

March 24, 1962

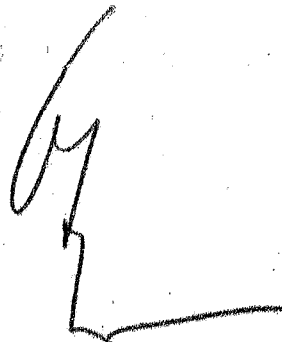
Dear Davids:

While I do not need to write you before you get through my book, the fact that very few people ever seem to get through with it seems to indicate that I would have to wait until the end of my days to hear from you again, and, as due to my schedule these days, I see very little of any of the junior members of the David family and have not even managed to call Roger Woog after his return, I am completely out of touch. The last news was that you marched in February. Now the next act will be twice voting rather than marching - in contrast to my last activity in re politics - I surmise you will vote, at least in May. Newspapers have not mentioned any more bombs in your neighborhood nor in the young man's or the demoiselle's lycee. I, for my part, am preparing a television address on German affairs on which Columbia University was uncautious enough to insist. I trust it will be the first and last time when such a responsible medium will take me on. I tell them that in as much as German industrialists find enough reasons why to go to the Leipzig Fair, I cant see why the existence of the Ulbricht regime cannot be taken as a fact of life.

As to my chance to see you ever again - if you still should be so inclined - it is medium to good. I am still negotiating with the University of Frankfurt and if we arrive at an agreement within the next four weeks, this would bring me into your geographical neighborhood for the entire summer. But even if that should fail, I might give a paper somewhere around the Italian lakes beginning of September. This ~~unsettled~~ unsettled state of affairs leads me to ask you a favor: I cant renew my subscription to Le Monde which runs out April 1 before I know whether I am here or not, but as I need the paper, could you be nice enough to send me (no Air Mail) the copies through April. This will be a distinct contribution to the Professor's academic well being. I

I now wanted to yield the pen to my beloved wife who, however, asserts ~~as~~ the august husband has already used all available energy that and time, of the typist, which just goes to show what miserable services I am getting out of said typist. Am urgently considering a split of functions and acquisition of a new typist. Any proposals for a candidate?

Avec les hommages de Monsieur Kirchheimer, I remain
your obedient servant



December 4th 1962.

Dear Kirchheimers ...all of them !

In as much as I cannot make spokesman a friend who does not speak, or should I say 'write' I sucked on that peacepipe of yours until I felt sweet and mellow and wishy washy. -

Alright with me, what's good enough for the two K's should be good enough for me and just as they do, I'm ready to resume H tests ~~and~~ the drop of a hat, so take it easy and don't ever say anything about sending back the \$20 which anyhow do not belong to you but to my silent friend Peter.

Our children are very pleased with you. Jessica loves her blouse and it's a pity Otto can't see her wearing it and in general stick up for her in his for ever understanding patience with nymphets of her type (although I want to go on record that she has long passed the age and looks of the classical Nymphet even if she seems to remain in it's mental development or underdevelopment and feel quite at ease there what's good enough for a wonderful and reputedly intelligent friend of David's ought to be good enough to go through one's entire life with ... See what you've done, Otto and Anne as usual, faithfully helped you in this attitude even if I can't for the life of me guess her underground reasons. -

But enough of your beautiful young thing. - You'll never know how happy you made our other martyr child. - For weeks before Christmas he hinted at his crime :having sort of asked for a flying model plane in Normandy when you supposedly third degreed him into confessing a wish He was sure you'd forget. "He has so many important things to think of and to teach and he is absentminded anyhow (sic) ". Even when the package came, I softpeddled the problem getting him ready for a disappointment. And when it finally was the real thing ...he screamed and jumped a and sang and carried on something dreadful..... This for the positive part of the present.

On the debit ledger I should mention, that I have two deeply cut fingers, that the plane flies beautifully notwithstanding it's big red bloodstains on both wings (my blood) that Douxie hides in the bedroom upstairs as soon as he sees it and that we all nearly froze our asses off watching the darned thing perform ! Next time you want to spoil my child, come along with the surprise and make it work for him and I'll not complain watching you do it even if the weather is below Zéro I'd even pay for the show ! and I hope Peter's gun makes as much racket in your house and garden as Peter's plane does in ours.- (He tries the engine, holding the plane) inside the house.

Politically as you know the French situation is rapidly deteriorating. De Gaulle's speech was completely pixolated and we even had an OAS bomb exploding the other night here in Neauphle, in front of Professor Mandouze's house. It shook ^{on} the house and we didn't like it one bit. There are lots of other things we don't like, but I hate to make lists, especially long lists. - But we personally, in our little world in Neauphle (since the bombing this world stops at the property line) ~~we are~~, we are happy and filter incoming events and people for misery-fall out or other catching moods.

You put at the end of your letter, in your own inimitable handwriting: "à bientôt, quand même".... never mind the même, we just want to know QUAND ? Alors ?

Love to you all
and to any member of my family
you may see from time to time.



When professors can afford to spend their winter in Florida while supposed capitalists have to spend their winter in bombblasted Neauphle don't mention underpaid intellectuals anymore to me !

March 31, 1963

Dear Charles and Jeanne:

Got your exhaustive letter. Am not up to a literary effort now and only wanted to discuss vacation plans. We have impossible summer programs this year, including Greece and northern Spain. But, if you should go to the place in the Bretagne we could make it possible to squeeze in a week from July 28 or 29 to 3d or 4th of August to join you at your Bretagne place with our new Volkswagen. The dates are not much movable but even if you get there only August 1st we would still have three days together. How do the Davids units feel about it? If you should feel kindly disposed towards such limited common adventure, would you be nice enough to make the necessary reservations for us for a week (three persons, two rooms preferred but not mandatory) at your Breton languoustine heaven.

The other day I had dinner at the Davids who seemed cheerful in spite of the inadequacy of John's boss, who, however does not seem able to bar the road to the Nobel prize for too long a period. Did not see the Sherwins lately, due to strictly localized childrens medical disturbance, but will see them soon.

1400 copies of my idiotic books have been sold in spite of the English. Raetsel: how many would have been sold in decent language; the answer will become clearer when German edition hits the market in September.

Marvelling about Jessica's progress, sorry to miss her

May 14th 1963

My dear Peter,

We haven't as many good reasons for answering letters somewhat late.....no Tennis, no touchtyping (why don't you give us a sample of that....)no New York trips.....just Neauphle garden and house and music and books and a typewriter that takes off when you even look at it.....still we don't write.....there must be some deep psychological reason for it....but we don't care, as long as it stays deep enough and doesn't bother us.

We were happy that you wrote and we are looking forward to your visit.....even if we're a little worried about your saint father's planning. He crams you so full of culture and makes such extensive schedules that if I didn't know his basic unselfishness I might suspect him of wanting to see all those places and cathedrals and temples himself. But I know he does it all for you and your mother and only sort of comes along to open your eyes and souls to gone down civilizations.

You see, we old men have different approaches to death. He's heard about see Naples and die, so he hurries and sees Naples and all other places he might never see if he doesn't hurry. I interpret things completely differently and consider that if I hurry too much and see Naples I'll die, so I travel much less and take it easy and contemplate life through my cherry blossoms or tulips.....It kind of keeps Jeanne somewhat claustrated, but she seems to like that....so we both listen to the travellers who rush by our front door.....and this time it looks as if your plans made even the front door an impossibility. So we'll wait for your noble father's phone call, stay packed and ready, gastanks filled, road maps in the glove compartment....ready to take off to TROYES at a 48 hours' notice. This is fine and we appreciate the Professor's willingness to interrupt his restlessness long enough for a luncheon in Troyes, but we feel that he cuts our ration of Kirchheimers rather skimpily and still hope that if his own conscience doesn't do it, you or your sainte femme de mère might revolt and make him add an hour or two with the Davids.....after all let's face it boldly and speak up, because every time for many years I have taken your venerable father or let him take me to a cathedral I have sensed that thought that it might be the last-time-he-sees-it-look he gives it as he leaves it and that's how he's looked at Chartres for the last 6 times at least.....so why not have the same attitude towards me and say this may be the last time I see him....and after all this thought has better odds than

Chartres because if he may kick bucket, the Cathedral will survive (the K's and DGees willing) but when it comes to me....I'm just as fragile as he is and he would look funny the next time or the next sixth time he sees Chartres while I'm already knowing my tulipbulbs from beneath.....so you see, blackmailing, sentimental blackmailing, the worst sort, does not bother me in the least.....but if his prussian schedules prevail we'll make do with the 127 and one half minutes he may allocate to us in TROYES and Troyes it will be and we'll await the Frankfurt call with baited breath.

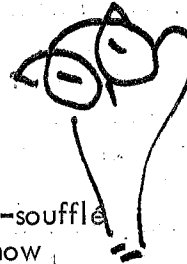
Tell him all this or better still, let him read this letter, after all it's meant for all of you, even if we have a weakness for the younger Kirchheimer generation.....anyhow the above reasoning has a Freudian undertone when it comes from one's son, so let him figure it out himself.

Which brings me to Diplomacy and your searching whether I had been traumatized about it when I was taught.....I don't think so, but I have so many more wicked and amusing ways to dispose of my aggressions that this mental doublecross gymnastic does not excite me in the least, even if I fully understand why my children and my friends' children (not all of them) seem to be able to spend long hours over the game.....Don't get me wrong, I do not feel above it at all, I may not even be up to it, I just get no kick out of it.

As for Go you say you have learned, the new game of GO.....if it's the game John brought over several years ago, the Japanese game, the Japanese took from the Chinese several hundred years ago, the game a master chess player becomes a pretty fair amateur after 5 years of thorough practice.....we'll talk about that for 3 minutes in the time we'll steal from your Pâ in TROYES.....by the way, we might even bring our niece LOIS along to Troyes if she is pretty enough, we know she's bright and pleasant, but she must be an eye full or she won't go.

So please drop us just a short line before you phone us and realize that we'll look forward to the Kirchheimer pikes making waves in our stinking Carp-life.

Love to you all,



P.S. In order not to waste time, maybe the Professor could already inform me of what he wants for lunch. At the LE BOURGOGNE (one star) they have a very good pike-souffle or would he prefer l'Entrecôte Bourguignone ?anyhow the Passicarbone is on us.

Jan. 6, 1964.

Dear Ann and Peter,

That rocket you call husband and father shot through Neauphle and out again but not before we'd opened a bottle of champagne at midnite on the 31st together, had a few meals ensemble, chatted of various and sundry things, seen the opera Wozz^ek and warned him that his pace of life was dangerous and that he should stop it. All in one ear and out the other. He was almost constantly on the go while here not to mention that his plane which was due in on the Saturday night got tempermental about some fog and put it's little group down in Bordeaux instead of Orly. That meant coming in by train and arriving the next morning. He was exhausted, of course. In general it was the usual Otto craziness but we love it and him and it was fun. Just wish he could slow down a bit for his own sake. He proclaimed that it was his last visit to Europe but as he refused to bet with me on it I don't believe him. He tried hard not to show how delighted he was about Peter and Columbia but couldn't resist telling us that the interviewer had told him he would have admitted Peter even if he hadn't been the son of a professor. It is ^a mighty exciting piece of news, Peter and Charles and I popped our buttons when you told us of it.

The records you sent to Jessica and Peter hit the spot. Awakened Jessica to poetry in English and so beautiful too. Peter is playing in a concours this month and what should he have chosen but the Sonate Pathetique of Beethoven! So he listens to your gift with an even keener interest. Now comes our record. It is wonderful. Have you listened to it or had you just heard about it? We've listened to it I don't know how many times and we laugh and love it each time. Mighty elegant presents all but la piece de resistance is my tuna fish! I shall be grateful to you with each mouthful. I have a nice little stock now in the cave and I intend eating it ALL myself.

My better half wants to say hello to you so I shall be off to market and leave the rest of this page to him and his fancy I.B.M. machine. He gave me this old thing, ribbon and all, when he got that monster. I poke away with one finger but it's better than my scribble. *Love, Jeanne*

Let me just add a few words to my palefacetywife...we loved your records and enjoyed your lord and master as much as his restlessness let us. It was fun, but somehow I'm worried about his cramming of things into every second of his long days and getting little else but tiredness and nervewreck out of it.....still you know that even better than I do, only it hits when one sees him so rarely. Anyhow we had lots of wonderful moments together, spoke of you and the mood was very good all the time. He will tell you all about the crazy Davids, so I'm not going to write about us. Peter we love your letters and wish you could come and have fun with us.....still, you will some day. In the meantime enjoy yourself and learn a lot at that good campus you made, even if it is in a disreputable neighbourhood.... And when you have ladies around, keep away from that TV set, Jeanne might jump out of it on some late show and spoil everything just when things were going right.

Lots of love



March 22 nd 1965

Dear Kirchheimers,

You did not have to thank me for the very belated despatch of Otto's print.we should have thanked you for the New Yorker^x and writing letters becomes more and more difficult, so we do appreciate it very much when we get mail, even if with every letter we receive we are reminded of all the things we didn't do or write.

So I'll not hide behind gripes, elections, heating trouble, or many other everyday nuisances.you have an equal amount and we can't impress you every year with a juicy accident and our miraculous escape.

We are going to Hamburg towards the 8th or 9th of next month. If by any chance we can do anything for you, Otto, or see anybody you would like us to see, don't hesitate. We'll do it. I always wanted to take Jeanne to Hamburg so we'll all 4 of us spend a week there and motor back via Sontheim.

Deine Politik und Verfassung habe ich erhalten, aber bisher habe nur die Einleitung und "Politische Justiz" gelesen. I enjoyed it much better than your English book. . . .but there is still too little sex in it for my present state of mind.

Report about us ? We are fine now. Jessica is approaching the Bac and if she makes it, Jeanne will never let anybody even breathe about the superiority or difficulty of the French schoolsystem over the American. She takes it as easy as ever and I'll be speechless if she makes it. . . .and that is rare. - Peter must be underprivileged mentally.he works very hard and hasn't half the time to play and spare of his bachelière sis. I know, Otto," sie hat ihre eigene Wertordnung, aus der ihre Handlung erwächst, dem von ihren Eltern anerkannten System entgegen".and she is pretty.but I'd like to see what you would do if she were in your

*x not to mention that divine TUNA!
Hi - Jeanne*

Studentgroup. Anyhow, comes July, she will jet over to Los Angeles and spend three months in the UESSA to "polish" up her English and in general make herself familiar with her fatherland. She'll plane back in September via New York and maybe you can catch a glimpse of her at the Davids or on a more complicated meeting point selected by you.

By the way.please don't get any complexes about our not writing or making cracks about "la Réunion d'Orly".we were never disgusted with Otto's whirlwindpassage, just a little worried at his Unruhe and what it implies and also regretted to have been cheated of his so rare but pleasant company.especially when it is less hectic and contains a few hours of peaceful chats.

As for your son.whatever our grievances, (and we swear that deep down we have none) against the Professor.his son rates very high on our list. He wrote us a long letter and a real one, not just a thank you letter.and we only hope that someday soon he will show up our way, even if he does beat Jeanne on the Ping Pong table. . . .we like the guy and feel that he would enjoy a while with us and our rythm of living.not to mention the wonderful fights we could get into.

Enough, I hope I've made it clear that there is absolutely nothing wrong between the K's and the Neauphle D's.there never could be.so , "greetings" as you say and a few of our French hugs for all of you.

