

Very often it is difficult to know where one's set of values come from, but I have no difficulty in tracing mine to the children's tales which my mother used to tell me. My addiction to the truth is traceable to these tales and so is my predilection for "Saving of the World."

7/12/67



The only addiction of which I am aware is my addiction to truth. It is rarely possible to trace the sources of a man's addiction, but in my case I have no difficulty in tracing my own addiction to the truth to the tales which my mother told me when I was a child. My mother was fond of telling tales to her children and she always had some particular purpose in mind. Why she wanted to inculcate addiction to truth in her children is not clear to me. I remember one story which made a deep impression on me, about my grandfather. My grandfather was a high school student at the time of the Hungarian Revolution in 1848. In high school, when the children were waiting for the teachers to turn up, it was customary in Hungary for one child to keep watch. It was his task ~~of keeping~~ <sup>to keep</sup> a list of those children who were disorderly, and when the teacher came to class he was supposed to submit the list of these disorderly children to the teacher for punishment. In the particular case of the story which my mother told me, the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 was on. A troop of soldiers was marching by the school and a number of children violated orders by leaving the class<sup>room</sup> and lining the street and cheering the soldiers. My grandfather, who was supposed to keep watch on disorderly children, joined those who left the school building and cheered the soldiers. When the teacher turned up for class, all<sup>the</sup> children were back in the classroom and my grandfather rendered his report. He gave the teacher the list of those children who violated orders and went out to the street, and this list included his own name. The teacher was so much taken aback by this frankness that nobody was punished.



I remember that I was a very sensitive child and somewhat high-strung, and I couldn't say that I had a happy childhood, but my childhood was not unhappy either. For some reason or other I was frequently ill up to the age of ten, and I did not go much to school. I had mostly instruction at home.



1. Childhood

No documents