

L'ABBAYE, 6 *bis* rue de l'Abbaye (6th), has become fair game for guidebook putdowns. The Julliard guide notes: 'No clapping: you have to snap your fingers, apparently so as not to disturb the neighbors. None of this is madly gay.' Temple Fielding finds the folksinging 'too too exciting to the self-dubbed intellectuals of the long-haired set . . . teenage fan-club reverence toward these performers now bores us stiff.' Young people - many, many of them females - think otherwise. They have been coming here for well over two decades. Yes, there is an atmosphere of almost church-like reverence. But people come here to listen to the music, not to themselves. And if applause is appropriate in concert halls and shouting in bull rings, why not quiet finger-snapping in small intimate rooms of folksingers? The atmosphere seems to attract shy and lonely females. Drinks mixed by an indifferent 'bartender' who prepares them as if he never touches the stuff himself. Very uncomfortable