



THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

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January 24th, 1964.

Dear Mario and Marta,

Many thanks for Mario's letter of January 18th. I am so glad that the printers have done a good job, and that Mario is pleased with it. So far he only has had the work, and no pleasure at all. Mario writes that 'printers are still wonderful artisans' (in England). I suppose it's all a matter of comparison because we have come across - and still do - some absolutely horrifying handiwork with crooked lines, letters dropped at the end, and so on, typical "Schlamperei" (a Viennese term for happy go lucky), added to the havoc the so-called publishers' readers cause. (so I can't ask him but

About Walden Two: Karl is not here, ~~and~~ I don't think he would read it. He reads either what he needs for his work or Dr Dolittle or Mrs Gaskell (he says he wants to write the end to her novel Wives and Daughters) or Jane Austen who is his favourite.

About the Jerusalem Conference: of course, Karl does not go where he is not invited, and, apart from this, time is too precious. The sad fact is that we still have not recovered from our 18 months of travelling which were, particularly for Karl, a terrible strain. On our return, Karl got one of his bad colds, his very nice research assistant brought a car load full (literally!) of printed matter (offprints, etc., books) which had accumulated in the School during our absence. Now our house was filled to overflowing with paper before we left. This car load full is still undigested, I mean it is not even put anywhere because ^{although} we ordered shelves at once, we have not got them yet. And these are the last shelves we can put somewhere, after that there is no wall space left. As a consequence of this pile-up, even if Karl would have the time to work, he can hardly do so: there is just no space and we mislay and lose everything. During all this the plumbers were at work (they have not finished but they are not at present in the house). Now we would urgently need the painters but I have decided that we simply cannot now embark on another adventure of this sort. Karl must have the opportunity to work if he is given this opportunity. Work at the School is of course more because of his long absence, and the mail is simply crushing. There are just all types of letters a human being can get, including cranks (nice and nasty ones) and disarming school boys. Just now on the table lies a letter from a school boy (6th form) who is 'at a loss as to what literature he could obtain for a talk on 'The justification of the use

of the term science to the Social Sciences' (unquote) , has heard that Karl 'gave a lecture on this or a similar (!) topic' and wants to know 'the sources' Karl used for this lecture. It is of course rather funny but you will understand that it really is killing. Yes, and the poor forlorn school boy ends up by saying 'I am a great admirer of your Philosophical Work' (in capitals) 'especially pragmatism'.

Karl has not had a rest since he came out of hospital last April, and yet he is not allowed time for his work either.

I don't know why I am writing all this, I suppose because I want to explain that Karl is terribly tired and can read only very quiet books for relaxation. Quiet and pleasant, which limits the choice. Perhaps we can get again into our usual routine of work, but so far we have not been able to. As I say, I would not mind so much if Karl at least could have a holiday but just to waste one's time on what I have tried to describe to you seems terrible. Perhaps the Easter holidays may give us a chance. In June we are in Vienna (at the new Institute of Advanced Studies). Neither of us is looking forward to it. Karl disliked the Viennese when we were there in 1960 for his eye operation, and I have lost my best friend (in Vienna) just a year ago. (I have a number of nice school friends and cousins with their children, but this is not the same.) Then we have some common friends from our University time. We have kept in touch, more or less, since 1936, but if one actually meets, one feels that one has grown apart which is sad.

Love *Hermie*



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