

2 Post cards

Winter sun in the Black Forest

Jan. 25, 1937

Dear friend! Only a brief word of thanks for your friendly words about the book. But at your wish to have been near me during the work, my wife and I had to laugh (out loud; "hinans" in this context is not translatable). It was not particularly *peletable*, and at the end I was so fed up with the matter that I simply did not want any more, when my conscience told me that now an index should be made. Now I am sitting at the English proofs. If the translation was a boundless drudgery, so are the proofs, too. Well-wishing helpers - but this, please between us - have

cleansed my certainly deficient translation of many a spot [flaw] but often also of all logical subtlety; not infrequently the meaning has been inverted just into its opposite by wrong particles, so that it must catch hellishly that no unintelligible nonsense goes (welts) through the lands of English tongue. Soon I

shall be finished with that too.

I find [that] a zoologist who does not do research but only studies and teaches, as I [do] at the moment, leads a gourmand's life (*Schlemmerleben*), of which the students also get a share.

Sometime later I ~~would~~ would be ~~very~~ very glad to receive [your] discussion and critique in detail. The echo [of the book] is still rather lacking [wanting].

cordial greetings from my wife and myself to yours.

on the margin: The title on the book

Yours H.S.

binding is by Rudo [only on the German edition]