

## Journal - Around the World in 79 days - Spring 2013

### Part 10: England and Paris 10-19 May Berry and Hynes family visits, with Mary

**Friday - Sunday, 10-12 May:** After breakfast with Tapan and his wife Mousumi at their apartment, and a goodbye photo with the students, we headed for the airport in Tapan's car, dropping off Mousumi at her work, a social service center in a village of very poor people - a bit of a rush through the airport to catch Virgin air to London - a full plane for the 9 hour trip. Mary had arrived in London from Chicago in the early morning, picked up by the redoubtable Paul Hynes and a minicab; he did the same for me in



*Toby chewing*



*Carmela, Paul & Toby's home*

the early evening, and a great reunion was joined by the four of us; plus, of course, their new doggie, Toby, a lively one-year old chocolate (colored, not made of chocolate!) labrador - he is still being trained by Carmela and Paul, who clearly take their job seriously, and Toby, still just a 4-legged child is responding admirably - the longer we stayed there the more he accepted our presence in his home: he is unable to climb the steep stairs to the bedrooms, but always waits eagerly for our return downstairs, assuming we want to play with his rubber chicken or some other favorite toy. Their house is in the exclusive west London suburb of Richmond, and reminded both Mary and me of the "1900 house" of the BBC series about 10 years ago, but of course, with all the modern conveniences: they have a large open dining plus living room, a kitchen at the back and a small paved-over garden where Paul (and Toby) can enjoy the fresh air; two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. It is about 7 blocks from the Richmond rail and tube station, just off the road to Kew Gardens - hence, a very nice neighborhood, next to the Thames river and full of parks - the old Richmond deer-park nearby is great for Toby's walks.



*Haris, me, Gajendra, Gaurav, Swapnil and Hala*

Saturday was Richmond's May Fair day, filling the town park with a funfair, church stalls, school stalls, food tents, a big



*Morris dancers batonning...*

tent of jewelry, quilt and knick knack sellers, and a performance stage, and lots of people and families enjoying themselves.

On our way

there Mary and I bought our rail tickets for the trip later in the week to Slindon (note: if you do the same thing, tickets cost only about one-third if you buy them in advance

instead of on the day of travel); we also bought 4 tickets for the play that evening at the Richmond Theatre - The Rocky Horror Show - that promised to be lots of fun. After checking out the jewelry and other local stores in the big tent, we wandered over to the performance stage - there we heard the appropriately dressed Lord Mayor of Richmond officially open the fair and watched her crowning of the May Queen with her young entourage. This was followed by a set of spirited Morris dances by the local



*Dress for sale*



*A lady Lord Mayor*



*Riverside bluebells*



*No entry to the Palace!*



*Wisteria in bloom*

troop (including old men and young ladies, swords and batons, etc). Carmela and Paul joined us as we

started finding good buys at the second hand stalls (including an elephant lamp), bringing up time for lunch - sampling the best wursts etc. Paul and Carmela left for Toby's veterinary appointment (he passed), while Mary and I trawled the stalls some more, and walked down to the river through the old royal palace - the walk was cut short by a sharp rainshower, so we headed for the nearest café for a cup of tea and shelter - back to the funfair for an even better wurst, and on to the theatre to wait for Paul and Carmela and the early theatre show.

Sitting in the stalls bar, we noticed quite a lot of unusual dressing by both males and female attendees alike - it was a clue of things to come at the performance....Paul and Carmela arrived just in time, just like most of the English who love to get in at the last minute (maybe P and C are practicing to become English even before their citizenship finale in September). The show was great, but the audience was greater! This was participatory theatre with everyone participating, even if they were not dressed for the parts - as many were - men in fishnet stockings and tights, women dressed for the 1950s, or worse; the characters on stage were reproduced all over the audience, and then at the slightest chance, all were up on their feet swinging and singing to the songs and music - basically we paid for two shows in one. Just an amazing contrast to the all day wanderings of the other crowd dressed up in safari-type clothes for the Rugby-7's tournament going on at nearby Twickenham. Wow! Richmond and their young rich seem to rock continuously - what will Paul, Carmela and Toby ever do if they return to the USA? - Start their own English gang? San Fran may be ready, but I am not so sure about Collegeville. They will be able to teach Johanna and Bob, other young Hyneses, and even the young Berrys!



*A sampling of Rocky's friends*



*..and some of the Rugby-Sevens crowd..*



*Charing Cross - memorial to Queen Eleanor - 1291*

Sunday was calmer, but also enjoyable: Paul joined us for our trip downtown to the National Gallery; now almost all galleries (in London and Paris at least) seem to exclude picture-taking, even without flash, because they have found a new money-maker - you can pay to print out your favorite pics from a computer in the gallery shop, presumably also on-line. Next, a traditional lunch next door in the new enlarged basement at St. Martins in the Fields. After a brief entry to the Notre Dame Center on the other side of the gallery, we walked thru Piccadilly circus to catch the #95 bus out to Hampstead Heath - a top seat view as we passed thru Camden town market. A cream tea in a downtown café, a brief bookshop visit (hard to miss those!),



*The Nat - from St. Martins*



and a walk to Keats' house completed our brief sojourn in the north London suburb, then back by the convenient Overland train to Chiswick and the tube home.



*Waiting for the Overland..*

Both Saturday and Sunday, we had great pub dinners with Paul and Carmela, one in Richmond, the latter in Kew. We must thank them for their wonderful hospitality, including the use of the "guest oyster cards" which made traveling around London a breeze.

**Monday - Wednesday, 13-15 May: Our brief trip to Paris**

While in India, I had booked a combined Eurostar/hotel ticket to Paris (two nights for the price of one at a hotel near Geb's place in Montparnasse); so off we went Monday morning in the morning rush underground to the new terminal at St.

Pancras. A very smooth fast ride, now less than 2.5 hours to Gare du Nord in Paris. By then it was mid-afternoon since Europe is 1 hour ahead of the UK. After checking in at the hotel, we went off to the local BNP bank (the business part of the trip was to close our French account, and clean out the money left from a payment interchange long ago for Geb's student loans - thank you Geb - in those days the euro and the dollar were close to the same value, and now the euro is 1.3 dollars - a nice plus for us!). But, naturally the bank was closed on



*Geb's place on Pernety*



*Katherine Wildman RIP*



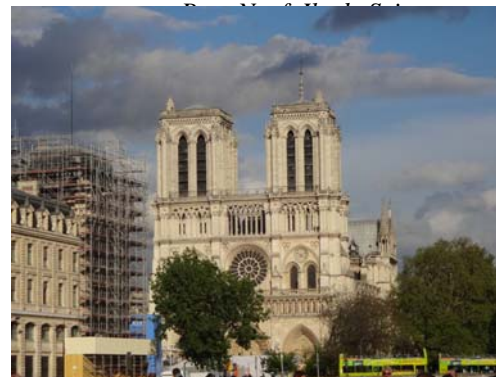
*St. Sulpice fountain, pink horse-chestnuts*

mondays - so that had to wait till morning. After getting a bite to eat, we went over to find Katherine's grave in the Montparnasse cemetery, cleaned it up a little, and went searching for a something to put on top: our task was finished off on Tuesday morning with a pot and evergreen from the



*River lady above; sand boat below*

local shops - I quote from Mary: we "had *memento mori* moments in the cemetery arranging a granite vase and honoring the rock designs left by the girls". In the rest of the afternoon, we managed to walk down to the river, past shops, the magnificent pink-



*Notre Dame in the evening sun and clouds*





River traffic

flowered horse-chestnut trees at Saint Sulpice, past St. Germain des Pres, arriving at Pont Neuf, just as the evening sun came out to illuminate with bountiful photons the bateaux mouches, the bridges and the cathedral of Notre Dame. A stop at a happy-hour bar, and then dinner - a breton restaurant on rue Losserand - and return to our hotel, the Pavillon Losserand, completed a fairly nostalgic day.

Tuesday morning breakfast at the Pernety cafe metro (next to Geb's place - which we visited briefly later and met his tenant - it looks just the same in its bright blue colors) - then to the bank to remarkably quickly clean out our accounts, and finish off our little grave task. Now we were free to enjoy ourselves in new adventures...

I can't do better than just quote again from Mary: "*a bifteak lunch and off to the Pincotheque near the Opera, [actually on the square, right behind the Madeleine] with its spectacular double exhibit of Art Moderne and of Tamara Lempicka - a well matched set who both loved flowing explicitly sensual lines and planes of color without a hint of individual brushstrokes-contemporaneous but with quite a differently adapted eye from the later impressionists who immersed themselves into the gleams and glimmers, the splashes and dots that come from the way that light and shadow play with color in flowers, trees, landscapes and even figures.*" We needed a rest at a nearby cafe, outside but under some needed heatlamps; while there we noticed a bus right in front of us going to Gare Montparnasse - we caught the next one - did some shopping at les magasins du Gare, and walked "home". We had noticed a nice local algerian/moroccan restaurant across the street from the hotel - and there we ate a great supper, amidst a whole bunch of lively locals (fr.- *habitués*), and even an English soccer game on the big screen TV.

Wednesday morning breakfast was at an old favorite bakery near Geb and Katherine's first (rented) apartment. A metro ride took us to Les Invalides, a walk over the bridge to Place Concorde, and towards our first goal "*L'Orangerie*": a museum housing the Nymphaeas of Monet - his huge waterlily pictures - which cover the walls of two remarkable elliptical-shaped rooms - four per room. The museum had been closed for the past 15-20 years for reconstruction (for all our previous visits to Paris), so it was a real delight to finally be there.



Giant Me (look carefully)

Three bonuses were included: first a remarkable exhibit in the museum basement; *La Collection de Jean Walter et Paul Guillaume*; Paul was the founder of the museum, "*apres il contracte le virus de l'art moderne*" according to the catalog. A wonderful collection, and they even allowed non-flash photos.

The second bonus was a small but eye-opening exhibit of the Italian Impressionists, of artists we have never seen, for example, at Chicago's Art Institute - even some pointilist paintings. The third bonus was the inclusion in our ticket of a visit to the Musee D'Orsay, just across the river. Before going there we found a little



Mary's Orsay guard



Mary at heated sidewalk cafe



"An eyeful" from Place Concorde



Hungry Lion



The Louvre embankment



*Losserand ladies*

bistro for lunch - fortunately still only 12:30 pm, because by 1 pm it was completely filled with the lunch crowds. We did not really do justice to the Orsay in our quick 90 minute whip around, since both Mary and I had had too many art attacks already that day. Using our bus guide we did a two-bus trip back to the hotel, picked up our bags, and then it was back by Metro to the Gare du Nord, just time for a citron presse at a cafe down the street - one notices that these cafes always have several smoking young people - much more common than in the USA - the idea of second-hand smoke seems not yet to have arrived in France.

Our 5:30 pm departure meant that we were back at St. Pancras before 7 pm (the magic of time zones) - we decided to return to Bloomsbury for a London dinner and found the Plough Inn, within sight of our old Pied Bull apartment - again a bonus was the first half of the Euro cup final of Chelsea vs Benfica - there were not many Portuguese boosters. Then it was time to leave and head back to Toby's place (also known as Paul and Carmela's). We told them (fairly briefly) about our Paris adventures, before turning in to be ready for the morrow's trip to Phil and JC's Slindon. We agreed that it really is nice to be among friends (especially when they are also relatives) while traveling so far from home (and, of course, good to be able to divest ourselves of heavy luggage for a little while also).



*St. Pancras sculpture*

**Thursday - Saturday, 16-18 May: Jolly old England with John C., Phil and John B.**

I cut and quote from Mary (her contributions in italics as above): *“Thursday morning we went down to Slindon—where we feel so wonderfully at home, doing whatever with JC and Phil who are the eternal Village Treasures.”*

After checking out the antiques of Slindon (I did buy a couple of plates from the original Queen Mary - I think they have the marks I made on them during my first trip of America back in 1962), we retired to a favorite pub for lunch - the same one from which last year Phil and I



made the long trek from over the South Downs to Slindon - a never to be forgotten - and never to be repeated - very, very, very long trek; this year even Mary decided it was better to return in their comfortable BMW.



*A Slindon roof pigeon*



*Mary & window reflections*



*St. Richard's, Slindon*

On Friday morning, after seeing the school boys and girls trudge off to church and back, past St. Richard's house, we went into Chichester - first Mr. Marks and Mrs. Spencer did very well in providing us with some Yorkshire tea, some new raincoats and other sundry articles; a beautifully (but very very slowly) served lunch meant that we had very little time to visit the Chichester antique shops, but Mary did her best, and now it was time for the major adventure of the day..



In the afternoon, “We did get in a trip to the South Downs Living History Museum where we were shocked and dismayed to discover the sign about the Shepherd’s Counting System has been removed—we are composing a message/complaint/ appeal for full restoral to what is definitely a great place.”

What a bust!



But the day was recovered **first** by the absolutely stunning drive back to Slindon, past Goodwood racecourse, and amidst all the different spring greens of the English countryside - on most of these roads, the side trees join overhead to produce a canopy of everchanging green wavelengths. **Second**, Friday evening cocktails at the old Innhouse in Slindon where “we had tea with Lady Caroline, Phil and JC in Slindon; totally delightful and so very British— wine and canapés, village gossip, including tales of the local ghosts--even the consequences of past-due date crab cakes couldn’t obviate the charm.



As we entered, the program from Maggie Thatcher’s funeral lay on the sideboard—she’d not gone but a friend had lent it to her (her late husband Michael was one of Thatcher’s inner group—though JC says Maggie didn’t like Caroline at all). The opening reading was from TS Eliot-Little Gidding—I immediately recognized lines that have always resonated with me since I was a green girl in love with language and paradox and I see how well they still express what seems to be the heart of the matter:

SIP - Teaching? .. Learning? .. Enjoying?...

*The moment of the rose and the moment of the yew  
Are of equal duration....  
We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.*

“Though roses from a lover quickly wither & fade and yews leach the noxious fluids of the dead in cemeteries for at least a century, any given moment for one or for the other lasts the same amount of time. Glorious or anguished any/every single minute measures out to sixty seconds—the sum of what we have for that duration—so had we not best use it to our advantage—every single moment.. As for that exploring bit—it seemed in many ways to me that our week from London to Paris to Slindon to Chicago decades of relationships, places, events were so deeply layered in everything we did and saw and talked with as our very much younger and now clearly older selves that, arriving where we started, it was as if we knew something for the first time .”

Their moments may be equal, but I think that the Yew has a lot more of them - surely TS Elliot realized that: you might ask yourself - how many moments have you had? - I hope it is “a lot”, and that many of them have been “**moment-ous**”.



Three pics of 4 people inside St. Richard’s

Saturday was our last full day, and the four of us motored up in the BMW to my brother John B's little apartment near High Wycombe - he had just moved there from Ossett when I visited a year ago.



*Disraeli's home, Hughenden Manor*

(His son Andrew and family live just a few miles away). John's walking and general mobility are notably worse. We went to a nearby pub for lunch and we all agreed that it was a surprisingly bad meal. Mary was still feeling the after-effects of the previous evening's crab-cakes, and ate nothing, and then slept while we visited Benjamin



*Is Disraeli hiding there?*

Disraeli's house and gardens. John B. rested at the teahouse, as the three of us absorbed more Victorian British history: "Dizzy" was Queen Victoria's favorite Prime Minister, mostly because he was a good flatterer: his other claim to fame is being England's first Jewish PM, although in fact he was a member of the English Church.

Dropping-off time began by dropping off John B at his apartment, then dropping off me and Mary at Toby's house in Richmond, passing the Queen at Windsor Castle on the way (thankfully she had not invited us in for more crabcakes, etc). Phil and John C drove on back to Slindon, while we sat around a conversational table with Paul, Carmela and Toby, and ate some very good fish and chips from the Richmond fish-chippery (a little tomato soup for Mary): a great ending to a great trip.

I left by minicab at 5:30 am in the morning for an early flight to Dublin and thence to Chicago, while Mary caught a direct flight later in the day; we met again at O'Hare airport, and then home to rest a few hours at 5411 S. Harper Avenue. Monday, I completed the trip by train to our South Bend home, leaving Mary to teach her Monday evening class.

In a couple of weeks we should be ready for a short trip to D.C. and then Mary is off to New Zealand for a week - perhaps I should stay at our homes for a while - the gardens are in terrible shape - and we might even get the toilet fixed - such is our never-ending life....always full of "moments" - I am sure yours is just the same - enjoy it while you can!

Here endeth a trip around the world in 79 days and 10 episodes..... 22 May, 2013