

How long, dear friend – how long? I await you with eagerness! So much has happened (so much I must not forget) that I use this time to make an account. And to offer a warning. Everything that follows you will find very strange. I urge you to remember our discussions on chance and, above all, to keep two things in mind.

Where, here, you find difficulties, be assured I have shared them. Where you doubt, I too doubted. I did not guess what is here.

I did not guess it. I did not seek it. Chance. But 'blind' chance? You will see. Soon after our last meeting I returned home and took a short holiday with my wife in Pitsunda on the Black Sea. There, there was a motor accident. My wife was killed, I myself badly injured. I spent some weeks in hospital and more in a sanatorium, a victim of severe depression. My friends, my colleagues, all urged a return to work. I returned to work but could not work. My institute was nothing to me, my former interests of no further interest.

This depression was diagnosed as 'clinical', and I was thereupon transported to a clinic! There I received various treatments, none of avail; and there presently a certain academician began paying me visits.

This academician was only vaguely familiar to me, yet it was soon apparent that he had the liveliest and most knowledgeable interest in my affairs. He had fully consulted my doctors, was aware of my domestic situation; and of course of my publications. In a series of conversations he