

His army ID card: Roger W. Painter.

1 July

His green army cap from Jim Hunt.

1 July

28 June 1968  
München

*Dear Mama,*

*Peter dug up this old typewriter from out of the attic here for me. It's very ancient and decrepit and it is also a German typewriter so it's kind of hard to type on it, but it's good to be able to type, regardless of the machine. It has all these extra keys: é ß ü ö ä Æ §, plus the positions of z and y are reversed, which is why I keep making mistakes on the z and y. But I got very used to the French typewriter in Beirut, so I guess I can get used to this one too.*

*You are right logically and rationally about how each generation in turn must correct the mistakes of the preceding generation, of course. And I will, too. There is a hard, bitter part of me now that is just waiting for the opportunity to expose the absurdity of the marijuana laws. I don't know now what I will do exactly, but it may someday involve my getting arrested so be prepared when it happens. I didn't used to care that much about it. I always thought that the "legalize pot" movements were more facetious than anything else. But now someone is dead, you see, someone that I loved. One lost life is enough reason for fight for anything. Altho nothing I ever do or believe can bring Charlie back, nothing – and that is why the chance to correct the other generation's mistakes means little to me at this time, logical as it is. It is very hard for me to reconcile Charlie's death. My mind can't grasp the fact that he just doesn't exist anymore. He was literally the only person that I knew for three months, and I knew him better than I've ever known anyone outside of the family, except maybe Sally. His existence was the most real thing outside of my own that I knew, and now he does not exist. I have not even been gone for 6 months now, and already things have vastly changed me. In another 6 months you will not be getting back the same daughter you sent off to Europe last January!*

*I got a letter the other day from Charlie's parents in reply to the one I sent them. It's terrible, terrible for them. Unknown to all but them and the British Foreign office, Charlie was going to*

be sent home within a few days from the time he committed suicide. Altho Charlie was arrested on May 27, his parents weren't even notified until June 12, at which time they immediately arranged an air ticket back to England for him through the Foreign Office. His father sent him a letter on the same day telling him that he was going home (even that I could go with him if I wished), and two days later he did it. I doubt if he ever got the letter, since the Germans had to translate it and read it before he could get it. The officials at the Bad Reichenhall prison did tell me that they couldn't hold Charlie very long as he was under 21, but then the British Consulate told me they would hold him at least several months, regardless of his age. Nobody would tell anybody anything straight, for God's sake, or bother to acknowledge the fact that it was a human being they were dealing with, not a name on a piece of paper. Anyway, his parents are out of their minds with grief, but wrote me a very kind letter. I wanted to tell them exactly what we did on the trip because they had not even heard from Charlie since we left Teheran, and they certainly can't hear anything from him now. I hope it was some consolation to them to know where he was and that he was happy – and that's another terrible thing, too, because right up until the time they busted him, he was happy, in spite of his problems

I have had no luck so far finding a job. I could probably get a job in a factory, but could only earn enough to live on without saving any, so am trying to hold out for something better paying. I may end up having to be working in September, tho I wanted to travel then, since I can get a job with the army then. I don't know. I'll wait and see.

Kitty's mother called her the other day long distance to make up for not writing for 2 months, only K wasn't here at the time. So K called her mother back collect. Only her mother wasn't home then. So her mother called her back, but K wasn't here again. And on. Tonite Kitty is trying for the sixth time to get in touch with her mother, and I do hope it works this time. It usually takes about 45 minutes to place a transatlantic call, but it's been taking Kitty about two hours.

She's still working at the Columbia hotel, incidentally, and hating every minute of it. She makes 111 dollars a month there for 170 hours of work. So she won't be able to save much. We heard from Laura and it seems that she split with the guy she was hitching with and is en route from Barcelona to Morocco with an American girl from New York. Which reminds me – we found out what happened to Larry and Mike, via a friend of ours from home who came over to Germany.

*They ran completely out of money (were sleeping in the backs of bars and stuff) and got repatriated, in the process of which the consulate of course found out about the mix up on Larry's draft status (which was a permanent 2S till then) and gave him his physical. So apparently he's to be drafted now. If only they could have made it back here to Munich, they could have easily gotten jobs.*

*I told you about the card I got from Eckalt. He wanted me to hitch out to Heidelberg and see him. I wrote him back and told him about Charlie and how it would hardly be fair to hitch out there and cry on his shoulder. So for heavens sakes, he wrote me back saying how sorry he was and how terrible that I am alone now without Kitty and Laura living here – and then asked if I would like to come to Mannheim and stay with a “good girl comrade” of his so I would not be alone. “Things concerning you and me are not the question at the moment,” he adds. How very kind of him. It's not every guy who would go to so much trouble to help out a girl suffering over the death of a different person. But I can't go to Mannheim for 40,000 reasons, not the least of which is that I need the security of a home at the moment, and Munich is the closest thing in Europe to a home for me. I wish you could see Munich. I love it.*

*But I am thinking of hitching to Bolzano, Italy for three days with a girl who works with Kitty at the Columbia. It will give me something to do (like this typewriter), and I've never been to Italy. Anyway I like hitching, and it's only a day's hitch.*

*Do you have any idea what has happened to Susan? I sent her a letter but it came back with Not at This Address on it, so we were wondering if she, too, has joined the ranks of those senselessly imprisoned for smoking hash.*

*Well, there isn't much else new. Oh, I may be sending home some souvenirs and stuff sometime.*

*Lov,  
Tif*

## NÄCHSTE HALTESTELLE, GRILLPARZESTRASSE

July Munich

I think the only thing possible for me now is to forgive. I think that is the only way I can stand the things that have happened to me without simply forgetting them, the only way I can hold myself together and learn is to forgive. I must forgive so many people, and it is not easy. I have to forgive Ahab, the Persians, the Middle Easterners in general, Dennis, the Beirut taxi drivers, Patrick, the German border guards and police, the British consulate, Charlie's family, Charlie, and myself. It's strange, really, because I have to forgive Charlie for not forgiving himself. Forgiveness was one of the main things I wanted him to understand, the one thing that would have saved him, but I had somehow forgotten myself how to forgive. We all failed, all made horrible, clumsy, disastrous mistakes, from the days Charlie and I were born until the day he died – but it is because we are human and unable to always do the right thing, or even know what it is. If we cannot forgive ourselves these things, we cannot go on living, if we are sensitive, struggling people. Charlie couldn't. He was so sensitive to and aware of the faults and failings in the world and in himself; he was unable to forget or ignore them like most people, and he could not forgive so it must have been impossible for him to bear life. And I too am suffocating in my bitterness, my disillusionment, and my disappointment. Fear, suspicion, and hate threaten to cripple me and prevent my ever growing or loving again. If I can only begin to forgive, to see the stupidity, selfishness and viciousness I have been both a witness and a party to, as the clumsy flailing of confused human beings trying to survive in the only way they know how, then I will be living. And living up to what I wanted so much for Charlie to believe.

*(2 undated postcards, with images from Ronald Searle's Cats)*

*Postcard #1*

*These cats all remind me vaguely of Daddy-o – especially the one on the other postcard.*

*I am in Bolzano, Italy at the moment sitting by a fountain in front of the train station. I hitched down here with Kitty's roommate Pat and will return to Munich Saturday. We are waiting for the 3<sup>rd</sup> member of our party, a GI we got separated from in Innsbruck, Austria. Will mail letter soon.*

*Tif*

*Postcard #2*

*This artist paints cats entirely and all the paintings are very funny.*

*On Monday I am going to see if I can get a job at Siemen's or else the telephone company. Europe has been having a fantastic heat wave lately with temperatures and humidity like Washington. Take care and love to all. Save the postcards – I think they're neat.*

*Tif*

(Kufstein)

Border station. Zoll Douane. Artificial lights, men in little green uniforms, gasping snorting international transports and shouting drivers. Night and noise. Hitching again, walking along the road again, bumping clumsily again into my partners again reminds me of Charlie. Hitching with someone is such a joint effort. Hitching can give you such a feeling of accomplishment and of facing and conquering an obstacle. It is holding on, not giving up, eating up those kilometers on the map, hoping you'll make it on the money you have – together. It is We're heading for - , we've come from - , we've been on the road for – days, we're hungry; and We made it. And the victory was so stale, the triumph so indifferent, when after all our efforts and struggles and holding on, I made it back to Munich while Charlie never got closer than 129 K's from it – after covering over 6000 K's. Only half of me ever conquered the kilometers and the odds and returned to Munich, the other half died in the Bad Reichenhall jail. This is poorly put.

I have crossed a barrier now which I will never be able to cross back thru. I think of it as maybe the end of innocence. There was a joy of life, a total trust in the beauty of the world which I possessed, albeit unconsciously, before Charlie's death. I would have been the last person in the world to say that I had faith then, but faith is the word for what I have lost. It was

the faith of a child that, somehow, the very worst would never happen, that it actually didn't happen. It was a trust that life would not include tragedy. I believed in the beauty of the Austrian mountains and of the miles of white road skimming along under a car, I believed in the accomplishment of goals and accepted the promise in a beautiful, cloudless sky or a foaming, green river. It was such innocence. I can see that now. It was innocence because I never even questioned it or thought it to be innocence. I am not saying I dallied all the time in blind, stupid naïve joy. I am saying that when there was joy or victory or peace, it was complete, without reservation and with faith. And now the innocence is gone, the barrier is crossed. Every joy will include pain, every peace will include restlessness, and every victory will contain the seeds of the uncertainty and staleness of my arrival – without Charlie – in Munich. Every happiness will have to include the realization that life, no matter how apparently promising and good, can include unexpected disappointment and death. My relationship with Charlie was in terms of ultimates; I was both happier and more miserable with him than with anyone I have ever known. My edges have been blunted by pain and death now. I know no more ultimates and I cannot go back.

### Bolzano

Now I'm lounging stickily around a camping platz in the Italian Alps. What the place is actually is an apple orchard with tents, cars, and Germans scattered about between the trees. It is very hot, an oppressive, yellow, damp heat and there are lots of crickets. I am here with Pat and traveling again I miss Charlie acutely. It is going to be very hard to get used to enjoying traveling again without him; the two came to be inseparable for me, and now it is just not the same even though I like Pat.

I think I'm going to write a story now. It will be about two hitch hikers in Greece or Yugoslavia or Turkey. One will be English and one Swedish – both boys. The Englishman will be coming from Istanbul, where he split from a friend of his that he came down with; he will be on his way to North Africa. The Swede will be coming maybe from Greece and will be heading for The Border. They will encounter each other on the road, hitch together a few days and then reach The Border. Then the Swede will turn around and go back.

*[Omitted: The draft form of "The Hitchhiker"]*

## Mid-July

This story dissatisfies me completely in a way that, like so many things now, frightens me. Through most of the story I was unable to find the words & word combinations to describe things the way I wanted. The ideas in the story are also poorly developed, but that is something I can understand and probably correct. But the failure to express what I wanted the way I wanted is disconcerting; is it a failure on my part or just a symptom of the limitations of the literary medium? I don't know which is worse. It would be dreadful to find myself so lacking, but it would be just as bad – or worse – to find language so lacking, because I have always believed in words. It is as though I have become aware of a whole new realm of experience and feeling for which there is no language, or else I have become so rusty that I cannot adequately express concepts that I once could. That story was an effort, every word. I had to reach, explore and grope for suitable language in every page and it just wouldn't come. I had no confidence in what I was doing after the first paragraph or two; I didn't know what I wanted to say but most of all I didn't know how to say it. The expression of my ideas and feelings used to come so easily to me. Now there are great masses of confused thoughts and emotion inside me that I cannot even pinpoint well enough to express. This is not even just in writing stories. I find the same thing in letters, in this very entry, in any conversations with people. I can't communicate my subjectivity any more (my, doesn't that sound deep).

Now to analyze the whole thing, as I always seem to do. First. With as little real practice as I have had writing fiction, I may have been lucky to get by for as long as I have done. I have written a very little fiction with, I think, a certain amount of success. But it's not hard to succeed on 2 stories a year, really. Without practice and work at developing plot, character, mood, theme, I am bound to get to the point eventually where my lack of practice shows up. I was just lucky – or cautious – before. Second. This is the first story that I have ever really worked on. I lost interest in it about ¼ of the way through, but forced myself to finish it because I'm tired of giving up on stories (most of the time before I even start them), and tired of allowing myself the luxury of only writing under inspiration. I just don't get inspired that often. But at any rate, I'm pretty well unused to plugging away at fiction, something which I will have to learn to do successfully if I am to be at all prolific. So I must look at this story, perhaps, as a learning

experience, a first attempt not to be judged so much on its literary merit but on what I learn from writing it – and rewriting it. I have to start somewhere. Third. As I have written & said maybe 20 times in the past few months, I am not the same person I was a few months ago and the world I sense and think about is not the same world. I feel uncertain and confused about the person I am now and lack a basic confidence in myself that probably shows up in my writing. I am also seeing and feeling new things, things for which I have not had time to find new words and means of expression. When I become more accustomed to and at ease with the new world and new me, when I can understand it all better, then maybe I will be able to write about it better. Fourth. I am out of practice with the effective use of the English language. For the first time in 15 years, I have been away from school for a year, and school of course kept me sharp at expressing ideas exactly and vividly. Add to that the fact that English speaking people in foreign countries are not exposed to nearly as much good and imaginative use of the language as they normally are – and I have not been in an English-speaking country for almost 6 months now.

Add to these the previously stated possibilities that (a) I am simply not cut out to be a writer of fiction or (b) words and language are simply not as capable of expressing reality as I once thought. Also add a bunch of other explanations I may not have thought of yet.

Anyway what it all amounts to is that I have to get down to work.

# # # # #

Character: There are things about people that make them typical and things about them that make them unique. Too much of the former in fiction breeds cliché and stereotype, too much of the latter breeds total unbelievability. Torn between these two extremes and hung-up on the people I know in real life, I find it very difficult to invent characters.

A character is: what he thinks about things, how he reacts to things, his appearance and mannerisms, his past, his goals and values. Obviously you expose what aspect of the character you want to make whatever point you want – you don't go through the whole mess just for a short story, unless you have some specific reason for doing so. If the actual character is not the focal point of the story, you may not go into any of it, or at least not much of it. Should you have it in mind? What a problem . . . for a spontaneous inspiration that seems to appear out of nowhere, that seems to have intrinsic rightness and integrity that you can just intuitively feel, I



guess not. But there's this problem of working at fiction. What then? I suppose it depends on what you want to say (ho ho, what a catch-all excuse). Oh fuck, am I bludgeoning all this to death?

I have to believe in my characters. Otherwise it all falls apart and becomes false, and I become tongue-tied. Every word sticks in my throat. Actually I even have to be interested in my characters and they have to arouse some feeling in me – compassion or amusement or hate or disgust or admiration – or something. They cannot leave me cold. Much of the time, David in the Hitch-Hiker leaves me cold. Not so much what he is, but what he does, which is nothing. Which means I have to learn to transfer motivations, feelings, desires, interests that are alien to me into terms that I can understand and depict. Well, I just seemed to have constructed a totally illogical sequence of sentences, haven't I? Comes of lack of concentration coming from necessity to change money.

### A Character Minus Language

General Type: Hick girl, teenager

Appearance: On tall side, 5'5 1/2". Somewhat sloping shoulders. Of medium build with balanced but uninspiring figure; thick ankles and wrists. Straight brown hair with bangs, and large, very expressive dark brown eyes. Slightly olive skin somewhat pockmarked on the cheeks from acne, but unoffensively so. Her nose is a little large but straight and she has a thin mouth and slightly weak chin. She moves and speaks rather slowly. Her speech is West Virginia.

Goals: Get out of high school (graduate). Get a job and earn money to buy clothes, makeup, maybe a car. Get married eventually if not sooner, and have an apartment of her own.

Interests: Clothes, makeup, boys, reading historical novels (if they aren't too difficult and have some romance & sex in them; like Bridal Journey). Some interest in movies but not a lot. Dancing.

Values: Believes in God out of habit and upbringing. Doesn't think much about it and isn't religious. Love. Independence (financial, from her family). Has acquired from mother

strong sense of honesty. Security. Has never really hated or loved anyone or anything and probably never will, tho she values love.

Other: Lives in apartment with family; her father is a gas station mechanic, her mother a former dime store cashier. Married brothers and sister, one younger brother in junior high. Dates most weekend with various guys from her crowd at school with mostly forced interest; she wants some really groovy guy to sweep her off her feet.

I had a dream two nights ago, Sunday night I think (am I recording my life now or what?). I want to record this dream for several reasons. Firsts it was short and extremely clear in its details, while most of my dreams are long and incoherently vague. Second, it baffles me and seems to defy analysis. Third, if I could figure it out, it might give me some sort of clue as to the meaning or fatal error or magnificent accomplishment in my relationship with Charlie.

I have had many dreams about Charlie since his death. In most of them, he is still alive but I know he is going to die soon, so I am trying to find him because I want to talk to him. About what I don't know; do I want to prevent his death by warning or consoling him, or is it merely that there is something I must tell him before he dies? At any rate, I am always unable to find him, and then I wake up.

This dream of Sunday night is different because Charlie is actually in it. In the dream, I am standing in the window (actually on the windowsill) of a building at about the second floor. There is either a pool or a lake, I think a lake, of dark water below the window, which actually goes up to the building. There are people, mostly kids I know or else know only in the dream, swimming in the lake. They are wearing, I think, almost entirely black bathing suits, and they are both boys and girls. I am wearing an orange one-piece bathing suit which is dry, and I am watching the people swimming. Behind me is a room that I think is a bedroom or combination bed-living-room. In this dream, Charlie is not dead but has somehow disappeared. I look out into the water and suddenly I see Charlie there apart from the other swimmers, and he sees me seeing him. I feel fantastic relief and love, and as our eyes meet he seems happy to see me, too. No one else notices his "arrival". Suddenly his colors change, or perhaps intensify; his hair is blacker, his skin whiter, his eyes darker, his lips redder. A large pair of scissors appears in the

water, which is suddenly clear enough to see thru, and Charlie seizes the scissors. He swims underwater and begins to snip at the other swimmers' bathing suits, cutting thru to a little of the skin, too, causing occasional tiny streams of blood so spread thru the water. Somehow the swimmers don't know what is causing their distress (maybe because he is underwater). I feel very alarmed and wish to do something to stop Charlie because I feel he will alienate these people and I can't understand why he is doing it. But there is nothing I can do. (So far so clear. I can understand the dream to this point.) Then he drops the scissors, or they fall out of his hand – anyway it is accidental – and float slowly thru the water. I seize my chance. Somehow I am able (from 2 stories above the water) to reach into the water and pull them out. As soon as I have them out of the water – Charlie disappears. In the dream, I know that he disappeared because I removed the scissors from the water. I want him to come back agonizingly, but I also do not want to put the scissors back, though I know he will come back if I do – and resume snipping at the people. I keep hoping for a miracle, for him to come back without my replacing the scissors. Somehow I feel everything will be all right if only that would happen. I cannot make myself replace the scissors; I don't want it to be that way. The other swimmers leave the lake and then troop into the room behind me. I step back into the room to greet them. I look back out the window anxiously, but he is still gone. Finish.

Possible analysis that has occurred to me as I write: I disarmed Charlie by robbing him of his defenses against people, hurt, living, and it destroyed him. I couldn't, wouldn't take back what I had brought to his attention because I believed in it so strongly, and somehow it made an impression on him. But his refusal to trust and feel, his "hardness" or numbness had been his only defense, and once that was removed, he collapsed.

The only exception I take to this is that in real life, I thought he was stronger than that. I was not aware that his numbness was his only defense, whereas in the dream, I know that my removal of the scissors caused his disappearance (altho, come to think of it, I didn't know that before I removed the scissors). Also in real life I don't feel that knowing me made that much of a difference in Charlie's attitude, altho perhaps it did. There is also a moral question here: was I right or wrong to withhold the scissors? I think I must have been wrong. I think I must have been inflicting my own personal beliefs so much on another person's destiny, altho I see how I felt in the dream; it seemed so wrong that the only way Charlie could exist was that way. But

was it my decision to make? No, it shouldn't have been. But then – why was it my act that exerted so much power over him? Why did I have the power to make that decision that shouldn't have been mine to make?

Q: What have you learned in Europe?

A: I have learned how to roll cigarettes and say, “Fuck” without pausing before & after.

I had another dream last night. In this one, I had gone to the German police and prison officials and demanded an explanation. It was as though they had personally killed him in some direct way by starving him or something. And I went there to make them hash over it and feel guilty. That was my entire purpose: to make them feel guilty. And they were, which made me feel better.

*Dear Family,*

*I waited so long to mail this that now there's more. Most important, I got a job. Pat (Kitty's roommate) quit her job at the Columbia. I immediately moved in with my unemployment plea and was immediately hired. I moved out of the Heim and into the hotel today. I will be sharing a room with Kitty (as of tomorrow morning) and another girl named Cindy who is already here. My job will be being a cashier in the slot machine room – which means I sit in a little booth all day and change money for GIs so they can put nickels, dimes, and quarters into slot machines. I start tomorrow morning at 8:00 am. Peter will be caring for Robert (you know, Charlie's tortoise) at the Heim for me, since I couldn't keep him outside here the way he can at the Heim. The pay here is rotten – about \$100 a month – but room & 1 meal a day is only \$7.50 a month, so I guess it's worth it. I'll tell more about the job when I've seen more. It drove Pat up the wall, which is why she quit. Oh well.*

*I got another letter from Mrs. Denne (Charlie's mother). It seems that while I had the impression that his family was in touch with him (which they weren't), they had the impression that I was (which I wasn't). No one told anyone anything, and they still have not heard from the consulate or the German police. That bothers me because I am sure all concerned want to hush*

*things up as much as possible – but he is dead, and someone is responsible. She says they put some flowers on his grave in my name ... when I go back to England, I think I'll get some red poppies for it; he loved the red poppies that grow all over everywhere in Greece.*

*I also got your letter today about the stopped-up toilet ... and appreciated it so much. Will reply to Janet's letter as soon as possible. We also got a letter from Mike Basdovanos (of "Mike & Larry" fame). He seems in good spirits, tho both of them have to go for their army physicals July 10. Apparently, they had quite a time in Tangiers & didn't go home till June 14.*

*Must turn in now.*

*Love, Tif*

A new realm of experience: the American Armed Services Transient Billeting Hotel. The Hotel Columbia, "best American hotel in Munich." From the employee's point of view. As viewed from the cashier's cage in the "Game Room" (euphemism for slot machine room). There is a big fat wooden fish hanging over the door to this room, a thick-lipped cartoon fish with a knowing look in its eyes and Game Room written on its stomach(?) The people who run this place, the people we work under, have been here forever and steal like mad. The rest of us, the cashiers, waiters and waitresses, and kitchen help, stay here only a few months and are so confused by our superior's dishonesty that we steal, too. It seems to be the way the hotel is run.

There is small, fidgety, dapper Herr Kienlein with his German accent. There is short, broad "Robbie" Robinson, who looks like a jolly fat man who failed. There is skinny Sergeant Parks of the adam's apple and the apprehensively rolling eye, the type who would talk about being tolerant of "niggers" and add an introductory "but..." to the end of the sentence – and beginning of the next paragraph. There is aged, vague Herr Norman with his watery gray eyes and gray suits like the ones grandfathers wear to church. Their exact ranks and relationship to each other is inconsequential; theirs is a hierarchy of crookedness and suspicion. They all know too much about each other either to be comfortable or to quit.

They all go circling uneasily about the hotel all day like predatory birds. One has the impression that they are constantly resisting the temptation to glance furtively over their shoulders; who is following them? A bad conscience, tee hee? Sergeant Parks, who reminds me of a weasel or a junior high school substitute math teacher (Kitty calls him a walking fart) comes

barreling into the Game Room about 10 times a day, bursting with officiality and nervous energy. He zooms suspiciously around the room, takes another fast look out the door, and then flits nervously from slot machine to slot machine, feeding in nickels and glancing apprehensively over his shoulder. He is forbidden to play the machines but can't keep his hands off them.

Herr Kienlein is more subtle, befitting a man of greater intelligence than Sergeant Parks which is not very bright. He strolls casually through the door, pipe in mouth, hand in pocket, and asks for a screw driver. He then sets to work on a machine or two, "fixing malfunctions". You resist the urge to say, "Herr Kienlein, why are you putting the money from the slot machines into your pocket?" It would not be graceful or tactful, and his excuse would embarrass you both. Rumor has it that he also shorts the food servings in the kitchen and pockets the difference, as well as furnishes his apartment with furniture from the cocktail lounge. But at least he steals with a little more style than the ignoble Sergeant Parks, who just sunk to a new low today when a drunk fellow hit a jackpot and Parks short-changed him by a dollar when he paid off. Parks' entire attitude about his cheating, his whole mien, reminds me of a prudish old woman talking in an exciting, disapproving whisper about other people's sexual perversions.

Robinson cheats with force, vigor, self-righteousness, like a pioneer. Actually I haven't heard any definite stories on Robinson's financial chicanery. But he must cheat; everyone takes it for granted. Robinson is famous for his moody bluster (sounds like a good name to forge cigarettes with – "M. Bluster") and notorious for his sex-oriented interviews ("What do you think of 69?" is one of his interview questions). He thinks the hotel will collapse without him and runs around alternately screaming at and sweet-talking the personnel to prove it.

(Parks is like a madman today. No more wary, cautious tugs at a slot machine here and there today. Today he has finally broken and true Parks – Parks the fanatically addicted slot machine maniac – is showing his colors. He can't stop, he no longer cares who sees, what face is peering over his shoulder, whether he gets caught or he doesn't get caught. He releases coins into the slot machine with the single minded concentration of a man too long denied; Parks is having an orgasm [or an orgy?] over the slot machines! Then he unhesitatingly marches over to my cage, hands me bills, and strides away again with his change to the stars, oranges and bars. His single minded frenzy is almost becoming to him; gone is the responsible-hotel-official façade. He is at last in good faith with his "true Self": the compulsive slot machine addict!)

Robinson assumes that everyone else in the hotel is (a) stupid (b) stealing or (c) both. He must know about these things from personal experience, I suppose. He worries. He throws tantrums. He stalks the halls. He fires people. He goes into a frenzy of furtive paranoia at the very concept of customs men.

Herr Norman handles the money. He is the one who gives you the cash box in the morning (after having stocked it) and provides you with extra sets of Deutschemarks during the day. He walks around looking like he has forgotten something or is hoping to do so. He has a tendency to wander in here several times a day as tho what he has forgotten is in the Game room, and to look at me half-hopefully as though I might be able to clear the matter up. "Oh, Herr Norman never makes a mistake," everyone assures me when I tell them how he shorted or extra-ed me, which is all right except that I have to tell them that every day. Is he testing me? I think every time I'm over. Is he trying to see if I'll keep this 20¢ instead of reporting it? What to do?

Because I, too, have been not unaffected by the dishonesty of my superiors. I'd feel (I rationalize) like a monkey wrench in the smooth operation of the hotel if I was honest. After all, I don't want to be the one weak link that breaks the chain. Kienlein's dishonesty must fit with Park's cheating which balances Robinson's stealing, Norman's vagueness, and the petty thievery that goes on amongst the underlings. Why, I'd throw the whole scheme of things off if I reported my 20¢. Wouldn't I?

Three days of rain later – when it rains like this in Munich, you can't do anything but look at it, listen to it, and think, "Where does it all come from?" like the musak here, it goes on and monotonously on; there couldn't be that much water up there. The Germans don't care. They always carry umbrellas, but I don't even have a hat.

I woke up this morning with an image of Charlie in my mind, one of Charlie's expressions in his expressive eyes. It's a kind of sidelong glance of wry, knowing, somewhat rueful amusement. A certain set of his lips and puffiness or pinkness around his slightly narrowed eyes. He would make this expression sometimes when he said, "You won't get round me that way!" It seems so odd to me and so incredible still that a person who made that expression and said those words could be the same person who killed himself. I wonder about

my sensitivity, I wonder why I didn't realize how unhappy he really was. And it still rains relentlessly, and still the people in the hotel play the slot machines.

. . . and I wonder about these people and these slot machines. I mean, I sit here all day and watch them – army wives with babies on their arms, little old ladies, cool eyed spade cats, teenaged girlfriends, USO girls, gray haired and pompous colonels, green privates, and of course the managers and waiters for the hotel – feeding and jerking on the machines. It's natural that, being the sort of person I am, I wonder what I'm really seeing; people interacting with machines. Confronting the machines, front to shining front, reaching up to shoulder height to jerk on the handle and pause expectantly, then feed another coin, jerk, pause, hope. I think they are buying a chance to master a machine. If they can only win, then this is one machine that is under their control. It can't be the money they want because even if they win, they merely put the winnings back into the machines. It's that heady feeling of coming to terms with the machine, that feeling that if you put in enough money, you will win, you will beat that damn machine, and that is all most of them really want.

And though it can be amusing, dull, or even pleasant (as in the case of "Chuck", who plays with such perfect rhythm that you become hypnotized) to watch, most of the time it is not a pretty thing to see. You feel as though they are degrading themselves when they keep coming compulsively back for change to play the machines, sometimes you can even see it in their averted eyes: despise me, for I am unable to stop doing this and somebody must know about my guilt. You give them their money and a disapproving silence and they want both. And you feel that they are such insults to human free will and reason, they disappoint you so, and yet the disgust you feel is for yourself as well as them because everybody has a hang up. You don't play slot machines, but what do you do? They are a reminder. (Like dirty snow.)

"No beds for girls, no beds for boys, Hannelore will be on duty at 5:30."

Mathelene Heidke



I received a letter from <sup>1</sup>Peter Scanlon today. C. Peter Scanlon. I can't believe the amount of suffering in the world. Charlie was the third friend of Peter's in six months who committed suicide.

Peter is in London now. He came all the way to Europe to look for Charlie when the Dennes wrote him that he was missing. I can see it so clearly. I can see him in the States after it happened with the other two. I can see the pain he must have felt because I have felt it, too, and I can see how he heard of Charlie's disappearance and thought desperately that he had to find Charlie, he had to save something. I can see him thinking, at least Charlie's left, I can still save Charlie and I'll do anything to do it. And he came to London, he was on his way to "Munich and points east" to find him. And then he found out that Charlie was dead. There is so much injustice. How can there be so much injustice when people care so much? I thought I was suffering more than a human being should be asked to suffer, I thought I had been dealt an incomprehensive number of blows. But Peter. Not one death but three. I cannot see how he can stand it. His pain must be incredible and he does not deserve it. If I was not working I would somehow get into England to see him because I know how much he needs someone to talk to. I wish he could come to Munich. My entire being aches for him and for what he is feeling. Because of what I have felt I want to reach out and comfort him. If there is no consolation that Peter and I can offer one another, then there is no meaning or point to any of it, ever.

I think I know now what the dream meant, the scissors dream. I know now what my power was and what it was that I couldn't do because I didn't want it to be that way.

I had the power all along to prevent Charlie from carrying the hash; I must take that responsibility. From the first, had I insisted, he would not have bought the hash or carried it from country to country. I could have prevented him from taking that risk all along, but I didn't want to. I was so wary of dominating him and interfering with his decisions and his right to control what he wanted to do. He knew that I disapproved, but I refused to go any further than expressing my disapproval, though I know he would have listened had I put my foot down. But

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<sup>1</sup> Peter Scanlon was a young American who had been some kind of Aide or Tech at the psychiatric facility where Charlie was treated. He helped Charlie recover from his depression, and encouraged him to strike out and travel after his release. He had been very important to Charlie.

I didn't want it to be that way and neither of us were aware of the consequences. And what can I think now? All along I have believed in the importance of letting another person but, letting another person take responsibility for his choices. And it ended in disaster and tragedy for him and for us all – me, the Dennes, Peter and who knows what other people. Would I do it differently if I had it to do over? How could I have known the consequences? In the future when I am confronted with this again, how will I know when interference is justified? Because it is justified, it would have been justified in Charlie's case – it would have saved his life. But how will I know? How could I have known? How could I have made such a tragic mistake?

“Now is the time for your loving dear  
And the time for your company.  
Now when the light of reason fails  
And fires burn on the sea.  
Now in this age of confusion  
I have need for your company.”

Richard Fariña, Children of Darkness

“That's what you get for lovin me.  
That's what you get for lovin me.  
Everything you had is gone as you can see.  
That's what you get for lovin me.”

Gordon Lightfoot

Music affects me so much.

Why did I name this book “Nächste Haltestelle, Grillparzestrasse”? It means “next stop, Grillparzestrasse” as belched out by the tram conductor or conductress (which can be even more interesting). Grillparzestrasse is a street in Munich intersecting with Einsteinstrasse just west of Steinhausen. At this intersection, the trams stop. Tram 19 used to stop here and now trams 1 (Steinhausen) and 4 (Berg Am Laim) do. Sometimes from the girls' bathroom window of the Heim you can see tram 19 still going by – empty except for conductors – and it makes you foolishly and sentimentally sad. Because tram 19 ran down Einsteinstr. And stopped at Grillparzerstr. Four months ago when Kitty, Laura & I first came to Munich, when Hannelore and Mathelene were still Fraulein Bannert and Frau Heidke, when it was spring in Munich, when

Charlie, Ray, Ken, Jim Graham and Jim Hunt, Moise, Carolyn, Lloyd, Diane and Inya were all at the Heim and there was no future. And things are so changed since tram 19.

Has it been all bad? So much of it has been bad, more than I want to think of. I have written of it and thought of it – the bad part – so much. There are a few good things coming from those 4 months. People I have known: Hannelore and Mathelene and Christine, Peter, Jim Graham, Pat (which doesn't even mention the fun people and interesting people I never knew well enough to consider them beautiful people – Rabbit, Aagaron, Leon, Donald, Guy, Pete (from Canada), Matthew and Immanuel, Ahab – in fact (Doo Doo Doo DOO!) I think I will now attempt to list every person whose name I remember that I've met since January 13:

[very long list omitted]

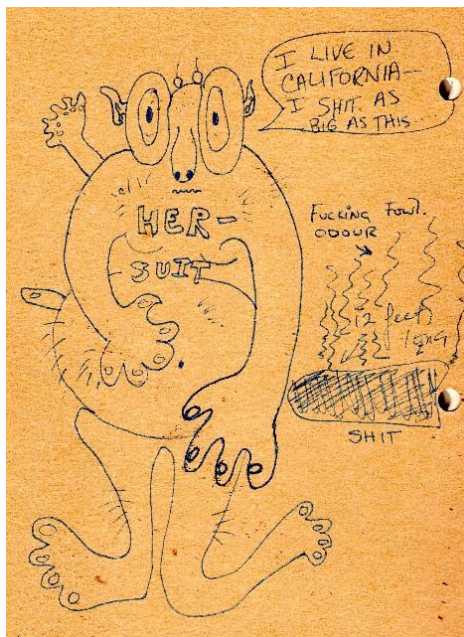
[Omitted several pages discussing a book I wanted to write about traveling in Europe, reflecting on the characters, the story, the tone, etc.]

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### WELL, BIGFOOT.....

*(That summer, we heard about Bigfoot (both male and female) "sightings" in California for the first time, and Aagaron, one of our Heim pals, was fascinated. What is it? A cult or what? Here are Kitty's reflections on the subject:*

**The Female**



**The Male**

