

In one sense my ship had gone down: on the rocks of B.R.; on the rocks of myself. Time and again I'd staked all on what I cared for — and lost. But anything less is to fail: in courage, in faith, in devotion. And as your ship goes down, you can still gasp, "*Sail Thou!*" I had felt that about all the people and the causes and the countries I had cared for.

And when the people and the causes and the countries you have cared for have all been defeated: by themselves or by success; by their enemies or by their leaders or by their friends; what, then, remains?

There remains, it seems to me, the ever-living fire within you: the thing that you believe: naked, stark, more burning bright than before.

Work remains: your job and your loyalty to your job; whether it be the washing of dishes, the ploughing of furrows, or the weighing and placing of words.

Sheer humanity remains: kindness and tolerance and generosity. The capacity to understand and to encourage and to forgive. A reverence for what is striving and dumb in the individual. Tenderness and mercy and love — remain.

Courage remains: the courage which shows you that your warrior soul is still alive.

Will remains: the will to survive for as long as your ship survives.

Belief remains: the belief that when you die you will rot, but as long as you live you must fight; faithful to your vision until your last breath. Standing out, if need be, against the whole universe. Standing out against intolerance and tyranny, possessiveness and oppression, lies and greed. Standing against external inquisition and purges. Standing for the integrity of the free man's mind. Standing for the unconquerable spirit of the free man.

For Freedom is the Living Spirit.

From: Constance Malleison,

In the North: Autobiographical Fragments in
Norway, Sweden, Finland: 1936-1946 (London:
Gollancz, 1946), p. 186.