

NICE

TUES - 19 - DEC - 72

WE LIKE IT HERE. NO HUSTLE BUSTLE BULLSHIT
 HYPERACTIVE BORDERLINE HYSTERICAL RUSHING
 TO THE FRO. COOL IS THE WORD ON THE
 RIVIERA, TAKE IT EASY. WE INTEND TO.
 GOT INTO INTO TOWN ABOUT 9 PM AFTER AN
 11 HOUR RIDE FROM POME UP THE WESTERN
 ITALIAN COAST WHICH HAS BEAUTIFUL SCENERY
 ALL THE WAY. RIK AND I HAD A FIRST
 CLASS COMPARTMENT TO OURSELVES AGAIN
 THE ENTIRE TRIP. THAT CERTAINLY MAKES
 FOR ~~AN~~ AN ENJOYABLE AND PLEASANT TRAIN
 TRIP. WE ATE CHEESE AND HAM SANDWICHES
 FROM THE STUFF BOUGHT LAST NIGHTS AND
 A LITER OF 'VINO RUSSO' ALONG WITH A BEER
 OR TWO BOUGHT FOR 250 LIRA OFF A VENDOR
 ON THE TRAIN. THE COAST ALONG THIS AREA
 IS EXTENSIVELY DEVELOPED BUT SO BEAUTIFULLY.
 TOMORROW WE'LL WANDER ALL OVER AND
 ALSO TRY TO GET SOME LAUNDRY DONE. THEN
 ITS OFF TOWARD IBERIA. TALKED TO ANOTHER
 AMERICAN ON THE TRAIN - A BOYFRIEND FROM
 SEATTLE. HE SAID MOROCCO WOULDN'T LET HIM
 IN BECAUSE OF HIS HAIR WHICH IS TO HIS
 SHOULDERS. TALKED BRIEFLY TO A REDHAIRED
 GIRL AS WE LEFT THE STATION. SHE WAS
 TRAVELING ALONE AND FROM ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA.
 HAD A BACKPACK AND WAS HEADED FOR THE
 LOCAL HOSTEL. RIK AND I HIT THE HOTEL
 NORMANDE AND WERE IN A LOCAL BISTRO
 HAVING STEAK, 'POMMES FRITES' AND 'VIN ROUGE'
 BY 10P. BACK TO HOTEL AND SHOWERED OUR
 HORNY OLD BODIES OFF. HOTEL IS 40 FRANCES (\$8)
 A NIGHT FOR BOTH OF US AND THAT IN -

CLUDES BREAKFAST. Continental Tito - COFFEE OR TEA AND BILLS IS REALLY ALL IT AMOUNTS TO BUT IT GETS THE OLD ENGINE STARTED FINE. Rik WAS AMAZED AT THE ADELAIDE CHUCK FLOATING ABOUT ALONE BUT I'VE NOTICED IN TRAVELING THAT ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE ARE FLOATING AROUND THE WORLD CHECKING THINGS OUT AND MANY OF THEM ALONE. OFTEN A PERSON WOULD ROT IN THE LOCAL BUT IF THEY WAITED FOR COMPANY TO TRIP WITH. IF YOU ARE GOING TO DO A THING, DO IT - DON'T WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG TO DO IT WITH. NOT ENOUGH TIME FOR THAT. I'M GLAD THOUGH THAT Rik WAS READY TO DO SUPERSAFARI WHEN I WAS. IT IS A GREAT EXPEDITION THAT WE ARE HAVING.

MY COXS ACHE AND I MISS HONEYTUNSKI THOUGH.

NICE

WED - 20 - DEC - 72

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, CLEAR SKY AND LOVELY SUN SHINING, FINALLY; - SOME SUNSHINE! HOW NICE! AFTER BREAKFAST RIK AND I DUMPED SOME LAUNDRY OFF AND CHECKED THE TRAM SCHEDULE OUT. THEN WE STROLLED DOWN TO THE M-SEA AND WALKED DOWN THE PROMENADE AND TOOK IN THE FABULOUS VIEW FOR AWHILE. AFTERWARDS WE HAD A HUGE LUNCH AT THE 'SAUVARDE' RESTAURANT. JUST STUFFED OURSELVES. RIK HAD HAMBURGER STEAK AND I HAD A PORKCUTLET - WASHED DOWN WITH VIN ROUGE OF COURSE. RIK IS IMPROVING ON HIS COMMUNICATIONS. THUS FAR, WHEN A PERSON SPOKE TO HIM IN ANYTHING BUT ENGLISH, THE RIKSOWIAN REACTION WAS A TOTAL LOOK OF BEWILDERMENT, Toss THE HANDS OUT AND MUTTER 'EEACH'?' Today HE IMPROVED. A LADY STOPPED HIM (I WAS ACROSS THE STREET) AND ASKED HIM SOMETHING IN FRENCH. THE RIKSOWIAN REACTION! TO NO AVAIL. THE OLD LADY, DRESSED IN BLACK WITH A SHAWL OVER HER HEAD, GRABBED RIK'S ARM AND WAS GRABBING HER HAND UP HIS SLEEVE WHEN I ARRIVED TO THE RESCUE. TURNS OUT SHE ONLY WANTED TO FIND OUT THE TIME, BUT POOR RIK - WHEN SHE STARTED ON HIS SLEEVE HE MANAGED TO GET 'NOW PARLEZ FRANCAIS' OUT. FINALLY DECIDED ON THE TRAM TO TAKE OUT AFTER SEVERAL TRIPS TO THE STATION. TOOK A LONG WALK AROUND TOWN LOOKING THE PLACE OVER. KINDA LIKE NICE IN THE OFF SEASON. BET IT'S A HASSLE DURING THE SUMMER THO.

WE LEAVE EARLY TOMORROW FOR SPAW. WE SHOULD GET CLOSE TO THE BORDER, BUT IT WILL BE AN 11 HOUR TRIP AT LEAST, SO WE RE-
TURNED EARLY TONITE AFTER BUYING SEVERAL LITERS OF ROSÉ, SANDWICHES FOR SUPPER, AND FOOD FOR THE TRAIN TRIP TOMORROW. WE LAY AROUND LAUGHING ABOUT EXPERIENCES AND SIPPING ROSÉ FOR A TIME THEN CRASHED.

WE BOTH GOT SCREWED IN NICE. BY THE SAME OLD BROAD ON THE RUE BELGIQUE. SHE RUNS THE 'LIBRE LAVOIR' AND THAT IS WHERE WE DROPPED OUR LAUNDRY OFF. GOT IT BACK AT 6PM AND COST US 34 FRANCS. WAY TOO MUCH, ABOUT \$6! GOT IT BACK TO THE HOTEL AND LOTS OF IT WAS STILL WET. SUPE WOULD BE NICE TO GET A KISS WHEN YOU GET SCREWED.

FRENCH SHITPAPER IS FIRST COUSIN TO WAXPAPER. IT LACKS ANY ABSORBITIVE POWERS AND SMEARS MORE THAN IT CLEANS. PK AND I HAVE FORMULATED THE 'LANKINS FIELD THEORY OF THE FRENCH GAIT' WHICH IS BASED PRIMARILY ON THE SMEARING PROPERTIES OF FRENCH SHITPAPER. WHAT SMEARS MUST DRY, RIGHT? AND DRIED FEELS CAN CAUSE A PERSON TO WALK A CERTAIN WAY, RIGHT? THUS THE FRENCH GAIT IS EXPLAINED BY THE 'L.F.T.F.G.', AS THE BG BOYS CALL OUR THEORY.

LOTS OF DOGS HERE. THE FRENCH EVEN HAVE DOGGIE BOWLS ON THE PROMENADE WITH A PROMINENT LOGO OF A DOG HIKING ITS LEG. YOU STILL MUST WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING.

Rik is really getting into 'Cancer Ward'. He reads along and curses this character and praises another. Solzhenitsyn is excellent. I like the book too although Rik is further into it than I am.

Dropped cards to Lisa, Old Lady and Hank today. We have about 20 days left to zap in. We made reservations today for Tuesday, Jan 9 out of Luxemburg for Rik. With any luck we can get back okay and I'll be back in Fataalburg with a few days reserve to tell Swami how much I missed her and get us settled into our own place - together finally.

MADRID

FRI- 22-DEC-72

RIC AND I HAVE BEEN PUNTING BACARDI &
COKE DOWN OUR PARTY THROATS ALL EVENING
AND I'M NOT SURE I CAN MAKE AN ADEQUATE
ENTRY.

MADRID

SAT - 23 - DEC - 72

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS OF BEING INDISPOSED OR NOT HANDY I'LL BRING THE JOURNAL UP TO DATE. RIK AND I LEFT NICE ON THE 6:30A TRAIN LAST THURSDAY, THE 21st. WE TRAVELED THE BREAETH OF SOUTHERN FRANCE AND SAW SOME LOVELY COUNTRY-SIDE. VINEYARDS, OLD CASTLES AND CATHEDRALS, AND MILES OF FIELDS SLIPPED BY ALL DAY. WE HAD TO SHARE OUR COMPARTMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN QUITE AWHILE. WE PLAYED CARDS AND, ALTERNATELY, READ ON 'CANCER WARD'. WE ARRIVED IN BORDENAX AFTER 12 HOURS ON THE TRAIN WHERE WE DISCOVERED THAT OUR TRAIN DID NOT GO ON TO THE SPANISH BORDER AT IRUN. WE HAD TO CHANGE AND HAD ABOUT AN HOUR TO KILL. WE KILLED IT AT THE BAR IN THE TERMINAL. OUR TRAIN ARRIVED AND IT WAS THE SUD EXPRESS FROM PARIS AND LOADED TO THE SLATS WITH PEOPLE. WE RODE TO BIARRITZ (? spelling) AT THE END OF THE CAR IN THE VESTIBULE JUST OUTSIDE THE SHITHOUSE DOOR. WE PLAYED 'OFFICIAL DOOROPENER TO THE ROYAL CRAPPER' FOR AN HOUR OR SO WHEN WE GRABBED A COUPLE OF SEATS THAT WERE VACATED BY THE TIME WE GOT TO IRUN IT WAS 9:00P OR SO AND WE HAD TO CHANGE TRAINS AGAIN. AFTER ENDURING AN UNGODLY SWARM OF PEOPLE POURING OFF OUR TRAIN AND BEING HERDED THROUGH SPANISH CUSTOMS (THE FIRST TIME THIS TRIP WE'VE HAD TO GO THROUGH CUSTOMS WHILE ON A TRAIN) WE TRIED UNSUCCESSFUL TO GET TO MADRID BY GETTING ON A TRAIN TO LISBOA (GOOD OLD LISBON).

AFTER HAVING THE ERROR OF OUR WAYS POINTED OUT TO US BY A NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING SPANISH GUARD WE FOUND THE MADRID TRAIN. AND THAT DIRTY BASTARD HAD SOMEONE OR THEIR RESERVATION IN JUST ABOUT EVERY FIRST CLASS SEAT. AND HERE IT WAS 10:00 P AT NIGHT. WE HAD BEEN SWEEPED UP BY THE CHRISTMAS RUSH. Rik AND I GOT SQUATTER'S RIGHTS ON AN UNOCCUPIED, BUT RESERVED, COMPARTMENT AND WERE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY RUN OFF BY THE NON-ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTY WHO HAD THE SEATS RESERVED. SO Rik AND I SQUATTED IN ANOTHER COMPARTMENT WHICH WAS ALSO RESERVED. AH HAH, NOBODY SHOWED TO CLAIM IT AND WE GOT SETTLED. TWO GIRLS SHOWED UP LOOKING FOR SEATS AND AFTER THE SITUATION WAS EXPLAINED THEY JOINED US. THEY WERE FROM KALAMAZOO SPENDING A SEMESTER OF THEIR JR YEAR AT SCHOOL IN CAEN, FRANCE AND WERE ON THEIR WAY TO MALAGA ON THE SPANISH RIVIERA FOR THE HOLIDAYS. NEVER DID CATCH THEIR NAMES. WE CHATTED AND TWO OTHER GUYS JOINED THE GROUP, ONE SPANISH AND THE OTHER FRENCH. WE PULLED OUT OF IRW AROUND 10:30P. MR CONDUCTOR (OR RATHER, SENOR CONDUCTORE) SHOWED UP AND CHECKED TICKETS. HE EXPLAINED IN SPANISH, WHICH THE SPANISH FELLOW EXPLAINED IN FRENCH TO THE FRENCH FELLOW WHO EXPLAINED IN FRENCH TO THE KALAMAZOO GALS (WHO SPOKE IT FLENTLY) WHO EXPLAINED TO POOR OLD MONO-FLUENT Rik AND ME THAT OUR COMPARTMENT WAS INDEED RESERVED AND THE PARTY WAS DUE TO BOARD IN SAN VITTORIO ABOUT AN HOUR

DOWN THE 'FERROCARRIL' (SPANISH FOR FRIGGING RAILROAD TRACKS). BY THIS TIME THE TRAIN IS STUFFED. PEOPLE AND THEIR LUGGAGE ARE STACKED UP IN THE HALLS AND ENDS OF THE CARS AROUND THE SHUTTOUSES. JUST UNBELIEVABLE. SO IF WE GOT BOUNCED FROM THE COMPARTMENT WE FACED A NIGHT STANDING UP IF WE COULD FIND EVEN THAT MUCH SPACE. WELL, SCREW!! RIK AND I DRAG OUR BOTTLE OF FRENCH RED OUT AND START IMBIBING TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST. WE CHATTED WITH THE KALAMAZOO GALS BUT THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ANY OF OUR WINE, EVERYBODY CRASHES. I ROUSE UP LATER TO FIND THAT WE'RE ALREADY PAST SAN VITTORIO. NOBODY CAME TO CLAIM OUR SEATS. THE HOLY POACHED SMILED UPON OUR PUNKINHEADS. I ROUSED UP AGAIN FOR GOOD ABOUT 8:30A. WE WERE ALREADY PAST AVILA WHICH IS AN OLD 11TH CENTURY WALLED CITY THAT I HAD WANTED TO SEE. IT WAS STILL DARK WHEN WE HAD PASSED IT. WE GOT INTO MADRID ABOUT 10:30A AFTER PASSING SOME DREARY FROSTED LANDSCAPES - SOME LOOKING LIKE REFUGES FROM AN APOLLO MISSION. YEP, GOT INTO MADRID OKAY, BUT THE DUMB TRAIN TERMINATED AT PRINCIPIO STATION, HALFWAY ACROSS THE CITY FROM THE STATION THAT WE WANTED. AFTER A LOT OF HASSLE WE FINALLY SAID 'FUCKIT' AND GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE. LOST OUR ASSES WHEN WE CHANGED OUR FRANCES TO PESETAS TOO. TOOK A TAXI TO ATOCHA STATION WHERE TRAINS TO THE SOUTH OF SPAIN LEAVE FROM. MADRID HAS THREE MAIN TRAIN STATIONS. AT ATOCHA WE

Found out that if you didn't have reservations out in the next 2 days you might as well forget it. So we did. Got a room across the Plaza de Carlos III at the Hotel Mediodía and got our shit together. We were in pretty good shape considering our 28 hr train ride and the hassle. Freshened up a tad and hit the 'Venitos' restaurant down the street for steak and Spanish red. After that we were fired up to check out this place. Started with the best and went to the Prado Museum which most experts rank as one of the top 3 art museums in the world. After our visit I rank it as the best I've ever seen. The collection is just fantastic. The only negative factor regarding the Prado in my view is that the lighting ranges from good to fair to atrocious. Velázquez, Greco (old Domenikos Theotokopoulos from Crete who Kazantzakis felt such an affinity for since they were both Cretans), Goya (oh! that naked Maja, what a lovely woman - take away the head and how much like Lisa's the body seems,) and best of all - Rubens. Peter Paul's women have always attracted me very much and the Prado has excellent works by him. So Rick and I got our culture in Madrid. We prowled around the Atocha some more and finally got reservations on the 8:10p train to Algeciras Sunday evening. It relieved both of us to get a definite outboard.

GOT BACK TO THE MEDIODIA AND SETTLED
 DOWN WITH BACARDI AND COKE IN THE BAR
 LOUNGE. Rik AND I RAPPED ALL EVENING
 ABOUT A WIDE RANGE OF SUBJECTS. MANY
 DEALT WITH OUR LIVES IN THE PAST DECADE
 AND RECALLING DATES AND TIMES SURROUNDING
 SHARED MEMORIES. I ENJOYED THE EVENING
 VERY MUCH. SO DID Rik. WE BROUGHT OUR
 LAST DRINK UP TO THE ROOM. I TRIED TO GET
 SERIOUS WITH THE JOURNAL BUT IT JUST
 WASN'T THE TIME. Rik AND I CRASHED AT
 1/AM. - 44 HOURS SINCE WE GOT OUT OF
 BED IN NICE, FRANCE.

GOT UP TODAY AFTER SLEEPING IN CAPE AND
 GETTING RECOVERATED. DONT ACCOMPLISH A
 WHOLE HELL OF A LOT, JUST TOOK IT EASY AND
 CALM. READ UP ON SPAIN AND GOT SOME
 BACKGROUND IN OUR HEADS. WENT WINDOW
 SHOPPING IN THE AFTERNOON AND STROLLED
 THROUGH THE 'RETIRO' A LARGE 350 ACRE
 PLUS PARK BEHIND THE PRADO WHICH USED
 TO BE THE PRIVATE PRESERVE OF THE BOURBON
 FAMILY. WE BOUGHT A TOUR TO TOLEDO FOR
 IN THE MORNING EARLY. WILL GET BACK
 IN PLENTY OF TIME TO GET THE TRAIN
 AT 8:10pm TO ALGECIRAS (THE ONLY ONE DIRECT).
 THIS EVENING AFTER A BIG DINNER OF
 VEAL AND POTATOES ACCOMPANIED BY SPANISH
 RED WE HAD A FEW BACARDI AND COKES
 AND PREPARED FOR TOMORROW. TANGIER HERE
 WE COME !!!!!

ALGECIRAS

MON - 25 - DEC - 72

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND ALL THAT BULLSHIT. WE LEFT MADRID YESTERDAY EVENING AFTER SPENDING MOST OF THE DAY IN TOLEDO WHICH IS ABOUT 40 MILES SOUTH OF MADRID. IT IS AN OLD CASTILLEAN CITY, OLDEST CITY IN SPAIN - ORIGIN NOT COMPLETELY KNOWN, WHICH IS ON A BLUFF 1500 FEET HIGH SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES BY THE TAGUS RIVER. IT IS DOMINATED BY THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO WHICH TOOK 270 YRS TO BUILD - 1225 - 1495 AD. WE VISITED THE CATHEDRAL AND I WAS ONCE AGAIN CONVINCED THAT THE GREATEST HUSTLE IN THE HISTORY OF MAN HAS BEEN THE CHURCH. THE CATHEDRAL CONTAINS GREAT TREASURES OF GOLD, JEWELS AND ORIGINALS BY Goya AND GRECO PLUS OTHERS. ALSO CHECKED OUT THE GRECO WORK, 'THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ', IN THE CHURCH OF SANTO TOMÉ. I REALLY LIKED IT, EVEN BETTER THAN 'VIEW OF TOLEDO' WHICH WAS MY FAVORITE GRECO TIL NOW. RIK AND I LIKED TOLEDO. THE HISTORY IN EVERY STREET AND THE IMPOSING VIEW FROM AFAR IS JUST GREAT. AFTER VISITING TOLEDO WE RETURNED TO MADRID BY BUS AND WERE DROPPED OFF ON THE 'GRAN VIA', THE MAIN SHOPPING STREET OF MADRID. FROM THERE WE GOT COMPLETELY LOST TRYING TO FIND THE PLAZA MAYOR. CROWDS WERE EVERYWHERE. CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHILDREN WERE WEARING MASKS AND BEATING DRUMS. WE SAW SEVERAL COUPLES WHO HAD STOPPED AND WERE LETTING THEIR KIDS DUMP ON THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK. MAYBE WE HAVE UNJUSTLY ACCUSED

THE DOGS. Finally found the 'MAYOR' AND IT WAS COVERED WITH BOOTHS SELLING THOSE DUMB LOW DRUMS WHICH HAD BEEN DRIVING US CRAZY ALONG WITH OTHER ASSORTED KNUCK KWACKS LIKE HORNS, SPARKLER, HATS, ETC. FROM THERE WE WALKED DOWN CALLE ATOCHA TO THE MEDODIA AND ATE A BIG MESS OF STUFF SLOTTED DOWN BY SPANISH RED. SPENT THE REST OF THE EVENING SLURPING UP BACARDI & COKE IN THE HOTEL LOUNGE TIL TIME FOR OUR TRAIN. THEN WE RECLAIMED OUR PACKS FROM THE STORE ROOM AND CROSSED CARLOS SQUARE TO ATOCHA STATION AND CRAWLED ON 'COCHÉ #11' WHERE WE HAD RESERVATIONS TO ALGECIRAS. PULLED OUT OF MADRID 15 MINUTES LATE AND ARRIVED AT THE MED. 2 HOURS LATE. A BUM TRIP - THESE SPANISH TRAINS ARE SO FUCKING SLOW. TOOK US 16 HOURS FROM MADRID. MOST OF TIME IT SEEMED WE WERE DOING 20 MPH OR SO. ENROUTE LAST NITE WE DRANK WINE AND BRANDY WITH OUR COMPARTMENT MATE - 3 SWARTY MOROCCAN DUDES. Pk WAS TIGHT AND IN FINE FORM. GOT INTO ALGECIRAS AT NOON AND WAS IMMEDIATELY IMBOILED IN THE MESS AT THE STATION FOR THE FERRY TO TANGIER. SEEMS THE AUTHORITIES ARE TIRED OF 'HAPPIES' AND ARE NOW STICKY ABOUT WHO COMES IN. WE GOT HASSLED AROUND IN RED TAPE FOR AWHILE THEN PULLED OUT AND DRANK 'CERVEZA' IN THE LOUNGE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS. THEN THE 5 O'CLOCK FERRY FILLED UP IN US. Bullshit! WE LEFT AND CRASHED FOR THE NITE AT THE HOTEL ANGLI HISPANO JUST UP SHITTY

CANAL FROM THE HARBOR. \$4 ANITE. CAN'T
BEAT IT.

GRENADA

TUE - 26 - DEC - 72

Rik and I decided the hassle of getting to Tangier wasn't worth it. The customs people are down on long hairs and we were told yesterday that we must be okayed before we could buy a ticket. But the police are not clearing people until boarding the ferry and by then it was full. Catch 22! Anyway we got up today bummed out on the whole damned idea of crossing over. We've gotten nothing but negative reports about the place from people we've encountered around Algeciras. So we junked that particular bit of itinerary and jumped an afternoon train to Granada. Got here at 10:00 P after making every stop enroute. And the Spanish call such trains 'Rapidos', they are so slow and make so many stops that the term 'Spanish Express' shall henceforth mean to me just the opposite of fast and speedy. The trip from Algeciras to Granada was 6 1/2 hours on 'El Rapido' and the local bus does it in 3 hrs. Found out on our arrival that another 'Express' going north to Barcelona leaves here tomorrow at 1 PM. We plan to get on it and keep plugging away toward the Pyrenees til we get out of Spain. Rik is really down on this country now. Kudda late getting here and had a little difficulty finding a hotel. We did tho - a little place in a dark alley called 'Hostal Brasil' for 150 pesetas (less than \$3). That was so cheap that we rushed out to the nearest restaurant

AND CRAMMED OURSELVES FULL OF SEA SOUP, SPAGHETTI, SIRLOIN, ICE CREAM AND SPANISH RED. SO HERE I LIE WITH A FULL TUMMY AND HEAVY EYELIDS READY TO CRASH. THE ALHAMBRA IS HERE IN GRANADA. THE MOORS BUILT IT 600 YRS OR MORE AGO. IF WE WERENT SO DETERMINED TO GET NORTH WE WOULD TAKE A TOUR OF IT. MAYBE THERE WILL BE TIME BEFORE THE TRAW LEAVES. FROM BARCELONA WE INTEND TO GO TO SWITZERLAND AND AFTER THAT EITHER PARIS OR SCANDINAVIA.

ANOF ON OUR DELUXE ROOM FOR THE NITE HERE - NO SHITPAPER (SPANISH IS LIKE FRENCH, MORE WAX THAN PAPER, SHOULD BE CALLED SMEARPAPER) ONE TOWEL, NO SOAP, NO HEAT. WHAT THE HELL CAN YOU GET FOR \$ 2.25 THO.

Rik and I BOTH HAVE SLIGHT COLDS. COUGHING. I'M DRAWING CONSTANTLY.

BARCELONA

THU - 28 - DEC - 72

Got here after a 24 hr train ride and a great sigh of relief. So long Spain - tomorrow we leave your borders. Tonight Rick and I are pumped full of 'Bakardog EN coke' and the narrative may suffer accordingly.

We left Granada on the 1 pm train after futzing around for some munchies for the ride. It was miserable weather overcast - ugly - and intermittent rain to fuck up the day. We travelled all afternoon thru eastern Spain going north to Alicante where we arrived about midnight. From there on we had our 1st class compartment to ourselves and were able to stretch out in some comfort for the night. Rick and I have developed wild Spanish train theories. For example - the dump train of thought. The shit-house on this train is unmentionable - full of crap - stale water - and used shit paper. And dig this - the dump hole is a straight shot to the tracks! God! How I would hate to be on the maintenance crew of 'RENFE'. The ride from Granada went fairly fast. We had various natives join us at different times. Nothing much happened though except Rick and I ate 4 big hero sandwiches and got soused on 2 liters of Spanish Red by midnight. I felt like shit this morning when I awoke. Had a cup of coffee and felt better. Rick and I played more cards into Barcelona. He finished 'Cancer Ward'.

WE FOUND AT HOTEL - THE HOSTAL MARTA STREET
 AFTER OUR ARRIVAL. WE DOWNED DOWN ON
 STEAK, LIVER AND SPANISH RED STREETLY AFTER-
 WARDS. THEN WE STROLLED UP THE AVENUE
 TO THE COLUMBUS STATUE WHERE BOB & I CIRCLED
 SO OFTEN BACK IN '66 WHEN WE WERE HERE.
 MY SHIRT IS MUCH MORE TOGETHER THIS TIME,
 I WAS REALLY A ROOKIE THEN.

WE COME BACK. RIK SHOWERS WHILE I
 MUSTERS A BIT OF 'CAMBIO' IN THE TERMINAL
 AND GET A FEW POSTCARDS - ONE FOR THE
 OLD LADY AND ANOTHER FOR THE 'SUN' IN FATALBUENAS,
 AFTER WE GO CRUISING AND STROLL UP THE
 STREET THAT WE GOT SO FUCKED UPON IN '66. GOD!
 WHAT A DIFFERENCE!!! RIK AND I SWIZZLE
 RETURN OF COLAS ALL THE WAY. GET BACK
 TO THE HOTEL LATE AND HAVE SEVERAL MORE.
 WE GET OUR SHIRT TOGETHER AND SHAKE
 HANDS ON AN 'HONESTY PACT'. WE CRASH AT
 1 AM WHICH IS ABOUT NOW. MY WRITING
 REFLECTS THIS.

Tomorrow we get the fuck out of Spain.

GENEVA

FRI - 29 - DEC - 72

LEFT SPAN TODAY ON 'THE CATALAN TALGO' - A FAST EXPRESS WITH FEW STOPS STRAIGHT NORTH FROM BARCELONA. IT TOOK 10 HOURS AND WAS THE FASTEST TRAIN WE RODE IN SPAN. THERE WERE NO COMPARTMENTS THOUGH LIKE ON THE OTHER TRAINS. AN OPEN BAY COACH AND IT WAS LESS PRIVATE AND COMFORTABLE THAN WHAT WE HAVE RIDDEN BEFORE. WE BOTH FELT POORLY TOO FROM OUR INTAKE OF BACARDI & COLA LAST NIGHT AND NOT MUCH SLEEP. TONIGHT WE ARE CRASHING EARLY TO GET WELL. DIDN'T SEE MUCH OF THE COUNTRYSIDE COMING UP. RAN INTO RAIN AGAIN AND IT WAS DARK THE LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY. WE ARRIVED IN GENEVA AT 7:30P AND GOT A ROOM NEAR THE TRAIN STATION. PRICES IN SWITZERLAND ARE CLOSE TO THOSE IN THE U.S. OUR DOUBLE RUNS 49 FRANCES (\$12 OR SO) BUT IT INCLUDES BREAKFAST. IT IS THE HOTEL BERNINI. TOMORROW WE'LL EXPLORE THE CITY AND SUNDAY GO TO ZURICH. WE PLAN TO TAKE THE TRAIN DURING THE DAY SO RIK CAN SEE THE FANTASTIC 'SUISSE' SCENERY. HE MISSED IT ON THE RUN FROM A-DAM TO ROMA BECAUSE WE PASSED THRU IN THE WEE HOURS. I FINISHED 'CANCER WARD' TODAY. RIK FINISHED IT SEVERAL DAYS AGO. IT WAS PRETTY GOOD, ABOUT AS GOOD AS 'FIRST CIRCLE'. AFTER WE CHECK OUT ZURICH WE PLAN TO GO TO EITHER PARIS OR NORTH TO DENMARK AND COPENHAGEN. WHATEVER HAPPENS WE WILL GET TO LUX-BURGI BY THE 8TH TO BE IN PLACE FOR THE FLIGHT OUT THE NEXT DAY.

THIS TRIP HAS BEEN RATHER TIRING. A MONTH IS A LONG TIME TO BE ON THE ROAD. WE TOTALED UP OUR HOURS TODAY AND FOUND THAT WE HAVE BEEN ON TRAINS 126 HOURS SINCE ARRIVING ON THE CONTINENT THE 13TH. THAT'S OVER 5 DAYS OF THE 16 THAT WE'VE BEEN HERE. THAT IS PROBABLY ONE REASON FOR THE TRIP BEING SO TIRING. ANOTHER THING IS THAT I MISS LISA. WORSE EVEN THAN I ANTICIPATED. IT WILL BE SO GOOD TO BE WITH HER AGAIN.

SO, NOT MUCH HAPPENED TODAY. IT WAS A FAST UNEVENTFUL RIDE UP AND WE'VE JUST FINISHED EATING. I HAD A SWISS PIZZA WASHED DOWN WITH A COUPLE OF GOOD SWISS BEERS. NOW FOR REST AND COMPLETE MY RECOVERY FROM BARCELONA.

GENEVA

SAT - 30 - DEC - 72

GOT UP TODAY TO A MISERABLE SNOWY AND
 RAWY GENEVA. IT KEPT IT UP ALL DAY TOO
 UNTIL THIS EVENING WHEN A DENSE FOG
 ROLLED IN. IT WASN'T VERY ENCOURAGING
 TO GO EXPLORING, BUT WE DID ANYWAY. TWICE.
 STROLLED AROUND SEVERAL HOURS ALTOGETHER.
 GENEVA IS LOCATED ON THE RHONE RIVER
 WHICH FORMS LAC LEMAN HERE. IT IS
 SOMETIMES CALLED LAKE GENEVA IN FRANK,
 ITS QUITE LONG, CLEAR EAST TO MONTREUX.
 THE FRENCH BORDER IS ONLY A FEW MILES
 WEST AND FRENCH IS THE PREDOMINANT
 LANGUAGE HERE. OF COURSE THERE IS A
 LARGE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL CALLED ST PETER'S.
 SEEMS EVERY CITY IN EUROPE WITH ANY
 HISTORY AT ALL HAS A BIG CATHEDRAL. WHAT
 A HUSTLE THE CHURCH IS. ALL THOSE POOR
 BUGGERS BUT THEY WERE MILKED ENOUGH
 TO ERECT THESE HUGE EXPENSIVE CATHEDRALS.
 GENEVA IS OLD. CLEAR BACK TO CAESAR'S
 TIME. THE WEATHER TAUNTED OUR ENJOYMENT
 OF THE CITY THOUGH AND THE 'JET D'EAU'
 WASN'T EVEN TURNED ON. IT IS A FOUNTAIN
 SHOOTING WATER OVER 400 FEET HIGH. WATER
 VELOCITY AT THE NOZZLE IS 125 MPH. BUT IT
 WAS OFF AND WE COULDN'T SEE IT.

TONITE WE WENT TO A FRENCH LANGUAGE
 SKIN FUK. COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
 BUT JUST ADMIRING THE LOVELY NUDES
 ADORNING THE SCREEN. NOTHING HARD
 CORE ABOUT IT, JUST LOTS OF SKIN. THE

THEATER WAS PARKED AND I ENDED UP BETWEEN TWO LITTLE OLD LADIES WHO ENJOYED ALL THE PRANCING ABOUT QUITE A BIT.

TOMORROW WE'LL GO TO ZURICH. RIK AND I DECIDED OVER BIER SCHIEDFOSCHEN TO ELIMINATE PARIS FROM THE ITINERARY AND STOP OFF IN AMSTERDAM AGAIN AFTER LEAVING COPENHAGEN SINCE WE BOTH LIKE IT SO MUCH. WE HAVE 10 DAYS LEFT AND IF OUR BODIES HOLD OUT WE'LL MAKE IT. BOTH OF US ARE OKAY MONEYWISE BUT HAVE COLDS, DRIZZLING NOSES, ACHING BODIES, AND COUGHS.

ZURICH

SUN - 31 - DEC - 72

AFTER BREAKFAST Pk AND I JUMPED THE 10:40 AM TO ZURICH AND GOT A NICE LOOK AT THE LOVELY SWISS COUNTRYSIDE ON OUR 3 1/2 RIDE EAST FROM GENEVA. THE TRAIN WAS ON SCHEDULE RIGHT THEN AND WAS THE SMOOTHEST THAT WE'VE ENCOUNTERED. FROM WHAT WE'VE SEEN THE SWISS ARE AS EFFICIENT WITH THEIR RAILWAYS AS THEY ARE WITH WATCHES. WE HAVE SEEN LITERALLY JILLIONS OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND DIGITAL DEVICES HERE AND IN GENEVA. LOVELY AND JUST FANTASTIC DEVICES THEY HAVE EVERYWHERE. ZURICH IS ON THE 'ZURICH SEE' MUCH LIKE GENEVA IS ON 'LAC LEMAN' AND THE SAME COLENE OF SWANS, GULLS, DUCKS, ETC DECORATE ITS WATER. BOTH PLACES SPOT A STRANGE LOOKING BIRD THAT WE THOUGHT A DUCK WHEN WE FIRST SAW THEM IN ICELAND, BUT WE WATCHED THEM CLOSELY IN LAC LEMAN, ESPECIALLY DIVING TO THE BOTTOM FOR FOOD. THEIR BODIES ARE BROWN WITH BLACK NECKS AND A POINTED BILL WHICH HAS A WHITE MARKING AT ITS BASE. THE DUCK FAMILY SHOULD HAVE NEVER BEEN SLANDERED BY INFERRING THAT THESE LITTLE UGLY BOOGERS WERE. EVEN REMOTELY RELATED. THEY ARE REALLY UGGSLIE. Pk SAYS THEY ARE A 'EUROPEAN WATERWHOPPER.' GOT OURSELVES A ROOM AT A SLEAZY 'BACK IN THE ALLEY' HOTEL JUST OFF THE LIMMAT RIVER CALLED THE IBERIA. 30 FRANCS. A GOOD BUDGET SELECTION FOR SWITZERLAND. SO NOW WE ARE LISTENING TO THE COMPANY FOLK BAND GIVING IT HELL IN THE HOTEL BAR DOWN BELOW OUR ROOM. EVERYBODY YELLING, SINGING,

STOMPING AND YODELING THE NEW YEAR IN. THE PLACE IS SO PACKED THEY WON'T EVEN LET ANYONE ELSE IN. PAK AND I TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO GET IN HOURS AGO. SO IN 10 MINUTES THE YEAR OF THE OX ROLLS IN AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE OLD BERNA MAY NOT BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE TUMULT. THIS AFTERNOON WE EXPLORED THE LENGTH OF BAHNHOFSTRASSE, ZURICH'S GREAT SHOPPING STREET. IT HAS QUITE A VARIETY, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING ZURICH'S SIZE, 600,000 OR SO, AND WE FEASTED ON SUTZEL AND VEGETABLES SLOTTED DOWN WITH GOOD COLD BEER. TONIGHT WE STROLLED AROUND MORE LOOKING AT THE CROWDS OUT FOR NEW YEARS EVE. IT WAS BRIGHT AND SUNNY ALL DAY (ONLY THE SECOND TIME ON THE TRIP - THE OTHER WAS NICE) SO IT HAS TURNED COLD TONIGHT. WE STOPPED AT A SNACK STAND AND HAD A DELICIOUS HOT BRATWURST AND ROLL. LATER WE GOT A 6 PACK OF 'HURLIMANN'S SPEZIAL BIER' AND CAME BACK HERE. JUST NOW THE BELLS STARTED, A LITTLE EARLY. THERE IS A BIG HEEBIE CATHEDRAL JUST DOWN THE WAY AND PAK AND I THEORIZE THAT THERE IS AN UGLY LITTLE HUNCHBACK PERVERT UP THERE IN THE BELFRY WITH THE ROPE KNOTTED TO HIS FOOT AND BANGING ~~AWAY~~ AWAY WITH THE BELLS. PRETTY SOON IT WILL BE ALL OVER AND QUIET AND 1973 WILL BE UPON US. THE BELLS HAVE A NICE TONE TO THEM. HAPPY NEW YEAR.

OUR 3½ HOUR TRAIN RIDE TODAY BRINGS OUR
TOTAL TO 130 FOR THE TRIP. LUXEMBOURG TO
AMSTERDAM - 5 HRS. AMSTERDAM TO ROME - 26 HRS.
ROME TO NICE - 11 HRS. NICE TO MADRID - 28 HRS.
MADRID TO ALGECIRAS - 16 HRS. ALGECIRAS TO
GRANADA - 6½ HRS. GRANADA TO BARCELONA - 24 HRS.
BARCELONA TO GENEVA - 10 HRS. AND TODAY,
THAT'S 5½ DAYS ON TRAINS. THE TRIP UP
TO 'KOBUTHAUN' WILL TAKE 14-16 HRS AT
LEAST PROBABLY. AND THAT MUCH AGAIN BACK
DOWN. WE HAVEN'T DECIDED YET WHETHER
TO TRY TO GET ON UP TO STOCKHOLM OR OSLO.
~~WIKI~~