

Bennington College, Bennington, Vt.

February 23rd, 1941.

Dear Kari, my dearest daughter- last night there was a party at the President's ostensibly to meet a trustee of ours (he happens to be editor of Harper's Magazine), but actually to introduce mother to the faculty. You should have been there to see how they all secretly came up to me to congratulate me on mother, for they were utterly overwhelmed by her charm and intelligence, and personality. She was precisely the opposite of evrything they probably were afraid of, and, under the circumstances, not quite without reason. That she would be at least one of the folloing things; 'heroic' 'militant' 'pethetic' & 'enthusiastic' 'interesting' 'conventional' or 'unconventional'. Now she ahppened to be none of these, but as unenthusiastic, matter of fact, unemotional and competent as anything could be. It was a tremendous success, and will make it very much easier for mother to do the work she wishes to do and to be free to use everything to her own purpose.

We have come up here some six weeks ago, and it took us some time to start out (although we fitted ourselves within a few hours from Woodlouth and then introduced the best tested Kingsview methods to cut things short). This is a huge apartment - taken for you too, darling- and we have the run of the house as we never had it, because there was never any room to run in the house. The huge old Buik sedan, in which fungus is growing on the plush of the back seat, where there must be a leak in the roof, is our dearest friend; the fierce winter ices and snows have not yet gone, and so mother is not getting half as much driving lessons as I should like to give her. She is learning/very easily; the Elf turned out to be very much like a motor car to drive. it Actually, but for the absence of any chance to get experience in traffic, she would be already able to take her test very soon; but in these country palces the high ways are extremely dangerous - one is not allowed to learn on them- and no other traffic controlled streets are avialable. That's why it quite a problem to find out how to learn; in town separate streets are secluded for learners.

So about four weeks ago I began writing, and to -morrow I intend to go to New York to hand the Intorudction and the first three chapters to the publishers. Curiously enough, it is not a draft, but a finished text, ready for print. Of the many surprises the writing was connected with, this is one. When mother arrived, I had only an outline, in 25 chapters, appr. 20,000 words. I vaguely intended to amplify it and make it three times as long, before starting out to write the book. But hardly had I started out, I changed my mind and simply wrote the first chapter, which at once settled the book. or now I knew what I had not even suspected before, namely, the length, shape and character of the book. So, my darling, now I can tell you. It is going to be called LIBERAL UTOPIA, Origins of the Cataclysm. It will be a very straight forward, simple story, easy to read and mainly historical in character, recounting the history of English enclosures, the Industrial Revolution, Speenhamland. But the two introductory chapters will deal with the Hundred Years Peace and the 'Conservative' Twenties, Revolutionary 'Thirites'. The last chapters deal with America, Russia, the history of economic theory and the histry of the theory of the liberal state. It ends up with the formulation of a new concept of free dom, the reform of human consciousness, the transcending of Christianity. The structure is extremely strict and formal. The bulk of the book is called 'Rise and Fall of Market-Economy' and takes some 20 chapters of the 25. It consists of three sections: A. Satanic Mill. B. Self-protection of society. C. Deadlock. There will be no footnotes, but all Annexes will be added at the end with all notes under chapter headings; they notes will be full, and very much part of the book; written so as to be read- with gusto, even separately. I wont do any extneisve reading any more, if I can possibly avoid it, but only the reading needed to check all my statements in so far as the writing takes one beyond the original scope. The book will have approx 500 pages.

Mother was the greatest help imaginable. She typed the fresh MS pages for me so that I could at once correct and rewrite them myself; she listened to every two or three pages as they were written, which is a tremendous thing, for it assists one to see exactly where you are. And she was so encouraging as y

we know only she can be. In America the title will have to be different. For here liberal means progressive, or more precisely what radical meant in England until not long ago. (By radical they mean here an anarchist or a communist; while the English term liberal is untranslatable into American unless you say laissez-faire, or even more often: a conservative!) Hoover e.g. is called a conservative because he is a liberal (in the English sense); while Roosevelt is called a liberal, meaning that he is for the New Deal. Therefore LIBERAL UTOPIA would be taken to mean an attack on the supporters of the New Deal - which would be almost the opposite of my purpose. I intend to call it here THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION. Origins of the Cataclysm.

Now I am rushing off to bed, for mother starts to -morrow on her first college day. Next time I will try to answer your letter; there was so much in it that I felt as if I now had several lives. You seem to understand what you are giving us when you tell us what you think and feel. We are fed and clothed by you, that's how it feels. Maurice will understand.

(each 3 hours)
I have 4 classes and 7 tutorials a week
Main occupation now to remain alive and
collect - most weeks
4 days of the week
don't aerobically
stay 3 days
and sunny
picks both
all the time

Mother finds teaching very easy, and, I believe, does it extremely well. The great advantage is, of course, that she now studies all the stuff au fond, which gives her the all-round assurance she needed. Although she is very busy, she seems to not too tired in the afternoons. I drive her to college - some 5 miles from here - in the morning and call for her at 5 p.m. The lanes of Vermont are all snow and ice yet, but we prefer them to the high way, for the view of the mountains is unobstructed with their purple and ultramarine breaking through the pattern of frosty forest.

Today I am going through the samples of Notes that are designed to take the place of footnotes in the book. The text of the book is seemingly so simple and unsophisticated that unless definite proofs of a thorough acquaintance with the matter itself is given, it might be unconvincing, for the annals views put forward in that harmless guise are actually as provocative as anything could be.

I just had Misi's brilliant article on The Growth of Thought in Society. I believe his contrast of corporative and dynamic order to be a real contribution to sociology. But as usual, he entirely misreads the reference of the discovery in terms of topical problems. It is precisely the New Deal planners in America, and all intelligent socialists who will agree to his basic distinction while naturally rejecting the unwarranted assumption (in no way supported by the argument) that it is precisely the present form of market-economy which fulfils the requirements of the postulate implied in that distinction. His most effective destruction of the pseudo-Marxist illiteracies of Hogben and Bernal does not affect this proposition. I am sure that Bernal has never given half an hour's study to the philosophic writings of Marx, and that the new fangled dialectical materialism of the Victorian period of the Russian Revolution is all he knows about it. But for these crudities, all too easy to demolish, Misi would not be in the position to boost laissez-faire on the strength of his refutation of Hogben and Bernal.

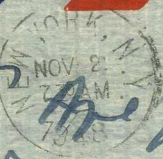
Your loving father.

Dick

You are my darling love. Mother. I'll write soon. May I send advanced aerobically and this summer. Main occupation now to remain alive and collect - most weeks 4 days of the week don't aerobically stay 3 days and sunny picks both all the time

The next breakfast day in the world - he took the first Alexander Nevsky - elected to stay with us. He walked in one day and refused to leave us. Seven (seven) enormous world-famous kind of Ermine sleep day.

K. Polanyi
423 W 120
NY 27 NY



AIR LETTER

**VIA AIR MAIL
PAR AVION**

Mrs K. Polanyi
3 Edith Grove
London SW 10.

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER
WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

FIRST FOLD

SECOND FOLD

1928 nov. 1.

ma ipsis jöllen meg Bruntoltól s' iko'bb nead kiö-Dz egy hár öfä, unind
 kün vaxa nala h'ixi aacp tölbe, erö vö!
 Sika Dügötök k'g'dak meg sem e'tem unind egy a kettöt.
 Spais, eg van k'g' ö' gah valent akad leunni s' ol'kian'ä
 k'g' e'Ariz ö' s' völe tegyint. k'ul kelts un'ö' en' s' s' zör
 = val nyuben is, bitök' völt, k'g' usgy. s' ög'ün: j'umälan
 Talaltäm, me'berkepa, uncedan er'elendben.

En j'umun! de k'euneni. profeciat cem Tapalälän
 v'apamban! Tulon' van feltan ö't, k'eg k'og unindent
 us sem teken colua k'eg s' s' m'ud'og'it'ek. de unub' ö'
 neutrak'it'ist ne p'nd'rhalf'at. ö' unind el'hi' erübe
 vilaj'oran olein tegyente, k'g' s' ali ak'g' g'eg'e
 el is v'el'eg'ik; k'g' unnefi el'it' val' s'el'ad'ok'g'
 unideeni, k'g' ö' nach cel'etan s' val' s'el'ad'ok'g'
 töv'eg'ik; - akkor g'l. g'unntam: "ha g' van, kat ak'g'
 menjél p'iam."

Joe ci ö' is kedvesk, aranyosak, dr'g'ab v'ö'ök. Kari neen
 meg'hasznälk' nem ~~is~~ mejt'it, nem mejt'itöt, hamenan
 hallat'and' tem'ekeng s' pozitiv pozitivan un...
 K'g'nap v'it' is, s'ok unideeni, bele'ölve a TerveiweT.
 1 v'it, kedvesem

Friday night, 7/30 '59

My dear daughter

It is very very
difficult for me to
say this, and I am
sad.

How can I tell you
without hurting you,
and yet not to tell
would make me
feel distant.

Each time I
spoke with you
recently, you mentioned

mother - With her
weak health she
had been straining
alone, working to
the breaking point
on what she feels
her duty to the Hungarian
martyrs, yet going
home after the kids,
the doctor ^{had} said he
would not know
for another day or
two whether or not
you suffer from a very
acute virus disease

abroad which takes
long to heal), and
mother was also
(not without cause)
disturbed for other
reasons; you know
how selfless, how
sweet and dear
her lone soul is.
I can hardly live
when it suddenly
seems as if she
was not spoken of
with all the devotion
she deserves. Do

not let us think of
any thing ^{else}
of the wound she
is nursing her
incurable concern
for others, the depth
of her loneliness
in all these years,
her infinite modesty
and integrity, her
goodness to you all,
her sweet care for
me — think only of
my love for her
which you may now
begin to gauge

with a growing woman's
heart so great and
deep a love that
all my wishes, efforts
and works had only
one single aim to
see her happy once
more.

When we married
she was in tears;
never never will
I forget her first
smile (years later).
But the veil of
sadness did not
lift, she was in
mourning. Now

the sun is breaking
through.

Whatever it is that
ails you — and I
love you so dearly for
good reasons that I
do not doubt there
must be a cause, a
secret suffering —
try for my sake to
carry it, and never
never never utter
a word that could
hit my heart.

It has kept me
awake through this

hospital night. I
love you both - I am
neither a coward nor
a fool, and do not
even fear the night.
It is that I have
thought it through and
for the sake of all of
us (with Joe and the
kids) wrote to you,
our only child, so
you should know.

You and yours are
causing more happiness
in these days than I
have ever deserved.
That's why I suppose I
find in me the love

heart
my
in my
for what's
for
tell
and courage

Friday, the 8th Jan.
1960

Ka Ri.

For many years now
the anniversary of
my father's death, the
10th January, I sent
a card to Mausi,
to commemorate
that day, when I lost
the the one person
I loved above all
in the world. Now
she is no more I
am writing beyond.
I remember Mausi
saying to me some
time ago that our
memory dies with
those who knew us
personally. I con-
fided her, of
course, as is our
habit, but I merely

9.
meant that ~~the~~ ^{the} good
we do or are ^{sur-}
vives us. ^{of} ^{many}
or Harry or their
children once read
these lives they
will understand them
by the light of the
lives they themselves
have known, maybe
myself's, but cer-
tainly your own.
I should love you
to know that the
little that was good
in me was the gift
of my father to my
life. And even you
may have received
a hint from that
treasure, although
we both know who

3. It is whose beauty
of soul is even now
our joy and wonder
and who the framing
is your boys will
always remember.
And there is of course
God and what he has
passed on to them from
his warm hearted
noble father. So is
the message of our
lives read by our
grand children and
great grandchildren by
the light of the drop
of oil we passed on
to our children —
who are their parents.
And the undying
life flows not only

4. on to our flesh and
blood but also to the
unknowns who have
been by chance or luck
the beneficiaries of
the vital contact.
Small acts live on
as examples in
the lives of others.
When we die we
can be certain of
this: those we love
must & will keep the
most of the good
in us. Even the
pain we may have
caused one or
other has served
to increase that
good which was
wrapped in it.
I kiss you, Kari Dicki

To Kari

April 25 1960

Notes on Premature Resignation

The revealed reality of death is the ultimate source of the excuses for an empty life. The response of creative man is to fill that void through work and the permanence of achievement. Hence art and poetry, science and philosophy, the self sacrifice of the true soul.

The revealed reality of internal life and the probability of external death is again a source of the excuse of predestination. The response of creative man is the conquer the world of the spirit for his domicile, and the acquire the fullness of life.

The revealed reality of society is a thrid temptation to a life of unreality, to empty it is the exploration of freedom and remove the challenge of that freedom by an act of ultimate sloth masquarading as superiod wisdom.

The creative process conquered physical death through work, art and the lasting acts of the soul. The reality of society gives us the certainty of the meaging of striving and efforts for the good. Analysis of our function of creating power and material value is also the true analysis of our capacity to create freedom. Its boundaries cannot be known to us, as it cannot wjat death brings nor what brings us salvation.

The true moral problem, as I see ut, is to create in us a new source of living

Revised

23

To Kari

Notes on premature resignation

Apr. 25,
1960

The revealed reality of death is the ultimate source of the excuses for an empty life. The response of creative man is to fill that void through work and the permanence of achievement. Hence art and poetry, science and philosophy, the lone sacrifices of the true soul.

The revealed reality of internal life and the possibility of eternal death is again a source of the excuse of predestination. The response of creative man is to conquer the world of the spirit for his domicile and to acquire the fullness of life.

The revealed reality of society is a third source for a life of unreality; an emptying it of the explorations of freedom and removing the challenge of that freedom by an act of ultimate sloth, masquerading as superior wisdom.

The creative process conquered physical death through work, art and the lasting acts of the soul. The reality of society gives us the certainty of the meaning and striving and efforts for the good. The understanding of power and material values deprive us of an illusory freedom and re-create it in terms of reality, as an existence that fills the universe as we know it does, not stopping other lives or taking away their meanings. Analysis of our function of creating material power and values is also the true analysis of our capacity to create freedom. Its boundaries cannot be known to us, as it cannot (be known) what death brings, nor what brings us salvation. The essential uncertainty is the answer to man's existence. What will death do to him? What is his state between ultimate hope and ultimate fear, to which he is heir? This immutable condition is what we (all of us) mean by freedom, and we refuse to live without it. Yet society is real. Uncertainty as to the limits set by this reality is the saving answer

Dicki

The revealed reality of death is the ultimate source of the excuses for an empty life. The response of creative man is to fill that void through work and the permanence of achievement. Hence art and poetry, science and philosophy, the lone sacrifices of the true soul.

The revealed reality of internal life and the possibility of eternal death is again a source of the excuse of predestination. The response of creative man is to conquer the world of the spirit for his domicile and to acquire the fullness of life.

The revealed reality of society is a third source for a life of unreality; an emptying it of the explorations of freedom and removing the challenge of that freedom by an act of ultimate sloth, masquerading as superior wisdom. *(acedia)*

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Dicki

Notes on premature resignation

The revealed reality of death is the ultimate source of the excuses for an empty life. The response of creative man ^{was} is to fill that void through work and the permanence of achievement. Hence art and poetry, science and philosophy, the lone self-sacrifice of the true soul. ^{hence}

The revealed reality of internal life and the possibility of eternal death is ^{again} a source of ^{the} excuse of predestination. The ^{response} of creative man's ^{is} to conquer the world of the spirit for his domicile, and to acquire the fullness of life.

The revealed reality of society is ^{an other} temptation to a life of unreality; ^{to} empty it of the exploration of freedom, and remove the challenge of that freedom by an act of ultimate sloth masquerading as superior wisdom.

The creative process conquered physical death through work, art and the lasting acts of the soul. The reality of society gives ^{us} the certainty of the meaning of striving and effort for the good. The understanding of power and of material values deprives us of an illusionary freedom and re-creates it in terms of reality as an existence that fills the universe ^(as we know it does) without ^{not} stopping other lives or taking away their meanings. Analysis of our function of creating power and material value is also the true analysis of our capacity to create freedom. Its boundaries can not be known to us as can not be known what death brings, nor what brings ~~us~~ salvation. Essential uncertainty is the answer to man's existence. What will death do to him? What is his state between ultimate hope and ultimate fear, to which he is heir? This immutable condition is what we (all of us) mean by freedom, and we refuse to live without it. Yet society is real. Uncertainty as to the limits set by this reality is the saving answer. We must follow the path of the fulfillment of our ideals to the limit. No sociology can tell us where this limit lies. Science is a trap imperilling our chance of transcending a premature resignation.

last

the dangers of

however

King of

of

The inevitability of

to it

To KARI

Notes on premature resignation April 25, '60

The revealed reality of death is the ultimate source of the excuse for an empty life. The response of creative man is to fill that void through work and the permanence of achievement. Hence art and poetry, science and philosophy, the costly self sacrifice of the true soul.

The revealed reality of internal life and the possibility of eternal death is again a source of the excuse for of predestination. The response of creative man is to conquer the world and of the spirit for his domicile, and to acquire the fullness of life.

The revealed reality of society is a third ^{temptation} source for a life of unreality; an empty ^{it} of the exploration of freedom, and ~~the~~ ~~removing~~ the ~~irre-~~ ~~movable~~ challenge of that freedom by an act of ultimate sloth masquerading as superior wisdom. The creative process conquered physical death through

work, art and the ^{lasting} eternal
acts of the soul. It

~~compelled the eternal annihilation~~
~~through disclosure of~~ ~~through~~
~~the conquest of life in the~~
~~spirit.~~ The reality of society

gives us

the certainty of the validity
of the meaning of striving and
efforts, ^{for the good, & and without} apart from which

that reality would not be
(effective) and all our
striving ^{would be} meaningless. That
reality consists in the under-

~~we desire~~
~~no~~
~~in illusionary~~
~~freedom~~
~~and~~
~~recreate~~
~~it in terms~~
~~of reality~~

^{material} values are and what freedom
means in terms of life
without constricting ^{other lives;}

of our ^{as an} existence ^{that} filling
the universe as we believe ^{know}
it does, not ~~by~~ stopping other
lives or taking away their
meanings. The analysis of

Analysis of

^{our function of creating} ^{material} power and value is also
creating function is the

our true analysis of our freedom ^{creating}
quality, the ^{its} boundaries

Capacity
to create
freedom.

which cannot be known to
us as cannot ~~and~~ what
death brings ~~and~~ nor what
brings us salvation.

Literary legacy

For KARI

Friday early
morning
Sept 23. '60

Dear Laro

should anything
go wrong stay with
mother

I authorize the
publication of the
(unpublished) Dahomey
MS: "Democracy and
Society in historic
Dahomey" by myself
in collaboration with
Abe. (4 chapters)
for the rest ~~etc~~

take the advice of Harry,
Abe and Paul M. (on
anthropology of Paul
Bokannan on the
sociology MS called

(The 'Old Printer', of
Terry.) Ultimate
decision lies with
you and mother.

Where you feel I
am entangling you
in metaphysics try
to get ~~from my~~
from my help. I
also count on Kenneth
Muir. Hope to see Joe
tomorrow —

Do this

A copy of the "Greek" MS is with Harry
A copy of my lecture courses is with
Abe. The "copyright" is with you.
Mother can always turn
to Irene for my old
work if needed

Abe should 'edit out' all
personalia from the conversations

October 12, 1960 (1)

Dear Kari:

The great joy of my last working days is the Rutgers program. The most unexpected proof of the continuation of the efforts of our Continuation Group ~~could~~ ^{that} come to me -

It will also take care of my legacy, since it is primarily the tradition of a teaching legacy, where could it be better placed than at a seat of teaching, with some of my students to pass the tradition on. If a Harry landed in Rutgers, he could confirm his cooperation with Terry Hopkins, and Paul Uedow may be about. In that case, of any other parallel contrivance of circumstances, the use of my courses and other notes and materials would be in good hands. Such course texts have a semblance of authenticity while being actually superseded by years of later work. Take the problem of equivalency so essential to Locke - Haurian concepts of a value theory and contrast that with the operational equivalents I found cooperate in the cuneiform civilization. My uncritically read texts would create endless conundrums, and throw doubt on the usability of all and everything. In this regard I tend to deny authority to these course texts wholesale. The first ^{written} ~~year's~~ ^{year's} text (1947 Spring) was delivered on a detailed outline I brought with me from England -

Personalities =

(2)

Harry, Rosemary Arnold (Muenich) Harvey Segal,
Charlie Silberman, Daniel Finsfeld, Walter C. (1947)

Neale, George Woodard, were in my first course.
Walter C. Neale joined in the next taking
~~both courses, the main course and the~~ (1949)

minor one on antiquity, Terrie Hopkins (1952)

(a sociologist), Carl Degler (a historian) (1948)

Paul Medow (1952), W. Paul Strassmann (1950)

Sirkis Donald, (1950) Murray Polakoff (1948)

Ralph Kaminsky (1948)

To be continued:

Dicki

January 9th, 1961

My darling daughter,

Another year has passed & tomorrow, it's January 10th, the anniversary of my father's death.

Hona and I visited his grave in the cemetery, in Budapest. I never loved anyone as much as him and that, ^{which} is worth preserving about my very modest life's work, I owe to him. Even in external regards, I owe to him a sportive training which we saw me through when illnes and later disease undermined my bearing; and it was his affectionate care that equipped me with the knowledge of languages which in years of poverty kept the worlds of learning open to me, and allowed me access to a broader horizon. My father embodied high standards, and Joe often reminds me of his warm, iri-ke and noble personality.

Mansi is no more, and so I write to you, our only child, to pass on a feature of his noble frame. He would have loved Hona and approved of your shivings. Dicki

Aug 27, 1961 Sunday
Dear TOMMY,

The doctor has just been to see me. It's all perfectly healed; looks like some 8 stitches. Tomorrow after brunch they are going to be removed, and home I go.

I am so glad. I walk well and have no pains at all.

Modern surgery works miracles.

now I'll 'phone granny all the good news.

How long did you watch the eclipse? And how did Harry like it? LOVE
DICKI

T. W. H.

AUG 27, 1961

DEAR

HARRY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR
NICE LETTER.

BY THE TIME
THIS NOTE REACHES
YOU, I WILL BE BACK
IN OUR HOUSE, SO
THE DOCTOR SAYS.

THIS IS A NEW
PART OF THE HOSPITAL,
I AM ON 10th FLOOR
WITH A VIEW TO THE
NORTH. WITH TOM'S
TELESCOPE I MIGHT
SEE YOUR OLD HOUSE
FROM MY WINDOW.
BUT I AM NOT SURE.
I HOPE YOU ARE WELL.
YOUR DICKI

Sept 7, 1961

Dad, [Sept.]

certified cheque was
received by TCA. The
receipt is enclosed.

B. K. called to say
how pleased he was to
be helpful, and that
he is pressing for
utmost despatch.

J. M. Kerstead
looks to me more like
a bishop than a rebel.

He seemed
immensely pleased with
Halifa, but no less
with General, but not
over Mc Gill. He was
beaming — and very
touching, too.

Alec saw the Book Dad
(both bound + "paper" (Dicki))

October 26th, 1961

For my birthday

There was a ~~cooked~~ birthday
Because for nobody could say
Who sent the gifts away
Or did they go astray?

But there was a happy day
When pen and pocketbook found
Their way
And Dicki now could say:
Thanks all my darling if I may?

Love
Dicki

Nov 22, 1961

Karo darling, what's
the chances of hearing you at
again on the phone. When
and how? ^{Something to look}
forward to, and ^{to} plan to
ask you this or that, and
to hope for when the days get
long.

I suppose Paul M. sent
you his "Notes" on Marshallian
v. E. Austrian economic theory (Wiesner
+ Schumpeter). I ^{think,}
am afraid, it's all a bit
arbitrary, or rather: there is
a sound kernel to it, but
the branches, foliage, and
flowering would bear
much pruning.

I had an extremely
enjoyable phone talk ^{with}
B. K., on ^{two} consecutive days,
he was warmed all through
by your long letter. It was
sheer happiness ^{only} to listen
to his delighted, grateful
response. He also began to be
seriously concerned about the
load that was heaped upon you.

Do answer phone here
Queer Kar,
All love
K(2)

13. On McG - NDP group / kept tight.

However, I thought you'd
prefer him not to intervene
at this stage at the G, and so
I said, I feel, the worst is
over now, though I agreed that
in the beginning it wasn't so
sure whether you would stand
the strain. These were happy
days, to hear B. speak in so
gratified tones, so deeply
satisfied of how much you
had lived up to all his ex-
pectations.

My main concern is the
Dahomey - I had a week what
with 4 days recovering from
brain exhaustion, what with
3 days of an abortive 'flu that
is over now, smothered
in the cradle. Paul B.
at news as much as mentions
the chapter I still owe him.

He is an exceptionally fine
person. He asked me for
my consent to dedicate his
next book to me.

At Patterson State
College, N.J. a seminar
has been started on "The
Great Transformation." They
asked Paul M. for advice -

Joe: How do the G.I. plans progress's my journal

[Jan 25, 1962]

To my dear Kari and Joe:

Now that Mausi has left me there is no one to know what happened to me and mother and, all of us, including my life's work, when my dear father died on January 10th, 1906.

Sophie and Ursi were still children, Adolph in Japan, Mausi just married.

"My poor, poor children these sighs were carried on his last breaths, his failing pulse, his lungs wheezing, his eyes glancing in despair at his helpless children. around

The doctors had given up all hope, the heart had been kept going on last ditch medicaments, that will not mislead a man.

For many, many years I woke from my dreams to a happy wakening - he was back

and grand children's
tears, my
sister's
to life, he had never died!
You were already with us,
almost twenty years had
gone by. Those we love
with a child's love live
one deep and far and
real into the lifetimes
of our own beloved ones
in another, and still
in another generation,
who do not know
whence they feel the
breath of life that
assures them of a happy
future, they can
read it off the skies,
they hear it in the
running of the feet
on the play ground.
For my gratitude for
the love of my father
still mingles with the
sunshine in our children's

Sweet Kavo

~~Friday~~
Wednesday
June 27, 1962 (1)

have written to Paul
with precision about your
routine movements, and
possible adjustments.

Paul writing to me
mentions that he expects
to visit us here "in less
than a week" (writing on 25th)
I added a P.S. to my note

to him today he should (2)
ring you at your home
on Friday, 29th to keep
in touch with you since
we expect you here briefly
on Saturday, 30th.

Dearest love
Dicki

Nov, 20 '62

Kari Dear,

I haven't yet put on the
way of raising the general
question - complex of
socialism - planning -
industrial democracy
as NOT to get into the
taxonomical desert of
abstract terms without any
certainty of being listened
to - for what kind of
audience will be honest,
modest and serious
enough to be willing to attend
to such a sermon?

One way (of many) might
be to take up the innova-
tions in the economics field
of study, and while
reporting in general terms
raise the question why +
whence these new techniques +
disciplines? May be be

answer ⁺²⁻ would quite
naturally lead to you
to your (preconceived)
three groups of distinct
problems?

I am afraid this
comment won't prove
too helpful, because
I won't know myself
how to fill in the
boxes I am so glibly
invoking here.

It just occurred to
me that your "socialism"
is anyway restricted to
the domestic plane. It
ignores the "foreign
economy" aspects of
the present world
— the international economy;
disarmament, raw materials,
export, foreign investments

etc problems³⁻ which
are so-to-speak a
fourth group of problems
(incl. e.g. the Myrdal
trading aspects.) I am
sorry to have mentioned
this pet bee in my
brevet →

So forgive me
this aphoristic discourse.

I am so happy to
feel up and doing
again, that I just
burst out in such
elucubrations —!

Love very truly

Dicki

[Jan. 1963]

My dear Kati, I am sure that I am not mistaken that a year ago I wrote to you, what my father's death meant to me. How many years went by until I stopped dreaming of him - he had in my dream returned to life; he had never died.

I loved him so much. One of the certainties I inherited was that he would have loved me to marry a girl just like mother is. Of course there was much about his that was obvious, since he adored my mother who belonged culturally to the Russian world, and I myself was in love with the thought of the Russian girl ideal (actually our Vietnamese friends grew up as our own family to me). And so Hong, who was Polish and a revolutionary "filled the bill," I

(Ours luck!)
suppose. But the truth was that my father's
pure, unadulterated idealism of the
Western brand (unsported by the Himmigian
standards of the XIXth century) infiltrated
my upbringing, and it was this
mixture of Ruman and Anglo-Saxon
atmosphere that reached the Galileo students
by way of my person. I suppose that my
rigid adherence to educational principles
also came from there, and so I could not
help wishing you had the equipment (also to
do good). It was a temptation, but I
loved you as parents love their children,
and for a long time I lost you. I know
you have now ^{long} forgiven me, and I am
happy, for ever.

Dicki

To Ka Ri
with love Dicki Dec 2 '62

From Karl Polanyi

Biographical notes

I understand, you are looking into influences that have shaped what is beginning to be called economic sociology. If research into the shifting place occupied by economies in societies deserve that name, I agree that some of my own efforts in the field of economic history may be comprised under that term.

The development of a world of thought may be presented in two different ways: either chronologically, or in the obverse direction, by following ^{back} the essentials of the system _^ to their origins. The first, the chronological sequence may be inappropriate when the growth of the thought spread over a tortuous and discontinuous ~~course~~ ^{Several decades} course of human affairs. In these last sixty years we experienced the dialectic of radical breaks, unmediated contradictions, and repeated returns to already discarded positions which make it difficult, if not impossible, to discern the underlying logic of advance.

The other way, as I said, of clarifying thought is to trace it back from the completed pattern to the origins of the separate strands. ~~This method suits primarily a picture, ordered in polarity, in the quality of opposites. No strict polarity is here meant, of course, but rather a pressing for essential truth, simultaneously in two complementary directions. Either direction will possess a continuity of its own, eventually attaining the substantial unity of the final result.~~ In the middle of the twentieth century, where a variety of valuations caused a veritable ideational vortex, two existential ^{polarities} ~~poles and counterpoles~~ attracted the winds. Personality expressed itself in the manner in which ^{this} the duality shaped thinking: fact and value, empiry and normativity, society and community, science and religion. The directions themselves oscillated as they were being test

by life, thought and history. Yet in the retrospect it appears, this polarity formed the permanent axis of ~~of~~ my world of thought.

The prophetic writer who in the beginning of the last century discovered the machine and society was Robert Owen. He did not turn against the machine, yet proclaimed that great institutional changes were needed if we were to avoid great calamities from its unchecked employment. These thoughts which developed in the second decade of the nineteenth century sprang from the industrial revolution in England and the wretched condition of the poor! Apart from the consumers' co-operatives and the vital stimulus they offered to the trade union movement, Owen's activities bore no practical fruit, but the philosophy of British socialism owed everything to him. Also, of the "utopian" thinkers of the early nineteenth century, he was the one to have exercised a great influence on Karl Marx. Like Owen himself, Marx never ceased to demand the perfectioning of the industrial society as an instrument of human advance towards ideal ends. From whatever angle we approach the theme, we find ^(Owen and Marx) their values polarized as efficiency and humanity; technological and social progress; institutional requirements and personal needs.

Such a parallel is, of course, not meant to be substantiated through detailed evidence. It assumes a close knowledge of Owen's various plans for "Villages of Union" and of the young Marx' philosophical essays on economic and political subjects.

It was particularly on the issue of the organization of the economy that Owen and Marx diverged most strongly. A centralized economy run by the state was quite foreign to Robert Owen's mind who considered the market system as the natural form of man's livelihood; Karl Marx thought of the future of industrial civilization in terms of the supersession of the market economy by a socialized economy.

Nevertheless, both built their thought structures on the reality of society, and the conviction that the future of man depends on his ~~adapt~~ adapting his institutions radically to the nature of the machine within the limits of the laws governing ^{real} social existence.

Economic sociology centers ^{study of the} on the shifting place occupied by the economy in society. Economic anthropology and economic history require in this regard a clear concept of the economy which theoretical analysis did not provide. It conceived of the economy since Menger, 1871 ~~1872~~, as the allocating of scarce means. This concept, however, is unrelated to the organization of society on the one hand, the movements of the material means that make up the economic process, on the other. A different concept of the economy is required for researching into the questions arising for the disciplines of anthropology and history in dealing with the economy. Such a concept must offer pointers in two directions; how to relate economic ^{ies} ~~sub-systems~~ to ^{the} societies, and how to ~~unambiguously~~ adapt the substantive model of the economy to the movements that make up production and distribution. The embeddedness of the economy in economic and non-economic institutions is a concept which permits a transcending of an industrial civilization through a deliberate subordinating of the economy as a means to the ends of the human community.

* * *

K.P. was born in 1886 from middle-class parents. He read Law at the University of Budapest, which he had to leave on account of ~~socialist~~ his socialist activities and the organization of pro-Pikler demonstrations. At 22 he left the social-democratic party and founded the radical student circle "Galileo" on broad progressive lines. His earlier Marxist tenets had undergone a change. In 1918 he joined Oscar Jászi's Radical Party. In 1919 he left Hungary for Austria, where he attached himself to the religious socialist movement. He was Foreign Editor of the liberal weekly "The Austrian Economist" from 1924 to 1934, when socialist Vienna succumbed to Heiwehr Fascism. He emigrated to England where he was among the founders of the Christian Left. Since 1937 he belonged to the Workers' Educational Association, lecturing on economic history under the Extra-Mural Delegates of Oxford and of London. From 1943 to 1946 he was associated with Count Michael Károlyi's movement in exile. He was Visiting Professor of Economics at Columbia University from 1947 to 1953. His main works are a study on "Socialist Accountancy" in the Archiv für Sozialwissenschaft, Heidelberg, (1922); Co-editor, Christianity and the Social Revolution, London, (1936) ('Essence of Fascism'); The Great Transformation, New York, (1944); Co-editor, Trade and Market in the Early Empires, Glencoe, Ill. (1957) ('Marketless trade in Hammurabi's time'; 'Aristotle discovers the economy'; 'The economy as instituted process').

Dear HARRY,

This is a funny story,
which is true. When we
drove (with granny)
away in our car,
I had the map and
watched on the map
our driving, all
the way on Côte
St. Catherine.
Granny was very patient
and asked many
questions "Where
are we now?" and
"What turn will we
now take?" But
we did not seem to
get nearer to anywhere.

The reason was that
granny had mixed
up West and East
(which she sometimes
does). So she was
driving West, but
on the map I
was far on East,
until we discovered
that she had said
East, and meant
West! We had a
big laugh, so we
almost fell out of
the car!!

Love from
Dicki.

Dear Dicki,

I am sorry that you are in the hospital and I hope you will be home soon. Do you know that I built a radio? It is a crystal set with one transistor amplifier and receives up to eight stations. Do you think Johnson will make a good president? Love, Tom.

We've sketched out seats on 3 seats (!)
on B.C. 707 jetliner for \$4 Rolls-Royce Combs 305
no the use of cruising speed 520/580 m.p.h. Designed and built
by the Boeing Airplane Company.
A lovely warm blanket, and at the house

BY AIR MAIL **POST** C.

NOV 27 1960
6:07 PM

Dear Tommy and Harry
This is a 130 jet plane. It flew
very fast. We love
you.

Granny
Dicki

We flew at 33,000
feet high all the time.

The ruck of great excitement and rain.



6 PM - 6 AM
ALL DAY SUNDAYS

Tommy and Harry
Levit
417, Main Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.
Canada.

Lieber alter Dicki!

Heute ist Ostermontag
und wir sind in Thurston

Morgen gehen wir nach

Hause. Ich bin schon

lange O.K. Wir haben

gerade Erbsen gepflanzt.

Gestern war Ostersonntag

und Jani versteckte die

Eier die wir gemacht hatten

und die er von Burg

gebracht hat. Unsere

Eier waren zwölf.

- 2 mit Saffron (gelb)
- 1 " Nettle (gelb statt)
- 2 " Zwiebeln (grün)
- 2 " (rötlich braun)
- 2 " verschiedenen Fetzen
- 1 " blauen Fetzen
- 2 " Malfarben
- 1 " einem Gesicht:-



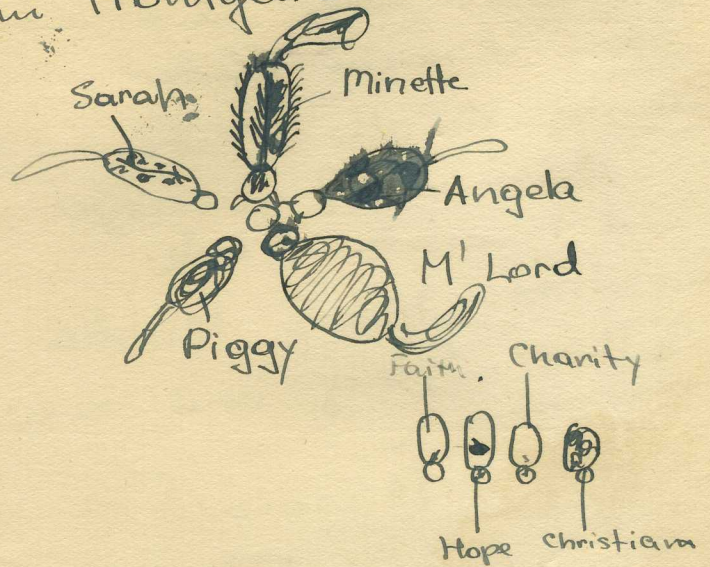
(Wendy)

einem Gesicht:-



Jami versteckte die Eier

im Frontgarden.



Das ist die Katzenfamilie.

Angela:- Die Mutter von Minette, Piggy M' Lord. Tortoiseshell.

Minette:- Die Mutter von Sarah, Tortoiseshell.

Faith:- Lina's Kitten.

Weiss mit einem gelben Fleck

Hope - Lina's Kitten. Weiss mit
einem schwarzen Fleck.

Charity - Minette's Kitten.
Weiss mit 2 schwarzen
und 1 weissen Fleck

Christian - Mit 8 Minettes!
Kitten. ^{sch}warz und weiss

Bussis

Kari

Sonntag. 17.

Lieber alter Kotor.

Ich habe einen langen Brief
von Rene und Mutter bekom-
men. Mutter sagt das am
12 ten alle öffentliche
Gebilde haben Vaterländi-
sche Fahnen ausgehängt.

Dienstag war ich zu Tee
mit einer Freundin. Sie
heißt Joyce Littlewood.

Meine beste Freundin
ist Janet Parker. Sie
war in Garden Suburb.

Ich habe sie selten ge-
sehen in Garden Suburb.

Freitag hatten wir Exam.
Geometrie zuerst. Das war
ganz leicht. Dann Geogra-
phie. Das war O.K. Dann
kam Nature Study. Das
war besser als wir dachten
weil wir furchtbar schlimm
sind. Wir wussten mehr
als wir glaubten. English
war furchtbar. Die sagen
so. Montag sind noch 4
Geschichte, Französisch,
Algebra und Englische

literatur. Am Dienstag
ist arithmetik. Wenda
schreibt ihre aufgabe
und ich helfe ihr
manchmal. Heute waren
wir für einen Spazier-
gang. Wir gingen über
die Felder. Es sind die
Express Dairy Felder.
Wir brachten "Pussy-
willows und Weger-
kuten. Die langen

grünen willow sind
in einem Koup auf dem
Boden im Wohnzimmer.
Die willow reichen fast
bis zur Decke.

Du wirst wohl bald so
bist schon herumwandel

Ich habe zu Mutter
und Rene geschrieben

Kari

Szállts a békevel ten magadba
Tegyél meg a világ érte ^{Ripplle} ~~er~~ ~~est~~ ~~est~~
Lej jnyéhez felülvölves
Kavem lej azamat kyttyj

"
Tard meg a béket ten magadban
Stalib a világ e' Neheivel
Korodul meg haladul ve
Négyéhez ~~teljesen~~ ^{próbald} ~~korodul~~
Kavem (hágy azamat) ^{plian} ~~annak~~

Ten magadban kard meg a béket

Not you yourself were victor

But the spirit of freedom

That soul of the age

But liberty, the ~~every~~ you

armies my cred.

Tess népt a békevel magadban

Verd elo világ érteket

Nem hny tülhalad korod

Kavem deul kyt a johanis hgyj.

On magadba me békevel
Verd elo világ érteket
Korodul hgyj

Break with the peace in yourself
Break with the values of the world
Not to be better than the Age
But ~~this~~ to be at its best
(this)

Not to surpass the Age
But ~~to be that to be~~
it to be at its best

~~EGEL~~
Brich mit dem Frieden in Dir
Brich mit dem Werte der Welt
Besinne dich als das Zeit
Alles auf's Beste wie sein

held whole sheet, bottom of second page 10 ka 12.

~~circulation is finally~~ ^{essentially}
~~uncovered~~ The true moral
 problem, as I see it, is to
 create in us a new
 source of living which
 does not resign ^{itself} into
~~sign of defeat~~ ^{into} as
 Man survived the realization
 of the finiteness of his bodily
 existence; of his precarious
 hold on ^{the} inner life of the
 spirit; ~~and again~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{every} ~~secret~~ ^{secret} ~~key~~ ^{key} to ~~ultimate~~
~~restoration~~ ^{should be} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~essential~~
~~visible~~ ^{shown} ~~is~~ ^{the} ~~key~~ ^{to} ~~the~~
~~man's~~ ^{existence} ~~uncertain~~ ^{to} ~~his~~ ^{existence}
 death do to him? What
 is his state between
 ultimate hope and
 ultimate fear, to which he
~~is~~ ^{is} heir?
 This ~~condition~~ ^{condition} is what we
 (all of us) mean by freedom
 and we refuse to live without
 it. ^{Yet the} ~~social~~ ^{is real} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~source~~ ^{source} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~certainty~~ ^{certainty}
 as to the limits set by his ^{stable} ~~stable~~
~~reality~~ ^{reality} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~existence~~ ^{existence} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~answer~~ ^{answer}
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same}

part of the 1st / 2nd / 3rd / 4th / 5th / 6th / 7th / 8th / 9th / 10th / 11th / 12th / 13th / 14th / 15th / 16th / 17th / 18th / 19th / 20th / 21st / 22nd / 23rd / 24th / 25th / 26th / 27th / 28th / 29th / 30th / 31st / 1st / 2nd / 3rd / 4th / 5th / 6th / 7th / 8th / 9th / 10th / 11th / 12th / 13th / 14th / 15th / 16th / 17th / 18th / 19th / 20th / 21st / 22nd / 23rd / 24th / 25th / 26th / 27th / 28th / 29th / 30th / 31st

My dearest Kari, these are very happy days for mother and myself, and I want to feel some of its warmth. There is so very much to say on your birthday. You know yourself how great changes have come to us three; if we only think of the understanding and close way of living that her at last brought back to us our early life. I never hoped to regain so much that history broke and that I yearned to hold again my arms.

But why not tell you what it all means to mother, these days of surprises that she's going to do the Schutzbund work in Vienna. That her long friendship with Rudolf is leading to fruitful socialist work, and so surprisingly with myself and yourself. Even the Italian enais, (we heard today from Iswan) are in the press. And imagine - we held it back for June of birthday, a cable arrived from the girls that anthropology has been authorized by the Hungarians, maybe in time for Fall

and your sweet call. Several love Dick's
publications (11) And this morning you very good news,

paper on John... is in the
Bradford Smith that heart's postmen
A few days go I bent from Bradford Smith that heart's postmen

Dear We and Karis - this is an
enforced resting day which (we
decided) should keep me in bed today.
After a day of real uncertainty, ^{in Vienna} we
were after all admitted 'at once' that is
without the normal waiting due to the
common procedure which takes of course
some time as you know. This was a great
joy to us and allowed the broad contact
with everyday life, the friends, the ^{weather}
the street, the bus and the taxi, but
most of all the children, the ^{dearest}
plague and pleasure, to 'take possession'
of their so-called grandparents'
generation. The schools are an overwhelming
subject here, and the children talk about
them as their domain, with an expert's
criticisms of the day's experiments, but
entirely unconscious of the vast advance
over the past and the Western continent.
Yet one is frankly amazed at the extent
and intensity of the teaching effort, the
languages' penetration, - and the achieve-
ments. Jutka, in grade 8, is given precise
definitions of the historical periods of
European art, from the classic to the
post-impressionists in esthetic terms
(while the practised techniques remain
solidly socialist realist) altogether
contradictions abound. However econ-
omic theory is turning with conviction to
the econometric school and the
Economics Institute of the Hungarian
Academy of Science

Our English address is
% GRANT
17A Great Orme Road
Llandudno, W. I.

will, if ~~it~~ ^{my daughter} should ask you for
advice, not withhold your views.
My wife, and my daughter, Kari
are to dispose of my literary
legacy, with Kari having the decisive
say. I hope of course to finish
the book with Abe's help, and
assist him in any case to study
and master the considerable
material at our disposal.

I am conscious of presuming
upon your goodwill in ex-
pressing confidence in your
willingness to advise Kari
in regard to your own field.
I feel sure Harry Pearson
will also be ready to help on
economic subjects.

Abe is doing my work and
person a great service in offering
to stand by on Dahomey and the
considerable study the concluding
chapters will call for.

Praised by criminologists,
always makes me cry: "There,
but for the grace of God, speak the
experts on crime, not the criminals
in rehabilitation!"



McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

Dear Dichi -

Two letters from the boys -

Harry dictated his story, but
the manuscript he produced
started with Santa's Reindeer.

Steve working on the Harvest
Press - had a very nice time
with Paul here.

With all my love -

Kari

[Jan 25, 1907]

To my dear Kari and Joe:

Now that Mausie has left me there is no one to know what happened to me and mother and, all of us, including my life's work, when my dear father died on January 10th, 1906.

Sophie and Ursi were still children, Adolph in Japan, Mausie just married.

"My poor, poor children these sighs were, carried on his last breaths, his failing pulse, his lungs whistling, his eyes glancing in despair at his helpless children. around

The doctor's had given up all hope, the heart had been kept going on last ditch medicaments, that will not mislead a man.

For many, many years I woke from my dreams to a happy waking - he was back

to life, he had never died!
You were already with us,
almost twenty years had
gone by. Those we love
with a child's love live
one deep and far and
real into the lifetimes
of our own beloved ones
in another, and still
another generation,
who do not know
whence they feel the
breath of life that
assures them of a happy
future, they can
read it off the skies,
they hear it in the
running of the feet
on the play ground.
For my gratitude for
the love of my father
still mingles with the
sunshine in our children's

a child's
love lasts

He breath
of life.

and grand children's
tears my
heart's
order

My darling Dicki,

Forgive me please for not having written for so many weeks. And thank you for your sweet letters. All of a sudden it is summer time and almost June and time for you to come to visit us. Joe and I have been looking forward to this very much. Our plans are like this - that we are madly busy till Mondat June 7th, the date of the provincial elections here. After that we have time .! On June 28th Joe is leaving for three monthssso we would be very happy if you could come early in the month.

I have also had some very very happy letters from mother - one from Budapest just after she arrived and one also from Budapest just before she was leaving for the countryside. Everybody seems to be very good to her and enthusiastic about her project and she sounds more happy and youthful than I have ever known her.

There is not very much to write about here. Although we keep very busy here with politics Toronto is a small world and I cannot think of very much that would interest you. Perhaps the most specitacular thing that has happened here isince I was her was the declaration of Israel some two weeks ago when the whole central section of the town come out into the streets and there was a parade of some 4 or 5 thousand people and a mass meeting with over 20,000. It was a real popular demonstration - hard to believe that such a dull place as Toronto could witness a thing like this.

We had a very nice letter from Joan and Henry a few days ago. We are looking forward to seeing them here too.

Dear Dicki, tell me when you can come. How about the week end June 12th ? Then we could celebrate my birthday too.

Lots of love from both of us.

Kari.

132 Lakeshore Boulevard
Toronto.

Monday. Oct 18th

*Filed in window
with passport*

Darling Dicki,

It was so nice to hear your voice over the phone. Thank you for all the sweet notes you sent and please forgive me for writing so little. I think of you and mother very often but it is hard to write because I always hoping that I will be able to tell you definitely what my plans are and yet it is very hard to know what to do. This is why Joe and I want you very much to come up to help us. We very much want to do what is best for us both and are both prepared to separate if that is for the best but find it hard to unravel the mass of considerations and matters involved. We think that it would help a lot at this stage if we could talk to you. I have written a long letter to mother explaining things and asking her opinion.

I know that I have to make my own decision but I really do need some help and Joe feels the same way.

Otherwise things are going OK here. I wont write any more because I do hope we will see you very soon and till then lots of love from both of us.

Kari.