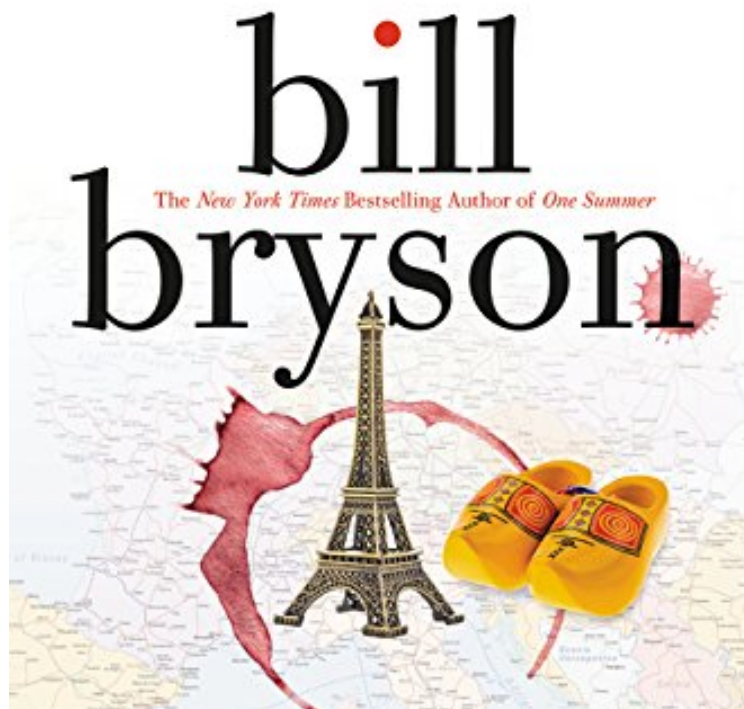
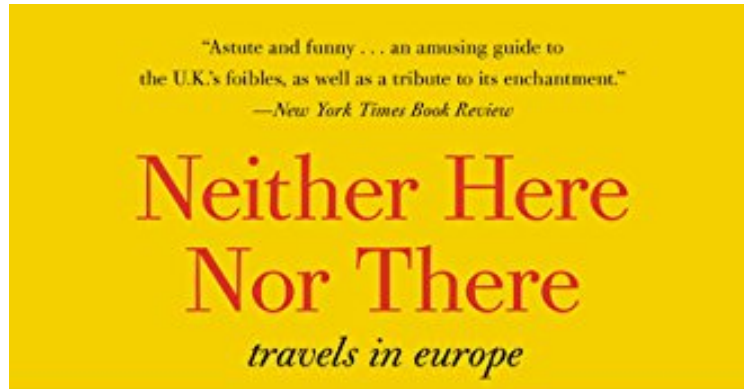


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Neither Here nor There: Travels in Europe

Bill Bryson

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Bill Bryson : Neither Here nor There: Travels in Europe before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Neither Here nor There: Travels in Europe:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I love his booksBy Gisella PatharkarI love his books. I am quite familiar with parts of Europe and I have to agree with some of his criticisms but also his praises. For example, I hate the push and shoving that happens in most European countries and I guess we inherited the respectful standing in line from the British, although I think we also inherited from them to shoot wildlife. I too loved Musee d'Orsay and never had a chance to see the Centre Pompidou, because it was being renovated or something like that and opened only later

in the day. He sure loves to drink. I was surprised that as a young fellow he did not use the youth hostels, but then again he could not really cycle across the North Sea. All in all I found his book informative and entertaining and yes sometimes having to deal with personnel can be totally frustrating. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Well written travelogue By tkoboss The first part of the book made me laugh so hard I spit out my coffee, three times on an airplane. You can imagine how happy this made the guys next to me. Yes I was in the middle seat. Oh I digress. I enjoyed his travel around Europe. I have been to a few of the places since 2000. It is funny how the people don't change. Sometimes, the author would complain a bit much about the dirt, city, streets, hotel, food, etc Well things have changed most European cities have cleaned up their act in many ways, realizing tourism is their main money maker. I have traveled a fair amount 23 countries, for work and pleasure. My attitude is it is all about the adventure. There are good things, great things, and bad things about travel. I will definitely read another Bryson book, because he is witty and a bit snarky, and speaks the truth. When he says he hated Katz, I can relate to similar feelings of travel companions. Enjoy and know Europe is much cleaner and touristy than he projects. That is good news and bad. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I enjoy Bill Bryson's semi-stream of consciousness style of writing By Jack Keck I enjoy Bill Bryson's semi-stream of consciousness style of writing. Definitely worth reading if planning a trip to Europe. I know that many id not most Americans who go there go on a tour, but Bryson's backpacking tour re-tracing his earlier travels makes for an interesting read. His observations on what he saw were interesting.

In the early seventies, Bill Bryson backpacked across Europe—in search of enlightenment, beer, and women. He was accompanied by an unforgettable sidekick named Stephen Katz (who will be gloriously familiar to readers of Bryson's *A Walk in the Woods*). Twenty years later, he decided to retrace his journey. The result is the affectionate and riotously funny *Neither Here Nor There*.

From Publishers Weekly After 20 years as a London-based reporter, American journalist Bryson (*The Mother Tongue*) set out to retrace a youthful European backpacking trip, from arctic Norway's northern lights to romantic Capri and the "collective delirium" of Istanbul. Descriptions of historic and artistic sights in the Continent's capitals are cursory; Bryson prefers lesser-known locales, whose peculiar flavor he skillfully conveys in anecdotes that don't scant the seamy side and often portray eccentric characters encountered during untoward adventures of the road. He enlivens the narrative with keen, sometimes acerbic observations of national quirks like the timed light switches in French hallways, but tends to strive too hard for comic effects, some in dubious taste. He also joins other travelers in deploring the growing hordes of peddlers who overrun major tourist meccas. Copyright 1992 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Bryson, a baby boomer, retraces his journeys through Europe in 1972 and 1973, when he and an Iowa high school buddy backpacked through the continent's major capitals and cities. In this account, Bryson revisits many of those places, and his tales about the changes in the sites--and within himself--are fascinating and often hilarious. The interests of Bryson and his unforgettable buddy, Stephen Katz, were quite different almost 20 years ago; they were in a constant search for beer and women and their favorite and least favorite places were judged accordingly. His interests on this latest trip are a bit more sophisticated. Bryson blends the accounts of the two journeys, offering insight into the various countries as well as his own life. This book is fun for travelers or armchair travelers, especially for anyone who journeyed through Europe in the hippie days of the early 1970s.- Melinda Stivers Leach, Precision Editorial Svces., Wondervu, Col. Copyright 1991 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus s Having groused his way across America in *The Lost Continent* (1989), Bryson (*The Mother Tongue*, 1990) now turns his attention to Europe. If it is any consolation to Americans, Bryson, an ex- midwesterner who has lived in England for the past 15 years, finds almost nothing to praise between the Arctic Circle and the Bosphorus. Bryson's crankiness could have proved amusing--after all, Mark Twain's did in *Innocents Abroad*--but the humor here is meanspirited and juvenile (in Copenhagen, a hung-over Bryson notes that "I needed coffee the way Dan Quayle needs help with an I.Q. test"), with defecation, flatulence, and eructation far too often figuring into the comic repertoire. Nor do original insights abound as Bryson retraces the steps of a journey he took two decades before, traveling from Norway to Istanbul, stopping at many of Europe's capitals (Paris, Brussels, Stockholm, Rome, etc.) along the way. He offers such comments as: "Parisians are rude," "Swedes are heavy drinkers," and "the Swiss are dull and conventional." Consistency is not Bryson's strong suit either. While in Naples, for instance, he complains, "I found...mean, cavernous, semipaved alleyways with...washing hung like banners between balconies that never saw sunlight." Yet when he reaches modern and manicured Milan, he pines, "I wanted pandemonium and street life...washing hanging across the streets." Meanwhile, lines like "let's be frank, the Italians' technological contribution to humankind stopped with the pizza oven" are also no help. Smart-alecky and obvious, with the wit of Bryson's first two books curdled into waspishness. (Maps.) -- Copyright ©1991, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.