

Parker was until a few years before his death little known outside of the jazz world. Today, one cannot buy a modern jazz record without hearing, however palely, the spirit of Charlie Parker. The time may come, of course, when modern jazz musicians who are notoriously parochial creatures, begin to absorb and enrich themselves with a knowledge of the older traditions of their music, as Parker always did. They may also attempt to acquire the "Bird's" technical tricks, but they will never reach the beautiful and sure flights of his artistry. Indeed, it is not often that one finds a person who has flown the depths and heights of human experience and has at the same time been gifted with such a marvellous capacity for expression that he might bring the universal message that, after all, life is worth the struggle.

—R. St. JOHN '58

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPE

How can a fellow become fully developed intellectually when he's never been off the Island, never been anywhere? The answer is, of course, that he can't. He has to get out and see the world around him, see how different peoples live, see other cultures and other patterns of life; and most of all, he has to absorb the new ideas with which he comes in contact, and put them to good use. Only after doing this, will he feel the security of broad-mindedness and the sense of truly belonging in this world. Only then, will his life take on a new lustre and fullness, and the chores of everyday life assume a new meaning.

To heighten your interest in touring, otherwise called globe-trotting, I would like to recall to you some of the places I've been, and some of the things I've seen. My vacation began when I arrived in Old England from New York. My first impression of this land was an historical one. The glorious past of England was present, present in cities, in the towns, in the country, present everywhere. Visiting Stratford-on-Avon was a memorable experience. Here I saw the actual house in which Shakespeare was born. It was a dwelling of the Tudor Period, and, although very large, was thatched. Since the guide told me that I could explore the place for as long as I liked, I spent quite a while poking around the building and its surroundings. Later, I inspected the famous Shakespearian Theatre, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage, so named for Shakespeare's wife.

The town of Stratford, itself, was, at first glance, very picturesque. It appeared to be a drowsy little hamlet that even the River Avon, flowing lazily by, would not dare disturb. But life, so I later found, goes on as briskly in this town as it does anywhere else. The people, although quite aware of the past, do not live it. They are proud of their country's heritage, but prouder still of its advancements witnessed by the modern facilities and accommodations available everywhere.

Sailing down the Avon in a special touring boat, I arrived at the city of Bristol for a brief visit. This city was certainly not noted for its beauty, but it was an interesting place, nevertheless. Situated here, are the huge industrial factories which get their power from the coal-mines of Wales. A reminder of the Industrial Revolution period are the rows and rows of squalid tenements to be found around or near the factories. I was rather happy to leave Bristol, however, as I became anxious to visit Devonshire and Cornwall. I arrived in the town of Devon, and put up for the night at a small inn. The next morning at an early hour, I hired a guide and went off to cross the moors. What rugged country! I recalled Emily Bronte's description of the moors in "Wuthering Heights". And here was I in this very place that became so dismal and eerie when the fogs closed in and night fell. But when the view is clear, the scenery is quite enchanting. I wandered for hours in this region until I became quite exhausted and returned to the inn for a rest. From here I motored to the coast of Cornwall to view the rocky sea-coast, returning the same afternoon to set out for London.

South-West England was sparsely populated compared with Middlesex County, and the great city of London, itself, was a teeming tourist's paradise. This city, besides being the centre of British government and culture, is the greatest port of Europe, and ships from every part of the world dock here. Naturally, the first



SPRING

Cold bleak Winter is in Her tomb,
And the days warmth bring;
Gay May flowers begin to bloom,
For it now is Spring.

The red-breasted creatures Nature commands
Return and sing
The snowbirds' departure from the land;
'Tis clear, 'tis Spring.

The wise old owl sits still, serene
As his echo rings
Through the valley so low and green,
For he knows 'tis Spring.

The earth's green carpet majestically lies—
Awaiting its tilling.
The happy farmer gently sighs—
Ah! Lovely Spring.

—BEVERLEY HOWARD '59

places I went to see were the shipyards and docks. The London waterfront seemed to be quite busy, but I later learned that this was actually the slack season. There was still so much to see that I hardly knew where to begin. Almost everything that one came in contact with, except the people of course, was a reminder of some past age. Every street, every square, every building had some touch of history about it. Standing on London Bridge, I viewed the Tower of London, keeper of so many secrets, scene of so many executions. It is made up of many towers, including the White Tower, and walls dating from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, and is situated near the very bank of the River Thames.

The following day, I joined a group to tour London City proper by bus. What a profusion of places we visited! Its famous names, its famous places: Fleet Street, the financial district; Piccadilly, the entertainment district; the Strand, the Mall, and Haymarket; Cheapside, and Ludgate Hill. Its bridges on the Thames; Westminster, Blackfriars, and Waterloo. Its parks and squares: Hyde Park and St. James's; Trafalgar Square, with its Nelson Monument; Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, and Oxford Circus. Its churches and palaces: St. Paul's, built by Wren; Westminster Abbey with the tombs of the great; St. James' Palace, Buckingham, residence of the Royal Family; and Lambeth, residence of the Bishop of London. Its theatres and galleries: Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the National Gallery, the British Museum and, of course, the Houses of Parliament, mother of all parliaments. One could spend a lifetime in this wonderful city and still not see everything. My two days in London were over, however, and so, with memories lingering, I packed my bags in preparation for the short flight to my next stop, Paris.

If London, with its towers and war monuments, is inclined to masculinity, Paris, with its romance, is thoroughly feminine. This old city is the acknowledged world centre of fashion and the Arts, and every Frenchman will tell you that it is the most beautiful city in the world. If one must use good perfume, one must use "Evening in Paris"; if one must wear stylish gowns, one must wear Dior originals; and if one wishes to see artists at work, one must go to the old Latin Quarter, for Paris offers everything to foster romance and gaiety.

On arrival in Paris, I checked my reservation at a hotel on the Rue de Rivoli, near the very heart of the city. Immediately, I contacted some friends of mine who had been living here for almost a year. They welcomed me kindly, and offered to conduct me around the interesting sections of the city. Before I knew it, we were sipping wine at a sidewalk café on the Boulevard St. Germain and planning our grand tour.

Leaving the café, we drove up the Boulevard des Invalides to visit the Hotel des Invalides. Not far from here we viewed the celebrated Eiffel Tower with the gardens of the Champs de Mars stretching out in front of it to the Seine. Proceeding across the river, we passed the Trocadero Palace and continued down the Avenue Klever until we reached the Place de l'Etoile with its Arc de Triomphe, from which thirteen avenues ran out in all directions. The most famous of these avenues was the Champs Elysees with its chestnut trees. We ascended this wide thoroughfare, crossed the Place de la Concorde, and arrived back at my hotel in time for supper. The French are well known for their good taste, literally

speaking, and we sat down to a delightful meal that included everything from French pastries to caviar.

Since I gallantly picked up the tab, my friends insisted on continuing the tour; they then whisked me away to the Isle du Palais and the beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame. This edifice was built in the thirteenth century, in the plan of a Latin Cross with two great towers in front of it. By now it was dark, and the huge building glowed in the spotlights, casting a reflection in the surrounding Seine. This was a romantic scene; this was a real Parisian scene! And what was a visit to Paris without a night at the Comedie Francaise? What indeed? And so, we procured tickets for the performance of Racine's "Athalie", thus ending my first day in Paris on this note.

The next morning, bright and early, my friends turned up in a mood of willingness, even eagerness. They gave me the impression of "You ain't seen nothin' yet". So, for hour after hour, day long, like faithful guides, they continued to show me the sights of the wonderful city they liked to call their own. First the Tuilleries and the Louvre; then the Church of the Madeleine and the Luxembourg Gardens. The gardens of Paris, and there are many, are, without exception, magnificent. Throughout these gardens, along the walks or in the centre of the lawns and flower-beds, is much statuary; and I noticed that in keeping with the spirit of Paris these statues are almost exclusively feminine forms. Even the War Memorial follows this trend.

Bois de Boulogne, Mont Parnasse, Montmartre; these are the places I became familiar with. Just two days in this city, and I was becoming a real Parisien, or so I thought. But my stay was ended, and much as I hated to do so, I had to leave Paris behind and think of my tour of the rest of France. After saying goodbye to my friends and thanking them for a wonderful time, I climbed aboard the train bound for the old province of Champagne in the South-east. As the train sped on, I observed that the French countryside of this region was almost entirely covered with vineyard, and little else seemed to employ its people but wine-presses. Of course, this region gave its name to the bubbly white beverage, the most famous of wines.

When we stopped at Lyons to change trains, I was told that I could spend an hour touring this city if I budgeted my time so as to catch the last train out. Lyons is the third largest city in France, next to Paris and Marseille. It is chiefly noted for its manufacturing and light industry. The first thing I visited was the Cathedral, one of the most perfect examples of Gothic architecture in the whole country. Lyons was a thriving city even in Roman times, and it was the old Roman ruins in evidence in many parts of the city that I spent the rest of my time exploring. I managed to make the last train out, and felt quite pleased when we reached the Franco-Italian border before sundown. After the usual border procedure, my train speeded up so as to arrive in Milan by morning.

It was in Milan that I joined my cousin Constance, a very beautiful woman if I may say so. After spending such a large part of my tour alone, I was glad to have a companion with whom I could complete my holiday. Neither of us had planned to visit the Italian cities. But we did decide to spend a day in the northern most part of the peninsula. Milan, situated at the foot of the Italian Alps, is the great industrial city of Northern Italy.

The first thing we noticed about Milan was its mingling of large, white skyscrapers with the ancient, grey architecture. Its modern buildings were large, but so were some of the older buildings. The cathedral, for instance, could accommodate more than twenty thousand people. The edifice was of Gothic style that had more pinnacles probably than any other church in the world. Another large building of age was the Opera House. Built in the last century, it was the scene of many famous performances; indeed, it was the scene of the world premiere of many great works. In general, I found that the Milanese, though very modern in outlook, were very friendly.

We left Milan at noon, and headed for Austria, via Trieste. As we went further north, the country became more rugged, and the scenery more spectacular. Once inside Austria, we decided on a day of skiing in the Alps. I had done very little skiing before this, and cousin Constance had done less; but we rushed to a ski resort near Graz, hired an instructor to give us a few pointers, and had the time of our lives. Needless to say, the Austrians, the world's best skiers, had no fear of competition from us.

I had intended to leave for the Austrian capital right away, but Constance insisted on visiting Salzburg to see the Mirabelle Gardens and number 9 Getreidegasse, the birthplace of Mozart. Despite this detour, we reached Vienna only two days from our departure from Milan. Vienna, as the city of the emperors of the Austrian Empire, as the city of Goethe and Schubert, was no more. In World War 1 she had lost her power and prestige, and in World War 2 she had suffered heavily from bombardment. Surprisingly enough, however, she was still a great city. Her buildings and parks had been repaired, and her economy given a lift. Above all, her population, still over two million, seemed quite friendly and prosperous. The Viennese had that ability to laugh at their troubles and at the same time remedy them.

Vienna, today is still the capital city of the music world. Its opera house, the famous State Opera, has been rebuilt, and its music societies are as widely acclaimed as ever. When we visited the Opera, we marvelled at its beauty and immensity. So we made up our minds to take in a performance that night. A night at the Opera in Vienna is always a great social affair. Besides the elite of Vienna itself, many of the international set apparently make it a place of their frequenting. This night, with a performance of "Fidelio" was no exception. Elegance reigned supreme! And we came away with the feeling of having witnessed a memorable event.

We slept in rather late the next morning, but that afternoon we wasted no time in hiring a guide to take us around the city. Next to their music, the Viennese, we found, like their coffee-houses. Coffee shops can be found everywhere, and they always convey a crowded atmosphere. Here the night watchman and business magnate alike come together to discuss affairs. One of

the outstanding landmarks in Vienna is the Cathedral of St. Stephen on St. Stephen's Platz. It is a huge structure with a roof of patterned tile and a tall, heavily embellished spire, once used as a watch-tower in spotting attacks. Its bell, commonly referred to by the Viennese as the "Pummerin", is so large that it must be set on a scaffold on the ground. The main thoroughfare of the centre of

the city is the Ringstasse, constructed to replace the old fortifications, and often called "the most beautiful street in the world". On the street are situated some of the finest buildings in the city: the Houses of Parliament, the University of Vienna, the Academy of Art (with its magnificent gallery of famous paintings), the six Museums of art and Natural History, and also the Opera. Close by the Ringstasse we found the Belvedere Palace, and spent some time wandering through the bright formal gardens adjoining it.

The Danube River, so famous in song, divides Vienna in half and joins the River Wien, from which the city takes its name. We packed our catch of souvenirs, and, having made final arrangements for our departure, we took a sailing ship up the Danube to its source in the mountains of Bavaria and arrived at Munich late in the afternoon. Our flight from our short stop in this Bavarian brewing town was interrupted by stop-overs along the way in Paris and Shannon. We finally reached New York and home after only nine hours in the air. So ended our grand tour, Constance's and mine. What a wonderful two weeks those were! It was such an exciting experience that we find ourselves making plans for next year's vacation. "Maybe it will be Scandinavia", I thought to myself, "maybe even Russia."

As for you dear reader, I hope you have broadened your outlook and gained some knowledge from these reminiscences. If you have decided to go abroad for your vacation, I am glad. And whether you have made up your mind to go by plane, train, or even ocean-liner, I am happy. But please don't attempt to follow my tour in every detail. It can only bring on cynicism, neurosis and frustration; because, you see, I went by imagination.

—L. St. JOHN '61

NIGHT CITY

Chaotic mass,
Strewn awkwardly
About a great smoke-stack
Of industry;
Irregularly blocked
In mad confusion
By tar-blackened lines, whereon
Hurridly, noisily, it moves.
Breathing heavily of smoke and smog
Smothered in the heavy night
It takes no rest.
Like neon'd veins
Oozing, spurting
Blood-red, death-green,
Baffled in opposition
It struggles: an end in itself
Defies humanity.
Striving blindly, frantically
For freedom
It awaits tomorrow
With uncertainty.

—D. E. M. '59