INTELLECTUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY is a very tricky kind of writing. There are only a few acknowledged successes in this kind—Mill, Collingwood, Russell—and Karl Popper's own intellectual autobiography* obviously invites comparison with these. Will it join this small and extremely select band?

Intellectual autobiography always makes one major assumption: that the reader is particularly interested in, and fascinated by, the kinds of problem which have absorbed the writer through his thinking life. That is a very daring assumption when it comes to the philosophy of science. There may be perhaps forty professional philosophers of science in this country who will be able to take every subtle twist and turn of Popper's developing intellectual self portrait, who will feel at ease when Einstein and Bohr, Heisenberg and Schrödinger are discussed in terms of the philosophical foundations and assumptions of their work. If Unended Quest had appeal only for these adepts, it wouldn't sell more than a few hundred copies. And certainly Popper takes this risk, consciously. He makes no effort whatsoever to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. 'Here is what I have been thinking about for many years,' he says, 'do you follow?' There can be few indeed who can honestly answer in the affirmative throughout.

And Popper adds to his austere manner of delivery by writing many chapters as if they were lectures in a university lecture hall. The assumptions he makes about audience-competence are vertiginous. And he does not shape his chapter to fit the reading rhythm, the reading intake. It is well known that intelligent reception of a lecture rarely exceeds about forty minutes of the sixty. And Popper's chapters take more than forty minutes to read, and one is then plunged straight into the next one. Comfort-wise this book is about as easy to read as round after round might be for an amateur who was invited to step into the ring for a friendly sparring bout with Muhammad Ali.

But behind the concentric rings of technical barbed wire, there is another, hidden hook, a book which the reader has to piece together for himself, a book about Karl Popper the man. I honestly do not know whether, given his own frame of reference, Popper intended the various personal details which he lets drop here and there to be anything more than a rough chronological framework for his developing conceptual life. But, here and there, like green grass peeping through the asphalt, there are little signs of a moral existence lived.

This moral existence Popper (being, I take it, no kind of existentialist) would sharply distinguish from his moral and political opinions, which are indeed given a spacious hearing in the course of the autobiography. Nevertheless it is hard to distinguish the moral experience of a man from the moral utterance which he then makes. And the relation between Popper's own life—leaving Germany, going to New Zealand, returning to England, opposing Fascism and Marxism all his life, bravely going it alone for the most part—and his various political books is striking. It will hardly do to claim that the passion which lies behind The Poverty of Historicism and The Open Society and its Enemies fell out of thin air. For the attentive reader of the second, hidden, 'inner' side of Unended Quest, then, there are many spin-off benefits. The man who has most intelligently and consistently opposed Marxist unscience and positivist verbalism in our time is here seen by glimpses. But only by glimpses. My own main feeling after reading Unended Quest: An Intellectual Autobiography is that Sir Karl should now sit down and write Volume II—The Quest Analysed: A Personal Autobiography.
Unfortunately, just as Popper pointed, in admitting responsibility.

It was right about Hitler as from 1929, when everything was saved. And for this reason, his thinking, his intellectual life was saved. We all know nowadays that logical positivism is a dangerous mistake. "Who killed Cock Robin? I killed Cock Robin." Popper's work, for me, is the most interesting section of the whole book. Popper's famous falsifiability theory is actually a theory which takes a certain fallibilist perspective.

The chapters on music are amongst the most interesting in the book. And it is surely not many philosophers who could write with such an authority and simplicity. In the words of Serres, "If Popper quotes him to this effect, Popper is probably right."

And his famous falsifiability theory is actually a theory which takes a certain fallibilist perspective. It is to that extent negative. It is Popper, the liberal thinker, who emerges from this book so impressively.

The usual line of the trendy Left. The history of the Third Reich.

Writing of Marx, Popper notes:

"It is Popper, the liberal thinker, who emerges from this book so impressively."

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atomic protocol sentence"--type positivist`: 'I think that this is
Does Popper even make a joke at the expense of the
objects.
we enter the mysterious world peopled by world three
respect and, even, eventually, our real affection. It is not
brilliant conjuror who can smilingly deprecate his own
... so infinitely trait
them. a far more interesting and characteristic state of
perception of a round patch of orange colour',

Reading fiction, playing the piano or playing
logical positivist.

This is a wide, humane, searching, mature view of our
art,
Karl Popper the man who is fasei
it is still
better illustration of Popper's own thesis, that the complex
descriptions will have to increase to match the complexity
problem.
This chapter achieves the expository and analytical level of a
Collingwood.

One of the many things we would get from a
Lebenswelt,

And Husserl spelt

This is a salute to the facticity of things and the thinking mind
mediates between the facticity of things and the thinking mind
and the position established in this chapter runs through the rest
of the book with an intelligence that never fails to come as a
frankly inferior to him.
Frankly. I know that this. the distrust. of
never was t.

The quest for precision, in words or concepts or mean-
ings, is a wild-goose chase.

And this position leads inevitably to the necessity for what
is as old as the act of thought itself. I am sure that Montaigne
or Pascal, Kierkegaard or Dostoevsky would not have found
Bolzano, is (I am sure) a concept, a conceptual necessity, which
is as old as the act of thought itself. I am sure that Montaigne
or Pascal, Kierkegaard or Dostoevsky would not have found
Bolzano saying anything terribly original.
He does not really
"price of this kettle" and "thirty pence" are usually precise enough for the problem context in which

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A lengthy dispute with the father ensued.

For, even after 'refuting' logical positivism, he was

It is a puzzle that Bryan Magee tried to solve in his
Autobiography,

This runs through much of the
archeology, the distinct of

for Popper was never the dupe of the ordinary, silly unexamined
verbal claptrap that positivism goes in for.
But Popper's distrust of merely verbal quibbling (at which logical
positivists
when he argues with Daddy he only gets a gentle reprimand.

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