

sitting as it was a couple of miles down the coast. Me and one of my partners cut through the marina and headed that way, walked well over a half-hour in some pretty intense heat to find there was nothing to see, no tour was available and the place was gutted. Another day I entered the castle by fleet landing, to find it was turned into a sort of cultural center. It was roughed out enough and furnished with seats to provide entertainment for the poor citizens of the city. I had the sensation it was a shoe string avante garde sort of an operation. I didn't make the show. The folks didn't mind if you poked around, so we got up to the lower battlements and looked around. That day Vesuvius was visible as the wind pushed some of the smog inland. Usually the haze left it little more than an outline across the bay.

Around fleet landing things are quite nasty. Peddlers sell all sorts of things in the square. Blankets and plaster of paris religious items, all junk. The square is lined with 'buy me drinkee' bars and the ladies are real tough. The main merchandizing area is busy to a fault and you feel like you got a moped pipe stuck up your nose at all times. The traffic and smog has only one rival that I know of. The traffic is some of the most exciting in the world though because of it's velocity, which considering the streets and volume is practically impossible. Italy had no smog device law so the order of the day is open pipes and smoke it til it drops. There is a garage about every block so when the old Fiat seized some untrained teenager can come out immediately and start slamming in new piston rings. The garage business seems totally entrepreneurial in nature, and if you can rent place with a roll up door, or a hole in the wall in an apartment courtyard, you are a mechanic, that is if you have a sign and a crescent wrench. I imagine this is why all that blue vapor keeps issuing from those unmuffled little pipes.

This is a place to buy shoes. I counted and every third store is a shoe store. It's much easier to walk Naples than drive. I didn't drive so I could see the town as it was. We were knocked off around one p.m. on tropical hours. A lot of the sailors moaned and groaned "Naples has nothing to do," and stayed on board sleeping until evening when they went out drinking. I went out afternoons and shot some film and walked. The harbor/commercial area is enclosed by a semi-circle of hills. One way you come across the Plaza de Umberto and a plaza behind it. The Umberto is something as it is the first shopping mall in the world. It isn't a well advertised tourist spot and I never would have found it if it wasn't for primitive bipedal luck. I walked all around old Naples. Umberto is three stories tall and a regular X shape. There were about fifty merchants in there of all descriptions. Doesn't sound too unusual until you contemplate the roof which is all lead framed glass. The light the roof allows in is superb, and made me understand the sensation many Italian master painters tried to capture in thier work. A definite monument to imagination and innovation. It would be nice to find that atmosphere captured in more of our colorful plastic shopping centers. So easy on the eye and relaxing, but I can't imagine Radio Shack and McDonald's ever being zoned into such pastel climes of color. I found an ice cream parlor, sat and listened to Italian in the old mall.