

Dear friends!

My son Tadeusz forwards my farewell. After a life completed on the 16th February 2023 that was much simpler than it often seemed, I want to thank you for all the help that made it even easier.

At boarding school, in St. Peter-Ording of the 1950s/60s, Wolfgang Graeser ("Grassi") helped to make life less complicated. Our fathers had died in Hitler's wars, his as a military doctor in Russia, mine as a submarine commander off Canada's Newfoundland. Fatherlessness was considered a bad omen for our future. Therefore, we were punished more carefully for misdeeds than our peers. In our long hours of house arrest we recited our favorite ballads. Winner was who could remember more of the forgotten verses. Grassi was usually in front, but also always chewed on flat smoked sausages. I never figured out the source of these Landjäger but I liked them, too, and he wasn't stingy. Grassi became an anesthesiologist. I am the killer if something goes wrong, he wrote me early on. With his big heart, it was only appropriate that he became director of one of the largest miners' hospital in the Ruhr district.

In the 1980s and 1990s, Heribert Illig was an outstanding partner in working out a stratigraphy-based chronology from Ancient Egypt via Mesopotamia to India and China. Yet, I know that my rediscovery of the supposedly untraceable Chaldaean (Antiquity's most erudite nation) in the "Sumerians" (unknown up to their invention by Jules Oppert in 1868) that called themselves the People of Kalam, still must wait for a serious debate. Through all the same years, Milton Zysman (1939-2019), a man of genius, gave me a roof over the head in Toronto where I could do research for my books on pre-Christian Antiquity at the formidable Robarts Research Library.

Frank Decker has devoted some of the best years of his life to present and improve in English the property/ownership theory of money and interest that, since 1982, I had developed with my late friend, Otto Steiger (1938-2008). Fredmund Malik (Malik Management Zentrum; MSZ; St Gallen) and Maurice Pedergrana (Hochschule Luzern and Institut für Finanzdienstleistungen; IFZ/Zug) have ensured the dissemination of Ownership Economics in Switzerland through the curricula of their academies.

For many decades, Clark Whelton's selfless editing work ensured the completion of many of my texts in English. The years from 2011 to 2023 have burdened him, a former senior speechwriter of New York's mayors, with an additional field of research. The 1000, mostly poorly lit, years of the first millennium AD have substance for only 300 years, that, eventually, provide well understandable history if we replace our Anno Domini chronology by scientific stratigraphy. My multi-lingual publisher, Anne-Marie de Grazia (quantavolution magazine/q-mag) patiently but determinedly saw to it that this pretty strange work became accessible to the public.

In 2010, when a public campaign in Germany tried to ostracize me, Hans-Jürgen Hübner, assisted by Helmut Diez, emerged as a fair and fearless online guardian of my reputation. I had suggested - in Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung - President Clinton's social policy also for Germany. Every citizen is born with the right to 5 years of social welfare. He can economize it, take it in one batch or in tranches or not at all. Generous

help should be given in real need, but welfare as a lifelong pattern of existence at the expense of fellow citizens was to be terminated. I was made out to be an enemy of the people in media or in public transportation and restaurants where colleagues and common citizen yelled at me. My university office was made inaccessible by injecting superglue into the lock. I no longer dared to bring my family from Gdansk to Bremen on weekends. Then Peter Mikolasch emerged as a savior and offered me an exile in Lower Austria. That put my nervousness to rest.

Peter Sloterdijk saved *Söhne und Weltmacht* from oblivion. This helped me to introduce the subject of war demography at Rome's NATO Defense College. They let me teach it from 2011 to 2020. This provided countless opportunities to examine my shortening of the first millennium AD at many of Italy's finest excavation sites

In 1976, Ruth Lahav, Tony Rigg, and Dori Derdikman took me, a complete stranger, to their home when I came to Jerusalem. They knew that they could count on me when the threats against Israel became unbearable. Poland, where I escaped the Red Army in 1944, gifted me with my nanny, Irena Przytarska, and, half a century later, with my beloved wife, Joanna Sidorczak-Heinsohn.

My seventieth year was nicer than my sixtieth. Alas, this consoling trend could not be continued in my eightieth.

Good luck and goodbye, as Mel Brooks would put it, from Gdańsk/Danzig, where I was born and where I died in the safety of my home and the solidarity of my Polish friends who have fought for freedom at the risk of their lives. My woes turned out to be laughable compared to theirs.

Gunnar Heinsohn (1943-2023)