

## Soul Comes Home

Frankfurt am Main, I.G. Hochhaus, 20 May 1963

My beautiful Germania,

I could not go to Heidelberg, because I cannot phone you either, so I am writing you a letter. Maybe you will never receive it because I do not know your post zone number. Oh, this Arab!

Thrice lunch with him until he finally spat off your address! I am very wet right now because I have been walking around in the rain without a raincoat. This seems a little stupid, because I own three raincoats. One of them is hanging on a hook at Frau Klein's Amulett. Another is being held for me at a hotel in Nurnberg. I don't know where in hell the other one is, but I haven't seen it in a couple of days ... oh, now I remember where it is! All day yesterday, I stormed around kicking waste-paper Korbs and smashing the headlights out of unwatched Volkswagens and in the evening I sat in the Casino reading 'Bild am Sonntag' by matchlight, listening to swing music and loving you, adoring you ... well, the Casino! Oh, I listen: My nerves!

Your credo: my nerves!

There are many many things I must tell you one day, if I ever become brave enough to do it. Some things are very hard to talk about and I may never be able to say it all, mainly because I don't want you to flee back to Dresden, into the socialist camp. Ha.

No, I am not referring to love affairs, don't be so suspicious!

You said something about having a 'Feiertag' (whatever that is) early in June. I was supposed to be out of town during that period but might be able to change it. Secret. Secret. Maybe we could go somewhere together and get out of this 'Stone City' for a few days. I wish your telephone number two-sixty-sixty were hooked up so I could call you in the middle of the night and discuss it with you.

I have made application this morning for a telephone for my room. I did not do so before because I also have an application in, for a transfer to Berlin (East or West, no matter!) and didn't know when I might be leaving. But I have made several phone calls this morning and killed the Berlin transfer. For some reason, I suddenly have an urgent desire to remain right here in quiet, dull old Frankfurt. (I could not bear to leave my raincoat behind, you see!) I am told it will take five to seven weeks to get my private phone.

Again: My nerves!!!

For these reasons, I could not go to Heidelberg this morning. Let Heidelberg come to me!

My tall angel, I love you so much I can't concentrate on my work, and this, too, is stupid of me because there is so much labour to do. I wish there was some way to find out whether you are going to Spain today. I hope you don't interpret for Arab merchants! We need some 'Brieftauben' to carry messages back and forth until the telephones are installed. I dialled your

number 99/2-60-60 this morning just for practice and am going to paint little red rings around the number 2, 6, and 0 on my office-dial so I won't have to waste any time hunting for them when I want to call you in a hurry, which will probably be most of the time. Getting to know you has been such a wonderful, surprising thing for me, and that's why I can't understand why I feel so miserable right now. Is there any cure for this sort of thing? I hope not! - Must stop now and get back to this idiotic pile of papers on my desk. Phone me, my precious one, when you return from Spain. All my love, Al.

PS: This paper is stolen from the United States Government! I love you.

In the afternoon - My darling Bright-eyes,

Maurice came in the door with a silly grin on his face, waving a sheaf of papers and yelling, "I can go! I can go!" so I gather he is highly enthusiastic about the whole adventure. He got his field trip postponed in record time. His fingers must have been a veritable blur on the telephone dial. He asks, however, since his Volkswagen is so small, if Karin could drive her car and we pay the expenses? As far as we are concerned, you can consider the matter is all set.

However, don't encourage Karin about Maurice! We all are aware: he's married. He's got four kids. She is a college dropout, but Maurice has never even tried to study.

I'll miss you terribly, while you are away, my Sweet, but must frankly state that it will do me good to be separated from you for awhile because I am

beginning to lose control of this situation and need a week or two to think ... and get some work done. I love you too much, as you well know. It is completely typical of me as I always overdo everything I undertake and it has already gotten me into trouble many times. Thus I welcome the opportunity to apply the brakes and try to regain my objectivity.

('Welcome', hell!!!... I'll be dying to be near you again!)

If it will help Karin's morale any, you might tell her that Maurice is extremely happy about the 1-2 June bit. I get the feeling that he was under the impression that she didn't care much for him. (Apparently she didn't kiss him good-night, and that's enough to drive any man back to our Regina Bar with tears streaking down his cheeks!)

My secretary hardly grunts at me today. She sits there pounding her typewriter with a little black cloud of question marks hovering above her head, cringing in her miserable poor pool of curiosity. When you phone tomorrow, if she answers, make it a point to speak very sweetly, proud princess. You'll drive her crazy!!!

It was so pleasant last evening, just being near you, listening to your old British English and Beethoven.

I had a real weird dream last night. Such dreams are not new to me. First, I saw you, Queen darling, then you faded away and I discovered a stone building with bars on the windows, guarded by mean-looking men in uniform having green skin and red eyes.

Suddenly your father appeared in one of the barred windows and called to me, but I could not understand what he was trying to say. Then, from far off, your voice came: "Save him, Captain!" I had a sub-machine gun in my hand and a belt of hand-grenades, pulled the pins on three hand grenades, threw them at the ugly little green men and charged. The grenades did not explode; they simply went "Pop!" and three clouds appeared, like balloons. On them were the words "Frieden", "Freiheit" and "Freundschaft". The green men were unharmed and were all pointing guns at me, getting ready to fire. I felt betrayed by the hand grenades, so I swung my machine gun toward the little green men and pulled the trigger. Just as I did so, the machine gun turned into a typewriter. You can imagine my disappointment at this ridiculous development, my only weapon a typewriter, but by now I was almost upon them and there was no place to take cover. So I threw the thing at them, but it merely peacefully sailed over their heads, over the building, and disappeared, still gaining altitude. Furious by now, I charged to the window and, with green ones screaming like maniacs and peppering the wall about me with bullets, I lunged at the bars and was trying to rip them out with my bare hands. I awoke in a great rage, cursing horribly, with tears running down my cheeks. I have not been to sleep since. Yes, Sweetie, your father is locked up behind the wall, you are a refugee, and we are forbidden to marry those creeps - says the wise Secret Service. God forbid I have any more dreams like that one for awhile. I love you with all my heart and soul, as I say,

too much, but it is such a delicious form of agony!  
(My nerves!) If I don't see you again before you leave  
for Madrid, my precious angel, don't get too worried  
about those bull-fights ... love you. Al.

## Promised Fulfilment

"Nikita, you pick up your lousy rockets and get them out of Cuba or I'm gonna sink every Soviet ship in the North Atlantic!" Kennedy. "My NERVES!!!" Khrushchev.

26 May 1963 - My beautiful proud fairy, you sweet Lioness, The Army in its infinite wisdom, and with my welfare and best interests at heart, I am sure, has decided that, since I am known to be unhappy here in the Hochhaus, I should pack up my section and move to Oberursel! These breathless tidings were relayed to me on Friday morning near the end of what, up until then, had been an altogether glorious week. I've had to work all weekend to get my duties caught up, since I'll be on leave the week of 2-7 June, and Saturday 8 June has been designated as moving day. You can see that when the dear, thoughtful Army decides to do something nice for me on my birthday, they spare no effort. It has always been so. On 8 June 1944 they treated me to an all-expenses-paid excursion boat ride across the English Channel and kicked me off the boat near the French village of Carentan with instructions to see what I could do about those Germans dug into the hedgerows ahead. The Army and I have had difficulty seeing things eye-to-eye since that day. (The dirty, lousy ... well, never mind that!)

Before I forget it, Maurice, my wartime comrade,

phoned Karin. (How could I know what they talked about? The price of suntan lotion at the North Pole, perhaps!) Why is Karin your esteemed girl-friend? Because of her black thin hair? Her short legs?

Needless to say I did not get to Berlin, although I may buzz up there on leave next week, my first leave in almost two years. While there, I can take care of about three hours of official business, visit your grandmother, and steal a piece of the Ulbricht wall as a souvenir paper-weight. What I would like to do is start a worldwide fad: Chunks of that wall as paper weights. Once the demand is created, I could import about 500 Koreans - the world's all-time champion thieves! - and within 48 hours they would steal that damned wall right out from under the noses of the VOPOs, and then steal the VOPOs, and that would take care of that particular cold war irritant. The only joker in this deck is that the Koreans would then proceed to dismantle the rest of Berlin, spirit it off to Korea and reassemble it, probably near the mouth of the Naktong River and, quite frankly, my darling, that would be just a bit too far to travel to visit your grandmother.

You may not believe this, but I've sort of missed you these past few days while you've been flitting around Spain and Wednesday seems an eternity away. You have overcome this idiotic marriage-proposal of that greedy Arab who wanted to save his German Company by finding a little naïve German 'Bürge' (guarantor), God thanks you declined, and now I hope you will overcome those bloody bull-fights wherever this



slaughter may take place. About those tiny presents I gave you, try not to hate them too much. For since when does a man in love exercise any judgment! Hang onto them for awhile and you can trade them in on a new music player, but you have got to give me time to get reorganized and get my affairs back onto a sensible footing. It won't take long, so be patient. If you hate me in the meantime for my stupidity, no matter, for I plan to launch a fast comeback from the lousy doldrums I was in when you walked into my life with that camel-driver.

What we will get is a tape player, not records!!! Telefunken markets a real doll of a machine, full stereo with three speakers which we can scatter all over your apartment. The way I have it planned, we'll have the bass section playing for us from the 'Schrank', the trombones, trumpets and woodwinds under the bed, while the strings and the girl vocalist thrill us with their renditions from beneath the W.C. Won't that be romantic! With a tape machine, we won't have to be jumping up and down to change records all the time, because the crazy things play an hour or more without changing. (The girl vocalist may not like being locked up in the W.C. so long, but that's her problem!) Meanwhile, I'm going to have to study up on my astrology and learn more about dealing with Lions.

Ah, Klara, Klara, last Thursday was such a wonderful and precious day in my memory. It tore me up inside to see you sitting there on that riverside bench, talking about your family in the Socialist prison, in Dresden, with that sad, sad look in your eyes and

being myself so utterly powerless to do anything about it. It has been a long, long time since anything or anybody has made me mad enough to fight, and it's a fine feeling! I begin to feel like myself again and am having some difficulty adjusting to the idea. We crazy Amis have a saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way". Never underestimate the power of an Ami with a will. Especially this Ami! I honestly think that God sent you into my life to give me something to live for, although I can't imagine why He would care one way or the other about me. Perhaps He felt that not even the tiger will fight without a reason. (Guard against getting carried away like that; got to remember to play the game!)

I will go to the post library this evening to see whether they have any books on the "Care and Feeding of Lions". John Mason Good was wrong!!! For happiness does not consist of activity alone; happiness, rather, consists of Klara Kong. Period. John Mason Good can go scrub his back.

Damn it, there I go again!!! The game, the game ... My nerves!!!

Look, tall Sweetie, it's about time to say Adiós, but before I do, there's just one thing: I've already told you I love you too much and you have no idea the effect it has brought about in me. Everybody notices it. I've been picking up the pieces and replanning my whole future since finding you, I think you must realize that. So, my darling, again: don't play games with me, but be perfectly honest with me. If I am just another creep to you, please be kind enough to tell me now because I'm too blindly in love with you to

know the difference, and there may yet be time for me to recover. But I doubt it.

To use a closer I have often employed in signing off my columns:

That's just the AI of it. Love you, AI.

Later ... Incidentally, I have your picture sitting on my typewriter carriage so I can write to you and look at you at the same time. You go back and forth, back and forth, and you are so, so beautiful. "Where did you get the suntan, AI?" a colleague asked me. "I was walking and lying in the sun down along the Main yesterday." "You???" My colleague almost strangled. I gave him a broad wink and walked away, leaving him standing there thoughtfully rubbing his chin, doubtless thinking I should go to Oberursel, all right; not to Camp King (more so to Camp Kong!!!) but to the laughing academy out there. To hell with him! I enjoyed his consternation. Are your eyes still as blue as I remember them to be, or am I a victim of self-hypnosis?

Last night I went out on my old trap lines and it was cruelly lonely for me, even though I encountered Maurice in the Regina Bar, and we war-gamed the Limburg strategy a bit. ('War-gamed' is Army slang for 'planned'). Another friend of old, John Otos, chief of the State Department AID program in Europe (who is charged with giving away my tax money to needy nations) was in the Regina crying in his beer because an Assistant Secretary of State was arriving in town this morning at 11:00 and John didn't dare get as plastered as he would have liked. Seems anymore

that everybody has problems except me, and a couple of weeks back I had them all! (Otos was standing beside me in the Regina the night you and the tricky camel driver were there: White haired, fiftyish and nattily dressed. Also reputed to be overly generous with my tax money).

Remember, my sweet, the night we were walking along the Main and watching the funny ducks and you were talking about Tony P., whoever he is? You said something about a woman's instinct to 'fulfill' a man who runs around loose with eyes like Tony, and I was somewhat startled because it explained very clearly something that had had me quite puzzled:

A letter I received from Chuck's wife, Sally, some time ago, and which made almost no sense to me at all at the time. I've since fished the letter out of the bottom of my trunk and re-read it and have been debating whether I should show it to you. She really blasted me in three pages of wandering, unpunctuated prose - for Sally writes just as she talks: long long sentences with periods thrown in only when she runs out of breath - written in a state of intoxication derived from cheap California wine. I have never been any good at figuring out what went on in the minds of females of the opposite sex, but Sally really had me confused and no explanation I could think up made any sense at all until you enlightened me vis-à-vis Tony P. Then everything snapped into sharp focus. Well, I certainly don't intend to answer that piece of mail. Well, Lioness, the smoke is pouring out of the typewriter again, so I suppose it is over-heating and

has set the bottom of the paper on fire. Tomorrow I'll begin to watch the mail box and if you don't write to me I'll never let you wear my raincoat again, I don't care how windy it gets on the open deck! For the first time in my life I have an inexplicable urge to write poetry. What are you doing to me, anyway ... Auf Wiedersehen, soft Lioness, Al.