Aerial Roots*

I was born in 1917, still but barely into the Austro-Hungarian empire, although I was not aware of it at the time. But there were echoes of it in the interwar years and, having lived through these and then again much later through the declining British empire, not to say anything of the post-Watergate, post-Vietnam USA, I regard myself a something of an expert on imperial decay.

I was born Paul Hornig, son of Wilhelm and Berta Hornig. My father died when I was less than two. He had been a businessman, dealing in feathers, and from all reports a dilettante in many fields and a great entertainer, full of the wit that was common in Viennese café society. After the death of my father we (my mother, my younger brother Walter and I) joined my mother's sister, who was married and had, in due course, two daughters. I grew up in this slightly extended family, with two mothers, for Annimaedel (the name all four children gave to my aunt Anna) really brought us up while my mother ran a little knitwear shop.

My childhood was a happy one. My mother and her three sisters were close to each other and, together with their husbands, attracted an amusing group of admirers. Willy Reich and Siegfried Bernfeld were advisers on my sexual education (though not every one of their pieces of advice was followed), Otto Neurath, the logical positivist, unified scientist, and inventor of isotypes, a kind of pictorial statistics, took an interest in us children. There were many psychoanalysts, such as Otto Fenichel, a translator of Shakespeare called Flatter, journalists and politicians, a novelist Brunngraber, a composer. Karl Popper was a member of a group that played handball on Sundays in the Vienna Woods, though he was not regarded as one of the brightest. My uncle Paul Stein wrote a regular column headed "People's Doctor" for the Social Democratic daily *Arbeiterzeitung*. Paul Lazarsfeld and Marie Jahoda, whom I met again later at the University of Sussex, did a study

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* Contribution to a series of recollections and reflections on professional experiences of distinguished economists. This series opened with the September 1979 issue of this *Review*.

of unemployment, *Die Arbeitslosen von Marienthal.* I particularly remember a family friend called Poldi Bandler who constructed a whole toy world for us children, with a life-like imitation of the skyline of Manhattan. Whenever I cross the Triborough bridge and set eyes on the Manhattan skyline I think of him.

One of my earliest economic memories is overhearing in about 1922 a grownup conversation during the Austrian hyper-inflation, in which one person said the Krone (the crown) was rising *(aufsteigen).* I imagined a grand, queenly woman ascending a mountain. A bachelor *Hausfreund* (especially devoted to my aunt Annimaedel) of those days was a lawyer named Walter Froehlich, who had some influence on my becoming an economist. He was a member of the circle of Austrian economists round Mises, Haberler, Hayek and Machlup. He was very liberal in the Manchester sense, although also liberal politically, for he defended under the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg regimes many political prisoners of the Left.

Walter Froehlich had a great admiration for theory construction and a certain contempt for empirical research. One of his favourite stories was that told of Mrs. Einstein's visit to the latest and largest observatory. "What do you do with these telescopes?" she asked. "Well, we look at the stars to find out whether the galaxies are receding and are trying to test the theory of the continuous creation of the universe against that of an initial big bang", they replied. "Ah, I see", she said. "It's the sort of thing that my husband does on back of old envelopes". Although a Catholic by religion, Walter Froehlich was of Jewish origin. He migrated to Marquette University in Milwaukee and we were friends until his death.

It was not difficult to acquire a social conscience in the Austria of the interwar period. I remember having to write an essay as a child of about 8 years old on the subject "If any would not work neither should he eat" and making it the occasion of a harangue against the idle rich.

I was politically active from the age of ten: marching, carrying flags, singing, demonstrating. Until 1933, these activities were legal, and after 1933, they were carried on underground, with the continual threat of arrest and imprisonment. I carried messages, especially during the 1934 attack of Dollfuss on the workers, attended meetings, distributed illegal newssheets. The socialist youth movement filled most of my time and interest, and though I have revised many opinions of these days, the underlying spirit still colours my views. Austrian socialism or Austro-Marxism was a very special brand of radical socialism. Although we read Marx and Engels, as well as the Utopian socialists, Otto Bauer (the

leader of the party) had given it a Keynesian stamp before the *General Theory*, so that it combined a revolutionary streak about ultimate objectives with a strong democratic-reformist element about the path.

Both the Christian Social Party and the Social Democrats had their private armies: the *Heimwehr* and the *Schutzbund.* I believe that they contributed to the political instability of Austria, the burning of the *Justizpalast* in 1927 and the deterioration of political cohesion afterwards. When nearly half a century later, I served on the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution and we investigated the fast breeder reactor, I, together with other members of the Commission, saw one of the greatest threats of the fast breeder reactor neither in accidents, nor sabotage, nor terrorist attacks but in the need to arm personnel for the protection of the power stations and in the danger that such private armies could lead to reduced civil liberties and greater political strife.

Another major influence in my youth was Max Adler, a scholar who attempted to combine Marx and Kant (and, incidentally, was another courtier of my aunt Annimaedel). He argued that not only space, time and causality are *a priori* categories, but also the reference to other rational consciousnesses, the social *a priori.* All thinking (and, of course, morality), both pure and practical reason, has an inevitable reference to other rational minds. Adler tried to purge Marxism of vulgar materialism. I found his approach and philosophy appealing.

He was also a Hegelian and argued that social progress is achieved by the oppressed class overthrowing the unjust order of exploitation and establishing a higher synthesis in which the "contradictions" of thesis and antithesis of the old order are overcome. Alas, all subsequent experience of liberation movements has shown that the oppressed, when they gain power and influence, often adopt some of the worst features of their oppressors: consider the black liberation movement; the black middle class is full of Babbitts; and the women's liberation movement, which has sponsored women who swear and bang the table; not to speak of the Soviet Union's or the Khmer Rouge's betrayal of socialist ideals.

I attended the lectures of Max Adler, of Moritz Schlick the philosopher who was shot dead in the aula of Vienna University, of Erich Voegelin, of the psychologist couple the Buehlers, and others while I was still at school. The driving force was only partly scholarly interest, though I enjoyed reading philosophy, psychology and sociology, but revolutionary fervour. I hiked in the Vienna Woods with my

troup, camped out, and met weekly in a "Heim" for political discussions.

The youth movement of which I was such an active member had itself an interesting origin. Its roots go back to the time before the First World War, when people like Wynecken elevated youth to an end in itself, and affirmed a youthful lifestyle that was in revolt against urban, bourgeois culture: they wore sandals and open-neck shirts, rejected smoking, drinking, ballroom dancing (dancing round a campfire was alright) and other features of urban life, sat round campfires and opted for free love. This *Wandervogel* had no political content. But youth cannot be an end in itself. The War, and the fact that youth is a passing phase, altered all this after 1918. The heritage of some of the elements of the *Wandervogel* was taken over by youth movements which, however, became politically extreme, both of the right and of the left. Both the Hitler youth and the *Roten Falken* (the red falcons, as we were called) had inherited some of the ethos of the pre-war youth movement. I remember how this gave rise to some odd and soul-searching conflicts: should we help in organizing a trade union meeting in which beer was served? (We were passionate teetotallers as well as anti-smokers.) Should we participate in a workers' meeting at which cigarettes were smoked? Long debates were devoted to such dilemmas.

I had two conversions or rather turning points: at the age of about 15, and at the age of 18. The first was from hiking and camping and athletics and group life towards intellectual and private interest, at that time psychology and sociology. It began with reading some articles by Alfred Adler, the founder of Individual Psychology, and it linked up with social psychology for it was concerned with the best way to bring up children: whether in a family or in a collective, and I welcomed the idea that communal education was best. I had offered a *Matura* thesis, an optional dissertation, on graduating from high school. The subject was Mass Psychology. I enjoyed tremendously reading for this paper and writing it. I had a very stimulating high school teacher, Haeussler (he taught philosophy and German literature), and he encouraged me in my interests. He turned out to be a Nazi (although simultaneously a member of the fascist *Heimwehr* and the Socialists), and after the war took to drink, but he was a powerful influence in my youth. Count Leinsdorf, a figure in Robert Musil's *The Man Without Qualities*, remarked that all these people in the superstructure are so unreliable: the Austrian equivalent of the *trahison des clercs*.

The second turning point occurred one or two years before I left Austria, and prepared me for the English approach to politics. It was away from revolutionary action towards democratic reform, away from collectivism towards individualism and away from party doctrine towards the individual conscience. In particular, I began to distrust the Communist doctrine that the end justifies the means and saw that certain means must be rejected, however good the ultimate end. It was, at the purely personal level, a "shifting involvement" like that analysed by Albert Hirschman (whom I got to know, admire and like later) in his book *Shifting Involvements: Private Interest and Public Action*, a shift from intense involvement with politics and public life to a period of preoccupation with private affairs. Rousseau said that the more time citizens spend thinking about public matters, and the less about their own private affairs, the better the society. I felt increasingly out of sympathy with this view, and agreed more with Oscar Wilde who said that socialism would take too many evenings. I began to resent the time spent on organizational matters. But I continued to participate in political discussion groups (Helene Bauer, Otto Bauer's wife, conducted one), and was the leader of one, although my turning point was reflected in the fact that we discussed not only political issues but also literature, psychology and sociology. At that time I got to know the psychologist August Aichhorn, whose book *Wayward Youth* made a deep impression on me. I remained a radical socialist intellectually, though I had become a conservative emotionally. It may not be easy to understand that this was quite a difficult step, for much of the philosophy of the underground youth movement was more in line with Bakunin's, Lenin's and Stalin's teachings than with social democracy. It was, however, made easier by the Popular Front, the common cause with all anti-fascist forces, that the Communists then advocated.

I had started to study law at the University of Vienna and had already passed the first *Staatspruefung*, with distinction in Canon Law, of all things. Law, in Austria, was the academic path to sociology and political economy, but the main determinant was the need to earn a living and I had assumed I would become a lawyer. I attended the lectures of Othmar Spann, an authoritarian political economist who emphasized the whole as preceding the parts. He presented the universe as a great, all-encompassing mind, of which the state, the nation and their institutions (the university, the church, the stock exchange) are more substantial and significant aspects than any mere individuals. He illustrated this vividly by an imaginary walk round the *Ringstrasse*, in

which one passed from the Bourse to the *Votivkirche*, to the university, and the natural history and art museums. Although I never swallowed his political philosophy, I was intrigued and fascinated by the man. He fell out with the Nazis, I think spent some time in prison, and was more in line with the pre-Hitler Austro-fascism. In a quite different way I was also impressed by the teaching and writings of Hans Kelsen, a philosopher of law in the positivist tradition. His scepticism and relativism contrasted with Spann's absolutism and universalism. I greatly admired university professors, and a life devoted to intellectual pursuits, and the idea of ever becoming a professor seemed to me then beyond the wildest dreams.

In Vienna we had court singers or court musicians. They were not singers at the court of the Habsburgs, but musicians who played and sang in the courtyard of the block of flats in which we lived. The inhabitants would wrap a few coins into newspaper and throw the packet out of the window into the court. But often the money was given to the court musicians to make them go away and permit peace and quiet to be restored.

These court singers became for me paradigmatic figures that later made me sceptical of the national income as a measure of economic welfare. Here was a case of people being able to extract money for the removal of a self-created nuisance. They did not produce a good, but a "bad", and received in payment an anti-bad. Was this a rare exception or was it typical of other payments normally counted as net benefits? Nuisances or "bads" can be generated by our enemies, by nature, or by the economic system itself. Those generated by our enemies call for an army and weapons of defence. Some would not regard these as additions to our economic welfare. The "bads" generated by nature call for the anti-bads of protection against cold and heat, against the weather, against starvation, all that is needed to keep the body going. Should we not deduct these also from our accounts, not perhaps as regrettable necessities, like defence, but as preconditions of net income? Finally, what about the anti-bads that remove the nuisances created through pollution or by advertising and the social pressures of emulation? If people buy deodorants because the fear has been created in them that they will be ostracized if they do not use them, is this not exactly parallel to the court singers, or, worse, to the kidnapper asking for ransom or the blackmailer asking for money (though he may not have created the occasion for the blackmail)?

But then not all demands for the removal of created gaping voids that require resources can be regarded as anti-bads. Some of the finest, as well as some of the lowest desires have been created by "artificial" stimulation. The desire for truth, goodness and beauty, just like the desire to have the organ grinder leave, has been created, in the first case by educators, in the second by the musician. The organ grinder may produce such appalling noises that we pay him to take away his organ, or may produce heavenly melodies for which we are happy to give up a fortune. It follows that we cannot do without value judgments in deciding which are goods and which are anti-bads, which items add to our welfare and which bring us just back to square one. It was this discovery that made me look on economics as a moral study , as well as a study shot through with controversial assumptions.

In the final phases of the Schuschnigg regime, the university had been instructed to provide catholic political indoctrination. We had to write essays on political philosophy along Austro-fascist lines. This provided some exercise in writing entirely against one's conviction, yet with a certain relish, rather like an advertising executive who has to praise a product he does not believe in. There was strong cognitive dissonance, but no tendency to remove it by adjusting beliefs.

Things changed radically when on Saturday 12th March 1938 the Nazis marched into Vienna. We happened to have moved from a flat in the 8th district to a house in the 13th, a month before the *Anschluss*. Had it not been for this move, I am sure I would have been arrested and sent to a concentration camp. I was on several lists and the combination of being a Jew and politically active on the left would have been enough. But though enquiries were made at our old flat, I was not given away. I believe there was an SS officer who was friend of mine and who had deleted my name from the list of those to be arrested. I witnessed the hysterical city on the day of the *Anschluss*: I walked through the streets, and saw the armoured Nazi cars cheered by the crowds. The Viennese, reputed for their *Gemuetlichkeit*, revealed faces distorted by hate mixed with ecstasy, as they shouted hysterically "Heil Hitler", "Sieg Heil", "Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Fuehrer". It was a deplorable and frightening sight!

Attempts to leave the country and the destination were entirely haphazard: China, Peru, USA, England, to whichever country a visa could be acquired soonest. Sometimes we stuck blindly pins into the world atlas to determine the country of migration. We happened to live across the road from a British consular officer, who helped secure a visa for me (the queues at the consulates were endless) and through some

English friends I acquired the affidavits and initial homes in England. I was the first member of the family to leave.

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The transition from the turbulence, hysteria, fear and ghastliness of Vienna to the peace, tranquillity, and sunshine of the Principal's Lodgings in a Cambridge College, adorned by a very beautiful daughter of the Principal, was an extraordinary experience. I arrived just before Mayweek, in the events of which I participated, speaking as yet little English and finding the culture entrancing. Instead of political songs there were hymns in the College chapel, and instead of the political discussions about sexual relations, guided by Ernst Fischer's books on the crisis of youth, there were theological lectures on extra-marital sex. But though there were superficial similarities, the underlying unspoken assumptions could not have been more different. I was enchanted, but also astonished by Cambridge college life, the beauty of the Backs, punting on the Cam, the way people dressed for dinner, sang madrigals in college cloisters, attended concerts, and the light-hearted, ignorant way they viewed the world.

The group of people who had taken care of me in England called themselves the Knighthood or the Blue Pilgrims. They had their home in a house called The Chantry in Sevenoaks, and each member went by a symbolic Knighthood name. The founder, Beatrice Hankey, had been called Help, others were called Oriel, Charity, Faith, Hope, Romance, etc. Once I attended a meeting at the Chantry and the programme on the blackboard went something like this: Morning: Charity on Peace in our time; Una on Friends in Blue; Afternoon: Foolishness on the Lawn. For a moment I thought that one of the pilgrims had the code name Foolishness.

I had received a telegram in Vienna just before I left saying "Friend in blue will meet you in Dover". And on my arrival, there was a kind lady in a blue dress escorting me from the boat to the train to Victoria station.

The Knighthood was a wonderful group, its members truly saintly, and they had found a worthy cause in helping Austrian refugees escape. Two sisters, Marjorie and Dorothy Streeten, who lived in Hartfield, Sussex, were especially hospitable and made their home also mine. It was a period when I was impressed by the practical Christianity of the group, particularly that of my first hosts the Gibsons in Cambridge and

then of the Streetens, and thought that I had religious convictions. I had not been brought up in any religion, and had not been conscious of being a Jew until attacked in school. In fact, when still at nursery school I once came home asking my aunt and uncle: "Am I a Jewish?" The youth movement was atheistic. But I enjoyed the oceanic feeling, and the practical morality of the Knighthood in particular appealed to me. They also did a lot of work for the unemployed; they were the charwomen of history: clearing up the messes others had made.

At this time I felt that my change of direction was in contrast with and divergence from a great friend of mine in those years, Bill Davies. He was the son of the Dean of Worcester Cathedral and of a very gentle woman who was a member of the Blue Pilgrims. Bill had been at Balliol and when I got to know him was a lecturer in philosophy at Aberdeen University. He lived in the Bothy, a bachelor don establishment in Old Aberdeen. Soon afterwards he won a Fellowship to All Souls. He invited me to stay with him at All Souls and that was my first introduction to Oxford. I met and enjoyed after dinner talks with A.L. Rowse, Radcliffe Brown, and other luminaries.

Bill, coming from the cathedral close, a family with independent wealth and the Edwardian life-style of the rich, had become a communist, though he disapproved of the Hitler-Stalin pact. At the outbreak of war he immediately volunteered for the navy and died heroically when the cruiser Electra was sunk in the Pacific. There was a raft but it was not large enough to hold all the victims. He was last seen swimming away from it.

I spent holidays with Bill, driving and camping. He had a delightful imagination, both analytical and poetical, lyric and epic, and was able to take flights of fancy from the most humdrum circumstances, from some cloud formations or the branches of a tree. He would paint a romantic picture of our beloved Oxford by moonlight, where the buildings looked like an enchanted fairyland structure, made of chocolate that you could break off and eat, while you floated in a dream through its streets. I introduced him to Hermann Hesse and Otto Neurath, he introduced me to Yeats. But the tension between our opposite paths between religion and radical politics, between public and private affairs, we never resolved.

The International Student Service looked for a university place for me and with characteristic generosity Aberdeen University (Aberdeen being proverbially maligned for its stinginess) was the first to offer me a place. Alec Cairncross was then secretary of the Scottish International

Student Service and was instrumental in getting me placed. I arrived there in the late summer of 1938. My desire had been to read sociology, but Aberdeen had no sociology department, so I was diverted into Political Economy.

I was in Aberdeen from the autumn term 1938 until Whit Sunday 1940, but in Sussex both at the time of Munich and at the outbreak of the war. In the early morning of that sunny Whit Sunday two friendly policemen, who addressed me as Paul, asked me to pack a few things in my bag because there was a need for a temporary internment quite near Aberdeen. It turned out to be much longer, and was my farewell to Aberdeen. Before that memorable event foreigners had undergone a laborious inquisition that was to establish their degree of reliability. Tribunals had been set up, and the one before which I appeared was chaired by Prof. Taylor, a future Principal of the University and then professor of law. People were classified under three categories: A, B, or C. C meant internment as a suspect character at once. B meant regular reporting to the police, but freedom otherwise. A meant clearance, and freedom without reporting. I was put into category A and told I would be not only free from all restrictions but allowed to join the war effort.

As soon as war had broken out, I had volunteered for the air force, even though I did not have British nationality. I appeared before another tribunal, was interrogated, and eventually received ironically, and with characteristic British muddle, my calling-up notice in the internment camp. When German troops overran Belgium and Holland, and Fifth Columnists were rumoured to have appeared everywhere, the British authorities panicked and gave orders to intern all aliens of German and Austrian nationality, including those who had been completely cleared by the tribunals, but who lived in coastal areas. We were shunted from Banff outside Aberdeen to an unoccupied housing estate in Huyton near Liverpool, to seaside hotels in Douglas on the Isle of Man, and eventually to Canada. I remember one man, who already had become a lecturer at Aberdeen University, crying on the train from Banff to Liverpool. In the camp in Banff, which was run on a combination of friendliness and muddle, I was allowed to sit a University exam, supervised by the crying lecturer, on the strength of which I was awarded in 1944 an Ordinary M.A.

My Aberdeen teacher in economics was Lindley Fraser, in many ways a brilliant man who received me very kindly. He had written a book, *Economic Thought and Language*, which is underrated by the profession, and which I was given as a class prize. It contains a careful,

occasionally almost scholastic, dissection of the meaning of economic concepts, in some ways not unlike the taxonomy that Fritz Machlup practised later though it was inspired by Fraser's classical education at Oxford. It is a book full of illuminating insights.

The person who welcomed me warmly and from whom I learned much was the Principal (The Princ as we called him), Sir William Hamilton Fyfe. A fine classical scholar with a sense of wit and irony, he ran the University more like a school. He took me into his family, introduced me to Aristotle and Toynbee, and, though considerably older, become a true friend.

There was the dour, yet kindly philosopher Laird who taught me first the distinction and then the possibility of eliminating the distinction between right and good. After Fraser had left for London, he took over the Political Economy class and taught it from a purely philosophical point of view.

Perhaps the most flashy character of those days was Rex Knight, professor of psychology. He was a superb lecturer, an ingenious showman and attracted mass audiences. His wife Margaret, in a quieter vein, probably was the better scholar. I was then very interested in social psychology and presented a paper to a student society stimulated by Ernst Kris's and Edgar Zilsel's work on the mythology of the hero, on the psychology of biography, and how, in some lives, biographies do not reflect what people do, but people's lives reflect their biographies, their stereotypes, their images, the roles they are expected to play.

Internment was horrid: not so much for the discomfort, meagre and tasteless food rations, often disagreeable company, crowded conditions, boredom, and tedious work, though all these were there: but mainly for being out of action at a time when one wanted to be in the midst of things. Some authors have recently maintained that the internees were quite happy with their lot and regarded it as an enforced but welcome holiday. This is quite wrong. All of us hated and resented the enforced idleness. And it was humiliating to have been rejected by the Austrians as a Jew, and imprisoned by the English as an Austrian. But Harold Nicolson and Richard Crossman, after a few months, helped to reverse this stupid action.

On July 3rd, 1940, we were moved back to Liverpool and embarked on our voyage to Canada. This voyage on the Ettrick was one of the most horrible experiences in my life. We were herded together, behind barbed wire on the ship (so that escape would have been difficult if the ship had been torpedoed), and slept in three layers:

hammocks, beneath which were tables, and under the tables. There was only one meagre meal a day. The sanitary conditions were appalling. Many suffered from sea sickness and dysentery and there was no medical help. Count Lingen, the grandson of the Kaiser, organized a gang of cleaners with mops and buckets that restored order to what had become sickening chaos.

In another part of the ship were German prisoners of war who were treated much better because they had Red Cross protection. The ship ahead of us, the Arandora Star, had been torpedoed, and more than six hundred interned refugees perished. (Another ship, the Dunera, went to Australia. Its passengers were both ill-treated and robbed.) Curiously, the least disagreeable feature of this voyage was the crammed space. It is then that I discovered that, while food, water and sanitation are basic needs, shelter and housing are not, but are an acquired taste.

On arrival in Quebec on July 13, after having moved up the estuary of the St. Lawrence, we were driven through the town to our first camp, with police sirens wailing from the Black Marias. We were told to strip naked and money, watches and other valuables were taken from us. We never saw them again. The camp was strongly guarded by layers of barbed wire and towers with armed sentries and searchlights. At night the huts, whose windows were surrounded by barbed wire, were locked. One poor elderly disturbed and confused refugee who wandered about after curfew was promptly shot.

Physical conditions in Canada, after a few days of utter confusion, were better than they had been in England. Food was plentiful, the huts were well heated, and we were provided with prison uniforms, including jackets with a large red spot on the back. The Canadians seemed very pleased that they could contribute to the war effort by at last having got hold of some real particularly dangerous enemies, disguised as civilian fifth columnists, and were correspondingly nasty to us.

We started again a successful camp university. We slept in double decker beds and in the bed next to me was Klaus Fuchs, later famous for being revealed as a Soviet spy. Other fellow internees were the scientist (now Sir) Hermann Bondi (whom I had known well in Vienna) who tried to teach me mathematics and later became chief scientist at the Ministry of Defense, Tommy Gold the astronomer, now at Cornell — both originators, together with Fred Hoyle, of the steady-state theory of the universe — and a wonderful older, melancholy art historian named Johannes Wilde, who educated a small group of us in Venetian art, while we were sitting in the dusk on iron girders.

After about six months in various Canadian camps, the British Parliament began to realize that they were wasting assets in these camps, as well as committing an injustice (questions were asked in Parliament, including one about myself), and a humane Quaker prison commissioner, Alexander Paterson, was sent out to Canada to select people for return and release. It was the height of the blitz, and some preferred to stay in Canada. When I visit nowadays Toronto and look through the University faculty directory, I come across the names of many people who were with me in the camp. Those sent to Canada had been men below 30 years, (regarded as particularly dangerous) plus some "suspect" older characters, such as a Commander of the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, Colonel Kahle, and other non-Jewish political refugees. We returned on the small liner *Thysville*, but in a large convoy, during Christmas 1940, to a heavy air raid in Liverpool but far from being set free were interned once again in Huyton, near Liverpool, where we had been before being sent to the Isle of Man. It was a cold winter, no heat, little food, crowded conditions. But I listened to self-organized lectures on spying given by the First World War chief spy Captain von Rintelen. (He had written a book, *The Dark Invader*, and told us: "never mind for which side you work the principles are the same".)

After another two or three months I was released, on the condition that I joined the Pioneer Corps. I had set my heart on something more active and more interesting than digging trenches and painting sheets of corrugated iron, but I accepted happily the condition.

The Pioneer Corps was much better than internment, but it had some similarities. It was recruited from mentally defective NCOs and officers, criminals, conscientious objectors and "enemy aliens": some of the best and worst human material. I was a private. The officers and NCOs were also often ex-criminals of low intelligence, compensated by cruelty. The work was tedious. But we had our evenings off, and though not free, were not behind barbed wire.

In the Pioneer Corps I came across Arthur Koestler, who had joined the same 251 Company. His ideas of the oscillations between *la vie tragique* and *la vie triviale* were illuminating of much of our experience, both in internment and, later, in action. These oscillations account for the army slang and the convention and formulae that attempt to assimilate the tragic to the trivial. For the trivial plane the experiences of the other are nonsense — overstrung nerves, hysteria. When we live on the tragic plane, the joys and sorrows of the other are

shallow and frivolous. I admired Koestler for refusing the privilege of a private room and exemption from duties of manual labour in return for writing a complimentary history of 251 Pioneer Corps Company. But he was a bully: selfish, anti-social, always jumping meal queues.

But after two years, access to combatant units was granted to specific individuals, after a process of careful selection. I had at that time distinguished myself as a long-distance runner, and it was as a result of this that I was given the opportunity to be interviewed in London for a very hush-hush job. One day we were told on parade that we had to pick English names and cover stories in case we were taken prisoners by the Germans. Otherwise we would be treated as traitors and shot, being still of German/Austrian nationality. Without much thought I thus converted myself in a few seconds from Hornig to Streeten and assumed the cover story of my adopted family. The two "maiden aunts" were very pleased by this disguise.

The interviews for admission to the Commando X-troop were conducted in a large London hotel converted into army barracks. That was the beginning of my service in No. 3 or X-Troop of Inter-Allied Commando (it had a Polish, Belgian, Dutch, Norwegian and French troop), which was called by the Marine officers to whom I was later attached "Indian Army", whether for its initials (Inter-Allied) or for the swarthy appearance of some Jews, I still don't know.

We were trained in Aberdovey and sent on courses to Achnacarry in Scotland, the Isle of Wight, and other places. It was great fun, more like a super holiday camp with a lot of exercise. One of the happiest days in my life was when I was promoted to Lance Corporal. This seems to me to refute Fred Hirsch's theory of positional goods. Not all of us wish to be Generals or Field Marshalls. The much more numerous intermediate ranks are just as statisfying to most of us. Therefore, the number of cherished "positional good" is much greater than is allowed by Fred Hirsch, whose uncle, incidentally, served in my troop.

The camaraderie of our Commando troop was considerable. It was helped by the fact that we lived in private billets of our choice and took part in a wide range of exciting activites. We organised discussions with the villagers and held Town Meetings. It was the time of the Beveridge Report on Social Security. I remember participating in a debate in which we slayed Beveridge's five evil giants, ignorance, hunger, disease, unemployment and squalor, and my giant was squalor. My opponent was a Welsh novelist, Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). The current scepticism about the welfare state takes me back to those days, when the

notion had gained acceptance that every citizen should be guaranteed a minimum survival level of living. This was regarded as a spur to human effort, not a deterrent. The safety net was not condemned as a safety hammock, but convertible into a trampoline.

There were many fine men in the troop, some of them with characteristics quite different from those that one appreciates in civilian or academic life. The characteristics by which we judge people in extreme situations, not only in battle or in a long stretch of time of physical danger but also after a very tiring route march or on a difficult exercise, are in some ways more fundamental than those by which we judge people in ordinary life. If we were hanging onto a raft that can barely hold two, would he push me off, or help me onto it? If I were wounded, would he carry me to safety under fire? Or if, after a long march, there is little food, would he snatch the last morsels? But occasions rarely arise to test for these characteristics and we may, therefore, fail most of the time to evaluate people, including our friends, by these ultimate tests. I observed that people who in ordinary circumstances of daily life are quite inconspicuous can become heroes in a crisis. Perhaps the nearest occasions parallel to these in ordinary life are deaths, divorces, or scandals. (Again, Koestler's *vie tragique* and *vie triviale*, when we transform psychology into mythology).

On 26 May 1943 I was detached from my troop and attached to 41 Royal Marine Commando and trained for the invasion in Sicily. My first impression of action was: what a shambles! We did not land on the beach that had been planned for, did not occupy the pillbox, and as it turned out somebody had even forgotten the wire cutters to cut the barbed wire.

My second impression was that even on the front line there are long periods without action, just waiting, though in the first week after landing we were ordered not to sleep. The order was not obeyed.

My third impression was the frequency with which orders to go into battle were repealed. On numerous occasions we were already in ships from which landing craft were to be launched or in formation in a harbour, only to find that the action for which we had been trained had been called off.

Sicily was in many ways quite exciting. The sun shone, the scent of spices was in the air, the fields were full of melons to which we helped ourselves freely, there were abandoned large barrels of wine, and the forsaken bays were lovely for swimming. I relieved the boredom of the periods of waiting by organizing games and theatricals with the

multitudes of grubby children, whose dramatic sense was delightful when they acted out roles of passion, romance, love and sacrifice in beautiful settings. We established good relations with the Sicilian population who genuinely appeared to welcome the invaders.

A few weeks after our first landing on 9th July on the Southeast coast of Sicily at Pacchino I was severely wounded. I regard that day as a clear watershed. On the evening before the landing behind the lines in Scaletta, South of Messina, near Taormina, I was still walking through the streets of Catania, in full possession of all the powers of my limbs and fit and able, and never after was I to have the full power of the use of my left foot and my left arm: no more punting, rock climbing, skiing, running.

We landed behind the lines on the road and railway line from Catania to Messina along which the Germans were withdrawing, in order to prevent them from evacuating too much of their weapons and too many of their men. We established a small bridgehead and were just about to enlarge it (I had by then been promoted to the dizzy rank of Sergeant), when an 88 mm gun shell hit the railway platform from which I was operating and knocked me out. There followed days of delirium and unconsciousness, alleviated by morphium. I presume that a surgical field unit evacuated me by sea back to Catania. From there I was moved to Alexandria and to the Fifteenth Scottish General Hospital in Cairo. I was later told that I was not expected to survive. I was never on my feet in Egypt, but could see from my hospital bed on one side the pyramids and on the other the eucalyptus trees and the Nile. I was evacuated in a hospital ship, without convoy, at Christmas 1943 to Glasgow, then moved to Sussex. I still carry pieces of shrapnel in my neck, skull and arm as mementoes.

* * *

The hospital period spanned about a year, at the end of which I returned to Aberdeen to collect my M.A. degree. In hospital in Hayward's Heath and then Pyrford I had given up the idea of resuming my studies and was looking for a job. I was offered a job on the *Financial Times* and was already looking forward to taking this up when discharged, when the possibility of a grant under the Further Education and Training Scheme turned up. I was accepted by Oxford and Balliol to read philosophy, politics and economics. I arrived on a cold winter day late in 1944, my left arm strapped high on a complicated contraption of steel and webbing that doctors thought might restore the nerves in the brachial plexus that had been damaged by shrapnel.

It was before the end of the War and Balliol consisted partly of undergraduates unfit for military service, partly of exempted chemists and other scientists, and partly of a sprinkling of much older discharged service men. This driblet increased to a flood after the end of the war, when quite senior ex-officers, accustomed to the dens of vice of Cairo and Kuala Lumpur, returned to undergraduate status, under the supervision of the proctors.

I had wonderful tutors, Maurice Allen and Thomas Balogh providing a balanced team in economics, with the exception of one philosophy lecturer at New College to whom I was farmed out, who had a sumptuous tea on a tray served for himself without offering me a crumb. He recommended only his own writings. Donald Mackinnon I liked enormously, particularly when he told me: "You see, Paul the idealists do not take reality seriously" or "God is not the solution to the problem of this world, God is the problem posed by this world" or "It is the un-get-throughsomeness of things that the theory does not do justice to".

From Frank Burchardt I learned a lot of economics because he was always crystal clear: but from Tommy Balogh more because he was so confusing that I had to go back to my room and work it out myself. The best tutors are not the clearest. I enjoyed listening to Sir Hubert Henderson poking gentle fun at economic models and forecasts. Michal Kalecki was another inspiring lecturer. His limited knowledge and idiosyncratic use of English was an advantage, for he had to express himself in the simplest terms and presented quite complex models in the most lucid way. I don't know whether the confusions of Thomas Balogh or the simplicity and lucidity of Michal Kalecki taught me more. I do know that having done philosophy contributed to my understanding better economic theory, and having done politics made me understand better applied economics. No Oxford-trained man can confuse identities with equalities, the way Cambridge did in the early days of the Keynesian savings-investment controversy. The third stroke added to the equality sign makes a crucial difference.

And then there were the other undergraduates (Donald McRae, Julius Gould, Ned Crosfield, Noel Gates, Ernest Gellner, Leonard Minkes, Martin Milligan) with whom I drank endless cups of cocoa round the fireplace, in which the few pieces of coal were rationed. The heat of our debates was in stark contrast to the cold of the rooms as the hours advanced.

The ceremony of handshaking, at which no hands are ever shaken, is traditional in Balliol. At the end of every term each undergraduate appears separately before the Master and the tutors in his subjects, and the tutors report to the Master about his performance, talking about him in the third person, as if he were absent. The Master then makes a few remarks. I remember on one occasion my tutor, Maurice Allen, saying: "Master, he is dexterous in handling concepts, but does not always carefully work out each step in an argument". The Master, A.D. Lindsay, turned to me and said: "Go and work out each step!"

I stayed on at Balliol first as a lecturer, for one year, and then as a Fellow. A group of economists from the Institute of Statistics, Balogh, Worswick, Burchardt, Alan Flanders and myself, welcomed a group of German economists to Oxford, to instruct them in the progress economics had made during and after the war and some of us visited them in return in Germany at a conference in Oberhausen. These meetings produced my first published article in a German journal on the theory of the firm. The first article published in England was on the theory of profit and was accepted by Arthur Lewis for the *Manchester School.* Both these early efforts are critical of established theory.

When I had been awarded my Bachelor's degree in Oxford, I was thinking of a subject for a doctor's thesis. I then wanted to apply the theory of duopoly or oligopoly to the relations between countries. I had been impressed by R.F. Kahn's "Notes on Ideal Output" and thought that the same ideas could be applied to the decisions of goverments whether to devalue, or adopt alternative trade policies. Foreign exchange reserves had their parallel in spare productive capacity, and expectations of retaliation played exactly the same part. One could also apply it to tariff policy or export subsidies. Today, we apply games theory to the analysis of such situations. My supervisor, J.R. Hicks, discouraged me from embarking on a theoretical thesis and suggested tramp freights as a more suitable subject. The connection was that this was an example of imperfect competition in international trade. I was not very interested in tramp freights, was elected to a Fellowship by Balliol College, and dropped the idea of doing a doctor's degree. I think it was G.M. Meier who took up the tramp freights for his thesis.

Particularly memorable was the Oxford-Cambridge-London seminar, that took place in these three places in turn. The participants were students from the three universities who read and discussed papers. Harry Johnson and Jan de Villiers Graaff were regular and brilliant performers.

In 1955-56, I was invited by Johns Hopkins University to be a visiting fellow and took leave from Balliol. The Johns Hopkins University economics department was a firmament of superstars: Simon Kuznets, Fritz Machlup, Evsey Domar were there, as well as Edith Penrose, Clarence Long, Mark Perlman, Richard Muth and some very good graduate students. Among the visitors was Don Patinkin. We attended the brilliant seminar of Simon Kuznets, and I also learned much from Machlup's taxonomy. The chairman of the department was Heberton Evans, not a particularly distinguished economist, but one who had the ability to attract first-class people and to create a collegiate atmosphere. This is more difficult in the United States than it is in England or Europe. For American culture lacks the third place. The first place is the home, where men mow the lawn, wash dishes, play with their children and make love to their wives. They also give dinners or cocktail parties. The second place is the office, where they bend over their typewriters and word processors and research or teach. There are also seminars and workshops. But there is no place or occasion for casual get-togethers. Austria and France have coffee houses and cafés, England has pubs and Oxford has common rooms, where people can meet, talk, bring guests to meet their friends, or just put up their feet and read the papers. For me this third place is very important and I miss it in America. Yet, Johns Hopkins economics department came nearest to producing this atmosphere of "unstructured" meetings, where one could discuss or not discuss one's ideas with colleagues.

In Oxford, the conditions for the third place were ideal. Patrick Corbett and Marcus Dick, the philosophers, Colin Leys the political scientist, and we economists had continuing discussions and exchanges of drafts. It was interdisciplinary work at its best. Thomas Balogh's approach to economics and policy making was not very different from Otto Bauer's type of social democracy. After I had become a Fellow, we collaborated on several articles and enjoyed a continuing exchange of ideas. I found it relatively easy to put into the shape acceptable to the profession the brilliant intuitive insights Thomas generated. In particular we were critical of the advocacy of floating exchange rates as a method of combining independent national policies with integration into the world trading and financial system. I remember writing an article in the early Fifties on the subject. Harry Johnson showed it to Milton Friedman who wrote that it reminded him of a beautiful abstract picture which had no relation to reality. Yet, cannot much of Chicago economics be described precisely in these terms? We also criticized the

neoclassical approach to education which attributes economic yield to educational inputs, equated to years of formal schooling.

My collaboration with Gunnar Myrdal was quite different. In about 1949 he had asked me to translate his *Political Element in the Development of Economic Theory* into English. I found his critical approach to economic concepts and system building and his analysis of the role of valuations correct and a long period of fruitful collaboration followed. Later I collected his methodological writings in a book *Value in Social Theory* and was stimulated to write my introduction on "Programmes and Prognoses". I still think that it contains a valid critique of welfare economics, but nobody took any notice. By the time I worked with him on *Asian Drama* (with Michael Lipton and Bill Barber) he had acquired a contempt for detailed argument and preferred to paint with a broad brush. He chided me gently for devoting so much space to a critique in my appendix on the capital-output ratio in Asian economic planning, by saying it was filigree. He described himself as a cheerful pessimist, by which he meant that while he thinks the chances for improvement and reform are small, this calls all the more for putting all our efforts into trying to bring them about. The philosophy fitted well into mine of the pedantic utopian.

Amongst younger collaborators I found Frances Stewart and Sanjaya Lall particularly congenial. They both combined fine analytical minds with a profound concern for human beings and a sense of what is important and realistic in economic analysis. They each had an individual style, expressed in their writings. My earlier collaboration with John Black on productivity growth and the balance of payments was in some ways the mirror image of that with Balogh. John Black was very good in formalizing ideas and expressing them in diagrams.

I have always been better as a critic than as an apologist or propagator or advocate. (Was it Thomas Beecham who said, when he noticed an elephant shitting on the stage in the procession scene of Aida: "Ah, I see, not only an artist but also a critic!") I was an early critic of the theory of the firm, of growthmanship, of welfare economics, of the Common Market, of simple-minded models, of balanced growth, of floating exchange rates, of the incremental capital-output ratio, etc. Perhaps this is why I never felt altogether comfortable when put in charge in the late Seventies of the Basic Needs work in the World Bank.

I have never been a "man of action", at any rate not since my youthful conversions, though I enjoyed and learned a lot from my work in the Indian Planning Commission, the British Ministry of Overseas Development, the Commonwealth Development Corporation, the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, the Government of Malta, and the Policy Planning and Program Review Department of the World Bank. I have never lost much sleep over the fact that nobody followed my advice. But I am intrigued by the reasons for the gap between thinkers and doers, between academics and practitioners. It is more than a gap: it is often a real conflict. And the task of bridging it or resolving the conflict I have always regarded as an exciting challenge.

My first experience of practical work, College administration and a brief spell in India apart, occurred in 1964, when I was asked to join Barbara Castle, the first Minister of Overseas Development, in the newly elected Labour Government. Sir Andrew Cohen was her Permanent Secretary and Dudley Seers her Director General of Economic Planning. I was asked to be his Deputy. They were exciting times, because I did not yet know how narrow the scope is for changing the thick, syrupy flow of history.

Thomas Balogh, who had become the Prime Minister's economic adviser, thought that the regular civil servants conspired to frustrate the efforts of Labour reform. To me they do not seem so much conspirators (with one or two exceptions) as people longing to be filled with a sense of direction, but without such leadership following precedent and avoiding rows as the least risky course. They seemed preoccupied with what is negotiable, what others will accept, rather than with what is right. The first paper that crossed my desk was on concessionary interest rates on loans to underdeveloped countries. At that time, there was only the full Treasury rate or zero rate. No single argument in that long paper was concerned with the merits of the case, but all the arguments turned on such issues as whether domestic local authorities or nationalized industries would not also ask for the concessionary rate, once it was granted to low-income countries. As a result of this preoccupation, I suspected, the British tended to lose out to the most tenacious, often reactionary, negotiators: to the French on international monetary reform, to the Norwegians on North Sea oil, etc.

My Oxford education and my civil service experience made me aware of the need to include political variables and political constraints in economic analysis. But my experience with my colleagues in the British civil service also made me see the importance of formulating clearly what is desirable, independent of any constraints, however Utopian it may seem in the light of what is acceptable, feasible, negotiable. I concluded that we need Pedantic Utopians or Utopian

Pedants, with a full command of details, but also a vision, informed phantasy. The reason for this is partly that excessive pre-occupation with the feasible is a recipe for defeat, but also partly my experience that events change, and what seems impossible at one time may suddenly turn out to be implementable, and if we are not ready with a carefully worked out plan, we shall miss an opportunity for reform.

I also discovered that the human race consisted of two types: molluscs and mammals. (And perhaps each of us is at different times more one or the other.) Molluscs are those of hard veneer, unyielding and tough, but when you push you get into a squishy mess. Mammals are soft and warm and yielding outside, but underneath lies a firm, strong backbone. I was astonished by the way men who had upheld firmly one point of view, completely shifted their ground when the system of rewards and penalties made this opportune for them. Good examples of mammals were our Commando officer James Monahan and Bill Davies.

I was struck by the parochialism of the Labour Party in power. In opposition, and in the election campaign, there were numerous declarations of solidarity to the international community. In some obvious ways the world seems to be much more "one family" than it was over forty years ago. The jet plane, the telex, satellite TV, container ships, super tankers and super ore carriers have brought us together and television has destroyed old images. An advertisement for the Concorde airliner said: "The world is about to be halved in size"; Marshall McLuhan tells us that "the new electronic interdependence recreates the world in the image of a global village". The numerous activities of the United Nations, the stupendous growth of the multinational business corporation, the attempts to weld continents into common markets, the flourishing global voluntary organizations have provided us with an institutional framework of international co-operation.

But this framework is unused or is used to inflict damage on others, in the name of the national interest. In many ways we have turned inwards, with an increasingly short-sighted view of the interest of our own nation and its citizens. The socialist parties of the industrial countries of the West were pioneers of international solidarity before the First World War, but this internationalism collapsed with the War. Now friendly references to international matters in national plans, publications, manifestoes, speeches and other declarations are considerably less common (as well as less convincing) than they were seventy years ago. The phrase "workers of the world unite" would have no appeal, almost no meaning, to a modern factory worker. As Dudley

Seers and I wrote in a joint article in 1972, "Labour's record was discreditable, especially in contrast to the promises before the election (which some of us were naive enough to believe). Particularly damaging was the rejection of any attempt to lead public opinion to accept a more international, development-oriented strategy".[1]

Early in my Ministry days, I discovered the law of the racket, according to which a good action, institution or procedure is soon highjacked by the wrong people and twisted in their favour. Voluntary Service Overseas (the British equivalent of the Peace Corps) was used to subsidize the teaching of English in the schools of the rich and thus reinforced privilege and wealth differentials. The low-priced book scheme, intended to make books available to Indian students at subsidized prices, was used by a publisher with political connections to dump his remaindered copies of out-of-date textbooks. It is also called the Le Chatelier Principle in mathematics, or, by the great Indian wordsmith Raj Krishna, in the Indian context, First-Round-Socialism. In subsequent rounds the rationing, import controls or licences reinforce monopolies and privilege.

Although I am now marked as a development economist, my interests have not always been in this field. A tutorial fellow has to teach the whole range of subjects, though the fact that we were two economists at Balliol permitted Thomas Balogh to teach applied economics and me to teach economic theory. My special areas were public finance, international trade, welfare economics and methodology.

Three influences converged to produce my interest in development in the early Sixties. First, there was my critique of the writings of Rosenstein Rodan and Nurkse on balanced growth, although this critique could be equally applied to the European Common Market. The essay on unbalanced growth appeared in fact in my volume on *Economic Integration*. Second, Gunnar Myrdal called upon me again to help him with his Twentieth Century Fund Study of Asia, which appeared eventually as *Asian Drama*. And, underlying these two tributaries, there was my already mentioned interest in the world community and my objection to the national state and nationalism as a form of heresy. But armchair thinking preceded field work, for my first

[1] DUDLEY SEERS and PAUL STREETEN, "Overseas Development Policies" in *The Labour Government's Economic Record 1964-1970*, edited by Wilfred Beckerman, Duckworth, London, 1972.

visit to India was in 1963, after my contributions to *Asian Drama* had already been written. India was the first underdeveloped country in which I spent some time, if prewar Austria is not counted as underdeveloped. Yet, Rosenstein Rodan and Chenery started their work on development by analysing the Italian South, and Rosenstein Rodan and Kurt Mandelbaum had written earlier about the development of Eastern Europe. So when today we welcome back development economics into the mainstream of economic analysis, which, however, has been enriched by the insights development studies had gained in the intervening thirty years, it is, in one sense, a homecoming to the concerns of the early pioneers.

Of course, without a thorough training in mathematics, one feels nowadays like a handloom weaver in the days after the invention of the power loom. But the thought is made bearable by the fact that most of the power loom weavers (with some notable exceptions) seem to be weaving the Emperor's clothes.

I have taken a special interest in and acquired a great affection for two countries; one very large with 700 million people, the other very small, with 300,000: India and Malta. The contrast between the two taught me much about the role of foreign trade, of technology, of special interest groups, etc. Prime Minister Mintoff of Malta only had to go down to the docks and address the dock workers in the language they understood, and they would reduce their wage demands. As Jagdish Bhagwati has said about Barbados, "there was evidently no sensible distinction between partial and general equilibrium analysis". Hence Malta's is the great economic success story of Europe. India, at first the darling of the development community, has later been much maligned. Some of the high-cost "inefficient" import-substituting industries most economists have condemned have now turned out to be successful exporters. Agriculture flourishes and there has not been a famine since independence. Against many predictions, and against many centrifugal forces, India has kept together as a single nation and has become a major industrial power. It is the world's largest democracy. The swings in the opinion about India's performance have been more violent than those of Indian policy, which has pursued a steady course.

In 1963, I accepted an invitation by P.C. Mahalanobis to work in the Indian Statistical Institute in New Delhi with Pitambar Pant on problems of Indian planning. Pitambar was a brilliant, charismatic figure, who used his double position as head of the Indian Statistical Institute in Delhi and of the Perspective Planning Division in the Indian

Planning Commission to integrate the two, so that I became in fact a member of the Indian Administrative Service and worked on the tough 1963 Morarji Desai budget. Pitambar Pant had formulated the "minimum needs" strategy, concerned with the rapid eradication of poverty (in spite of the mythology of recent writings that the pioneers of the Fifties had ignored poverty). But as he believed in the iron law of Pareto's income distribution, the way to attack poverty is by rapid growth of the whole economy. Our work in the early Sixties in India and in the late Seventies in the World Bank had identical aims, but differed only with respect to the means. The experience of my work in India gave me a foretaste of my later work in the British Ministry of Overseas Development.

There is an Austrian expression: *Zivilcourage*. It is not quite translatable. "Moral courage" would be claiming too much, and "spiritual courage" even more. It is certainly not correlated with physical courage, for I have seen men of great physical courage lacking it completely. It means that you have the guts to say something contrary to the rest when opinions round a table have been uttered and everyone agreed on something that you believe is wrong. It is different from intellectual integrity, for saying nothing is consistent with integrity. I have always admired it, found it rare and valuable.

I have lived through two world wars (the first not wholly and not consciously), one *Anschluss*, three revolutions or putsches, and two emigrations. It may be as a result of these upheavals that I do not consider myself as having any roots, at least not roots in the ground: more aerial roots like antennae that reach out across the sky and that make me a citizen of a world community.

I regard the role of accident in my life as crucial. Few important events were planned or turned out as intended. The fact that I came to England, that I read economics rather than sociology or law, and became an economist, that I am an intellectual rather than an athlete, that I met the girl who was to become my wife in 1950 in Washington and now live in America are all accidents. Even my name and the fact that I am still alive after being shot to pieces. Yet, *ex post* all these accidents look like some kind of design.

Boston

PAUL STREETEN