

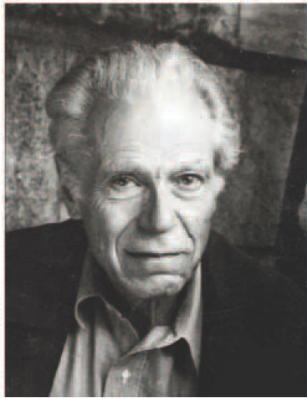
A Bias for Hope
Commemorating the Life of
Albert O. Hirschman

This is a collection of some of the talks given at the gathering to commemorate the life and work of Albert O. Hirschman, a Professor in the School of Social Science from 1974 until his retirement in 1985. Hirschman continued as an active participant in the life of the School well into the 1990s. He died in December 2012 at the age of 97.

A video of the commemoration is also available [here](#).

To view additional tributes and memorials, please go to the Appendix.

If you have comments you would like to add to these reminiscences, please send them to jws@ias.edu.



**Sunday
March 24
3:00–5:30 p.m.**

Reception to follow

Wolfensohn Hall
Einstein Drive
Princeton, NJ 08540

Please register and find
more information at:

[www.ias.edu/events/
hirschman](http://www.ias.edu/events/hirschman)

Remembering Albert O. Hirschman (1915–2012)

Please join the Hirschman family and the Institute for Advanced Study in remembering and celebrating the life of renowned social scientist Albert O. Hirschman.

Albert Hirschman's highly influential work has had a profound impact on economic and political thought and practice. He came to the Institute as a Professor in 1974, joining Clifford Geertz in creating the School of Social Science.

This will be a commemorative gathering, not an academic event, highlighting facets of Albert as a father, grandfather, colleague, scholar, mentor, friend, and pioneer in his field. Among the speakers will be: **Jeremy Adelman** of Princeton University, author of an upcoming biography of Albert Hirschman; **Michael Walzer**, Professor Emeritus in the School of Social Science; economists **Amartya Sen** of Harvard University, **Rajiv Sethi** of Barnard College, and **Amie L. Cot** of Université Paris 1 Panthéon-Sorbonne; sociologist **Wolf Lepenies** of the Wissenschaftskolleg; **William H. Sewell Jr.**, Emeritus Professor at the University of Chicago and an Institute Trustee; **James D. Wolfensohn**, Chairman Emeritus of the Institute's Board of Trustees; and **Robbert Dijkgraaf**, Director of the Institute and Leon Levy Professor.

The event is open to the public.

Remembering Albert O. Hirschman

March 24, 2013

3:00 p.m. - 5:30 p.m.

Institute for Advanced Study - Wolfensohn Hall

Introductory Remarks

Joan Wallach Scott, Harold F. Linder Professor, School of
Social Science

Welcome

Robbert Dijkgraaf, Director, Institute for Advanced Study

Remembrances from the grandchildren

Alex and Nick Hirschman Gourevitch
Lara Salomon Pawlicz and Grégoire Salomon

Remembrances

James Wolfensohn, former Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Institute for
Advanced Study

Michael Walzer, Professor Emeritus, School of
Social Science, Institute for Advanced Study

Rajiv Sethi, Ann Whitney Olin Professor of Economics, Barnard
College/Columbia University

*Excerpts from Teri Wehn-Damisch documentary film, "Marseille-New York: L'Etat
de Piège ou La Filière Marseillaise."*

Jeremy Adelman, Walter Samuel Carpenter III Professor
in Spanish Civilization and Culture, Princeton University

Remembrances from the sons-in-law

Peter Gourevitch and Alain Salomon

Further Remembrances

Amartya Sen, Thomas W. Lamont University Professor,
Harvard University

Annie Cot, University Professor, Université Paris I
Panthéon-Sorbonne

William H. Sewell, Jr., Frank P. Hixon Distinguished Service Professor
Emeritus of History and Political Science, The University of Chicago

Wolf Lepenies, Professor Emeritus, Wissenschaftskolleg

Remembrances of a daughter

Katia Salomon

Music by Franz Schubert

Closing Remarks

Joan Wallach Scott

Reception

5:30 p.m. – 7:00 p.m.

Simons Hall

A Bias for Hope Commemorating the Life of Albert O. Hirschman

Welcome from the Director

Robbert Dijkgraaf

It is my great pleasure to be here today to remember and celebrate Albert Hirschman, a social scientist whose highly influential work in economics and politics in developing countries has had a profound impact on economic thought and practice in the United States and beyond.

It is heartwarming to see this gathering of the Institute community, as well as so many Hirschman family members and friends who have joined us for this occasion.

I want to especially welcome Katia Salomon, daughter of Sarah and Albert Hirschman, and her husband Alain; Peter Gourevitch, who was married to Sarah and Albert's daughter Lisa when she passed away in 1999; and Sarah and Albert's four grandchildren Lara, Grégoire, Alex, and Nick.

I am also very pleased to have with us today Jim Wolfensohn, Chairman of the Institute from 1986–2007, who played an instrumental role in creating the Albert O. Hirschman Professorship in the School of Social Science in 2000; and Eric Maskin, who held the first Albert O. Hirschman Professorship in the School from 2000 to 2012.

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The rich and eventful life of Albert Hirschman captures a striking image of the 20th century. In vivid colors it paints both tragedies and uplifting stories, the occupation and destruction, but also the liberation and development, of large parts of the world.

His early years were blown around the world by the winds of war, and in many ways he was the last of a distinguished line of refugee scholars, beginning with that other Albert, who finally found a home at the Institute.

His life was marked by courage and “trespassing.” “The idea of trespassing is basic to my thinking,” Albert remarked. “Attempts to confine me to a specific area make me unhappy. When it seems that an idea can be verified in another field, I am happy to venture in this direction.”

Albert's life began in Berlin on April 7, 1915, where he was born as Otto Albert Hirschmann (with an extra "n"), to his father Carl, a neurosurgeon in the Berlin Charité hospital and his mother Hedwich (Hedda), a nurse. His reasonably sheltered life changed radically in 1933, after his father's death and the rise of Hitler to power. Barely eighteen years old, Albert fled Nazi-Germany and moved to France, where he studied economics and finance. In 1935, after a one-year fellowship at the London School of Economics, Albert fought on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. The year after he earned his doctorate in economics at the University of Trieste in 1938, he enlisted in the French Army.

When that Army collapsed in 1940, he fled to the south of France and with Varian Fry, who dubbed him "Beamish" for his unfailing optimism, helped some 2,000 refugees escape, among them Marc Chagall, Marcel Duchamp, and Hannah Arendt. As Fry's assistant, Albert traded currency on the black market, obtained forged documents and passports, devised ways to transmit messages in toothpaste tubes, arranged for ships to transport refugees, and personally explored escape routes over the Pyrenees into Spain.

In 1941, Albert immigrated to the United States with the help of a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship at the University of California, Berkeley. At Berkeley, he met and married the love of his life, Sarah, a fellow European émigré who was earning her master's degree in French literature.

In March 1943, Albert volunteered for his third war and enlisted in the U.S. Army. He was sent to North Africa and Italy as part of the Office of Strategic Services. By now, he spoke six languages and had a thorough knowledge of economics. When the war ended, Albert worked in Washington for the Federal Reserve Board on European reconstruction, focusing on new initiatives within the Marshall Plan agency.

In 1952, Sarah and Albert moved, somewhat to their surprise, not to Europe, but to Bogota, Columbia, where Albert worked as an economic adviser. It would be the beginning of a life-long relationship with South America. Four years later, Albert returned to the U.S. and began, again to his surprise, a most distinguished academic career, which included positions at Yale, Columbia, and Harvard universities. His name became particularly well known after the publication of *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty* in 1970, a small book of great weight that, for many, captured the essence of the dilemmas of the societal revolutions of that time.

In 1972, Albert came to the Institute as a Member. As he told Sarah, it was "a place he dreamed of being." He liked the philosophy that the best way to teach, is not to teach at all. During this time, he wrote an outline of the ideas that would eventually turn into his



pioneering book *The Passions and the Interests*. In 1974, he was appointed a Professor and joined Clifford Geertz in helping to create the School of Social Science.

Albert was the recipient of many prizes and honors. In 1988, Marvin Goldberger, then Director of the Institute, wrote to Albert acknowledging the number of honors he was receiving by proposing to have some fill-in-the-blank postcards printed with the opening line “Dear Albert: It is a pleasure for the Institute to bask in your reflected glory on the occasion of your being awarded the...medal/honorary degree/citation/prize from the university of/royal society of/academy of....” In the end, he could have simply checked: all of the above.

In a 1994 interview with then-IAS librarian Elliott Shore, Albert remarked, “When I came here at age fifty-nine, I did not realize that one of the great benefits of the Institute is that there is a life during retirement...you continue to be a real member, an active member of the intellectual community.”

Albert and his wife Sarah, who were married for 70 years, were active and vital members of the Institute community for more than three decades until Sarah’s passing last year and Albert’s later years when his health prevented him from regularly attending seminars and lunches with visiting scholars.

Albert is sorely missed by the Institute community, and by the international community at large, where his voice has influenced and guided advancement for more than half a century. An impassioned observer who sought to understand the world as well as to change it, his works, his ideas, and his passion stay with us. The Institute has been fortunate to be able to provide a home for this great scholar, thinker, and above all, man of action, who truly made the world a better place.

## **Remembrances from the grandchildren**

### **Alex Gourevitch**

The thing about our grandfather is that he was not a normal guy. Growing up, we would hear stories about how he had fought in the Spanish Civil War, saved famous artists and writers from Nazis, forged passports in the bathtub, traipsed around Colombia inventing development economics. It made our Southern Californian lives of going to the beach and playing for recreational soccer trophies seem a little boring. It made Babu—which is what we always called him—seem a little larger than life. Even more ordinary things that he did could seem kind of mythical. Once, when my brother and I were visiting Babu and Baboushka Sarah, our grandparents, we were looking through a photo album. We came

across a photograph of Babu in his swimming trunks doing a headstand, and I remember seeing that and thinking “My god, he can do that too! He can do everything!”

Yet the funny thing about Babu was that, what most stood out to me about him was not all of this mythic European hero stuff, but his impish and adventurous side. I remember, for instance, on one of these hikes we arrived at a lake and he immediately started scampering around by the water looking for something. He reached down and picked up a stone with an oddly satisfied look. He then bent over, hurled the rock sideways and it skipped across the water. He looked at me with childish satisfaction and said “Have you ever seen that?” And that was how I learned to skip rocks. This particular event sticks out to me because it expresses a wider truth about Babu. Despite his larger than life past, he was a playful person. That playfulness was really an essential part of who he was, and something that I remember very fondly.

Of the things I most admired about my grandfather, though, and which I hope to emulate, is the indomitable will to take advantage of life. I remember one summer he was recovering from serious back surgery. The family was worried that he would be too weak to do the normal hikes, so they splurged and rented rooms in a fancy resort in the Swiss Alps. It had everything—great food, all kinds of unusual rooms, even miniature golf. Of course all that we wanted to do was spend the entire time enjoying the amenities of this Alpine palace. But it was Babu, the very person we had worried wouldn’t want to go out, who insisted that we go on hikes, day after day. He insisted that you don’t go to the Alps to play miniature golf! I always remembered that because at first I had been annoyed at being deprived of my miniature golf, but by the end of the trip I realized that this was a lesson in how to live life. You must take advantage of what life offers. This pressure to live life well is something that I often felt when visiting my grandparents, and I am grateful to both of them for having taught me that lesson. I carry it with me to this day.

Nick Gourevitch

A postcard created by Nick Gourevitch:

## Albert O. Hirschman and His Love of Language

Since his passing, Albert O. Hirschman has been described in many impressive ways – “Influential Social Scientist,” “Optimistic Economist,” and “Resistance Figure” to name a few. But one quirky hobby of Albert’s has not made it into many of these retrospectives – his passion for palindromes.

Albert simply loved collecting and creating palindromes – scratching them out on pads of paper in his spare time – and seeking out those who shared his passion. When Roger Angell – the New Yorker writer and acclaimed essayist known for his baseball writing – penned a short story called *AINMOSNI* about a man who tries to cure his *insomnia* by thinking up palindromes, Albert wrote Angell:

*I was absolutely delighted by your AINMOSNI story, which I came across only now, even though I am an inveterate palindrome-hunter. It catches superbly that creative excitement about the impending catch that only a fellow-hunter can fully appreciate.*

Albert then went on to lament that his own collection of palindromes – *Senile Lines* by Dr. Awkward – had been rejected by the New Yorker! The first page of that 1971 multi-lingual collection is re-printed on the right.

Albert also corresponded with the Guatemalan writer Augusto Monterroso, who was part of Albert’s international association of palindromers, about Monterroso’s palindrome-centric story, *ONIS ES ASESINO*. In his letter to Monterroso, Albert found a palindrome as he was writing -- exclaiming “AMO IDIOMA!” in the middle of the letter.

### SENILE LINES

I,  
REVOLT LOVER  
FOE OF  
PARTY TRAP

### EVIL IGNITING I LIVE

NAOMI, MOAN!  
MAORI, ROAM!  
HARASS SELFLESS SARAH!  
DIE, ID!  
DIEU, TUE ID!  
NIE SEIN!  
RÊVE: NADA, NEVER.

### MIASMA IS SIAM’S AIM

GNATS STANG  
EYE  
(OJO),  
TSETSES TEST  
RECLUSE’S ULCER.  
DID ROSES OPPOSE SORDID  
LATE PETAL?  
MOODY DOOM  
DEIFIED  
AMORAL AROMA.

### SATIRE VERITAS

DR. AWKWARD  
1971

*official seal of the Four W Club, founded by A.O.H. 1972*



Albert and his colleagues designed this image, which shows a hand using an axe to strike a shining sun. The caption is a pun on the famous expression 'per aspera ad astra.' While the original means 'through hardship to the stars,' here the caption and image indicate the opposite: from bad to worse! Along with his fascination with palindromes, this is another example of Albert's love of and playful approach to words.

### Lara Salomon Pawlicz and Grégoire Salomon

Lara: Death, sometimes, acts as a catalyst to set free memories from the past: all those wonderful moments that you shared and which, somehow, could not surface while life and the present occupied all the space of the relationship. Since December we, as a family, have been able to share wonderful moments, talking about these memories. It is a few of these that we would like to share with you today.

Grégoire: Though Albert and Sarah Hirschman, our grandparents, always lived quite far from us—we in France, they in Princeton or traveling the world—Lara and I did in fact spend all of our summers with them—from 4 until 16 years old: every summer, we came to camps, mostly here in Princeton, in July, and, subsequently, we reunited for one or two weeks in August to hike together in the French Alps.

L: The first such summer we spent alone with them, that one actually took place in Berkeley; Gregoire was 4, I was 7. “Papi” undertook to tell us the whole story of the Iliad and the Odyssey. He would re-read whole chapters of Homer’s masterpieces during the day—in addition to writing one of his books or working on a new essay—and would tell us all about it at night. He had to carefully split the episodes so that the epic would last the exact length of our stay, and yet stop each night at an unbearable point of suspense that made the following evening’s session the highlight of our days.

G: Actually I don’t really remember this episode, but when Lara told me about it I did understand why I felt some kind of closeness with Ulysses whom I always considered as a kind of old, childhood friend.

Another memory, one of the first that I can distinctly remember, took place during one of our walks in the Alps. I was then 6 years old or so. As you might know if you have walked through mountain paths, it is highly recommended to stay on the trail and not cut through shorter routes by walking, for instance, straight down the hill. To illustrate why it is pointless to do so, and as we were walking side by side, Papi stated: *“la route la plus courte n’est pas forcément la plus rapide”*—“the shorter route is not necessarily the fastest.” Simple, though terribly powerful for a 6 year old boy! He then proceeded to explain that this is what one calls a paradox, thus shifting from a simple statement: “do not go off the tracks” to a concept...putting me in an abyss of perplexity, introducing to me the complexity of the world.

L: And this is precisely “Papi.” Beyond the fact that he was always a loving grandfather who always liked to laugh and make jokes, what characterized Albert as a grandfather is precisely that he never backed away from explaining complex concepts or from going deep into profound subjects on art, literature or economics—always starting from a simple anecdote.

Regardless of our age and maturity, we always felt taken seriously and with every conversation, every letter, always knew to expect a new story, a new idea, a new concept.

We would like to end by saying that it is just over one year ago that we were standing in this exact place—this place that our grandparents loved so much—remembering the incredible person that Sarah Hirschman, our “Mami,” was. That was also the last time we saw Albert, our “Papi,” at a time when he clearly expressed how desperately sad he felt about this loss. He, too, has now peacefully departed and we take some comfort in hoping that, somehow, they are reunited.

### Remembrances

*Michael Walzer, Professor Emeritus, School of Social Science, Institute for Advanced Study*

I want to talk today about Albert and the School of Social Science. Albert was the second professor in the School and, together with Cliff Geertz, he shaped the School’s character and culture. The best way of getting at what Albert did here at the Institute is to talk about what Albert was, and the best way to do that is to work from his own description of himself—as an academic trespasser.

One of Albert’s books is called *Essays in Trespassing: Economics to Politics and Beyond*. The “beyond” is important: economics to politics would radically understate the extent and range of his trespassing. I should stress that he was a gentle trespasser; he didn’t invade other fields with conquest in mind, and he argued strongly (along with Cliff) against the “imperialist expeditions of economists into areas of social life outside their traditional domain,” where they discovered that “criminals, lovers, parents, bureaucrats and voters were all...busily ‘maximizing under constraints.’” Albert wasn’t on an expedition; he didn’t march, he just strolled across all the disciplinary boundaries, thinking, rightly, that they weren’t very important, that they were often arbitrary, and that they were obstacles in the path to knowledge.

A friend once defined an intellectual as someone who reads books outside his field. By that definition, Albert was the quintessential intellectual, who read so widely (just look at his footnotes) that he pretty much de-fielded himself or, better, his field was human society; his field was humanity.

Consider a little book, underestimated by some of its critics, *Shifting Involvements: Private Interest and Public Action*. This is actually a work in social psychology, a study in economic and political behavior with an emphasis on individual choices and on the central role of disappointment and frustration in shaping and reshaping those choices. One of the side-effects of this study, Albert says, is a critique of conventional consumption theory. It is a

surprise, pure serendipity! He meandered out of economics and then found himself crossing back, a kind of reverse trespassing—a trespasser where he began.

A gentle trespasser, I said, also a witty one. In one of the *Essays in Trespassing*, he produces an economic, political, sociological, ideological, and psychological account of the rise of authoritarian regimes in Latin America (this was in the 1970s). And then he imagines a critic saying, that's really too much; you make authoritarianism seem over-determined, inevitable. Albert definitely wasn't a determinist; he was a possibilist; he had "a bias for hope." But here he accepted the criticism, and suggested a new theorem about the social world: "As soon as a social phenomenon has been fully explained by a variety of converging approaches and is therefore understood in its majestic inevitability, it vanishes." He recalled Hegel's maxim about the owl of Minerva, and concluded: "It follows that the more thoroughly and multifariously we can account for the establishment of authoritarian regimes in Latin America, the sooner we will be done with them." I imagine him smiling when he wrote that, as he smiled at his unexpected discovery of what was wrong with conventional consumption theory.

Cliff wrote about blurred genres, Albert about trespassing. I like to think of us, in the School of Social Science, as wanderers, seeking knowledge wherever we can find it, which often isn't in the central districts of the established disciplines. We don't like academic fields with fences, and that is Albert's legacy.

I want to recall a last example of Albert's trespassing, but before that I need to note, in case nobody else does, one aspect of his life that was very much located: he actually had a pretty fixed place on the political spectrum, and he didn't roam very far from it. Each year I used to tell a few of the members in our School, the ones I felt closest to: If you want to know what European social democracy was like, at its best, talk to Albert. All his life, he was a good social democrat.

At the very end of the *Trespassing* book, Albert has an essay on "Morality and the Social Sciences" in which he criticizes the effort to free social science from any engagement with moral values. Here are the last lines of the essay:

Down the road, it is possible to visualize a kind of social science that would be very different from the one most of us have been practicing: a moral-social science where moral considerations are not repressed or kept apart, but are systematically commingled with analytic argument, without guilt feelings over any lack of integration; where the transition from preaching to proving and back again is performed frequently and with ease; and where moral considerations need no long be smuggled in surreptitiously...but are displayed



openly and disarmingly. Such would be, in part, my dream of a “social science for our grandchildren.”

I like the plural possessive pronoun. May Albert’s and our intellectual grandchildren come soon.

**Rajiv Sethi**, *Ann Whitney Olin Professor of Economics, Barnard College/Columbia University*

It’s an enormous privilege to have been invited to speak at this event in memory of Albert Hirschman. Unlike most of the other speakers here, I knew Albert only from a distance, based largely on his books and interviews. I met him in person just once, though I was fortunate enough to get to know Sarah a little during my year at the Institute.

Since my connection to Albert was largely through his writing, I’d like to speak about his love of language, his gift for expression, and his approach to the written word. To Albert, words were not merely vehicles for the transmission of ideas—they were objects to be played with and molded into structures in which one could perpetually take delight.

In 1993, Albert gave an interview to a group of Italian writers, which he later translated into English and published under the title *Crossing Boundaries*. I’d like to quote a segment of that interview that sums up very nicely both his playful relationship with language and the great originality of his ideas. This is what he said:

I enjoy playing with words, inventing new expressions. I believe there is much more wisdom in words than we normally assume.... Here is an example.

One of my recent antagonists, Mancur Olson, uses the expression “logic of collective action” in order to demonstrate the illogic of collective action, that is, the virtual unlikelihood that collective action can ever happen. At some point I was thinking about the fundamental rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence and that beautiful expression of American freedom as “the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” I noted how, in addition to the pursuit of happiness, one might also underline the importance of the *happiness of pursuit*, which is precisely the felicity of taking part in collective action. I simply was happy when that play on words occurred to me.

This idea of the *happiness of pursuit*, the pleasure that one takes in collective action, was to be a central theme in his masterpiece *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, published in 1970. Two



centuries earlier, Adam Smith had spoken of our propensity to "truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another." Albert Hirschman spoke instead of a propensity to protest, complain, and generally "kick up a fuss." This articulation of discontent he called *voice*.

Albert believed that voice was an important factor in arresting and reversing decline in firms, organizations, and states. Economists to that point had focused on a very different mechanism, namely desertion or *exit*, and had argued that greater competition, in the form of greater ease of exit, was a beneficial force in maintaining high levels of organizational performance.

Albert pointed out that there was a trade-off between exit and voice; that greater ease of exit could result in a stifling of voice as the individuals most inclined to protest and complain chose to depart instead. He also observed that *loyalty*, provided that it was not completely blind and uncritical, could serve to delay exit and thus create the space for voice to do its work.

What Albert did in *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty* was nothing less than to reunite two disciplines, economics and political science, which had once been closely entwined but had drifted far apart over time. And he did this not by exporting the methods of economics to the analysis of politics, as others had done, but by emphasizing the importance of political activity within the economic sphere.

This kind of interdisciplinarity permeated all of Albert's work. He described the idea of *trespassing* as "basic to his thinking." Crossing boundaries came naturally to him; he was too restless and playful to be confined to a single discipline. He was also an intellectual rebel, eager to question conventional wisdom whenever he found it wanting. In fact, he did so even when the conventional wisdom had been established by his own prior work. He referred to this as a propensity to *self-subversion*, which he called a "permanent trait of his intellectual personality."

I recall vividly and fondly my very first contact with Albert's work. I had just begun graduate school, having never previously studied economics, and found myself in a course on the History of Economic Thought with the legendary Robert Heilbroner. It was Heilbroner's book *The Worldly Philosophers* that had steered me to economics in the first place. And there on his syllabus, alongside Smith and Ricardo and Malthus, was Albert's book *The Passions and the Interests*.

I recently went back and read this extraordinary book for a second time. The twentieth anniversary edition has a foreword by Amartya Sen, who considers it to be "among the

finest" of Albert's writings. Albert himself, in the preface to this edition, notes that it's the one book that never fell victim to his propensity to self-subversion.

There's a memorable passage in the book where Albert discusses Adam Smith's claim that "order and good government" came to England as the unintended consequence of a growing taste for manufactured luxuries among the feudal elite. They "bartered their whole power and authority," says Smith, for the "gratification of... vanities... for trinkets and baubles, better fit to be the playthings of children than the serious pursuits of man." Having squandered their wealth in this manner, they could no longer support their vast armies of retainers, and became incapable of "disturbing the peace" or "interrupting the regular execution of justice."

But Albert was skeptical that the feudal lords had been quite so blind to their long-term interests. He felt that Smith, always eager to uncover the unintended effects of human action, had overreached this time. And he expressed this thought as follows: "One cannot help feeling that in this particular instance, Smith overplayed his Invisible Hand." I can just imagine the smile that spread across Albert's face when he came up with that turn of phrase.

Albert's work was expansive and visionary, bold and audacious, breathtakingly original and creative. But most of all, it was playful and gently irreverent. He demonstrated to us, by his own example, the happiness of *intellectual* pursuit. For that, more than anything else, I'll always be grateful.

**Jeremy Adelman**, *Walter Samuel Carpenter III Professor in Spanish Civilization and Culture, Princeton University*, read the following excerpt from a letter sent by Fernando Henrique Cardoso, the 34<sup>th</sup> President of Brazil and an accomplished sociologist.

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Albert Hirschman (scattered remembrances)

The news of the death of a friend is always distressing. No matter our expectation, no matter our awareness that the person in question was hardly responding to any stimulus, no matter how agnostic one may be, we always look forward to a miracle, an unexpected reprieve. When I heard from Roberto Schwarz, another friend and admirer of Albert Hirschman, about his passing away, I must say that I felt as if my heart had shrunk. The news came a few months after another sad revelation, even more astonishing, that our dear Sarah had also gone away. I felt as if a part of my own history was withering away, so great had been the influence of the Hirschman couple over me, my wife, Ruth, and some close friends.

Albert Hirschman was a remarkable person. Self-effacing, unpretentious, refusing to take for granted his intellectual splendor, he left countless seeds germinating in the minds of generations of intellectuals in the United States, in Europe and mainly in Latin America. His personality, gentle and persuasive, left, unaccountably to him, a deep imprint on the people he interacted with or had been influenced by his writings. Let me give an example. Once I was in New York with my son, Paulo Henrique, and a collaborator, the diplomat Tarcisio Costa, when I decided to pay a visit to the Hirschman couple. Both of them agreed immediately to go with me. Tarcisio was well acquainted with Albert's books which had influenced the writing of his PhD in Cambridge. Paulo had only the recollection, as a child in Chile and as an adolescent in Brazil, of having known him. We wanted to be with him, not so much to honor him—as Albert had always been averse to flattery—but to enjoy the pleasure of the conversation.

Great was our surprise to see him at his house in Princeton (the same house that I had visited several times in the seventies when I was a fellow at the Institute for Advanced Study) smartly dressed, radiant, but hardly inclined to talk. The illness had already had a devastating impact on that brilliant person. And yet we were pleased to realize that despite his silence, the expression on his eyes remained alert and he managed here and there to whisper some ironic comment regarding what we were talking about. At a certain moment I mentioned that in 2004 I had spoken at the students' graduation ceremony at Brown, attended by a grandson of Hirschman with the grandfather present. Without being aware either of the grandson or of the presence of the grandfather, I used the concepts of voice, exit and loyalty to illustrate my interpretation of political developments in Brazil. Listening to my story and the reference to his concepts, Albert smiled happily. Then he asked me what I was doing at Brown University, to which I replied: "I am professor at large." What is that, he asked. Oh, these are professors who are not compelled to teach regular courses, they run a couple of workshops and once in a while an Aula Magna. Hirschman smiled again contentedly. That is exactly what he liked. He had never enjoyed giving too many classes nor speaking for too long....

And yet, as his excellent biographer Jeremy Adelman duly noted, Albert Hirschman was a bricoleur of words, rejoicing when he saw them properly used, and, above all—something rare—delighting in palindromes, those words or sentences that read the same backward or forward. And he practiced this art in the several languages he mastered. He was skillful on the grammar of the languages he used, had an aesthetic pleasure in using them with precision, but his pronunciation betrayed the Germanic roots of the speaker. The exceptions were when he spoke in French, which he often did, and maybe in Italian, which he was very fond of but I never heard him speaking. In his writing he was masterful. And keen to correct the writing of others, as he did with me a couple of times, not to mention the frequent tutoring and correcting of my hazardous English grammar. I remember that once, I believe it was in Atlanta, in a meeting of LASA (Latin American Studies

Association), I gave a talk in Spanish about “The consumption of dependency theory in the United States.” Albert, with his amiable way of making corrections, commented with me in front of Sarah: how good that only once you mixed up the verbs ‘haber’ (to have) and ‘ser’ (to be).

This cosmopolitan intellectual, always engaged in the quest for beauty, was also an innovator. This is not the moment to take stock of the manifold contributions made by Hirschman to contemporary thought. But it is fitting to point out that regarding Latin America his vision was groundbreaking. Since his sojourn in Colombia, Hirschman fought against what he labeled “fracassomania,” the syndrome of failure, the pervasive pessimism that hindered the perception of the changes that were occurring. He always opted for, as in the title of one of his books written after his stay in Bogota, a bias for hope. As much as calling attention to the unexpected emergence of islands of excellence and modernity in “underdeveloped” countries (as he illustrated with the example of a local aircraft company), he always insisted on sticking to optimism as the most auspicious perspective. When all of us, inspired by Western models, saw obstacles to development, Hirschman wrote a celebrated article on the “obstacles to see development.” Contrary to the established notion that market equilibrium was a precondition to development, Hirschman insisted that imbalances are exactly what unleash opportunities for investment and set in motion positive sequences. These sequences may take the form of positive linkages or backward linkages paving the way to successive positive transformations. The existence of unexploited natural resources, for example, may give rise to technological innovations that increase value, despite the scarcity of capitals. In his book, *Strategies for Economic Development*, (1958), Hirschman outlined his ideas about economic development in a most creative way.

The first opportunity I had to be with Albert Hirschman was in Alfred Stepan’s apartment in New York, in 1964, when Stepan was a young assistant at the Department of Political Science in Columbia and Hirschman a professor at Harvard. I met him again later, in Santiago, Chile, around the second half of the seventies. In certain intellectual circles—critical of the structuralist theories about economic development advocated by the Economic Commission on Latin America (ECLA), a UN body—the prevailing vision at that time was that the cities of the “Third World” were encircled by an ocean of “marginalized” populations. The capitalism of underdevelopment was seen as lacking the dynamic capacity to absorb them. “Great theories” were then fashionable in Latin America regarding a peculiar “dependent capitalism.” Enzo Faletto and I were opposed to that. We thought that if the situations were of dependency, capitalism, however, was the same, with specific characteristics in the less developed countries, but not essentially different from the characteristics it had in the First World.

In our eagerness to substantiate our interpretations, I wrote with a then young Mexican intellectual, today ambassador José Luis Reyna, an article comparing the labor structure in Latin America, in the US and in Europe. We showed that the trends toward job reduction in the agrarian sector, its limited expansion in the industrial sector and accelerated increase in the services, varied in intensity when compared but were similar regarding the direction of the trend. Hence, it was hasty to speak of structural obstacles to social inclusion in Latin America. I gave the article to Hirschman, who upon returning to the United States, sent me back an encouraging letter stating generously that we were twin minds.... An exaggeration, for sure, but which boosted the confidence I had of my vision, critical but not pessimistic, regarding the possibilities of transformation in Latin American economies and societies.

Lévy-Strauss, in one of his writings, says that before starting to write a more substantive book he used to reread authors who inspired him, and he mentions the *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* by Marx. Well then, without any attempt at comparison and apologizing for what might seem presumptuous, I will say candidly: many times did I reread some chapter by Albert Hirschman when preparing for an article or a lecture. I always refrained from falling into the temptation of resorting to interpretations based on “great theories” of history and of social sciences or to rely on “certitudes” derived from general laws of human evolution or even, more modestly, of the regularities we come across in history. The precaution of not believing in the inevitable and always opening space for the unexpected is a gift I owe to Albert Hirschman who paid tribute more to a dialectics without syntheses than to the automatism of “laws” of dubious validity. Not by chance he often adhered to a certain methodical doubt, as in Descartes, opting to present his interpretations as possibilities and not as certitudes. He clung to the notion of “possibilism” to escape from the trap inherent in the mechanical interpretation of events.

A skeptical optimism, if I may so call it, permeated the life and work of Albert Hirschman. He always sought to look at themes that seemed to hang at the margins or to examine facts that seemed unique or apart from the general course of things in order, through them, to illuminate a broader process, attaching more importance to interpretations with meaning than to insipid regularities. It was as if he was a follower of Max Weber, without being one, insofar as nothing was more removed from Albert’s sensibility than to belong to a “school.” That is why, in the preface to one his books translated to Portuguese, *Self-Subversion*, I compared him with the Flemish painters of the 15th and 16th century, Memling or Van Eyck, who when painting, for instance, a portrait, also painted miniatures on the edges of the canvas letting them reveal the whole context, be it a rural landscape or the view of a city.

In this manner are many of Hirschman’s works: subjects appear as if they were minor, even though developed with precision, charm and grace. When finishing reading such books we are left with the correct impression that the analyses, suggestions and metaphors paved the

way for the understanding of much broader processes than we were aware of at the beginning. Behind the apparent simplicity emerges, as if by chance, a sophisticated explanation. Robert Merton called “serendipity” this discovery of something of value while not specifically searching for it. A good illustration of this was Hirschman’s explanation of how it was possible for the Berliners to combine voice and exit in their struggle for the restoration of democracy. And there are many other findings which seem to refer to things of minor importance and yet, all of a sudden, the reader realizes that he is in the presence of exceptional heuristic tools as, for instance, in the case of his metaphor about the “tunnel effect.”

To conclude, I wish to say a word of longing and remembrance in praise of this great man whose intellectual life, no matter how eminent, was not greater than the rest of his biography. His resistance to Nazism, his personal courage to engage in the Resistance, his perspicacity to realize that confronted with Nazi barbarity exit, not voice, was the proper answer, not to abdicate and desert, but to accumulate forces and keep fighting, all these trials are proof of the stuff he was made of. A man of our time, but chiseled in the spirit of great Renaissance men who added to these qualities those of a kind and affectionate human being. That was the manner of his relationship with Sarah and his beloved daughters. The same happened in the moments of suffering for the death of one of them, even if we cannot be sure of how aware he was of the sudden loss of that very person who would have stayed by his side until the last gasp, where it not for her premature departure. And so it was also with his friends to whom his words of encouragement and affection were never lacking.

Remembrances from the sons-in-law

Peter Gourevitch

Though I had known Albert and Sarah a bit before I met Lisa, we were introduced by Sarah during the anti-war movement. When we got married at 16 Newlin Road in October of 1976, I felt fortunate that Lisa had accepted me and that I joined this remarkable family. When Lisa died in 1999, Albert said it was the worst thing that had ever happened to him, a powerful statement given the varied richness of his life, so admirably recounted by Jeremy Adelman. My brother-in-law, Alain Salomon, said that among the great achievements of this remarkable couple, Albert and Sarah, were these two jewels, Katia and Lisa, and he, Alain, and I, had each had the good fortune to marry one.

With the daughters, we each also got the extraordinary interest in art, music, theater, culture, ideas, debate, and the contact with the stimulating world this brought such as the Institute for Advanced Study to which he ascended at final height of his career. The intellectual accomplishments of Albert are evident and public to all. Albert’s ideas were off

kilter, not centered in the conventional disciplines, circles squared. The skills that produced this oeuvre also expressed something distinctive about his personal interactions with people. He was unusual in the academy in his remarkable openness to the young in the academy. He talked to and showed interest in the junior faculty, the younger graduate students, the people he met all over the world of lesser rank and station. I remember a reading group we had at Harvard where Albert was almost twice the age of the next oldest person, all of us assistant professors. I heard people comment on this feature about him with gratitude and wonder. Albert, of course, loved the public recognition of his achievements, but he was at the same time interested and responsive to the unknown people, as was Sarah, and I note this as among the greatest of his achievements for which we are here to pay homage and respect. It is one of the things I know his Lisa admired him for. She told stories about him: the adventurous car trips down steep hills in Colombia, him giving her little notebooks of quotes and sayings, playing ball or games at the beach, his love of art, and his playfulness with kids. I feel deeply Katia's pain at saying farewell to her father without Lisa to join her in sadness for the loss of this remarkable person, her father, Albert Hirschman.

Alain Salomon

When Katia and I arrived at the funeral home where Albert rested last December, the director announced that he had placed the American flag over the coffin, after reading in the obituaries about Albert's role during the war in Europe and in the American Army. And was this initiative all right?

This patriotic homage to Albert and its spontaneous character came as a total surprise to us. But we were moved and agreed. It was characteristic of Albert's life and achievements that they could be appropriated by anyone, whatever his or her social status or beliefs. It was also one last unwitting vindication with respect to the secret FBI files from the '40s and '50s discovered by Jeremy Adelman that had prevented Albert, in the early years of his career, from getting clearance for high-level government jobs.

I first met Albert in Cambridge as Katia's husband-to-be, back in 1965, a year before we were married. In our first encounter, he engaged the much-intimidated student I was in a game of chess, which I play miserably. But then we spoke about architecture while Sarah, using another approach, was cooking a superb French meal. Later, to my great surprise and pleasure, I found that Albert had incorporated, in the book *Development Projects Observed*, a reference to the architect Christopher Alexander I had spoken to him about. This is one of countless instances of Albert's art of meaningful inclusion, his multi-faceted curiosity, his open-mindedness and wide-ranging creative interests in subjects seemingly unrelated to his field.

In 1968, Katia and I joined the Columbia student movement and took an active part in the occupation of the School of Architecture. We became quite involved in radical politics after that, both participating in an activist group promoting grass root inner city projects. Albert was supportive, but had mixed feelings about some of the students' revolutionary pronouncements and tactics. He would listen to my ideological demonstrations with great patience and perceptible perplexity. I would show him Situationists texts by Guy Debord and Raoul Vaneigem; he would glance at them murmuring "I see...I see...." I think the student movement appeared to him somewhat immature. We were a voice, but a voice with insufficient quality.

In 1970, Katia and I suffered a personal tragedy as our first child was born with severe brain damage. Albert decided to dedicate to us the book he had just finished, *A Bias for Hope*, with the famous disjunctive juxtaposition of words in the title, making hope speak to that time in our lives.

As my children mentioned, during almost twenty years, they, Katia, and I would join Albert and Sarah for ten days of trekking in the Alps. Albert would alternate a day of mountain walking and a day of writing. On the off evenings, he would share with us the progress or the impasses of the day's work, or reveal to us some intellectual jewel he had discovered.

On one of those excursions, Albert and I found ourselves in disagreement about a choice of itineraries. Should we turn right or left? It was a "highways vs. byways" decision, possibly the choice between the shortest path and a promising detour that Grégoire spoke about. Standing on the side of the mountain, and to Sarah and Katia's great dismay, Albert and I held a strong verbal contest of wills. That evening, he told me: "an argument like we just had either breaks the relationship, or makes it stronger. I think it will make it stronger." And indeed it did, and remained so to the last day.

Some years later, Katia and I joined Albert and Sarah in Pontresina, in the Swiss Alps. It is there that he fell and was badly injured. There was no one to ask for help. So Albert leaned on me, and with great difficulty, we slowly made it down the mountain. He was in severe pain. During the entire descent which must have taken three hours, the only thing he would worry about, and kept asking me, was: "Alain, are you all right, are you all right?"

Further Remembrances

Amartya Sen, Thomas W. Lamont University Professor, Harvard University

Jonathan Swift suggested that a true genius can be recognised by the fact that "the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Albert Hirschman's genius was quite remarkable in his ability

to identify neglected issues of great novelty and originality even in very well studied subjects, and he did indeed have to wrestle with many dunces in confederacy against him. Did this worry Albert? It would be hard to find any evidence at all that it did. He revelled in arguments, and cheerfully responded to critiques no matter from where they came.

Hirschman was a quintessential dissenter. He was never in the least interested in providing smart expositions of standard wisdoms of economics—there were many economists more than ready to do just that. On the other hand, there were plenty of potentially important but novel ideas, waiting to be clarified, pursued, chiselled and sharpened, which did interest and enthuse Hirschman. Far from leading the life of a much admired teller of standard tales, Hirschman favoured his role as the proposer and advocate of ideas that were destined to have bumpy rides.

Let me illustrate. Consider Hirschman's wonderful analysis of the respective roles of "passions" and "interests" in economic relationships. He identified various motivations that standard economics tended to ignore, which undermined the easy defense of the adequacy of a market-based world which some versions of mainstream economics tend to champion. Market accounting leaves out many of the most significant human relationships—important for personal well-being and also for social initiatives and innovations. Hirschman gave us deep insights into the importance of these human relations, and also showed how they can undermine many of the standard arguments of conventional economics on what markets can single-handedly achieve and how.

That is surely one more strike against market fundamentalism (to be placed next to Paul Samuelson's analysis of "public goods" and Kenneth Arrow's exposition of informational asymmetry), but what may be less fully understood is that Albert Hirschman also showed how the market mechanism can achieve some very positive things that the market fundamentalists miss out altogether. He went back to some early arguments of Montesquieu who had praised the market's ability to make use of the benign and constructive role of self-centred interests in subduing evil passions. As Hirschman put it in his one of his wonderful books, *The Passions and the Interests*: though *passions* may prompt people to be "wicked," "they have nevertheless an *interest* in not being so." In Hirschman's hands, this classical, but quite neglected, argument blossomed into an alternative way of looking at the market economy—not in terms of economic efficiency—but in terms of taking people away from violent passions in pursuit of divisive forces of violence, related to nationalism, religious intolerance, communal tensions, racial hostilities—each of which have led to much bloodshed in the past. It is perhaps worth noting that even today violence based on religious extremism flourishes most in those parts of the world in which economic activities are low, and gainful employment is hard to find in strained or ravaged markets.

I was personally most fortunate to know Albert well, thanks to my kinship ties with him—through my late wife Eva Colorni, whose mother Ursula was Albert’s sister. Those ties also brought me close to Sarah and other members of the family, thereby further brightening my life. I remember our family chats with the greatest affection, delight, and nostalgia. As we celebrate the remarkable originality, imagination, and sense of priorities that Albert brought to the social sciences, we must also remember his passion for personal relationships and friendships, and his deep interest in the lives of the different kinds of people he met in widely varying phases of his extraordinary career. Hirschman lived a thoroughly integrated life, in which the ordinary and the profound were closely linked with each other. His novel insights were sometimes initiated by his close observation of everyday events, just as they arose, on other occasions, from his reaction to big happenings in history and from his scrutiny of the momentous political, social and economic changes he saw around him. Albert would never shy away from presenting forcefully his challenging perspectives, no matter how the reasoning that led to them originated in his mind.

Hirschman was willing to live dangerously. In fact, his innovative thoughts were in tune with his brave and daring work as a rescuer of the beleaguered and a saver of the targeted from Nazi-dominated Europe in the 1930s. Albert did very unusual and very daring things in his political activities; and he did the same in his intellectual life as well. There has never been anything in the least mundane about Albert Hirschman.

Annie Cot, *University Professor, Université Paris I Panthéon-Sorbonne*

The reader who takes in hand the set of autobiographical essays Albert Hirschman collected twenty years ago under the title *A Propensity to Self-Subversion* discovers, on the front cover, a photograph of a young man, very handsome, with much intensity and strength in his look. His profession: “*interprète*”—interpreter. He has the same initials, AH, the same first name, Albert, and a French last name: Hermant.

This falsified ID document is an invaluable metaphor of the role of Albert Hirschman as a *porteur* between France and the United States. Not only a *porteur* in the proper sense of the term, in Varian Fry’s Resistance network, but also a *porteur* of literary and philosophical references, of new ideas, of new theoretical questions.

This lifelong role appears as engraved
 - in the geography of his personal history;
 - in the inspiration of his thought; and
 - in the influence of his ideas.

1. If one were to draw a map of Albert Hirschman’s numerous travels as a young man, France would appear as a major and permanent milestone. It is for France that he left

Berlin in 1933, reaffirming his rejection of Nazi totalitarianism. It is in France, on the exact day of the declaration of war, that he joined the army after his successive battles in the ranks of the Italian antifascists and the Spanish Republicans. It is in France that he enrolled in the *Résistance* and joined Varian Fry's "Emergency Rescue Committee." And it is to France, with Sarah, that he came back, every year, to write, to spend time with Katia, Alain and their children, and, in summers, to hike in the French Alps.

2. Albert was also a *porteur* for writings and ideas. This immense reader was a reader of Enlightenment authors and political philosophers. This France, the France of the Enlightenment, was Hirschman's France: a European France, breathing towards universality.

He read and used the authors who carried this Enlightenment message throughout the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries. But, most of all, he was a reader of poets, play writers, novelists, all these "players with words"—these "*bricoleurs* with words," to borrow Enrique Cardoso's image—who helped him shape a new theoretical vision of our modernity in terms of sensibilities and representations: from passions to interests, from economic rationality to "hidden rationalities," from the "wisdom of hindsight" to the "folly of foresight", from loyalty to voice or exit.

Here also, Albert was a *porteur*. A few days ago, Katia sent me some of his palindromes, and I was both struck and charmed by the way he liked to mix English, French, Spanish and German in these lines: "ojo / eye / Die ID! / Dieu, tue ID! / Nie Sein! / Très en été belle bête ne sert / Amo idioma / État: State / Io: moi / Io: I": once again, words and ideas travelling together, inseparable ones from the others.

3. Albert was also an efficient *porteur* for his own ideas—one of the most obvious signs for this being the talented and fast translations of his books (and of most of his essays) into French, which he often revised himself.

Albert Hirschman was not only a widely read author in the French intellectual community, he also played a central part in many of the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s debates: he was influential in launching new research perspectives (for Pierre Rosanvallon, for Bernard Manin, for Pierre Birnbaum, for Laurent Thévenot); he maintained what he liked to call "elective affinities" with the political sociologist Michel Crozier; he engaged in a brilliant analytical quarrel with Raymond Boudon *à propos* the definition of perversity in *The Rhetoric of Reaction*.

The scope of his aura obviously exceeded the discipline of economics, which he also largely contributed to expand to other perspectives than the sole formal analysis of market equilibria—with, here again, possibly more influence in France, in Italy, or throughout

Latin America, than in the United States.

The man that we celebrate today always avoided any form of strict definition. His inexhaustible curiosity, for persons and for new theories, his permanent inventiveness, explains why he will remain as a major contemporary in the history of 20th century ideas.

Since his very young age and until the end, he fought all *doxas*, all orthodoxies, all conservatism: in politics, in intellectual debates, in academic life.

It is to this *grand Résistant*, to this great resistant, that I wished today to pay a very affectionate and highly admiring tribute.

William H. Sewell, Jr., *Frank P. Hixon Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of History and Political Science, The University of Chicago*

I first met Albert Hirschman in the fall of 1975. I had just been recruited, along with Quentin Skinner, as a multi-year member at the then very new School of Social Science. The famous scandal over the Schools' attempt to hire Robert Bellah had made it impossible for the School to recruit another full professor, so they had to make do with Quentin and me. We were both very junior—neither of us had published more than a handful of articles at the time. But we were immediately folded into the School's work—for example, recruiting and vetting one-year members and helping write grant proposals. Both Albert and Cliff Geertz were utterly generous and matter of fact about taking us into their counsel and they both took our opinions surprisingly seriously. It was a pleasure and an honor to work with them.

I was immediately won over by Albert's kindness, his wide-ranging intellect, his European cosmopolitanism, and his enormous charm. He bore little resemblance to the aggressive economists I had encountered in my previous position at The University of Chicago; he was highly cultured, interested in all areas of inquiry, and had a wonderfully ironic and self-deprecating sense of humor. At the time we got to know each other, Albert was just finishing *The Passions and the Interests* and was beginning to think about his next book: what he called *Shifting Involvements: Private Interest and Public Action*. I was then working on the French Revolution of 1848—obviously a prominent case of public action that was followed by years of retreat into private concerns. As a consequence, we had a lot to talk about. In both of the books he was writing in these years, and in much of his work before and after, Albert was especially drawn to the puzzling paradoxes of human social life. When I remarked that his field seemed to be whimsical economy as much as political economy, he said there was some truth in my observation and revealed that he kept a file in his desk of what he called “metaphors in search of a referent.” This was a collection of poignant figures of speech and off-beat observations that he felt he might eventually use as

metaphors in his writings—to illuminate yet more paradoxes of the human comedy. What I learned from Albert was not some particular theoretical or methodological approach to the social sciences but an attitude: a willingness to take on intellectual problems that interested me and to follow them wherever they led, without concern for disciplinary boundaries.

One of the great benefits of Albert's presence in the School in the years I was there was the steady flow of enormously talented Latin American scholars he recruited. In those years there were, in particular, a lot of Brazilians. There was Fernando Henrique Cardoso, of course. Another was Jose Serra, a young economist who had gone to Chile to escape persecution by the Brazilian generals and then landed in Princeton as Albert's assistant after Pinochet's coup chased him from Chile. Jose eventually became a Brazilian senator, a celebrated minister of health in Cardoso's cabinet, the Governor of Sao Paulo State, and a two-time candidate for Brazil's presidency. Other Brazilians included the distinguished literary critic Roberto Schwartz and the very young and very leftist Althusserian economist Persio Arida—who subsequently became a Governor of the Central Bank of Brazil and who now runs a major Brazilian asset management firm. Being around Albert in those years made you feel you had your finger on the pulse of the world.

I, of course, can't think of Albert without Sarah, his beautiful and multi-talented wife. Albert and Sarah were extraordinarily generous hosts to the endless stream of members who passed through the School; their presence gave the School a wonderful aura of sophistication and culture. Sarah was a dear friend to me and to my late wife Ellen. And Sarah lived just long enough to also befriend my daughter Jessica, an architectural historian who was a member in the School of Social Science last year. The passing of Sarah and Albert within a year of one another truly marks the end of an era, both for the School of Social Science and for the Institute.

Wolf Lepenies, *Professor Emeritus, Wissenschaftskolleg*

In the fall of 1990, Albert Hirschman wrote a paper with the title "Industrialization and its Manifold Discontents." Actually, this was not the original title because, for the first time since 1932/33 when he attended classes as a freshman at the University of Berlin, Albert had written a scientific paper in his mother tongue. Invited to the Wissenschaftskolleg, Albert, accompanied by Sarah, had returned to Germany for an extended stay for the first time since he left his native Berlin at the age of eighteen in April 1933. After only two months in power, the Nazis had already taken hold of Germany, and it is not difficult to imagine what might have happened to Albert had he stayed only a few weeks longer. At first glance, he did not seem emotionally overwhelmed by his return. Emotions, however, came back when the four of us went to the opera. I will not forget the expression on Albert's face while he listened to *Fidelio*, Beethoven's masterpiece in which compassion

plays a major role—and the yearning for freedom for which Albert himself had fought so bravely in so many places in his youth.

After the five years it had taken him to write his book *The Rhetoric of Reaction*, Albert had promised himself to "stop, look, and listen" in Berlin, i.e., to "experience the city and country without being too tightly programmed." He could not keep this promise, though. Analyzing the fall of communism in Central and Eastern Europe and the re-unification of the two German states was too great an intellectual challenge for him. As could be expected, numerous observers not only in Germany had used insights from Albert's book *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, published in 1970, to come to terms with these unheard-of social surprises—without always agreeing with one another. Somewhat mischievously, Albert asked for permission "for the originator of the exit-voice dichotomy to present his own version of how the concepts [could help to] make sense of recent events." For him this exercise was, as he called it, "a precious point of re-entry" into the country where he was born.

In the coming years, Albert and Sarah returned almost regularly to the Kolleg, where everybody loved them. One year, a young photographer made a portrait of both of them and chose as background the ruins of the house where Albert was born on Hohenzollernstrasse 21, in the center of Berlin. Albert and Sarah quietly smiling before the ruins—it is a wonderful symbol of decency triumphing over a dreadful past. Houses have been rebuilt in the meantime and the street has been renamed; it is, therefore, not easy to identify the location of Albert's birthplace where we would wish to honor him with a plaque. Varian Fry, with whom Albert worked so closely in the Emergency Rescue Committee in Marseille, has a street named after him in Berlin; we will have to wait five years before we can try to get a street named after Albert as well, since this is required by law.

Albert Hirschman was the only person I have met to whom the first term I would spontaneously attribute is *Lauterkeit*, which might be translated as *probity*, or, following the Oxford English Dictionary, as *moral excellence*. In Albert Hirschman, moral and intellectual excellence reinforced each other. Only Albert could convincingly ask for a re-definition and re-assessment of a discipline that he called "a moral-social science, where moral considerations are not repressed or kept apart, but are displayed openly and disarmingly. Such would be, in part, my dream for a social science for our grandchildren." Mainstream social science, economics in particular, has chosen another path—to the detriment of science and society. Now, the time has come for the moral science Albert Hirschman was dreaming of.

Varian Fry called Albert "Beamish," and "Beamish" he remained throughout his life. I remember Albert with admiration and gratitude. Whenever I think of him, whatever the circumstances, cheerfulness is breaking in.

Remembrances of a daughter

Katia Salomon

I have received a message from Eva Monteforte, Albert's youngest sister who lives in Rome. She so wanted to be here but just could not come. Here is her message.

"I am not there with you, but you can be sure that I am thinking of you. We would be sad together and laugh together. OA (she calls my father OA for Otto Albert), would have put on his red tie and we would have told him to take it off, because it was not the right occasion, but we loved him all the same and it was so good to be all together again. When I saw him at home during his illness and I used to sit by his bedside for hours, we did not speak, just both were smiling."

Today I would have liked to speak not only of my father, but also of our tight foursome – of my mother who died just 11 months before and of my sister who left us much too early, 14 years ago. But there is not the time and so I shall just say a sentence or two about each to at least conjure up their presence.

Lisa had perfect pitch. My parents discovered this when she was five. She played the piano, the guitar and sang. She would accompany my father's singing of Schubert lieder. She was beautiful with her blue eyes and blondish thick hair—a real "Marcuse" my father would say proudly (his mother's side of the family). Lisa had an extraordinary capacity to help us stand back from difficult life situations and make us smile and even laugh.

Sarah loved my father so deeply. She had told me, not long before she died, "You know the only thing I wanted was to be with Albert! And it was indeed wonderful." She wrote the detailed notes during the many trips and was, in fact, his star research assistant. In the 1970's she developed her own project, *People & Stories/Gente y Cuentos*, where literature is used as the magical key to open lives to new horizons, dialogue, and self-respect. In the last 13 years a new closeness developed, which grew like a vine around the two of us, as we mourned Lisa and faced Papa's failing health.

My father was the light of my life. He had a wonderful capacity to listen and then thoughtfully respond. I can remember this listening from my youngest childhood. He would tilt his head a bit, listen to me carefully, and, at the same time, he would gaze into

the distance as if already searching for an idea, a response. When he would finally answer, he would turn his gentle gaze directly onto me and share a thought that was never a judgment, and very often accompanied by a funny turn, and a twinkle in his eye.

I met my father in 1945, when I was one and a half years old, in front of the goldfish pond at my grandparents' house in California. He had just returned from the war. The magic of this encounter was an imprint on our lives forever after.

I had complete trust in him. He was an engaged father. He wanted to be sure he was preparing his daughters for life's challenges. I have chosen three stories to share today.

When I was seven, this was 1951, and went to my first dentist appointment in Washington D.C., my father was the one who accompanied me. On the way, he explained that it was possible that the doctor would propose to have my jaw numbed to protect me from any pain. He encouraged me to refuse this proposition so that I could have, precisely, the experience of pain. He explained to me, his seven year old daughter, that it was important to discover my own tolerance to pain. The dentist visit was practical in this way, he explained: you can discover that in fact you can take it, or, at least, get to know the limits of what you can take. This knowledge could come in handy during one's lifetime (of course he was thinking of his recent experiences in various war situations). To the great surprise of the dentist I did refuse the Novocaine, I did withstand the pain, and ever since I continue to test my limits in this private way, respecting this secret pact between my father and myself.

When I was 19, I broke up with my first serious boyfriend. This happened on the eve of the departure of my parents for a long research trip for the World Bank that would take them to India and Pakistan. They were to be gone for many months. They anxiously comforted me; I tried to reassure them. The day of the departure, my father, with a worried look, arrived with a book he was sure would help me. When I saw the titles of the two books contained in this volume I was quite taken aback: *Fear and Trembling* and *The Sickness unto Death*. But as I started to read these texts by Kierkegaard, I realized that my father had given them to me to help me, once again, not fear my pain, but rather build on it, make something of it. And, indeed, this book became my dearest text with words written by a kindred spirit who helped me through many difficult moments.

When I was 22, Alain and I decided to get married during the Christmas vacation—we were both students and we opted for a very small, family-only wedding. This was 1966 and my parents had just moved to Cambridge, into their house on Holden Street. My mother prepared a wonderful meal for the wedding day, but we decided to go out for the dinner on the evening before. My father was in charge of the arrangements. He reserved a private room at the Harvard faculty club. The setting itself was not really appropriate: somber

portraits of former trustees and presidents hanging on dark red walls. As the evening wore on an uncle of mine began to crack ghastly jokes and other male members of the family encouraged him on by responding with laughter. I was appalled and tried to stop it, but was met by more laughter. I got up and left the room. This dinner was so far from perfect!! When we arrived home my father sat me down and, very firmly, admonished me for being so sensitive. He surprised me by saying: “you should be astonished when things turn out well because more often than not they turn out badly or at least very far from our initial vision of perfect happiness.” This invitation to look at the harsh reality of life straight in the eye on this special evening was so very difficult: I wept and wept. The next morning my mother and sister ran up and down the stairs with ice cubes to diminish the puffy eyes of the bride while loudly reproaching my father for his choice of the moment to ask his idealistic daughter to come down from her cloud!

But my father just wanted us to confront and act on life’s unexpected hardships; the comfort would come from having daunted the challenge....

There is so much more to say about my dear, dear father. He loved to play games with Lisa and me. He taught us the game of “*cadavres exquis*” he learned from the Surrealists in Marseilles when he was working with Varian Fry. He would read to us: he read the *Odyssey* aloud and made us dream by repeating and repeating, with wonderment, the beautiful name of Nausicaa! When we had birthday parties he would appear, disguised as a man coming out of the woods, with a face covered with ash and a rough cloth bag flung over his shoulder. He so transformed himself that we could not recognize him until something in the way he took the toys out of the bag gave him away. We would also write poetry together on Sunday mornings. And on Sundays we would often go to a museum—he would explain why he loved a certain Klee, Da Vinci, Durer, or Soutine. He would tell us his latest idea or musings, as we walked on a mountain trail or through a long letter. A blackboard hung in our hallway; upon awakening we would discover progress on the latest palindrome!

To end this gathering I have chosen a Schubert *lied*, “Der Erlkönig,” the words being by my father’s beloved Goethe (you will find these on the last page of your program). It is the forcefulness of this music which makes me feel my father’s presence, which evokes the intensity with which he lived his life.

"Erlkönig"

Franz Schubert D328d (op1), 1815
 On a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Thomas Quasthoff, baritone & Charles Spencer, piano*

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
 Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
 Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
 Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Who rides, so late, through night and wind?
 It is the father with his child;
 He holds the boy safe in his arms,
 He grasps him surely, he keeps him warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
 "Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
 Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
 "Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"My boy, why do you hide your face in fear?"
 "Don't you, father, see the Erl-king there?
 The Erl-king with crown and tail?"
 "My son, it's but a sheet of mist."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
 Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
 Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
 Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"You sweetest child, come, go with me!
 Some fine games I shall play with you;
 Many a gay flower grows on the shore,
 My mother has many a garment of gold."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
 Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
 "Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
 In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"My father, my father, do you not hear,
 What promises Erl-king's whispering to me?"
 "Be calm, stay calm, my child:
 In dry leaves rustles the wind."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
 Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
 Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
 Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Will you, gentle boy, now come with me?
 My daughters shall wait upon you;
 My daughters lead the nightly round,
 They'll rock and dance and sing you to sleep."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
 Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
 "Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
 Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"My father, my father, and don't you there see
 Erl-king's daughters in the unholy spot?"
 "My son, my son, I see it quite clear:
 It is the old willows that seem so grey."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
 Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
 "Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
 Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

"I love you, I'm attracted by your lovely youth,
 And if you aren't willing, I shall use force."
 "My father, my father, he's touching me now!
 Erl-king has done me grievous harm!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
 Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
 Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
 In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

The father shudders, he now rides fast,
 In his arms he holds the groaning boy,
 He reaches the farm with his last strength:
 In his arms the child was dead.

*1995, BMG Music, song text and translation reproduced from CD booklet

APPENDIX

Obituaries and Tributes:

William Yardley, *New York Times*

<http://www.nytimes.com/2012/12/24/business/albert-o-hirschman-economist-and-resistance-figure-dies-at-97.html>

Nicolas Weill, *Le Monde* (in French)

http://www.lemonde.fr/disparitions/article/2012/12/21/albert-hirschman-economiste-engage-et-autosubversif_1809562_3382.html

Annie Cot, *Le Nouvel Observateur* (in French)

<http://bibliobs.nouvelobs.com/essais/20130102.OBS4149/albert-o-hirschman-itineraire-d-un-economiste-libre.html>

José Ramón García Menéndez, *El País* (in Spanish)

http://economia.elpais.com/economia/2012/12/25/actualidad/1356461906_284927.html

Rodrigo Botero Montoya, *El Colombiano* (in Spanish)

http://www.elcolombiano.com/BancoConocimiento/A/albert_hirschman_in_memoriam/_albert_hirschman_in_memoriam.asp

Leopold Fabiani, *La Repubblica* (in Italian)

<http://fabiani.blogautore.repubblica.it/2012/12/15/hirschman-il-militante-della-speranza/>

The Daily Telegraph

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/obituaries/9853626/Albert-Hirschman.html>

Francis Fukuyama, *The American Interest*

<http://blogs.the-american-interest.com/fukuyama/2013/01/06/albert-o-hirschman-1915-2012/>

Santiago Montenegro, *El Espectador* (Colombia)

<http://www.elespectador.com/opinion/columna-395408-albert-hirschman>

Martin Tanaka, *La Republica* (Peru)

<http://www.larepublica.pe/columnistas/virtu-e-fortuna/albert-hirschman-1915-2012-06-01-2013>

Steven Wong, *New Straits Times* (Malaysia)

<http://www.nst.com.my/latest/remembering-hirschman-1.194211>

Robert Kuttner, *The American Prospect*

<http://prospect.org/article/rediscovering-albert-hirschman>

Malcolm Gladwell, *The New Yorker*

http://www.newyorker.com/arts/critics/books/2013/06/24/130624crbo_books_gladwell?currentPage=all

Luca Meldolesi, *Professor emeritus at the University of Naples Federico II*

Learning to Learn: Some Observations

Albert Hirschman's concepts, Fernando Henrique Cardoso wrote, "are instruments which, if utilized with art, modesty, and passion, help us to recognize new facts, to interpret them and to illuminate portions of history and even to construct sequences. Without turning them at the same time into a strait-jacket which would resist the facts." I believe that learning and developing the peculiar turn of mind that Albert employed is of great significance. Something that should be disseminated everywhere: *urbi et orbi*.

Albert was a policy oriented man. When putting together a collection of his papers for publication, I was struck by something that he said to me some time ago: "any idea that is not encouraging is faulty." Was it the voice of his alleged optimism? I doubt it. I think he meant that whatever your predictions for the future (positive or negative), the point is that you should know what to do, even in dreadful conditions (as Albert's story reminds us). Therefore, from a human perspective, we should *not* be discouraged. We should not despair. We simply cannot afford it.

Good ideas are those that encourage you to act in a correct way. They are part of Albert's "possibilism": i.e., of his effort to enlarge the spectrum of human choices so that one may effectively improve one's performance. Of course, Albert learned from Eugenio Colorni that in scientific work we should restrain our sentiments. But he also learned that the human touch cannot be wholly eliminated from what we are doing—contrary for instance to the assumption of so much of economics as generally taught all over the world. The bare "object of the exercise" of even the most abstract analytical notion (i.e. the reason for making the effort to invent it or learn it) should be recognized for what it is: an attempt to

improve (openly or surreptitiously) the world we are actually in. Therefore, analysis and policy, Albert believed, go hand in hand.

Learning from Albert over a long period of time is an experience that I shared initially with a “happy few” (Fernando Henrique included) and one that I tested and circulated among students and friends for many years. To the Hirschmanian propensity “against parsimony” it may be added that, in my experience, the more ways of doing things one finds and tries out in learning from Albert, the better. One may want to learn the way he learned, gradually achieving a certain degree of modesty, ingenuity and skill in processing facts, along with considerable inventiveness both in developing them and, of course, reflecting on them.

On the other hand, one might instead follow an “inverted sequence”—even in learning—asking oneself the Jean-Claude Casanova question: “What would Albert think of this new problem that I face?” Or one might follow the many linkages that connect, and sometimes subvert, his work.

No matter the road taken, however, it must be kept in mind that generally speaking, outcomes in the process of learning are not “once and for all”: often they are a prelude to new developments, sometimes suggested by historical evolution. Take for instance the “infinitely naïve proposals” which allowed the older Albert to free himself from some of the political propositions suggested by his younger self. Of course, there is some groundwork for this in his 1976 paper “Beyond Asymmetry”. But, after Albert’s spirited engagement in Berlin following the fall of the Wall, one may ask: was it conceivable without that previous “infinite naiveté”?

Luca Meldolesi, Professor emeritus at the University of Naples Federico II, was trained in the 1960s as a theoretical economist by Joan Robinson and Piero Sraffa at Cambridge (UK). In the 1970s, he became a professor of history of economic thought at the University of Rome La Sapienza and then a professor of economic policy at the Universities of Calabria and Naples, specializing in the Mezzogiorno and in the working of the Italian State.

He served his country as adviser, as instructor, and then as president of the Committee for the Surfacing of Undeclared Labour [Irregular Work] at the Prime Minister’s Office (1999-2003) and at the Ministry of Labour (2004-2008). His international experience includes France and the United States.

Meldolesi met Albert Hirschman at the Institute for Advanced Study in 1983 and worked with him and kept in touch from then on. He is the author of *Discovering the Possible. The Surprising World of Albert Hirschman* (Notre Dame Univ. Press, 1995). He edited four

collections of Hirschman's papers for Italian readers (1987, 1988, 1990a, 1990b) and recently published *Imparare ad imparare* (Rubbettino, 2013), dedicated to the memory of Albert Hirschman.

