

*Today is the 1<sup>st</sup> of September, and its your birthday tiffy so –  
happy birthday to you.  
happy birthday to you  
Get plastered,  
you bastard  
happy birthday to you.                      Love Peter.      1-9-68*

## September

I am 21.  
What have I to offer?  
To give, to take – somehow I never know.  
Somehow there are things I can never figure out.  
How much of me loves and desires love,  
How much is hate and desires love?  
And who am I to judge?  
How am I to judge?  
I reach back years, not 21, but years,  
And I want to touch them all  
Hold them, hold them, I want them back  
But I don't even know what I ask –  
Do I?  
I wanted to taste, life, love, hate, pain, joy,  
truth, death,  
I wanted death too.  
Charlie, I'm sorry. I wanted death too.  
And it is too late for so many things  
And too late to mend the wanting  
The pain of joy is as impossible as the  
Pain of anguish –  
Puis, que dit-on?  
Why am I vulnerable? I know I will suffer  
again  
and again;  
I do not know that I will survive each time.  
Twenty-one. Twenty-one.  
I have been 8 and 13 and 72, but never 21.  
  
The lights of the Heim warm me and dim.  
I remember the Heim tonite and I am still here.  
I think of love and loneliness and of why  
was love killing me

When it is all that defeats death  
I want to know but my thirst is for joy  
So perhaps I will find only joy.  
How I have loved music!  
How I have loved words!  
Is this all? Is that enough?  
Someday I am going to die  
Without knowing the truth  
Will it have been enough? Will I say,  
    “Oh, God, the beauty of searching was enough.  
The pain of wanting was enough, the pain  
    of failing was enough.”  
Because I lived?  
Should I demand more from life than life itself?  
Somehow there are things I can never figure out –  
Who am I to judge?  
And why do I ask questions?  
    I am twenty one.  
And I am grateful for my life  
Though the things I am grateful for are not  
    here  
And could not be touched if they were  
  
Am I too old to have a 21<sup>st</sup> birthday? Or  
    too young?

*3 September 1968*

*Dear little family,*

*Thank you thank you thank you.....its*

*Happy birthday to me*

*Happy birthday to me*

*Happy birthday Happy birthday*

*Happy birthday to me!*

*...I will buy my ticket home for the closest day to Christmas I can get today (♪ See you  
♪...in ♪ December ♪ ) Leaving me with enough money to leave Robinson's whorehouse (as we  
all affectionately refer to the Columbia Hotel) in exactly 12!! (twelve!) days!*

*So I can vote. Oh, good. But – what has happened in Chicago? According to the International Trib and the Stars and Stripes, things were very, very bad there. I've never been one to sit around and decry violence (what is the country coming to? And all that). But things seem to be getting out of hand. It seems that everyone turns to violence as the obvious solution to everything. I can understand – oh, how well I can understand – people's impatience with the apparent futility of trying to change things any other way. But for all practical purposes, violence only detracts everyone's attention from whatever they get violent over and centers it on the violence itself. It's so easy to be violent – a way of letting off steam. But it doesn't accomplish much either, except to make the police more violent, so the people are more violent and on in a vicious circle. If we don't somehow produce a government a little more responsive to the people's wishes, it is not going to end, either. We needed a great leader, now. We needed a Bobby Kennedy, maybe . . . I shudder to think of what will happen, with the quality of leadership that the candidates have to offer. But anyway, at least I can vote against Nixon.*

*The people at the Heim had a really great birthday party for me on Sunday (lasting till 6:00 Monday morning). With a big cake and presents and everything. Kitty gave me a huge purse, as the one I brought with me is split, broken & hanging together by threads. Peter gave me a toy Aral truck (type of gasoline truck here) which I really wanted as a souvenir of Europe & of hitching, and also a little stuffed velvet tortoise, because of Robert. Jim Graham gave me a tiny seed with a herd of tiny elephants inside it. Laura gave me a sleeveless jersey. Hannelore (woman who runs Heim) gave me a puppet on a stick, and Mathelene gave me a rose (she's another Heim employee). Then I got a few leather things made by people from leather some of the guys brought back from Scandinavia, including a leather pouch you wear around your neck which I watched the guy make all day Sunday without knowing it was for me. And a French guy gave me a book of short stories by Camus in French, which is neat because I can actually read it. Thanks to this French guy, (who speaks no English) my French has become much more fluent. I still make constant, terrible errors, but I can at least carry on a conversation fairly rapidly and understand most of what he says. Oh, and I also got a key. It is an English custom to give people a key on their 21<sup>st</sup> birthday (we gave Kitty a marzipan key on her cake), so Kitty made a big cardboard key and everyone I know signed it. The whole thing was really nice. And with all these untransportable birthday goodies plus my other extraneous belongings, I will have*

*to send home a box of stuff, at least before we leave. I will try to get one of the GI's to mail it for me thru the APO so I can send it cheap.*

*And now!*

*This is an analogy that I thought up way back when Charlie & I were in the Middle East that I meant to tell you months ago, but I keep forgetting. It is a way of explaining traveling around Europe the way we do that I think you will understand. At least, I think you will see the fascination a little better. In short, it's very much like Huckleberry Finn's traveling on a raft down the Mississippi river, which may sound farfetched but it's true. Instead of a raft, we have our thumbs and dozens or hundreds of miscellaneous vehicles. Instead of the river, we have the road. Instead of the King and the Duke, we have dozens of peculiar (& often equally as crooked) hitching partners of all sizes, ages and nationalities. But it's the same constantly changing scene, the same series of hangups and pleasures, the same compulsion to keep moving on, the same freedom from responsibility. Except that our trips don't have to end when we hit New Orleans & the end of the Mississippi River. The trip can go on indefinitely and you can see now, I hope, why it often does.*

*There! Finally I described my analogy. Nobody I've pointed it out to over here is a particular devotee of Huckleberry Finn, so they never quite see what I'm getting at. But I think you'll be able to see it.*

*We hear now of earthquakes and a cholera epidemic in Persia, killing upwards of 8000 people. How awful. I have to wonder about David the carpet merchant & the other people we met in Iran. Also, everyone's up in arms since a lot of people were all set to drive cars to Teheran in the time honored way & now will have to get cholera shots or perhaps not go at all. Thank God nobody we know is down there at the moment.*

*Remember the day I was \$5 over & turned the money in? Well, the day after that, I discovered halfway thru the day that I was \$10 over. It was too late to turn it in, so I was \$10 richer. Now that's really neat.*

*Nothing else much is new except that another girl from home came over & is staying at the Heim. Remember Truman, the great big guy you all met at the apartment at Christmas? Well, his girlfriend came over with all kinds of news from Takoma Park & the information that*

*Kitty & I have become LEGENDS IN OUR OWN TIME and everyone talks about us & our apartment all the time. This really blows my mind. I had assumed everyone had pretty much forgotten us, but here this girl we never even met has heard all about us. Oh, well.*

*Thank you again for the loan. Write soon as we leave & the Heim closes Sept. 15.*

*Love,  
Tif*

*ps We still don't know what Laura will do. She asked us if she could go East with us & we gave her a flat "No".*

*ps I read an article in TIME about Judy Agnew (Spiro T's better half). She sounds like the sort of person you'd meet working at the dime store in Damascus.*

#### September Munich

It seems as though breakfast has been going on forever here this morning. The Muzak has a cool, glittery hotel breakfast sound to it still and from the kitchen I can hear a clatter of dishes and cutlery that sounds early and breakfast-like. There is a certain darkness about breakfast here, a darkness emphasized by the use of artificial lighting. Everything seems quiet, subdued and busy, busy in a mechanical, meaningless way. And at breakfast time, no one comes.

The Heim is closing in 3 days. On Friday Peter hung his 16-foot Union Jack on a flagpole sticking out of the attic window and everyone on Einsteinstrasse looked – the people in trams, in cars, on bicycles, on foot. You could see it, all red white and blue in a sea of German green and brown, for blocks.

The Heim is closing in three days. On Thursday Ray, James, Peter, Bob, and Sandy lured Laura down to the shower room ("Wanna show you something," James said to her and, all girlish expectancy and trust, Laura followed him) and dumped her, fully clothed, into a tubful of cold water and cleaning powder. It ended up, somehow, with Laura wrapped in my formerly white flannel sheet and laying on the hall floor in front of the office with the boys all gathered around her. The Organisation then walked in.

The Heim is closing in three days. Friday night Mathelene had a farewell party at her apartment. We piled into Joseph's car and the blue bus and went over to eat salami, olives and camembert cheese, drink wine, smoke shit from joints, pipes and chillums(?)(sp?), talk, and listen to records. There were the Americans, the Canadians, the Germans and English and Israeli and French and Czechs and by morning Sandy, Bob and I were asleep, a group had gone to the Isar to pick flowers, Kitty and Pete were cleaning up, and Ray was painstakingly going over the floor for microscopic pieces of leftover hash. And when we all left, Bob stayed behind because he is having an affair with Mathelene.

The Heim is closing in three days. Every day Hannelore threatens to close the kitchen because people always leave it in a mess that she has to clean up. Every day we ignore her because it doesn't matter anymore because....

.....the Heim is closing in three days. The gästehaus opened again Friday after a month's vacation and everyone descended upon it to eat kässeschnitzel, drink spezis, glare at Titties and Tootsies [the hefty Bavarian waitresses], and wait 45 minutes just to *bezählen*. [pay]

The Heim is closing in three days. Yesterday Kitty and I dyed our sheets blue in the big kitchen in the basement. We used the dye Kathy and Linda bought and prepared – it had been sitting there for 4 days – and we put on putsfrau smocks and stirred and rinsed and wrung out till our arms and fingers were sore. Then we hung the sheets on a line in the boiler room to dry and today will begin to make jellabahs from them.

The Heim is closing in three days. The office receives cards saying, "I would like to reserve 3 beds for September 21 to 27," or "I left my suitcase with you in April and will return in the first week of October to get it" and sends back other cards saying, "We regret to inform you that....."

.....the Heim is closing in 3 days." For the past 2 weeks Bob and Peter have been closing rooms up for good. Jim and Parnell moved out and into a room at BMW yesterday. Kim left a long time ago, and Rabbit; and now there will be no way to accumulate and disseminate information about Rabbit anymore. Bill Hunger has been copying names and addresses from the log books for a week; next it will be my turn. The coffee machine has run out of coffee which will not be replaced. Moïse has taken down the darkroom he had in the big kitchen and packed it

up in 2 big metal trunks he has. Peter has packed up, thrown out, sold, or given away the possessions he has accumulated over a year in K-1 (Peter HEADquarters). The signs on the bulletin board advertising for hitching partners, sending greetings to friends, offering goods for sale, and announcing buses to India are disappearing one by one. Ray is selling the blue bus. Mathelene is working at a boarding school, Hannelore is going to Canada and Peter is going to America. Tram 19 left a long time ago.

The Heim is closing in three days. But no one seems to realize. No one is taking down the map of Munich in the hall (with a jagged hole in it at 120 Einsteinstr.) or the maps in the dining room, no one makes moves to remove the sign saying “Einbahnstrasse” that points to the showers, or the silver stars (from Christmas) and Easter eggs (from Easter) on the dining room walls, though I assume Pete has removed the “Rauchen Polizeilich Verboten” sign from *his* wall. No one has taken down the pine cone mobile or the tree decorated with little national flags in the dining room, and all the posters are still up.

The Heim is closing in 3 days, but people make no move to leave and they have no plans. They play hearts and solitaire during the day, or go to Tengemann’s, and drink beer and play records at night. They say, “Man where are we gonna go when the Heim closes?” and they don’t really care much. There has been so much that has happened here, it has been so much a part of us and of our lives, that we cannot imagine that it will really happen. We linger like people waiting for a relative to die. Ray Herning, Aagaron, Phil, Pat, Rick, Lyn Gallagher, and the 2 Nancys have gone home, Omar and Leah are in the States, Jim Hunt is in Viet Nam, and Charlie is dead, so they will not feel so much the regret we feel. For those of us who are experiencing it, it is such a pointless, sad thing. What we did here was not necessarily legal, good, productive, kind, dedicated etc. etc. But it was our way of life. How can I defend it except to say that it was our way of life?

But the Heim is closing in 3 days.

And before it has closed, I have unhappily encountered another case of what I guess you could call “the Charlie sickness” because to me it seems like a true sickness or disease. This is a Frenchman named Guy, who is rather unlike Charlie in every way except for his state of mind.

It's difficult to know what to say about it; it baffled, amazed and horrified me to hear, albeit in French (which wasn't easy by a long shot) of someone else who seems to be suffering in much the same way Charlie was, only, I would say, even more. The same depression and self-hate, the same inability to maintain an interest in anything for any length of time, the same inability to trust or relate to people, the same hopeless outlook on life and the future, the same moodiness, the same tendency to hurt people without really wanting to. He is even, I believe, in very similar circumstances – or worse. Charlie dropped most of his friends upon leaving England, Guy says that his friends don't even know where he went, and that he writes only to his parents. I remember Charlie telling me of periods when he would do nothing but sleep all the time, and Guy says that he spent a year in Paris without working or doing much of anything except sleeping. And I would say Guy is even worse off than Charlie was – Charlie was at least interested in and amused by all sorts of people, he at least had a desire to accomplish something and prove himself in some way. Guy doesn't like much of anyone and has no desire to do anything.

It frightens me and it fills me with despair. Another one like Charlie. What can the future possibly hold for him except the same fate as Charlie? It's like seeing it all over again from the beginning, knowing what the end will surely be, and being powerless again to stop it. I really have absolutely no idea what could be done for Guy. He obviously wants help of some sort or he wouldn't have bothered to tell me all this – and a bother it was because my French just isn't that good. And I have seen and heard it all before, I have lived through the hurt and pain and helplessness, and I don't know what to say. Shall I say, "There is no point in talking about it or trying to do anything because you are incurable. It will all end in suicide sooner or later, so don't bother me and don't depress me."? How can I say that? But I couldn't do anything for Charlie, and I surrendered my whole soul to helping him. The mental hospital couldn't help him. His love for his father didn't help him, nor Peter Scanlon's friendship. And these people can only help themselves up to a certain point, I think – it seems that so much of what they do and feel is out of their own control.

I don't know whether I am unconsciously drawn to these people or they to me, but if there is one in the group, I seem to discover him. They seem to think I can help them, or at least want me to, which is in a way flattering. But after all that has happened, it is also terrifying.

Because I failed completely before, completely, and I have not become wise enough to know why. I hate to say, “I can’t help you. I have tried and failed,” because something about these people touches me and I want to help them. But I can’t. I don’t know how I listen to Guy and hear myself saying the same sort of words (more or less & in very dummy French) to him as I said to Charlie. It was all I had to offer Charlie and is still all I have to offer Guy. But I know it isn’t enough. I sit there saying those useless words and while I look at him I can see what will happen to him as if he were a movie I’ve seen before. And I feel completely trapped by fate and paralyzed by my inadequacy and the inadequacy of the world. There has to be an answer for Guy, just as there must have been an answer for Charlie. But I don’t know what it is. Nor, I think, does anyone else.

I feel like telling Guy to see a psychiatrist, but I have the horrible feeling he will tell me he has already been in a mental institution.

It has bothered me for some time that for some reason I have written very little in here about Munich, and now I am leaving in less than a week. I have discussed tram 19 and mention the weather a little, but there is so much I have left out. There is so much to be said about Munich, I don’t even know where to begin. I think it’s sort of like trying to write about Washington because Munich, like Washington, has been my home (in fact it occurred to me this morning that Munich is the only city I have ever lived in). I don’t really see it so much anymore, it’s all more or less background material that I take for granted now. But I must write something about it – I want to be able to read this notebook someday and to remember Munich from it –

There is the tram line, the one we used to go between the hotel and the Heim. Tram 4. We ride from Rot Kreuz Platz to Grillparzerstrasse, almost from one end to the next. The stops are: Rot Kreuz Platz (with its streets all ripped up, with the Venezia, the Deutscher Supermarkt, its fruit & flower stands, and its little statue of the monk); Landshutter Allee (with its double rows of tall trees extending in either direction); Lazarettstrasse; Pappenheimstrasse (with the big movie theater); and Stiegelmaier Platz (dominated by the Löwenbräu Brewery). All these stops are on Nymphenburgerstrasse; the next bunch of stops are in downtown Munich, beginning with Briennerstrasse (close to Königsplatz where they have the demonstrations); then Karl Augustinstrasse; Karl Barerstrasse (with the Byzantine-Greek store, and where you transfer for

Schwabing or Sendlinger-Torplatz); Lenbach Platz (with its huge, hideous fountain with the bull; with its expensive shops and travel agencies, with its movie theater and proximity to Stachus, Lenbach Platz is where we meet people, get out for the Amerika Haus or shopping, and consider ourselves halfway to the Heim); Theatinerstrasse on the other side of Promenade Platz (with its vine covered sidewalk café, its shops and theaters, its proximity to the banks and ABOVE ALL, this is the stop for American Express, so the street there is always marked by the presence of confused-looking tourists); and the National Theater (an annoying stop only 2 blocks from Theatinerstrasse, but the tram only stops there from 3:00 on). Schauspielhaus is a kind of nether land; it's not part of downtown but it's not outer Munich either. The most distinctive thing about it is the fact that I passed the stop about 40 times before I could spot what or where, in the midst of a motley bunch of shops and stores, Schauspielhaus, whatever that was, was. And of course, it is the stop for the Hofbräuhaus. But the less said about that, the better. Next comes Max Monument, with its big black clump of a monument; it was the scene of Peter's famous run-in with Kontrolle. It's one of the 3 Max's, the following 2 being Maximilianeum where the driver only stops if someone wants to get off or on (it's on the bridge over the Isar; from there you can see the Winged Victory on Prinz Regentenstrasse poised above the treetops), and then MAX WEBER PLATZ!! THE CULTURAL, SOCIAL, POLITICAL and ECONOMIC HUB of Munich!!

Anyway, Max Weber Platz also marks the beginning of Einsteinstrasse and is the only place coinciding with the old 19 line. And the next stop is Grillparzerstrasse. Also, tram #1 not only also stops at Stiegelmaier Platz, but also coincides with #4 from Theatinerstrasse to Grillparzerstrasse. Beyond Grillparzerstrasse are the glories of Steinhausen (#1, only 2 marks to get in) and Berg Am Laim (#4). In the other direction #1 goes to "Moosach", much to everyone's amusement.

I'm really hung up on trams for some reason; trams & Munich are almost interchangeable. Their impact is so great that when I got back to Munich from the East and #19 was changed around, Munich literally moved over about 2 blocks for me. The trams are half cream colored and half blue. Most consist of 2 cars, the Triebwagen and Schaffnerwagen. The back car is where you buy tickets, the front where you get on if you already have a ticket, or if you wish to cheat (but if Kontrolle catches you, you pay a 10-mark fine). On express trams there

are 3 cars, on all of which you buy tickets and on which you open the door yourself. Then there is “Mein Platz is immer frei für Erwachsene,” “Immer Ein Hand Frei Zum Festhalten,” “Einstieg Nur Hinten,” the special “cripples seats,” “Umsteigen, bitte,” “Karte, bitte,” and on and on. There is the bell the drivers ring to get people out of the way of the tram, there is our long flirtation with erased tram tickets causing much trepidation & paranoia from one end of the line to the other. There is the time a couple days ago when someone drove pieces of metal in the track grooves at Grillparzerstrasse, causing the tram to run off the tracks with the jam up behind it of about 8 trams going all the way back to Max Weber Platz.

And I see myself on the tram so many different times. The day Kitty, Laura & I first took #19 to the Heim and got out at Wiener Platz only to (of course) get completely lost (James Beck was on the same tram). The Sunday in Spring when about 12 of us crammed onto the tram to go to the zoo, all of us hanging on straps, stepping on little old ladies’ toes and generally creating havoc. The time Jim Hunt “cleverly” butted his cigarette alongside a moving tram only to have the cigarette totally destroyed. The day Charlie, Laura & I left the Heim for the last time to put ourselves into the clutches of The Haus München & Ahab. My lonely, frightened, rainy day rides all over Munich when I got back from the East and futilely went from place to place trying to help Charlie. The dozens and dozens of rides between the hotel and the Heim, especially the ones at night when the cars are nearly empty and the tram is an isolated, lighted world of its own moving thru darkened Munich. The night Peter, Pat, Kitty, some other people & I got on the back car and the conductress let Peter announce the “Nächste Haltestelle’s”. The night I got caught by Kontrolle with an expired ticket and had to pay the “Zehn Mark.” The time Kitty & I met the 2 tooreests on #1 and advised them to go to Steinhausen, that great tourist attraction of Munich. And most of all the inestimable number of nights I stood waiting in the rain at Grillparzerstrasse, waiting for #4, waiting for hope.

Munich is, of course, more than the trams. There’s the zoo, the Englischer Garten, the American and English consulates, Schwabing, the Frauenkirche and Hofbräuhaus, the Bahnhof, Teheran Export, Tjea’s apartment, the (ugh) Youth Hostel, the Salzburg autobahn entrance with the waffle factory nearby, Siemen’s and BMW, the Haus Der Kunst and Deutsches Museum, the Main PX, the Chinese Tower in the Englischer Garten, the Flying Victory & fountain on Prinz Regentenstrasse, the little park by the Isar, the Richard Wagner memorial also on PR strasse, the

Wienerwalds, Matezah, Hertie's, Schloss Nymphenburg. There is all the continuous building for the '72 Olympics: the ugly gaping holes in all the streets, the demolished buildings & the ones halfway up, the omnipresent scaffoldings and detours and the street workers with their bare, sooty backs and their beer bottles. There are the Bavarians themselves: the stout, dignified, conservative middle-aged men & women with canes or on bicycles; the little children practicing that wonder of little foreign children everywhere – speaking fluently in another language; the slightly unnerving, sharp, intelligent looking students who pass out pacifist literature, work in Schwabing bookstores and stage demonstrations; the sweet faced shop people who smile and say “Grüss Gott” when you walk in a store, “Sooo...bitte schön?” as you scan their merchandise, and “Auf Wiedersehen danke schön” when you leave. There is Tengelman's the Bayrische Vereinsbank, the police station on Entstrasse, Loden Frey, Kaufhalle, Karstadt, the Postamts and Arbeitsamt. There is Carolinen Platz, Karls Platz, Sendlinger tor Platz, the arch at the bottom of Leopoldstrasse, the dozens of cylindrical telephone cable kiosks dotting the streets. There is above all the moody, always disappointing, always about-to-rain weather, testified to by the foresighted Münchenern themselves who carry umbrellas and raincoats even on the sunniest days.

And there are Munich's statues. Not the ones like the hilarious Alfred E. Newman statue downtown somewhere or the restful, original one of the sheep & shepherd also downtown. But the gods and goddesses, the immense, noble, awesome, superhuman beings that cast cold, fixed, objective stares upon you in Munich wherever you go. They are perfect, these statues, they are Titans and human beings as they should be in an ideal state. With these statues everywhere I can almost see how the Germans conceived the idea of the super race and, in the frigid, unfeeling, inhuman eyes of these magnificent creatures, I can see, too, the flaws of the super race concept. Looking up at these statues, at their perfect faces, their perfectly proportioned and capable bodies, the nobility of their postures, I always have a slightly painful, wistful longing that they would come to life and walk the streets of Munich and the world so I could worship their cold perfection. It's almost as though I possessed a deep, subconscious racial memory of a forgotten time when men were gods, and an odd pang goes thru me at the sight of these statues. I will miss these Titans when I leave Munich.

And there is the other side of the German character, the childlike playfulness and love of enjoyment, fancy and pleasure, exemplified by the Glockenspiel, which I never saw in action (& never thought I would) till last week. Kitty and I were a little lost after going to see some German officials about Charlie's things. It was (naturally) raining and we dodged around barricades and detours and traffic until we suddenly rounded a corner & found ourselves in Marienplatz, across the street from the Glockenspiel. I stopped short. "Why, look, Kitty," I said with more amazement than the occasion really warranted, "It's going off!" I pointed and we both stopped. High above Marienplatz in the little balconies near the huge clock, the little figures of the Glockenspiel were striking 11:00, dancing, skipping and whirling to the tinkly little tune that is also used on the "München Tageschau." They moved and bowed stiffly in the same motions they do and have done every day at 11:00 am and 9:00 pm for centuries, and all around Marienplatz, people had stopped what they were doing and watching it. Rows of German eyes and softened, wistful German mouths were tilted to the rain and the Glockenspiel, watching in wonder & joy something that must have been pretty much old hat to them. But somehow, as we threaded our way thru the frozen crowd, I could see how they felt. It felt like a present from the actual physical city of Munich to have a chance to happen upon the Glockenspiel going off and to see the little people dance on and on, so far from the eyes of the marble gods & goddesses.

(possible story?)

I have more or less lived in Germany for over 6 months now. I have both loved and hated it and I wonder now what my final appraisal of the German people is.

They fascinated me right from the start. Their stuffiness and conservatism contrasting with the near nudes on the covers of *Der Stern*, a magazine similar in format to Life. Their love of music, laughter and good times illustrated in Fasching and in the existence of places like the Hofbräuhaus contrasting so oddly with their love of order, efficiency and rules. The Germans are efficient if nothing else and if nothing else, they are orderly and neat. Look at the ease with which one can master the very complicated public transportation system, thanks to the schedules placed at every single tram or bus stop in the city. Look at the absolutely dumbfounding (to an American) absence of litter anywhere in the streets, thanks to maybe thousands of well placed "abfälle's" and to some key characteristic in the German character. Look at the handiness of all

those hundreds of different types of vending machines, selling everything from records to fresh flowers.

But this love of order and regulation is also a flaw in German character, to me. I see them as wishing, in their mania, to completely regulate everything, to carefully label, compartmentalize, and control every facet of life. I think they are just a little bit obsessed with order & efficiency - & God help you if you break a rule or mar the working of the well oiled machinery. Then their joviality goes out the window and they become implacable, stiff necked, self righteous bastards and you haven't got a chance in the world. I used to wonder which aspect of the German character was most dominant – the fun loving beer drinker or the rigid official. I think the answer now is that the German obsession with rule & order always comes first. Because, while one is allowed to be fun loving & jovial, it is jollity only within the carefully delineated confines of the scheme of things, and if one once makes an individual decision to step out of these confines, it's all over for that guy. And so, so often the German efficiency & order becomes German petty bureaucracy, which is too bad.

Do I like them? I hate to say it, but even after 6 months, I hardly know them. And to say that gives them the benefit of the doubt. I don't think I can even judge with true objectivity because of a few spectres in my mind: the spectre of the fat German tourists in half empty Mercedes' refusing to give Charlie & me lifts in Yugoslavia, and the spectre of the officials who killed Charlie.

Now is the time.

Now is the time is now is the time is now. And that's why, that's why the bare walls and empty hallways and people coming back to watch the house die and no one crying and of all the people we will never meet now . . . is the time. It's over over, they killed Charlie and now they are killing the house and the dreadful part is that I scarcely know who they are but they have this power over me and mine that I will never have and it is all because I don't know who they are. for six months I've loved you, house, from the first moment I walked in the door so excuse my sentiment that I write on your walls ("they were crying in the streets, the Greek said, "people crying in the streets" but that was before the revolution and the horrible poster) because my

words and tears and memories and thoughts are all here and with those of so many others . . . alllll is ONE . . . there is so much I have taken for granted in my life and the Heim is so much. There is no miracle to save us, only the miracle that the Heim was which in a way saves us, doesn't it?

“Do you know how many were killed last week?” - Nancy Lindbergh

Received a card from Peter Scanlon posted in Germany. It sounded rather desperate. He's coming here, but I hope he gets here very soon, like within the next day or so. It would seem so incredibly stupid & such bad bad luck to miss him so close after everything that's happened.

I don't know what Peter Scanlon looks like. I don't know where he's from or what he's done or what he's like. What will it be like to see him? We have both been through the same anguish (and I am not ashamed to use that word because that is what it was), and it's the sort of thing not everybody goes through. We both loved Charlie, we both knew him so well and wanted so much for him. Because of that alone I feel a bond for Peter Scanlon that I share with no one else alive, even Charlie's family. There is so much I could say to him, so much to ask him. Oh but what will I tell him? I told him I had found a way to live with what happened, but I found it in me, such a personal inward thing to explain. A sort of thing that just snaps inside and becomes clear in spite of its illogic, a sort of thing arrived at by nearly infinite pain, fear, sleepless nights, and excruciating loneliness, a sort of thing that may be only the mercy of madness and have no objective substance at all. My answer is my answer and tho I wish I could somehow make it everyone's answer for pain, everyone's answer is the only thing it cannot be. It came out of me alone and never could have come from without me, so how can I hope to inject it into Peter? Oh, the confusion of things when you want so to help but feel so crippled and do not know how. But how I need myself to talk to him, how many things I have had to say with no one to say them to and perhaps it's the same for him. I don't know. I don't know anymore but it would be terribly unfair if we never did get a chance to talk. But if I have learned anything in 9 months, it is that life can be terribly unfair sometimes, even if only because it can be so preposterously fair at other times. Oh Peter it would be so terrible but I have fought so hard and

cannot fight anymore forgive me I fought until I could not feel for the fighting I could not see for the tears and could not breathe for the tenderness and I loved as I loved my very life and existence a love without knowledge or bounds or self awareness a love that just was, was me and more than me, I was defined, Peter, by this love and this fight and this tenderness in a blaze of life that is exhausted, extinguished and gone without my yet knowing why or maybe ever knowing why. Can I tell you to yield Peter, can I claim your trust at this time and say give up give up completely there is no other way or can I yet fight and care and cry that much even that much? What is there for us to know Peter, except the knowledge we both cherish and fear and despair of forever that we failed in loving, that our all was not enough, nor our concern and laughter and hope? That is our bond and common doubt, that is the one closeness we will always share, even if we never met and never say it There will be no reconciliation with that ghost for either of us ever: we both failed, we both know it, and neither of us knows why.

Oh forgive me Peter I still need that read my poems in my eyes

“JACKPOT!” cracks a moronic voice. The nights and days and months I have sat here and felt here with my feelings punctuated by

“JACKPOT!”

Fuck'em all.

<sup>1</sup>*Dear Peter,*

*What do you do when they stop the music? I'm in the most incredible mess.*

---

<sup>1</sup> This was the beginning of a letter that Charlie had written to Peter while he was in jail. It references Peter's efforts while serving as a psychiatric aide during Charlie's treatment, to encourage Charlie out of his depressive malaise. These efforts took the form of Peter's urging Charlie, metaphorically, to dance. There had been a breakthrough when finally one day, Charlie had said to Peter, "Teach me to dance."

Now that I'm leaving Munich, I am in a way glad to have had this obnoxious job because it makes leaving that much less painful. Today we closed the Heim for good. We all stood on the sidewalk and waited for Hannelore's taxi. There was Ray, with his shaggy hair, hairy face, glittery little black eyes and supercool nonchalance; James with his goatee and his sarcastic, semi-cryptic remarks; Sandy with his brillo pad of long sandy hair and his freckles; Laura very chic in her red suit and stockings; Kitty and me in our beat up jeans, and me in my Fasching hat; Guy with his beige trench coat, gold rimmed German glasses and gushy French enthusiasm; Peter with his faded jeans and cocky cockney look; even Robert the tortoise. And we were the only ones left of the Heim, our motley group there on the sidewalk. When the taxi came and we had said goodby, when Hannelore had gone, there was finally and forever no more Heim. We stood still in front of the building but the door was closed and behind the faceless windows was nothing where there had been so much. There was a strange hollowness and dissipation; no one could go in the door again. There was really no more Heim. That sounds funny to say, it sounds trite and sentimental to think but it was rootless and lost and at a loss to feel. No more Heim. How queer. We were mildly stunned. *Nous ne pouvons pas revenir, nous ne pouvons jamais revenir.* I'm scared.

But about this job. Now is another "last time" and a "last time" for which I am utterly thankful. Much of the pain I feel at losing the Heim is compensated for by my joy at leaving the Columbia Hotel. I have relieved Ginette for the last time, I have forged a cigarette signature for the last time, I have got back the \$5 from the bar for the last time – and I couldn't be happier about it. <sup>2</sup>FUCK THE COLUMBIA HOTEL!

Somehow I want to say something about Charlie now but I just can't. Maybe it will come later. There is no name for what I felt for Charlie. It just was.

---

<sup>2</sup> Never burn your bridges! We were so angry, so spiteful and bitter. When Kitty and I left our respective jobs at the hotel, we left little notes all over the place that said "Fuck the Columbia Hotel".....and then a couple days later, we had to *go back* and see Herrs Kienlein and Muller to clear up some kind of confusion about our last checks. We did get our checks, and not a word was said about our notes.