

March 1, 1968  
Friday

Dear Mama & Johnny –

*Do you love your daughter/sister Tiffy? Do you wish her all the best no matter where in this harsh, cruel, anti-American world she is? Do you think she is beautiful, charming, intelligent, and just generally cool (also nice to boot)? Would you do her a favor which she would fantastically appreciate, especially if it is done as rapidly as humanly possible, considering the world situation, the State of the Nation, and the price of tea in China? (You can use some of my paycheck money you have to do it).*

*It's really a small favor, but the most important thing is that it be done soon. Johnny, I know it'll be a hassle, but would you please get me a copy of "Try a Little Tenderness" by Otis Redding? PLEASE, John? Right away? And, Mama, could you then send it airmail, right away, to our Mannheim address (before March 16 if possible)? I know it's a strange request but it's a long, long story which would take pages to write & involves a band we met at a club here in Mannheim. Any expense that the whole thing causes you can be taken out of my paycheck money.*

*We are all well, but tired and recovering from a fantastic German holiday called Fasching, at which time all of Germany becomes a little boy wearing a cowboy hat. Honestly, it's wild – they dance in the streets, party day & nite, & just generally carry on as if they had lost their minds. It all builds up for a month to the last 3 days before Lent, & it's really incredible. We are all getting jobs, Kitty & Laura as go go girls with a band (different band than one just mentioned), and me hopefully doing au pair work with American family here in Mannheim (a pity it had to be Mannheim but, oh well). Larry & Mike went to Rome 2 weeks ago & we just got a letter from Pisa saying they were going to Morocco?!!? Oh, well, you never know.*

*Anyway I must close now as must go visit the family I need a job with. Love to all, and –*

*PLEASE try & send me the record!*

*Love,*

*Tiffy*

March 1, 1968  
Later Friday

*Dear Family,*

*Why have you not to me written (as they would say in German)? I got Sally's letter & it was really neat & funny & typically Sally – but – what about my little family? Write soon, please!*

*Anyway, to explain somewhat my request. As I said, it's a long story, starting about 2 weeks ago, or longer. We have been looking for jobs at the military bases in Heidelberg, Mannheim, & Worms but mostly get no soap because we are (a) under 21 and (b) are not military dependents. At the places under non-appropriated funds like the PX and the Officers Clubs they (a) don't need anyone or (b) hire only Germans. Despair! So at one Officers Club the Sergeant in charge said that his "errand boy" had a band & wanted 2 go go girls, so K & L decided to try out for the job. As of yesterday that seemed to have gone kaput (a popular German expression). Here's what happened. The guy who worked at the officer's club is named Robbie and is the son of the Ethiopian ambassador to Bonn. He came to our hotel room with a 30 D.M. bottle of cognac (30 D.M.! That's \$7.50 & we spend that much in a week!) and the guy who really runs the bands, whose name is Leroy English (he's an American). They brought a tape recorder so K & L could practice dancing. Well, that was in the middle of Fasching & ended up with Laura sick from drinking too much, Robbie madly in love with Kitty, Leroy madly in love with me, our landlady & a strange man having drinks in our room, Laura locking herself in the bathroom, and another strange man walking around the corridors in his pajamas & bathrobe. Act II featured us 3 & Robbie going out to some clubs that nite, one being a place called the Schwabinger Club featuring a band called The Crazy Group, who we really thought were good, tho we didn't stay there long. After we parted from Robbie that night we never saw him or Leroy any more till yesterday, so that was the end of that (for awhile).*

*Next night K & L wanted to go back to see The Crazy Group, but I stayed home as I didn't want to spend the money, altho I did go the next time...and the next time...and the next time. The upshot of this was that we fell madly in love with this band & kept going to the club and then visiting them upstairs where they lived afterwards. They play almost all kinds of music but are primarily Soul - & amazingly enough, are quite good. They have an organist-singer named Pytt pronounced "Pete"), bass player Jacques, drummer Rene, guitarist Frinz & singer-leader Robert Williams. All are Dutch, tho they speak fluent German and pretty good English as well as Dutch. Some even speak French & Italian & God only know what all else. We all got paired off – me with Jacques, Kitty & Pytt, & Robert with Laura (Robert & Laura together are super-funny). Except Robert was determined to make love to Laura ("So – we will be friends – we make love!" ... "Robert! Get your hand out of there!") and she kept putting him down so he got really mad once & threw her out but apologized next day. Anyway they left for Munich early Friday & wanted us all to go with them & get free food & board, but we really couldn't, altho we are going to go see them sometime. Anyway, Pytt was trying to*

persuade us to go the other nite, & Laura says, “But I don’t think Robert will like it. Robert doesn’t like me.” Pytt looked confused. “Why?” he says. “Well,” Laura clarifies, “I keep saying ‘no’ to him.” Pete thinks a minute. “Oh, well,” he beams enthusiastically, generously, “You can have the drummer, then!” It cracked us up, it was so European. Actually the drummer is very groovy – looks very much like George Harrison. Anyway. The Crazy Group (altho they have an awful name) put on a very good show – part of it is a minor freak out. Both Pytt and Jacques climb on top of the organ, playing their instruments all the while, while Frinz curls up on the floor with his guitar and Robert strips down to a black bikini bathing suit, reaching the bikini at about the time Jacques leaps into the audience and starts playing the bass with his feet. Meanwhile one of the waiters sets fire to a box of matches. One thing that is very odd about their performance (or any European band’s performance) is the lyrics to the English songs. Weird - Like “As Tears Go By”:

*It is the evening of the day  
I sit and watch the children play  
I will have her love forever  
As tears go by  
I sit and watch as tears go by ....*

Plus they pronounce Cold Sweat as “Cold Sweet” and “Funky Broadway” as “Fucky Broadway” – unfortunately! It’s very strange to listen to them. And also, they often sing half in German and half in English. Oh, anyway, Jacques really is crazy about “Try a Little Tenderness”, only you can’t get it over here at all, so I thought it would be nice to get him a copy. Only it has to be soon since they won’t be in Munich long and don’t know where they are going next. So, thanks for sending the record. Oh, also, they have a little dog named Crazy who travels with them who is really neat, who came from Italy (the band travels all over Europe & also appears on tv).

This is the next day. Yesterday while I was writing page 2 of this letter on the tram going out to Käfertal Wald (the military base), this huge dark man sat down opposite me and started babbling in German at me about what I was writing. Feeling perfectly safe I told him in German that I couldn’t speak German as I am an American. He immediately came out with a delighted stream of broken English, clasped my hand and discovered my name and the name of the hotel we’re at. I was so stunned all this information just came out. Later he switched to French because he’s Polish - & he’s crazy! Really, because it turns out that Leroy knows him and said he’s been in mental institutions & stuff. So he turned up here 3 times today while I put on Kitty’s 3¢ Bob Goldberg engagement ring, moaned loudly under the covers while Laura explained that I’m (a) engaged (b) sick and (c) going back to the States tomorrow. So maybe we got rid of him. Horrors!

*Meanwhile last night we went out with Leroy & Robbie and happened to mention Robert & his band, & suddenly Leroy went into sort of a frantic foaming fit, shouting that Robert did him dirty in England and that he, Leroy, was going to go to München and kill Robert with his bare hands, slowly. He wouldn't tell us what Robert did but he was incensed. So we quick dashed off a letter to Robert today warning him to be on the lookout for a wild man with a grudge and are hoping for the best. Plus tonite K & L were supposed to start dancing with Leroy & Robbie's band but they never showed up, so we're really mad. While we were waiting for them, tho, Ekalt (the Heidelberg med student) called and said he would come see us, but we got cut off before he said when. It'll be good to see him again as he's quite nice (and normal) (we hope).*

*I went to see the American family as I was going to visit but decided not to take the job. Mrs. Sirkis was very nice – a very intelligent, sensible woman (unlike many of these military wives) who writes books about dolls. But I would make \$60 a month and only get off 1 day a week, and I don't want to tie myself down until I really need money. Apparently it is not too hard to get au pair jobs like that – we were put on to this one not by the Americans but by the German Labor office here in Mannheim. So all we have to do when we really want au pair work is go to a Labor Office near one of the bases. They are much more helpful than the Americans, actually. I may try to make it all the way to September by not working. When I turn 21 I can easily get a job at a base. Even when they had a freeze on they were hiring clerk-stenos.*

*The weather, which was unbelievably bad (really, rain every day) for 3 weeks suddenly cleared up after Fasching and now it's gorgeous – sunny and warmer every day. Oh, I also decided to save money by rolling my own cigarettes (Larry & Mike started doing that long ago) and I'm coming along reasonably well at it. Larry and Mike for some reason have gone to Morocco. Last we heard from them they were in Pisa waiting 12 ½ hours for a train to somewhere and watching drunken Italians sleep in the waiting room. They didn't like Italy at all – said it was dirty and gross. But they did find Larry's girlfriend who is at school in Rome & apparently had fun with her and her friends. We have no idea how they are getting to Morocco or when they are returning, if ever. They sent no return address. But, anyway, they made it from here to Rome in 28 hours, which is pretty good. Apparently the Italians drive like maniacs and L & M feared for their lives.*

*Oh, there is still another character we met, a 20 year old German boy named Joachim (impossible to convey the pronunciation) from Berlin who ran away from home because his parents wouldn't let him go to Switzerland to work as a cook for his girlfriend's family. He's really weird. Larry met him at the Youth Hostel, & he tends to say things like, "You give me a cigarette please," in a very demanding voice while he appropriates one of your cigarettes. Also he got involved in turning a burglar in to the Polizei, and in a fight over half a chocolate bar in a tavern somewhere around here.*

*But the chocolate bar was his and he won the fight. Anyway, he found a job in Stuttgart, a ways south of here and has gone on to greener pastures. We have met some nice people, too. I told Susan about Farid, the groovy, groovy Algerian we met at the hostel. His visa & passport ran out, tho, so he went to France to get them renewed, but will return to Germany soon to learn German at the University of Saarbrücken.<sup>1</sup> It's neat, from here we are within a day or a day & a half hitch hiking distance from France, Luxembourg, Switzerland, & Austria.*

*Kitty has gone to bed, Laura & I are drinking coffee while Laura prepares the table for yet another game of Solitaire, and a whole mess of Germans are downstairs playing the piano and singing happy German songs. When we first got to this hotel we were under the distinct impression that it was a whorehouse but now we think not. Our proprietress, Maria, doesn't speak any English but she's very funny & nice and seems to like us, even when we come home at 5 in the morning. Oh, we make coffee & hard boiled eggs with a pot & heating coil we bought in Heidelberg. That's another long story. We met a man at the American express office in Heidelberg who had lived in Philadelphia and Baltimore (he said Baltimore with a Maryland accent!) who immediately took us to his heart. Apparently he's like Grace – a connoisseur of sales & bargains, as he took us all over Heidelberg showing us where to get cheap cups of coffee and cans of peas on sale, etc. And he put us on to where to get the heating coil. The Germans are very friendly. Every time we get into a predicament, some nice German will go way out of his or her way to help us out. It never fails. And Ekalt was one of the nicest because he helped us out when the boys were with us, which is very rare.*

*German cuss word: "Scheiss"! (means same as "Shit!")*

*We can't understand what's been happening with Kitty's mail. Since we left home nearly 2 months ago, she has received ONE (1) letter! That was back in London & it was from her mother. She's written dozens of great letters & no one writes back to her. It's really gross, because one tends to want news from home very bad, as you can imagine. Poor Kitty.*

*Our favorite food: Yoghurt. No kidding. We love it, especially for breakfast. Not plain, but fruit flavors as well as chocolate, hazelnut & vanilla. It only costs between 45 & 60 pf. a carton, which is cheap. I know, to save trouble I'll give you German money values:*

*1 D.M. = 25¢*

*100 pfennigs = 1 D.M.*

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<sup>1</sup> He sent us a card from Paris.

*Oh wow – tomorrow we get to take our weekly bath (costs 2 D.M.)! On that happy note, I'll close.*

*Love to all,*

*Tif*

*p.s. Please\_call Kitty's mother (PO2-4367) & tell her Kitty is suicidal over receiving no mail & that she better write!*

Dear Robert,

We went to another club in Worms last night and the band was so bad we almost vomited when they tried to play "Soulfinger" – your song! The people we went with were the managers of the band we are going to dance with, Leroy English and Robbie. During the evening, we mentioned that we had danced often with your group and that we thought you were very good. As soon as your name came up, Leroy went into a fit of anger which lasted the entire evening. He says you knew him in England by the name of Larry, and that you did something so horrible to him that he wants to either kill you or ruin you for life. He says that if he had known you were at the Schwabinger Club, he would have killed you then. We had already told him you all went to Munich, and now he swears he will find out what club you are playing in and harm you. We don't think that you are the same Robert Williams he thinks you are, but we are afraid that he will send a friend who has no idea who you really are to do his dirty work. We pretended not to know what club you were going to play at, but he says he can find out. Leroy (or "Larry") is very, very angry and we are very worried because we don't want anything to happen to you. Please be very careful and we will try to tell Leroy that you are not the person he hates. Please send us that picture of the 5 of you standing near the trees outdoors, so that we can show it to Leroy. Then we can make him see that you aren't the same person.

p.s. You will have to start another portfolio of warning letters.

## March

Europe...from the inside of Fifi's room

The room of Fifi the Hungarian waiter at the Schwabinger Club in Germany has the same dimensions as his bed and is not much bigger. At one end of it is the door, and if you take six short steps from the door you are facing the window, with the narrow, lumpy single bed on the left, a bleak light blue wall on the right and, in front of you, under the window, a little bed table. On the bed table is a clock which ticks very loudly between 5:00 in the morning and 1:00 in the afternoon. Halfway between the door and the window across from the bed is a faded, scratched and dusty wardrobe made of some dark wood, and at the foot of the bed is a small round table with a tablecloth covering it and a disheartening clutter of glasses, bottles, old paper napkins and miscellaneous utensils on it. Fifi has pictures on the wall; beside his bed, black and white photographs he has cut out of magazines: almost all are girly pictures, but surprisingly wholesome girly pictures: Fifi's lechery has confined itself almost entirely to young girls in bikini bathing suits lounging about on resort terraces. One exception is an amateurish but reasonably good drawing of a half nude girl executing some sort of acrobatic feat on one leg. Her arms are outstretched and her breasts, carefully and lovingly shaded with the flat side of a pencil, billow out from her collarbone like great mushrooms. The other exception is a magazine photo of a slender young housewife in a shapeless housedress and apron. She is leaning against a washing machine, her arms crossed, her kerchief-wrapped head thrown back to expose a self-consciously friendly smile, and all around her are clusters of bikini-clad young sun worshippers in sunglasses stretched out on the terraces of expensive resorts.

Beside the door, where you can see them if you are laying in Fifi's bed with your head propped up, are more magazine cutouts. The most noticeable is a full page photo of Sophia Loren's face, all burning, soulful, slanted eyes and wide, slightly-parted lips.

Fifi's ceiling is chalk white; his floor is covered with old yellow newspapers; in the early hours of the morning you can hear the sound of trolley cars going by outside the window.

European men and American men....with the Americans you have the rapport, the instant communication, the common background, the "You, remember when we used to play duck-duck goose when we were kids," the, oh my God it's good to hear someone who speaks English so you don't have to talk slow and watch your idioms. But then you also have the brashness, the ethnocentric, egotistical "let's show these Europeans how to dance" attitude, the boldness that borders on crudity, the chip on the shoulder, the loudness, and the plain old bullheaded obviousness about everything. The European has the immediate drawback of being hard to get to know - or maybe just hard to get to: you don't speak his language too well and maybe he doesn't speak yours much either, you've been brought up in different physical, emotional, and intellectual backgrounds, and it's hard to hit a common ground even if you communicate. But the aura of mystery resulting from this difficulty in communication can also be an advantage for the European because it makes him fascinating, a puzzle, a tough nut to crack, a challenge. He is also less of a troublemaker, though usually more immediately and totally aggressive sexually. But there is something healthy about his attitude toward sex; he is franker while being more direct. He seems to be proposing a natural act which is enjoyable for human beings to engage in, while the American, on the other hand, is still old fashioned enough to regard sex as a conquest and nothing more...

The blue and white Mercedes Benz symbol outside our window has been driving me crazy for some time now. When we first came here, I liked it; there was something thought-provoking about the blue circle trisected by three white lines meeting in the middle. I even wanted to write to Truman about it. But when, night after night it glowed unblinking, showing itself in the night even through our two layers of drapes, never changing shape or color, never burning out or getting larger or smaller, never meaning more or less than it ever meant, never being closer or farther away than the building across the street, it came to symbolize all that is frustrating and useless about Mannheim. It came to symbolize sleepless

nights and lonely solitaire games played on the periphery of Fasching gaiety. It came to mean, no English books to read and nowhere to go tomorrow, and no jobs in Mannheim. And the desire to turn it into a peace symbol by drawing one more white line from the center straight down grew into a nagging hopeless need more desperate than that inspired by English To Let signs, which make you ache to stick an "i" between the "o" and the "L".

And now it's morning and Kitty and Laura are still asleep while I'm awake. That is because I, who have been totaled with a cold, have been getting more than my share of sleep lately whereas they have been getting hardly any. And now Kitty is coming down with a cold too.

It's a foul, hideous day in Mannheim. It's raining hard, it's cold, and the wind is blowing. How can I hope to describe a wet, cold, windy day with any degree of freshness when every writer who ever wrote has eventually depicted such a scene? But in Mannheim there are massive tourist busses even in the rain, in Mannheim I have a cold and the zipper to my coat is broken, so for me, if not for my writing, there is freshness in this cold, rainy, windy day.

Saturday we hitch to München. I know how it will be, for I have hitched to London to Liverpool to London to Dover to Köln to Mannheim. I know that we will start out in high spirits, albeit heavy knapsacks, our destination München by nightfall. I know we will get to the autobahn and begin thumbing with our packs on. Volkswagens, Mercedes Benz, big American cars with C licenses, and huge trucks with terrifying tandem hookups will all go by and go by, and soon we will take off our knapsacks and rest them in the mud. We will smoke a cigarette. We will take turns thumbing. Finally someone will stop, we will grab our knapsacks with one hand and go running gratefully and gracelessly to the waiting vehicle. We will be driven to somewhere just outside Karlsruhe, and there we will wait, becoming thirsty and hungry. By 4:00 we will still be just outside Karlsruhe, beginning to despair. Well, we'll say with false heartiness, maybe we'll make it to Stuttgart by nightfall.

But that won't be true. We will make it to München about 2 hours later than we had

originally planned, and we will waste time in München finding a place to stay. But we will make it. And though I know what it'll be like, I am still looking forward to it.

All the maids here seem to be married, but have no husbands. There is Maria, the tall, plump, fair, sweet faced Yugoslavian with glasses who runs the place. She seems to be in her middle or late 30's and is cheerful and giggly. When we first arrived we thought she was married to the old, white haired, distinguished looking gentleman with the mustache who owns the place, and who makes you wonder what he was doing during the Nazi period. But no, in broken German we gathered from Maria that she is, indeed, Yugoslavian, and was married many years ago to a German who was killed by a careless train 3 days after their nuptials. He left Maria with a baby growing inside her, a baby destined to become Maria's little girl, her 17 year old daughter studying medicine in Yugoslavia while her mother works in Germany, crying every day for her home. She works so she can send the girl money, she cries because she misses her. And because of her long dead German, and her daughter, and her sweet, fair, be-spectacled face, she is kind and motherly to the three American girls in room 10, and rejoices with them when they receive mail from home.

Then there is Genevieve who, like Carmen, is half German and half French. Genevieve is in her mid-twenties, small, plain and somewhat horse faced, with straggly blonde hair and a rather empty but friendly smile. She once worked for an American family, so she speaks a little English in a somewhat breathless, giggly voice. She is married also, but separated from her husband because he drinks too much. She is having difficulty with a divorce because her husband does not want to pay alimony. She has a sister married to an American and living in Philadelphia, and apparently her dream to date has been to acquire an "Amerikanischen" boyfriend. Day before yesterday her dreams were answered when one of'em checked into the hotel for the weekend and now she can hardly wait till next weekend when he comes back.

Then there is little, pretty, dark, spunky Carmen, who forces Kleenexes and American cigarettes on us because we look like we're having fun and she's not. Carmen has a wedding ring on her left hand and she says it is from "Harold" her American soldier. And we hope it is because Harold is the father of her 8 month old daughter, Yvonne. They were married a week ago Friday. "What is Harold's last name?" we ask Carmen in clumsy German, meaning well. "What part of the United States is he from?" Carmen stares at us impatiently. "Ich weisse

nicht," she says with finality, shaking her head angrily. "Ich vergesse." She tells us how he brings her American cigarettes every night, and acts out how she is planning to hitch hike soon to the United States, her baby in her arms. And she wants to learn English very badly. She has a book, but it is for Americans who want to learn German, and not vice versa. She copied important sentences and words (Like "married," "engaged" "wedding" and "You are an idiot") out of my German-English dictionary, but she is embarrass0d to try to say them out loud.

We have never seen her husband but he sends us his greetings through Carmen.

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"The fact that we are human beings in infinitely more important than all the peculiarities that distinguish human beings from one another."

Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*

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"I'm just exploding with love!" cried Kitty, who loved Albert.

"Who do you want to give your love to?" asked Laura.

"Anyone that wants it," Kitty replied quietly.

March 10, 1968

Dear Eckalt,

I am now at the youth hostel common room on Wendl-Dietrich Straße wondering, "where are the Münchens of yesteryear?" Because yesterday I loved München because it reminded me of Washington, my home in the States, because it's big and loaded with museums, theaters, clubs, and young people - and because we got to here from Heidelberg in only 6 hours (which is very good for hitch hiking). In fact, I was just generally delighted with everything. And now ...I'm so very tired. I feel old. I go through these stages on this journey when I begin to feel so old, toughened, and disillusioned, like I've seen it all, like someone who's "been around." Last night began another of those phases. We were sitting at the club where the band we know was playing (we had long ago decided to miss the youth hostel curfew and stay out all night), and all of a sudden the whole idea of not having any place to sleep ceased to be exciting or adventuresome or fun, but just generally awful. And I felt jaded. (Do you know "jaded"? I just looked it up in my German-English dictionary and it says the German word is "abgemattet." I just hope that's the right word.) Not only that, but the band we came all the way to München to see again is leaving tomorrow.

Last night was their last time at the club, which was why we went to see them then even though we knew we would have to stay out all night. We asked the leader of the band if we could sleep in their Volkswagen van, and we were going to do that. But then we ended up sleeping at the home of a Persian student from the University here because he had an extra room. He was very nice to us - he even gave us breakfast. It's kind of startling and remarkable when someone goes so much out of his way to be helpful (although you did too, didn't you? Still, it's remarkable.)

Meanwhile, as I analyze my present depression (as I always analyze my moods), I discover several other causes for it. First someone here loaned us a copy of the International Herald Tribune and just reading

it provides me with assurance that the entire world economy is about to collapse, the United Nations is about to fall apart, Wallace will be elected President of the U.S., and the Viet Nam war will never end. It's the grimmest ("grimmigest"?) thing I've ever seen. Next, it's always hard when you don't know where you'll be sleeping next. Tomorrow we have to look for a cheap place to live, and it won't be easy to find, either. Also, the thought of Mike and Larry being somewhere in Africa is beginning to bother me; more and more I get the feeling we will never see them again until we return home. It will be very hard for them to find us again. And I worry also because they would never have come to Europe if we hadn't talked about our trip to them. So I feel sort of responsible.

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"Look at these; a girl sent them to me," said Robert with childlike enthusiasm, displaying for our perusal a stack of frankly pornographic literature that was almost infantile in its obscenity.

"Where'd you say you met these guys?" queried Johnny and Robin when he had left.

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Robbie's red rimmed soggy brown eyes would brim with tears, giving the impression that his round brown head was so water-logged that it would slosh around if he shook it. "I mean it," he would cry mournfully and earnestly. "They kiss the ground Haile Selassie walks on." He would enunciate every word, punctuating each phrase with slow, decided nods of his head. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes, oh yes, I understand, uh huh," you would nod eagerly, while he continued his soliloquy, oblivious to your token attempt at reciprocal communication.

"This man," he would say and pause meaningfully. Then he would gulp another half glass of cognac. "Is so ... You must know how great - he is. They kiss the ground -" His voice sounded the way Styrofoam feels, that is, if there were Styrofoam around which conveyed the idea of self-pity. His voice was soft, rasping and insistent, and you wanted to smash his mournful face in when you heard it.

"... I can't tell you, I can't express what this man is to me," he would continue. When he said "man" it was with a capital letter; his tone gave you an all but irresistible urge to say "Haile who?" "I just can not tell you," he would say. "Oh - oh - forget it." Relieved and spent, you sunk back to forget it and cast about for another topic of discussion. The opening words were almost out of your mouth -

"They kiss - the - ground," Robbie would suddenly burst out with, shaking his head incredulously. You would nervously reach for another swig of beer.

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Johnny and Robin looked like two boys together named Johnny and Robin should look. They were short and compactly built, the kind who sort of slope forward from the waist and shoulders when they walk and hold their arms somewhat stiffly in a slight curve away from their bodies. They were the sort with crooked, appealing grins and expressions of cherubic mischievousness. Their conversation was a continuous inside joke consisting of repartee and shared thought patterns they knew by heart; even their arguments and criticisms of each other obviously covered old, familiar ground. Robin was always punctuating his conversation with "like." "It was like 45 minutes before we could eat breakfast," he would say. "Yeah, 1 like, like," Johnny would interrupt ritualistically. They were the kind of people who look like brothers without resembling each other at all. Johnny had sandy hair and crinkly blue eyes, and on his upper lip wore a shaggy, 3 week old blonde mustache. ("It

looked better last time you grew it," Robin pointed out. "It was darker."); whereas Robin had a round, black-rim-spectacled face featuring dark brown eyes and topped with what must be called a "thatch" of dark brown hair. But, in spite of the difference in their appearances, they walked alike with catlike, bouncy footsteps, they talked alike with their reedy California accents, and they were at the stage of their friendship in which they thought alike, with the same mind.

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When Pytt's friends came into the club where he was playing, you could spot them all the way on the other side of the smoke-filled room, with their oafish, sheepish grins, their affable, affectedly careless manner, and the half-shy, half expectant glints in their eyes. They would swagger over to the stage, catch Pytt's eye, and then plunge over to a clumsy, delighted embrace from Pytt, who somehow managed to grapple with them, greet them in gruff Italian, and play the organ all at the same time.

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The mad Pole frightened me but somehow touched me; how can I ever feel un-needed now? He accosted me one day on the tram, delighted broken English pouring from his mouth as he earnestly clasped one of my hands in his two huge paws; I could see him as a sensitive young man destroyed 25 years ago by the war. His eyes glowed anxiously at me while he secured my name and address and halfway through our conversation he switched to surprisingly, movingly good French and repeated everything he had said before in English. He was very tall, at least forty, and obviously quite mad. The next morning he crept into my room while I cowered under the sheets and stood on tiptoe in the early morning sun gazing tenderly and expectantly at my all but obscured form. Then he stole away and we never saw him anymore. People always lie to mad Poles, almost as much as they lie to themselves.

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"Which button do you press for the record player?"

"It's broken."

"How do you know?"

"Everyone says it's broken."

§ § § § § § § §

### The Neckar

There is no river.  
 There is no river  
 But the night river creeping whitely in her eyes,  
 Across her eyes  
 And down to another river, and to the sea.  
 It was raining  
 And the bench by the river was wet.  
 And she was wet.  
 His hand beside her on the bench was wet,  
 But she could not take it.  
 She watched the white night river  
 And the wet houses of Heidelberg beyond it  
 And she thought, Oh God  
 There is no life.  
 There is no life  
 But the night life slowly growing in my womb.  
 In my womb?  
 And she wished she knew him well enough to cry,  
 I don't want to have your baby.  
 I don't want your baby.

§ § § § § §

18 March

*Dear Little Family -*

*Think of what a dedicated daughter (or sister) since I'm writing to you even tho I'm out of airmail paper so this letter will probably cost at least 1.10 D.M.*

*Anyway, we're in Munich (München) and first let me say it's a wonderful, beautiful city – reminds me of D.C. and is my favorite place we've seen since London. It's very large & cosmopolitan and filled with stately buildings, monuments & historical goodies (well, they have ripped up half the place to build a subway but that's beside the point – a little preview of what DC will be like when subway construction begins). Plus there are scads of weirdies, students and bearded types (which types had a giant antiwar demonstration the night we arrived) and lots of museums, movie houses, clubs, etc. etc. etc.*

*It seems like everything in the world is a long story. This one begins when I last wrote, doesn't it? When I told about The Crazy Group? Well, the next development after that was Lonnie and Joe. Kitty met some GI's one day in Mannheim on the street & that nite she & Laura went out with them. As I was in the throes of THE WORST COLD I HAVE EVER HAD (we all caught them from the band) I didn't go that nite. But Laura fell madly in love with one of the GI's, Lonnie Carson, and they came by in groups of 2 or 3 right up till the day we left. It was groovy because they had a record player (I got to play my Buffalo Springfield album), a tape recorder, & American cigarettes, ready rolled (oh wow, someone here is playing a record of My Man's Gone from Porgy & Bess & I can hear it all the way upstairs!) plus they even took us to their snack bar one day & bought us HAMBURGERS & FRENCH FRIES! In return, we give them our colds, oh dear. Meanwhile, 2 days before we left, Leroy English showed up again and said, oh yes, he could find us jobs. But we were determined to go to Munich and were tired of his runarounds so we said forget it. Anyway, the day before we left, Eckalt Wunder (you remember, the beautiful, intelligent Heidelberg med student who helped us out with Larry?) showed up again & he & I & Laura & Lonnie & Joe (friend of Lonnie's) & Kitty went to a club where we (you guessed it) ran into Robbie & Leroy again – but only briefly. After many sad goodbyes that nite, we set out for München Friday morning.*

*Which brings Johnny & Robin into the picture. Two other GI's on leave that K & I met at the bahnhof (train station) Thursday who said they could get us a ride to Stuttgart*

- Mannheim
- Heidelberg

### MAP

• Stuttgart

- Augsburg
- Munich

*Friday morning from the Heidelberg bahnhof. Well, they showed up Friday morning saying they couldn't swing it but hoped to run into us in Munich as they were going there, too. Well, that was too bad, but we made it, all 343 kilometers from Heidelberg to Munich in 6 hours & 3 rides - & that even includes the fact that one of the cars we were in broke down on the autobahn. Our*

*last ride even drove us directly to the Youth hostel (we got the address straight from Fielding's, mother!). After checking in to the hostel, we set out on foot to find the Club Laluna where the Crazy Group was appearing, just so we'd know where it was. We were too tired to actually go that nite.*

*Well, aided by a map, we walked about 2 ½ hours before we actually found the right street and saw the club. We had just turned around to go back when we ran into – you guessed it – old Robin and Johnny from Heidelberg. Talk about coincidences! And then – for an even greater coincidence – 5 minutes later we went into a restaurant for dinner and encountered Rene, the drummer for the Crazy Group. Two gasps & 3 forehead slaps later, we ascertained from him that that nite was to be their last since the owner of the club wasn't going to pay them or something (that's show biz). Well, tired as we were, we had to go see them on their last nite, so we did, with Robin & Johnny in tow (were their minds blown by the Crazy Group!). Since the youth hostel has a 10:00 curfew & the club doesn't even open till 8:00 we soon made up our minds that we'd have to stay out all nite, ha ha. At about 1:30 am we weakened & asked Robert (leader of CG) if we could sleep in their VW van. When he realized our plight, he arranged with a Persian student who worked in the club for us to sleep in an extra room in his apartment. And a good thing because it was raining when we got outside. We spent the night, then, at the student's place, K & L on a bed and me on the floor which was harder but roomier, & he gave us all breakfast next day. Meanwhile Johnny & Robin slept in that old standby, the bahnhof.*

*Next day (Saturday) we went to visit the band at their pension for a regretful good by (they were on their way back to Holland for a 2 week vacation, their first break from nitely shows in 4 months) and 2 blocks from their pension we ran into – Johnny & Robin again. We walked around Munich awhile & then went back to the hostel where we turned in early. And yesterday (Sunday) we heard about this fantastic youth hotel with (a) showers (b) English speaking clientele & personnel (c) 1:00 am curfews (d) breakfast included, 6 DM a nite, (e) kitchen you can use yourself (f) record player (g) smoking inside building allowed. Needless to say, we hotfooted it out here & booked ourselves in for 2 weeks (it even has heating!) (and a permanent bridge game going on in the lounge) & now here we are! What luck. Our immediate plans are to cash Kitty's check from her mother, see Munich & hunt for jobs for 2 weeks. Then we quick hitch up to Minden so Kitty can visit Pinky (German she met in Liverpool 1 ½ yrs. ago),*

*from there we hitch to Berlin, & then back here to settle into our jobs. And hope Mike & Larry show up alive within the decade.*

*How much income tax will I get back? Lots? . . . we hear the dollar may be devalued, bringing on the economic collapse of the world and the END of Western Civilization ... we also hear RFK may run for president, hooray ... we are going to see about registering to vote in November at the consulate here in München... we have learned no less than two (2) new ways of learning solitaire ... we have also learned 2 new foreign swear words – one in Italian & one Dutch one (sounds like Klotsuk) which Jacques taught us & which is so awful no one can even translate it for us ... Janet, I heard Love is Blue on Joe's tape recorder. It's groovy. We saw an American top 10 at the band's pension, & have heard almost none of the other songs on it ... is Spring coming there? Here it is a little warmer but a fierce wind is blowing & it rains a lot – it even snowed some last week ... my German is improving. I know enuff now to get by in a store or bahnhof & ask directions on the street .... Everyone we meet is either (a) just back from Greece where they lived on nothing or (b) on their way to Greece so they can live on nothing. We're thinking of going to Greece this summer so we can – you guessed it – live on nothing. Anyway I've run over 2 pages and 1.10 DM worth already so I better close. Say hi to everybody & Daddy! They're having the Spring beer festival here now!*

*On that note, I'll close. Fasching was enuff for me.*

*Tif*

*Ps This entire letter & everything else we ever write now is written entirely with a Paragould Arkansas funeral home pen, the only pen we have left that writes!*

*March 22, 1968*

*Dear Family,*

*Guess where I will be by the time you get this letter! Yes, it's true – I will be on my way back from Istanbul (Istanbul, Turkey)! For once, it's not a long story. There are 3 guys here at the Heim (place we're staying in Munich) who are going there today and kiddingly offered to take someone along. "The train fare back is only 120 D.M.," they cracked jovially. "You're on!" I shrieked and dashed upstairs to pack my knapsack. So I will go with them to Istanbul (it takes about 3 days or so) in their car, stay there about a day, and then take the train back, which takes about 2 days. Or else maybe I'll meet someone in Istanbul who's heading back this way.*

*Kitty and Laura are staying here, and I'll get back about in time to head out for Hanover, Minden, and Berlin with them. Just think, I'll have Austrian, Italian, Yugoslavian, Greek, and Turkish stamps in my passport. And I can buy a cheap Turkish ring at the bazaar which will turn heads when people say, "Where'd you get that ring?" and I say, "Oh, in Istanbul." But, Laura warns me, I must not buy the fresh fruit there or drink the water or I will get "Bombay crud." Oh, wow, maybe I'll run into Mike and Larry there. Anyway if you all haven't sent me a letter here by the time I get back, I shall scream, and never come home anymore.*

*I went to the American consulate yesterday to check about voting and about cashing my income tax. It seems that when I get my tax return, and when I give you guys the word, all you have to do is send it to me and I can cash it anywhere. Plus my last paycheck, since it's a US government check, can also be cashed here. So no more problems with International money orders and the like. We had a miserable problem with the check Kitty's mother sent her, and finally had to send it back to be made out again. It was drawn up in Baltimore on the Chase Manhattan bank in London in English pounds, and it is impossible to cash such a check in good old Deutschland. Yecch! And oh yes, voting. They couldn't tell me much about that at the consulate. What will have to be done will be for you all to check out right there in Maryland for me and find out how I can register and vote in absentia. Please do do it because I want very much to vote and there isn't much I can do about it from here. You can tell them I will be in Germany in November as that is probably where I will be.*

*Meanwhile Kitty and I still haven't recovered from the colds we picked up from the Crazy Group. The latest developments are several nocturnal sore throats accompanied by eyelids stuck together with mucous, like if you had the pink eye. We are really getting sick to death of being sick, for heaven's sake. And also of giving other people our colds.*

*I went to the Haus der Kunst (art gallery) yesterday also as it's across the street from the consulate and I really loved it. There is a German modern painter named Max Beckman whose work we've been encountering all over Europe, and they have lots of his stuff there. I just love his work.*

*We learned still another way of playing solitaire, called Casino solitaire. We also learned from an English boy named Charlie here that solitaire in Britain is called Patience. Charlie is so cool – he's actually the runaway black sheep of an aristocratic wealthy English*

*family with umpteen Rolls Royce's. He even went to an English "public school." He's leaving for New York in a few weeks & we're giving him a bunch of addresses.*

*There is an Israeli freedom fighter here named Ken who is gorgeous. He was in a movie with Richard Burton in Salzburg, which isn't far from here. So were 2 other guys here, one of whom thinks that, "Chocolate yoghurt sucks."*

*We found a record of Porgy and Bess in one of the other rooms here & have been playing it & it's really great!*

*Kitty is about to put together a jigsaw puzzle with about 18680 pieces and I'm glad I'm leaving.*

*Tiffy*

*March 25, 1968*

*Dear Mother,*

*Well, the Paragould funeral home pen finally ran out of ink and I have crossed the last bridge to being Europeanized. I'm writing with a 75 pfennig German pen. I could take the German Kleenex. I could rationalize the German comb and the German cigarettes. I could somehow reconcile the German panty hose, but now my last shred of American heritage is gone with my Arkansas pen. Boo hoo.*

*Anyway I haven't gone to Istanbul yet. Ha ha you didn't even know I was going as I haven't mailed my last letter. I know! I'll enclose it with this one. It seemed that the car Ray was going to drive to Teheran broke down so he hasn't left yet, and probably won't go after all. But Charlie the Englishman thinks he may drive one down before he goes to the States and if he does, all 3 of us may go with him. You see, there is a branch of Persian Import-Export here in Munich which is the mainstay of young Americans bumming around Europe. When low on cash and yearning for a trip to the mysterious East, they can contract to deliver a car from Munich to Teheran. They just drive the car down there, deliver it, get paid \$100 for their trouble, and then hitch back. Many of them spend the hundred on hashish in Istanbul which they sell in Germany at a large profit as well, but neither Ray nor Charlie have that in mind, thank goodness. I have no desire to spend the rest of my life rotting in a Turkish jail – they don't even give you beds there, I understand. Actually the Heim is a fascinating place. Most of the people here are Americans who have been all over Europe, Northern Africa, and the Middle East, and they all*

have fascinating stories to tell. Of course there's Ken, the former Israeli freedom fighter who fought in last year's Arab-Israeli war and who is also the son of a Hollywood screen writer. And then there's Charlie, the black sheep scion of the wealthy British family who left behind an entire glass and china concern left him by his aunt when he left home. Then there's Jim, who arrived in Europe from Idaho with \$12 in his pocket and who is now getting free bed & board here by washing windows and the like. And there's good old Ray, on whom the sun never shines and who is the type who runs into doors and says wearily, "It figures." It seems he's been leaving for Teheran for the past 6 months. "I don't even want to go to Teheran," he drawls wearily. "I just want to get outa Munich." Then there's the Negro who was born in Harlem but speaks only French because he grew up in Guadeloupe – he's the one who attempts to seduce you in the kitchen while preparing pheasant-under-glass and cream of snail soup on a two burner stove at the same time. There's James, who stares disconsolately at Laura's legs and mutters sadly, "I gotta buy me a Turkish woman in Istanbul." And there's Caroline, who's working for Avon now but is waiting to join her Israeli boyfriend (who used to be here) in Jerusalem so they can open a Laundromat chain there. And Allen, whom we never even saw but who must be pretty neat because there's a picture of him on the office door in the midst of natives and elephants and things, with the caption "Allen in Africa".

The Heim is so amicable and comfortable, with its record players and posters, its beat-up decks of cards and cheerful plaid furniture, its windows overlooking a large German schoolyard, its friendly young clientele and its low rates, that people find it hard to leave the place long enough to even sightsee. At least for us. But we did go to the Munich zoo yesterday and the Deutsches Museum today. The zoo was great. Spring is finally coming to Germany and all we have now are big, beautiful balmy days with blue skies and gentle breezes. And how the sun does shine! We got nine people together yesterday and hopped on the tram (yes! 9 people all hanging onto straps in crowded trams) with a picnic lunch in tow and grooved around the zoo all day. We even got to look at the hippos to see if we could figure out how they "do it". On the way back we ran into – yes! – another antiwar demonstration, and then stretched out on a river bank building rock castles (subsequently destroyed in the "war" we staged afterwards) and basking in the sun. Then today the Deutsches Museum (a technological museum very much like the Smithsonian) kind of overwhelmed us after only 2 of its 6 floors, but we plan to go back there to see more of it. This week we are also going out to Dachau to see the concentration camp (it's

*just outside of Munich) and this weekend (if we don't go to Istanbul first) we are going to Garmisch, a sort of ski resort where you know who is going to make snowmen and leave the skiing to those with less mature judgment.*

*Tell Daddy many many thanks for sending the record! It probably will go to the hotel in Mannheim, but so did your letter, and I got it anyway because they forwarded it here. So I'll get the record too no doubt. I read the article about Frankenstein & it was really neat. While we're at the Heim we can keep up with most of the news because they get TIME here & also get Armed Forces radio which has news on the hour (sponsored by the German immigration authority). Oh & also – you must look in the middle of TIME for, I think, January 26. There is a cartoon there about Johnson and the hippies which K & I thought was so funny we cut it out & saved it. It's right in the very center of the issue. K & I are not getting along very well with Laura now, & are hoping she does go home in June as she plans.*

*There is something fascinating and compelling about travelling around this way. It's an incredible experience: the things you see and do, the people you meet and then have to leave (exchanging addresses of course), the crap you have to suffer and the wonderful good luck that drops in your lap. I feel like I could do it forever; whenever you get tired of one place & its people, you just get out your knapsack and on the autobahn with your thumb stuck out. You can almost consciously feel your whole perspective changing and your outlook broadening. I am very, very glad I ever decided to come. It's something that absolutely should not be missed by anyone who has the gumption to do it. I wish Janet would. Or will.*

*(Ray just described to the people lounging around here an Indian girl he saw in Rome hitching in her sari, moles and holy garb - & with the old knapsack right on her back on the top of it all. What a sight that must have been!)*

*We still haven't heard from Mike & Larry . . . oh, remember how I said my eyelids were stuck together "like I had pink eye"? Well, I did have pink eye all right, for 2 days straight. First in one eye & then the other. But now even my cold is gone, thank goodness.*

*Oh, C rations. There are people here working on army bases, plus a GI named Jim comes around all the time, & the result is – cans & cans of C rations either distributed to whoever wants it free, or else sold for a song. Some of the very broke people here live on nothing else. We have C ration peanut butter in huge cans, C ration ham & crackers, C ration cookies & of course the eternal C ration jam, which is half pineapple and half all the other kinds.*

*A can of blackberry jam can command 2 cans of pineapple jam with a chocolate cookie thrown in on the C ration trading market here.*

*I'm SO TIRED I can't write another word!*

*Love,*

*Tif*