

December

It's a new month and our last week in Munich.

What exactly compels me to write that I have received a [copy of a] letter Charlie wrote me before he killed himself, I don't know. I don't know a lot. He wrote as he talked to me when he was alive, he was not discernably unhappy, he was incredibly bored and lonely, it was only a copy, it was signed Love Charles.

Love Charles. Now that it is all over, and finished, and I know and knew and remember the actual facts and day to day doings of our relationship, it should not matter to me whether Love Charles was an authentic closing and not thoughtfully modified by Mr. Denne when he copied it. It makes no difference to what we did and said and what happened to us.

But I am human and I wish, wish I knew if Charlie really signed Love Charles. It would be very important to me to know this truth, I can't help that. It would not hurt me at all if he did not sign the letter so; I never expected an expression of love from him, tho I knew he was fond of me. But it would mean a great deal to me, would be an important revelation to me, if he did. It would somehow show that what happened was not due to some failing of mine to relate to him, to give all I could, that what I was to him in no way was a part of his reasons for killing himself. It would be some peace to my soul, somehow, to believe in this Love Charles. And yet I will never know. And I will always ache to see the Dennes' copy of the letter.

Good by.

I've said good by so many times in the past year. I have said enough good bys for a life time.

Good by. Thank you very much for everything. Good luck. Have a good trip. See you later. See you in November. So long. Good by.

And suddenly they've started to hurt.

Originally, we were flying home December 18. Then we tried unsuccessfully to change it to the 4th. Then all flights on the 18th were cancelled and we were to go home the 16th. And then, the day before we intended to hitch out of here to catch our flight in Amsterdam, it was changed again to the 22nd.

I don't care anymore, man. After a certain amount of this, "going home" ceases to have any meaning. I can't work up the enthusiasm any more. I am trapped in a lethargic dream (is it a dream?) of living in an unheated storage closet in the basement of an apartment building on the edge of Munich . . . I had a dream, man, I dreamed I woke up every afternoon at 1:30 in a sleeping bag on a green couch in a storage room, and every time I awoke I could see a black and white Procol Harum poster on a toilet-paper green wall. And I never wanted to get up because it only meant another day in an army base library where it was so hot and stuffy I got headaches where we always stole books to read at nite in the storage closet after the library closed But in the dream I had to get up because I really had to go to the bathroom and there was no toilet in the storage room; the nearest toilet was in the army base snack bar, a 20 minute walk away And I remember it was always very cold outside – the skin on my face smarted in the bitter cold – and we never saw the sun because it was December, in Munich where it gets cold because it is so far inland, and besides, it's so near the mountains . . . and we always had to do something, like go down to American Express and tell them not to send our mail back yet because we had to stay 6 days longer, but we never did it because it was all so lethargic . . . in the dream we saw the same funny old woman in the library every day. She was fat and sagging, with mismatched clothes, baggy patterned stockings and nice leather boots, and each day she fell asleep in a chair and snored, after she had read the American and German newspapers . . . she was in the same chair every day – we noticed because we were in the same chairs, too . . . and each nite we came back to our room, shivering and stumbling thru the woods, and we would read the books we stole . . . and we had a vague goal in mind, like we were going Home sometime, but we never did, so we stopped talking about it, even thinking about it, and didn't care anymore . . . just cared about maintaining, automatically and apathetically, the status quo, the snack bar toilet, the library, the candles, the cardboard over the window, the Bob Dylan and Moby Grape posters on our wall, "On the" Road Again" . . . because enthusiasm, like all things, has its peak and after that it simply ebbs . . . and, in the dream, my feet were always cold and Kitty (she was with me) had a gaping crack in the sole of her sneakers, just adjacent to a gaping hole in her sock . . . I could remember a time when we used to count the days left . . .

. . . we don't bother any more.

10 December 1968
Munich

Dear All –

Booooo!

Today we were most surprised and chagrined to learn that we are not going home on December 18, as you thought, or on December 16, as we thought, but on DECEMBER 22, a scant 3 days before Christmas and now we have to spend 6 more days living in a basement storage room and going to the library every day and getting headaches and anyway, we just completely broke down into tears at the student travel office when they told us, but that, as Lars always used to say, is that.

Well, you see at first they had no more flights on the 18th, so they changed our flight to the 16th, so, since we had just told you all about the 18th we decided to surprise you & show up 2 days early. But then when we went down today to get our tickets (we were all set to hitch out of Munich tomorrow to Amsterdam, which was where the 16th flight left from) they told us there were no more flights the 16th & we'd have to leave on the 22nd from Cologne instead.

I am so thoroughly disgusted and upset I can't even discuss it from sheer BITTER VETCH, but at any rate we arrive in New York at 11:00 am on the 22nd. BUT – PLEASE DO NOT MEET US IN NEW YORK! Seriously. We have no intention of hitching home (tho I think that hitching in the Middle East is more dangerous than NY to DC, and I don't mean dangerous to one's virtue either; wait till you hear ALL the stories I've heard & experienced) but are saving back enuff cash to take the bus home. The important point is:

I DO NOT WISH TO HAVE A REUNION IN A CAR SPEEDING MERRILY DOWN THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE.

Please understand. I have had a dream for a long, long time. In the dream, a car drives up to our house with me & my knapsack in it. A Beall or two mumble suspiciously from behind curtains. "SOMEBODY'S here!" they mutter with horror. The front door opens. I get out of car, momentary lack of recognition on part of people at the door, sudden shock & joy of recognition, we all start running, screaming, hugging, dogs barking. I come in and take off knapsack, we all gather in living room & talk. And so forth.

Please don't ruin my dream. I've had it for so long now. Believe me, if you daughter can finagle her way from Teheran, Iran to Munich, Germany (a distance of roughly 3,600 miles) with \$40 in her pocket in Teheran – then she can make it from New York City to Washington, D.C. in one piece.

I'm tougher than I used to be. For Better or for Worse.

Love, Tif

ps The letter from England concerns the 2 suitcases I lot in London last January – I can get 'em back, yay.

pps I saw a Shetland Sheepdog in downtown Munich today.



pps There's a book by ¹Gavin in the Munich Army Base library on how to write short stories.

Sunday 15 December


Munich

Dear Bruvver John,

Happy birthday 2 days ago, John !

Christmas () is comin', John, and I know you're tearin yourself apart wonderin what record your beloved and much-missed  sister Slob wants waiting for her under the tree on that merry day from her beloved brother John. Oh, John, I can't, can't leave you in such mental anguish! Here's a list –

List of records Craved by T. Beall
In a Most Unseemly Manner

 *“Turquoise” (single, by Donavon. A MUST)*





- 2. Any Donavon album at all except “Catch the Wind”,
Which I already have.*

¹ Marian Gavin was a friend of my mother's from college, who was a published writer.

3. *"Tim Hardin, Vol. 1"*
4. *"Lovin' Sounds" by Ian & Sylvia (on MGM)*
5. *"Magical Mystery Tour" The Beatles*
6. *"Farewell to the Golden Era" Mamas & Papas*
7. *"Reflections on a Crystal Wind" Ricard & Mimi Fariña*
8. *"It's My Way" Buffy St. Marie*
9. *"On the Road Again" (single, by Canned Heat)*

Well, John, take your pick. If you are getting me a present, and it is a record, these are what I want more than anything!

Thank you, John!



Your loving slob 
 *Tiffy*

ps Say hello to all. This is my last letter

22 December 1968

the Rhine glimpsed dimly thru the fog ... it's over.

(The Following Are Miscellaneous Entries (some by other people) that originally appeared in the first journal, “The Day After We Leave for Europe”)

It was a quiet day in the summer of '58 in Peoria Illinois and Gladys Gefelltefish was smoking her last joint when suddenly there was a knock at the door. (Knock knock)

Gladys: Scheiss! Who dat?

(She opens door. Creak!)

(Enter monster. Grunt snort gasp)

Gladys: Eeeek!

(Monster and Gladys chase each other around the room, periodically switching parts)

Gladys: Grandfather! Save me! Hilfe! Au Secours! Grandfather!

(Enter Grandfather who does a double take)

Grandfather: What's up? Did you call me Gladys – and who is this purple thing? Herbie, is that you? Lost my glasses . . . can't see a thing . . .

(Meanwhile Monster and Gladys in chairs panting furiously)

Grandfather: Why Herbie, you oaf! Were you raised in a barn? (starts caning monster.

Monster bleats sheepishly, then he and granddad run around room periodically switching parts.

Meanwhile Gladys is wringing her hands and walking around room)

(Monster abates. Gladys encircles gd with arms)

Gladys: Oh, grandpappy, I wanna wang you dang!

Gd: Cooc cooc a joob!

(Exit smiling, all 3, also bowing or dancing)

Once upon a time there were five youths who went to Europe. Three of the youths were girls and two boys. They had various reasons for forsaking the comforts of home to gallivant from jungen herberge to auberge de la jeunesse evading customs officials and hobnobbing with truck drivers and madams.

Girl number 1 went because she never had any fun except when she went to Europe. Also she considered the trip an important part of her education. Also she wanted to “rough it” for once in her life. Also she wanted to get away from her parents and amorous boyfriend, and people who wanted to know what she was majoring in.

Girl number 2 did not know what to do with her life and figured she could think about it while traveling about in Europe. Also she had never seen Europe and thought it must be a groove. Also she always grooved on new experiences.

Girl number 3 went because she had been planning it for 2 years. Also she thought it would be fun and enlightening. Originally her reasons were same as reason number one, Girl number 2. But no more.

Boy number one went because the others were going. Also he didn't know what to do with his life. Also he liked the people he was with. And he was afraid of making decisions and being in Europe was a way of stalling.

Boy number 2 went because he thought it would be fun. Also he went because he was in trouble at home and it was a good time to leave and let the air clear.

Kitty Says:

If I have to listen to other people talk about themselves for one more second, I'll go stark raving crazy! I have, thus far, involuntarily dedicated my entire life to:

- A) Being cheerful and considerate*
- B) Optimistic and charming*
- C) Selfless and tolerant*

Crap! This inforced character clamp is severely injuring my dedication to the betterment of my own self aspects. I'd find it totally enthralling to spend my entire life worrying about myself, doing everything by myself, and taking every possible thing for myself! I get absolutely no pleasure from being Christian and upholding all pre-set conditions of Christendom. I want nothing more than to have me live for me only. I don't appreciate that bit of good in me that whispers shit like "Love thy neighbor" "Tis more blessed to give than to receive" and "Honor thy mother and father." If I had my way, I'd lay a giant turd on the head of the world and saying "up yours" would walk into the sunset and spend my all-to-short-life making only me happy. I don't want the crimp of other people and I am totally disgusted with myself for I'm not strong enough to give them up. I am the world's harlot!

finis

I need reassurance. I eat paper. The gold of Kitty's sweater is very pleasing, but I would never buy a sweater that color. There are many things I would alter about the things I did as a child. There are things I did that were not due to any parental influence as far as I know. Ten years from now I will be doing interesting things and my life will be interesting, but I will still be plagued at self-doubt. To my way of thinking my goal will never be reached. Actually I don't want to attain the goal, then life wouldn't be fun anymore. I'm going to stop writing because I have nothing more I care to write about, except to say I find myself very interesting.

(-Laura)

(all of these written in Mannheim)

[Written by Charlie]

Once upon a time there was a little rabbit called Bill who lived with his brothers and sisters in a large castle. They were very happy there because it was a magic castle which could fly to anywhere they wanted and so all the little rabbits were very well travelled. They had been to the moon and to the bottom of the sea and really everywhere; but the place they liked best was fairyland which was just halfway between here and the milky way.

When they were at fairyland they all laughed and scampered and flew around in the air, because anyone who went there was automatically able to fly. Of course they had all met Santa and his reindeer and his elves. They especially liked one little fairy called Softly because he always played with them and was always tripping over his own feet. In fairyland everybody Signed Charles was always playing and nobody had to work because everything was magically put away and tidied up. They didn't go to bed till 9 o'clock and when they did they were told stories about Atom bombs and Nazi concentration camps and waterfalls and everybody died. So one day a nasty ogre came and ate all the fairies and rabbits ate the castle and died in excruciating agony rolling about the floor and moaning and saying Shit man and then he died and rotted away till he was just a shrinking man.

How to kill 20,000,000 people free. ans. **WEHL STARVE THEM**

All the world diedthennotoneoftheflowerslived.

(drawings omitted)