

# BOOK ONE :

# DISCOVERING EUROPE

## **1 April • Schwäbisch Hall, Germany**

Les and I spent the day preparing for our journey, partying, saying goodbye to Army buddies, to my long-time German girlfriend Margot and packing Quimosabe at the home of my best friend, Dr. Wolfgang “Pips” Kost. Pips’ family has become my family throughout my stay here in Germany. He is a superb dermatologist and a master falconer. Although we had planned to drive to München today, we decided to overnight at Kosta’s.

## **2 April • München, Germany**

We departed at 12:30 P.M. for München, stopping en route at Dachau for a look at the concentration camp memorial. It was interesting and rather chilling to navigate the very pathways and chambers through which passed thousands of condemned Jews. That no one was gassed here surprised me. The victims were transported elsewhere for gassing, although many were shot and cremated here. Volumes of old documents, mostly indecipherable to me, were kept in the museum, and a most unforgettable notice posted in a variety of languages made starkly clear the tone of concentration camp life. It was a poster with an enormously enlarged flea, which stated concisely and coldly, *Ein Flog, Dein Tod*. One flea, your death. There were also hundreds of photographs. The visit was eerie and sobering. Les and I were very moved.

We pulled into München around 7:00 P.M., eventually managing to track down Les’s friend Brigitte Schmitz, through the incomprehensible tangle of München’s streets. Brigitte took us to a night place in Schwabing, the Käfig, which was one of the more swinging spots. We took her home at 12:30 then tried to find a place to sleep. Camping in the city was impossible, and finding a hotel was perhaps more

so. We attempted to doze in a seedy bar called St. Pauli. We were harassed until we left. By 4:00 A.M., after stumbling around in search of a cheap hotel, we were able to secure a DM 25 (25 Deutsche Marks) room till noon and gratefully closed our eyes.

### **3 April • Stanberg, Germany**

After sleeping until noon, I checked out a Mercedes show room, drooling over a red, convertible Mercedes 300 SL, a car which elicited an almost sexual attraction from me. We chatted briefly with a female photographer who was posing a young model sporting new fashions in the street. That conversation went nowhere.

Nothing of interest was happening in München, so we headed to Starnberg to the Max Planck Institute for Behavioral Physiology for a visit with an American falconer friend, Dr. John Burchard. John was an excellent falconer, whom I had met and seen fly a wonderful tiercel goshawk at partridge at DFO (Deutscher Falkerorden, the German falconry club) meets. John had a Ph.D. and had been doing research here for five years. Some of his views were similar to mine, including that he was in no hurry to return to his golden homeland of America. We both enjoyed the novelty of being in a country that welcomed us and which had different ways of approaching life than the U.S.A. Unfortunately, John was tied up with a paper and didn't have much time for us. However, later he was able to show us around, and we conversed pleasantly over spaghetti and some salami sandwiches while John picked out Czech melodies on a guitar. He even introduced us to Joan Baez through one of his collection of record albums. I was enchanted by her voice. The evening was relaxing and enjoyable. We killed about four liters of wine, then Les and I sacked on the floor in a corner of John's room.

### **4 April • Rosenheim, Germany**

This morning I enjoyed reading a bit from John's library. He gave us a more in-depth tour. We saw the famous Konrad Lorentz geese and even got in a rapid exchange of words with that great man, himself. Lorentz was cleaning out some aquaria and feeding a pet Moray eel which shyly peeped out from beneath the cover of several inches of sand in the bottom of the aquarium. Lorentz was perfectly unkempt: a great, ruddy-faced, powerful Bavarian clad in *lederhosen*. John pointed to some fish which resembled leaves. Lorentz related an an-

ecdote about a previous aquarium cleaning session when a visiting fellow biologist was present. There were several brown leaves clustered in a bunch, floating in a corner of the aquarium. Lorentz stirred them with a finger and mentioned how well these fish had adapted protectively to the shape and color of old leaves; then he launched into a dissertation on protective coloration and camouflage. The man was completely taken in by the story of the remarkable fish, which in that case actually were leaves.

John showed us his old female goshawk, a lovely bird. We took her down to the lake to bathe. A duck, curious about the nature of this strange, new bird which was splashing gaily in the water, incautiously approached the gos. The gos, seemingly indifferent, bided its time, continuing to splash and bathe in the water. When the duck was within one leash length, in that instant, whoosh and splash! John pulled the old girl back in the nick of time, and the astonished duck fled to safety. We chatted while the gos dried herself on John's fist at lakeside. After thanking John for his being a much appreciated host we set out for Rosenheim and a visit with one of Germany's top falconers, August "Gustl" Eutermoser. We arrived about 4:30 P.M. Frau Eutermoser, Gustl's wife, received us at the family's wine store. Apparently the family Eutermoser had been wine merchants for many years. She introduced us to daughter Putzi, the cutest ten-year-old I ever saw, who with great charm conversed with us in high German, spurning for our sake, her Bavarian dialect. (Bavarian German is akin to a heavy southern dialect in America.) We dined and wined with the family Eutermoser, and Gustl showed us an assortment of color slides until it was sack time. We were generously treated to a fine double room and beds with enormous down comforters in the Eutermosers' hotel.

### **5 April • Rosenheim, Germany**

I arose at 11:00 A.M., shaved, knocked out a few letters and read the first issue of the NAFA (North American Falconers' Association) Journal, which Gustl had loaned me. I found it to be quite an interesting magazine, especially an article on northern populations of falcons. We lunched at noon at the Eutermosers' on delicious *Pfankuchenstrudel*, a type of cake, and soup. Gustl drove us out to his summerhouse, where he had about 15–20 horses, including a lovely Lipizzaner, one goshawk in the moult, and a beautiful sakret, male saker falcon

(*Falco cherrug*), now in his second season. [This same bird would be given subsequently to Jack Mavrogordato, and I would fly him next spring in England, hawking a type of crow known as a rook]. We helped trim horse hooves with the stable hands, a novel experience which I do not care to repeat. The damned horses were shedding by the bushel, and I was absolutely covered with horsehair.

We spent the afternoon crow hawking. Gustl took us to his best hunting area. It was informative to watch him hunt with his bird. I say watch because he was totally self-sufficient. He drove one-handed, falcon hooded on his left fist scouring the countryside for crows. When they were sighted in a favorable open area Gustl proceeded to flip open the sunroof of his car and strike the traces — leather thongs which secured the falcon's hood — still driving one-handed, of course. Then, he suddenly charged full-throttle across the fields at the crows. The crows stopped feeding and remained on the ground, watching the approaching vehicle with increasing anxiety. Gustl began to make a chucking sound with his tongue to indicate to the falcon that flight was imminent. He said falcons learn this rapidly. At the last moment, just before the crows took flight, the hood was off and the falcon was out through the sunroof with a rush and the loud, clear ring of its bells. If the flight were unsuccessful, the falcon would return to Gustl's hand, which was extended up through the sunroof. The falcon would return even when the car was moving. Gustl explained he invented this technique as a result of a crippling auto accident, which has left his leg hindered and prohibits him from running about as he used to in his youth.

Our first flight found the sakret sharp, hungry and eager to hunt; he put in a fine stoop, chasing the crows to the cover of some trees. He circled up, then stooped into a group of houses in the distance. Gustl arrived just in time to retrieve his shrieking and indignant falcon from a man who had just plucked him from a chicken and was holding the truculent raptor by the wings. After paying for the chicken Gustl continued the hunt, throwing off his bird perhaps ten more times. Only once did the falcon put in a hard stoop, narrowly missing the crow and forcing it to the ground. However, it gave up on this flight and those subsequent, showing little inclination to hunt, probably a consequence of the warm weather and his unpleasant earlier capture.

We returned to Rosenheim, dined at the hotel, drank wine from

grapes grown on the slopes of Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II's hunting castle, Castle del Monte, and enjoyed a fine evening of hawk talk, while Les prowled the town in search of feminine adventure. About midnight I took leave of Gustl and found Les in a nearby Gasthaus. I sold a carton of American cigarettes to a German to get some cash then hit the sack around 1:30 A.M.

### **6 April • Berchtesgaden, Germany**

After lunch with the Eutermosers Les and I said goodbye and headed toward Innsbruck, Austria. Les took a wrong turn on the Autobahn, so we decided that we might as well continue on to Berchtesgaden and Salzburg. We spent the afternoon and evening wandering around with our five-liter beer stein in search of friendly faces. I sold two bottles of whiskey I brought to trade, to some GIs. God knows what I will do with the other eight bottles I had hoped to flog. We found a nice little opening in the woods just outside of town and camped for the night.

### **7 April • Berchtesgaden, Germany**

It was a sunny, lovely spring morning. Les and I rearranged and straightened a mass of clutter in the car then drove to Obersalzburg to feast in the General Walker Hotel. We stocked up on supplies in the PX of an American post then went to a Gasthaus where I could bring this journal up to date over a beer. I phoned Ulrich Mugler, an old falconer friend who lived in Berchtesgaden. Ulrich gave us an overwhelming, friendly welcome, as did his sweet wife and friendly, 20-year-old son, Hubert. Their house is a beautiful chalet style piece of Bavarian architecture inside and out, built of wood and stone with hand painted, highly decorated closets and tile heaters in the rooms; it is literally a work of art. From its lofty position high above the town the view of the valley is superb. It is quiet and restful. Ulrich and his wife rent summer rooms to visitors and tourists. They have given us a lovely double room and asked us to stay awhile.

Tonight we all were driven to a small Gasthaus in Austria by Ulrich for a rather informal and delicious meal of schnitzel with mushrooms, accompanied by smooth, sweet, full-bodied dark beer. We returned to Ulrich's, cracked a bottle of Seagram's 7 and had more conversation.

## 8 April • Berchtesgaden, Germany

Another lovely day spent relaxing at Ulrichshöhe. Les, ever the artist, is sketching the house. Hubert is oiling up his little Fiat 500, which he just purchased. Ulrich has an eagle owl (*Bubo bubo*) and two peregrines (*Falco peregrinus*), a male and a female. He is keeping the falcons in a pen, clean and well made, in hope that they will breed. Both falcons seem to be imprinted on Ulrich and give greeting cries upon his appearance. I doubt that they will breed, since they should be imprinted upon each other, not on Ulrich. The owl is a lovely creature and also in somewhat of a breeding condition. He calls incessantly in the early evening. Unfortunately, Ulrich has no mate for him. We washed the car and will wax it tomorrow. Old Quimosabe is standing tall.

We had an excellent supper of scrambled eggs, diced red beets, fresh, soft, wonderful rye bread, cheeses and wurst. I was encouraged by all to try a huge slice of some most unsavory-looking wurst, which had been made by a young man, also at our table. Grimly, my suspicions were confirmed when I found myself crunching gristle in my mouth and learned to my horror it had been fabricated from some unfortunate animal's stomach, chopped into tiny pieces and set in a matrix of fat and gelatin. Summoning my best self-control, I praised the hell out of it then quickly snatched a huge chunk of cheese to avert subsequent food recommendations.

After supper we poured whiskeys and soda and got Ulrich pretty high. He and Frau Mugler rehashed old falconry experiences for us, and Les thumbed through an album of their photos. Ulrich related a couple of stories about Fritz Loges, Falkenmeister for Herman Göring (second in command of the Third Reich and Commander of the Luftwaffe, and who incidentally also was from Rosenheim) during the Second World War. Loges was noted for his contempt of authority, his ill manners, sharp tongue and a weakness for young girls, who, according to Ulrich, had a weakness for old Falkenmeisters. To friends who knew him well Loges was a splendid man, but to those who did not, he was a rather uncouth character. There is in German hunting circles a custom of wearing a *Bruch* or trophy taken from game in one's hat. Frau Göring made a point of letting it be known that she desired as a *Bruch* some tail feathers from Arabella, Loges' prized golden eagle. This *Bruch* consisted of the two best molted tail feathers — the central or deck feathers — which had much white on

them. These feathers Loges reserved for himself and sent inferior ones to Frau Göring. Shortly thereafter, Göring, himself, made a visit to Loges, who snapped to attention in the presence of his superior. Frau Göring then appeared, sporting her hat, which bore the inferior Bruch. Loges immediately left the room, exchanged his hat for the one to which he had affixed his superior Bruch, returned and snapped back to attention. Apparently, he got away with the insult.

Ulrich also mentioned a time, years ago, when he and Dr. Breig, a fine falconer and friend of ours in Heilbronn, together with their wives, decided to take a young peregrine from a nest. After practicing lowering Frau Breig on a rope in the middle of Heidelberg from a tall building, much to the amusement of the locals, the time for taking a bird arrived, and the party traveled to the designated cliff. Frau Breig was lowered, and after swinging into the overhung nest she called, "Now, which falcon should I take?" "The one with the longest toes," replied Dr. Breig. She answered, "All are the same length." Dr. Breig shouted over the cliff, "Take any one, then. Whatever it is, it will be the wrong one."

Later this evening, Frau Mugler showed us around her home. It was nothing short of a museum. The rooms were all tastefully furnished with pieces of art and antiques of wondrous quality: lamps, clocks and handcarved Siamese statues, some centuries old and in beautiful condition. She and Ulrich have invested a veritable fortune in their home.

### **9 April • Berchtesgaden, Germany**

We polished up Quimosabe, fed him five gallons of gas and after loading up some newlyweds, a honeymooning couple staying at the Muglers, headed for the Hintersee, a small lake near Berchtesgaden. Les and I climbed about three miles of trails. We watched three golden eagles in courtship flight high over us by the rocks above timberline. Upon our return to Berchtesgaden I bluffed my way into an Army PX to pick up a few sundries. Frau Mugler helped us wash our clothes in the afternoon. By suppertime we were back in Austria, in the town of Gartenau, at the same little Gasthaus, for some more fine cooking and delicious beer.

### **10 April • Schwaz, Austria**

After thanking Ulrich and family and saying goodbye we set off for

Innsbruck. The weather was lousy with rain and wind. We had forgotten our coats; that cost us about 30 kilometers to retrieve them. We ended up in a horrid little town named Schwaz, where we got taken for 17.90 Austrian shillings, about 75¢, for two beers right off the bat. We found some cheaper beer eventually. Everywhere we looked, the town was dead. There was no action. People were indifferent or unfriendly. Disgusted, we went to bed.

### **11 April • Landeck, Austria**

Innsbruck was another washout. I quote from an Innsbruck Chamber of Commerce propaganda leaflet: “With a magnetic force, the Old Town section attracts and enthralls every visitor by the sheer beauty of its walls. In this tranquil island of the middle ages, everyone feels... rejuvenated and experiences a deep joy...under the charm of these ancient buildings...unspoiled Old Town...one is joyously aware...” and some stuff about the beautiful university. Well, one word sums up my take on this inane babble, and that word is: bullshit! We rambled around the museum and through the hallowed halls of the university. There was no one about. We left for Landeck, taking a room at the Hotel Schwartzer Adler. After killing five liters of beer with Les, slurped from our monster traveling beer stein, we chatted briefly with four girls from Switzerland. It was nice to chat with the opposite sex.

### **12 April • Zürich, Switzerland**

Through the rain we proceeded to Liechtenstein via the Arlberg and Feldkirch. We couldn't see much scenery, and Feldkirch presented us with more dour Austrian countenances to which we were now becoming accustomed. Liechtenstein pleased us much more. It was a beautiful little country, verdant, picturesque and welcoming. The people actually smiled at us once in a while. It was packed with friendly tourists. We left for Zürich toward 6:00 P.M. and arrived by 9:30 at Steve and Holly Baer's, old friends now also liberated from the Army and living in Switzerland, for a big celebration.

### **19 April • Zürich, Switzerland**

A week in Zürich has already flown by in a succession of random-patterned days of sun and rain. From Laurel and Hardy movies, to a rendezvous with a saucy flirt across the street, to short runs with

Steve through Zürich streets and over Zürich bridges and past Zürich swans, to emptying our big stein in the old town, or *Altstadt*, it has been a fine week.

I first noticed our resident coquette, Monica, the morning after we arrived. She adopted us immediately. Baer's apartment floats loftily 72 stair steps above Pfirsichstrasse. Monica's place is directly opposite us. With her warm, toothy smiles, scintillating undulations, and absolutely brassy gestures and glances as encouragement, we became friends at once. Immediately, I descended to the street, ostensibly to seek a book, and rummaged about in the bowels of Quimosabe. It was not long until Monica joined me; we stuck up a conversation, punctuated by her giggles, snickers and knowledgeable winks. A date was arranged for the following night. The interim was occupied by what now became the pastime of window flirting; window flirting included blown kisses, violent "twist" (dance) displays, incomplete striptease moves and lots more giggling.

Our date consisted of driving to the nearest patch of woods, no mean achievement considering my crass ignorance of the Zürich landscape, parking on a side road and necking enthusiastically. Our next encounter, disregarding the now commonplace episodes at the window, was last night. With a minimum of persuasion, via exaggerated window body language, Monica was induced to join us in Baer's apartment. She feigned a modest shyness, coyness and timidity until introduced to the gang. A young American aspiring writer, Charlie Webb, was also visiting the Baers, together with his young wife, Eve. Monica began the entertainment by telling a terribly filthy, wonderful joke. Holly was clamoring to hear it too, and with urging from Steve, Monica repeated it. The Webbs, who spoke no German, were rewarded by Holly's thoroughly adequate and hilarious translation.

Encouraged by our merriment, Monica rattled off another joke, then another, each dutifully translated by Holly. Monica declared that she knew thousands. "And where did you learn them?" I asked. "By my last boss," she replied. "She was a whore, and all of the men who came to see her told me jokes. I didn't know she was a whore, but lots of men came to see her, really!" Then, giggling, she attempted to bite me playfully on the neck, a hint of pleasures which she might discover to me later. Monica continued tales about her fat, fortyish, trollop boss performing stripteases for old men and providing them a night's diversion for only 50 francs. By 12:30 A.M. we were all done

in, and I took Monica home where we parted with a classic Hollywood kiss.

## **25 April • Bern, Switzerland**

I am in Bern at a camping area on the River Aare. It is a gray, cool, damp morning, but the birds are singing madly and copulating all over the lawn and in the trees. So, it really seems like spring. Looking across the river I see a fisherman, and farther, a stone and concrete wonder erected by man for sheep — the bighorn pen at the Tier Park. The sheep at least seem to understand the weather; they look appropriately dejected, strewn about on the rocks in various supine attitudes.

I want to get down our last days in Zürich. I saw less and less of Monica in the window, then finally nothing at all. I assumed she moved on. Her old boyfriend wouldn't come by anymore because of me, and she may even have seduced her new boss's 12-year-old son, no great feat for Monica. At any rate she was gone, and the street was a little poorer for it. I sprained my ankle trying to keep up with the neighborhood kids in playing ball in the street. I am still hobbling with a fair lurch.

Today I came upstairs, all 72 of them, with all the grace I could manage and found no one in the living room, bathroom or kitchen. The bedroom door was closed, so I deduced Steve and Holly were probably napping. I wanted to soak my foot and take a bath at the same time. Approaching the bedroom door in order to get my toilet kit, I knocked cautiously and said, "May I come in?" "No!" cried Steve; then a pause. "What do you want?" in an aggravated tone. "Nothing. Forget it," I said gleefully, hopping off on my one good foot. Half an hour later when they had finished their lovemaking, I had my bath.

One morning I walked in on Steve, who was having some difficulty trying to piss; he was just standing there. I told him to hurry up before I wet my pants, so he became even more flustered. Inspired, I pulled back my sleeve as if looking at a watch and began to count seconds aloud. Steve's neck reddened in the classic manner. "Get the fuck out of here!" he shouted good-naturedly. "When I reach a minute." I proffered. Feeling elated, I left him in peace.

We spent a wonderful last evening in Zürich. It started out with a Laurel and Hardy movie followed by bar hopping until we grew

hungry. It was a Fest day in Zürich. The various crafts' guilds had marched in extravagant costumes in a fine parade featuring multiple bands to celebrate the death of winter. Now the streets were filled with Arabs, Indians and medieval-costumed people. Drunken bands discordantly pulsed to the swaying masses in every alley and on every street corner.

Holly halted one partygoer to sponge a drink of wine from him, which she then slopped over herself and on the sidewalk. We encountered a hotdog stand, ordered four great, round wursts then proceeded down the street arm in arm. As we wandered along a tiny, winding street in the Altstadt, I noticed an open window above us and a young woman within who was washing dishes. I shouted up asking if she might have any mustard for us. She dropped us a piece of wax paper with a couple of ounces of delicious mustard. Thanking her profusely, we gobbled down our mustard-drowned sausages. A stumbling band passed by us. Irresistibly drawn by the festive beat, Steve, Les and I, in tight formation, marched in line along the gutter, left feet on the curb, right in the street, drunkenly, joyfully, each silently counting Army cadence, swaying awkwardly from side to side, arms swinging wildly, around corners, up side streets, following the band with Holly trailing after. We were all laughing, shouting cadence now, nobody giving a damn, for block after block.

Tiring of the march, we lurched along until we found a cool cellar with some hot jazz. It was packed with people, elbows and sweat. A black man from the U.S.A., a great black man, Champion Jack DuPree, who really turned it on with the piano, had impromptu joined the local musicians. Holly by now had a balloon tied to her earring. Some creep kept pulling it, clumsily attempting to make a pass. Everyone was up on chairs trying to see Champion Jack. The place went wild. The jazz was so loud it hammered us. Afterward, during a break we talked with Jack. He was great. He had drunk, seen and done everything; he told us he's got dozens of children and grandchildren, black or white, don't matter, a man is a man. Come visit him for some red beans and rice. Come to the Africana (night club) for an autographed picture. He was incredible! We pushed him back to the piano and cheered him on. "Come on, Jack!" He began alone. The rest of the band, to which he did not belong since he had just stopped in, was still on break. He sang *Big, Fat Momma*. The accordion player, eager to share the spotlight, attempted to upstage

Jack who cooled it with nobility while the upstart prattled in nonsense musical syllables. Jack picked it up and carried it. The rest of the band scrambled back, but Jack loned it. Finally, he finished. The people screamed. Jack left after I helped him on with his coat. The band continued, but it wasn't the same. The creep gave the balloon one final tug, and Steve dropped him with a right. As the creep slowly regained his feet he mumbled something about how this is Switzerland, not the U.S.A. Steve invited him to step outside. He replied, shouting and babbling more semi-incoherent syllables about Switzerland and America. I separated them, and we left, Les choosing to remain behind, to walk home. Holly was in her stocking feet when yet another creep made off with the balloon, which Steve in disgust had finally torn free.

We blew in around 4:30 A.M. Zürich normally closes up at midnight except on special occasions like this night, when everything stays open until everyone goes home. Les homed in at 7:00 in the morning, just as Steve was arising for his first day of school. I was dimly aware of an argument as Steve tried to shout Les off the toilet, where he had come to roost. Steve had the runs. Slow fade. Woke up at 9:30 A.M.

### **1 May • Firenze, Italy**

Having procrastinated as usual, I have found it necessary to leave some pages in this journal blank in expectation of filling in at some later date [I never did] our adventures prior to arriving in Firenze. We arrived in Firenze early Sunday morning after a somewhat painful five hours sleep in the front seat of the VW parked on a creek bed. There were no parking areas on the old road between Milan and Firenze.

Faithfully guided by our antiquated copy of *Europe on \$5 a Day*, we settled shortly on the Piazza San Maria Novella in the Hotel Nazionale. We have spent the last few days strolling among throngs of tourists, through museums, galleries, churches and the cathedral. It is a beautiful little city. There is so much to see. Due to my abysmal ignorance of art and art history I cannot comprehend everything I see, but the immense volume of art into which I have suddenly been plunged has printed some vivid images within me. Michelangelo is just wonderful. His *Four Prisoners*, *St. Matthew*, and two *Pietas* have impressed me the most, but all of his work is magnificent.

His art just cannot properly be appreciated through photographs but must actually be experienced. Observing his unfinished prisoners, I can readily believe the figures really are captured within the stone. As Michelangelo reputedly explained, he only had to chip away the stone to expose the figures within. I am eager to see his paintings in Roma.

While walking through the ancient streets today after spending the morning sitting in the Piazza Vecchio della Signoria writing letters and watching tourists, I stopped at a small restaurant behind the Uffizi Galleries to read the menu in the window. I heard a soft voice say, "Are you an American too?" I turned and replied, "Yes." A short, well-built, darkly handsome young man was smiling at me. I asked his nationality, thinking him Italian, and learned he was from Mexico City. He said he knew a cheaper restaurant around the corner; I asked if I might join him. Over a 65¢ meal I learned he had arrived from Roma last night with two suitcases, two trunks and a record player. He was staying no more than 50 meters from our hotel. He had been touring Europe alone by train. A very personable chap, José was quiet, soft spoken, polite and casual. I liked him immediately.

After lunch we wandered a bit. I asked José what he wanted to see. "Movies," he replied. "Movies?" "Yes, I love movies. I watch movies all the time. When I was in Mexico City, I worked with the movies. I went to the movies on lunch hour and at night after work, usually ten movies a week." "Then you should go to Zürich for the best in movies. You can even watch them in the morning," I advised. "But, here don't you want to see the art or the buildings?" "I have enough of that from Roma. When I was in Paris, I never saw anything of the Louvre. I was always in the movies. That's why I spent so much money there. The movies are expensive. In Mexico City they only cost 40¢, the best ones." "And, all you want to do is see movies?" I repeated. "Just movies."

We sat at a table in the Piazza della Republica. A second-rate band was playing second-rate tunes with second-rate singers. We each ordered a dish of sherbet and spent two and a half hours listening and conversing.

José was still a little hungry, so we ferreted out a greasy little kitchen, buried in a dark, tortuous alleyway where there were a few outside tables, all charmingly bedecked with moldy tablecloths, perfectly in keeping with the squalid, dingy neighborhood. The people

in this tiny square were either young or old, no one in between, and all were poorly kempt. A phonograph blared out Russian music from an open window overhead. A giant electric sign proclaimed in blue and white, “Communist Party of Italy.” People wandered in and out. Could it be a commie hoedown?

José told me he thought I should be a movie actor. He had connections in Mexico, and if I would come there with him, he was certain he could get me into the craft. I really should consider that, as I would be a natural. I thought the idea sounded pretty silly and wondered if it might be a pick-up line. The meal, spaghetti, chicken and wine, came to 400 lire or 65¢.

Now that his gastric cravings had been satisfied, José needed to take in a movie. After consulting the local paper for a complete listing, we ambled over the Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge, to a small, clean, modern theater and saw a rather interesting film. It was a French film entitled *The Story of My Life*. It dealt with 12 incidents in the life of a Paris prostitute. I could not understand the dubbed-in Italian, but José kept me informed, so most of it came through. It was quite a good film.

Having now satisfied his entertainment cravings, José was ready to head for home. We had a Coke in a stand-up bar then called it a day after we agreed to meet again.

### **3 May • Firenze, Italy**

No sign of José today. Les found a couple of American girls whom he chatted up. We all had lunch together and decided to get together this evening. After lunch Les and I split up. I headed across the Ponte Vecchio, which spans the River Arno, and wandered the streets and back alleys. Since it was a hot day and I was thirsty, and as there was no water available, I bought a big bottle of cheap, white Chianti. By the time I got back to our hotel I was pretty much incapacitated and crashed on the bed. Les kept our date with both girls. According to him I had the better time.

### **9 May • Roma, Italy**

Busy week. After leaving Firenze behind, having a quick pass at the Leaning Tower of Pisa and ending up one night together with José at a queer party, Les and I finally percolated into Roma. The past days have been spent strolling through boisterous Roman alleyways,

skipping on my club foot, still sore from Zürich, among careening Alfa Romeos and Fiats, which sport disproportionately huge and obnoxious bleating horns and drivers, getting fleeced on all sides by fanatically coin-oriented street hawkers, wandering awestruck through ruins, and marveling at sculptures by Michelangelo and Bernini and paintings by Michelangelo, Carravaggio, Coreggio, Del Sarto, Rafae-lo and so many others. I wandered from the Borghese Galleries to the Piazza Venezia, to the Campadoglio, along Via Forri Imperiali to the Colloseum, back to the Pantheon, then on to St. Peter's and the Vatican, where Michelangelo's fabulous *Last Judgment* and *Genesis* are barricaded behind living walls of ubiquitous ticket sellers and post-card pushers. The Romans were friendly for the most part, although language barriers precluded any but the lightest of conversations. Of all the things I have seen here, Michelangelo's wondrous *Pieta* at the Vatican is what has impressed me the most. It is absolutely sublime.

Les and I are presently ensconced seventeen steps above street level on the Piazza di Spagna, a famous tourist destination in Roma. It is 9:35 P.M., and the good old five-liter beer stein, primed full with local brew, is nestled comfortably between Busch and me. People of unguessable nationalities eye us curiously as they stroll past; a few mutter encouragement or condemnation in Babylonian tongues. Tourists on parade, like pissants, gawking in all directions. Perverts lurk in the shadows, the bold ones flirting openly. Les has spotted a lovely Italian girl, whom he is about to ask to autograph his journal. Well, that's life! She just up and left attended by three hopeful Italian boys. Les loses again! Will he get an autograph? The air is pregnant with tension. No, it's too late. She's rounded a corner and vanished. Busch consoles himself with the mug, embracing it warmly, lovingly, pressing it to his lips. All is well again.

Our stein is half empty now, and there are no prospects for a refill. The locally available and abundant beer is Birra Peroni, which Les and I consider swill compared to German beer. It could be a long night. We had hoped to tie on a good one, but chances are fading now. The gays are moving in, playing little games on the steps. Two guards of dubious origin, resplendent in presumably nineteenth century costumes, shift from corner to corner idly watching tourists. Their function is unknown, perhaps unknowable, but the tourists revel in their presence and eagerly snap photos.

Busch in a flash of brilliance just scored an actual autograph of

a lovely German girl. I owe him a nickel, damn it. I think the beer is getting in there. I don't feel it, but my logic is becoming hampered. Busch just ran off for a fast piss at the hotel.

The gays are restless. I may have to fend them off. Don't spill the beer! Busch returns, and the gays approach. One named Carlo requests a drink. Appeasement is granted. Hope the alcohol will kill off anything contagious. Emboldened by their leader, others quench their thirst from the mug and a two liter wine bottle Les has brought along. Carlo speaks English. "You are a gay? No? Well, I am not a gay either. But that one, she is a gay." I agree, yes indeed, that one certainly appears to be a gay. Les explains in his semi-inebriated way how gays are OK in his book, as long as they leave him alone. Carlo is persistent, asserting that if Les is gay he'd like to make love to him. Les reaffirms his deficit of gayness and how queer is OK but leave him alone. "No, I am not a gay either," states Carlo again. Eventually the pack tires of the game and sidles off toward unknown delights of the night. Les kills the wine, I kill the beer, and we toddle off to our hotel.

### **11 May • Terracina, Italy**

On the shore of the Mediterranean. We left Roma yesterday for Napoli, but as usual we got sidetracked. As we drove southward along the coast from Anzio, miles and miles of beautiful beach, sandy, clean, wild, with nary a person in sight, enticed us to the water. We left the car at roadside and changed in mid stride on the beach into our bathing suits while running to swim in the warm swells for over a half hour. It was Les's first experience swimming in an ocean. Afterward we lay on a blanket soaking up the old ultraviolet. I could not help recalling this beach must have been very different when the Allies stormed it in 1944. We ended up about 6:00 P.M. in a camping spot at Terracina, where we are now entrenched on the beach. Les has gone off to town for some coffee and groceries. I don't know or care how long we'll stay here. It's so relaxing after frantic Roma.

### **24 May • St Jean Cap Ferrat, France**

After another long vacation from this journal, the burden of chronologically recording experiences becomes starkly immediate. After three wonderful days spent in Terracina, we pushed on to Napoli in high hopes of seeing a truly colorful city. Napoli was not what we ex-

pected. It was a sprawling, dirty giant with miles of shabby buildings sprinkled with occasional oases of modern apartments. Our decision was unanimous, forward to Sorrento, or at least in that direction, to find a good camping area. However, ill fortune permeated the air. Storm clouds descended in a fury, pelting us with driving rain for the entire afternoon. Undaunted, we arrived in Sorrento at the International Camping ground, a passable commercial camp, secured a well-drained square of land and settled in. Happily, we were surrounded by Germans who livened up the camp. Evening entertainment consisted of drinking beer and rotgut Chianti while engaging in raucous conversation with the Germans.

While Les went off on his own quest one cloudy day, I took in Capri, that fabled isle, and was unfavorably impressed by the grand array of tip-scrounging predators I discovered there. There was nothing of particular note to see except for the Blue Grotto. I was rowed out in a small punt with several other tourists in a choppy sea. The boat slipped through a low opening and there it was, a peaceful (except for all of the other tourist-filled boats), very iridescent deep blue in every way and place, cavern. It was very lovely. As usual, it rained.

The third day, after an entire night of rain with our tent sopping wet and more rain due any minute, we packed and left in disgust. We threaded our way through Napoli back to the sunny Roma Lido.

Here I note I have neglected to mention our side trip to Pompeii. Pompeii was actually the most interesting part of our southern meandering. First, however, it was necessary to get there. In the area of Napoli this was a real problem. The Italian government has gouged out a super highway — super for Italy — which connects the main points of interest to major cities. It is a fine highway and an expensive one, for in keeping with the customary tourist policy a fee is assessed by armed guards for use of this road. Well enough. To enable the traffic-weary traveler to find these timesaving arteries, giant signs proclaiming “Autostrada” are placed seemingly on every corner, pointing in every direction. It is safe to say, in Napoli all roads lead to the Autostrada. We normally prefer to snake our way through the legions of battle-hungry Fiats, with their incredible, five-tone, warbling horns, to take our chances with the belligerent Italian buses in dark alleyways, and to save a few hundred lire by so endangering our precious, young lives.

The Italian government, in an ingenious ploy, has removed almost all possibility of our becoming lost or injured anywhere but on the Autostrada. Purely to protect us, they have removed practically every sign, indicator and road marker, to Sorrento, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Amalfi and other points of interest. Now it is amazingly simple to travel in Napoli without confusing and contradictory signs, indicators and road markers. All roads simply lead to the Autostrada. And the Autostrada, for a fee, will take you anywhere. Ah Italy! Everyone is so helpful, and polite and hungry for the tender tourist. But the master plan is in Napoli, where the helpless tourist is compelled to end up on the Autostrada or risk hours of blindly negotiating dark passages of hell, which are crammed with schools of the Italian piranha, The Fiat, which reputedly can strip a foreign car to the skeleton in seconds.

Pompeii. We ended up on the Autostrada, of course, after wandering through Napoli for more than an hour. The Autostrada led us directly there. After we parked in the lot before the gate near the amphitheater, a bribe had to be given to assure our car of immunity from robbers and bandits, who also can strip a car in seconds, miraculously avoiding detection by the ever-present attendants. One hundred lire and some magic words render the culprits visible, so the solicitous attendants can drive them off, albeit with difficulty I am sure. After crossing another palm with silver for a guidebook and yet another to enter, at last we were in Pompeii.

It quickly became evident that the guidebooks would not suffice. Pompeii is rather too large to see in a couple of hours. Crossing yet another palm purchased us the services of a guide. We proceeded to poke into the ruins and gaze at marvelously over-hyped graffiti and fertility statues. "Men only," was the rule with, of course, a requisite tip to each attendant. One brash young lady in a spasm of uncontrollable curiosity forced her way into the forbidden bathroom of the Brothers' House. Therein lurked a painting of one of the brothers, who was weighing his enormous penis on a balance, the other side of which was piled high with gold coins. The implied message was that his member was worth its weight in gold. No one except the attendant paid the lady much attention, and presumably her curiosity was satisfied. I do not recall seeing her tip the attendant.

Exploring the excavated streets of Pompeii was surprisingly revealing of the ancient life. There were Latin messages painted on

building walls, rooms which still contained the ancient furniture, signs of everyday life in the now dead city. There were even preserved loaves of bread that had been baked centuries ago. Saturated with history, we moved on.

At the Roma Lido, a lovely stretch of beach whereon camped numerous tourists, we met two GI buddies we'd last seen in Sorrento. The place was dead, except for a young couple who had a 23-month old-chimp. We really enjoyed playing with him. His owners were traveling with the Holiday on Ice Show and used him as a skater in the act. The swimming was bad; tar covered the beach and us too.

At the American Express in Roma we picked up our mail, had Les's tooth fixed by means of a root canal without anesthetic and set out for Viareggio, where we had heard there was a fabulous campsite. There wasn't.

We left for Genoa the following day and camped in an extremely basic and out of the way camp, located with difficulty in Pegli, near Genoa. We had to wait for our mail at the American Express office, since it was Saturday, and the office was closed.

No swimming was available at the camp, so we unlimbered our big mug and rode into town. That big fellow put down some sailors whom we met in the Texas Bar. Italian beer is not very good, and the establishment was pouring some real crud at twice the price of good German beer. The sailors didn't appear to know the difference. A glass filled with money was passed around the table. I inquired what that was about and was informed that it was for a "pussy pool." The winner would get to go upstairs with his choice of the ubiquitous bar whores. I won! Looking over these wondrous maidens left me weak and with a trace of nausea; so, thinking quickly, like a really generous fellow I used the money to buy beer for everybody, refilling the mug and feeling much safer in my investment. Fortunately, this pleased everybody, and no one questioned my turning down a chance of a lifetime to bed a Genoese whore.

We met a young American chiropractor who was working in England and hitchhiking about with one of his employees, a 19-year-old English girl. They were really enjoying hiking about and living in sin. It was delightful talking with them about their experiences.

Sick of Genoa and luckless with mail, we set out for Nice. After a tortuous and very uncomfortable drive we settled into a campsite at St. Jean Cap Ferrat, a high-priced, very classy residential area. The

campsite was the most beautiful we had so far seen, with clear warm sea water, sun all day, a few trees and shrubs and lots of friendly people.

The first night we met three German boys who were on a short vacation; they informed us that a busload of girls, a church group from Wilhelmshafen, Germany, was encamped here. This was the best news we had had in many a day. An exploratory patrol consisting of Gustav and me, gave the girls a preliminary recon. That night Les and I moved in. To our horror we discovered competition: several other German boys had wangled their way into the church trip and were traveling with the girls. We joined the group and soon had a large cluster about us. As the evening wore on, the crowd thinned. Les and I each singled out a girl, and those remaining in our group headed for the bus where we twisted and danced in the aisle. Everyone was packed into the back of the bus. It was, for me, a novel experience to be kissing a girl while some German chap was simultaneously sitting on my lap, conversing with a neighbor across the aisle.

The next morning out of curiosity I attended the church group meeting. The first business of the day was a severe lecture concerning legal consequences which would befall the leaders should there be any trouble with the girls. The girls must be careful, remember their upbringing and be in bed early and alone. Next, the obese pastor stepped forward and delivered a scathing sermon, citing as an example of a particular occasion of sin, the hypothetical case of two Americans wandering into camp and causing young girls to become crazed. Eyeing me coolly, he continued in his sandpaper voice that the girls must indeed be in their own beds at an early hour and definitely not in someone else's tent until all hours. Now I noticed smirking and furtive eyes raised to mine. The old boy was hitting home. Winding up with one final tirade and a malevolent glare in my direction, he shifted the program to hymn time. Old Pastor would read a line, and then all would sing it. I found one particular line amusing; it was something about, "We must struggle against and drive out the devil, the Americans." The last two words were not repeated by the group but caused a round of chortles. Modestly, I smiled in acknowledgement.

I found myself somewhat alienated by the group. Undaunted, I pressed on to find Anita, who was not afraid of devils. She would not talk much, remaining mostly aloof for the benefit of her companions.

She fled from my presence upon the arrival of Old Pastor. Les and I rendezvoused that evening for a starlight walk with our girls. Away from Old Pastor they were wonderfully uninhibited.

Les and I bid the girls goodbye the next day with sincere regret as they headed out in their bus. We drove into Cannes. There we saw a wild film at the International Film Festival. The Cuban entry, it was entitled *El Otro Cristobal*. It was a fable based in Latin American and Cuban traditions, a sprinkle of Gulliver's travels and full of fantastic characters and situations. Afterward we ended up in Nice for a dandy meal of steak, green salad, soup and wine in a fine little restaurant.

Next night, after a day of swimming, we hit the Casino Municipal. I dropped three francs in the machines. Lost it all. We were barred entry to the gaming tables and wheels by an imperious sergeant type who indicated that ties were required. We drove back to a little restaurant along the way where racing Team Lotus was encamped prior to the Grand Prix. Les and I tried ordering food, but the language barrier made it difficult. Les wanted a ham sandwich. The waitress did not seem to understand. Since Les was a pretty fair artist, he drew a ham sandwich on a napkin and held it up. The waitress blushed and looked flustered. A helpful fellow waitress who did understand some English explained that our waitress thought it was a bed! Les got his ham sandwich. We got a good laugh. After lunch Les ran off with the Team Lotus mechanics.

### **25 May • St Jean Cap Ferrat, France**

Les was not in when I got up. I spent the morning at the beach swimming and getting red. Les came in around 1:00 P.M., refused to talk to any of us and after a bit of sun went to bed.

I joined Jack Elmer, a sharp young American camped here with his wife, Eileen, and who is about to take some sort of exams in New York. We went for a spin in his Triumph TR4, a great little British sports car! In the evening another Englishman joined us, and we ran into town for the Formula Junior Grand Prix. Those cars really hum and whine; they are exciting to watch as they tear right through the city. I stopped by Team Lotus and watched the mechanics working over their three cars. God, what cars! Jim Clark, twice world champion, will drive number nine. He has put in the best laps in the time trials. We will go in to Monaco to see him tomorrow for the Formula One race.

I ate a giant cheese sandwich with a beer tonight in opposition to my getting-skinny campaign. Later I got a cheap bottle of sec, a dry white wine which was drinkable. I kicked Les out of the sack, and we ended up in a small café with Jack and Eileen Elmer and two English couples drinking rosé wine.

### **26 May • St Jean Cap Ferrat, France**

Les and I took Jack and Eileen in Quimosabe and followed the two English couples to Monaco for the race. It was a hot, sunny day. We scrambled up a hillside, among the rocks, brambles and legions of spectators, above the hairpin turn in the track just below the palace. My first race! Those cars roared! What a sound! Sheer harmonic power! The course was laid out to include uphill and downhill runs, hairpin and “S” curves, and even a tunnel.

Jim Clark and Graham Hill, another world champion driver, took the lead, Clark passing Hill in about ten laps right under our noses. An exciting duel for third place developed between Ritchie Ginther and John Surtees. Surtees passed Ginther on our hairpin, driving beautifully. Bruce McClaren and James Ireland were in fifth and sixth places. Clark edged to a 14-second lead over Hill; then Surtees passed Hill momentarily in his Ferrari, but was taken by Hill a few moments later. Around the 80<sup>th</sup> lap, we watched Clark in his Lotus come screaming into the hairpin and vanish as usual behind some trees; but, he did not emerge. Everyone on our hill leapt up to see the Lotus frozen on the inside turn. Hill flew on past. To avoid a crash, race officials were trying to move the Lotus, whose gears had frozen. Not a chance. We watched Clark, his back soaked with perspiration, walk dejectedly away, being consoled by a few friends through an army of photographers. His Lotus just couldn't take the rough treatment. A helicopter followed the cars around the casino and over the tunnel, so it was easy to keep track of the lead cars' positions even while they were out of sight. Surtees dropped to third and the finish found only eight of the fifteen starters still running. Hill won, Ginther took second, McClaren third and Surtees fourth. I would never have believed two and a half hours on a rocky, uncomfortable slope in the hot sun could be so fascinating. What a sport!

### **29 May • St. Tropez, France**

We arrived in St. Tropez after a nice, scenic drive along the coast

yesterday, camped in a crowded little area and went into town. It was not much of a town. We drank beer, ate ham sandwiches and ogled our waitress who wore hip, low and tight pants. Later, we separated to each walk around on our own. I found four Californians, all quite grubby, in an old VW transporter they had bought from Telefunken, a German radio and television company. They had left the company name on it so they could park with immunity from the police. They were quite a bunch of characters.

An old bum, ragged and dirty, whom I had seen scrounging coins from sidewalk diners, approached us and halted. He tilted his head appealingly, eyes hound-dog sad, his weight all on one foot, hip jutting out and cap in hand. A giant, bearded Californian in greasy jeans and T-shirt, regarded him evilly. A younger, smaller Californian reached into his pocket and his hand emerged with a 20-groschen piece, of no value here, and placed it in the old boy's hat. The old fellow seized our youngster's hand and kissed it violently three times, then toddled off in search of new prospects. We all cracked up.

Ten minutes later back he came, paused, assumed the position, but this time facing down the street away from us, as if listening to some far off music. "Look, he's hopped up. He's on a fix." The giant took a sudden, menacing half step-half leap and loosed a horrifying shriek at the old man's back. The bum never flinched; he just stared off into space. He turned slowly, fuddled about in a pocket and produced a cigarette, which he obviously wanted us to light. He held it out to the giant. The giant, feigning incredible density, reached to take the cigarette, as if he thought it had been offered as a gift. The old man did not comprehend and continued to thrust the cigarette, until the giant, ever so gently, managed to secure it lightly between his thumb and forefinger for a fraction of a second. Sudden comprehension dawned on the bum's face, then shock followed by rage. He swept the cigarette back from the giant and stalked off, while the Californians howled with laughter.

I hitched a ride back to the camp with two German girls in a Sprite. Les and a German kid named Hans had picked up a couple of teenage girls from England and were making plans for great conquests the following night.

I grabbed a ride today with some German boys to Tahiti Beach, about ten minutes out of St. Tropez. Les wasn't functioning yet, hav-

ing just arisen and not yet ingested his coffee, so we left him in a zombie-like coma.

“Tahiti Beach! You must go to Tahiti Beach! There are nudists there! Yesterday we saw some girls doing the Limbo there!” We had been well informed by our tourist friends, and I was quite curious to visit a nude beach. After a half-mile walk we found ourselves surrounded by a host of epidermal varieties: bulbous, elongated, pendulous, primarily male, but a goodly number of female. It seemed only natural to disrobe, which we did, and to have a quick swim in the beautiful, warm water.

We strolled around to see what kinds of people were nudists. Apparently, here they were German. We had traveled all the way to the fabled St. Tropez nude beach, and there was not a Frenchman nor Mademoiselle in sight. All Krauts! Some athletic ones were playing soccer. It was arresting to see lovely young girls and athletic young men, all quite unclothed, scampering over the beach after a ball. I had to go into the water.

Two gals, both with soft, deep-brown tans, maybe in their thirties and with wonderful, smooth bodies, appeared on the beach and disrobed. My German buddies made hasty tracks over to us, conspicuously gawking. I sat and talked with the girls, feeling no discomfort and surprisingly little desire here in the sun. It seemed very natural and comfortable. In the afternoon and without the German buddies, I went back for Les; we rejoined the girls at their camping spot down the beach for some wine. Naked and zipped securely in the tent, we sipped wine, ate cookies and spent a very pleasant afternoon.

The girls, Lilo and Regina, were on a four-week vacation with their former employer, Kurt, a man in his fifties. Kurt was short, potbellied, bald and incredibly funny. He kept us laughing all afternoon. At night we drove to St. Maxime, having worked up quite a hunger. Finding no suitable eating establishment, we returned to St. Tropez for wine and ham sandwiches. I left Les at home with some English girls. After a quiet and pleasant evening I took Lilo out on the beach, where we exercised vigorously behind a dune until one in the morning. Upon returning to their tent, I discovered my German buddies had deserted me. As I grimly prepared to negotiate afoot the few miles of road back to Les's and my camp, Kurt appeared and said I could sleep in their tent with Lilo. So there we slept, Kurt with Regina, I with Lilo, though truthfully it was not a very restful sleep.

### **30 May • Tahiti Beach, France**

I awoke at 6:00 A.M. and went back with Kurt for Les. We brought some food back to Tahiti for breakfast. Then we sat around naked in the tent, as it was quite cloudy and not worth a trip to the beach. By 10:00 A.M. the weather had cleared, so we went back in the water. Lilo and I attempted to mate while swimming in the warm swells. Although altogether pleasant to try, we found it impossible in the deep water. After lunch we all retired, Les with Regina and I with Lilo, with Kurt stretched out in the middle of the tent between us. Later, we went to town for supper, then back to the tent. Kurt left us, and we continued where we left off that afternoon.

### **31 May • Tahiti Beach, France**

Another day of sun, beach, water, bed and wine! Kurt found a farmer who sold him wine at one franc/liter. It was good stuff, and we slogged it down. We decided to have an informal party this evening in Kurt's tent. It started after supper. Kurt kept us laughing. He explained how the toreador in a bullfight must deftly flick his sword between the bull's hind legs to snip off its reproductive equipment. That is what makes the bulls so mean. We were all, of course, unclothed, and Kurt would every now and then reach out and give either or both of the girls a rude pinch or obscene tweak. They bore it good-naturedly. Kurt stuck the lid of a Dixie cup on Regina's breast. When she made a disgruntled face, Les removed it and licked her clean. So, Kurt extended his entire cup of ice cream and placed it over her nipple, giving it a final, dexterous twist. "Oh, Kurt," she said, feigning disgust. We were all in tears. The evening wore on well with lots of wine, good conversation and some ear nibbling. We were all sitting on sleeping bags around a small table in the center of the tent. Kurt suddenly extended his foot between Regina's legs and wiggled it, grinning wickedly. She protested mildly, so he wiggled it some more and made a comment in German, which I wish I had understood, because Regina and Lilo both broke into uncontrollable laughter. Later, Kurt left us to ourselves.

### **1 June • Tahiti Beach, France**

I went over to Kurt's tent at 10:00 A.M. and hit the beach shortly thereafter. I sunned myself until 3:00 P.M., when my crotch and behind had become sunburned to a nice cherry red. I found it a pain-

fully novel experience being burned in these regions. This was a first for me. We had bread, cheese and applesauce for lunch; then we cleaned up and drove with Lilo, Regina and Kurt in his Czechoslovakian Skoda to St. Maxime for supper. Once again we could find no suitable restaurant so returned to our little bistro in St. Tropez for steak, salad, peas, cheese and wine. Delicious! Afterwards, we regarded the yachts, schooners, yawls and other millionaires' toys in the harbor. We observed gangs of snug-fitting-slacks-wearing teenagers circulating, while we sipped drinks at a sidewalk café. I took Lilo to our tent and found Les asleep, so we dragged my sleeping bag out between the tent and the car and made love until the early morning. I very much regretted my sunburn.

### **3 June • Canet Plage, Spain**

It had been a delightful respite, but Lilo and Regina had to head back to Germany, and Les and I were ready to move on, too. Having said good-byes to the girls and Kurt, Les and I packed up, noting an ant fight near the tent as we folded it up. We tried to get the ants to destroy a spider, but they were disinterested in arachnids. We departed for Barcelona around 9:00 A.M. via Toulon, Marseilles, Arles, Montpellier, Béziers, and Narbonne, finally coming to roost on Canet Plage by Perpignan. Presently, we are surrounded by many nationalities. I am told there are three lifers (career Army personnel) somewhere on the premises. I should go annoy them.

### **10 June • Barcelona, Spain**

We have been camping at “La Balena Allegra” campground, about 12 kilometers south of Barcelona. The weather is fine, and swimming is pretty fair. We have surf, sun — the works. We met two girls from New Zealand: Gaile and Gay. Last night we took them to supper for our first paella, a traditional seafood and rice dish flavored with saffron. Delicious, especially the octopus tentacles!

We took in a bullfight last Thursday. Les, Gaile, Gay and I arrived late to the fight. It was already in progress. As we entered at the top of the stairs, in the ring opposite me I saw a group of costumed men fanning capes at the bull, turning him in circles, first toward one, then the next, round and round. He turned slowly. The band was playing loudly. After perhaps three minutes, the bull took three staggering steps. I remarked that he must be injured. He then fell to his

knees, and I saw for the first time the hilt of a sword protruding from his thorax. Almost immediately, one of the men pounced on him, repeatedly plunging and twisting a dagger into the back of the bull's head until he lay still. I felt a bit uneasy in my stomach.

The next two bulls were killed with a lavish display of blood and not dispatched with particular grace. The fourth bull was fought by a handsome young matador; he worked the bull long and well and killed him quickly and neatly. He was awarded two ears. The fifth bull gored the matador, pitching him over his back, horn-hooked in the stomach; it then trampled him. Gay, who had earlier mentioned she would rather see the matador injured than the bull, had a change of mind. The man struggled to his feet, and waving assistance aside, after several bad thrusts, killed the bull. The matador was carried from the ring and did not return.

### **12 June • Barcelona, Spain**

We have been enjoying the beach and the water, good food and wine and getting to know the girls. Les and Gay have paired off, while Gaile and I are finding each other pretty fun and interesting. After dark Gaile and I sat on the beach watching the waves roll in beneath the stars, holding hands and learning about each other. Two of Franco's Guardia Civil strolled by and acknowledged us with a "*Buenos noches.*" We sat there a long time, losing ourselves in the magic of the place, the lovely, warm night, the crashing waves and each other. Eventually we wandered back to our tent.

### **13 June • Granada, Spain**

Les and I took leave of Barcelona, packed Gay and Gaile in with us and headed for Valencia. We camped overnight then continued on to Alicante for another night. The scenery was beautiful and driving easy along the way. We pulled into Granada after a long day's drive, to camp at Sierra Nevada, just on the edge of town.

### **14 June • Granada, Spain**

For the outlandish price of 400 pesetas apiece, we secured three tickets to the corridas. First we lunched in the open market, swam a bit in the pool and by 6:00 P.M. were seated in the Plaza de los Toros. I had wanted especially to see this fight because one of Spain's top matadors, El Cordobés, was to fight. The first matador was Pedres, who

seemed nervous and lacked grace, making fast, choppy little steps and hops as the bull charged. The second was Mondeño, an elegant, gray-haired and graceful man who planted himself firmly and passed the bull close. I liked him very much. He seemed especially clever with the cape. Several times he placed himself between the muleta and the bull, then took short, quick steps, which brought a round of “*Olés!*” from the crowd. He was awarded both ears.

The third matador was the long-awaited El Cordobés. He reminded me of a movie star, long hair flying about, very theatrical in his movements. He moved fast and was very good. “*Olé!*” screamed the crowd over and over. A Spanish gentleman, who was sitting in front of us, very kindly explained the movements and passes. Cordobés finished off with a series of *manoletinas*, passes in which the muleta is held at the shoulder level behind the matador and extended out beneath one arm, the bull being passed under the arm. Very pretty and dangerous. El Cordobés missed with the sword and finished the bull with a special thrust at the back of the head. The final three bulls and fighters were unremarkable.

At 11:00 P.M., Gaile and Gay took me to a *cante jondo*, a flamenco singing festival in the Sacromonte, the gypsy section of Granada. The setting was breathtaking: a platform erected along the river, surrounded by white gypsy buildings, while above all towered the Alahambra palace, illuminated for the festival, awesome in its massive grandeur. We sat in wooden chairs and gave ourselves over to the singing and guitars. At 2:30 A.M., since the girls and I could scarcely remain awake, we reluctantly left.

### **16 June • Granada, Spain**

Gaile and I visited the Alahambra today. It was a magnificent palace, superbly carved from translucent marble, and fairly glowed in the sunlight. We wandered leisurely through its chambers and courtyards, letting ourselves melt into its magic. The gardens were lavish in summer splendor. By the time we returned in late afternoon to the campground, we were hot, thirsty and covered in dust. At the tent I had left a bag of sweet cherries to which we both were looking forward as a little reward. Unfortunately, the cherries had baked in the sun and become a hot cherry mess. I don't recall which of us threw the first handful in the cherry war, but after an initial couple

of volleys we rubbed them all over each other, laughing crazily, then headed for the showers.

### **17 June • Málaga, Spain**

With the girls we drove to Málaga. The land between the Sierra Nevada and Granada along the road to Málaga is land the like of which I have dreamed: wild, open, rolling hills with cliffs, rocky outcrops and seemingly boundless. It appears to be more fertile and moist than most of the Spain we have seen.

### **18 June • Algeciras, Spain**

On to Gibraltar! We stopped en route to visit one of the multitudinous gypsy caves which permeate the countryside. For 40 pesetas an old man brought out his wife, kids and in-laws for us to photograph; he showed us his home, offered to sell us almonds, cherries, sandals, and he spoke to us of his war wound from a Russian campaign.

The road from Málaga to Gibraltar was miserable, but the country was wild, rugged and barren. We saw several bee-eaters, absolutely gorgeous birds of the family Meropidae. They snap insects out of the air like our New World flycatchers. There were some Egyptian vultures (*Neophron percnopterus*) and a couple of kestrels along the way. We entered Gibraltar for a quick once-over then checked out the camping area; it was no more than a miserable parking lot. We also discovered that one cannot enter Gibraltar by auto and leave more than three times in three months. Spanish authorities, in an ongoing disagreement with the English, prohibit it. We drove to a nearby campsite in Algeciras for the night.

### **19 June • Algeciras, Spain**

After a morning of sunning ourselves, I took Gaile into Gibraltar via the Algeciras ferry for some window-shopping. The Spanish government had no restrictions on the number of times one could visit Gibraltar by ferry. We walked up Main Street then to our left, up to the Old Moorish Castle which was rather a comedown from the Alhambra; still, it was interesting. Thence, we headed back down to the museum. We ate a fine dinner of fish and chips, lubricated by some Red Barrel Ale. We took the ferry back to Algeciras.