

HÔTEL PARC SAINT-SEVERIN




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Tuesday 30 April

Arrived at Paris Charles De Gaulle Airport at 9:21 Am. Peter and I got miraculously at the gate to meet us. They had ^{set their sights} arrived only 4 minutes before we exited.

Took Bus into town. The ride took longer than I thought about 45 minutes.

We got a reservation in Durenbar then took a Cab to our hotel.

After checking in and dropping off our gear we headed for the shops on the rue Jacob walking in the general direction of J's Invalides.

Stop north with groups of Poplars and St Just. Letter from Chopin to George Sand (very expensive).

Enter to J's Invalides and the Musée de l'Armée. Fabulous. Hundreds of 18th century costumes - Napoleon Tomb. Great Bookstore but no time to visit. Took metro home. Went to the Church of Stm Sulpice to hear Mozart's Requiem. Well done in parts. When not so well. Pretty good orchestra. Great ~~Atmosphere~~ Atmosphere. Very sleepy. Afterward had a light

supper then to bed. Slept later a
log. And got *Pobesperius* *signatus* out of mind.
Wednesday

Around 10:00 went to Notre
Dame which is nearby. Wonderful
stain glass. Brooks can not do
justice. Rich colors. Then walked to
the nearby Hotel de Ville (City Hall)
then along the Seine up to the
Jeu de Paume, Tuilleries Gardens, Place de
la Concorde. Nothing open because
Labor Day. Took metro to Arch
de Triumphant. Had a good lunch
along the Champs de Elysee. Then
home by metro.

Map.

About 6:30 walked over to the
Isle St Louis then along the river
up to Pont Neuf crossed the river
to the small triangular Place des
Dauphines. Went to Mafumite restaurant -
good food. I had Lamb Chops. Sat
next to amusing French Couple. Older
Gentleman in Red Sweater, a professional
singer later, sang to Lory one of Edith
Piaf's famous songs. Very amusing
bits of fun. Returned to Hotel and
read rather late.

Thursday

8:30 pm. Rain. After morning coffee and Continental breakfast we walked to the Musée Carnavalet, crossing the rue de la Cité (Notre Dame) then the place du Hotel de ville and up into the Marais.

First we visited the Place du Vierge an exquisite 17th Century residential square begun by Louis XIV. It was the Residence of Cardinal Richelieu. There was a light rain. One thing I was learning about Paris is that the layout of the city - even the 19th and 18th city was vast. It intrigues me that the Place de Vierge - and hence Richelieu hotel - was so far away from the Centre.

After visiting the Place du Vierge we walked a couple of blocks to the Musée Carnavalet - a large city house with parts dating from the 16th Century or earlier as well as 18th Century additions - the perfect type of structure to house a museum of the history of the city of Paris.

The museum is not very crowded. The period rooms dating at least from the reign of Louis XVI are truly lovely. Of course it was the rooms concerning the French Revolution that I wanted to see most. And they were

not disappointing. Then was Robespierre's letter which he was writing at the Hotel de Ville when the mob broke in to arrest him and St. Just. The letter "to" were poignant as well as the spot of blood which fell upon the paper when he shot himself or was wounded by one of the Convention's soldiers.

Also in the museum is a collection of furniture ~~from~~ from the Royal Family's incarcerations in the Tower of The Temple which was located nearby not far from the Bastille. Also an original & portrait of interest was a wax statue (Bust only) of an artist from the period. I don't remember his name, but the bust was most lifelike in wax and was wearing a coat and linen shirt from the ~~1780s~~ 1780s. The coat was of pale yellow silk with small stripes. It had large stamped metal buttons.

There were superb busts of Desmoulins, Marat (looked as if made by from his life (death?) next. Very poe-mordant. The famous portrait of Robespierre was plain too. Very poignant object in the display. But the museum is not at all dusty and decadent ~~as~~ as I had thought over the years.

and is beautifully done.

After the Carroussel we walked to the nearby Joana Museum because mainly Guy wanted to see it. It is housed in an ~~early~~ 17th Century (1660?) hotel and was a sheer delight. What an artist!! Very entertaining!!

By the time we were finished it was about 1:15 pm. We took the miles to the Bptelle to make our connection to the Hotel Belille. We walked back across the river to our area and had lunch near the hotel. I was really tired - and my legs were sore.

We spent the rest of the afternoon at the hotel. At six o'clock or five thirty we headed out to the Musée d'Orsay. What a wonderful Museum. Perhaps the most memorable painting there for me was Roussin's black plagues. Big and beautiful. What Regis, Gauguin etc. Big coincidence a section show of Thomas Eakins was on display.

We headed back to the Hotel at 9:00 o'clock. Stopping by an excellent restaurant that Jerry and I had liked on earlier trips. Food very good, service poor. We didn't get out of there until after midnight. I didn't get to sleep until 1:10 - totally worn out.

Friday - May ~~the~~ 3rd

Today we hope to see the Conciergerie
and the Jemmes. To night we are going to
Notre Dame to hear the Gregorian Chants--!

I left the Hotel Saint Severin at about
8.30 and walked along the river to
find Rue Bonaparte where the Autograph
shop was located. Peter, Jerry and Susan
went on their own expedition which
took them over to the Luxembourg Gardens
and the Eiffel Tower and one of the
City's splendid markets. I, on the other
hand wanted to use this time to
visit the Autograph Store Shop. I walked
past Rue Bonaparte and had to double
back.

The nice lady with whom I had
talked a couple of days before was, thus,
the cheerfully brought out the Rousseau
piece, the St. Just one as well. Then
she showed me a splendid letter by
Danton (signed only in his writing) and
beautifully written. The lady showed
me a document signed by Louis XVI granting
permission to build a sugar mill in
Paris. It was dated 1792 when, I thought,
the King was already a prisoner. Danton's
letter too was 1792. In fact all the

documents dated to the crisis of the Revolution and had to do with business at the time. I can't tell you what a wonderful feeling it was to be in Paris and to hold these wonderful fragments of time in my hands, especially since this afternoon I was going to go to the Conciergerie where many of those people spent their last hours. Robespierre, St. Just, Danton and Marie Antoinette. Juvénat went to the scaffold from the tower of the Temple in the Marais district. The Temple (for the Knights Templar) was torn down by Napoleon and was not far from the Bastille. The Musée Carnavalet is also in this district.

By the way, I have carried our ^{little} precious Cockade around with me everywhere and will take it to the Conciergerie this afternoon to the care of the Antoinette (as they say here in Paris) and Robespierre.

P.M.

I don't think I could possibly be more tired. This afternoon we walked to the Conciergerie which is on the island of Notre Dame (Ile de la Cité) not far from

Our hotel. The building is still used
as government offices so many parts of
it are blocked off by gen darmes. Still
the cells of the Revolutionary victims are
on tour. They are located in the
medieval part of the building. Every
thing is well scrubbed now and well
run. None of the filth and confusion that
exists in the Antoinette prison. (She constantly
wonders if she could learn juniper branches to
touch the smell of the nearby courtyard
which is now ~~and~~ scrubbed clean.

Antoinette cell was a small, dimly
lit cell divided in half. One half
was her bed chamber with a cradle-like
looking bed, a small table and chair
and a small rug under the chair
so that her feet did not have to
touch the cold stone floor. (Remember
she was there in Sept and Oct 1793). In
the chair sat a wax figure of a woman
dressed (à la Kucharski) as the "Widow
Capet." On the other ^{part of the} room were two
guards (wax figures) within easy watching
distance. After

After thoroughly noted, I found
out that this room was not her actual
cell but the rooms nearby which had been

Converted to a Chapel (I think by Louis
Phillip). It was the room behind the
altar with a stained glass window
bearing her monogram ~~MM~~ ~~XX~~ that was
her actual cell. Ironically, in the small
passage between Antoinette's cell and
the small chapel, Robespierre was laid
out on a board, to suffer until the
Tumbrills of 10 Thermidor came to call.
So too, our Cockade has been in
all these rooms. By stairs were small
private cells that could be ~~privately~~ rented
by prisoners for a more private accommodation.
Along I believe the room that became
Antoinette's Chapel and the Chambers
immediately above (reached by a winding
stair - a small museum containing two
hunts of Robespierre from that time) were
where Danton, St. Just and others were
held prior to their visit to the place de la
Revolution.

As we left the place we stopped by
a small bookshop where I purchased
an excellent medallion of Louis ~~XX~~ ~~LVI~~
as a young man. (I will take it
with me to Versailles when we go on Sunday).

Later in the afternoon we went to the
Jazz. Jazz said it seemed to be a

Slow Day. Well if that was a Slow Day
I'd hate to be there on a "crowded" day.
There were simply so many people that
I wanted to leave. The place offered
no opportunity to really enjoy art. We
did see the Da Vinci - Mona Lisa etc.
but the new pre-Columbian wing was
off limits and so was the "Musée d'Art"
Rue - the costumes museum. Frustrating
when we left I was glad to get
out of there. Saw the "Vierge d'Victory"
What a glory! Also saw two
beautiful Botticelli Frescos. Suz loved
them. Was totally exhausted by the time
I got home in time to clean up for
our visit to Notre Dame at 830 for
the Gregorian Chants.

The Church was completely filled
with people. We took our seats
about 30 minutes ahead of time &
sat there simply watching the last light
of evening disappear and the beautiful stained
glass windows grow dimmer and dimmer.
The interior of Notre Dame is really very
austere but with beautiful Gothic stone
work.

The program consisted of several
liturgical "plays" and there was

Beautiful antiphonal singing from Children's
choir to adult women's' voices to all
male performers. I was amazed that
I did not get sleepy. The sounds of those
voices in the cathedral were just
as I'd hoped they would be.

After the performance we walked
back to our hotel. Pete and Jazzy took
their leave of us and Suz and I went
for dinner in what turned out to be
a touristy - rock and roll kind of joint
by the river. The food was good however.
We finished after midnight then walked
to our hotel nearby. Fell into bed
exhausted but still read for a while
in my Rebusque biography.

Saturday - Paris - May 4th

We went to Mon Martre
to look out over the city. The weather
was quite cold. Degas and others
are buried nearby. The plaza around
the Church Sacre Coeur was very crowded
with tourists. The church was heavily
filled with 5th or early 19th century
mosaic. Lots of gold high up. Suzie
and I lit a candle for Degas. Later
we walked around some of the untouristed
neighborhoods. (There are many) and

found the place charming.

We then took the metro to
Madeleine. The great Colonnaded
Temple begun by Napoleon I was
truly impressive. This is the
real ritzy area of Paris near the
rue St Honoré. By sheer luck (because
I did not think we would make it)
to the area north ^{west} of the (Place de Concorde)
we walked by Balzac's house
on the rue St Honoré. There was a plaque
which stated that this was B's residence
for the last years of his life. The facade
of the building is modernized, but there
was small doorway that led into
a small courtyard - also modern-
ized without charm. I took some
photos and when I emerged back
on the street ~~the~~ Peter, Jozz and Siegy
had already walked into the
lousy modern restaurant right next
door.

I was surprised to find our ~~new~~ table
right by the plate glass window that
faced the Courtyard that I had just explored.
Later, our waiter told Peter in French
that in fact we were sitting in the
room which had ~~not~~ once been

R's small office. He pointed out the window to a door and said that was the original entrance into R's office. He seemed delightfully surprised that we showed any interest in Robespierre. He also told Pete that the building we were in, although greatly altered, had not ~~of~~ been torn down and was indeed the actual Robespierre. He told Pete that he had seen the old structure during renovations for the restaurant. Alas, poor Robespierre. There ~~was~~ not a single monument to you in Paris - except a solitary obelisk. I wanted to show Mr. Winter my cockade but I thought it would delay ~~such~~ lunch. But, Scotty, I now thought we would end up dining in Robespierre's office.

I sketched two portraits - one of Robespierre and one of Danton - on my napkin. After I walked and of the restaurant leaving Pete to retrieve the \$2.00 bill from the married waiter, Pete told me that two elegant ladies sat down on the table next to where we had been sitting and were delighted

with my sketches and wanted to
know who I was and why I
was so interested in the Revolution.

She said, I am Robespierre - and
there is Danton! I was delighted.
So they ~~stop~~ recognized them &
said to Pite. "Well, but we had not
to since you wrote their names
under each."

Then we went to the Place
de la Concorde, then by pond & the
Palace Garnier - The Paris Opera -
then home via the nearby
Tuilleries Gardens and the museum.

In the evening after a nap we
supped at a nearby restaurant,
small and crowded and smelling
somewhat of unwashed Gardiennes
Parisiennes.

Got home early. Dead. Went to
bed. Noisy students outside over
4th floor windows woke me up in
the wee hours of the morning &
actually contemplated dipping a
cup of water on their heads. But alas
I did not. After all its Hell City
and not mine.

Tomorrow, I take my valise

and Louis medallion to Versailles.
I hope our good weather holds. We
have had only patchy rain. Rather
cloudy a lot of the time with welcome
periods of sunshine. The weather is
chilly in the morning. Really rather
cool. Definitely fresher and light
coat weather. By late day still
cool of the wind is blowing but one
feels rather warm if one is walking
 briskly from place to place. I

I have learned anything about
Paris - it is that this city is really
stretchd out. Even the 17th and 18th
century city was very spread out. Now
that I know where the various points
of interest are, I may have to reread
all my books on French History. I really
now have a sense of the place.

Had thoughts of home today. This
trip has been the perfect length.

Monday, May 6th, Paris 620 AM.

Up early. Had Bath. I packed
last night so I could stay in bed
a little longer. Sleepy in packing.

Our trip to Versailles yesterday was
a real pleasure and I think I got
some good photos for printed pictures.

As expected, The Palace and its grounds were vast. I have no idea how far we walked. It's about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so from the train station to the palace itself. The town literally comes right up to the Chateau. So many people! We found the main rooms of the - The Salon des Glaces, the King and Queen's bedrooms, the Académie des Beaux Arts, the 'Antiquities' room some what gloomier than remembered. Some original textile wall paper, & pictures. Still splendid though. We then found some of the more intimate apartments. Thank God we bought our packaged museum tickets or we would have had to stand in prodigious lines.

From the palace we walked to the Conservatory and had a picnic. We walked into the nearby town for a loaf of bread. We supped on Bread, cream Cheese and fruit. Strongly satisfying. The weather which was cold and threatening began to show signs of rain. In fact it did start raining almost as soon as we finished our degustation sur l'herbe. We then headed out to the

Petit Trianon, much smaller building
than I imagined but after the Great
Palace my mind may be playing
tricks. Very few people here. We walked
to the nearby Garden where stood Miquet's
famous *Botanum folia* by a lake. The
grounds here rather criss and not
monotone. Since how this too seemed
smaller than the Sheraton's copy in
Austin, but when I walked up and
looked inside, the buildings seemed
to assume the ~~correct~~ some size. ^{Victorian}
Victoria and red buds were blooming. Every
where were fences made of ouplings to
protect the digging of an English garden.

Not too far away in the distance
or small rural village built by
Marie Antoinette to amuse herself.
All very in formal - more cottages than
I ^{had} ~~would~~ imagined. Took some beautiful
from of the nearby woods. The kind of
trees that David planted in that
cynical view from the Foxenbury
Palace prison windows.
Then to the Grand Trianon.