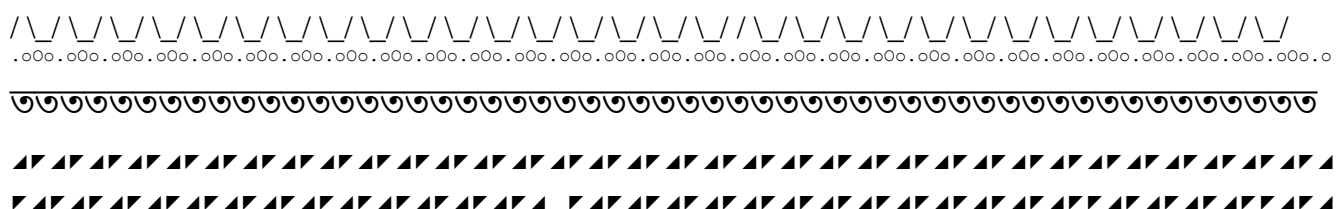


On a sunny morning in early June 1974, I walked to the Utrechtseweg in Amsterdam with a small bag over my shoulder. I joined a line of about fifteen hitchhikers. After three hours, I finally got a ride to nearby Vinkeveen. The driver invites me for a cup of coffee. Sitting on his sunny estate, I look out over a lake with sailing boats. My host takes travel folders about Morocco out of the attic. At eleven o'clock, he drops me off at the motorway. After a ride to Utrecht, I'm standing with a Norwegian at an access road. Together, we get a lift to Brussels, where we are dropped off in the middle of the city centre due to a misunderstanding. It is difficult to find a way to Paris. We take two trams in different directions, and then we are back at the same place again. Finally, we find the way on foot by following the signs. We are dead tired and it has become dark in the meantime. Still, we get a lift from Brussels to a village 5 kilometres away. The Norwegian has a two-person tent, which we set up in a forest. We hear music in the distance and go and have a look. There is a small village with a fair, a shooting gallery, a merry-go-round, and a chip shop. We got a Belgian welcome in a village pub that organised the funfair, with chips and Stella Artois and a Beatband with a drummer with Elvis hair, who could only play rakketak. Then we sleep in the tent surrounded by glow-worms with a hash joint and the music of a transistor radio.

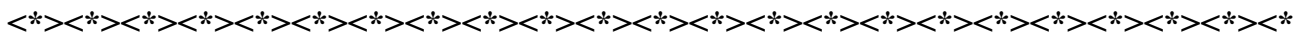
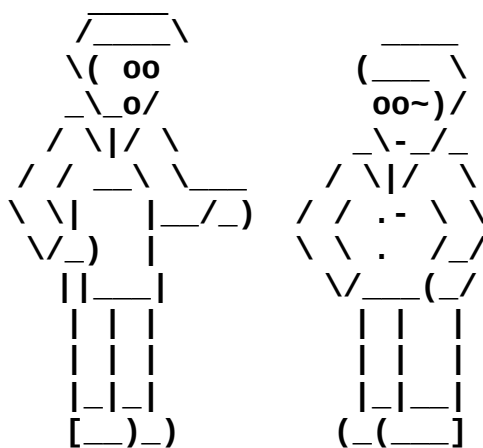
It is Sunday when we wake up. We arrive just before the French border after hours of hitchhiking. We take the train across the border, hoping to have more luck there. But it is getting dark and it is raining. We hitchhike under a viaduct until midnight, when the police come and send us away. We break open a window of a labourer's house and roll out our sleeping bags.

On Monday, we woke up broken. After an hour of hitchhiking, a sports car stops and only one seat is available. I am the lucky one, because I have the least baggage. I left the Norwegian to his despair and loneliness. The driver of the sports car is going to Rouan. I can choose whether to get off 100 km before Paris or to go with him to Rouan. I go with him because it is raining too much. I have deviated from my route and am trying to hitchhike from Rouan. It will take 3 hours and a lot of walking. On the bus back to Rouan, I look up the address of the fashion shop salesman, whose name is Jean. He lives in a restored house in an old quarter in the centre. He has to dine with friends, and I can help myself. Television, wine, blow, LPs. The Beatles, Stones, and Aphrodite's Child Strawberries in the fridge, camembert, you see what you take. Jean returns. In his sports car, we shoot off like a rocket. I get a tour around private pubs and English pubs. It turns out, he needs me to pick up the chicks. Back home, I can sleep in a camp bed.



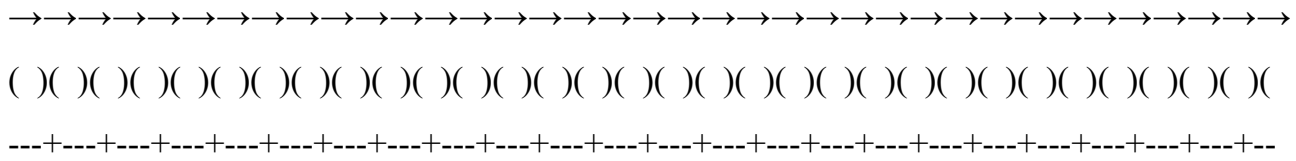


Tuesday. He takes me to the station and buys me a single ticket to Paris for 10 guilders. A French freak comes up to me and asks if I can take a yoga film and drop it off at an address near Gare de Lyon for 10 guilders. Thank you. At 10 o'clock, I am in Paris delivering the videotape. Mission accomplished. Then a train to 20 km south of Paris. First, I got off the metro to see Notre Dame. All in all, it is the fourth day and I am only in Paris. First, I hitchhiked for an hour on the wrong dead-end road. It is boiling hot. A quick short hitchhike with a French tramp, a student who travels around working. It is dark, and then I get a lift to Bordeaux. I am very tired, but the food and drink are paid for by the driver. At 1 am, I arrive in Bordeaux and am dropped off in the centre. Empty, dark streets. Then I walk in the direction of Biarritz, because between Bordeaux and Biarritz there must be 150 km of forest, and that is good for a relaxing sleep. I walk and walk, but I don't see any forest. Then I came to a kind of bungalow suburb. With a torch, I walk into gardens to find a quiet place. There are houses everywhere. I have been walking for 3 hours and it is almost daytime. Then I climbed onto a university sports field. A dog barks. I quickly got back over the fence. I make a jump and my bag rips. In a meadow with a cow, I unfold my sleeping bag and wrap it in plastic. The radio is on and I'm smoking a joint, paranoid about the cows walking around.

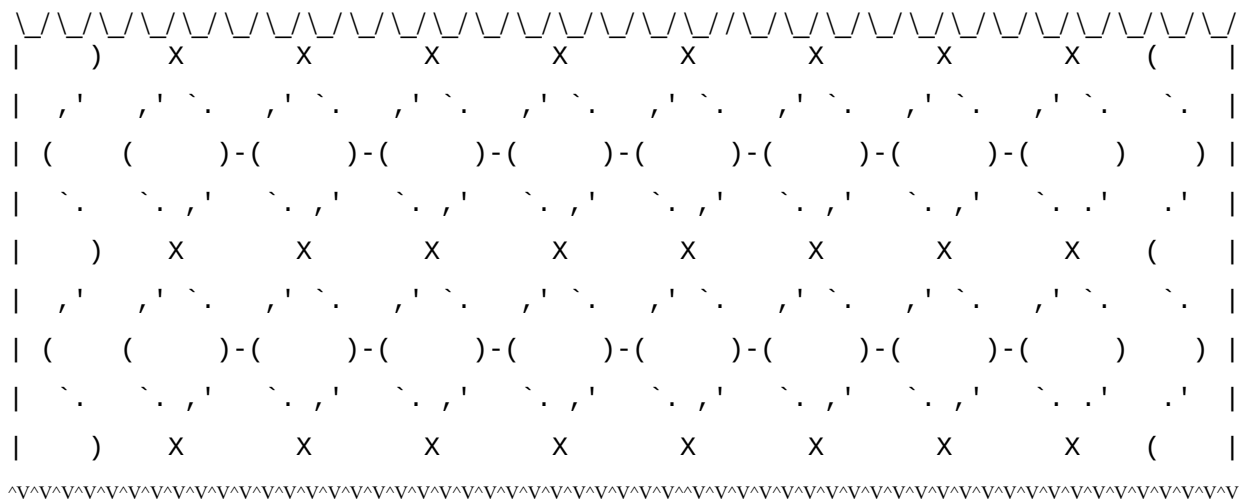


Wednesday. I wake up wet from the dew, dirty and unwashed. I hitchhiked to Biarritz. A Moroccan in a Volkswagen van stops, and I can go with him if I pay for his coffee. I do so, and agreed that I could go with him to Morocco for 50 guilders. Then it turns out he has no money. 50 guilders is just enough for petrol to Madrid. And then? I drive with him to Hendaye, near the Spanish border. On the beach, I walk with him for a while and make a joint. I'm trying to get rid of him because I don't want to ride with him and I don't dare to tell him because I'm afraid he'll cause problems. At a campsite, we take a shower. I try to get away, but he waits at the exit. On the beach, I tell him I'm not going with him and tell him a strange story, to which he says, uninterested, "very interesting." But I tell him I want to help

him find other paying hitchhikers who are just as crazy. On the beach are five French youngsters with backpacks. They don't want to go to Morocco, but I can sleep with them on the beach. The Moroccan walks around telling swinging stories about his life. The French call him a "charlatan". He leaves, it gets dark, and we go to bed.

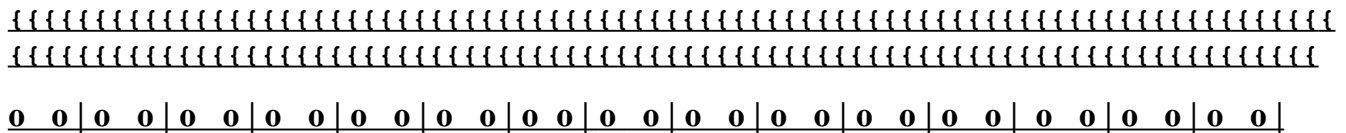


Thursday. Nice sunshine I get some beer and camembert and I give drug education to the French while building a blow. They really like me. I jump 10 times from the boulevard onto the beach and think I'm a little bird. I became a man of color. But swimming is too cold. At 4 pm. My stuff is gone, and I am taking a bus to the border. I walked unchecked into Spain. First, I eat paella. Then I hitchhiked to San Sebastian. I go straight to the beach, where boys are having school parties. They shout whether I am coming and are rather exuberant. I jump down the stairs and shout a joyful cry. Good luck. I am given wine. How to pronounce Johan Cruyff. Muchas gracias. Denada. Then a girl calls from the boulevard. I look up, but it's too dark. Do you speak English? Yes, I do. What are you doing there? I don't know, but I think it is funny here. Do you like to drink something with me? Yes, I would! The girl is American and speaks Spanish fluently. She is a teacher and has a Spanish boyfriend who speaks French. On the terrace behind the wine, English and French are mixed, and it is getting nicer. We talked. I get good information. Hitchhiking is difficult in Spain. I am looking for a quiet beach and will sleep there. Hitchhiking is impossible in Spain.

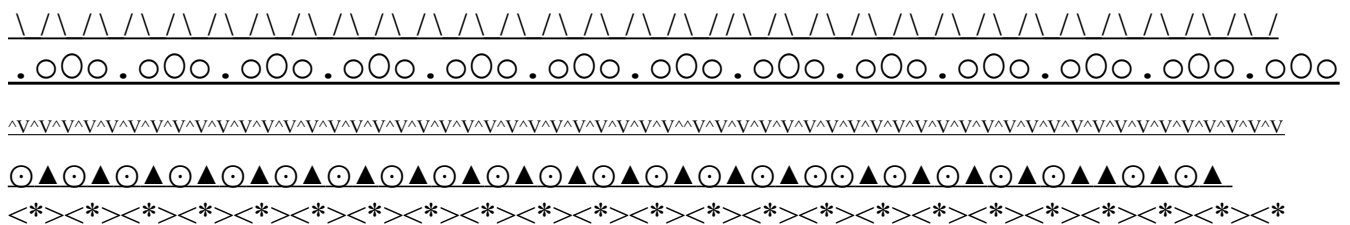


Friday. Paperpickers wake me up. Quelle heuro, signor? 7 o'clock, goddamn it. I buy a litre of cola for the hangover. And I take a bus to Tolosa. In a shop, I try to buy a soapbox, but I don't quite get it. All I get is a plastic bag. Hitchhiking sucks. A Basque keeps me from my work by telling me about the war when he was in Germany. Shut up now, sir. 2 o'clock in the afternoon, there was still no ride, but I was not alone. Two more crazy American chicks with big asses are hitching a ride too. Then... a lift to Bilbao, but first I get off in the middle of the Pyrenees to drink. I almost got vertigo. There is no train to Madrid from Bilbao. I first have to take a bus to Vitoria and then a train. I have to wait for the bus in Bilbao for 3 hours. In the pub, I offer myself tapas and beer. A fat woman is troubling me. Everyone laughs, and she tries to pickpocket me. A Spanish boy helps me, but I can't understand a word. A bit of a laugh, bueno, bueno. He pays for me. Then the bus to Vitoria. Nice town, 50 km further on. It is 8 o'clock. I'm looking for a cheap restaurant. The train leaves at 11.30 pm. I hang around and drink. I sit

alone in the park drawing, and young people come and ask me what I am doing there. They like foreigners so much. I received an invitation to the neighbourhood clubhouse. It was almost impossible, because I drank too much. So shut up. At the station, I look around a bit and want to buy a ticket, but I can't. Communication problems, communication problems. A Spanish man, 30 years old, with short hair, speaks German and helps me. Finally, I have a ticket and I thank him. It turns out he lives in Vitoria and likes to sit in the station every evening watching people arriving and departing. He has been in India and worked here and there, now in Vitoria. Next week, Barcelona. Nice freak. Alle ist scheisse hier. I get information on Spanish prices. It is cheaper than I thought. Cigarettes for only 25 cents. Then the train comes. The guy hooks me up with 3 Spanish bitches to sit with them in a compartment. But the train is overcrowded and I have to stand in the corridor. I roll out my sleeping bag there and try to sleep with the thunder of the wheels in my head. Every now and then, the conductor kicks me. Broken, I arrived in Madrid in the morning. The first train to Algeciras leaves in the evening. All day, I have to wait, walk, play pinball, drink and look for the Telegraph newspaper, which is nowhere to be found. In the waiting room of the station, I sit among Moroccan guest workers. I look for freaks, but I am lonely. Peanuts and pinball. Then the train comes, and I look for an empty compartment, but there are too many Moroccans. Together with an English-speaking Moroccan, we find an empty compartment, which we can close from the inside. We close the curtains and snooze. The corridor is full of people. We slept well that night. The trick was to put the smelly socks on the door. When one opens it, it's the smell.

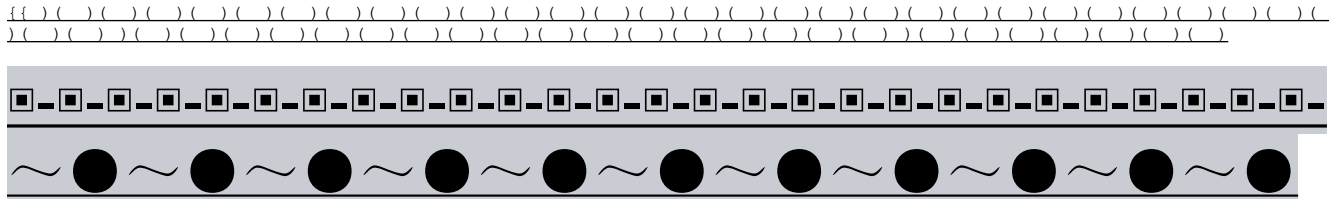


Another 100 km, at 7 o'clock in the morning. I received an invitation from my Moroccan travelling companion to come to his house in Meknes. I walk through the train and meet an English boy and a girl who have the same destination as me. We can travel together. I know of a camping place in Morocco not far from the boat. On arrival in Algeciras, we buy tickets and get on the boat. There are many freaks on the boat. A nice American, also alone, wants to go with us. I am the guide because I know Morocco well. Arrival in Ceuta, Africa. We take the bus to the border. On the bus, I play the funny guy, stand up for veiled women, and give the driver a light. I like everything. Now the Eastern adventure begins. The Orient, Hippie Time. The Magic Deviant World. However, we have lost the American. At the border, there are many formalities. The English boy is afraid to have his curly hair cut off. We are in Morocco and are waiting for the bus to Tetouan. That takes too long, so we take a taxi. The arrival in Tetouan is crazy; it is a corrupt, criminal mess. Immediately, we take the bus to Martil, 10 km further down the coast, and continue to the campsite. We put together some money for stuff. The American also joins us; we have found him after all. Nice with the four of us





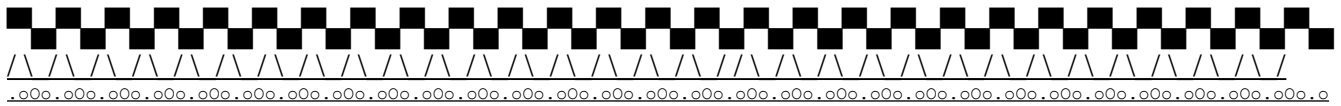
Monday. Sitting on a terrace, a Moroccan arrives and says he is Ali Baba, our friend. We received an invitation. Before shaking hands, I had to feel the calluses on his bare feet. Goddamn. In the evening, we get on the bus to his house. What could happen to the four of us? We agree that if one of us doesn't trust something, we will say we are sick and we will get out of the place. There was lots of hash, tea, and cous-cous at his place. Then another Moroccan arrives, who is a fisherman and a Spanish guy. Suddenly, I get it; it's a conspiracy for hash smuggling. Indeed, there is a proposal to lie on the beach in Spain. The fisherman drops fish filled with hash into the sea. We take the fish and bring them to the Spanish man. No risk. Fuck off, no tricks. More joints. The fisherman can only speak Arabic and tries to explain what big fish he has caught, but he doesn't get a word understood. Ali Baba talks too much in his fast English. Then the bell rings. A Moroccan enters and starts arguing. It becomes a fight. We have to wait in another room. The English and American are terrified and want to climb out of the window. I am a bit nervous, but I tell them it is better to wait. Then everything gets back to normal. Now the Spanish man is trying to say things, but he is mixing everything up. In French and English, he sometimes curses in Dutch: Godverdomme. I am filled with laughter. I asked the fisherman if I could board his boat. We go back to the campsite.



Tuesday. Swimming and sunbathing at the campsite. We go to Tetouan. We take a guide and get into trouble. Husslers accuse us of possessing hash and threaten to call the police if I don't pay 20 guilders. When they don't look, I throw the stuff away. They see it anyway. They ran to the police. We moved out of there. I am terrified. We ran into the police in the street. The boys report me, but the police are doing nothing. Back to Martil to recover. Here comes Ali Baba again. We can go with him to Ketama. We explain to him that we don't want to buy or smuggle anything. No hard feelings.

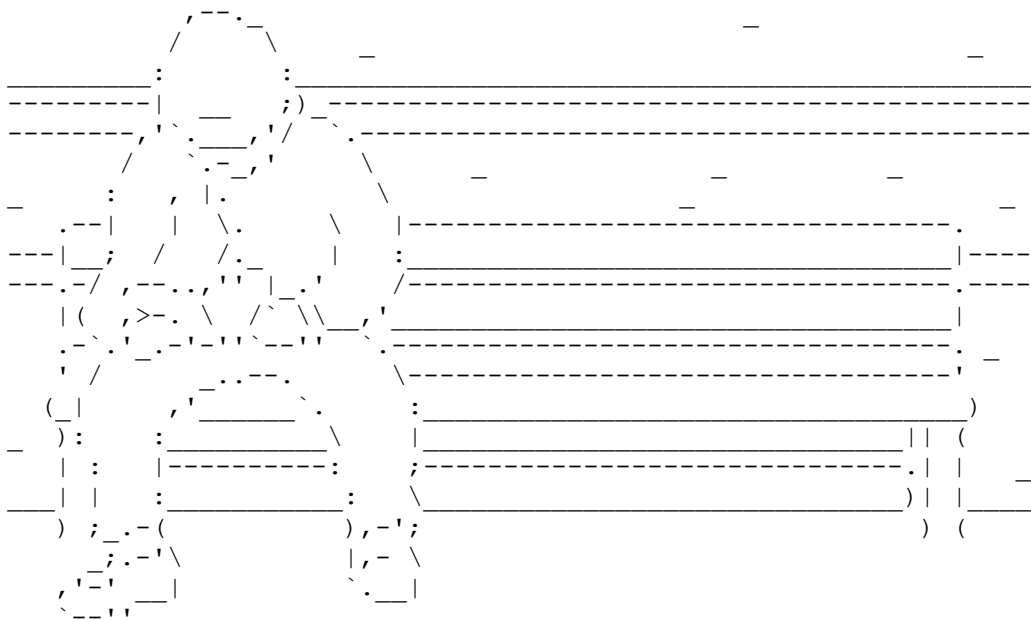
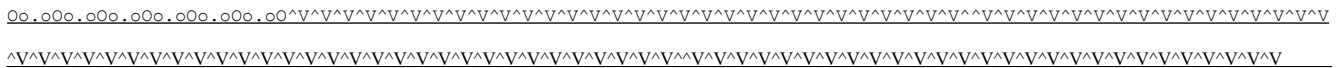
Wednesday, at 6 o'clock in the morning. With Ali Baba, we go to Tetouan to take a bus from there to Ketama. The bus is three hours late. I say I'll go to Fes. No bullshit. The English and the Americans go with me. Ali Baba held up his hand when we got on the bus to Fes. Let's pay 8 guilders each for the food. So, anyway. I gave him 2 guilders. A tiring ride in a steaming hot bus over dusty roads along an abyss. FES! We are met off the bus by dozens of little boys. We stayed at a hotel nearby with more Americans. There is also a labile Dutchman of 20. He asks me if I notice that he is unstable. Yes, I do. Inferiority complex. He has already been to Egypt and wants to go to Mauritania. He is completely crazy. Inferiority complex. He has already been to Egypt and wants to go to Mauritania. Completely crazy.





Thursday. A Canadian became a good friend of mine. He has the same room as me. He speaks a little French. Together we wandered, stoned, through the medina. We climb a hill outside the city and smoke kif with shepherds and visit cemeteries with snakes. We went from souvenir shop to souvenir shop, not buying anything, but having nice cups of tea. We make a good pair. At a hairdresser's, we are invited to smoke hash. There are pictures of sex on the wall. We decide to drink beer in the new city. It is dark, and we walk five kilometres. We accidentally drank Heineken at 4 guilders a glass. Then we buy a bottle of wine and walk to the campsite to look for the English, but we don't find them. Meanwhile, it has become midnight, and we decide to walk back. On the way, we meet soldiers, with whom we fool around. We give them some wine and go with them into the forest to smoke kif. Every soldier is smoking pot. Now it is even later and we have lost our way. We stop a boy on a moped and try to buy his moped, but it is too expensive. We continued walking. Is it left or right? We end up on the wrong side of the medina and decide to walk straight through the city to the other side, through zigzag alleys. "We're gonna make it," we say as we shake hands beneath the old gate in the city wall.

It is a trip that no tourist has made overnight. There are no maps of Fes. It is three cities joined together, measuring about 8 by 8 kilometres. Walls and gates everywhere. Fes is also built on a hill, so there are 45 degrees of climbing and descending. We get lost laughing. There are still people on the streets. When we ask for directions, they offer their services for a fee. No, we want to find our hotel ourselves. No guides. But little boys walk with us and show us the way. With much talk, we get rid of them. Craftsmen and carpenters work on chairs in the dark streets and speak only Arabic. Communication problems. We arrive at the same place for the fourth time and are fed up. We enter a café that is about to close, but they stay open for us. Cakes and hot milk. We move on. It is already 3 o'clock. We meet someone who wants to buy trips. That is possible tomorrow at 5 o'clock at the same place, if I can find it again. We get to a car park on the other side of town. A little boy who is the night watchman over parked cars welcomes our company and offers us a taste of his kif. We are dead tired, drunk and stoned. Finally, we find our hotel, but the door is closed. We wake the owner out of bed and then go to bed.

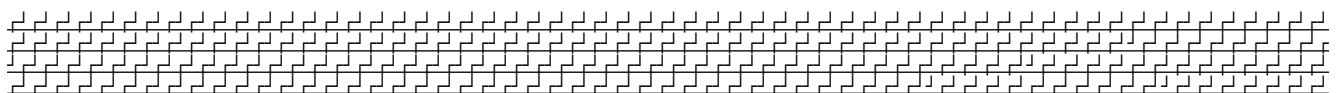
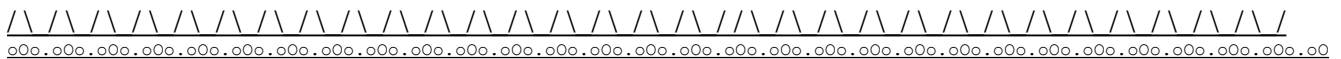




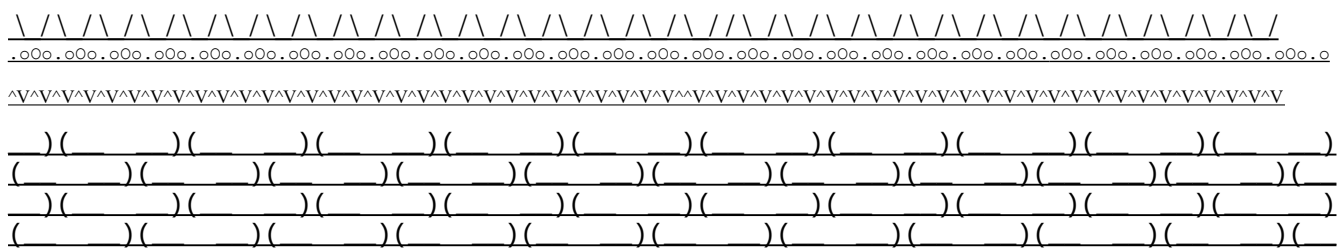
Friday. We wake up in the heat of the day and go and watch people on the terrace in front of the hotel. People on donkeys, horses, no cars, veils, dresses, headscarves. On one side, they sell orange juice; on the other, banana milkshakes. Through the gate, it is a busy life. A crazy little boy with a bald head in a woman's dress dances and shouts with foam in his mouth. If he wants to dance with me, he can. Nobody understands. Then the bus comes from Tetouan. I help the boys who are hustling the newcomers alongside the Canadian. We are getting very popular with the local youth and can get 50% of the profit if we take the tourists to the shops to buy. Simple enough.

At the end of the street is a tea house. The owner's son is Moulay, a 20-year-old boy. He sells good stuff. Free smoking if I bring a customer now and then. Tourists come through the gate and see me as the first European and ask if I sell stuff. Afraid as they are of Moroccan dealers, I am an intermediary. Four times a day. Still, it bores me. With the Canadian I go to the new city for a bottle of wine. We have many appointments: with soldiers, hairdressers, trip salesmen, and a party in the evening. We exchange money in a bank and meet a crazy American who is also staying in our hotel. He had forgotten his passport. I did not, and I changed dollars for him. The Canadian goes to the station for information about trains to Algeria. I walk back to the hotel with the American. However, the American, small-bent, ponytail and glasses, squinty eyes (a kind of gnome), does not know the way. I knew four different routes to the hotel and chose the most difficult. Walking through zigzag streets is interrupted by playing football with little boys. I am very successful when I explain in French that I am Johan Cruyff's brother. Especially when I start yodelling and twisting. The American doesn't understand and gets scared in the middle of narrow alleys with a crazy Dutchman. When we walk on, I tell him that we're not going to the hotel, but to a place where it's much nicer, and I act mysteriously. The American goes mad and walks paranoidly in the wrong direction. For a moment, I think I will let him go, but it is rather pathetic. I pull him in the right direction. He starts to fight. Jesus Christ, what have I done? Just stay calm. I ask a little boy about the hotel and convince the American to go in the right direction. Distrustful, he decides to go with me. As soon as he arrives in familiar surroundings, he wants nothing more to do with me and tells his travelling companions that I am the "same shit as those Moroccans".

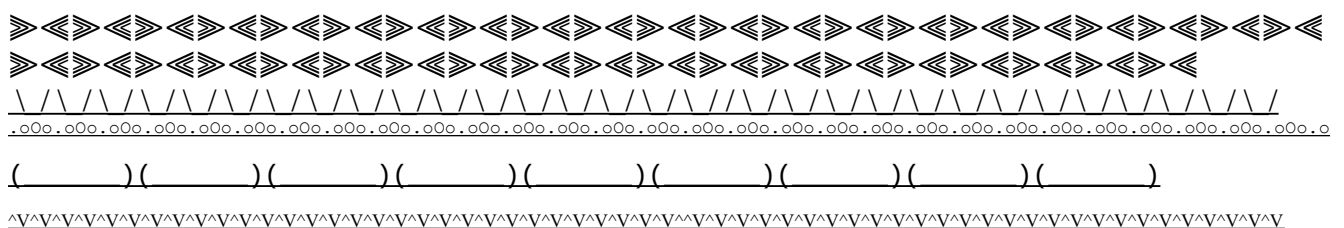
In the teahouse of Moulay, I sold five trips for 30 guilders and stuff. I sold my transistor radio on the street after a lot of bargaining. In the tea house, Moulay gives a drum concert. More bongos are taken from the shop next door, and the owner, Abdul, plays the guitar. They also sing, and the whole street comes to watch, dancing passers-by. The Canadian doesn't know what he hears when he returns. We have dinner together in the restaurant next to the hotel. We ask the waiter 'Pourquoi il y a un plafond ici, monsieur?' "Aha, vous avez fumé?". He secretly takes out a pipe, stops it and hands it to us. We give him a big tip and are picked up for a party in the garden of Abdul, the guitar player. Cola, Fanta, and hash. The hotel owner builds the joints for us. Then I got sick of the music and left with the Canadian. We get hot milk in a café and take it to the hotel room, where 10 people have gathered: French, English, Americans, and us. Until 1 am., we sat on the roof talking and looking at the stars in the clear night. Then we go down to the street; everything is closed. Here and there, people are sleeping on the ground. The boy in the woman's dress comes screaming past and gets 25 cents from me for the show. And there comes Moulay, dressed in a jelaba with his hood pulled down over his head. He looks at me with shining eyes and says, "They are good trips". He took all five at once. At that moment, the café where we are sitting opens, because the owner sees customers sitting in front of his door. Then we go to bed.



map of the slum; otherwise I'll never find it again. The bloody heat melts my shoes. I have a stomach ache and feel dirty. I walk around a bit between the fruit markets and the outside of the city between cacti. I am smoking a pipe in a strange teahouse, where I am informed about the activities of the Dutch national football team. They know more players than I do. With a kilo of oranges, I go to different places in the city to watch people on the street. There are no tourists. There are only three souvenir shops, but it is also a dirty city. I'm back by dinner time, couscous. Mohammed keeps on talking about his new house, which he is going to buy: "You can have your own room." I think I've had enough. Why did he let me go into town alone? Why no guided tour? He had slept all afternoon, though he had told me he was very busy. My thoughts are to move on. We walk to the campsite, and I'm begging for a lift. A Mercedes with three Germans of my age: "Kann ich mitfahren nach Marrakech? It's possible, and I decide to stay at the campsite. Beye Mohammed, and then he starts nagging about work, which I have to arrange for him in the Netherlands. Now I realise what the invitation is about, which is, of course, understandable but not realisable from my stance.

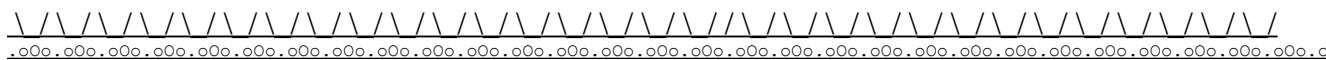


Tuesday. The Germans are car tourists who want to do Morocco in a week with their cameras. Bastards, but I need them and they need me as an interpreter. First they want to see Fes and then go straight on to the south. Just to see Fes, that's possible, I know that city like the back of my hand. I led them in exactly the right direction through the Bab Boujeloud gate. It's an atmosphere of "so, you're here again? Shaking hands. The Germans think it's all wonderful and are happy with me. On a terrace, I get really pissed off, nauseous as hell, and getting race poop. With a fever I still give them a short tour through a small part of the city. And I let them buy souvenirs from people I know (50% commission). And then, we finally leave for Marrakech. It is one o'clock and very hot. The car broke down after 60 kilometers. It's too hot, and there are smoke clouds coming out of the car. What a pity, and now they are in doubt whether to continue to the south like this. Turn back? They want to wait until nightfall, when it is cooler and the car can drive. We sit down to wait by a river stream. There are dragonflies, crystal-clear water, and children. Out of nowhere, children come out of the bushes. A girl comes to bathe the horses. We are hungry. How much is that little boy there? "He is good to eat." They are pushing each other forward. They are scared and stay at a distance. Then a bus drives up with smoke coming out of the bonnet. It stops at the stream, and the driver gets out to get a bucket of water. He throws it in the car and drives on. A very strong bus from before the war. I put on a show for the Germans with the boys when I tell them we are going to Marrakech. I conduct and we sing "Maraks, Maraks, Maraks" as a chorus. I tell them I want to buy milk, because I don't dare drink the river water because I am sick. A little later, they brought me milk for 75 cents, which I discovered was powdered milk mixed with river water. At first, they asked for 20 guilders for it. "Hey Freunden, sollen wir versuchen weiter zu fahren? And there we go again, and this time it goes well. Kilometres fly by, and we have good cassette music. It's getting dark and after a short photo stop and some food, I fall asleep.

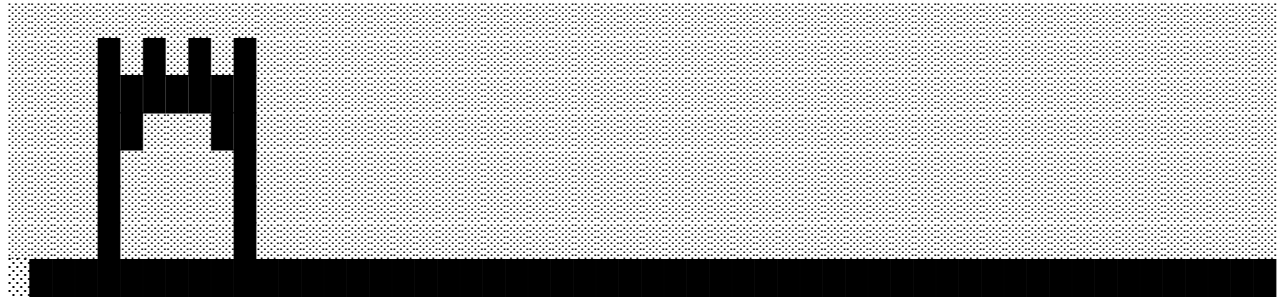
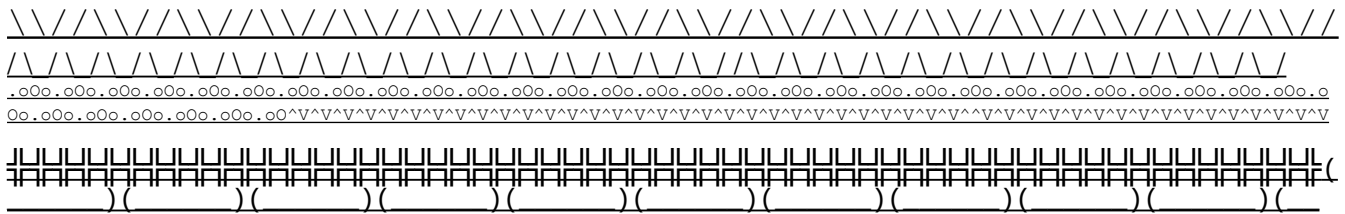


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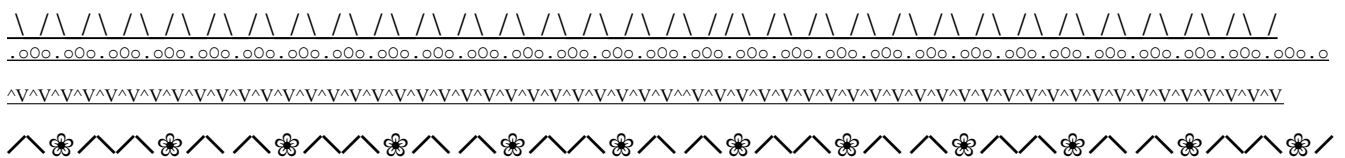
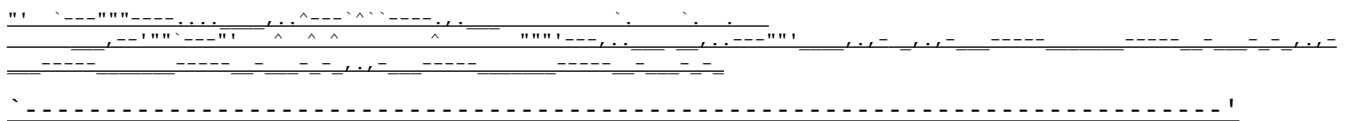
Wednesday. When I wake up, it is already light and from the car I see a sign for "Marrakesh". We look for the campsite and find it between hundreds of palm trees, and we go and sleep on the rocky ground, the Germans on air mattresses, me on the ground. Two hours later, we burned away. A couple of times, I move my sleeping bag into the shade and decide to move on. The Germans decide to go to the Holiday Inn for 20 guilders a night, with air-conditioning and a swimming pool. "That's what I need," I think. But at the last moment, I ask them to take me to the medina after all. There I thank them for the lift, make an appointment for the evening and walk to the famous Jemaa el-Fnaa square. Everywhere you see horse and carriage taxis, dancers, a market, snake charmers, and tourists. It is sweltering, 800 km hotter than Fes. Hey, who is that walking over there? I knew him from Fes. Another Canadian, called Heck. He is a taxi driver in Marrakesh. He is also a dealer. He opens his blouse and shows hundreds of flea bites. Bedbugs. I am looking for a hotel. He wants to get rid of his hotel, and I know of a better one. At Hotel Agdal we take a room together, but first he has to take a shower and wash his clothes. We lay down until four o'clock, talking, smoking, and drinking litres of water. I am used to drinking a lot of beer, but yeah, we're in Morocco. Then we hear insanely fast drumming and horns. There is a dance group behind the hotel on the El Fnaa square, giving a performance. They do this every day until 10 in the evening. The Marrakesh Sound. I completely forgot about the meeting with the Germans. On the roof of an adjacent hotel, there is a party with Americans and English. At 3 am. I found my hotel room again.



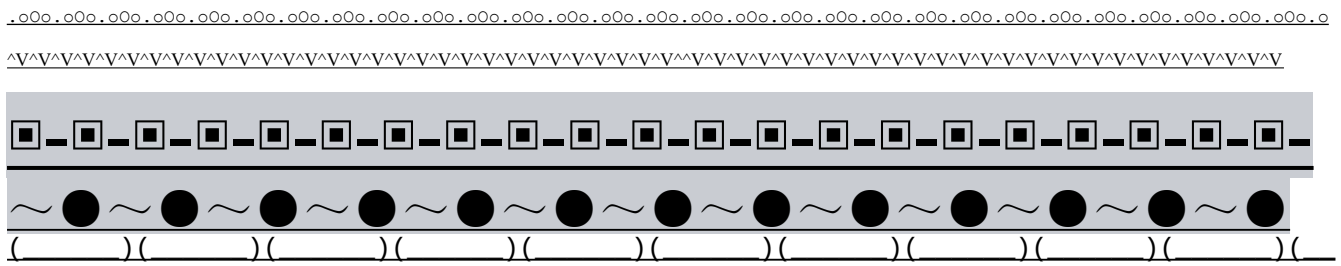
Thursday. Temperature: 40 degrees Celsius I decided not to go any further south. I am soaking wet with sweat and drinking tea and a lot of water . Marrakesh has wide streets, so you don't get lost that easily. Walking is no problem, drinking tea at souvenir shops, talking and blowing. It seems like Fes, again, there is money to be earned by bringing customers. The boys are dealing and giving me spliffs. I met them at Snack Hippie, a Moroccan snack bar especially for hippies. I bought some first-class zero-zero from them. Heck shows me the places in town where the Rolling Stones can be heard. Café Oriental, in a basement with a ventilator on the ceiling and beautiful wood carvings on the wall, Moroccan freaks are consuming milkshakes with everything from strawberries to coconut while enjoying lots of hash. But the police are also there, and they are smoking too. I don't take any risks and only borrow from others. I don't want anyone to know that I also have stuff. At 2 o'clock, I sit down on a terrace on the El Fnaa square. There, a completely stoned-looking acquaintance from Fes, an English boy with red hair in a ponytail, a beard and a burnt head, walks up. He has hitchhiked from Fes to Marrakech and has experienced crazy things. Morocco is small. In the hotel, I meet Heck, who asks me to go with him to the campsite to deal with tourists. We arrive at the campsite by bus. Immediately, I see Dutch people I know from Haarlem. While Heck deals around, I drink coffee and smoke Samson tobacco. The car of the people from Haarlem brings us back to the medina. Heck decides to go to the campsite the next day and stay there. The Englishman also has a room in the hotel and tells me to take a bus the next day to an oasis in the mountains, where it must be cooler, 80 km south of Marrakech. I decided to go with him.



Friday. With a kilo of oranges and the English freak, we wait for the bus, which is three hours late. We drive through palm groves and arrive at a dusty rocky plain. In the distance, the mountains rise. In the meantime, almost everyone has disembarked. We get off at the end of the road. A fantastic valley with a small fast-flowing river, which has been dammed up with small dams so that the whole valley is flooded. The houses are built against the mountains in steps, like Indian mud pueblos with steps. We wade further into the mountains through the water to a village that looks big from afar. We are looking for a restaurant and a hotel. We walk in water up to our thighs. Here and there, people peep out from behind the trees, dressed in colourful robes. Little boys welcome us to the village and beg for money. Nobody wants to help us, so we climb further into the village. There is no shop anywhere. On top of the roof of a house, we sit down with the boys silent around us. What now? The boys don't like my jokes; they are unfriendly. We decide to go back to the bus, but it has just left when we get there. So we walk. After about a kilometre, we pass a teahouse, a shaded piece of rock with an oven and mats on the ground. An old man talks in bad French all the way through. We can buy a woman for 20 guilders, but we take a pot of tea, which the fellow drinks himself. He asks if we have hash. We don't. Then he builds us a pipe, and we take out a gram of hash and say it's the last bit. Night falls, and with a torch, we walk further down the road. We descend into the valley and climb over rocks. It is difficult to find a dry spot in the grass under the trees. Ingeniously, the valley is irrigated soaking wet. Ourika Valley. We roll out our sleeping bags near a branch of the river. Isn't that a house there, the white one in front of us? I shine my torch on it. It could be. We'll see tomorrow then.

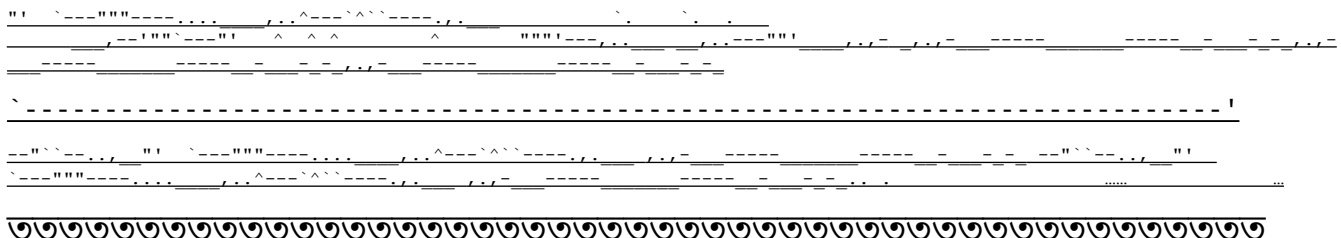


Saturday. It's freezing cold at night, and I bask in the first rays of sunlight. A sharp wind makes the sharp sunshine pleasant. The Englishman asks if I also want a trip. Wow, LSD in the mountains. I have done that before in Bulgaria in the winter. But now it seems much more relaxing. With a sip of river water, I take the trip. We climb to the road and walk, looking at the fantastic river in the green valley with waving people. We pass people on donkeys. What beautiful clothes those people have. Women wear thin purple, red, and yellow transparent robes with gold or silver dots embroidered on them.



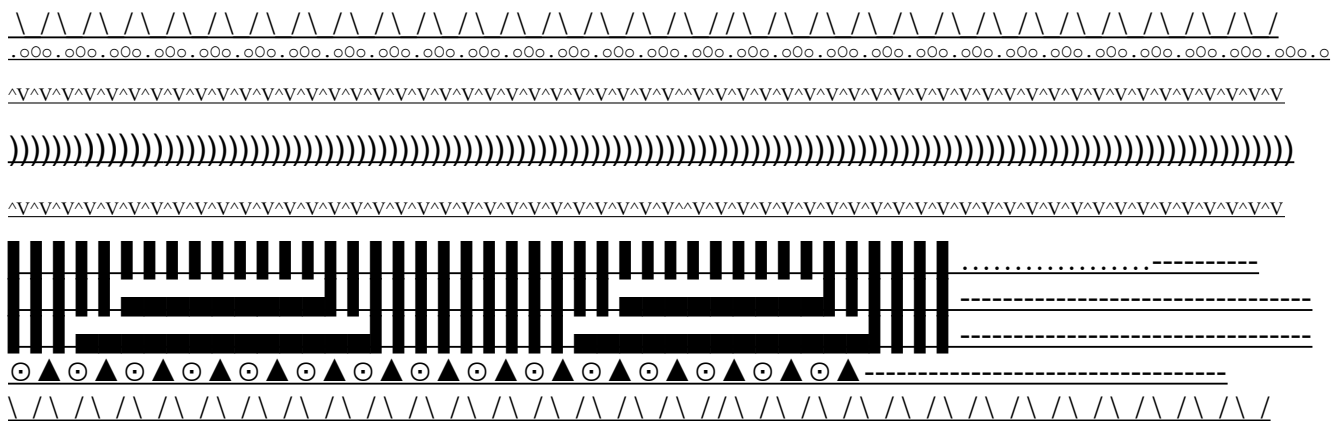
Sunday. Walking again After 5 km, we come out of the mountains onto an open plain. It is very hot and we are running out of water. This is the desert. We hitchhike on cars that pass by, and yes, a lift to Marrakech. In the same hotel, Agdal we each take a room and fall asleep. We wake up in the afternoon and go to Snack Hippie. While I am eating the hippie meal, a special omelette and salad, two Moroccan girls come and sit opposite me. They look at me and laugh. I smile back and become insecure. What's the matter? It turns out that they are laughing because I am eating the lettuce in my salad. The Moroccan doesn't do that, because he is not a rabbit. But am I? One chick keeps looking at me; it's like Yugoslavia, quickly moving away.

Monday. I can still take 10 photos with my little plastic camera. I want to take the traditional picture of the snake-charmer for my parents at the El Fnaa square. But when I was standing in front of the snake charmer, the camera button jammed. I wanted to walk away and was stopped. I have to pay 75 cents for the photo. Oh, come on! Someone else comes and holds me. What a problem. Back to my hotel room. I can throw away the camera and take out the roll and get an idea. I return to the square with the camera and head to the snake charmer. I pretend to take pictures, and when the man comes for payment, I give him my camera. He doesn't understand and takes a picture of himself and gives the camera back, laughing. Then I gave it to a little boy who was selling postcards. He gives it back too. I tell him he can have it for 20 cards, but he changes his mind. Walking through the medina, the camera suddenly clicks again, repaired of its own accord. I click one after the other and make veiled women paranoid. This is how I got to Madani, the dealer from Snack Hippie. In his shop, there is an English girl with blond hair in an Arabic costume. She speaks fluent Arabic and is a French-English teacher for 15 guilders an hour in Marrakech. She says she knows someone who wants to buy the plane. Fine, but he is not at home. However, businessman Madani has expressed interest and has offered 15 guilders. No, I said 20. He goes to try the machine and the button blocks again. Oh, Madani, you've broken it. He took it apart with a screwdriver and repaired it; a screw was loose. He wants to buy it for 20 guilders, but then he will give me the money the next day. So the deal is off, and I continue walking through the medina, which has by now become dark. I ask everywhere until I meet a boy who is willing to trade it for three belts. I asked for eight belts, but in the end I settled for five belts of camel leather.



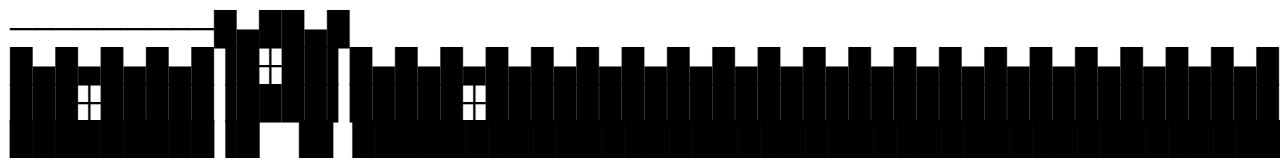
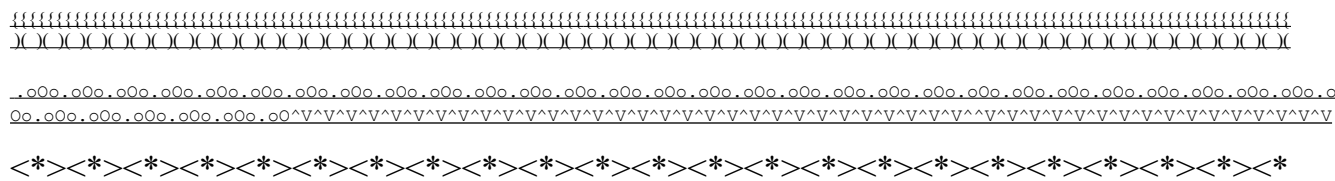
Tuesday. I wake up in the heat of the day. The Englishman has hitch hiked to Essaouira, on the coast. The bus costs only five guilders and goes at 6 o'clock, according to the information. I cancel my hotel, leave my things in a special room and hang around in the palm park with a newspaper full of peeled walnuts. Two Austrian peers come and ask whether I have hash with me. I had bought a packet of rubbish for 25 cents in front of the hotel that morning, and I showed it to them. No, they want much

more, an ounce. Oh, wait a minute, that's possible. I guide them to Madani, who, within 10 minutes, has excellent shit. He thinks it's a waste to sell it to these guys and first builds 10 joints for himself. I remember a woodcarver who makes chillums of his own design and to whom I promised to come back with a design of his own. "I will order 100." I had only said this to have a look around his shop. The Austrians want a chillum. They pay twenty guilders for a camel bone chillum under my nodding supervision. As thanks, they make me a wooden souvenir and get me tea while we try out the pipe. But I'm in a hurry for my 6 o'clock bus. It's 5 o'clock and the Austrians want to treat me to a meal. Together with them, I pick up my luggage and can eat at their expense. At the bus station nearby, I say goodbye and ask where the bus to Essaouira is with my ticket in hand. "Non, il n'ya pas une autobus pour Essaouira, demain dans le matin". 6 o'clock in the evening is 6 o'clock in the morning. I take another room in Hotel Agdal and ask the owner to wake me up at 5 the next morning. I walked straight to Cafe Oriental to look for any Austrians that might be there. There I met the girl from Snack Hippie and sat down with her. In simple high school French, I hear that she is Algerian and a seamstress for Madani. We go to Madani's together, do some blow and I hear that the Algerian girl has been tripping a lot. Not exactly a traditional wild one, despite her brown haddock eyes. I ask her if she wants to come with me to my hotel, but she says she is not allowed in the hotel. Nonsense, I say, we'll see, because the owner is a great guy. But indeed, it is not possible. Only if she goes and gets her passport. The Algerian says she is going to get her passport and will be back soon. She runs away. In the hotel, I wait for a while, eat half a melon, and fall asleep after a joint. The owner wakes me up, turns on the light, eats the rest of the melon, and makes a fat blow. It is still dark, 5 o'clock. My bag packed over my shoulder, I stumble across the courtyard and stumble over the owner, who is already asleep in front of the door. I still have half an hour to eat breakfast and see that a restaurant is already open. There are many beggars at this hour, who silently pass by the cafés. I gave an old man one guilder. He is blind but feels the money unit and his face lights up with happiness. I feel like a benefactor. Then the bus comes. Sheep and goats are tied on top. On the bus are two more tourists, who are far too clean and with whom I want nothing to do. Next to me is a smelly farmer wearing a dirty headscarf. Watch your luggage. A ride along fields of camels follows. At a stop where the bus stops, I get off and don't buy any oranges, because they are too expensive. I carefully light a joint that I have twisted beforehand. Moroccans see that it is hash. I quickly put it out and got onto the bus. On the way, 4 police check on the luggage in the bus, but they don't search thoroughly enough to find my hash.



Wednesday. Arrival at 9 o'clock in Essaouira. The sky is cloudy, and there is even a little rain in the balmy wind. The Atlantic Ocean and beach. I am looking for a hotel and was directed to Hotel Hippie. A psychedelic painted palace with arches, Jethro Tull music, and Moroccan long-haired freaks. I get a room with a desk, a chair and two beds for 4 guilders. I immediately turned one bed into a sofa with cushions, put a pen and paper on the desk, and wrote "Tubifex swings" across the entire length of the wall with a felt-tip pen. After this act, I explore the city. I get to the harbour and walk through a gate to see six stalls selling sardines. They all started calling at the same time. I make a joke by walking first one way and then the other. I sit down at the nearest table and am served five sardines with onion and

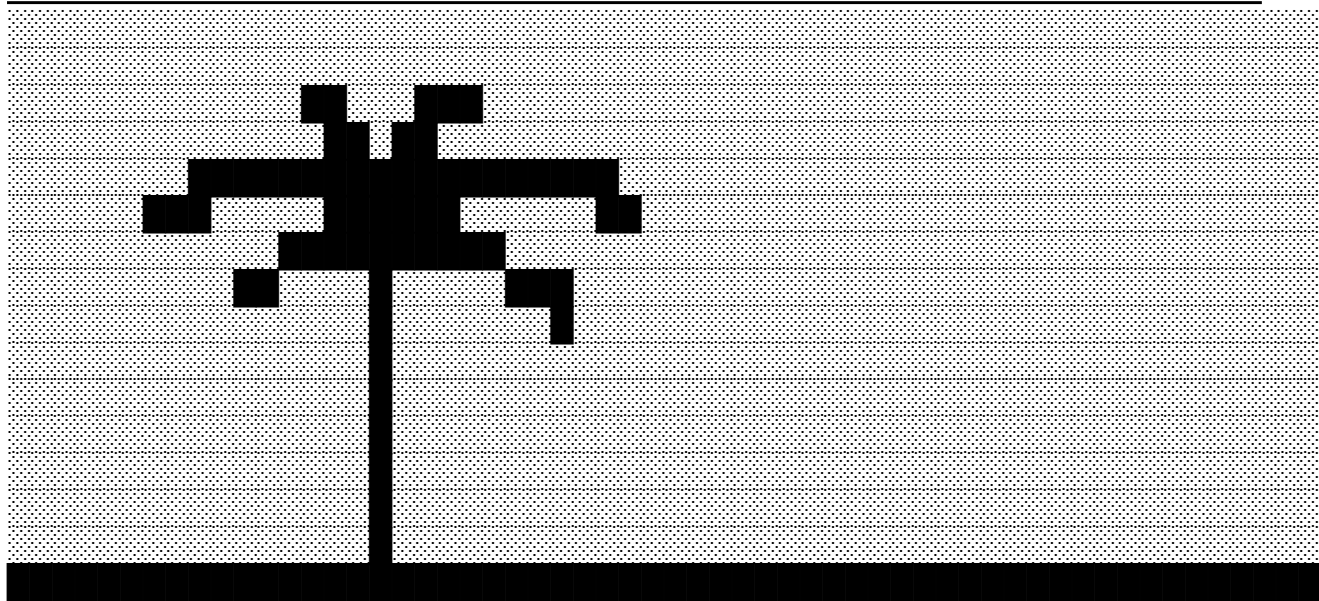
bread for 75 cents. I peel off the salt from the charred fish and eat it with my fingers. I agree that I will always eat at his place if I get one sardine more than at the others. So six sardines. The sun breaks through on the beach, and I walk 10 km to the village of Diabet, where the English freak will be. It's supposed to be a hippie commune, but all I see are chickens and Berbers gathered around a water pump. On the beach is a stranded fishing boat. The captain is busy digging it out with a shovel. Just for fun, I push against the ship, which doesn't slide back into the sea. The fisherman looks at me sulkily. Diabet is a pigsty! Chickens and goat shit, unpaved dead-end streets, and barking dogs. But rumour has it that Jimmi Hendrix lived here, but I don't see a single European. It looks a lot like the Dutch dunes here. I walk back through the dunes over an old bridge across a sort of overgrown boulevard. Halfway across, the bridge ends, and I have to go down over rocks where goats are grazing. There I saw camels and Bedouins in tents. I walk closer to the camels and almost get eaten by them. The Bedouins are a kind of gypsy, so be careful. Little boys swim naked in the sea. A caravan of camels laden with gravel walks on the beach. Rhythmically, their legs trudge against the background of the stranded ship and city. Back to Hotel Hippie, which also turns out to be Café Hippie. I flipped out at the scene there. A boy is having problems with money. He is Algerian and has lost his passport. You also come across people like that in Amsterdam. A girl with Angela Davids' hair is stoned and staring into a corner. The hotel owner wants me to buy him a bottle of wine and gives me money. It is forbidden for him to buy wine. Here it's the opposite of the Netherlands. Hasj on the table and wine under the table. In the café, people are sitting with Coke, who conjure wine from their boot, with which they refill the glass when nobody is looking. Secretly, the glass is passed to friends like a joint.

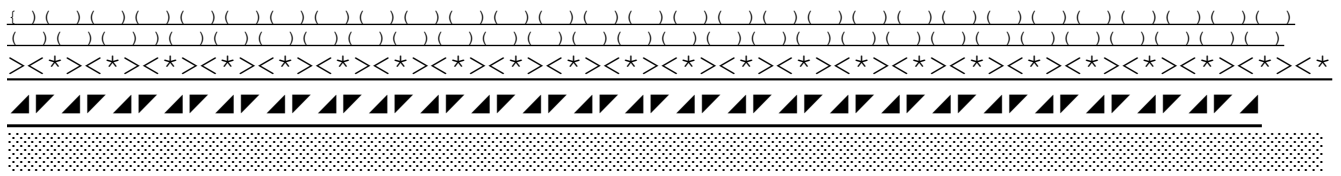


Thursday. I have decorated my whole room with little drawings. I buy a bottle of wine and invite people to come and drink it. I've only just arrived and already I'm popular. I go to the harbour again to eat sardines. I walk along the beach to Diabet again, where again there is no freak to be seen. On the beach are freshly arrived Americans who went directly from Casablanca to this beach. I sit with them on the deserted beach and we listen to music from their cassette recorder, lying in the sun. With a little blow, it can still be fun. Every now and then, a dealer appears on the sandy plain, and we buy some more stuff. I walk back to the city with the Americans and bring them to the bus. Their backpacks were stolen from the train station in Casablanca. Poor people. The city of Essaouira is built inside a wall. On the sea side are rocky outcrops, which are dry at low tide. Against the city walls are fishermen with wine and kif, sometimes hidden in caves. Staggering, they offer me wine. I ask if I can sail with them, but then I have to go with a drunk fisherman to ask permission from the harbour master. Drunk and stumbling, he walks ahead of me over the rocks, where the many walks have carved a path in the limestone. He tells me he was on the stranded ship during the accident. The captain was drunk, and it was foggy. During the day, the fishermen sleep, drink, and smoke, and at night they go out sailing. A good life. There are no beggars in town because all the poor people take fish from the harbour, which would otherwise be thrown away. The fisherman walks ahead of me through dark alleys. We enter a dark and smelly room, where someone is sleeping. The fisherman also falls down on a bed. What am I doing here? I walked away, trailed by a barking dog. Fortunately, I found my way back. I am allowed to choose special requests from the record collection in the hotel. There are a lot of records that I have always wanted to buy for myself. Two Swedish girls come and sit at my table. They came from Sweden

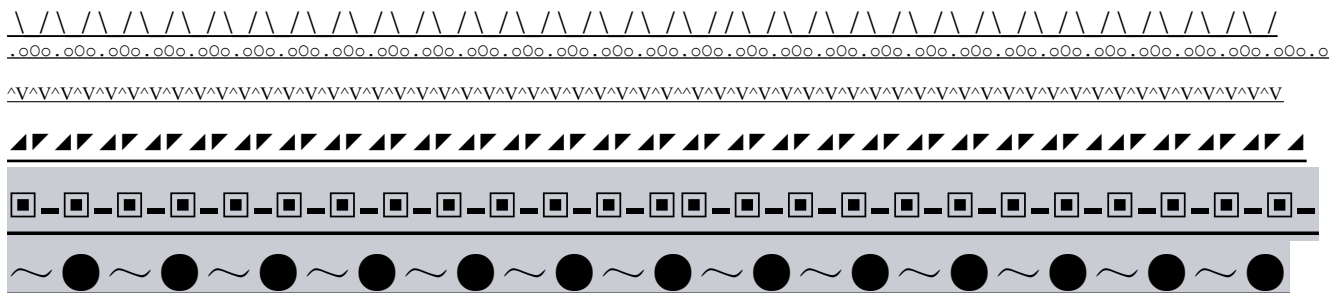
by plane for three weeks in Essaouira. I can go to a party with my Moroccan friends in the evening. Dealers, nevertheless. In an empty room, I sit down with the girls and eight Moroccans, silently looking ahead. This is a party. Coca Cola is handed out, a pipe passes by and a boy is looking for beatmusic on a transistor radio. Give it to me, and I will find Blood, Sweat & Tears. Nervously, they start drumming on bongos. Each and every one of them wants to pick up a Swedish chick, including me. But how are we going to do it? I am seen as a dangerous competitor, but without me the Swedish girls wouldn't have come. So they give me money to get wine. But the wine shop has just closed and I struggle to find the house, where the situation has not changed despite my absence. The girls are far too naive. Then a bucket of fried fish in sauce is brought in and we eat with our hands and feet. Then comes a banging chillum and half asleep on the cushions, I follow the party, in which there is a lot of music on harmonicas, bongos, and singing. The Arabic music gives me a headache, and I say goodbye. What is that? The Swedish girls decide to stay.

Near the harbour is a kind of fairground. A shooting gallery, a gambling tent with dice, and a music tent. There is Arabic music, which seems to be three songs sung over each other, and I hear that coming from the building. I quickly buy a ticket and sit down in the almost empty hall. On the wooden stage, four girls are dancing with Berber clothes on, which I love anyway. A violinist and a bongo player are dancing their asses off. I am the only European in the room, and the girls dance only for me. I wink and raise my thumb. The girls laugh and look at each other shyly. After 10 minutes, this group leaves, and immediately a new one appears with very old women. I see six groups of belly dancers and sabre dancers. When the curtain falls, everyone leaves. I want to get up too, but someone says that he is a sound engineer and that he works there. I am allowed to stay and watch the whole show one last time. He offers me a cigarette, and I am on my guard. Suddenly, the curtain rises again and the dance and music begin again, just for me and the technician. And then the curtain falls again. I don't understand it. I tell the technician that I really like the dance and the music, that I find it beautiful, and he says that I am beautiful too. Now what? I say I'd better go. He walks behind me, but among the crowd of people, I lose him, and it's dark. On a bicycle, he chases me. I let him get closer and told him that he was a nice guy, but that I'm straight, and gave a false address of a hotel. Shrimp-stoned, I walk into a restaurant and eat the strangest fish, after which I barely find the hotel.





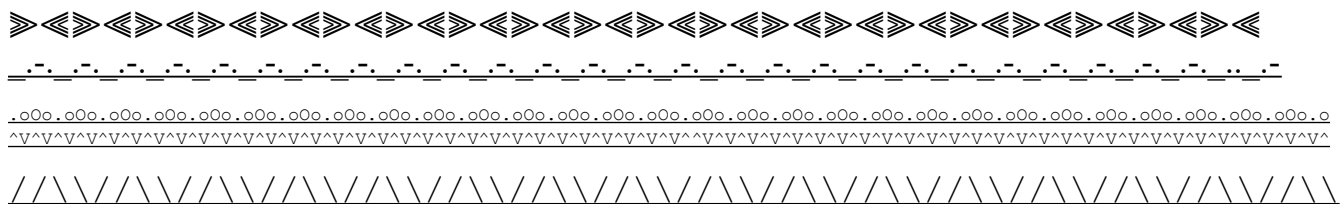
Saturday. Madani's friend is sitting in the café, having just arrived from Marrakech. He tells me he has seen the Englishman. And a little later, he walks into the café as well. He turns out to live in Diabet after all. In my room, we smoked a joint. When Jethro Tull is played for the tenth time, he stands staring hypnotically. It turns out he knew the record. We walk through the city together. He explains that he wants to sell his rucksack and sleeping bag to buy a jelaba. He can only spend one guilder a day on food. He tries to get money from me, and I get pretty angry with him. Nonetheless, I accompany him to Diabet. In a small restaurant, the only one there, 20 freaks are hanging around and smoking dope. Some of them have been there for years. Completely freaked out, I order a simple omelette and take a seat among the crowd. After an hour, no omelette had been brought, let alone simple. It makes me angry, and I abandon the idea of eating because I'm starting to feel a bit sick. Then an old Arab comes and stands in front of me. I think he wants a light. I gave him a matchbox. He walks away and sits down in a corner. Hey people, what did he want? It turned out to be the restaurant owner, who asked me what I wanted. Food! Meanwhile, it is getting dark outside and I am getting sicker and more stoned. I desperately need to shit and ask the Englishman for paper. In his room, also a hut with reed mats and a candle, I have to lie down and watch everything spin. 'Hey man, here's your shitpaper'. He asks me if I can walk back. Actually, I can't, but anyway, I'm not staying here. Just outside the village, I quietly poop until an insanely large buzzing thing comes at my bottom, illuminated by the half moon. Shivering, I continue walking over the overgrown, almost Roman bridge. Halfway across, a piece of the bridge has been removed. A drinking water pipe forms a 10-metre bridge. Below, a river flows to the sea. The Bedouins sleep by campfires. During the day, it's easy to walk across the metal pipe, but now I crawl over it with my hands and feet and imagine myself in mortal danger. I collapse in the grass on the other side of the bridge, exhausted. For half an hour, I watch the Milky Way and feel myself flying. I fall down the rocky path to the ground at the end of the bridge. I have to wait half an hour before I can get up. Another 8 km to go. I see the lights of Essaouira coming closer. The lighthouse lights up the dunes from time to time. Some people on donkeys passed me. I cannot hear them and can only see them in the brief flashes from the lighthouse. I imagine that I am walking in the Dutch dunes. The lights in the distance are a strange sensation. Is that Haarlem? Or how about the Efteling? It is Essaouira.



Saturday. At 7 o'clock in the evening, I have dinner in the harbour; an hour ago, the sardines were still swimming in the sea. I pay the hotel owner and tell him I'll be back. I walk four kilometres to the motorway. There are only buses and taxis. Sitting on my bag, I build joints one after the other until a policeman comes to stop and search all the cars in front of me. No smoking, no lift, balking. I walk back to the city. The bus to Casablanca is already gone, and I buy a ticket for the next bus in that direction: Safi. On the coast, it's still early and I have to wait for five hours. In Café Hippie I meet an English freak dressed in jelaba. He looks like a Japanese in a Dutch traditional Volendam costume. I walk with him in the direction of Diabet, but on the beach he meets acquaintances with whom he

carries on talking. I walked behind him and sit down. They didn't even notice I was missing, and with the 30 grams of hash I just bought, I found a quiet spot on the beach. I arrived at the bus just in time. Safi is a very busy little port. In between the city and the beach is an insane industrial area with dozens of railway tracks, warehouses, piers, and boats. It is 7 p.m. and still warm, so I decide to walk to the beach. Three kilometres along a high concrete wall that encloses the industrial area. The beach is 12 km long and lies between the wall on one side and a rocky outcrop on the other. It is full of brown people, and there are tents. I sit down on top of a rock. Panic breaks out when people see me. I am shouted at. A boy comes to me and invites me for tea in his tent. That is always okay. In his tent, or sail on poles, sits his aunt, also a tatted lady, and his fiancée. The boy's name is Driss, and he works for the ONCF railway company and invites me to stay with him for a few days. He has work and therefore money, and doesn't want mine, so fine. We walk 3 km back to town and take a taxi paid by him to his house on the outskirts of town, where a camel is eating out of a vegetable shop with its sleeping owner next to it. Where is my camera?

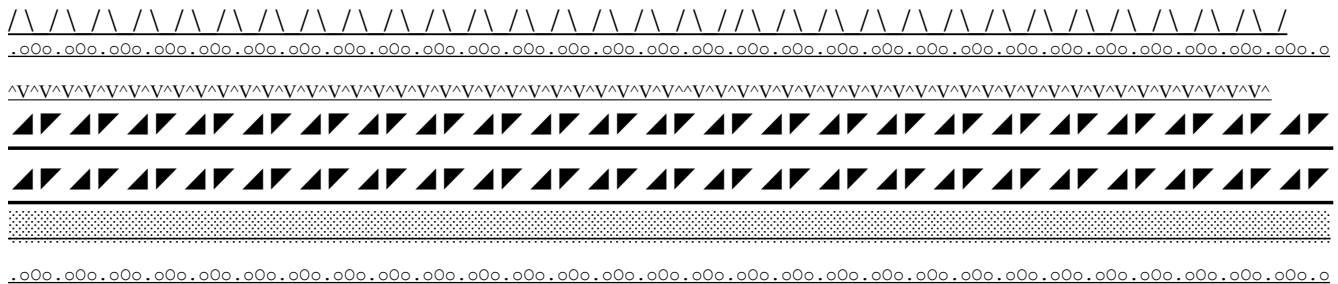
Sitting in his house are his father, mother, brother, and sister. The mother smiles and says, "Kif Kif". I think what now, because Driss doesn't smoke stuff. Driss explains to me that it means "same same", or in other words, because of the hospitality, I am equated with Driss. The living room is covered with fantastic carpets made by his mother. It's a carpet 10 metres long. That's worth picking up a 2000 guilder carpet by plane. That is art; good carpets by a top artist. She is the one. Against the walls of the room are couches with large cushions on them. They put the cushions on so that I could lie on them. A large silver tray with tea is brought in. Driss' father is a funny man, and I can only laugh when he says something to me. The television is hidden behind folding doors and is switched on. Food is brought in and with our hands we eat and watch a French broadcast of the TV-competition. Holland behind, they loose. After the coffee, Driss wants to show me the city. First, we visit people in weaving mills, shops, and tanneries. Shake hands a little. Hollande bon. Driss is proud of our friendship. We take a horse and carriage taxi to the centre. On the way, four more people jump on the cart, and Driss hangs off the edge to make room. I would like to do that too, but the coachman won't let me. We get off at a photo studio at about 1800. In the window, razor-sharp pictures of Arabs in their finest clothes are hung in front of amazing backdrops. In front of a painted canvas with trees and a house, we sit side by side on a bench. We have to comb our hair, the photographer holds up a mirror. He crawls under a black sheet and, with slit eyes against the bright light of the spotlights, we are immortalised. We also take a carriage back. In the middle of the living room, a pile of blankets and pillows is waiting for us, on which we can sleep



Monday. I leave my bag at his house, and together we go by coach to the city, where Driss shows me all kinds of sights. We stayed a little too long in a pottery factory. Is he trying to sell me something? No, I started to trust him 100% against my principles. We walked to the beach. It's boiling hot and I haven't brought my swimming trunks. Finally, I dared to sit down in my purple pants. There are no tourists on the beach, only people with tans. I'm too pale, so I decided to sunbathe every day to get a tan. Driss sees two tourists walking on the road to the beach and asks if I would like to invite them to tea as well. They are French and I explain my situation. Soon I disappear from Driss' attention because I don't understand a word of the much faster French chatter of the French and Driss. I strike up a conversation with a girl who is always hanging around the tent, so she must have something to do with it. I asked her her name: Rabia. From Arabia, funny. She is from Casablanca and is on holiday with her family in Safi. She is 17 years old and goes to a sort of secondary school. She speaks French poorly and looks like a Surinamese. And she is wearing a yellow bikini that is much too small. Driss proposes having dinner at

his home. The French have a Renault, which is convenient. The two Frenchmen work for an insurance company and are very clean. Astonished and shy, they hardly dare eat the food that is served. They had their passports stolen on the beach of Martil. After a walk, it is 7 o'clock and we decide to go to the beach. I take my bag with me because we are going to sleep in the tent. The French have a hotel. On the way to the beach, I see a sign "Camping". I say I will ask for a lift and come later. After 3 km of climbing, I saw about forty tents. Without any problems, I walked past the guard. But there are too few people in their tents, and I decide to come back later. On the beach, the French, Driss, Rabia and another girl, and two boys, are sitting together in the tent. Rabia teaches me a card game in Moroccan. I don't understand a thing. A French boy joins in and understands it. It is a kind of quartet game, but when Rabia has a quartet, she gives it to me. At first, I thought it was supposed to be like this. But then I question her about why she does it. "Parce que tu est mon ami". I give the few quartets I have to her. I have won. I never liked playing cards and stopped playing them. I walk along the beach with the other French boy. He tells me how much Rabia was watching me. *Fait attention. Bébè, payer.* Back at the tent, I try to find out where she will sleep. Maybe in the tent, she doesn't know yet. I want to have a smoke and think a bit about what to do, and then say I'm going back to the campsite to look for a lift. I take my luggage with me to possibly stay there if I find a lift. When I say hello, Rabia asks imploringly, "Tu reviens?" I say yes. Under the first trees, I quickly build a joint and walk to the campsite, smoking next to a boy on a donkey. I have a laugh with him by asking him everything the Moroccan hustlers usually ask me. Again, I pass the guard, but can't find a lift. In a small campsite shop, I buy Cola and talk to Dutch people who are making a trip with a Sahara Express organisation. They call my hitchhiking an achievement. When I want to ask other people for a lift, a soldier comes after me. I have to come with him to a small office where he holds me. There is a commissioner who asks me what I want. First I try to tell the truth, but that is too complicated. I make something up about an acquaintance I'm looking for, but I can't think of a name and think, "never mind," and want to run away. They said I may never come back. On the way I am thinking. Back to the city for a hotel, or shall I just see what happens? I checked my bag. Nothing was stolen. Twilight falls, and returning bathers walk towards me from the beach. A little boy glares at me. "Il y a police sur la plage, il cherchent quelqu'un." I want to hide my 20 grams of hashish and find a large rock that is easily recognisable. Everyone is still in the tent, and they are happy that I am back. I told them there were police on the beach, maybe looking for me, because I was in trouble at the campsite. But they don't understand, not even the French. I am so stoned that I can hardly speak Dutch. The Frenchman talks to me about what the consequences might be if I spend the night in the tent. I see it as simple. I fuck her and see what happens. When I'm back in Holland, I'm not going to send any so-called "abortion money" if that's what she'll do. I can't imagine it. Such a sweet girl. When the French leave, their message to me (in bad English so that the Moroccans don't understand our suspicions) is: "Hugo, take care, maybe you get ill or must pay et *fait attention* parce que tu est un Hollandais fragile", Fragile? The gentlemen are certainly jealous, but thanks for the warning, I don't know what I'm doing. In the tent, people are now drumming on plastic bottles and singing. I lie back and watch the spectacle. Where on earth have I got to? Rabia asks if I'm tired and looks at me funny. She writes "je t'aime" in the candlelit sand with her finger and immediately throws sand over it when the others are looking. Then Driss suddenly asks me if I want to sleep "with a fille". I can choose between Rabia and her friend Zoubida, a fat bitch with big tits. What now? Should I just point at Rabia and say "I'll take that one". Nothing for me, I just laugh a bit. Music is made again. Rabia sings, plays the drums, and dances. A fine belly-dance show. I got cold and put on a *jelaba* from Driss. I put the hood over my head and enjoyed the performance. What a girl. I would like to take her with me. I go outside to take a leak, which is quite complicated when you are wearing a *jelaba*. When I come back into the tent, there are all sorts of blankets spread out. Driss has suddenly disappeared, and I'm alone with two boys, Rabia and Zoubida. One boy is looking for nice tunes on the transistor radio, and the other boy is pulling at Zoubida's tits. I discover the inconveniences of a *jelaba* when I make love to Rabia. Before we undress, she asks, "Tu as une plume? *Donnez moi ton adresse*". I gave Driss my correct address and don't want to risk them comparing it if I gave them a false one. I still doubt that she wants to blackmail me and ask for her address. Then we can correspond, I say, not believing myself. She puts my address in her bikini because she has no pockets. While making love, I suddenly

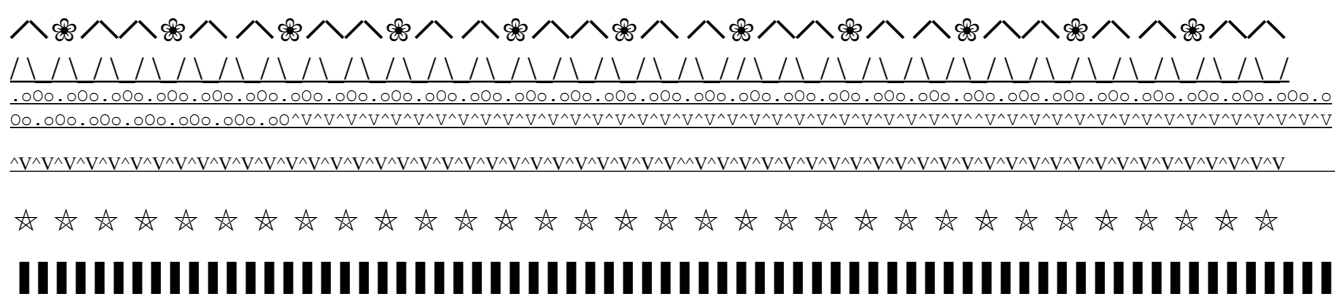
found my address paper and put it under the sand. She doesn't notice anything. I only have to watch out for my passport and money, which I carry on top of my dick. Suddenly, it seems like something is going on. Nervous chatter. Can someone translate it? No! Rabia gets dressed; I do too. Driss comes in with a bucket of fried fish and bread. It's 3 am. I'm drinking tea and having dinner. Again, there is singing and drumming. I go to sleep a little. Then I'm asked to sing a Dutch song, but without accompaniment, "Ik ben Gerrit" doesn't sound very good, so I go off. Driss says we can sleep in another tent next door. We take the blankets, and I leave my bag behind. Zoubida also goes with the boy. This tent has no ground sheet, so I came under the sand. I hide my money and passport under the sand.



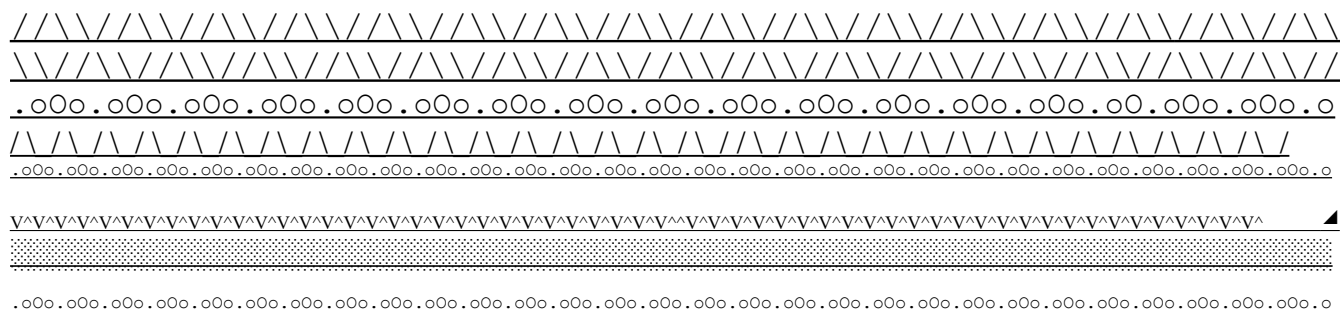
Tuesday. I wake up when Rabia is getting dressed for swimming. I find the water much too cold and sit down in the sand, dazed. And I think about what to do: stay another night or leave. I put on all my clothes and got my bag and passport. The French have just come onto the beach and sat down next to me. How was it? Behind me, two police officers are questioning Driss. He has to break down his tent. I think I don't belong here. They asked for my passport and told me to come with them. "Vous dormir avec filles dans tente, he?" Me "non, moi j'ai dormi dans mon sac a couchage, regarde ici dans mon baggage." "Hmmm..." Naivety is my help. I think cops are like pigs. "Moi, je suis tourist, je veux devenir brun sur la plage, comme vous". "Oui, oui", growls the policeman, "tourist avec la fille, he". I don't know what to say. We have to sit against the wall on the beach, waiting for the police to be kind enough to send a car. Five policemen in soldiers' uniforms guard us. To the French I say "Au revoir, bon vacance, peut etre je reviens apres une heure ou un demi annee". I try to ask Driss what will happen to us now, but he is very quiet. There we are: Driss, Zoubida, Rabia and me. Two couples, the police think for sure. But Driss has nothing to do with it, I am guilty. Wow, what have I done? Zoubida has put on a jelaba and has veiled her head. Rabia has a dress on and a blanket over her head. The officer gave me back my passport. I tried to walk away immediately, but was stopped. The joke about going to take a piss is also cancelled. A boy is selling cigarettes on the beach. Buying cigarettes is allowed, but only on the arm of a policeman. I questioned him. He says it is customary to sleep in the cell for a night before the consul comes to free me. With Driss, Rabia and Zoubida, we agree to deny everything. How can they prove anything? Rabia laughs at the idea. A lifeguard comes to ask what is going on. He is a nice guy and asks if I have hash. Fortunately, not, but I suddenly remember the pipe I got in Fes. I carefully smuggle the pipe out of the bag in my sleeve and give it to the lifeguard. He runs to the rocks and drops it. Relieved, I sit down next to Rabia. Suddenly, she starts, "Tu as de l'argent? Oh how sweet, I think. She's worried that I won't have enough money and will be deported, so I say "Oui". Rabia: "Donnez-moi 3 thousand francs for sleeping with you and the problems with the police." I turn my head away and calculate that that is 20 guilders. Not bad, but on principle I don't give anything. Le putain. I don't talk to her any more. We attract a lot of attention. The police are more busy removing the curious than guarding us.

A Renault 4 without a back seat arrives. The tent and all the gear are loaded. I am introduced to the commissioner behind the wheel. He recognises me from the meeting at the campsite and says: "Ah, je connais, hier deux fois sur le camping pour roder, maintenant a la plage, aha!" Jesus, it is getting complicated. He doesn't listen to my defence. We sit crammed into the car for a quarter of an hour while it is not moving yet. All the curious heads in front of the windows. It is getting very hot in the car.

Finally, the commissioner gets in, and we drive to the police station in a suburb. We are thrown into a dusty cell with white bricks and a door with bars. Grinning Moroccan heads at the window. Driss is looking at the Arabic texts on the wall. I light one cigarette with another. My brain is buzzing and I realise that if the maximum prison sentence is six months, I might get away with one month because I am European. That's OK, because then I can write a book in jail. Rabia and Zoubida are sitting in a corner talking to each other. I cannot see their faces through the veils, which makes it even more mysterious. At the end of the day, I am fetched. I make a denial and ask for the embassy and consul. I also put the incident at the campsite right with an excellent alibi. I had little money. That is why I slept on the beach and hitchhiked. I am a geography student and want to get to know the culture. I suppose the Commissioner also studied and so alluded to the kindness of intellectuals among themselves. I have to hand in my passport and can go, as long as I am back by 5 o'clock. I carefully walk past the policemen outside without saying goodbye to Driss through the bars. I can keep my bag. Outside, I jump in the air. I only need my passport. I immediately checked my bag and money. I hesitate about trying to leave the country without a passport with my student card. I can think about it for another hour, and at least I want to prepare myself for a few weeks in prison. When I am looking for a hammam bath, I get help from a boy. He is waiting at the entrance of the bathhouse. I am so dirty, my clothes are full of sand. I took the risk of leaving my money and belongings in the changing room and entered the sauna naked. My glasses fog up immediately, and I can vaguely see a naked guy throwing buckets of water over himself. I should do the same. A little later, freshened up, I sit on reed mats with a towel around my bottom, recovering. I buy a Fanta and the owner builds me a kif pipe. They wanted me to make a pipe with their kif. When I do so, they start applauding. The owner tells me to get dressed because it's women's bath time. I emptied my shoes at the entrance. A lot of sand comes out. I ask the boy for a haircut, and there too, he waits for me until I am shaved. After this, we play table football in a tea house. I want to eat, but I don't have much time. The boy meets a friend, and we can have dinner in his room with Ajax records on the wall and Tom Jones music. Fried fish. My hair is still wet and has been combed into a funny style by the hairdresser. I look neat. I explain to the boys that I have to collect my passport at the police station. On route, I bought a notebook for notes during my possible time in prison. I sit down on a bench in the garden of the station. Driss's father is there too, and laughingly tells me all sorts of unintelligible things. I get my passport back and shake hands with the Commissioner. Merci. But I have to be out of the city before midnight. I see Driss and his father getting into a car with a policeman. They didn't see me. I want to look for that other friendly boy who is waiting for me in the teahouse, but I can't find him. I walk to the beach to get my stuff because I need it. On the way, I pass girls smiling at me. I hold my hand in front of my face. Not again. Carefully checking that I'm not being followed, I grab my stuff from under the rock and walk to the beach. There are both French and lifeguards. I tell my story, and the lifeguard makes a joint for me. A little later, Driss arrives. The girls are still in prison. I can drive back to the city with the French in their car, but halfway there is smoke coming out of the bonnet. Everything is completely burned out. Driss borrows a moped and goes to get help. I am tired and tell him to look for a relaxed hotel. The first bus to Rabat leaves at 4 a.m. and I buy a ticket in advance. In my hotel, I have an alarm clock. I walk through the city with newly bought laces around my neck. Then a girl in a jelaba with a veil passes by. She looks at me with big eyes, the meaning of which I cannot make out. Rabia, I realise as I pass, and I am just able to say 'Hi' with a smile. Fortunately, she's free, too. I stand still and look back. She walks on without looking back. Should I go after her and ask how things are going? One-way madness, but then returns. I buy a kilo of oranges and go to my hotel room to rest.

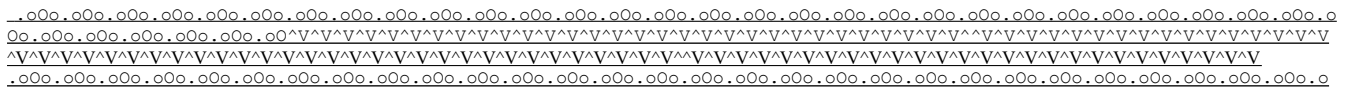


Wednesday. I reached the bus just in time. I am sitting next to a dirty farmer, who tells me at one stop that I have to buy him something to drink. Forget it. In Casablanca, we waited for half an hour. I refuse to go outside, and in front of the window, people are holding merchandise for me. There are beggars coming through the bus. All the people I met from Casablanca were not to be trusted. Fucking city. We arrive in Rabat and I walk straight to the motorway. It is still early and I see a beautiful beach. I only have to take a boat across the river. I lay down in the sun in a quiet spot. Continually, boys come to ask for money and cigarettes, and I decide to leave. Rabat is a big city, and walking along dilapidated neighbourhoods makes me tired. Behind the Meknes road sign, 15 Moroccan students are hitchhiking. I moved behind them and put on my Moroccan tourist shirt to attract attention. There are quite a few guest workers driving around in large foreign cars, including some with Dutch number plates. After 10 minutes, I was the first to be picked up and offered cigarettes with a gold filter. An intellectual conversation about politics with a Moroccan who studied in France is the last thing I expected. A hundred kilometres before Fes, I am dropped off in a busy village. It is one of the many villages that exist of passing buses. Farmers on horses, donkeys, and women with faggots walk to and fro. Ten ragged old men stand before me, also hitchhiking, but without holding up their thumbs. They stand right in front of me, and I don't get a chance. Until a guest worker stops and takes me to Meknes. There I felt in familiar surroundings again. Now let's go to Fes. A French Citroen stops with a boy and a girl in it, crumpled! I can sit on top of their luggage and during the ride I almost die. They drive straight to the camp site of Fes. It is already dark. I thank them and buy a bottle of wine for double the price in the campsite shop, roll out my sleeping bag next to a Dutch tent and rolled a joint from the last bit of gear I had. At that moment, the French pass by, and I ask them if they smoke too, and they join in. During the lift, we hardly spoke to each other, and now they appear to be quite nice, but afraid of Morocco. I asked them if I could be their guide. In the Citroen, we drive into Fes, to Bab Boujeloud. Again, I am welcomed in a grandiose way by shaking hands everywhere. The French are surprised. We walk a bit in the medina, return to Bab Boujeloud and visit Moulay. I buy some stuff, the French too, 3 grams. I don't get a 50% commission. In a restaurant, we wait for an hour until we are served, meanwhile harassed by a guide boy, whom I don't know yet. We can't get rid of him and decide to go back to the campsite.



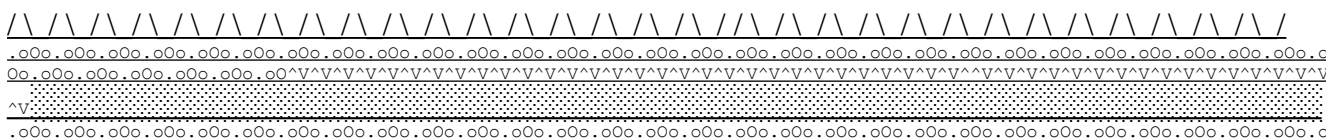
Thursday. After having slept in, I flipped out on the dull scene at the campsite. A passive pop festival with music from a jukebox! There is a swimming pool and the sun, but something has to happen. I want action. I want to stay a few days in Fes and then go along Ketama to the coast and from Melilla by boat to Almeria. The French gave me a lift to the medina. When I get out, a group of freaks with rucksacks passes by. They want to go into the medina to look for a hotel. Excellent, we can take a room together. Hotel Mauritania has raised its prices, and a Moroccan friend takes us to a better hotel. The group consists of Americans, a Canadian and a Frenchman. Together, we buy stuff from Moulay, who immediately gives a drum concert. I feel at home. I also give these people a tour and receive commission on their purchases. A rival guide warns me that he will report me to the police. The charge is two years for being a guide without a Tourist Service Maroc card. What can happen to me? I am a tourist myself. Milkshakes and orange juice. And the famous show of the fool with the woman's dress. Fes will never change; every day is the same crazy life of middle-aged people. In the hotel room, we talk and smoke. I have already eaten, but the others haven't yet. They are hungry but so stoned that they

don't dare go out alone without me. Come on, guys! The day after tomorrow, I will leave you. Then you will be on your own. The Frenchman is of no use either, for he speaks hardly any English and, despite his advanced age, is psychopathically introverted and doesn't say a word, but smokes all the more. What are these people doing in Morocco? We draw matches to see who will sleep together in the double bed. Me and the Frenchman. I lay down and wished them good luck with the food. Take care of yourself, folks. They leave the door half open, and I'm half asleep when an old guy knocks on the door with a kif pipe in his hand. "Bonsoir monsieur, fumez vous? He sees the Rizzla rolling papers and hash on the table and steps in, puts a pipe in and gives it to me. What does this guy want now? He appears to have a room on the other side of the corridor. He puts in five pipes and then I tell him I want to go to sleep. He only wants to leave if I promise him something. "Demain tu viens dans ma chambre, et nous fumons du kif, nous buvons du thé et nous parlons et...voila !" Tell that again, sir. I don't quite understand. So I come tomorrow to smoke and talk and then...voila? Quest ce que est. Well, just voila. Goddamn it, this man is gay and wants something with me. I shake his hand and make a deal with him. Bon nuit, merci. When my mates come back, I tell them I have to go to another hotel the next day. They will come with me.



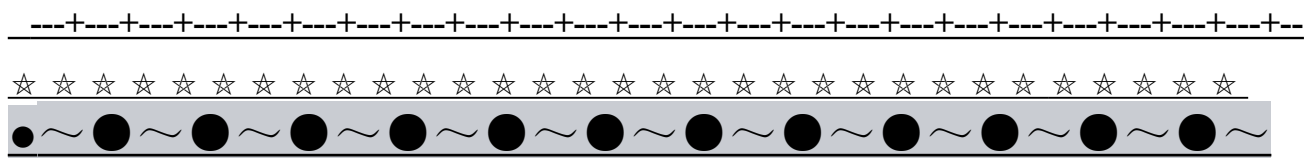
Friday. I get up at 6 a.m. and leave my roommates sleeping. On the other side of the city is the bus station, with buses to Ketama. A taxi around the city costs 3 guilders, so I walk 8 kilometres across the city at breakneck speed. There is a bus to Ketama every morning at 7 a.m., and I want to buy tickets for the next day. At the bus stop, I meet a nice Moroccan freak who is also going to Ketama. There is an extra bus the same day at 12 o'clock. I immediately bought a ticket. On the way back, I almost get lost. Luckily, the souvenir shops are still closed and I am left alone. When I get to the hotel, the Americans are just waking up. I pack my bag and go to Moulay for addresses in Ketama. At half past 11, I take a taxi and arrive exactly on time at the bus stop. The Moroccan freak sits next to me. He speaks English well. I can go with him to a farm in Ketama. That's fine. The old bus winds through mountains and valleys. It looks like the Alps. After insane S-bends, the bus stops at the first hemp field. The driver walks with a hemp bush through the entire bus. Just like the weed in Holland, only stickier. At a water source, passengers take turns drinking. The bus drives on, past a house painted in bright colours, with the words Hasjies, Chilum, and Shit for sale. Two freaks sit on the roof. We drive into the village of Ketama. Four houses, a café and an insanely modern flat in between. That's a hotel for 30 guilders a night, for customers. There are Dutch motorbikes at the door. When we get off the bus, a farmer and the brother of my fellow passenger come to welcome us. In a café, we are immediately knocked out by chillums. The hashfarmer is 50 years old and speaks bad French. We take a grand taxi to his farm. His servant is a nice guy who waits for us by the side of the road. He walks ahead of us on the rocky path into the valley. It looks like Ourika Valley, but with less water. A small river meanders in the depths. The path is about 30 cm wide and the rock hill slopes 45%. I want to look down to enjoy the waving weed, but I have to look at the path. Life-threatening. Two kilometres downhill. On the path lies a dead snake with a stone on it. We step over it. Then I see five little houses standing together under the trees, and an insanely large light-green field of weed running along the river to infinity. In the house, we take off our shoes and drink tea. On my Michelin Morocco map, the hashfarmer shows us where on earth we are, far from the main road, even 2 km from a yellow road, in the middle of nowhere. The attic is full of jute bags with unpressed hash. From a large pile of hash that has been pressed into plastic, Masjella takes a kilo and makes a gesture of, "Go ahead, boys." The servant is busy making tea and building

joints. With the tea, biscuits are served on trays. I lie motionless on the reed-mat floor, unable to say boo or bah after so much hash. The cassette recorder plays the only tape of Jimmi Hendrix continuously. The brother of the boy from the bus looks like a hippy. He has long curly hair with a scarf, a hat, fringed clothes, and boots, in which he wants to take his stuff to Casablanca. He has a big backpack, his only possession. The other one has nothing at all. The brother says, 20 times, "Jimmi Hendrix is a nice man, you know. Me: "Yeah, but he is dead." "No, he is not dead, he lives here," while he points to his head. We go for a walk with the cassette recorder and walk through the hemp field, trampling the plants. The boy holds up a very big joint and shouts, "This is paradise." I can hardly believe my eyes. We sit down on the edge of a ravine. The servant tells us that at this spot, an American once dropped down because he was too stoned. The sounds of other farms far away can be heard clearly. And Berber girls, in those crazy clothes, are walking with big bunches of male plants. They select the plants and burn the male ones. Only the female plants give hash. The girls are singing. The two brothers start shouting, "Fuck you! The girls shout back and are laughed at. When we walk through a hemp field again, I pull male plants from the ground and tell the servant that I also grow them in Holland and know the difference. The two brothers don't even know the difference. Back at the farm, we eat with spoons from a large bowl of hemp seeds with milk. Then coffee with the Ketama special pipe. Large bowls of unroasted peanuts are brought in, which give me a soapy taste in my mouth. It is getting dark, and the candles are lit. Masjella, the servant, and the brothers play the Moroccan quartet. I am so stoned that I am petrified. Under a big blanket, we sleep next to each other.

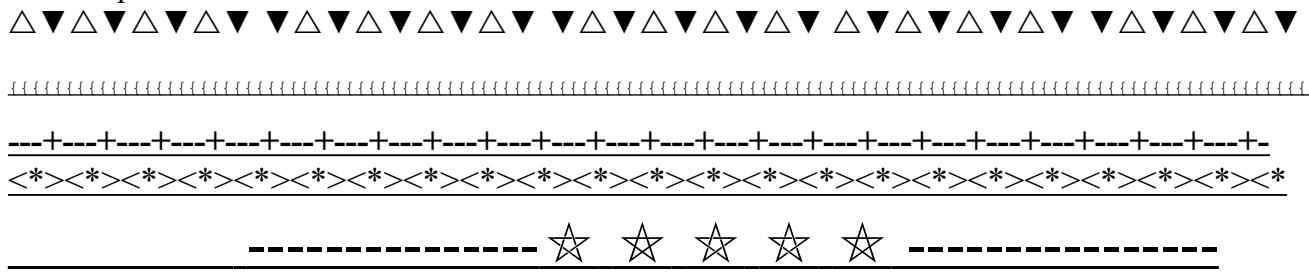


Saturday. After a long night's sleep, I am clean again and can oversee the situation, which does not seem so bad to me. A timorous woman brings in freshly baked bread from a stone oven. Bread and coffee, and then again, shit. With the cassette recorder, we descend to the river and follow a side stream. The servant has his own field. We walk in the river over boulders surrounded by hemp. The servant throws a stone at a crow in his field. Unfortunately, he missed. The beginning of this side river is a spring. One of the brothers sees a frog, grabs a stone and throws it "splash" to death. And he apologises. The frog floats with his legs up. We walk back to the farm. The brothers want to buy 2 kilos. They didn't ask me anything. I think I belong with the brothers who buy one kilo. A press is heated on a butagas set. The powder is put into plastic and forcefully sizzled into flat slices. Quite nice. We take turns feeling and smelling the slices. One kilo is two slices. Then tea and biscuits again. And then there is some nervous talk between the brothers, Masjella, and the servant. It's about me. I understand. I became paranoid. "How much do you want?" I tell them that I can't take anything with me, because I will definitely be checked at the border because I have been in prison. The brother proposes to take it to Spain, but I tell him that I have agreed with Moulay, whom he also knows, to start a mail order business with the exchange of trips for hash. He asks again, "Didn't I ask you to buy something?" No, he didn't ask anything. He must have forgotten. A misunderstanding! A Dutchman enters the hashish paradise under false pretences and doesn't want to buy anything. "Out with him". Masjella asks where I want to go. I say Al Hoceima. At 8 o'clock, the bus comes up the road. I don't believe it, but I understand I cannot stay. Au revoir et merci. I grab my bag and am taken by the servant to the path that leads to the road above. It is dusk. He only walks a short distance with me and gives me a hand. Merci. Three kilometres of climbing. Along the way, little boys shout from the fields, "hashish, hashish! How many kilos do you have? I say I have 10 kilos. A boy in a T-shirt with Amsterdam on it walks in front of me

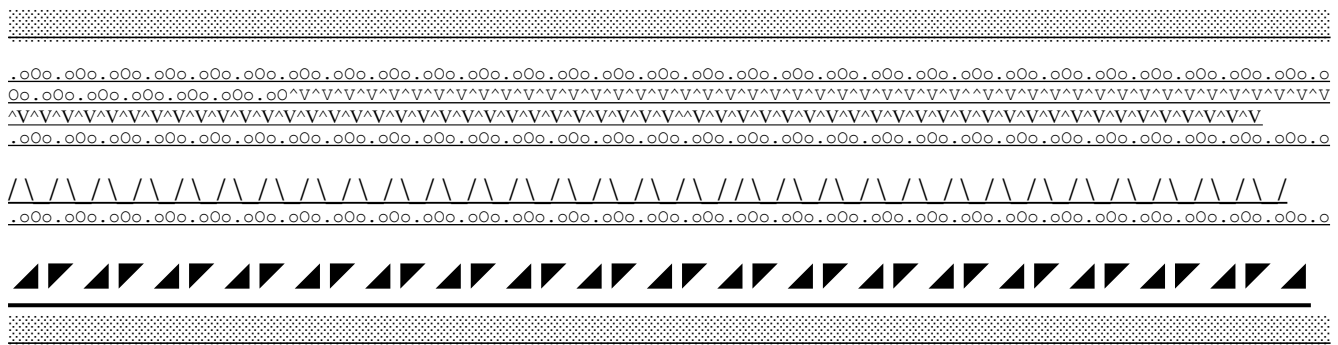
on the path. He invites me to visit his father at the hashish farm. Next year then. When I arrive at the roadside, exhausted, I see a lot of Moroccan traffic. I imagine myself in a remote corner of the mountains and don't understand a thing about all the tourist cars. I hitchhike on good luck A French Volkswagen stops. I get in, grab my map and ask where we are. It turns out to be on the main road to Al Hoceima. Thank God. They asked me what I was doing there in the dark in the misty mountains. The French don't know that they are in Ketama. I even have to explain that the green slices that boys hold up along the road are hash. Thirty kilometres before Al Hoceima, I was thrown out. It is pitch-dark, stone-cold and foggy. I sit down under a tree and wait for a lift. Little boys bother me by begging for my glasses and that sort of nonsense. Nervously thinking of the coming night, which will be too cold to sleep outside, I chew on my hair. The boys: "Monsieur, pourquoi mangez-vous les cheveux?" "Parce que, j'ai faim." I am so nervous. I have to leave here. Suddenly, a bus arrives. The bus to Al Hoceima is not liked by Masjella. I stop the bus and have to show my luggage. No hash, I have no grain. I buy a ticket and find an empty bench. A little further on, the bus stops again for two Moroccan freaks, but they have stuff and are not allowed to come along. A Moroccan boy scout, who was sitting in front of me, comes and sits next to me. I keep my bag on my knees. After a bit of silly bullshit, he falls asleep with his head on my bag. Jesus, what am I doing with a boy scout on my knees? I can't wake him up and leave him. We drive into Al Hoceima and I get up and put the boy scout on the sofa. He just keeps on sleeping. Just leave him. Al Hoceima is an awful, dirty city. I am looking for a hotel and have to go through 10 different hotels before I find a room for 4 guilders. I leave my luggage behind and want to eat in a restaurant. I meet a nice boy who wants to sell me stuff and make an appointment for the next day.



Sunday. I wake up because the owner is arguing with the maid in front of my door. I banged on the door a few times. I slept for a long time and missed the appointment at 12 o'clock, but I still met the boy, Mohammed. I buy 10 grams and offer him my services for 50% commission, so I can still laugh about my last days in Morocco. I paid for a hotel room for two nights and now regret it. The beach is a long way down a flight of stairs and costs 1 dirham to enter. There is a large hotel with a bar, a nightclub, and souvenir shops. I sneak in with Mohammed without paying. At the entrance, there is a sign: Swimming lessons for Dutch people this afternoon at 3 o'clock. We go and smoke in a quiet corner. I find the water too cold. Tourists don't want to buy hash, and I can't help Mohammed. In the evening, we meet in a tea house. They have television, and I watched the French film Tin Tin. But a Moroccan comes in and wants to see the other channel. I walk away angry and meet Mohammed in the street. He invites me to go with him to a wedding. I brought a bottle of wine and we got drunk and walked into a dark suburb. It wouldn't be far, but I find it much too far and want to go back. Together, we go to the nightclub at the beach. I hide my bottle of wine, and when we look through the door, I see people in suits and women in evening dresses. Super-modern bar, neon lights, it doesn't get any better than that. But the entrance fee is 10 Dirham. Far too much! I am going home. In my hotel, I asked to be woken up at 6 o'clock.

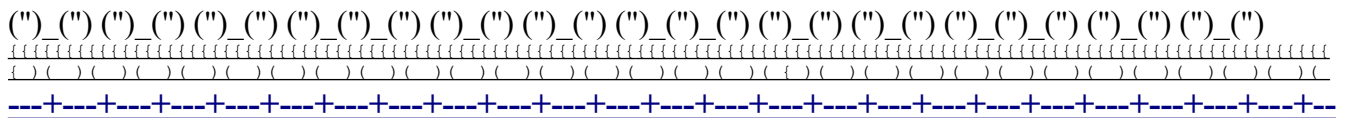


Monday. I want to take the bus to Melilla (a Spanish colonial city) for the boat to Almeria. I buy a ticket, and at 7 o'clock I get on the bus. The engine is broken, and we drive to a garage, where it is repaired in an hour. All the passengers breathe in carbon monoxide. Finally, we leave and drive to Melilla, but before the border, I have to get off as the only passenger. The other passengers just drive on after being checked. Moroccan customs is a small room, where a guy looks up every passport in a code system. Then he writes it down twice, stamps it and gives the passport back. About 50 Moroccans and Algerians are waiting. It is 12 o'clock. A Dutch tourist says he has been waiting since 9 o'clock and has not yet been able to hand over his passport, let alone get it stamped. This is insane. I decided to walk back a kilometre, where I had seen a restaurant, to spend my last Moroccan money. Back at customs, nothing has changed. I stood in front of the office until 5 o'clock and still have not been able to hand over my passport. The Germans who came later had left earlier, and I freaked out. Finally, I can hand over my passport, but after an hour, I still haven't gotten it back. I faint, but that doesn't help. At the back of the building, I see other customs officers, and I tell them that I have been waiting for six hours. They will have a look for me and say that they are busy with a stack of passports, of which my passport is one. At 7 o'clock, I hear my name being called: Kaagman. So that is me. Without any problems, I walked over the Spanish border into European civilisation. In the first café I get a beer and play pinball. In the harbour, I inquire about the boat, which will leave at noon the next day. I meet the Germans I met at the border and have dinner with them in the city. On a terrace, I am called by Algerians who are bored. On their account, I can drink as much as I want. Quite tipsy, I find a beach and roll out my sleeping bag.

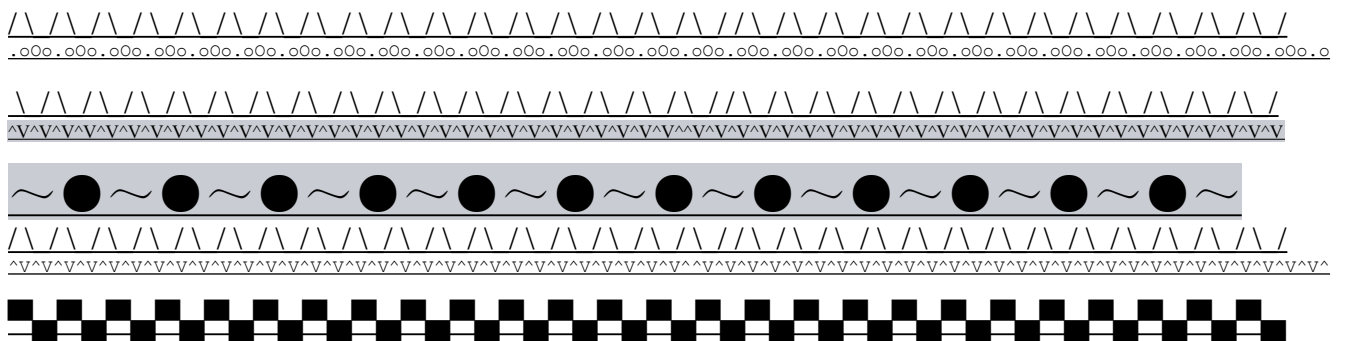


Tuesday. A police officer kicks me awake. Arriva, arriva. Yes, I'm going. Don't worry! I walk straight to the harbour to buy a ticket, but I am not the only one. I have to join an insane line, but Europeans have priority here, so I have my ticket in 2 hours. My luggage will be checked immediately after I join a new line. With every step forward, I get closer to the boat that will take me to Europe. I hid my hash in a roll of film, and that turned out to be a good spot, because customs doesn't look at it. Finally, I am on the boat. I sit next to the Germans, who have also got a ticket. It is twelve o'clock and the ship starts its engine, but oh Lord Jesus, a boatman comes to tell the passengers that there is a delay because the engine is broken. In the meantime, I roll joints and help painters whitewash the ship. The problem was solved after four and a half hours, and we set sail. The Germans think I'm seasick, but I can't tell them it's the shit that does it. The Germans have a Volkswagen van, and I hitch a ride to Alicante. When we arrive in Almeria at 12 o'clock at night, we get another two hours of customs control. I managed to slip through customs and wait for the Germans. A boy on a motorbike drops his cassette recorder at the checkpoint; a car runs over it. Crying people, exhausted, waiting for their car to be cut open and returned. A Moroccan boy, whom I had already spoken to on the boat, shows me 5 kilos of hash, which he has taken with him under his coat. He sings and is happy; he is rich; he has made it. I pat his shoulders and admire his nerves of steel. The Germans are there too, with their van, and a little later, we

drive along the coast to the campsite. When they put up their tent, I fall asleep in my sleeping bag. When I wake up, the Germans are still asleep, and I take a walk around the campsite. I arrive at a swimming pool and see a pinball machine flickering in the sun, and I play free games until the Germans have pulled down their tent. In one go, we drive to Alicante, singing songs. It's like a school trip. The Germans are teachers and have an amazing repertoire. I am dropped off at the harbour in Alicante and am just in time to buy a ticket for the last boat to Ibiza. On board, I meet an American from New York called Jeff Albucher. He is alone and has come over, especially to spend two weeks in Ibiza. I want to stay for a week, and we will spend that week together. In the lavatory, we smoke a joint together, and on the afterdeck we witness a performance by flamenco dancers on holiday. Jeff starts clapping loudly and says to me: "This is the way you get right into it." We sleep among other young people on the deck. In the morning, we sail into the marina of Ibiza. We search the whole town for a guesthouse, but everything is full, so we take a bus to the other side of the island, St. Antonio, where it is the same story. Jeff has a tent, and we take a boat to Calabassa, where there is a campsite. The camp site is full and we hear that it is forbidden to sleep on the beach and that the police are making raids. After a lot of nagging, we are admitted to the campsite and are assigned a place with no shade, so we can forget about sleeping in the blazing hot sun. We smoked my last bit of shit and lay in the sun. In the afternoon, I narrowly escape death when I paddle on an air mattress in the bay and sail into a cave to watch the stalactites. I paddle to the end, and suddenly, at full speed, a speedboat with laughing people tears into the cave. If they had been a bit earlier, they would have wrecked me.



The next day, I speak to fellow countrymen, who tell me that all the boats for the first few weeks are fully booked. I can only fly to Barcelona for 80 quid. I tell Jeff that we are trapped on the island. This fucking island! It's very expensive, you can't sleep anywhere, and we can't leave. I couldn't believe it and, together with Jeff, I hitchhiked to Ibiza town to the travel agency that sells tickets for the boat. It is true, but there is an extra boat, which is almost fully booked. We quickly joined the back of a queue of people. I'm not wearing a T-shirt because everyone in the city wears swimming trunks, but in the office they tell me I have to leave because of my naked upper body. I can only buy the ticket in person with my passport, and I almost missed my place on the boat. A French girl lets me borrow a T-shirt, but after an hour she wants it back because she is leaving. So I walk into town and buy a shirt with the map of Ibiza on it for 7 guilders and join Jeff to buy a ticket for the boat just in time.



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