

# GEMÜTLICHKEIT

The Travel Letter for Germany, Austria and Switzerland

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**WELCOME**  
to the premiere issue  
of Gemütlichkeit

The word gemütlichkeit has no direct English equivalent, but translates roughly as hospitality, a sense of warmth, amity and ambience. Part of gemütlichkeit is the place one is, part is the people one is with. It is a German word describing those qualities. That's why gemütlichkeit is fitting as the name of a newsletter for travel to Germany, Austria and Switzerland. It's what those three countries have: good people in a beautiful place that combine to make one feel supremely welcome and eminently comfortable.

Perhaps most importantly, Gemütlichkeit is a personal newsletter. We are individuals who have traveled often in these countries because we love doing it and now wish to pass on to you the things we see and experience. We will try to be clear, informative and readable. This is the start of another wonderful trip. We hope you will enjoy traveling with us.

## The "Yellow Roads": Excursions Into The European Heartland

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Getting off the beaten path means fewer tourists, more beautiful scenery, traditional meals -- and a slower pace.

Surely the greatest of the considerable pleasures of automobile travel in Germany, Austria and Switzerland lies in exploring the maze of backroads which overlays the countryside like a vast network of fine capillaries.

While autobahn routes no doubt provide the quickest highway transportation in the world, they need only be used when time is important above all other considerations. With sleek German motorcars whistling down the fast lane at speeds up to 220 kilometers

per hour (137MPH) one hesitates to call autobahn driving boring, but there is a more satisfying, albeit slower, way of proceeding: the "yellow roads."

Maps usually display these backroads in yellow (the least traveled and narrowest appear as grey, but we shall refer to them collectively as yellow roads). The more heavily traveled federal roads are shown in red, the autobahns in blue.

Yellow roads are not bumpy country tracks. Though often twisty and two lanes wide, they are well-maintained and wind smoothly over the green countryside,

through quiet villages and dark forests. Traffic is light. Here the customers of the roadside gasthofs are local farmers and residents of the tiny towns. The food is inexpensive and ample, with little regard to caloric or cholesterol content. More importantly, it is usually of high quality, made from the freshest ingredients and often highlights regional specialties. Little English is spoken and tourists are still a curiosity; but the welcome is always friendly. Small hotels and pensions

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## Winter Air Fare Specials

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Between now and April, Lufthansa and several other major carriers can get you there and back for less than \$400.

It's a simple matter of supply and demand: ticket prices drop when the masses have finished their lemming-like summer rushes to the world's destinations. It happens every fall.

This year, however, the deals are better than they've been in quite a few seasons; "Prices are as low as they were ten years ago," said a Lufthansa representative. For this we can thank the weakening dollar (remember Newton's Third Law -- ev-

ery action has an equal and opposite reaction) and the ever-increasing group of travelers whose fear of terrorism has overridden their desire to visit Europe.

Make a note, however, that there is an  
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## AIR FARES


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agreement pending with IATA which will raise these fares. At press time, the agreement had been approved, but no announcement as to when the agreement would go into effect had been made.

LTU, a smaller air-line operating out of Los Angeles, offers round trip fares to Frankfurt, Munich or Düsseldorf for \$569 round trip from West Coast (LA & SF) gateways. Fares are \$399 round trip from New York and \$449 from Miami to Düsseldorf and Munich. There are no advance purchase or length of stay restrictions, although there is a surcharge for travel during the holidays. LTU's fares are as low as anyone's -- and with so few restrictions it sounds like the perfect deal, right? Maybe, if your schedule is flexible. LTU's L-1011s fly only once or twice a week, depending on departure city.

Lufthansa offers fares equal to those of LTU from the East, but they are slightly higher for West Coast departures and have advance purchase and minimum stay requirements. However, Lufthansa has complicated your decision by flying every day and throwing in a week's free rental car or a reduced price on a 9-day rail pass. If you're flying out of New York and don't mind paying in advance, \$399 gets you more on Lufthansa

# The Gasthof Frauendorfer

Touristy until later in the evening,  
this restaurant and tavern  
epitomizes gemütlichkeit.

his premiere issue of Gemütlichkeit would not be complete without a report on a favorite Bavarian inn.

Gasthof Frauendorfer, in the Partenkirchen half of the resort town of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, typifies the idea and meaning of that not-quite-translatable German word we use as the title of this newsletter.

Some readers will have visited the Frauendorfer and may dismiss it as a tourist spot. That it is -- by the busload. Assorted Germans on holiday,

than on LTU. However, LTU claims their standard service is equal to Lufthansa's business class. Lufthansa will also fly you to Frankfurt from Chicago (\$465), Dallas & Houston (\$492) and Atlanta & Miami (\$485).

Pan Am beats Lufthansa and LTU by a buck on flights out of New York, but they'll take your \$398 and fly you to Hamburg or Stuttgart, as well. TWA will also fly you to Frankfurt for \$398 from New York. TWA's fares from the West Coast are higher than LTU's, but lower than most other carriers -- \$580 from SF.

However, for a few

occasionally Japanese and, most of all, U.S. Army personnel and their families gather there every night of the week but Tuesday to eat, drink beer and sometimes sing and dance. The Frauendorfer family also offers 24 small but pleasant rooms ranging in price from \$24 for a single to \$60 double. We first found the Frauendorfer a number of years ago while strolling after dinner and looking for a place to have a nightcap.

At our table that evening, traveling with a group of German war widows, was a woman in

dollars more (if you're flying from the East Coast) you can fly SwissAir -- long known as one of the world's great air-lines. SwissAir is an especially good deal if you're planning travel just in Switzerland or Austria. You can fly there directly and by-pass busy Frankfurt. Round trip price from New York is \$449 to Zurich or Geneva; but you can save a few dollars by booking your trip through Salzburg -- even if you don't want to go there. SwissAir's fare to Salzburg is \$11 less than to Zurich, even though the plane stops in Zur-

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her mid-sixties from a village near Hannover. Of the group, she alone spoke English. As soon as she realized our nationality, she switched seats and we found ourselves next to her. This chance meeting has since blossomed into a relationship among many members of two families that has included numerous visits to each other's homes. Good things like that seem to happen at the Frauendorfer.

But what about charges that it is prosaic and touristy? True, at 7:30, when the musicians, Josef (guitar) and Freidl (accordion), rather desultorily swing into their five and a half hour set, and the long, center tables are filled with American soldiers, their kids and mothers and fathers, the Frauendorfer is just another friendly German gasthof with more than its share of tourists.

Perhaps it's just the beer, but something happens right around 10 o'clock which transforms all that. It is similar to the moment in "The Wizard of Oz" when the movie changes from black & white to color. One is drinking the same beer, in the same place, served by the same waitress -- but somehow all is different.

About this time of the evening there are other changes, also. Josef and Freidl begin to sing and yodel as well as play. Deeper into the night their harmony will

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# The Yankees of Fußball

Bayern München dominates German soccer -- and a trip to a game is an enjoyable cultural experience even for non-sports fans.

**G**ermany's professional soccer organization, the Bundesliga, is the U.S. equivalent of the NFL, NBA, NHL and Major League Baseball -- combined. Imagine a team as imposing as the Celtics, the Canadiens or the Yankees, and you've got an idea of how dominating is Bayern München, the ultimate sports team in Germany. And if you are interested in better understanding an important part of German culture, a Saturday at Olympiastadion will give you both an in-sight into the country's character and an enjoyable afternoon of world-class soccer.

Bayern München

has produced some of the world's best players. Although Franz Beckenbauer now coaches the national team and Karl-Heinz Rummenigge plays elsewhere, Bayern has a new line-up of stars and are once again near the top of the Bundesliga's first division.

Between now and June, Bayern-München will play 9 home games. And while Olympiastadion isn't yet as venerable as Wembley, Boston Garden or Yankee Stadium, it's still a great place to watch soccer. The stadium, built in preparation for the 1972 Olympics, is just one part of Olympiapark, a 740-acre village with its own mayor, post office and train station.

The stadium itself is an engineering marvel (this is Germany, after all) with a capacity of 80,000, some of whom are protected from the elements by the world's largest roof -- 90,000 square feet of acrylic glass. The roof is supported by two huge concrete blocks -- you'll walk by them on your way to the game. The roof also collects rainwater and drains it into

the near-by lake, Olympiapark. Even when a game isn't being played, Olympiapark is worth a visit.

But a game is being played, so you've got an even better day ahead of you. To be sure, German soccer fans love their teams, but they are much better behaved than the rowdier British,

Italians and South Americans. Going to a game here is significantly more enjoyable than attending a pro sports in the U.S. There are few drunks and even fewer fights.

But don't get the idea that the fans sit on their hands. Soccer fans, it seems, cheer almost constantly; not in larynx-busting screams, but rather with a hypnotic-like chanting of players's names and singing of team songs. This show of support for the

fußballers is most evident in the "terraces"

-- what we would call bleachers

-- where fans sing the loudest and wave large flags sporting the team name or slogans.

Games are held Saturday afternoons (see schedule on page 3 for exact dates) at 3:30. To get there, take the S-bahn or U-bahn; both have stops within easy reach. Continued on page 8

## A Fußball Primer

It would take a much longer piece to cover the rules of soccer -- let

### Home Schedule Bayern München

Date	Opponent
Feb 28	
Mar 21	
Apr 4	
Apr 18	
May 2	
May 9	
May 23	
Jun 6	
Jun 17	
Sep 6	
Sep 20	

alone the nuances -- but assuming you know the fundamental concept (11 guys try to put the ball in the net without using their hands) here are a few things to watch for:

Great passing is like baseball's double play -- it doesn't look like anything special, but executing it well is extremely difficult. Bayern players are almost as accurate with their feet as a shortstop is with his arm.

Watch the patience teams show in waiting for

openings. It may look like a stalling tactic, but the team that controls the midfield often controls the game.

o Keep an eye on Jean-Marie Pfaff, Bayern's Belgian goalkeeper -- especially on corner kicks. He's one of the world's best.

When a player is fouled, he may be given a "free kick." When this happens, members of the defending team are allowed to set up a wall between the kicker and

the goal. The best players can actually curve the ball around this wall and -- sometimes -- into the goal.

German fußballers score more goals than other teams worldwide -- so expect to see the most exciting, wide-open soccer games in Europe.

## Yellow Roads

Continued from page 1

at attractive prices are everywhere. The scenery is consistently pleasant, often spectacular.

We believe automobile touring in Europe offers the ultimate in travel satisfaction. The motorist moves at his own pace and on his own timetable, not someone else's; stops anytime; stays longer or departs earlier, as it suits; has the means to visit the tiniest hamlets; and, finally and simply, turns left instead of right, at whim. One of several practical considerations; it is also much easier to transport luggage and the accumulated shopping booty of a long journey.

We find few aspects of travel in Europe more enjoyable than the process which follows checking out of a hotel after an early (or late) breakfast with but a vague idea where we will lay our heads that night. Will we stop for lunch at an inviting roadside gasthof, settle for a sausage and a beer from a schnell imbiss or picnic by the road on inexpensive but delicious purchases from a market or metzgerei (deli)?

Soon we are on the road, the countryside rolling by outside the windows, as more decisions present themselves. What sights shall we visit? We read that there is a small but impressive church a few kilometers to the North. Shall we detour? Where shall we stop tonight? At the

elegant country inn with the Michelin starred restaurant or in a charmingly snug, but more financially prudent, gasthaus? Upon arrival shall we; (a) take a walk to explore the town and country-side? (b) have a beer? or (c) read and nap?

Yes, these are the terrible decisions one faces daily when traveling Europe's back-roads. And despite the complexity and gravity of these choices we must all make them and live with their consequences.

"Yellow Roads" will be a monthly feature in Gemütlichkeit. In each issue we will cover a different excursion into the countryside, describing the scenery, the sights, the restaurants and the hotels. Next month, we'll tell you about the road through the Eisenerz Alps from the Salza Valley to Hieflau in Austria -- one of the most beautiful and interesting trips we've taken. This is also one of the least inhabited areas we have discovered in Germany, Austria or Switzerland.

## Four things you need to drive the yellow roads

**o DETAILED MAPS** Not maps of an entire country but those entitled "Die Generalkarte" for the regions traveled. The scale is typically one centimeter to two kilometers. Particularly scenic routes are often highlighted in green. There are 26 such maps for West Germany, eight for Austria and four for Switzerland. They are precise, detailed and essential for driving the yellow roads. If you venture these roads without them you are likely to become lost. Larger maps of an entire country will not display all of the yellow roads and it's possible to end up on a road not on your map. Signs can be deceiving because many villages are intersected by several roads. It is not uncommon, for example, to see a sign for a certain town which directs you to the left and a few hundred yards beyond another sign directing you to the right. No mistake, it's just that with such a network of roads there is often more than one way of getting from one town to the next. The maps we recommend are available at service stations and book stores throughout Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Figure to spend about \$6 per map.

**o MICHELIN RED GUIDE** (Germany only) Many of the most charming hotels and restaurants are located in the countryside. Let this useful book's nearly infallible system of symbols guide you to good restaurants and friendly, quiet hotels. We know of no other guidebook which covers the countryside so extensively. Plan your next day's journey after dinner: use the guide to choose a hotel that's along your route and not too many kilometers distant (100KM to 200KM). Call ahead next morning for a reservation and spend the day leisurely wending your way there, confident that at the end of the journey lie comfortable accommodations. Along the way you may want to purchase some inexpensive wine or beer at a small market and a luncheon of fresh cheeses and meats from a metzgerei. If you find a better way to spend a day in Germany we'd like to hear about it.

Available for all three countries, these well written but somewhat stodgy guidebooks offer a scholarly description and assessment of the art, architecture and scenery of each country. Like the Red Guide, they are designed for the motorist. Their suggested "touring The German Alpine Road tour, for example, begins at Lindau in the West, winds through the foothills of the Bavarian Alps and fin-

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## Discovering the unique joys of European skiing -- wide-open bowls, long runs, long lunches and, of course, off-trail exploring,

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Skiing in Europe is significantly different from North American skiing. Although elevations are often lower, runs are usually longer. Ski areas sometimes cross several valleys and cover thousands of acres of terrain -- at some resorts it is possible to ski from one country to another. Most skiing in the Alps is above the tree-line and there are more T-bars and other surface lifts than on this continent.

While it can be argued that the best snow in the world is in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, the Alps offer something which is usually unavailable, dangerous or prohibitively expensive in the U.S. -- off-piste skiing. At American resorts, ski area boundaries are marked by signs promising death and dismemberment (or at least the loss of your lift ticket) to those who venture out-of-bounds.

Though you can always find a mountain, climb it and ski back down, this seems a great deal of work if all you are interested in is a few turns in the powder. (Although getting to the top of a mountain under your own power has other, less tangible rewards.) Helicopters are the fast-

est and easiest way to the great untracked, but they are also the most expensive.

Off-piste symbolizes for us the unique joys of European skiing -- joys we hope to help you discover through this newsletter.

Although Off-piste refers specifically to out-of-area skiing, this column will cover all aspects of skiing in Germany, Austria and Switzerland -- where to stay, where to ski, what to eat, where to rent equipment -- everything you need to make a ski trip to the Alps more enjoyable. As with all of Gemütlichkeit, we will bring you information about the undiscovered and the uncrowded; the best snow, the shortest lift lines, the best ski guides, the greatest food. In future issues, we plan to cover heli-copter skiing, the Haute Route, and cross-country trips. Modern skiing was born in the Alps, so we like to think of our trips there as pilgrimages. Our hope in this column is to make your haj easier.

Off-piste will appear monthly from September to February. Next month: Verbier in Switzerland.

## Four Things

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ishes three days and 425 kilometers (266 miles) later at Berchtesgaden. The guide suggests driving times as well as the time it takes to fully explore each recommended sight. At one point it even offers an alternative route through a part of Austria. While this example is primarily over larger highways, many Green Guide "touring programs" and suggested excursions are over yellow roads. In Germany, use the Green Guide with the Red Guide in planning the next day's journey.

**A SENSE OF ADVENTURE** Just a bit. Even those more comfortable on the beaten track will enjoy the relaxing country roads and the lifestyle along them. One needn't be concerned about problems with the language. A phrase book will secure a room, a tank of gas, a beer and a meal. With respect to the latter we recommend the Marling Menu-Master. Take it to dinner or lunch to quickly sort out the menu. It's available at most book-stores with a good selection of travel literature. While driving these backroads is more relaxing than roaring down the autobahn, there are one or two caveats. You probably won't drive as fast as the natives so pull over at every opportunity to let them around. And don't be too alarmed when they pass you on a curve -- just make a little extra room. Be especially watchful

for farm vehicles and farm animals. Roaring over the crest of a hill or around a blind corner at 120 KPH (72 MPH) only to find a tractor or a horse-drawn wagon in your lane traveling at 15 KPH (9 MPH) is probably a bit more vacation excitement than you expected.

## AIR FARES

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ich on the way. If your travel plans take you to Switzerland or Austria, we highly recommend SwissAir.

We could use all eight pages of Gemütlichkeit and still not cover all the nuances of air fares. However, we do have recommendations: LTU from the West Coast and Miami if you can adjust your flight schedule to theirs. From the East we suggest SwissAir or Lufthansa.

# Vienna to Budapest

An excursion to the Eastern Bloc's "capitalist experiment" reveals an historic city struggling to offer what other great cities of Europe can.

**I**n Vienna, the proximity and the romance of the ancient city of Budapest beckons. Its distance from Vienna is an easy 150 miles; its romance the anticipation of such disparate elements as the "freedom fighters" of 1956 and turn-of-the-century Hungarian restaurants awash in the emotion of teary Gypsy violins.

We made the short excursion to the People's Republic of Hungary last October.

The Gypsy music is there. Nearly every major restaurant has a small orchestra in traditional dress, led by a dark-eyed violinist, playing such stirring stuff as Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies.

Of the storied "freedom fighters" there is less tangible evidence -- no monuments, only a small reminder in the Hungarian Museum of War History -- until one realizes the current regime's tolerance of religion and free enterprise may well be a result of their rebellion. Despising the post-war, Soviet-controlled government, overmatched Hungarians rose valiantly against their overseers in 1956 but were brutally put down by Russian tanks while the West watched

from the side-lines. More than 2000 Hungarians were killed, their graves now overgrown with weeds in a secluded, virtually unmarked cemetery. Another 200,000 fled to the West.

But this is 1986. Hungarians go to church, own businesses and the exiles of the failed revolution are free to return, which, it is reported, they do carefully and quietly.

Budapest has thus acquired a reputation as the Soviet Bloc's most glamorous and fun-loving capital. Hungarians have the highest standard of living behind the Iron Curtain; higher even than their Russian conquerers. The magazine European Travel & Life calls Budapest "...a fascinating and pleasurable place...a walker's city, an eater's city par excellence..."

A stop at the Vienna office of IBUSZ, the Hungarian national tourist authority, to re-serve a hotel room is virtually all the preparation required. Those who decide to go at the last moment can obtain visas at the frontier, and while the entire procedure for us took less than an hour, one can see how the process could occupy half a day during high tourist season.

Heading southeast we rolled through dull, flat

countryside toward the Hungarian border. Crossing at Hegyasha-lom was a decidedly more relaxed affair (as was leaving a few days later) than similar transactions at East German or Czechoslovakian border points.

A few kilometers inside Hungary the drive becomes quite lovely, running past orchards and vineyards, through the low hills at Tatabanya and finally, after about three hours, to Buda and across the Danube over the Elizabeth Bridge to Pest.

You should not follow, as we did, the IBUSZ recommendation to stay at the Grand Hotel Hungaria. It is new, very large, and much like the worst examples of our large hotel chains, though the room was clean and spacious with all necessary fixtures. The meals eaten there -- one dinner and several breakfasts -- were all of great quantity but with little else to recommend except price. The dinner bill for three, including wine and dessert, was \$18.00. A room service evening meal consisting of a goose liver pilaf, soup and dessert was \$3.68. Each morning, the huge breakfast room was filled with an assortment of chain smoking East Europeans, mostly men. The long buffet tables dis-

played an array of heavy, listless food: decent coffee, no fresh juice, thickly sliced meats and cheeses, good butter, leaden sweet rolls and large vats of some sort of hash which none of us had the courage to try. Perhaps we missed a culinary highlight of the country, but based on the rest of the fare at the Hungaria, one wagers otherwise.

Another of the hotel's drawbacks is its location: a 20-minute walk from where most visitors will want to headquarter. True, taxis are inexpensive -- only longer rides will exceed \$1.00 -- but we would rather walk, and 20 minutes each way was not convenient.

A better location with better accommodations is nearer the river in the vicinity of the Vaci Utca, the city's pedestrian-only shopping street. Several top class hotels are there, including two we visited and would recommend above the Hungaria: the four-star Forum and the five-star Atrium Hyatt. Budapest's finest hotel however, is across the Danube on historic Castle Hill. The Hilton is also a controversial building, its striking, bronze-tinted panels reflecting the 13th century Dominican church and 16th century Jesuit school into -- and upon -- whose ruins the hotel was constructed.

The Forum has 408 rooms ranging in price from \$65 single to \$93

double. The Hyatt's 356 rooms go for \$66 single to \$106 double. Suites at the Forum are \$170 and \$126 to \$147 at the Hyatt. These prices are low season, effective until March 31, 1987.

We also examined the 323-room Hilton and, based on our short tour and luncheon there, recommend it above all others -- not only for its desirable location and amenities -- but for value, as well. Singles are \$54 to \$84, doubles \$74 to \$104 and suites are \$118 to \$177. Russian Premier Gor-bachev was a Hilton guest while we were in town. All hotel prices include breakfast.

The charm of Budapest is undeniable. Its straddling of the celebrated Danube, the hill town of Buda on the west and busy Pest stretching away on the plain to the east, is a breathtaking sight, worthy of a great city. Its atmospheric

the "brightest-of-all-communist-capitals-with-smart-shops" talk from guidebooks and travel writers wooed by IBUSZ. In comparison with London, Paris, Munich, Berlin and Vienna, Budapest is a drab, somewhat shabby city whose residents drive little Soviet-built cars that look like Japanese econoboxes of the 50's and sound like popcorn poppers. Hungarians dress anything but stylishly and many work more than one job to make ends meet. The lucky, more industrious, live in cheap but tiny apartments. Young married couples often have to stay under the parental roof for many years before getting an apartment of their own.

The phrase "the good things of life" has a different meaning in Hungary. Store windows exhibit inexpensive but unattractive clothing and displays of ordinary household appliances such as irons

The best of our lot was Mathias Keller (Matyas Pince in Hungarian), a pre-World War One brasserie and restaurant consisting of a series of warmly decorated cellar rooms with elaborately-painted, church-like vaulted ceilings and carved wood paneling. The overall effect is an old world atmosphere that, in our experience, is unmatched. Its client mix of Eastern and Western European visitors and, one surmises, well-fixed locals, made for wonderful people-watching.

Two Russian men at the table next to us downed no less than three bottles of a scary looking, orange-colored wine, several rounds of barrack (the celebrated Hungarian apricot brandy) and smoked cigarette after cigarette. The seven-piece Gypsy orchestra, arranged around a carved wood, piano-sized zither and playing with more emotion and fire than one might expect, completed an extraordinary scene.

At the recommendation of our somewhat inattentive, English-speaking waiter, we had a huge platter of grilled meats served with both sour cream and paprika sauces. A suggested pre-dinner white wine from the region of Lake Balaton was, like the food, passable.

Though Hungarians often drink it before dinner, we took our barrack after the meal while listening to the Gypsies. When they stopped playing, we left. Less than \$40.00 for two; a memorable evening and highly

recommended if only for the atmosphere and music. Mathias Keller is at Marcius 15, ter 7 (telephone 181-650).

Karpatia, another top-class (as rated by IBUSZ) establishment, is at the other end of the spectrum from Mathias Keller. Plain fare and plenty of it, served in a poorly lit, cavernous room. No music, little charm, not recommended.

The foregoing is not to denigrate Budapest, but rather to communicate to those to whom such is important, that this city is not a place where one finds, on every street corner, small, elegant hotels and restaurants staffed by the great chefs of Europe.

Now, having made these points, let us also say Budapest should not be missed. It is a great city that is accessible, friendly and inexpensive; its faded charm amplified by an intriguing look behind the Iron Curtain.

If you're making plans for Vienna, include Budapest. It's worth a special journey. In three days, most travelers can see the important sights, eat their fill of goulash and learn -- by heart -- the top ten tunes on the Gypsy

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### You should not follow, as we did, the IBUSZ recommendation to stay at the Grand Hotel Hungaria...

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restaurants are nearly all, as we said, enhanced by live Gypsy music. Its tortuous history, a wearying series of invading Mongols, Celts, Romans, Turks, Magyars, Nazis and the Great Red Bear is a fascination.

But whether Budapest has the right stuff to be recommended as a major "vacation/tourist" destination is open to question.

Don't be misled by

or hairdryers draw crowds of window shoppers. Many of the stores which carry the best merchandise accept only Western currency and even at that offer no great bargains.

After reading guidebooks and travel magazines touting Budapest's restaurants, we were anxious to try them. Regrettably, dining was a disappointment, though we admittedly made no comprehensive tour.

## German Soccer

Continued from page 3 walking distance of the stadium and put on extra trains for game days. The S-bahn stop is Olympiastadion and the U-bahn station is Olympiaden-trum.

If you drive, parking is available off Landshuter Allee on Sapporobogen and other locations nearby.

"Games rarely sell out," says Helmut Helas of the German National Tourist Office. "Perhaps once every three years." Even so, you might want to arrive early. Ticket windows are numerous, usually uncrowded and easy to find -- they're on either side of the stadium just under the acrylic roof. Ticket prices range from 10 to 60 marks. The cheapest seats are in the terraces, the most expensive under cover. (You may want to spring for protected seats if the weather looks threatening -- soccer doesn't stop for rain, snow, lightning or acts of God.)

If you want a real adventure, try the terraces where it's all standing room. Once you're at your place -- don't leave.

Getting back is next to impossible, even if you have a companion saving a place. But no matter where you sit, fuball at Olympiastadion is an amazing cultural experience.

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## Budapest

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hit parade.

## Frauendorfer

Continued from page 2 include what are, by this time, achingly sad songs of unrequited Alpine love. The tourist tables are emptying and one or two large tables reserved for locals are now filled with ruddy-faced Bavarians, most in traditional dress, smoking and playing cards.

Sometimes, after midnight, Herr Frauen-dorfer, a huge, curly-haired man with bright red cheeks and wearing lederhosen made with enough leather to saddle a division of cavalry, will buy the house a round or two of schnapps. Often he will bring it to your table and, with a salute, knock one back with you.

A solid reason for the Frauendorfer's gemlichkeit is its kitchen, which pumps out plate after heaping plate of typically robust Bavarian food, a cut above even this region's high standard. Recently we devoured a large, beautifully roasted eisbein (pork hock) and a similarly prepared kalbshaxe (veal shank). Both were wonderful examples of these customary German dishes. On an earlier visit, one gastronomically knowledgeable member of our party ordered kalbsbries (sweetbreads) and pronounced them among the finest he had ever eaten. As for price, the Michelin Red Guide notes this restaurant as one serving meals for less than 15DM (\$7.50). Wine is available here, but the food begs to

be accompanied by the Paulaner beer vom Fass (draught).

Reserve your table for dinner early in the day. If you ask for a seat near the windows you will be close to the music but seated with other Americans. Your waitress will likely be Erika, who speaks no English but understands everything. At the end of the evening when figuring the bill, she will recount from memory every morsel of food ordered.

If you are stopping in Garmisch-Partenkirchen for more than one or two nights, you may want larger quarters than the small rooms at the Frauen-dorfer. However, for short stays it is central, spotless and cozy. The rooms' most attractive feature, however, is their proximity to the magic that takes place six nights each week, sometime around 10 o'clock. (Gasthof Frauendorfer, 24 Ludwigstrasse, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, tel. 21-76.)

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## GEMTLICHKEIT

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Editors: Robert Bestor  
Tom Bestor

Publishers: Robert Bestor  
Tom Bestor

Associate Editors: Elizabeth Schiller  
Michle Blaisdell

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