

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
BROADWAY AT 120TH STREET
NEW YORK

March 29, 1938

Dear Mrs. Grant:

Thank you for letting Mr. Fulton and myself see the enclosed material. I have found it very interesting and valuable. I am particularly interested in the last article on the Marxian theory of self-estrangement, and I am looking forward to the translations you will send me on that topic.

I am sorry that we saw so little of you.

Sincerely yours,

Reinhold Niebuhr

Reinhold Niebuhr

Dear Donald & Marie
after being at Union I let Niebuhr see
our Draft Bulletin. We had some talk about
"early Marx" week. He said he would
get hold of it all &
read it carefully & let us
know in great detail his
thought about it. I thought this was very
valuable. He asked about translations & I
told him we had got only as far as talking
about translating for ourselves essential
passages. He was very nice. Donald

Mrs. Irene Grant
c/o L N A
40 Mt. Vernon Street
Boston, Mass.

Darling, let K. see this. I long
to see you all again. Am definitely
sailing W. Gray, Apr 6 to Southampton. This
note will probably come on the Bremen
& arrive just before me.

Am at present going through
my file with I. Armstrong, with a
view to possible futures. I sometimes
think, on the children's account
whether we shouldn't look to this
country for them? Have also
been wondering such a lot about
Kari & all.

Much love, my darling Donald
Mere.

If I don't say more about what is
happening us all these days, it is not
because I am not as full of it as
you are at home. There is still no
news of Sam, & one long so to
be something.

20. März 1939.

I

Liebe Irene Grant,

Sie wissen sicher nicht, wie heftig die Wirkung Ihres damaligen Briefs an Ansel war, und mit welcher Ungeduld ich ihn erwartet hatte. Seit diesem Tage geht es ihm unvergleichlich besser. Auf Ihre Unterstützung bezüglich des Plans mit der Schweizer Reise, das heißt Ihre Zustimmung damit, war ich sehr gut; dadurch wurde dieser Plan plötzlich eine Realität und groß hinzu kam, dass sich ein Berater von mir, ein Arzt in Zürich, seiner Ausweisung angenommen hat und die Sache nun durch seinen Advoraten in Ordnung zu bringen versucht, der in solchen Dingen viel Erfahrung haben soll. Einen definitiven Bescheid hat Ansel bis jetzt noch nicht erhalten, jedenfalls würde das Bescheid bei der Schweizer Botschaft eingereicht und es ist wahrscheinlich, dass ^{man} ebendiese Einreise und Aufenthaltsbewilligung für einige Monate bewilligt werden wird.

Momentan sind wir hier natürlich in größter Spannung auf den fürchterlichen Ereignissen der letzten Woche. Ansel kann es kaum fassen, dass die Welt sich aufzuwachen gedient. Er hat speziell gelacht über die gestrige Sunday Times, dem ~~Book~~ "pleasant picture of the Hudson

und H. Mais "und der Beschreibung von Atticus.

Momentan besitzt er sich, das Manuskript von Case against Pacifism für Talbot & Fisher fertig zu stellen, aber es wird noch einige Zeit dauern bis er ~~es~~ die Umarbeitung beendet haben wird.

Annel hat vor einigen Tagen eine Art französischen Pass (Titre de Voyage) für 6 Monate ausgestellt bekommen (für eine Reise in die Schweiz und eine Reise nach England mit franz. Rückreise-erlaubnis). Ich schreibe Ihnen heute um Ihren Rat zu erbitten, denn ich glaube es wäre nicht gerade ratsam Annel heute in die Schweiz fahren zu lassen, denn ⁱⁿ der letzten Woche wurden in der Presse Gerüchte verläutbar von deutschen Truppenkonzentrationen an der holländischen und Schweizer Grenze. Inzwischen hat sich vieles geändert, aber man kann nicht wissen, ob ein deutscher Einmarsch in die Schweiz, vielleicht gerade heute und im Falle eines bevorstehenden Weltkriegs, erfolgen wird. Es ist anzunehmen, dass die Schweizer sich verteidigen werden, aber der Einmarsch bis Zürich könnte Ihnen leicht schnell gelingen.

Andererseits glaube ich, dass es im Kriegsfall unvergleichlich besser wäre, wenn Annel nach England fahren würde. Hier weiß so gut wie niemand etwas von ihm und es könnten sich vielleicht dadurch für ihn Unannehmlichkeiten ergeben. Auch könnten man ihn in England sicher viel besser davor bewahren. Aber ich kann ihm

jetzt noch nicht darin bewegen sich ein englisches
Visum zu verschaffen; Er meint dies hätte Zeit
und im Grunde glaubt er noch immer an die
Kapitulation der Westmächte, obwohl er zugeben
muss, dass eine große Wendung eingetreten ist.

Es wäre ihm jetzt ziemlich beschwerlich nach
England zu fahren, weil er das Namensrecht
so schnell wie möglich fertig ~~haben~~ machen will
und die Reise nach England, die vielen neuen
Eindrücke etc., erklärte er mir, würden ihn
aus der Arbeit herausreißen und sie würde
sich dadurch sehr verzögern. Während er hier,
und noch eher in der Schweiz, die geeignete
Konzentration darin findet.

Amel weiß bis heute nicht, dass ich Ihnen
gesprochen habe und er weiß ebenso wenig, dass
ich mir heute über die Erlaubnis genommen
habe. Hoffentlich werden Sie mir die heutige nach-
malige Störung verzeihen. Es ist nichts Dringendes, ~~das~~
um was ich Sie bitten möchte, sondern nur
um Ihren Rat bezüglich Amels Reise in die
Schweiz (Es wäre für ihn sehr wichtig dort für
sein nächstes Buch, Hillers God, Material zu sammeln,
abgesehen von seinen Nachbarn) und im Falle
eines heran nahenden Weltkriegs, falls dies
~~Wahrscheinlich~~ befürchtet schon heute in Kürzezeit bevorsteht,
wäre ich Ihnen sehr dankbar, wenn Sie
Amel den Rat erteilen würden, sich nach England
zu begeben. Denn er wird bis zum letzten

Moment nicht daran glauben und ich werde
 ihn alleine nicht dem übersehen können sich
 darauf beizeiten vorzubereiten und sein englisch
 Visum rechtzeitig zu verschaffen.

Verzeihen Sie bitte diesen in Eile
 geschriebenen Brief.

Mit meinen herzlichsten Grüßen
 und Dank,

Ihre
 Elisabeth Gein

III. 13. 39.

Dear Mrs. Grant,

I am just sitting in my study hall of my very nice school. Outside there is a lot of snow and the only trouble is, that there are no hills so I can't ski except sometimes I go ski jumping, which is great fun.

My school is 35 miles away from New York City, situated at a little lake and a coeducation school. The teachers and the two directors are as nice as you can imagine. The children

are mostly pretty silly
here. They do not think
of very much else than
of jazz and dancing
and for example hear
political news or nice
concerts only when they
are forced to.

The classes here are
very pleasant (most of
them we have outdoors)
and everybody who
wants to can learn
very much. I mainly
learn English. Although
I have improved it a
great deal, it is still
very poor. Then I take

difficult not because I am
perhaps too timid ^{but} because
I don't find practically
one girl which I only could
think of liking her. Outside
they look all very nice (with
lipsticks a.s.o. But there
is no one which would really
like music or something
else serious, not even
a religious student is
here.

In spite of all that
many teachers are very
fine people. So I enjoy
it here very much. Especially
the art-teacher is a marvelous
person and I talk to him
very often and discuss
things about art and life

Physics and Biology
(which is taught by a
very interesting Russian)
History, German, Folks-
dancing and Art. In Art
I do mainly architectural
works.

Sport is in this school
nearly no at all. So I
have to do my trainings
and exercises alone.

"Modern" dancing
is very much stressed
here and the teachers
look that every boy has
a girl-friend (and every
girl a boy-friend!).
That fact is for me a little

These summer vacations
I have perhaps the
opportunity to go to
a school for architecture
somewhere in the West. It
is a school where people
have to work and to
study. It would be a
great chance for me,
especially because
Frank Lloyd Wright
is connected with this
school.

Now good bye

Your very thankful

Gustl

Gustav Jekely
Cherry Lawn School
Darien Connecticut U.S.A.

Norman Chubb

Felixstowe Congregational Church,
Felixstowe.

April 19, 1939

Dear Irene,

Here are 2 letters re the Enquiry.

1. Nellie Depree is Vic Steynor's girl and they are a topping couple. She is working in an Insurance office, he in a Builders Merchants firm. Both are very real and reliable.

2. Alex Maron, works in the Coop. here, is secretary of the local labour party but as you will see by the enclosed is not an orthodox party man!! He is about 32 years old, married. I think he is very well worth while. He is impatient with the dullness and slackness of the Labour Party and is ready for the kind of work suggested by the Enquiry. I enclose his comments on the questionnaire.

.....P.S. Will you write to Nellie Depree telling her what to do about Morley Magazine?

.....Norman

re C. L. Bulletin

Heathfield
Mortimer, Berks:

10:12:39

Dear Mrs Grant,

I have been deeply interested in the Bulletins. I have spent so long reading them that there is scarcely any time left to write to you about them. There are differences between us, but these are differences of temperament rather than belief. I do not ~~hope~~ that socialism will be achieved in time to save us from an economic transformation in Europe which will be international without being socialist. Some form of economic co-operation, some international machinery, will be tried after this war. It will not be tried by socialist governments, but by the 'national' governments of this country and others. It will have many sinister aspects. And it will be the task of the socialist parties in this and the other countries to work inside this framework. I am profoundly sceptical of the will and ability of the official Labour leaders in this country (both political and Trade Union) to transform this species of collectivism into socialism. I do not think that the task is an impossible one. Indeed, I'd go so far as to admit that even a capitalist form of economic federation - by providing a peaceful breathing-space - is better than the present anarchy IF ~~the workers' leaders~~ the workers' leaders have the imagination and the courage to insist on a measure of workers' control. They probably haven't. They will talk of "coming in on the ground floor", as they are doing now, and meaning by this that a few of themselves sneak in, on the sole condition that they leave the workers outside.

This lack of faith of mine makes it impossible for me to play an honourable part, the part a socialist ought to play, and the part you and the Muirs are playing, now. I have enough energy to go on writing in my own way, and trying to clear my mind of easy emotions and illusions. But I have not enough for political action, even such action as your group is taking. I do not think that anything I shall write will deny you. But it will not be what you could use.

Sometimes I think that the fatal moment in the Labour movement in this country came when the alliance was made with the Trades Unions. The old socialist who converted me, a schoolgirl, to socialism, used to insist on this. I grew up thinking him a rather foolish old man (he was a printer), with his memories of Morris and his contempt for material betterment. In my old age I am coming back to believe that he was right. The Bevins and the Pughs and the Citrines have misled us.

It is fearfully late and tomorrow is a working day. I hope I shall have the chance of talking - I would rather listen - to you again some time. But I am not likely to be any use to you in what I think the most honest and courageous effort I have ever come near.

yours,

Maya Stone Samway

THE UNIVERSITY,
MANCHESTER, 13.

17th December 1942

My dear Irene,

I think that your faith in a political solution of all our troubles has become very ingrained. You are a saintly person and you probably must live in a realm of thought which promises immense changes. Saintly people have at no time accepted the world and have probably at all times

supplied ammunition for
political incendiaries. They
have also supplied the
spiritual flame and the
sacrifices.

I have a deep respect
for you and would not
bother you with my objections
except for the fact that I
would like to find out
again and again the solution
to this paradox: the best,
the kindest of my friends,
supporting with fervour
the torturers, liars and thugs
who run Soviet Russia.

THE UNIVERSITY,

MANCHESTER, 13.

However, the number of people who used to abhor my views ~~for~~ for years and years has diminished in the most fortunate manner. Karli, Ilona, Koestler, Eva, among those well known to you now subscribe altogether to all that they found most detestable in my writings 5-10 years ago. I will go on and tell the truth as I see it.

What you sent to me

seems most interesting. I
will return it in a fortnight
or so. Mean while I enclose
a note ⁱⁿ which you will recognise
some of the statements made
in our talk.

I will send you other
things sometime
love
Miri

Department of Moral Philosophy.

THE UNIVERSITY,
ST. ANDREWS.

7 South Street
ST. ANDREWS (Fife)
27 April 1964.

Dearest Gene,

My hands are still trembling after putting down the phone that brought the tragic news. We have lost a truly great man whose warm humanity captured everyone who came near to his circle of radiation, enriching their mind and heart. I only knew him personally for a few years, and had the privilege of talking to him only a few times (alas

not the last time when he was here) but
deeply feel that I have suffered an irreparable
loss. It must be an incommensurable loss to
you who were a friend of his for a lifetime.
What a tragedy for humanity that his
message was not widely understood. But
I trust it will be once: ~~he~~ will take
his rightful place as one of the greatest
men of the century. And the world that
will put him at his rightful place
will be a really human world which has
succeeded to free itself from the terrible
inhumanities of the industrial civilization.
Love from us in this difficult hour of ~~it~~!

W. L. G.

Hatherly Brake
May 4th 1964

Dearest Irene,

John is in Scotland

till this evening, & will be writing
you. He will be grieved

to hear, as I too, of Karl's
death. We know what a

shock it must be for you ~~to~~, as
you were very old & close friends.

John will write I know to Iona,
who will be terribly bereft.

I have begun to grow accustomed
to hearing of the death of
one's contemporaries. But it

doesn't seem to lessen the impact of
shock & a grieved surprise.

The forget-me-nots are in bloom
now ————— & we must leave
it at that & keep his
memory fresh. I never
knew him well, as I suppose, his
line of territory was beyond me. I
do remember him coming one day
to Sussex House to say 'hello' to
I feel so happy. I want to read from
I could read the telephone directory from
A to Z. But have you a 'Bible'?"
He turned over the pages & eventually
read me of the seduction of Tamara by
her mother, looking occasionally over
the tops of his spectacles to see how I was
taking it. I could take anything these
days in a crude sort of way & I didn't
seem to find this very odd! Now I
wonder where A is? A pleasant, or
just a piece for his delightful elocution, & a
sharing of some form of overflaming

76 Old Dover Rd,
Canterbury.

13.6.64.

Mrs I Grant.

17. Great Ormonde St. WC1.

Dear Mrs Grant.

I was very sorry to learn from
your letter in the New Statesman of the death of
Dr Karl Polanyi.

I was secretary to the WEA here
in Canterbury at the time of Dr Polanyi's class
which is mentioned in the Author's acknowledgments
to the book, *Origins of Our Times*.

He used to sit at one end of a great
oval table in the Reference Library here and hold forth
to twenty of us in a terribly loud clear voice in flawless English
with a vocabulary 3 times as extensive as any of us could
use. We had mostly taken part in left wing activities in
connection with the Spanish war & imagined ourselves socialists
but he opened up an entirely new world to us. We were terribly

Concerned + confused at the outbreak of war + we sat at his feet as a prophet. He had a way of analysing the forces that motivate society which would have been common place to a marxist but which was an astonishing revelation to us who had been brought up on Marshall's economics + H.G. Wells' wishful thinking. Our chairman an elderly Congregationalist from East Anglia supposed, as English liberals used to do, that all human societies had been utterly benighted before XIX Century liberalism had spread freedom + light every where. For years ^{after} we used to laugh at the ~~interchange~~ exchanges between this gentleman + Dr Polanyi who treated this outlook as complacent naivety of the most infantile sort.

Following the class we used to adjourn to an Italian coffee bar - a new thing in those days - + discuss world affairs for another hour + then I used to take the great man to his lodging. He used to praise in the blackout + say how beautiful (antique) was without street lighting (XIX century liberalism again I suppose) + once as we passed the entrance to the Cathedral precincts with the great oak doors closed as of course they are at curfew + the private watch man calling the hours within he ~~observed~~ ^{pointed} out that this was a relic of what he had

been telling us in class concerning Henri Pirenne's Theory of the growth of cities. I now always point this out when showing visitors round the city although one knows that it was not all quite as simple as he explained it. A few years before I had met some Hungarian refugees in a Paris cafe & for fun got them to teach me to say Goodbye in Hungarian. I tried this out on Dr Polanyi one night & he was delighted & spent some time perfecting my accent. Six months later one of the first German bombs fell on the bookshop where he stayed & killed the elderly lady ~~with whom he~~ ~~stayed~~ who entertained him.

He used to speak with great affection & admiration of his wife & was very cross because the British Government had refused her mathematical qualifications for building aerodromes. One of the more sophisticated members of the class ~~she~~ said she had been seen wearing laced up leather boots like a farm labourer's wife. I think she had taken an active part in the troubles of 1919 & her husband hinted darkly that in his country when the peasants wanted to change the government they "straightened the ~~scythe~~ scythe" as I imagine the English did at Sedgemoor.

He told us that his father had built a railway through PRZEMYSL & we had a lot of fun trying to pronounce it. He was delighted with the

we told him
4. story that when the Germans captured this place in the first world war they announced their victory to the English troops in the trenches by pushing up a board on which they had chalked "We have got Przemyśl" to which the English replied by chalking on another board "Serves you bloody well right".

I last saw Dr Polanyi at his home in Shoreham during the time of the Dunkirk evacuation. I ought to have been better occupied at that critical time but I had a weekend free from a reserved occupation + went off on my bicycle. I arrived just before lunch + was welcomed into the old farmhouse in which he lived. It had the sweet earthy smell of very old country houses. There was little furniture but books everywhere, piled high in the middle of the rooms as in a second hand book shop. Mrs P was away + my host walked to the village shop to buy a pork pie for our dinner. We then found a lettuce in the very overgrown garden + I was shown the continental way of making a salad. After this simple repast we went out in the garden + he let me scythe down some rubbish with many warnings not to cut my leg off. I was brought up in the country surrounded by scythes but oddly enough it is the only time I ever saw one. Dr Polanyi seemed to find them fascinating but a wound from the first world war prevented him from using them. It was magnificent weather

but the blue sky was curiously darkened by the smoke
~~fires~~ of Dunkirk. I was very young & innocent
 & did not entirely follow all the knowing things that
 my host said about what was going on. He had already
 escaped from central European fascism & was planning
 to go on to America. I did not understand why
 he should be so keen to leave us. But he showed
 no agitation & was genial & friendly as though we
 had nothing to do but enjoy the lovely weather in
 the country. Unlike many lesser men he showed
 no impatience with the simple & on this occasion
 he seemed to have nothing to do but be nice to me
 & show me things for three or four hours. It was
 one of the pleasantest days I can remember.

A year later he sent me a food
 parcel from the USA & said he was happy because
 he felt he had a real job to do persuading the
 Americans where their real interest in Europe lay.
 I remember also he mentioned "that much over-rated
 man Wendell Wilkie". I would have forgotten this
 politician by now but for this.

By a coincidence the enclosed letter
 came to light only the other day. I think from the date

6.

that this must refer to a One Day School we had had before he became tutor in ^{+ maintain} Canterbury. It shows how keen he was to satisfy the interest of students for he could not have had much to do with me at that date.

After 1940 his class scattered because of the war. You might care to write to Mr & Mrs William Townsend of West House, Rolvenden, Kent and to Mr Peter ~~the~~ ^{Fryd} ~~and~~ who is the District Secretary of the Western District of the WEA whose office is in St Nicholas St., Bristol - I think No 3. Also possibly Mrs E Lewis, 28 Wokingham Rd, Canterbury. It might also be fun to write to Mr H. ~~WASH~~ WASH of 3 The Dene, Canterbury who is the old liberal gentleman I mentioned who could not understand that there was any sense or reason in any society organised differently from XIX Century England. These are the only members of that class I remember who might give you reminiscences. Mr Townsend has some pictures in the Tate Gallery & did a lithograph of the class but I do not know what has happened to my copy. On second thoughts I believe I became secretary in 1940 as Dr Polanyi left & Mrs Townsend was secretary in 1939/40 during the class. I know I had an awful job reconciling

7.

the remains of the class in the next year to the new tutor who in his way has done as much for as many people as any Oxford tutor but whose gifts were utterly different to Dr Polanyi's.

I've often thought[^] & quoted Dr Polanyi over the years & only recently when speaking to the senior Oxford tutor round here I said "Polanyi used to say - -" & he said "What a tutor to be quoted 25 years on - - I doubt if I shall be" & much as I like & enjoy this one I shared his doubt! Of course since 1940 we have participated in a war & I for one have discovered another earlier exile from Central Europe from whom many of Polanyi's ideas were quarried. I bought his book when on leave at the end of the war & found it terribly heavy going & I know one person well versed in the subject, ^{not another tutor} who reckons it terribly verbose & much more difficult than it need be. I think this unjust but perhaps part of Dr Polanyi's fascination was his way of expressing familiar things, & particularly familiar things that we knew in our bones but had not got round to expressing, in an unfamiliar idiom^x that made us take notice.

* by idiom I mean way of thinking & not speaking for he spoke English better than we did

He was certainly a penetrating observer. We have just finished a class on mass media. A young tutor has told us all the things found out by painstaking research in the last five years as being new. In 1939 we were terribly worried about propaganda. Dr Polanyi told us not to worry, the facts would speak & people would only believe what fitted their experience. The pundits of L.S.E. have now apparently reached the same conclusion but unfortunately, as it seems to me, with the corollary that we waste our time to try & spread ideas & influence opinion by the traditional democratic methods.

I hope you will forgive this inadequate scribble but it is a great pleasure to try & bring back memories of this big warm friendly humorous quickwitted man who was so different for anything we had ever encountered before.

Yours sincerely,

Stephen Mummary

1 Owlstone Road, Cambridge

14 Jun 64

tel. 52183

Dear Irene Grant:

I was much distressed to learn of the death of Karl Polanyi from your letter to the current New Statesman. As you may remember, he was closely associated, as was I, with the collective work "Christianity and the Social Revolution", published by Gollancz in 1935. I now find that I still possess the whole file of letters dating from the time of preparation of that book, and notice that you yourself are mentioned in them. I thought of detaching those of Karl Polanyi and sending them to you, but came to feel that I would rather the archive was kept together. Would you wish to borrow it as a whole, for excerpting? Please let me know soon, as I am leaving for China again on 1 Jul.

We hope that Karl's share in this book will be given full prominence, as well as his work for adult education, in what you are planning to write.

Yours very sincerely,

Joseph Needham

Coveneys,
Rolvenden,
Kent.

26th July 1964

Dear Mrs. Grant,

Thank you for your letter of 13th July, the arrival of which was somewhat delayed by the postal strike.

I was very sad indeed to hear of the death of Dr. Karl Polanyi of whom I have such wonderful memories.

I was secretary of the Canterbury Branch of the W.E.A. at the time Dr. Polanyi's class was held under Oxford University's Tutorial classes arrangement, and my husband, William Townsend, was President of the branch. I was also class secretary. These classes were a wonderful inspiration. At that time just before the war there was great feeling of uncertainty and unrest and our time with Dr. Polanyi was a tremendous help. He seemed to have such an inspiring way of making everyone take part in a discussion. ~~Miss~~ His classes were never a chore either for him or for us. He knew us all and helped us in so many ways.

We were not married until ~~it~~ later during the war, but Dr. Polanyi stayed with my husband's family when he came to Canterbury. I have no correspondence left from that time, but my husband is sending you a note of some of his memories of Dr. Polanyi.

I enclose a copy of the lithograph which my husband did at that time. I have my elbows on the table leaning forward. I think this lithograph gives some idea of the happiness and inspiration of that class.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Townsend

P.S. My husband wants to refer to his diary
so will write to you again in
a few days time.

Telephone:
Canterbury 3919

10 THE DENE
CANTERBURY
KENT

31. 7. 1964

Dear Mr Grant:

Your letter of 13. 7. 64 re Dr Karl
Polanyi, has just reached me. I am sorry
to hear of his death.

I fear I have little to add to the
information which I guess you have already
received from Mr Hummerly. I think Mr E. G.
Green, late Secretary of the Workers
Educational Association, was mainly
responsible for securing his services in
Adult Education when he arrived in
England: & Mr H. C. Shearman, now at
4. Selbourne Rd. New Malden, Surrey, were
each in close touch with his classes.

I attended a one year class under
H. E. A auspices in Canterbury in 1940, led by
Dr K. Polanyi, in Economic History - a subject
to which he had given much research. We
all profited by his wide reading & knowledge
of this subject, & too from his broad interest in
current affairs. I remember him with high
regard as an exceptionally qualified Tutor
possessing a full mind.

You are probably aware that for a period - about 1939 when he first came to England, he stayed with the resident Oxford Tutorial Class, ^{Tutor} at his home at Wrotham Kent. (Mr S. L. D. De Vere). I cannot give further information about this: & Mr De Vere died about ten years ago.

Time has erased memories of the events of these eventual years, & my memory does not now serve me as it did when I was a much younger man. I hope Mr Mummy has been more helpful.

Yours With my good wishes. Sincerely
Henry Wash.

This is Mummy & "old liberal")

WORLD STUDENT CHRISTIAN FEDERATION / STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

SCM of Great Britain and Ireland

General Secretary
DAVID HEAD

Annandale, North End Road, London N.W.11 / Entrance West Heath Avenue/01-455 2311/Station Golders Green

13 December 1971

Mrs Irene Grant
17A Great Ormond Street
London WC1

Dear Mrs Grant,

Professor Kenneth Muir has passed on your address to me and suggested I should write to you about the Christian Left. I have recently come across a lot of documents and letters in the SCM archives dealing with the CL and their relations with the Auxiliary, and after shewing them to one or two of my colleagues I have been persuaded to try to write some sort of account of the whole episode. The 'official' SCM historians seem to have suppressed it fairly efficiently, and there are so many similarities between what the CL was doing before the war and what we are doing now that I think it would help us to know something of our own history.

I wonder whether it would be possible for me to hear your account of what happened. If you could spare the time to talk to me about it I would be most grateful. And of course if you would be interested to see the documents I have unearthed, this could certainly be arranged.

yours sincerely,

Peter W. Grant.
PETER GRANT

Communications Secretary & Archivist

NEW BRITAIN
KARLI

82 ASHDOWN DRIVE,
TILGATE,
CRAWLEY,
WEST SUSSEX RH10 5EY.

11 July, 1980

Dear Irene,

Thank you so much for your
phone call the other night. I sensed you were a little
anxious about the YARE REVIEW, that you wanted to see
and I intended to drop it in to you last Saturday, unfortunately I can't make it. However I shall be up in London
at the end of the month and would really like to come to
see you.

Meanwhile I have photostated these other articles of
Karli's that I "discovered" while researching John's
contributions to NEW BRITAIN. There are 3* in all:
I think you will find them interesting reading. I will
wait till I see you to return the YARE REVIEW - I have
had valuable stuff lost in the post before now and I do
not want to risk such a precious volume.

My love to Donald and to you
- and to Wendy and Graham.

Michael?

* In effect it is 9 because
the paper of Steven's Economics



• A GARLAND FOR MAY DAY 1895 •
• DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS BY WALTER CRANE •

COPY 7 LETTER (properly typed now)

ve Brandt
1980

17A Great Ormond Street, WC1.
November 18th 1980.

4 J's
ago

To The Editor of the TIMES,

Dear Sir,

In the unhuman-sounding cacophony of voices about us today we hardly hear, in this country, the very human voice of the Brandt Commission. That voice describes a small path we could take at once to a high road already mapped out for us if humankind is to survive and flourish. I refer to the work of Karl Polanyi.

His ORIGINS OF OUR TIME is a seminal work, with the related studies which followed it. His posthumous book THE LIVELIHOOD OF MAN ~~is not yet available in an English edition though I understand we can hope for one.~~ is not yet available in an English edition though I understand we can hope for one.

Karl Polanyi died in 1967. In 1958 he wrote to a friend: "Now the dice are cast against us...One more decade and I would stand vindicated in my lifetime." We have lived through that decade. The results are as he expected, and the survival route for mankind is still the one he believed to be necessary.

Fortunately Universities in recent years have discovered that students of Economics, anthropology, sociology, politics, history, or combinations of these should be studying Polanyi. And the Brandt Report is, I believe, a step forward in his direction.

Yours faithfully,

I indeed his work is now prescribed reading in many Univ. courses

(Irene Grant)

? (Put in the USA title - "The Great Transformation" - ?

[early 1980's]

Don.

Donald Grant had three children. I am the third of them and I am also Donald but known as Don. I will be followed by my brother Ghriam and then our sister Wendy. We are going to read some pieces for you that all hold particular significance for our father Donald and family.

My father was brought up in Evelix and he carried the sunshine of that experience with him throughout his life. He belonged to an historical Sutherland family, for his grandfather returned from the Peninsular wars in the early 19th century to "the eight generations house" - Ghriamachary, by Kinbrace, where it still stands.

As a child my father grew in grace, love and fellowship in the heart of a loving family on the farm by the river outside Dornoch. Surrounded by all the evidence of a staggeringly beautiful and beneficent Nature and led by a powerful and unwavering Christian tradition, my father grew. He was educated, in another powerful Scottish tradition, at Clashmore School, Dornoch Academy and then Edinburgh University. He would be the first to acknowledge that an important part of his education was acquired on the Dornoch links where he learnt the art of golf. He frequently had an educational text in one hand and his cleek or baffy in the other but the most significant learning here proved to be about the nature of man's own dilemma within himself. My father was the most properly disciplined person I have ever known and there is no doubt that his prowess on the golf course was in part cause and in part outcome of that discipline. The discipline grew out of life-long knowledge of the nature of the opposition. For Donald the opposition was fear. Fear was always the negative for him and - gradually - he came to the view that fear was the essential evil and - indeed - the very devil. For my father this was the satanic influence. All his life he endeavoured not to acknowledge fear. That he encountered real fear in his life there is no doubt but it never defeated him. He grew in his internal morality from each encounter.

In 1913 he was received into the Church and thereafter continued his work with the Student Christian Movement, which movement was to be a thread through his life and for decades to come. He spent the rest of a very long and creative life in the pursuit, both directly and indirectly, of those aims and purposes which he instinctively and intellectually knew to be the path of truth,

growth and the knowledge of God. Towards the end of the Great War, 1914-18, when called for by his country to serve in the armed forces he obeyed his conscience and was incarcerated in prison for his unswerving belief in the good of peace and the evil of war. In 1919 he embarked on a long, arduous and dangerous period of work in Europe and the Western Russia of a post-revolution era in a personal effort to stem the tide of post-war devastation and disaster. This was the work of European Student Relief, to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, succour to the destitute, clothes to those who had none and help to the sick and relief to those in prison. This work grew under his guidance and became a European institution that survives to this day under the name of the World University Service.

Subsequently his work took him to New Zealand, where incidentally I was born, and then back to Vienna to work in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He was Einstein's interpreter* at the 1932 World ~~Peace~~ ^{Disarmament} Conference and with the rise of Hitler in 1933 he came back with his family to Britain. The next 50 years he spent as a lecturer, educator and, as he styled himself - "interpreter of the world today". This work, which occupied all his abundant energies for a second working life-time, took him to many corners of the globe but particularly to the U.S.A., where he had many alternative homes.

I never knew anyone with so many friends - and distributed throughout the world. He loved people and they all loved him. Through some curious chemistry of personality everyone who came to know him seemed instantly to acknowledge the unusual quality of the man and was happy to be his friend. His life was an illustration of the dictum that "the proper study of mankind is man".

I have no wish to eulogise - indeed I have no need. Suffice it to say that Donald Grant was incapable of any deceit, iniquity or guile,

a true Christian
a believer in the fellowship of man
and a dedicated peace worker.

* at a meeting of the World's Press

Undated
letters

My dear Irene:

They are certainly giving me a good time. Two receptions at the Embassy, a lunch (with the Ambassador as chief guest) & dinner (Mrs Karolyi and the French Ambassador) a reception by the Pen Club. I've given two lectures at the University, one at the Embassy to an invited audience, one at the Academy of Sciences, one at Szeged, one at Debrecen; and I'm going to meet the students on Friday for an informal discussion. Ballet (good). Opera - Rigoletto (fair). I was at Szeged when they were doing Hamlet.

I've met most of the people on Glona's list, but at receptions where it was difficult to have more than superficial talk. Nemeth is away. The New Hungarian Quarterly people have asked for an article and the Institute of Theatre Studies have promised me one for Shakespeare Survey. They are quite willing to talk frankly about anything, though not quite so much as the Poles.

I'm seeing Lucas today at his house, and will add a P.S. about this. Everyone speaks warmly of Karli and Mrs Karolyi says she wrote to Glona after his death. The embassy staff seem liberal on the whole, but the Ambassador is a die-hard, I imagine. He fears the worst from Harold Wilson as advised by Balogh etc.

Budapest is a pleasant city and must be a good place to visit in the summer

Later. George Lucas is still very much alive. We talked a lot of Shakespeare, and of Dickens, Conrad and Joyce (who he thinks is third rate).

He discussed the relative amount of freedom in the East and West, oddly thinks Upton Sinclair a major author, disagrees with Kott on Shakespeare, thinks there are signs of a return to great traditions in the novel. He was very cordial and amusing.

I got a shock in the Museum of Fine Arts to find that the Estabassy Madonna was no bigger than this page. I thought it was a full-sized painting. They have three superb El Greco and a good Vermeer.

I must prepare a lecture on Othello.

Love

Kenneth

I'm referred to in an article as a
Marxist; one of which on
Shakespeare's Politics has appeared in
a Hungarian volume.

Date?

Keep for Kari

Gene dear,

There's something of a crisis about Co-Existence. A Russian contributor says that he and other members of the Warsaw Pact countries cannot write any more so long as Schaff and Sik are on the Editorial Board. I don't know what they are supposed to have done, but I suspect they have protested about the Russian treatment of Czechoslovakia. R. Schlesinger asks for advice, and is obviously very worried. ~~But~~ I've asked for more information about Schaff and Sik.

But one can force the Russians using further pressure to ban articles sympathetic to Mao or Tito, and co-existence would then be a sham.

David went back today; he seems quite reconciled to doing Catering at the Technical College.

Love
Kenneth

W
S
P
S

As from. Quality Press.
22 Essex Street
WC2

June XXVIII. 37

My dear Irene.

Thank you very much for your letter
and the reply. I haven't been able to lay my
hands on 'Radical Religion', so that I'm not
able fully to appreciate the issue. There are
points which I can't follow in your reply. I'm
interested e.g. in the suggestion that the Trotskyist
is an orthodox interpreter of Marxism. I should
like to see ^{your} criticism of dialectical
materialism worked out more fully. But this
is by the way. Obviously the article in
Radical Religion needs a disclaimer. I should
like to see you write to do a C.C. pamphlet.

Criticising Niebuhr's general position.

I'm writing this from Dorset, where I
am staying till Monday. Would love to come
to see you one evening, I've been wanting to
do so for a long time & meant have you
you up. Could I come either Thursday
July 13 (or Friday 14th)? The Thursday
would suit me best.

Mother sends her love. She was
89 last Sunday.

Yours
J. M. G.

Kenneth

My dear Irene,

I've had an enjoyable time in Hungary, mostly in Budapest but I've been to Debrecen and I'm going to Szeged. The editor of the New Hungarian Quarterly asked after Glona and said they would like her to write for them an account of Karli's part in the Gahles society. I said I would pass on the message, though I believe she has some suspicions of the editor.

I went to the Karolyi museum - devoted mainly to MSS and pictures of Hungarian writers; but ~~the~~ there was an interesting exhibition of Dostoevsky material (on loan from U.S.S.R.) and several rooms were

concerned with relics and historical matter relating to Karolyi - he is treated now as a national hero.

I have a nice interpreter and was distressed to find that she had been the interpreter of a visitor whose account the British Council gave me to read. Indeed, I find myself in complete disagreement with all his personal assessments of people I have met.

I'm reading the collected plays of Marivaux and cannot understand why he is thought to be a great dramatist.

Love

Kenneth