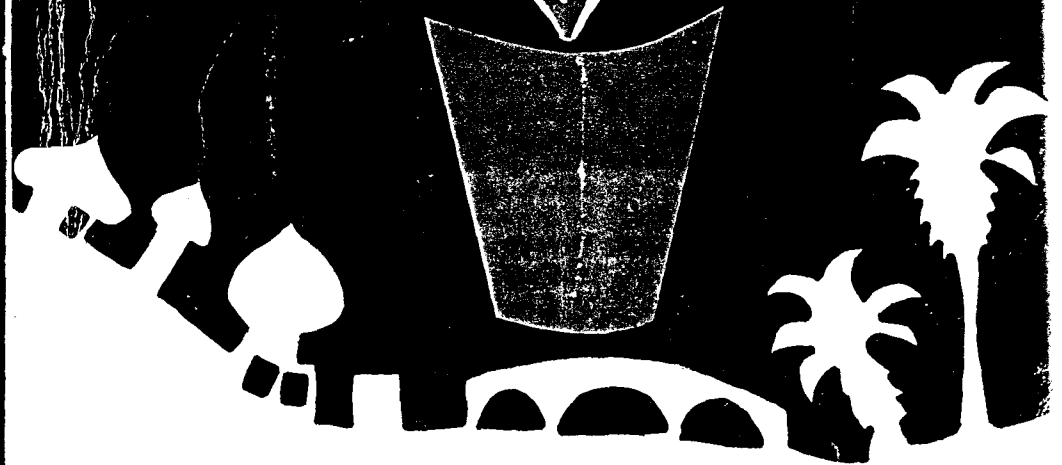


**LET'S GO II** THE STUDENT  
GUIDE TO  
**ADVENTURE**



# Car Travel in Europe on



! Get a factory new European car. One that carries 4 in  
ocratic comfort. All yours. All summer. As low as \$1 per  
per nomad. (Based on full summer use by 4 people.)  
nited mileage, (and horizons). Full new car warranty.  
ything. Fantastico.

or

## Buy any European Car tax-free.

it. Bring it home. Greatest trophy you can snare abroad.  
ngs are formidable. There *and* here. CTE handles all bor-  
details, registration, insurance, customs, etc. *And* CTE  
as" pave your way across Europe. Free hospitality events  
are tangible, edible, unforgettable. Discounts in shops and  
aurants; travel kits, motoring guide and more, much more.  
ous reps, any CTE offices or travel agents have a free full  
Car-Travel Guide for you. Or, write directly to us.



### for Car Travel in Europe

CAR-TOURS IN EUROPE, INC.

555 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 10017 (212)-OX 7-5800

lemen:

I be in Europe on \_\_\_\_\_

want information on:

STUDENT SUMMER CAR PLAN  
PURCHASE OF FOLLOWING CAR

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

COLLEGE ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

# LET'S GO II

## THE STUDENT GUIDE TO ADVENTURE

1968

General Editor:

John Andersen Wurster

Published December, 1967, by  
HARVARD STUDENT AGENCIES, INC.

993a Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Tel: 617-876-9256

©1967 Harvard Student Agencies, Inc.

## CONTENTS

### *Africa*

Introduction . . . . .	171
Central Africa . . . . .	175
Ethiopia . . . . .	188
East Africa . . . . .	190

### *South America*

Introduction . . . . .	198
Beaches, Carnival in Rio, the Andes . . . . .	202
The Amazon Jungle . . . . .	205
Machu Picchu . . . . .	210
Skiing . . . . .	212

### *Asia*

Introduction . . . . .	214
India . . . . .	216
Japan . . . . .	232
Thailand . . . . .	241
Cambodia . . . . .	244
Laos . . . . .	245
Vietnam . . . . .	246
Hong Kong . . . . .	248
Taiwan . . . . .	251
Red China . . . . .	254

## PREFACE

This book is a thousand ideas for adventure in Europe and on three other continents. It was written by Harvard and Radcliffe students, about half of them undergraduates and half now in graduate school, abroad on Rhodes and Fulbright Scholarships, or working with the Peace Corps. The editors roamed last year across Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America unraveling travel regulations, searching out the best sights in each country, learning how to stay healthy, hunting for the best transportation for students, and jotting down the addresses of their favorite restaurants, hotels, and entertainment.

We still publish our original guidebook, **Let's Go, The Student Guide to Europe**. It's now in its 9th edition, edited this year by George von Liphart, and it has grown to over 320 pages of selected hotels, restaurants, and student nightlife for about 50 cities in Western Europe, Yugoslavia, and Israel. The idea for an adventure guide grew out of our experience writing the original **Let's Go**. Many readers wanted new things to do in Europe. Others wanted information about Eastern Europe and the fringes of Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East. Three girls wrote to us, for example, asking how to hitchhike down the Nile. In a survey, we described the adventure guide idea to many of our readers and asked for their comments and, in general, they were extremely enthusiastic. They wanted a guide to new and interesting sites and activities in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America.

After reading this book you may wonder how Ross Terrill, our Red China editor, got into China. He has an Australian passport, something the rest of us don't have. All the other adventures in this book, however, are real possibilities for your next vacation. The stories are true.

David Sogge, Central Africa editor, really hitched through the Congo. Jay Shetterly, after a Fulbright year in India, joined his two brothers in Japan and then rode the Trans-Siberian Railroad to Europe. John Haviland sang in streets and clubs from Paris to Stockholm. George Cheever and Tom Lafarge describe their haunts in Tunisia and Morocco. Anne Hebold and John Gerhard write about their East African adventure. Peter Grossman has just returned with a brand new guide to Czechoslovakia. Tom Pringle describes his adventures with Albania and black markets, and he contributed to the features on skiing and motorcycling. John Knight wrote most of "The Life of Paladin," a story of his motorcycle tour of Europe.

The unifying theme of this book is adventure—not geography or politics. We have chapters on such diverse places as Japan, Peru, Egypt, and France. The adventure is of at least two varieties: adventurous places (*e.g.*, Eastern Europe, Siberia, Asia) and adventurous activity (*e.g.*, Motorcycling in Europe, Amazon Trips). This book is not just a collection of interesting travel stories. The book may be fun to read, but it's also crammed full of useful information and travel hints.

The listings in this book are in no way sold or solicited. Our recommendations are independent and much energy was spent to make them reliable. However, the book is brand new, and there are undoubtedly some mistakes. We hope our readers will be tolerant of them. If you disagree with something, or find something wrong, or want something added, please write to us. Hope you enjoy this book!

John Andersen Wurster

Harvard University  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
December, 1967

## London bound? Try this delightful new change. Take a JAL "Happi Flight"



Add the charm of Japan to your trip to London. It's a smiling "welcome aboard" from your kimono-clad hostess. A "Happi Coat" to relax in as you cross the Atlantic. *O-shibori* hot towels . . . warmed sake to try before JAL's Continental cuisine. From London, fly JAL on to the Continent and the Orient . . . completely around the world, both eastbound and westbound. For information on JAL's lower fares and tour possibilities, see your travel agent.

**JAPAN AIR LINES** 

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We have benefited enormously from the suggestions and co-operation of a good many people and organizations, both here and abroad. The individuals who have volunteered specific and general information are too numerous to be all listed here, but we thank in particular Andrew Tobias, President of Harvard Student Agencies, who formulated the idea of a student guide to adventure; Dustin M. Burke, General Manager of H.S.A.; and Joan Moore, our thoroughly overworked secretary. We would also like to thank the following, whose numerous suggestions brought this book to fruition: David Allen, Charles Filson, Stanley Green, Alexis Lakusta, Richard Shafer, Ross Simons, Bob Stiefel, and George von Liphart.

### STAFF

Steven J. Simons '69, Manager

John Andersen Wurster '66, Editor

Peter C. Grossman '69, Associate Editor

Assistant Editor:

Lucy Bergson '69

Sales Managers:

Patrick Emery '69

Kent Keith '70

Advertising Managers:

John McDonald '70

Emmanuel Krasner '69

Don Mills '69

Publicity Manager:

Howard Cohen '70

Consultant:

Andrew Ludwick '67

Cover:

Nikki Schumann '70

### Contributing Editors:

George Cheever '69

Paul Muther '67

Donald Cook '69

Bill Overholt '68

Robert Hamlin '66

Thomas Pringle '66

John Haviland '66

John Scholz '68

Anne Hebard '66

John Shetterly '66

Willard Keeney 3G

David Sogge '70

John Knight '68

Douglas Spelman 2G

### Contributors:

David Bjork '69

Ravi Rikhye '68

Vic Ciardello 1B

Bruce Scott '66

John Gerhard '66

Michelle Scott

Tom LaFarge '69

Elin Schoen

Heather McHugh '69

Ross Terrill 3G

Seth Mydans '68

Richard Weinstock

LET'S GO II is published by Harvard Student Agencies, Inc., of which Andrew Tobias is President.

## CONTENTS

Preface.....	5
Introduction.....	8

### *Adventure In Europe*

Skiing in Europe.....	12
Motorcycling in Europe.....	20
Music Festivals.....	31
The Monaco Grand Prix.....	38
Collecting Art in Paris and London.....	43
The Modern Troubadour.....	51
Winetasting.....	56

### *Eastern Europe And The USSR*

Introduction.....	71
Albania.....	74
Bulgaria.....	76
Czechoslovakia.....	79
East Germany.....	87
Hungary.....	93
Poland.....	104
Rumania.....	111
The Soviet Union.....	113
The Trans-Siberian Railway.....	126

### *Middle East And North Africa*

Turkey.....	132
Lebanon.....	141
Egypt.....	147
Tunisia.....	154
Morocco.....	159

WOW!  
 WOW!  
 WOW!

## THE MONACO GRAND PRIX

Every young car driver worth his driving gloves has spent many a dreaming minute (perhaps waiting for a stop-light) picturing himself as a Fangio or a Moss, wedged into a red Ferrari, screaming around a hairy, slithery racecourse. Unfortunately, for most of us, screams on American roads are restricted by speed limits, and slithers are achieved only on icy driveways. But the call of the open road entices some to Europe, Alps, free-speed highways, and 80-cents-a-gallon gasoline. Those who don't manage to find suitable Ferraris can perhaps manage a Volkswagen or a Volvo. Equipped with a car and new Italian racing gloves (to replace the Sears gardening gloves that were, after all, enough for the old Ford back home), Michelin maps, mile/kilometer conversion tables, international license plates, and hopefully an exotic girl, you can challenge the European roadways and get down to the serious business of going to see *real* racing, European-style (not to be confused with such American classics as the San Diego Demolition Derby).

In the spring and summer there are races and rallies aplenty to see in Europe, but only a few are really worth *watching*. The 24 Hours at Le Mans, a contest not only between men or machines, but between factories, is too crowded with people; besides, one can't even *eat* well in Le Mans. The various races at Nürburgring in Germany are hard to see—all the seats are right by the pits, engaging mostly for mechanics and motor oil salesmen—and anyway, it always rains there. The countryside at such sports car prototype events as the Targa Florio in Sicily is fine; the people and the wine are doubtless infectious. But cars come by only about once every three hours, and no one would want to battle thousands of race-frenzied Italian drivers all the way back to Rome. There are good Grand Prix races in Holland and Belgium (though no one off a racecourse is safe in a car in Belgium where there are no driver's licenses: everyone drives at age fourteen). You will doubtless choose, as we did, the **Grand Prix Automobile de Monaco** which takes place in early May. Formula I races come the closest to epitomizing auto racing: cars meeting rigid specifications with regard to engine size and design—making them pure racing machines with no relation to Grandpa's DeSoto; and drivers of the most exclusive class (there are fewer than twenty men qualified to race Formula I) with virtually nothing to rely on but skill

and reflex. And the course at Monaco! The night before the race traffic flows through the streets. During the race the streets are blocked off to become the course itself, with the same torturous turns and hills.

My wife and I, students for a year in Sweden, took a long weekend to hop down from Stockholm to Monaco for the 25th Grand Prix, May 7, 1967. The drive took us down the autobahns to Switzerland, over the Alps, through a tunnel with our car on a train through St. Gothard's pass, still closed by snow in May. (This ride, for interested couples, is over thirty minutes in pitch dark.) Over for a pilgrimage to Turin, home of Fiat and Alfa, and thence through more mountains up and down to Nice. As we neared the Mediterranean everyone we saw on the road seemed to share a common temperament. All were couples; all drivers wore racing gloves; cars sprouted exhaust pipes and GT stripes or symbols (even ours: Volvo 123 GT, in silver and red letters). As we started up the last mountain from Italy to France we were passed by a fancy couple in a Mini Cooper S which, unlike an earlier Fiat Abarth, was worth chasing. We were in turn chased by an overloaded Alfa, and the three of us squealed and smoked up through the countryside, sharing the understanding that we were all off to the races. The parade was eventually broken by customs checks and money changing, but I saw the other cars off-and-on all the rest of the way.

We arrived in Nice in the late afternoon and parked on the would-be drag strip along the beach to let the Pirellis cool, plan our strategy for the next few days, and count our *francs*. One goes to Monaco to see the race and to see Monaco at race time. Monaco is always a rich place, but the richest people swarm back at race time. The car magnates bring their cars, and the Casino clogs. You see the most racing during the practice sessions the three days before the race itself, for during this time the crowds are thin, and you can move around to pick the best places to watch from. One visits Monaco by wandering in the town when no cars are on the track—steadfastly shunning shops selling anything but food and flowers—and by loitering on the Casino steps as the fancy women sparkle in (we were too young for real gambling) and by roaring around the course at night when it is open to regular traffic. We wanted all this and more: we wanted to spend no money. So we slept that night on a secluded road high up on the *corniche*, stretched out on the Volvo's reclining seats.

Saturday, the day before the race, there are time trials

both morning and afternoon which determine the starting positions of the drivers. There is also a baby Grand Prix with Formula 3 cars that whine along merrily with smaller engines and less god-like *pilotes*. This is the time to find out which places afford the best view of the racing. It's also the time to buy your Monaco souvenirs, get a food basket, wear comfortable shoes, and look around. We drove into the municipality early, racing the motor often. We disdained the public parking areas and toured around the back streets of Monaco looking for a spot close to the track. It was hopeless, as all Monaco residents park very firmly and do not touch their cars for the duration of the invasion. We finally parked behind a large warehouse near the stadium, on the water's edge, avoiding the pay parking areas. Brushing the sand out of our hair, we started out to see what we could see.

At Grand Prix time Monaco is dominated by the car. We soon grew ashamed of our humble Volvo and were glad we had left it hidden away on the outskirts. For in the city itself there are only two classes of cars: the monster cars, with fabulous prices and sizzling looks: Ferraris, Maseratis, Lamborghinis, and so on; and the aggressive, defiant junkheaps which sputter through the town blocking the otherwise exclusive traffic: Fiat 600's from Rome, stuffed with Ferrari fans, Renault Dauphines lost in Monte Carlo on their way back to the farms, VW's with VW salesmen. The middle-class cars, from Volvos to Jaguars, were just not welcome. Where but at the Monaco GP can one see three brand new Ferraris parked back to back on one street? Where but at the Monaco GP does a driver not honk his horn at the car blocking the road but only rev his engine and deafen the offender with the roar?

Time trials go on quite continuously from about noon on. We bought a program from a program vendor—a nice book with pictures of all the drivers . . . We passed by the fruit stands and at stores far from the casino bought enough fruit, yogurt, bread, wine, cheese, and *pâté* to fill our basket. To watch the race, there were three alternatives. One can choose reserved seats at some desirable place around the course and write ahead (to L'Automobile Club de Monaco, 23 Blvd. Albert-1<sup>er</sup>, Monaco) to buy tickets, for both the Grand Prix itself and for the time trials and the Formula 3 race the day before. Or you can buy a "*circulaire*" which entitles you to walk around the course, and to stand at a number of relatively good spots to watch, above the two hairpins at Gasometer and the Railroad Station,

and near the pits. *Circulaire* cards are much cheaper than seats and offer more variety. The third alternative is to stand on the *pelouse* (grass areas near the casino and up on the "rock of Monaco" above the gasometer hairpin and overlooking the bay, *i.e.*, just below Rainier's window). Seats cost around 20 francs for the trials and around 60 francs for the race itself. *Circulaires* cost 8 francs for the trials and 20 francs for the Grand Prix. *Pelouses* cost 4 francs for the trials and 8 francs for the Grand Prix. We bought *cartes circulaires* for the time trials and circulated to all the spots as the cars made their practice runs. The best viewing was, for us, above the gasometer turn and at a little discovered spot overlooking the station hairpin, the access steps to the seating block at the station.

Late in the afternoon the big cars, the Formula I cars, appeared on the track, and the noise was overwhelming. The other cars we had seen were like go-karts in comparison. The sounds of the screaming twelve and 16-cylinder engines echoed through the streets and bounced out into the bay. Around the hairpin turns wheels were spinning so violently that cars swerved as if on ice, then regained traction and shot off like gigantic water-beetles. As we crossed one foot-bridge which goes right over the course, the sound of the cars whizzing by underneath was terrifying and completely shattering. After those sounds the race of Formula 3 cars was anticlimatic, like a bee swarm. During the travels we picked "our" spot: the wall overlooking the station hairpin, where cars come around a corner, zip down a hill, brake in front of your eyes, turn 180 degrees, and vanish.

After the trials, which finish at about 7 p.m., everyone retires to whatever one does the night before the race. Many rich folk doubtless retired to preparations for a night of gambling and parties. We joined the many dirty-faced poor car nuts who would have joined in the partying but weren't invited. We got in the car and raced back to Nice for a meal. Fed and presentable again we returned to Monaco for a look. We drove around and around, dazzled by the glitter. A blonde girl drove her Cadillac convertible away from the Casino and her parking space was immediately filled by two golden sports cars. Then we tried to speed around the Grand Prix course itself but were slowed and sobered when we saw immaculate Monaco policemen stop others similarly intentioned after but one squealing tire. Finally, we drove to the parking space by the water, put back the seats, and went to sleep. We wanted to be

close to the racecourse early the next morning to claim good viewing positions. We were not alone: four other Americans studying in France spent the night on the top floor of a new building being constructed in the center of the city. They slept on cement bags and watched the flashing lights all night. They could have watched the race from there but they missed the noise. And there were many English-looking campers with tents and back-packs hitching into Monaco the next day.

We were up at 7 the next morning, filled our food basket, and headed for our chosen place. We were not the first (some must have slept there), but we laid our things on the wall not eight feet (straight down) from the pavement. I could sit resting my feet on the sign marking the turn. People arrived constantly from then on, even before the track was closed. At about 10 the officials arrived and official cars began going around the course removing unofficial cars which had been left on the street overnight. We were surrounded mostly by Italians who draped themselves with Ferrari emblems, banners, photographs. The ticket seller arrived, and everyone made a fantastic rush on him, mostly to buy *circulaires* at 20 francs. Now, here's a trick: to sit above the station hairpin a *carte circulaire* is not necessary, for one can be admitted with an 8F card for the *pelouses* by the Casino. I realized this, ran off to buy the proper cards (at the Casino) and frantically sold my *circulaires* to some lost-looking Englishmen.

At 12:30 came a Formula-V race. (These are racy looking cars powered by modified Volkswagen engines.) At about 2:30 several new Lamborghinis strutted around the track, behind the Lancia pace car. The public address system had French, Italian and English, and at 3 p.m. the start was announced. The approach of cars was signalled on each lap by that indescribable roar and by the filming helicopter which soared over just in advance of the leader.

*Enfin*, the race itself was staggering and irrationally exciting. When it was over the crowds dispersed to a fantastic traffic jam, every man stepping just slightly harder than usual on the throttle and holding each gear a trifle too long. We went back to Stockholm and eventually back to Harvard but neither my Volvo nor I will ever be the same.

## COLLECTING ART IN PARIS AND LONDON

Today, art collecting is no longer restricted to the very rich. You can start a worthwhile collection on a small budget if you know what to purchase and where to find the best values. Most people who would like to collect original works of art but think that the prices are beyond their means do not know the best buys or the dealers who have low or reasonably priced works. The art market follows the law of supply and demand, and at any given time there are fashionable artists and schools, which are overpriced. At the same time, there is a group of artists, or a period which is undervalued: and you can often acquire the unfashionable artists at bargain prices. For example, ten years ago a major painting of the English Pre-Raphaelite school sold for \$100, the price of its frame. Today it would be worth about \$10,000.

If you are interested and enterprising but you don't have much money you can probably fare best as a collector in Europe. All you need is a little cash, enthusiasm, patience, luck, and information. Many American dealers acquire their stock in Europe, especially original contemporary prints, old master drawings, watercolors, and engravings. They then sell them at home at a huge mark-up—ranging from 25% to 1000%. If you buy in Europe, you won't have to pay tribute to American dealers. Usually they purchase from their European counterparts. You can get there first. In Europe, the opportunities for those who know art are enormous, and even the occasional collector can save large amounts of money. And of course art collecting, or just looking at the galleries, is great fun. Don't forget that finds still are made!

Generally speaking, the best values are original, contemporary prints by young or unknown artists. You can buy these for as little as \$10. Lithographs and etchings by the great masters of modern and contemporary art, such as Picasso, Chagall, Miro, Matisse, Giacommetti, Dali, Braque, Leger, etc. are about 20% cheaper in Europe. The best places for acquiring works by these artists are in the Paris galleries and certain galleries in London. Not all of their prints are expensive. You can purchase a lithograph from a book or a very large edition for as little as \$8. These are



°°Marcel Sautier, #12, 20th century prints of quality, as well as some scarce 19th century items. M. Sautier has books illustrated by leading artists, as well as the largest selection of books bound by Bonnet, the Picasso of French 20th century bookbinders.

Galerie Seder, #25, is a routine gallery for 20th century prints and contemporaries. Chagalls and Picassos from books for \$8, and exhibition posters for a few dollars. Good for budget collecting.

Galerie de la Hune, 170 Blvd. St. Germain, 6°, beside the Café aux Deux Magots, was famous as recently as five years ago, but today it is overpriced and does not consistently sell first-rate works. However, you should always check out the cartons of prints upstairs; there is usually one scarce or interesting item which is underpriced. Over the years, important prints have turned up here at bargain prices. Don't buy the contemporary prints you see here; you can usually find them cheaper elsewhere.

°René Bréheret, 9 quai Malaquais, 6°, at the corner of the rue Bonaparte. This is a large gallery for 20th century prints and contemporaries. Everyone should browse, but investigate the rue de Seine galleries before you buy here—the same work may be less expensive there. Picasso, Braque, Chagall, Miro, etc. Posters. The quality is uneven.

Antiquities, #21, Indian and Persian miniatures, Japanese scrolls, coins, Greek pots, plates—all are here in a veritable grab-bag. A small, dusty shop.

°°Galerie R. G. Michel, 17 quai Saint Michel, in sight of Notre Dame, is excellent for high quality, old master prints, 20th century masters, and inexpensive works by lesser-known names. While this gallery seems to cater mostly to Americans, its quality is very high—it is 100% reliable.

°Gosselin, 25 quai des Grands Augustins, 6°, for French 19th century drawings and watercolors, small paintings, and Italian drawings. Inexpensive and very good.

°°°Les Deux Iles: Maîtres et Inconnus, 1 quai aux Fleurs, 4°, around the corner from the back of Notre Dame and opposite the 19th century footbridge from the Île de la Cité to the Île St. Louis. A superb gallery, one of the best in Paris. It has French drawings, pastels, watercolors, and paintings from the Romantic period to the Post-Impressionists and a few contemporaries. The quality is excellent, the selection large, and the prices reasonable. Top recommendation for everyone. You can even buy something for a few dollars.

## THE MODERN TROUBADOUR:

### STREETSSINGING IN EUROPE ON NO DOLLARS A DAY

*I was out on St. Michel,  
Singing to the crowd.  
I wasn't hurting nobody there;  
I wasn't even singing loud.  
But the police come and took me away,  
It was all a little game.  
Because here I am on the streets again,  
Singing just the same.*

So you find yourself in Paris with no money, no luggage, nothing but a knapsack and an old battered guitar. You decide that you'll sing your way back to Indianapolis, collecting money in the streets the way all those other bearded people you've seen do. Well, before you sit down in front of Notre Dame with guitar in hand and an upturned hat by your feet, take a minute to read this guide. Perhaps you will avoid being arrested and having to sing to the *flics* for your freedom. This article offers suggestions on how to survive on your singing and playing. If you don't feel quite ready to make your debut, you might enjoy reading about people who do survive as troubadours.

A streetsinger is a beggar. He is not unlike the "starving art school beggar" who chalks pictures of the Virgin on sidewalks and asks for contributions. The streetsinger is also a hustler, making people feel that they *owe* a contribution simply because they pass within earshot. Like the hustler, too, the streetsinger may have honestly nothing to offer (no voice, no musical sense, no ability) and still manage to support himself on little more than six strings and some fingerpicks. Like the hustler, he is subject to arrest. The rules of streetsinging, therefore, have very little to do with music and quite a lot to do with running. The brief rules below begin with the music and progress to the running.

(1) *Always keep playing.* How many songs do you know well enough to dare to sing in public? Four? Then sing them one after the other and don't stop. Do not pause to tune, or talk, or think of new songs unless you have a large and captivated audience. You probably won't, so don't let the limit on your singing be the crowd's attention, but

rather your own creeping boredom. It might be wise to join another musician, even if you have just met him on the street, to let yourself rest occasionally. (I once joined a harmonica player on a streetcorner in Paris; I played my banjo on and off, and he just kept on blowing, paying no attention to me.)

(2) *You must have a kitty-girl.* Or a kitty-boy, if you can't find a kitty-girl. It doesn't matter what size or shape she is so long as she is demanding when she passes the hat. The kitty-girl approaches the average by-stander who has just joined the crowd to see if there was a stabbing or purse-snatching and who can't even hear the music; within minutes she will succeed in unloading half (or more) of his change. Sitting with a tin cup and no kitty-girl only works if you're blind; and then you don't need the guitar.

(3) *You must have a guard.* If you are playing with a group of people—which is the most fun, anyway—or if you are making enough noise, police will arrive sooner or later. Your guard must be alert to their coming, so that you can shoulder your instruments and quickly disappear.

(4) *Choose your location carefully.* If a policeman tells you to move on from your street corner, don't just go down the street. Avoid main streets, wide avenues, store fronts. Choose side streets, where tourists can come, with clear access points where your guard can stand. Steps of public buildings are all right as long as you have room for a hasty exit. By far the best spots are theater and movie lines, where people are captive and slightly bored, hoping to avoid conversational responsibility towards their companions. In some quarters it is possible to speak with café owners and get permission to stroll around tables. Residents may pay you to stop blocking their view of passing American tourists; passing American tourists—who are always the best source of money—may pay you because they think they must.

Now for a more serious word about seeking jobs in clubs and bars. If you confine yourself to streetsinging you will find virtually no musical demands on your performance. In fact, most streetsingers are wildly awful. But the people who operate folk clubs or pop clubs are more critical, even if their clientele is not. Throughout Western Europe they hear the same people playing that you do at home. Do not move off the street until you hear your professional competition. Listening should always precede auditioning.

If you find yourself in an unknown town and want to find musicians, search out music stores and inquire about clubs where one can play or hear whatever sort of music you want. It is easy to tell from the window display what sorts of musical interest a store caters to. The emphasis in the following section is on folk music, but in most cases other sorts of music are not far away. Let the other streetsingers tell you the way.

**Paris.** Streetsingers abound here; one must be nothing short of a professional con-man to survive. The Boulevard St. Michel (mentioned in the song above) cuts through the middle of the area of Paris where streetsinging is most profitable. (The Boulevard itself, however, is not recommended; it's too easy to get arrested there.) Movie and theater lines are often long in Paris, and there are many experienced kitty-girls to guide you around. If you are seriously pursuing employment as a folksinger, there are good clubs in the area of the Place de la Contrescarpe (up the hill from either Cardinal Lemoine or Place Monge Métro stops in the Fifth arrondissement). La Contrescarpe itself usually has a succession of French Left-bank type songs (which require more than good French to follow) but has in the past had many American and English musicians. Banjo players are in demand. There are several other clubs, including workshops in classical and flamenco guitar, on Rue Descartes (which runs out of Place de la Contrescarpe). There's generally folk music at weekly hoots at the American Student Center, 261 Blvd. Raspail. Some fine musicians from all around appear at these events. A hint and a warning: speak as much French as you can, especially when introducing songs and don't get caught by the Paris cops—they are not *gentil* with shaggy-maned singers.

**London.** Every little English village is reputed to have a folkmusic place. Generally it's too cold for streetsinging. Furthermore, most folkmusic establishments observe the custom of open nights when anyone can play: this is the best way to introduce yourself to the public. There are too many places to list; one enjoyable club is **The Troubadour** in Earl's Court Road (the downstairs section). The proprietor, Red Sullivan, claims to hold the record for the number of times arrested for streetsinging in one month in Paris.

NOTE: Most English folk establishments observe the following rule: Americans sing American songs, Britons sing

songs from the British Isles. If you visit Ewan McColl's club in London, best avoid old English ballads.

**Edinburgh.** Go during the Edinburgh Festival and you might earn enough to see some movies or concerts. At this time there are countless places to play, and musicians from all around England appear willing to exchange songs. The **Stockpot** (on Hanover Street, between Queen and Thistle) might hire you to sit in the window playing to draw people in to drink.

**Liverpool.** In the hometown of the Beatles, open clubs are overrun with Liverpool teeny-boppers; other clubs that serve liquor are private, requiring membership. If you are there with your unamplified guitar, you may benefit from this experience: one freezing night two friends and I knocked on the door of a private rock-club called The Blue Angel. The hotels in town were expensive and we were searching for some place else to spend the night. Conferring with the doorkeeper, we convinced her that we should be admitted free in return for a half an hour of songs at intermission. That night we slept on her warm floor. Often an itinerant folk musician can play at rock clubs as a curiosity or an intermission break to rest the audience's ears.

**Brussels.** A fine place for folk music and streetsinging. There is considerable interest in American old-time music in Brussels due largely to the long-standing presence here of Derrol Adams, an expatriate banjoist. Adams is something of a legendary figure, a tall Canadian banjo player with a cowboy hat and one earring. If you want to play in the streets or merely exchange musical ideas with somebody, find the **Café Welcome** (in both French and Flemish) on the Petit Rue des Bouchers, near the Grand Place. You may run into some helpful Danes who will direct you exactly to a good place for making a street show, and they may join you with Old Timey music.

**Amsterdam.** When the weather is good, Amsterdam is a very pleasant place for streetsinging. Try any one of the student residences (in the winter) for information about clubs to visit; in the summer, ask the bartender at the Student hotel on Vondelstraat. He may direct you to a club called **H88**, Herrengracht 88, which features blues and pop and Heineken. On an early afternoon I went there to beg a job playing intermission and I met the group which had played in the club the night before. The place was almost totally destroyed; apparently the crowd had de-

stroyed the stock of beer mugs and pulverized an amplifier and two guitars à la *Blow Up*. If you play there, borrow a friend's guitar.

**Stockholm.** The interest in Sweden for American folk-music is tremendous. Swedish bluegrass bands aren't unheard of. Also there are many places to hear plain blues and hard rock of various spots. A suggested reference point is Gottfried Johansson Musikhandel (Music Store) on Järntorget in the Old Town. Someone there can tell you where any music of interest is to be found. It is possible to play on the streets, but it is extremely doubtful that you will collect any money. In the past, clubs often had free nights when people could play and usually share the gate if they talk with the proprietor in advance. **Storken** (near Västerbroplan) is a club on a boat where one can hear all kinds of folkmusic, even Swedish. The **Liverpool Club** is another boat featuring blues. It's on Norr Mälärstrand. A club called **Kaos** usually exchanges food for music and has had a country music band. Its address changes from time to time.

This list of suggestions is merely an outline for keeping yourself supplied with travelling money as you follow the guitar around Europe. Clearly, nothing is definite. But anyone who makes a serious effort to travel with music will find opportunities. Though it's very hard to make real money at it, one can eat and sleep well by singing and trading music and songs. In rather out-of-the-way places like Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, guitar playing could be your ticket to several days on a nearby island. But be careful; the life of the modern troubadour can be so satisfying that you may never come home.