic of my mind. He felt that bright people should marry each other and have bright children, and with this in mind he arranged for me to meet another Rhodes scholar from America, a Miss Isaac. Rael Jean was quiet, self-effacing, but (as Kal had said) diamond sharp, and we talked high abstractions all through our dinner together. We parted amicably but never saw each other again, nor did Kalman attempt to find me a mate again.

In the summer of 1952, our first long vac, Kalman and I hitchhiked through France to Germany, sleeping at youth hostels on the way. Somewhere we picked up head lice and had to have our heads shaved. A rather elegant friend at Queen's College, Gerhart Sinzheimer, had invited us to stop by; he was summering with his parents in their house on the Titisee in the Black Forest. When Kalman and I arrived, filthy and bald-headed with a story of catching lice, they ordered us both to have a bath, and they had our clothes fumigated. After a short, awkward stay with the elegant Sinzheimers, we made our way to Vienna (then very much, we thought, the Vienna of *The Third Man*), and there we sampled every liqueur known to man.