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Americans living permanently abroad occurred to me always as somewhat exotic, and this member of the Class of 1969 never dreamed he would enter this “exclusive” group. It happened literally by accident. In 1977 I came to Bern, Switzerland, with the intention of spending a few months. Subsequently, however, I found myself until 1979 in Dornach, Switzerland (near Basel), in the “Naturwissenschaftlichestudienjahr” (that’s a long one), translated Natural Sciences Study Year at the Anthroposophical Goetheanum. In July 1979 I was working in Germany for a firm making natural homeopathic medicines and cosmetics. Doing what? Managing an IBM computer, of course. (Remember EAS 454?) Continuing occupation with “lights and flashes.” Then fate struck home. While riding a moped in Southern Germany I was hit in the middle of the night by a drunken driver—hit and run. For three years my left leg from the hip to the ankle was able to enjoy the benefits of modem medicine: five operations on the leg over three-and-a-half years, three surgical osteosynthesis plates, one osteosynthesis rod, and thirty-three wonderful bone screws—all at once! Talk about getting screwed! The accident kept me here in Germany for four years, and then I decided for the luck of it to try to study medicine here myself. I was accepted as a medical student at the University of Witten/Herdecke, Germany’s first private university. (Physics at Yale opened the door here.) Medical school here is long, exacting, and performed with German thoroughness. After seven years I became Dr.Med. in October 1990. Now I’m a resident in the Department of Neurosurgery in our University Clinic. Zeta Psi and other friends at Yale can breathe easy that I’m over here—remembering many an excessive evening in New Haven (Voompah!), there are probably more classmates who would rather see their expensively used brains under the knife of Dr. Frankenstein than under the knife of Dr. Voompah. (Greetings to my colleague Dr. Howard Dean, Yale 1972, Hon. Governor of Vermont—also a late bloomer.) My parents passed away in the last four years, but with their help I’ve purchased a house here, and after fourteen years in Germany (seventeen years in Europe) I’ve finally received permanent resident status here. The blond German nurse with the irresistible big pearly white smile and “legs that go on for miles and miles” still eludes me, however. She was with me on Long Island last September (Fire Island Beaches, Cherry Grove), but now, alas, is studying logotherapy elsewhere from my now somewhat less happy hospital. What did Frank Sinatra once say? “New York, New York” or “That’s Life?”

From 1970 until 1972 I worked with the computer for Citibank, NASA, and the Smithsonian Observatory in Boston. (Our group discovered the Black Holes—see Sidney Greenspan, “Frozen Star,” UHURU.) Then I spent three years working with mentally handicapped children in the Camphill Special Schools, Glenmore, Pennsylvania (based on the work of Rudolf Steiner). Then off to Europe where I still am: fixing slipped discs and hoping to persuade the blond German nurse to spend the summer with me on the Greek Islands.

Greetings and love to everybody, your Bob.