

AIRMAIL



Sr. Nemesio & Sra. Patricia Antunez  
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March 15, 1989

Dear Ones, Nemesio and Patricia,

Since our beautiful last evening and supper with you, Ann and I have been in a maelstrom of activities, conferences, visitors, and household plumbing crises.

We have not seen Paul and Meme Harris yet. On the telephone Paul was deeply moved to hear our news of you both and Luis Olivarez, but no more moved than we at your taking us into your hearts and home as you did. There were many extraordinary experiences for us in South America and Antarctica, but the memories that come back to us with the greatest warmth and vividness are just those times with you, the two dinners in your garden, and walks back to the hotel and the visit to the Olivarez family in Conchali. We treasure also the two prints which will be framed and will be a reminder of our times with you.

I felt especially close to you, Nemesio, on our last walk to the hotel when you told me and then Ann about the relationship, or the lack of it, with your brother. Since arriving home I have heard two very similar examples between sisters which reminded me of your dilemma.

My secretary's older sister died last week, bitter and alienated to the end feeling that my secretary took the love of their parents away from her and favored her in spite of all efforts of rapprochement. In the other case, the younger daughter of a dear friend of mine recently physically attacked her sister after an irrational argument about her father's caring more about the older one. In that example, the father was closer to the older sister; but in the other one, my secretary felt unloved and certainly not the favorite. The dynamics of such sad relationships have each their own individual patterns. My older brother and I were alienated until late adolescence. He was my father's favorite and I was my mother's. We were able to make up and have been friends ever since although utterly different in political and social convictions.

We certainly had a interesting time seeing Buenos Aires briefly with my Yale classmate friend, Goar Mestre. It turns out that he is a highly respected and rich businessman originally from Cuba. We spent four days with him and his wife at Punta del Este, the resort of the decadent rich for three months each year. We liked the Mestres and their other house guests, the Spanish Ambassador to Chile, Felix Fernandez-Shaw, and his wife; but the parties to which we were treated demonstrated an aristocracy

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in which social values were simply ignored.

We came away with our first love for your country which is so much like California. We are enormously saddened by the sudden boycott against Chilean fruit which has just occurred because of finding a tiny bit of cyanide in some grapes. It will make a real hardship for your country, I imagine, and hopefully will be cleared up soon.

You may have heard that in this country we have become highly allergic to crazy people putting poison in packages of medications in pharmacies, three times in the past few years. It has resulted in massive recall of all these medications nationally and completely new tamper-proof packaging. Alas, that cannot be done with fresh fruit. It is a bit like precautions in airports against airplane violence which has become so complex and time consuming. Any cameras or electronic equipment which we now travel with will probably have to be individually examined for explosive devices.

Regarding the possibility of your being a guest lecturer on one of the Society Expedition ships to the Antarctica or elsewhere, I have not been able to reach the director yet.

We hope to see Paul and Meme next week in Bolinas and will send you a further report. We can only hope that you two or three may come to California one day and visit us here. Also please let us know any time whether there is some errand in this country or article of supply you might need that is unavailable there.

I have bought some good Chilean wine, and we shall salute you with great thanks and affection.

*George (and for Ann)*