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Dear Harold, 7 Feb. 1990
When I see, and read, your voluminous
correspondence I am ashamed! You,
after the serious heart surgery are more
energetic and prolific than I on
vacation. Yes, I am ashamed. But
it is easier for me to be ashamed
than to "take pen in hand" and break
my slothness(?). I am old and lazy!
Another reason for my laziness
is my complacency and indifference
in all things political. I've lived long
enough (I was about to say "belong") and
have seen enough in Europe (Russia) the
Middle East, and the U.S.A. ~~and~~ to believe
in the French cliché: "Plus ça change,
plus c'est la même chose." 100% true.
Politics is like the weather, it
cycles and recycles. We have the
seasons; good weather and bad weather.
Storms, hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons, cyclones.

earthquakes; floods, etc, etc. And eventually, the promised rainbow and a period of peace and hope. Then back to chaos and blood letting, Politics = Weather.

I believe that politics is like nature. It doesn't give a damn about ^{you} at any given time. Nature explodes and destroys all life in its path. So does politics. When the time comes, there is revolution, war and destruction of life standing in its way. Good and evil has no meaning in nature or in politics. Good and evil according to Spinoza are human terms. Politicians are not humans.

P.S. Love to Hil, a woman of value!

You are human, all too human. You, like Don Quixote, fight the windmills and in the process gets churned up. You are interested in your roots I am not. I want to forget the hurt of the past. My old roots are dead. I don't care for their prestrokeka. Now it's C.I.A (you know - "love your ass"). I've lost the strength and courage to fight - knowing it's only windmills. I am an old saward, but I admire an old gladiator. In fact I love a bravenan - TOV! ^{LOVE} _{See}