

My Dear Ré,

It is really no surprise that the apple plays such a large rôle in our correspondence, since it has been of symbolic value throughout the history of mankind. It acquired a malicious significance at the time that paradise was lost. Later on Herakles, in performing his twelve acts, had to fetch the apples of the Hesperides from Atlas and at about the same time the ominous Paris organized the beauty contest between Hera, Athene and Aphrodite and then handed his apple to the most beautiful goddess. This provoked a lot of strife in the world. The judge was simply too young and inexperienced; he should simply have divided the "beauty of Boscop," just as was done much later with the "Imperial orb." Formerly smaller or larger pieces were simply cut off it, then they hit on the brilliant idea of cutting it into two pieces. And that set a trend. That's why there are now two Germanys, two Koreas, two Chinas, two Vienams, two Congos, etc.... With the help of the "apple that does not fall far from the tree," the whole doctrine of inheritance has been reduced to one easily remembered sentence. For us, though, the tasty - I almost want to say "masculine" - fruit has become a symbol of indigenoussness, maturity and harvest. If it is lacking, then we have done something wrong. And then: "Little apples, little apples, where are you rolling to?"

Unfortunately they sometimes roll to places where you don't want them to be. But maybe that's our fault, because we think we know where they should roll! If we put our children in the apples' place, a lot of things about their thinking and doing may appear incomprehensible to us. But are we really

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quite innocent about this development, which is so difficult to understand? Progress overran us before we realised the nature of it. At any rate, before we noticed that much was questionable in it. In the tumultuous post-war period we let too much be taken away from us or we gave up too much ourselves, and there is no substitute for that - nothing better anyway. We had thought that we could do without many traditional values, because our reason would demystify everything. People accepted the fact that the basic characteristics of human behavior like perception of authority, respect, obedience, loyalty, love, self-sacrifice, appreciation of beauty, love of truth, etc., were being "unmasked" as physiological mechanisms or lies continued to be told about them by a laughable minority in the possession of the press which imposes "public opinion" on us. The old gods, together with their ideals, were banned, ridiculed or denounced and replaced by "doctrines" which all claimed to lead man finally to true happiness. There is probably some semblance of truth in all these theories, just as many a thing was overdue with the "overcome." But they were not successful in organizing these realisations and the person himself into one big whole and there was no attempt to do so in the sense of the prevailing thought. The old picture of the world had to be demolished, but we are further away than ever from a new concept of the "whole." The younger generation is suffering - consciously or unconsciously - from this situation much more than the older one, which has been able to rescue some values and ideas with the help of tradition. The new purpose for the world and life will not be fulfilled so easily and quickly and it will take some time before we have overcome this "crisis of world history." There has been a series of them: ancient times, Hellenism, Christianity, Renaissance are examples for the Western sphere.

This disrupted, spiritual situation and the general and special developmental conflicts of young people are naturally two different things. Nevertheless they cannot be separated by contemplating the so-called "generation conflicts," since it is not a matter of indifference under which circumstances of world and intellectual history and individual development can be brought about. In this connection the parallels between the present day and the Hellenistic era (time of Greek decline) are striking. So if our young Greeks also have trouble overcoming their problems this is quite understandable, at least up to a certain point, where they can be helped to master their lives. It is probably easier to pass on the values of experience under well-ordered family circumstances than under broken ones, like mine. What and whom does it benefit, if I take the blame on my own shoulders. I mean this of course in a higher sense, in which guilt signifies fate. Anyone who was raised in a wretched climate of opportunism will try in vain to come closer to the thought of destiny. He has nothing to do with Eastern fatalism but is the expression for the arrangement of man in the overall complex of cosmological events. With him reality itself becomes the meaning of world events, which must not be reduced to purely material events and functions.

And I am telling all this to you, a mother who has her head full of so-called generation problems. But perhaps because of that very thing you will be able to understand me best. Your "misunderstandings" are of a different kind, which I would approach with reasonable arguments. This is especially true of the Hajr case. It will come down to the fact that his liaison with the lady who has so many children is very strenuous in the long run. Or does he want to marry her? He must have his reasons and know what he

is doing. If necessary he can get some good advice from his friend. After much experimentation the representatives of the young progressive generation also generally find the solution of their living-eating-sleeping and reproduction problems in the tested form of marriage. People who start a family like this are often so happy that it takes them 5 months to tell their parents about their change of status.

In the meantime Ru. is about to take his preclinical examination, with or without companera. The main thing is to pass it, everything else is completely uninteresting. The evening before I took that same exam. (in those days we took all five subjects in 3 days!) a girl told me she thought she was pregnant. Later it turned out that she had been mistaken, but her mistake caused me some additional worry during the exam. Although, or because the professors knew nothing about it, I passed all the subjects with flying colors. Laughing and crying at the same time, I went on vacation and awaited news of the equally gratifying result of the other part of the "hard test." When it finally came I decided in relief to take more care in the future in my "exam. preparations." The age of the pill spares one worries of this kind, but not, I think, the spiritual conflicts which psychoanalysis is only able to remove after the test deadline is missed. But now an end to this examination nonsense, for if I write any more about this subject the two people in love will long since have passed their exams. I hope with all my heart that this will be the case and send congratulations to the candidates and their parents, also to Junior, who, I understand, passed his exam. so well. He should do his doctorate as soon as possible and set his sights high. Let me make a few plans for your sons, if I cannot do it for my own. It must be frustrated

"paternal instinct." Do your young men also have long, flowing hair and beards? They are only fashionable trivialities, I know, but anyone who does not go along at least shows his nonconformism and his will to strive for an order that is not manipulated. Besides, all of them - Ro, KH and Di - would all look better with humanized haircuts.

And that brings us to your dear husband. Our jury here votes him unanimously to be the best-looking man in the company, but it is as yet undecided whether this judgment can be extended to the entire branch. It is amazing how little hair is necessary to look good! He is regarded as a symbol of sensible, well-balanced living and healthful eating habits. That is why he is still able to achieve so much in the whirlwind of modern industrialized society. Reason also has to prevent us from literally being hassled into sickness through the usual form of economy and life. I assume that you are already preparing for your 17th winter vacation in D. or already [words missing].

While you are admiring the beautiful icicles and frost flowers everything is in full bloom here. The sunflowers that I planted along the inner fence and on compost heaps dominate the scene at present. They are rivaled by the bright red sage bushes, which are also food for the kolibris. After a hesitant beginning the brilliant yellow of the lilies joined in the concert of shapes and colors. The many-colored splendor of our mirabilis jalap (miracle flower) is also indescribable (in the truest sense of the word) this year. You should see these color combinations not only on one and the same bush, but also on each plant and bloom, in order to understand my enthusiasm. Your scientifically educated son could explain to you, by the way,

~~that friends~~

THAT CORRENS (1900) used these flowers for his experiments, through which he re-discovered Mendel's laws of heredity. (see apple monolog!) If I should have the opportunity, I will send you a few bulbs of these "miraculous flowers." The green of the lawn, the ornamental grasses and shrubs and the plants and trees dominates our large garden. In the dry season or when we get a frost in August this world of chlorophyl looks very unattractive. That's enough of that for today and I don't want to scare you again with Latin names, most of which have passed into the language of the country. Many indigenous flowers and plants have only the name of the natives ("wild people") and that of Mr. Linné. It is often very difficult or impossible to identify certain specimens with my inadequate botany books. Your seed company catalogs would not help me much either.

I want to thank you for all the newspaper cuttings which interpreted and illustrated the events in the style of the provincial press. H. Gois' short stories display some good attempts but then they get lost in local banalities, which destroy their literary worth and charm. Their blind hatred for the past system makes them forget every national dignity. I was told of this defect back at the time of the American occupation. The dialect poems, some of which I am familiar with, (e.g. "Fischla tretza") are good reflections of the humor back home. Nevertheless what I liked best was the drawing - in spite of faulty topography(?). Who is the artist? Who has the originals? If they are for sale, "people with money" should buy them up! (I'd like to take this opportunity to make a recommendation for you to pass on: should one of my relatives ever want to give me a present of artistic value, he could do it very easily by sending copper engravings of some European cities, e.g.

Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Zurich, Stuttgart and the like (nothing closer to home, because I want to hang them up - the pictures of course!)

As I sit again on my hill on the asphalt road, my loyal companion Bukschi at my side, I look over the wooded mountain ranges and valleys while people race past me below in their cars. They are all in such a hurry to go somewhere, probably home. Possibly to the next town, in which the first street lamps are already marking the rows of houses. The red lights of the television towers on the highest mountain in the region give greetings to someone who thinks very little of those "magic channels." In the west the last gold of evening and the melancholy of twilight accompanies him on the long sunken road. "Don't even begin to be sad! he thinks, "in the end it will be too much. In any case try not to notice!"

After I got this far in my letter, I received a mountain of letters, etc. But I don't want to get to them, I'll just finish up this epistle to you, since I did not know what else I should talk about in our conversation. The fact that Ro sent me a very long and nice letter may be of comfort to you also after all the worry that a father's heart poured out to you. It is just the eternal ups and downs, with parents worrying about their children. We should not forget how much we also need worry and annoyance, which take up a considerable part of our experience, the rest of which is occupied by less important things. The candid tone of Hajr's letter amused me and raises my expectations concerning our further exchange of views.

As for the problems of being alone, which you touched upon, I want (text ends here).

My dear friend,

Just recently I supplied you with plenty of literature but because of the return of a.H. [abbreviation or name?] and the opportunity to send books that that entailed, and also the report that you had been sick, I am writing now without waiting for an answer from you.

At that time (1969) you sent me a list of books, but then they could not all be sent. Of the rest that remained there, I have no interest, as I wrote you one time, in the following: 1. Slezak, 2. Steiner, 3. Irving, 4. Koestler. Apart from these and the tried and tested literature about certain diseases which the doctor was asked to get, I have a few more wishes. I made a list of them and I would be very happy if these mostly scientific works could be sent to me. If it is not possible to fulfill the whole wish-list you can go by the degree of importance indicated thereon. The titles listed with question marks can be totally or partially eliminated.

I had one more "absurd" remark to make about the package of books.

Apart from the fact that I am extremely grateful for them, it is surprising how little my sons seem to appreciate this opportunity for, let us say, intellectual contact. Does no one think of sending me a book that he likes and asking my opinion about it? Stupid thought? Or what?

As for other "care packages," you are right in thinking that they could also be bought here. They are, of course, a little more expensive. Besides they are devoid (looked on as presents) of sentimental value. Third, normally one does not buy things like that, which one does not absolutely need, because

easy to buy, e.g. the good rubber-soled shoes that you gave me last time and which are only now beginning to wear out, after three years of hard wear! (You can't get the right polish here either). The same is true of "Friodur," or similar brands of razor blades. Of course almost everything can be bought at high prices, but that's just it....

I am sure that this time you will not let the opportunity pass to make me happy by sending me a large number of photographs of all persons, houses, apartments, landscapes, plants, installations, cars, products, etc. It could all be put on a few rolls of color slide film and you would only need to send me the developed films, since we can make the slides ourselves. I'm sure there is a photo artist among you who could do it!

The same opportunity (for dispatching things) leads me to hope for a series of response letters. I would be pleased if the gentlemen would leave more time for this and use the proper [illegible word]. Perhaps you can give reminders about the delivery times so that no one is pressured, since that would inevitably give rise to carelessness.

We have not heard anything new from La for months now. A series of post cards suggests extended travel. It would be very praiseworthy if the planned meeting with the boys could be arranged before the departure of a.H., so that I might learn something about it from the letters. Perhaps the neighboring Olympiad will give an opportunity for a meeting of this kind. (Just an idea!) As an old athlete who experienced the predecessor of this event in

authentic report of it. The press reports that nothing is being spared in the preparations.

Now a word about my illness and the state of my health. About 5 weeks ago I had another severe liver-gall bladder attack which resulted in a gallstone in the rectum. After a long period of self-treatment I was then forced to consult a doctor in a neighboring town. He wanted to operate on me. After complicated X-rays in a hospital, which were then presented to a professor in the capital (as an interesting case), the doctor who was treating me removed a rectal polyp. I had to go to another hospital again for two days. Two days later I passed the "corpus delicti," which had slid up during the operation. The polyp that was removed had prevented the natural passing of the stone. The pathological examination showed that it was benign and the stone consisted 80% of hair (probably from my beard). Now this business is all over, happily but with appropriate costs. Unfortunately the X-rays also showed stones in both kidneys! That explains the back ache I have been having for several years now. Please ask Ru. to get hold of the appropriate literature. I have my doubts about the diet prescribed by the doctor: no milk, no cheese, no tomatoes or spinach, but a lot of beer and mineral water, but one follows the advice "ut liquid fiat!" I also want to refrain from heavy work.

You can imagine that we have passed a few relaxing weeks, not so much because of the illness, but rather....Since the boys were home for the winter

accompaniment. I am very thankful to them for that, and so to (my?)  
parents, who also had their share of inconvenience and worry. It is not so  
easy to express in words what it means to be sick in my position. I thought  
it might be interesting as a fact and that's why I told you.

Since it is not improbable for the stones to wander and lead to colic,  
it would be very beneficial if I had some "Spasmolysin" and "Mo." handy. You  
could ask a.H. to take it with him, or maybe some "more modern" medicine.

I am looking forward to hearing some news from you that will brighten up  
my monotonous existence. Many thanks in advance for your trouble and I hope I  
have not imposed on you too much with my requests.

With best wishes from our house to yours, from all of us to all of you,  
in good health and friendship,

Yours ever,