

November

Corfu

(cartoon drawing by Kitty of Japanese
guy who came to the Caves before
we left.)

“Teach me the Way of the Cave!”

- said the little Japanese kid who turned up at Matala one day.

Signs above the counter at Delphini's in Matala:

A black and white poster showing a Greek sailor; “Quelle fiere Race.”

A sign: “Self Service – Please pay when served.”

4 November

Dear Family,

So there I was in the caves in Crete watching a lone figure approaching across the beach .
. . . a haggard, forlorn looking young man with a 3 days growth of beard, crooked glasses, dirty
bare feet, unkempt hair, a merry twinkle in his eye, indifferently sloppy clothes and a pleasant
smile . . . blowing his nose on a sock . . . and YES, it turned out that this figure, whose name is
Myron, used to work at

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS.

There is hope yet . . .

Love

Tif

[NOTE: the next 2 letters are written on airletter paper, so they're really just one communication
divided up into 2 airletters.)

Athens 4 November 1968

Dear Family,

Why didn't old Sluthead little sister write me a letter after that wunnerful birthday card? Anyway, all kinds of things are happening . . . we got back here yesterday morning from Crete (we got to see Papandreou's funeral – you know the ex-exiled, ex Prime Minister of Greece – a million people were lining the streets of Athens for it chanting chants against the present regime. . .) (No, the closest we got to Jackie's wedding was a newsreel we saw last nite when we went to see "Barbarella" – which film featured Jane Fonda totally nude). Anyway, we stayed on Crete a week longer than intended because it was a wonderful relaxing place all around. First we hung around Heraklion (the major city) eating grapes & sunbathing on the roof of the Youth Hostel for 4 days . . . also we saw the ruins at Knossos . . . also I read Zorba the Greek there. Most appropriate. Then we headed for Matala, location of the famous "caves in Crete". I can find no words to describe Matala, except that, in all my travels, covering 10 months & thousands of miles, it was the most perfect place I have ever been in. Yes, we lived in a cave, a groovy, snug, warm, dry little cubicle with a gravel floor, shelves made of bamboo shoots (a major building material in Matala) and a piece of plastic on a pole for a door. Our cave was 1/3 of a "cave complex" consisting of 1 other cave, a "kitchen" & a terrace, all called The Hilton by the cave dwellers. There were maybe 40 kids living in the caves while we were there, with a generally even sprinkling of Americans, English, Canadians, Australians, Germans, French and Italians, plus a Japanese or 2 thrown in for good measure . . . I really got to practice my language there – at one point a Frenchman & a German were talking to each other with me as translator. What fun. The village of Matala, which is across the beach from the caves, consists of about 20 white huts, 100 chickens, 4 cafes, 1 loudly braying donkey, 15 dogs, 4000 cats of all kinds and 10 Greeks. There was no electricity or hot water, no cars, no food except potatoes, eggs & bread, no tv, no toilets. But plenty of Greek & American music from battery operated record players, plenty of sun and sea, plenty of friendly companionship or solitude, whichever you wanted – and plenty of Peace. I've never experienced a place like Matala. I'm hardly one of these simple life back to nature people but after Matala I may become one. There was nothing to do there, nothing to see but one never became bored. You felt dwarfed by the breath taking natural surroundings & isolation, you drop all pretentiousness & trappings & just exist, beautifully,

peacefully, needing nothing and wanting nothing. If I ever decide to get away from It all for about 6 months, Matala is where I will go.

Anyhow, Kitty and I adopted a kitten who was skinny and squeaky and obnoxious and hateful when we got it and became, under our TLC, fat and squeaky & obnoxious & hateful We named it EXCUSE me, but . . . BLECH! (BLECH! For short) and left it with an Australian girl in a neighboring cave. At first we were going to name it Original Sin but changed our minds . . . It used to sleep on my head . . . Plus, when Halloween came in Matala, we had a rousing Halloween party. Except it was a little tricky explaining Halloween to the foreigners in our broken German & faulty French, but still the party was a rousing success, in spite of the fact that the costumes were hard to dig up considering that what everyone wore everyday looked very much like costumes . . . one creative party goer put on a suit and a tie, tucked his long hair up in a hat, & went as a “straight guy.”

Well now continue on the following letter.

So at any rate, we stayed an extra week in Matala. Were it not for the fact that our time in Europe is growing shorter, we'd probably have stayed all winter. I really hated leaving. My most choked up farewell since I left Munich – even more so, since we are returning to Munich. In all, it was a fantastic place. Will explain more & show pictures at Christmas.

I am SO GLAD my box came home. I have been worrying & worrying about it as all my writing is in it and that is completely irreplaceable. Janet can play the records all she wants. We stole the Country Joe album from our Israeli friend Joseph when we left Munich. Incidentally, PLEASE get Janet to write & tell me what new albums she has acquired since I left so I'll know records I can look forward to hearing when I get home. Make her do it. Our address till November 25 will be AMEXCO, 8 München, Promenade Platz. The long roll with a letter beginning Dear Harold was a poster of Moshe Dayan that Mike B. and I bought for Harold Bleich way back in London with a letter explaining it but which I never got around to sending so now I guess I'll give it to him for Christmas . . . err, Hanukah.

I don't know what you mean about tickets for “Oliver.” You must have told me about it in a letter I never got? Incidentally, what is our phone no.? Both Peter & Mrs. Hovde wanted to call you up but can't find the number. 762-4367 is the Hovde's number. Call her up & compare notes. Also find out what they're doing as Kitty hardly ever gets mail from home & tends to

worry. *Kitty burst into tears at American Express today when she got no mail – & it's been 2 months now.*

The address you gave me seems to be for Mannheim instead of Munich but will check out Spelzenstrasse in Munich anyhow as we are shopping for a place to stay when we return there.

Elections tomorrow. One of the girls who came over from Crete with us (we left Matala with 3 other kids) got her ballot today. Maybe we'll have a miracle. As one worker for Humphrey said, "If Nixon wins the election, that means he'll really get to be President, doesn't it?" OOOH NOOO! Maybe I'll get back to Matala sooner than I think.

So tomorrow we head for Corfu, then boat to Brindisi, then up Italy back to Munich, then thru France to Calais, to Britain. Whirlwind tour stuff. But it'll be a pity to leave Greece. I think Greece & Mediterranean Turkey are pretty much my favorite parts of the world. I must come back to both someday.

Well, must write more letters. Got bunch of mail from friends today and it sounds like they are ALL blowing their minds . . . I wish people would quit dropping little things in their letters like, "I talked to Jane Doe the other day about her abortion" or "and that was right after Fred Frump broke out of jail, shotgunned 4 guards and ran off to Cuba" – and never mentioning them again.

EXCUSE ME, BUT BLECH!

Love Tif

*11? November 1968
Rome*

Dear Family,

Well, here I am at the Rome Youth Hostel contemplating 18 other girls putting on beautiful sweaters & suits, combing and spraying hair, applying makeup and all kinds of other things which absolutely blow my mind because I haven't seen such clothes, makeup etc. since - ? I can't even remember when.

Anyway, your little daughter/sister is contemplating all this, rather than getting dressed herself because she is miserably sick and is not going to get out of her little bed today. What a bummer. I don't like Italy at all and of all places I have to get sick in Rome. I have the most incredibly sore throat imaginable; I can't swallow or talk, and it is even very painful to touch my neck, all my glands are so swollen. Actually I know why I got sick – starting from Piraeus I was exposed to every conceivable sickness cause. It was raining in Piraeus when we had to run all around the docks with our knapsacks looking for the Brindisi boat, so we got thoroly soaked. Then, after we got to Brindisi, we couldn't find the youth hostel, so we slept outside in what turned out to be a dump, with a German hippy we met at the train station for protection. Needless to say, we froze most of the night. Then next day we spent about 10 hours in the back of a truck going to Naples and froze again. When we left the truck we had to walk around Naples for about 3 hours looking for a place to stay. I was completely exhausted. The next day we went to see Pompeii (hitched there from Naples) and walked around in winter clothes in sweltering heat. The next day, had to walk 2 miles out of Naples again & hitch to Rome and it rained again and we walked another 3 miles or so into Rome (plus all this time the German hippy we encountered in Brindisi is still there & madly in love w/Tiffany and so is forever wanting to make out and hold her hand and nuzzle her neck etc. etc. which is okay but if you're wearing a 40 lb. knapsack? It's very exhausting, is what it is). Then it took us from 2:00 to 7:00 to find the youth hostel (more walking) and when we got to the hostel I had to immediately run out & catch the bus to the Trevi fountain where I was supposed to meet the German hippy but since I was an hour late, he wasn't there and I froze again, tho I had plenty of time to observe the fountain which people really do throw coins into, incidentally. But anyway I woke up the day after that, which was yesterday, incredibly sick and still I remain. But I hope I'm better tomorrow so we can get out of Rome & out of Italy altogether. Excuse me, but – Bleech!

- Later

Reading over this 2 days later, it seems to me the product of a deranged mind in its totally consistent incomprehensibility. Is this confused garble the fruit of the pen of that once great master of the English tongue and editor of the SPUR, T. Beall? It's Italy, that's what it is – Italy getting to her, plus 2 months on the road and a bout with one of the world's greatest sore throats & 2 days in bed in the Rome youth hostel staring at the top bunk and wondering if I've got mononucleosis or maybe TB. That's what did it.

Anyway, we are leaving Rome tomorrow, as I have at last recovered – by the time you get this I should be back in [♡]MUNICH[♡]. And I have still seen no more of Rome than the Youth Hostel and the blasted Trevi fountain, which, incidentally, I blame for my illness. Wait – I did see the famous “Spanish steps” today, which are just like I pictured – a whole massive marble stairway rising from the pavement off up the hill leading nowhere, which is odd, since most steps lead somewhere, like into a building or something. But no, the Spanish steps are just there and are no more than just what they are cracked up to be – steps. Period. No more, no less.

I’ve been on the road too long this time. I’ve heard the same youth hostel conversations about the white slave market in Turkey, selling blood in Thessaloniki, hitching in Spain etc etc etc until I just want to scream when people start talking. It’s really terrible – I have no tolerance whatever for the nice clothes & the naiveté of kids who just started traveling. I mean, they’re so damned SWEET. And they carry hair spray in their nice new matching suitcases. And they don’t have hard, horny, scarred feet and great bulging leg muscles and old ragged, tattered clothes and anyway, I just can’t talk to them anymore. I’ve come a long way since the Ostend Youth hostel

I’m going to be different when I get home. It’s only fair to warn you all so you’ll be prepared. I mean, it’s going to take awhile for me to adjust again to normal society after months on the road. I know it gets bad when I can’t even adjust to youth hostel society, so normal society will be even more of a shock at first. It’s an intangible thing to explain really – not just things like wiping my plate with my bread (which I do) – but a sort of impatience with a lot of things, a sort of lack of polish . . . well, I can’t explain it, but just be prepared, come XMAS, & realize that it is the result of months on the road and that it will wear off quickly.

Laura is home. You may have seen her (& Peter) by now as K got a letter from P dated 31 October saying the 2 of them were planning to visit you all. I guess she couldn’t stick it out on her own, or at least didn’t much want to after the Heim closed. I hope Pete does visit you all, he’s so groovy. If Laura shows, you’ll have to excuse her Laura’s trip to Europe was, curiously, not my trip at all. We just didn’t see and do the same things, tho we were frequently together . . .

NIXON is President. I just can't believe it.

Love,

Tif

16 November 1968
Munich

Dear Family,

Well, we're back! We're home!

We got to Munich yesterday and checked into the Youth Hostel, which is as bad as ever (no smoking anywhere, cold rooms, cold water, access to dorms only at 9:00 pm & later, rude personnel) at about 6:00.

The city is the same and the city is different. The Frauenkirche is still here, the trams still run, there is still a cookie factory at the end of the Salzburg autobahn, people still greet you with "Grüß Gott" when you enter shops, you can still buy Batavia cigarette tobacco ... but it's about 40 degrees colder than when we left (and snowing), there is no more Heim, they've changed around the tram lines (again – they changed them when I went to Persia, too) – and our favorite Italian ice cream parlor has been replaced by – oh no – a toy store. (Is nothing sacred?)

We set off today to Look For Our Friends and since we didn't know where they were, that wasn't too easy. We knew one guy named Bill Hunger who got a job teaching criminology for the Army so we whipped over to the base & couldn't find him anywhere. We stomped gloomily around in the snow and decided to try Mathelene Heidke's place. Mathelene was one of the women who worked at the Heim, and had an apartment not far from there where she lived with her 2 little girls (she's divorced). She was living at a girls school where she worked after the Heim closed, but still had the apartment tho someone else was living there. Well, we couldn't seem to find the right building once we got to the area [where] she lived. We started to gloomily head off to another place when we turned around and who do we see standing there regarding us pensively under a mound of winter clothing but Nina, her youngest daughter. Well, we jumped around and grabbed the kid (who was taking the whole thing with the utmost calm, considering she hadn't seen us for 2 months). "Where's your mother?" we asked in German.

“Oh, over there,” she said vaguely, and started to wander away. Well, needless to say, we didn’t allow this child to escape and we were guided to the right apartment, only to be enthusiastically greeted by Mathelene, Bob Kotyk (a guy from the Heim she’s sort of going with – remember, we started off for Istanbul in a car with him), & Anja (the other kid). We are at her place now – she & Bob took the kids to a puppet show – and it’s so beautiful to be back with friends again! Most of the kids who were here when we left are still here & we’ll be seeing some of them tonite ... And the cold, and the snow falling remind us of home, and of Christmas ... and I hope I get some mail at American Express soon ...

And we are so glad to be out of Italy. Italians are so incredibly infantile and stupid. I don’t know where they get their reputations as passionate, exciting lovers. They behave like young boys in early adolescence – when they’re not behaving like little children. I even prefer the Turkish approach to the Italian. One stupid SOB who gave us a lift even offered us money for a little “amore” and just couldn’t believe we wouldn’t accept. It was such a delight to go thru Brenner (which is a border village, half Italian & half Austrian) and be amongst Austrians again. I shall not be disappointed if I never go to Italy again – tho obviously I guess I’ll have to, to get back to Greece & Turkey. But you can take the leaning tower and the Colosseum and the Venetian canals and the Neapolitan laundry hanging across the streets and sink them in the sea for all I care. They just aren’t worth it for the other stupidities one has to endure.

In Innsbruck, Austria we got to go to the genuine American Kentucky Fried Chicken place, complete with a lifesize cardboard figure of Col. Sanders. Did I ever tell you about eating there last summer when Pat DiRubbo and I went thru on our way to Bolzano? It’s definitely very strange to come across this place in the middle of picturesque little Innsbruck – but it sure is good to eat American fried chicken, French fries, & coleslaw in the middle of picturesque Innsbruck – even if we did have to walk halfway across Innsbruck to get there.

[Almost full page drawing of towering Austrian Alps in the snow, with two little figures of Kitty and Tiffy hitchhiking along a road at the foot of the mountains.]

Kitty & Tiffy doing the “Brenner Stomp” in order to keep warm while hitching in subzero weather in the Brenner pass.

Love, Tif

22 November 1968
Munich

Dear Family,

Kitty and I are now in a “Selbsbedienung Waschsalon” (Laundramat) washing our clothes. This is only the 5th time in the past year that I have washed my clothes in a washing machine – in Liverpool last January, in Mannheim in March, in Munich in June, again in Munich in September, and now. All the rest of the time has been by hand, usually in cold water.

Kitty, who just cashed her last travelers check, just now dropped a 2 mark piece between the washing machines - 50¢ down the drain. Oh well, we still have our last paychecks at Mathelene’s in Traunstein, which is 80 K’s from here – we should have about \$40-\$50 in them. We’re hitching out there today to get them.

(There is a very cute little long haired dachshund running around the laundromat, eating Kitty’s matches, carrying Kitty’s hat along the floor, biting the hem of my dress and just being generally playful ... uh oh, one of our boxes of soap just fell on the floor and spread its contents all over the place ... it’s just one of a series of very annoying little catastrophes that have happened to us in the past few days.)

Yesterday, which was Thanksgiving was a veritable farce of a day. I will now try to explain it:

We woke up at Mathelene’s apartment in Munich, where we had been staying several days. We had to leave there yesterday because Ooozala, the girl who is subletting part of the apartment from Mathelene, had told us we couldn’t stay there. Well, that was okay, except that we had lost the key to the place that Mathelene had loaned us. So our intention was to borrow

Ooozala's key and get it copied. But after arising yesterday at the crack of dawn to catch Ooozala before she went to work and borrow her key, we decided against it because (a) Ooozala speaks no English and it would be very hard to explain it in German and (b) Ooozala hates us anyway.

Well, we let Ooozala go, deciding to have Mathelene write to her and explain the situation so we could copy the key later. (we found out later that there is an internal mail strike in Germany, so that won't work either, oh well). We then ate breakfast, packed up our knapsacks and headed for 22 Kaulbach Straße, which is another story.

22 Kaulbach Straße is a one room flat in Schwabing with no lock on the door and a medium sized hole in the window. It originally belonged to a German dope addict named Viktor, and his girlfriend Karina. Some friends of ours – Bob, Sandy, Ray, & James, gave Viktor & Karina some hash to sell for them. Well, Viktor & Karina skipped town with the hash, leaving their room unoccupied and fair play for anyone who knew it was there and had no lock on the door – anyone such as Bob and Sandy, who decided Viktor & Karina sort of owed them something anyway after leaving with about \$100 worth of hash. Since Bob & Sandy had no real place to stay, they spent a few nites at the flat, altho they didn't care much for it because half the junkies, thieves, drunks & derelicts in Schwabing also knew about it & went in & out all night. Finally, tho, the place became so "hot" that all the crooks were afraid to go there, so Kitty & I decided to stay there until we could find someplace else to stay – since it was free.

So yesterday we arrived there, knapsacks & all, discovering no one was home, which didn't surprise us, as Sandy & Bob are both working. We settled down to wait for someone to wander by, and pretty soon started noticing things ... like a copy of the Munich newspaper, some German clothes on the bed, a lot of opened mail addressed to Victor Bruncyski, a leather satchel with a hypodermic needle in it ... all of which led us to the conclusion that Viktor had returned & our friends had left.

(Now why, I ask you, did Viktor have to come back on the same day that Ooozala kicked us out?)

Oh well, we thought. We'll go over to Bill Hunger's and find out where everybody went ... until we remembered that Bill Hunger was going to Paris for Thanksgiving. So we then

decided to just go & find a Pension to stay at, which we attempted to do, but after carrying our knapsacks all over the city looking, we discovered that they were all very expensive.

At this point we found ourselves at the train station so we decided to get some lunch at the cafeteria there. We got salads that turned out to be so hopelessly spoiled we couldn't eat them. Then I went & bought a map of Europe & the Mideast, which I had wanted for a long time.

(Oh yes, I forgot. In the morning before we went to Kaulbach Straße we went to ASTA to see if we could change the date of our flights home to sooner so Kitty could hurry up & get home to marry Peter so he wouldn't get deported. Then of course it turned out that we could only make it 2 days sooner at a cost of \$25 each. So we gave up that idea.)

So, after much debate we decided to stay at the House International, a kind of hostel for kids whose main disadvantage is that it's a hundred miles from anywhere. It also turned out to be a hundred miles from the nearest bus stop, as well as costing over \$2.00 a night. Feeling very annoyed, we checked in, went up to our room, where I opened my new map only to discover that it's a TERRIBLE, CONFUSING, INACCURATE map and I'm really mad as it cost almost \$1.50.

Well, anyway. It was Thanksgiving and we had promised ourselves we would go down to the restaurant across from the Heim and get Käseschnitzel's, our favorite German dish, to celebrate. So we walked 100 miles to the bus stop, got on the bus, got off at Einsteinstraße & walked happily up to the restaurant – only to discover that it was CLOSED because it was Thursday! Oh, no! So, we walked further down the street to another place that doesn't have Käseschnitzel and ate there very disgruntledly. We then went back to the bus stop & hopped on the bus, eager to return to the House International & bathe.

... well, we missed our stop. We went all over Munich to all these places we had never heard of before, much less seen. We had to get off the bus at the end of the line, wait for another one & go back again, almost missing the stop again. And then we finally got back to the hotel, got all set to take a bath, and then I discovered that I had lost my towel.

I just gave up and went to bed – in the top bunk, which, incidentally, is too high for me to get into without breaking my leg every time.

So much for gloomy complaining. To enlarge upon a before mentioned point, Peter's American visa ran out on November 20 and at last report, he could not get it renewed. [shorthand brief form for "therefore"] (do you recognize that brief form, mother?), he and Kitty are getting married upon her return to the States, at which time he will become an American citizen (Kitty will become a British citizen, too, incidentally) and won't have to worry about his visa. They sort of intended to get married in a few years anyway and altho Kitty doesn't really want to tie the knot quite so soon, that's the way it has worked out. Anyway, Kitty's father has found Pete a job as a bookbinder (which is the trade he learned in Britain) paying \$5 at hour, so it won't be as tho he won't be able to support her. So – all in all it will be an exciting homecoming.

*I got Janet's letter. So Pebbles had some "pouimbees". And so Chippy Bean's half brother is going to Damascas High. Oh yes, she better not get too excited over "Wheels of Fire" because it's not my record, but Kitty's. We used to each own half of it, but I traded my half for one of Kitty's Turkish records. **JAUNET! EVEN THOUGH THE RECORD IS MINE (MAD LAUGHTER) YOU CAN LISTEN TO IT SOMETIMES FOR A NOMINAL FEE HA HA HOO HA! KITTY APPLESEED (SOON TO BE "JAMES")***

Kitty's mother finally wrote. What is our phone #, incidentally? I would really like to know as I sent home the other letter in which you told me it before. Even tho that address you gave me is for Mannheim & not Munich, we will probably go see her anyway.

Can't think of anything else to say except please write & also Kitty's bra shrunk.

Love to all,

Tif

Munich

Themes: cold. keys. Tram rides. Batavia. American express "clients' Mail." Siegestor between Ludwig and Leopoldstrasse. Feeling dirty, saying goodbye.

Thoughts on The House at Pooh Corner and Charlie

What will I be doing in a year? I have a strange feeling now. Saying good by to Ray and James is part of it. Writing and telling the Dennes I can't come is part of it. Writing to Albert about Kitty's marriage is part of it. Kitty's marriage is part of it. And so is Going Home.

What is it, the wistful, sad aching that I am feeling? Is it that I am going from the known to the unknown, or vice versa? It's odd to think of my home as the unknown and a life of youth hostels and foreign languages and constantly changing surroundings as the known. It should be the other way around. Yet I could weep for what I am leaving and fear what I am returning to. Because things will never be the same, will they? I long to go home in so many ways, and yet I am so hesitant to do it. I have learned how to live this way, it is a hard life. But it has become familiar now. How will I feel when I am at home in my family's living room, with all the things I have missed, and think of London, Munich, Istanbul, Teheran, Matala, Rome, even Sofya – all the places I've been that will be so unreachable. How odd. I still don't know where I belong, and my passport is stamped full of the places I've been. The only place I can imagine "belonging" is Matala, and Matala is only a dream.

Well, it's going to be different now. I guess that's all I can say and all I can do is accept it.

Sandy got on a train today with his brother and left for Frankfurt and a waiting airplane. This time tomorrow he'll be home.

The first time I ever met Sandy was on a night at the end of March, on the sidewalk half a block from the Heim. Laura and Charlie and I were on our way to Ahab's hotel that night, and on our way to Afghanistan the next day. Sandy was with some friends who told us a hair-raising tale of rape and plunder in faraway Turkey. Sandy reminded Charlie to look for his passport since he had been mislaying it. Sandy remembers this very vividly.

Ray and James went home a couple of weeks ago. James is from the very beginning, from the day Kitty and Laura and I took tram 19 from the bahnhof out to 120 Einsteinstrasse to see about staying at a kind of hostel where they speak English. James was on the same tram as us. Ray is from the birthday party held for him at the Heim right after I got back from Persia.

Ken Stein, who is from the first afternoon at the Heim, went home over a month ago. Laura left in October, Pete in September, Pat and the 2 Nancy's in August. Bill Hunger is leaving December 18 and so are we. It seems like everyone is going home, like Europe will

suddenly be empty and drained of the Americans, English & Canadians, and there will be an overbalance of Europeans in Europe. But that isn't even true, really. The Smileys, Agarons, Lloyds, Dianes, Ray Hernings, Phils, and Ricks are all being replaced by the new kids, the ones who just got here a few weeks ago or a few months ago. Just as we all replaced a group of kids, and just as the new kids will be replaced. It's a continuous, self-sustaining process. I don't know if it encourages me to know that someone is, uh, keeping up the tradition or saddens me that we are so little missed. On autobahns and in youth hostels and at Persian Parking lots and at border stations. Man, I want to leave a mark somewhere, and there just isn't any.

Charlie #4

You have given your misery the slip.
I see you now in the sun.
I carry you with me and leave little
pieces
in Matala, in silvery seas,
in crowded markets smelling of goat cheese,
in tinkling Eastern gold shops,
in green grasses on full stomachs,
in split crisp melons weeping tears
of joyous juices,
in mellow cigarette smoke after a meal,
in very fine, wistful music at the right time,
in boats breasting green and white seas,
in the Sun
and in all the good places.

Kitty: Oh, you missed it.

Tiffany: What?

Kitty: There is a guy with an Afghan down there.

Tiffany: Oh, a real Afghan? Or.....

Kitty: Well, I think it's a real Afghan. It's got spots, but . . . you'll be able to see it when the tram starts moving.

Tiffany: It's shaggy and all?

Kitty: Yeah. Wait a minute, here we go . . . it disappeared. Where'd he go?

Tiffany: Maybe in there.

Kitty: No, wait. There he is!

Tiffany: Where?

Kitty: Right there, look.

Tiffany: I don't see him.

Kitty: Right there.

Tiffany: The guy with the dog?

Kitty: Yeah. If you look really close . . . it's all hairy.

Tiffany: But . . . Kitty. You mean the pants? That's just a brown suit. That's not an Afghan.
(Kitty pauses)

Kitty: Tiffany. It's an Afghan dog, not an Afghan coat.

Patty: Think I'll go find out what time it is.

Judy: That's a good place to go.

25 November 1968
Munich

Dear Mother (rich, intelligent, kind, gentle, witty, beautiful, underst ∞→

If you swear!

(a) Not to meet us at the airport in New York

(b) Not to reveal the date to anyone outside the family –

*- I will now reveal when I will be home. Or at least the day we leave Europe, which is (gasp! Can it be so near?) DECEMBER 18, 1968 from Brussels, Belgium – I mean Brussels, Belgium – which means I should be in DC by the 19th sometime, depending on our arrival time which I don't know yet, nor do I know the airlines or anything else since our flight is booked thru a German student agency & they can't give us the info till 10 days before the plane leaves and anyway **THAT IS THE DATE!***

Only no one else knows except Mrs. Hovde and Peter, so don't tell and please don't meet us in N.Y. as we've come a long, long way under our own steam and want to make the last 200 miles that way, too. Okay? Okay! Will see you December 19 or 20.

Actually, since Kitty is in a big hurry to get home and get this business with Pete straightened out, we tried to change our flight to sometime sooner, but the only sooner date they had was December 16, for which we'd have had to pay \$25 extra, and it wasn't worth it for only 2 days. So we are still in Munich, and will be till around the 10th as we have discovered we are

too low on funds to go to England as we had planned, tho I really did want to see the Dennes and Kitty wanted to meet Pete's family, but that's the way it goes, I guess. We will probably spend a few days in the Heidelberg-Mannheim area, tho on our way to Brussels, visiting some old friends & old landmarks and we may make it to Miss Otti whats-her-name's place after all.

At this point we are still at the Haus International, having missed 2 breakfasts & 1 nite's sleep we had already paid for, so we are somewhat disgruntled as we don't like paying 9 DM a nite (\$2.25) for such a regimented place as this anyway. We hitched out to Stein, a little village about 85 K's from Munich, to visit Mathelene (pronounced, believe it or not, "Madelaina") at the boarding school where she works as sort of house mother (this was Friday). We ended up spending the night. The school is very groovy, physically – a vast old castle (maybe "palace" is a better word) with winding stairways, 18 different wings, doors and courtyards, lots of ivy and rows and rows of windows, all in the middle of a tiny village whose villagers blow their minds on the weird assortment of visitors Mathelene turns up with. On the hill above the school is a real old stone castle like the ones along the Rhine with slit windows and turrets, only completely deserted. A secret passage carved into the cliff connects the school-palace & the castle. The place reeks with history, ancient & modern. The old castle used to lie on the main road between Munich and Salzburg back in the Middle Ages, so Mathelene tells us, and the lords of the castle would set upon all travelers, slit their throats or capture them, and take all their possessions. In the first part of this century, both castles belonged to rich Jews. In the Nazi era the property was confiscated & given to the parents of the present owner, who were big Nazis. After the war they were told they could only keep it if they did some sort of public service thing with it – so they opened a boarding school. Which is now for all the rich, spoiled brats in Germany between age 10 & 21 to the tune of \$250 a month.

Except Mathelene doesn't care much for her job as it consists mainly of keeping 14 year old boys out of the beds of 12 year old girls ... well can't have everything.

And I hate to close now but my pen is running out of ink & it's the last one, so I have to. Sorry.

Oh well,

Love to all Tif

Later

Well, it's next day & I bought a pen and also rec'd your letter Thanksgiving card so I decided to write more on this letter, tho I mailed the other. First: Kitty got a telegram from her mom & a letter from Pete bearing some tidings: Peter got his visa renewed, they needn't get married quite so soon, & all is well. Second: we did think of home on thanksgiving most homesickly & can hardly wait to eat Turkey & punkin pie at Christmas. Third: My doggie woggie is beautiful in her picture! Where'd she get all that coat? I showed her pic to the mail clerk in Amexco & he liked her too. Can hardly wait to see her too. Why was John on the roof with the septic tank man? Why did Janet look so gloomy in her prom picture? Why no pictures of my little muvver? I have 3 rolls of film – 36 pix, if they all come out – waiting to be developed when I get home. I can't wait till you all see those – stuff like our cave in Crete, the Gülhane, the Istanbul flea market, the Heim, etc. Plus Peter has a whole bunch of fabulous Heim pix he will copy for us when we get back. If you think you got a kick out of Myron (the former NBS employee in Crete), you can imagine what it was like for me - & I guess Myron got quite a shock seeing me too as I didn't look much better than him. Kitty wrote Susan a long, funny letter about Crete which I hope she got. I got Sal's letter yesterday. Yay for DRFR moving back to Wisconsin Ave.! If the Lorton Reformatory people think they got it so ruff, they oughta see Europe on 60¢ a day. Color tv? I haven't seen any tv for 11 months! We finally collected our last paychecks from the good old Columbia & got \$15 more dollars each than we thought we would, goody goody. Oh, I saw a blue merle collie with very good coloring on Einsteinstrasse the other day . . . incidentally, we met an American girl in Crete & again in Athens traveling with the prettiest, sweetest, grooviest dog, one of those dogs that are like small, sort of soft grey German shepherds, named Sasha . . . Peter sent Kitty the funniest card about why she hasn't been getting any mail from him (or anyone). See reverse side for example. Well, I guess this is all I can squeeze on one innocent page so I'll stop now & fix some salami & mustard sandwiches for dinner.

LOVE,
Tif

[On reverse]

THIS HERE. . . .

*[Drawing of extremely fierce, angry-looking cat,
scowling & baring his teeth.]*

***. . . . IS IVAN P. "STOMPER" WILLOW, A SURLY TOMCAT
WHICH LIVES THREE DOORS DOWN FROM YOU AND
EATS MAILMEN LIKE THEY WAS SARDINES***

. . . ! . . . ! . . . ! . . .

***SO THE MAIN REASON YOU HAVEN'T GOT MY LAST 7,349
LETTERS IS THAT EACH TIME YOUR MAILMAN TRIED TO
DELIVER'EM HE WAS ATE BY STOMPER***

***(THE ONLY REASON THIS ONE GOT THRU IS BECAUSE OL' STOMPER
HAS GONE TO WASHINGTON TO EAT THE
POSTMASTER GENERAL AND THE TREASURY BUILDING.)***