

Before returning to the Mussolini villa for lunch, we visited the home of Donatello's St. George and David.

After our siesta, we drove for three-quarters of an hour until we arrived at San Gigmignano, where we saw the thirteen remaining towers, and imagined the seventy-two former towers. It was a matter of family pride, to have a tower. We left Mr. A.W. Mann behind, while most of us mounted the highest of the towers, at the top of which hung a huge bell which Mr. Mann had told us not to fiddle with as all the citizens would come out in mourning if we rang it. At the top, with a beautiful sweeping view of the undulating countryside bedecked with olive groves and vines, two Frenchmen (tourists) were trying to ring the bell.

Michael Hallers were split on the issue, some for, some against.

At the bottom, most of us, if not all, were in good enough form to venture next door to the Duomo, a large cathedral where we intended to see frescoes. Instead, we sat out a service for some time: cold, dry, no feeling, was the general consensus to the stereo-system service. Simon Austin gave a bit of his opinion about the organist. Music to which Thomas Davy and I wanted to freak out. Just to mention a few more names; by this time Susan and Caroline, I do believe, were lost to us. Richard Evans took the first opportunity of diving into a cafe, falling into an armchair, and lapsing into another world, business papers in hand.

We then visited St. Augustino, where the huge clergyman talked to Mr. Mann about the removal of his altar. He went on and on, Mr. Mann faithfully saying "Si" every ten seconds and at the same time saying he hadn't a clue what the man was on about.

Anyway, the clerical friend of ours seemed to be perfectly content, and thought our singing was wonderful. Herewith, (after the drive back, supper, singing, wine, coffee and cake) endeth yet another memorable day, and marvellous chapter in the life of Nigel Denisovich.

Nigel (Denisovich) Mulock

23rd July

Ninth Day

Florence 3.

The bad weather behind us, we set off by coach for the Palazzo Pitti, after the usual breakfast. Leaving there, we walked to the Basilica di Sta. Maria del Carmine. In this church is the very famous fresco by Masaccio of the tribute money. Set in one fresco are the three incidents where Jesus and his disciples came to the city gates. Christ tells Peter to go and catch a fish from the river. Peter does so, and finds a coin in its mouth, with which they are permitted to enter the city. Although not so significant an event, the construction of the fresco was the first in which perspective - true perspective - was used. From there we went to the church of Santo Spirito. This church is designed on mathematical proportions. It is a large church, and in between each of the side sections there is an altar, and a central altar in the crossing of the church. The walls and

pillars were made from a grey sandstone, peculiar for its not holding dirt, as does most such stone.

It was in this church that the "choir" had its most embarrassing moment. We tried to sing on two occasions, but both times were rather weak, to put it mildly. Still, there was good reason, for most people had a touch of England in their throats!

We left the church and walked to the Palatina gallery. This was perhaps the best gallery to which we went, for there we saw the famous Raphaels. We saw the Madonnas, the Donna Velata, the Madonna del Granduce, and the Madonna on the chair. These were very interesting contrasts: the latter Madonna seated in a posed position; the Granduce Madonna standing. We saw a number of other Raphaels, including the cardinals, such as, Pope Julius, the *Ritratto di Tommaso Inghirani*, and others. We saw a few other paintings of the 250,000 odd displayed there.

By then the morning had passed, and we all piled into the coach, and drove back to the Hostel for lunch.

In the afternoon we went to see the Pazzi chapel by the Santa Croce church. This chapel is remarkable for its two domes: one large, and one much smaller, above the altar. Around the walls were the twelve disciples, set in four groups of three, in the four corners. On the ceiling were four Beings: a bull, an eagle, a lion, and man. All round the walls was the waterline left by the recent floods.

We then went into the Santa Croce church to see the Giotto's there. The death of St. Francis, his resurrection and renunciation by his father is a very well known set of frescoes. Also, the story of John the Evangelist, his birth and death and his raising to heaven with Christ welcoming him, is portrayed.

The frescoes in the supermarket were quite poor, I thought; but we bought our food for an out-of-doors supper, and set off for Fiesole to see the Roman amphitheatre. This is used as a cinema and concert place, and has seating capacity of about 3,000. We made a much better account of ourselves when we sang there - perhaps inspired by the place. We walked around the site and saw the Roman baths and "boiler room" ('hypocaust') and the old Etruscan temple, dating from around B.C. 400.

We made our way back to the coach, and set off to find a place for supper, which, we finally settled upon, was an olive orchard: - most romantic as we watched the sun go down. We reluctantly departed and closed the day with the now usual musical ending from our merry minstrels.

Simon Austin

24th July

Tenth Day

Florence 4.

We got up at about 7.30. After a good shower and passable breakfast, we assembled in the coach. Mr. Mann talked briefly to us about the art we were about to see, which notably included the

"David" and other pieces of Michelangelo's work.

We arrived in Florence some thirty minutes later, and entered the Academy. As we expected we found the works of art quite staggering.

By approximately 15.876 minutes past eleven o'clock, we found ourselves in the Medici Palace (the Medici family being the main sponsors of art in Florence), where we saw pictures, covering all the walls, portraying scenes of the Medici family in their attempt to unite the east and western church (this they would have achieved had the Turks not prevented it).

We returned to the Youth Hostel for lunch, and enjoyed a siesta from half past one to half past three. Then we caught a bus into Florence, and spent the afternoon in whatever fashion we chose, having been given the afternoon off. Most of our party had a good look at the market, and will probably remember how expensive it was. The Ponte Vecchio also attracted quite a few of us, with its innumerable jewelry shops. We noticed a young man trying to sell his own paintings (presumably meant to be 'modern art'), and observed the way in which the price he was asking rapidly descended as the realization slowly dawned on him that he could interest nobody in his scribblings. We asked him about his painting to cheer him up a bit, but he must have known he was a failure.

At a quarter to seven, we met at the Duomo in Florence, and came back on the coach to the Youth Hostel, where we had a very pleasant picnic supper (i.e., bread, cheese, olives, carrots, lettuce). After this we went back into Florence and attended a delightful concert, given by a Czech group of players, who performed music dating from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. This concert was given in the courtyard of the Pitti palace under numerous arches. The arrangement was a success both atmospherically and musically: sitting as we were in the cheapest seats, quite a way back, we nevertheless were able to appreciate the acoustics at their very best. Half way through the programme, a few of us wandered out into the courtyard and listened to the music from the middle of the square. Lying down here it is possible to hear the wonderful music coming from one part of the building, and simultaneously watch the night sky directly above.

At twelve o'clock, we crept back into the Youth Hostel (having stretched the usual closing time of the hostel by an hour, and therefore charged to make not the slightest sound), and went to bed WITHOUT the usual "groaning session" which, in the showers, generally takes place before sleeping.

Ian Bass

25th July

Eleventh Day

Florence 5.

I am afraid this is an inadequate description of a fulfilling day. Although I did take notes on our daily expeditions it was not my chosen day so to a large extent I had to fall back on my local

library - an insufficient institution.

We started out by visiting the Church of Santa Maria Novella. Dominicans established themselves there in 1221 but not without opposition as terrible voices and howling of demons were heard, which for twelve months almost every night bewailed there the coming of the friars. These voices were heard not by friars alone but by many of the neighbours as well.

The church was already very old at this time as it had appeared in documents in 483.

The Renaissance facade, like a temple front with its splendid frieze, was the work of Alberti, the earliest master of the Renaissance; it is one of the loveliest of the 15th century and was restored by Michelangelo.

Dominico Ghirlandaio, the teacher of Michelangelo, was commissioned to paint in fresco the vast walls of the choir with scenes from the life of Our Lady, the patroness of the Church and the Dominican Order, and from the life of St. John the Baptist, the patron of Florence.

Inside we saw the Spanish Chapel dedicated in honour of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Later we visited the Medici tombs in the Church of San Lorenzo where we saw the splendid monuments erected by Michelangelo. The statues carved by Michelangelo have been called Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn; also the two Medici dukes, Lorenzo and Giuliano.

In these figures we can see the agony expressed which no doubt Michelangelo felt as a result of the loss of such a great family who did more to enhance the creative spirit of the time than anybody else.

I need hardly mention that before returning to our Youth Hostel in Florence for the last time, we sang Ave Maria.

Nigel Mulock

25th July

(Eleventh Day)

(Florence 5.)

The wealth of form and colour on the walls of the Spanish Chapel of La Chiesa de Santa Maria Novella is overwhelming and somewhat forbidding. There are thousands of people in every direction but on the left wall St. Thomas Aquinas is seen as the focal point, placed by the artists in a lofty position. Beside the proliferating crowds the simplicity of certain images still stands out; notably that of Peter sinking in stormy waters, clinging to the hand of Jesus. The memory of two groups depicted in the Chapel: a troop of softly clothed, mediaeval young women, dancing, and four gaudy devils, painted with such fervour that they verge on the ridiculous, embody for me the great range of colour and width of vision that the artists possessed.

That evening we attended a Dominican Mass at Michelangelo's most favoured church, San Miniato, on a hill-side over Florence. The sincerity of the monks broke through the theatre of the ceremony and

costume. The service was slightly more appreciated than others attended, largely on account of a noticeable absence of microphones and mourning women.

The grace, one of few silent moments, was particularly memorable later that evening; our circle reflected in the pool around which we stood.

Both the Mass and the Grace are rituals, and both acknowledge God; yet the former was subject to much negative criticism, while the latter was valued, and accepted, unquestioned. A recognition of the value of the Mass, albeit seen in a smaller sphere than previous times, would have rendered their argument more positive. Surely it is not brevity alone which has dictated preference?

The Medici Tombs are silent and grey - yet seem full of colour and life. I was struck with an impression of ease in which the Duke Giuliano and the flanking figures of Day and Night, live. Those three figures facing left me feeling the difficulty of living.

Lorenzo and Giuliano represent such a great duality in Man, that of thought and action.

Night, Day, Dawn and Dusk cannot be related with usual orientating concepts; they stand outside place and recorded time. An aspect, which particularly interests me, is that they cannot be equated with good or evil. Without obvious standpoints from which to view them, their effect is more direct.

Dusk's open eyes are those of reflection; his gaze downward. The massive opposing figure of Day, leonine and coiled, is like a man about to put a shot. He is ready to spring into activity; his rugged face, with his eyes directed outwards, is enough to represent him.

Night sleeps, smiling.

It is with Dawn that I feel the greatest affinity. Surely the pain and difficulty of waking is common experience? Her suffering is intense. She reminds me of the opening lines of Eliot's "The Waste Land" - the strain and reluctance of the land to blossom, the bleeding it must undergo before this is possible.

The seasons of the year reflect those four times of the day. It becomes awe-inspiring to conjecture that this correlation is possible. It brings Michelangelo far closer when I find such a great sympathy of ideas: those of a fifteenth century artist with those of a modern poet.

Tessa Westlake

26th July

Twelfth Day

Florence - Milan -

Departure from Florence

Melano (Lugano)

We were to catch our final glimpses of this wonderful and beautiful city, but before leaving it let us cast our minds back. In Florence one finds many great works by Michelangelo. I want to call to memory the Medici tombs in the new sacristy of San Lorenzo. They are an example of the refined balance of Renaissance art. However

the typical qualities of this period all seem to be exalted by the presence of Michelangelo. The airy space is so rhythmically punctuated by the tall grey pilasters, and here perhaps more than anywhere else one found the verticality pronounced to a greater extent, in fact this chapel echoes everything we perceive from the David. But there was more than just an elevation of these two basic elements of space: there was a strong sense of rebirth. The actual reality and being of the Renaissance, was alive here.

Looking back now from one's standpoint in this fine monument, to the little round church in Bergamo, one realizes how enormous the development of civilization was in these vital few centuries.

Now the time had come to return to the coach for our long journey north to Milan. First, however, we had to organize a group photograph which was quickly taken, and remains to this day for posterity. At this point Christine had to leave us, as she was going to work for a family in Florence.

The coach coughed and shuddered to a start and the distance between us and Milan slowly diminished, but soon groaning demands for capucino brought the coach to a standstill at a large motorway cafe. As everyone clambered out of the coach we noticed a massive horde of American Express tourists enter the cafe before us. They immediately became involved in ordering coffee and sticky buns, but their broad southern accents had little effect on the Italian staff. After Richard had efficiently organized coffee for us we returned to the coach and continued our journey with rumbling capucino stomachs.

When we arrived in Milan we settled down to our picnic in the large park at the back of the Castello Sforzesca where the Duke lived and Leonardo worked. We chose a delightful spot to have our picnic, next to a decorative sand pit. The bread salami and sand were particularly delicious today.

After lunch we made our way to see Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper". Leonardo's painting is perhaps one of the most successful on this subject ever painted. For he has overcome everything previous painters had found problems. The main problem had been to seat thirteen people around a table. Leonardo overcomes this by grouping the apostles in threes around the central Christ figure. However this is just the first example of the artist's compositional talents. Leonardo has created throughout the whole picture a tremendous unity, which is at the same time in perfect harmony with the distribution of emphasis. Christ is seated in the middle of the painting, and a multitude of compositional elements point to this fact, yet by a careful arrangement of the apostles' positions and gestures, he maintains balance and a tremendous variety of focal points. So far this description has been very technical, and one might be led to believe that the painting is likewise, but in fact the painting is full of mood. This is largely created by the enormous amount of activity within the groups of apostles. The painting as a whole of course tells a story, but the amazing thing is that each individual group also tells a story and yet again each separate figure tells another. Leonardo's meticulous attention to detail has once again produced a most convincing and beautiful composition.

26th July

On the way to Milan

We're breezing down the highway with the swiftness of a dove
(the temperature is steady at 96 above)

Churning through his many gears, the captain of our coach,
Herr Neu, or mispronounced: Hanoi, is driving past reproach.

Beginning as a gentle murmur and turning to a roar,
It started in the hinder seats but soon spread to the fore
Its tone was weak, distinction bad, its rhythm even cruder
Yet doubt was none, the mob sang out for, yes you're right:

"Magruder!"

The coach now wound its way, the Apennines among,
(the pelican continued on a-feeding of its young)
And Mr. Mann, our leader, warned the faithful throng
Not to sleep through this part, but his voice was drowned
by song
Of forty tired people snoring loud and long.

J. E.

It was now Ian's turn to leave us, which he did in style, as everyone waved from the back of the coach until he was completely out of sight.

The Italian part of the tour was now almost over, we had only the night to spend at a pretty hostel by the cool waters of Lake Lugano, before tackling the Gotthard pass the next day.

Simon Carreras

27th July

Thirteenth Day

Melano (Lugano)
- Eptingen

While most of the party still slept on their bunks, a few intrepid nature-lovers stole softly from the hostel at Melano, and swam in the cool waters of Lake Lugano. Refreshed and breakfasted we travelled along the lake's shore, and then up into the mountains to Ponte Capriasca, in whose church is a copy of 'The Last Supper'. This reproduction is attributed to Francesco Melzi, a pupil of Leonardo's, who received his tutor's notes when da Vinci died. He was, therefore, in a position to paint such a picture.

The picture is clearer than the original, the colours stronger and, in a way, cruder. The feeling of space in the original is missing in the copy, the background being cluttered with heavy detail.

After singing the Bruckner, we drove on towards Lucerne via the Gotthard pass. At Chiggiogna there is an idyllic spot beside the turbulent river that flows down the whole valley. In this setting lunch was prepared, after which some visited the local church. Sandwiched between the railway and a rocky cliff, it contained a wooden model, carved with great devotion, depicting the Whitsun event. From the heads of the disciple-figures, rose flame emblems.

The journey over the Gotthard pass was slow and damp, but the tremendous force of the landscape was impressive, the contrast of gravity and levity being obvious, even more so than in a Greek temple.

Hugh Antrobus

28th July

Fourteenth Day

Arlesheim - Colmar

We were awakened, by Mr. Mann, to a lovely, sunny morning. It was still very early and cold, and the rather over-powering farmyard smells made us wish we could stay in bed a little longer. So, in the last ten minutes, there was a frantic rush, and the general confusion in our tiny room brought us down late for breakfast. Then we scrambled onto the coach, and were off on our way to the cancer clinic at Arlesheim.

To-day, as we drove away, was the first time I saw what the hostel really looked like from outside. It was among green fields on the mountains, and cherry trees grew around it. We descended the mountains on a small road which brought us to the motor-way. Mr. Mann

talked to us on the way about the Lukas Clinic. He also explained the qualities of Iscador, and how it helps the patients.

I was expecting to see rather a large hospital-like building, but when we arrived, what I saw looked like a nice, expensive house. Around it were trees and other houses.

First of all Dr. (Mrs.) Leroi gave us a talk on their work. Their treatment is involved with stimulating the flagging etheric forces of the patient, which I found terribly interesting, but far too complicated and deep to attempt an explanation.

The clinic made a great impression on me: not just in the way they treat patients, but there was such a wonderful atmosphere. It was so refreshing just to walk through it. We were shown around the clinic after the talk. In every room and along the passages were pictures. The walls were all painted in nice, warm colours. Wonderful smells came wafting along the passage as we approached the kitchen! The dining room was something quite wonderful: - blue carpets, with many chairs and tables, and large windows looking out on trees. This was hardly like a hospital! Painted on the ceiling, at first hardly distinguishable, were waves of delicate colours. They were like the waves of the sea coming into shore, with beautiful colours shining through them.

The patients' models were also quite fantastic. To think that sick people, who have never done something like it before, can produce such lovely forms in clay, is really wonderful.

Everywhere there was something refreshing to see and feel. A painting, a nice smell, a lovely coloured wall, or a cheerful bedroom looking out on the near-by hills. I came away feeling happy to know that there was such a place.

Then, coffee in the Speisehaus - expensive, but very good!

We crossed into Germany on our way to Colmar. On the way, we stopped on a hill, by a church, above a town, and had our picnic by the church. I helped prepare the food. People kept walking by and staring at our lovely food display (i.e., bread, cheese, salami, lettuce, carrots, etc.), commenting on how good it looked. It was nice to know that our art in sandwich-making was admired!

As usual, we took too long in clearing up, and Herr Neu was impatiently honking the horn as we ran to the bus.

About an hour's drive through German and French countryside brought us to Colmar. We stopped by a large building, and walked in. About the first thing that met us was a huge canvas in blaring red and green colours, almost jumping out at one. It was fascinating. It was like an enormous globe coming right out of the canvas and going flatter or rounder as you approached or walked away from it.

Well, we had come here to see the Grünewald altar paintings, so we walked on, through the Gothic cloisters, to the room where the Grünewalds were kept. On the way, some people stopped and looked into a room where there was a really old, wooden wine-press, and enormous barrels lined up against the wall. There was a very homely atmosphere, with great chunks of wood, worn smooth with use.

One noticed immediately the different style of architecture in the cloisters. The arches were Gothic, more pointed and enclosed than the ones we saw in Italy - no longer the openness and airiness. It looked almost as if the people here were more withdrawn, retreating into themselves for security. Mr. Mann talked to us about the hard dark times in which the people, suffering from war and disease, lived. And, into this stricken country, Grünewald brought his paintings in order to help the people see the suffering of Christ in their own suffering, and attain self-knowledge by recognizing who Christ was and who they were. Sick people were carried before the paintings, for they had to come to terms with the scenes of the Crucifixion, and temptation of St. Anthony, before they could experience, in a little way, the scenes in the other paintings.

When one walks into the room, the first thing one sees is the rather shocking picture of Christ on the cross. The colours are dark, and one can almost witness the immense grief, pain, and calmness of John, portrayed in the picture. Mary Magdalene kneels on the ground: through her every gesture, fold of her dress and strand of hair, streams a most powerful current of grief.

This picture is so powerful it almost takes everything out of you. It is such a wonderful scene. As one sees all the pictures, one goes through a kind of process. Every scene is so powerful in its own way: the Resurrection, the Birth, the Temptation of Anthony, and the Annunciation. It was almost a shock to see it. So completely different from the Italian pictures, where Mary accepts the situation with calmness, great serenity, and wisdom. Here she was almost overcome by the appearance of the angel. This Mary is far more earthly, and her reaction is that of an earthly woman. This is the same with all the pictures. The people there seem far more like us, and because of this they almost become a reality, and one can feel it is all happening right there. The delicate beautiful dove, which one can hardly see. - God watching over Anthony: there is hope, for Anthony is guarded, and God will never leave his side. The Birth; the lovely soft colours; the red rose contrasted against the terrible mountains: yet the light still shines above the black clouds. In the Resurrection, there is a tremendous force. Christ soars into the air, throws over the rock, and has colours streaming about him, and light radiating from his wounds.

These pictures were a wonderful experience. I could have gone on looking for ages.

Some of us stayed in the gallery a little too long, and Curtis and I couldn't find the 'sortie'; but after rushing up and down a few times, we eventually found ourselves outside. - But no coach! Luckily, someone from our class - Mark Collingwood, I think - was jumping up and down and waving madly a little further up the road. I think everyone was pretty tired on the way back. Mark Collingwood and Jim looked quite angelic, sleeping curled up on the seat like two darling little boys - gently snoring!

We rolled up to the Youth Hostel after Herr Neu had done a few spins at the top of the mountain outside a Gasthof, and had a lovely meal prepared by Frau Jenni herself.

After supper, about ten of us were sitting in the dining-room talking to Mr. Mann, while the washing up was noisily done in the kitchen. About an hour later we noticed how silent it was: they had all gone off, without a word. Well, we had a great time all the same. Mr. Mann told some funny stories, and we also heard Richard's opinions on the bad organization of British Rail.

Then we had a chocolate party. This was hilarious. Everyone was being crazy. But, all too soon, it was broken up, because we were reminded by Mr. Mann that no 'ladies!' were allowed in 'gentlemen's!' rooms. Well, we finished off the chocolate party, with herb tea, in the dining-room.

We soon went off to bed, and saw Richard prancing around the washrooms with his towel around his waist.

After the usual coughing fits we eventually fell asleep.

Nicola Billows

29th July

Fifteenth Day

Black Forest - Basel

I awoke to find Mark Collingwood, who slept next to me, being enclosed in his striped sheet sleeping-bag by the placing of a tight knot at the top. As he fell about looking like a sack of potatoes, someone photographed him in one of his potato sack poses.

After breakfast, suitcases were put in the coach, and "Ave Maria" was sung in the upstairs hallway to Frau Jenni and to grandchildren downstairs.

On boarding the coach we were delayed a few minutes by some chocolate-buying girls. Having started ten minutes late, we met up with Christopher Mann and his Mercedes, which we followed, being trailed ourselves by a Volks Wagen of class niners. We went across the frontier into Germany and made our way to Herr Schwenk's water laboratory. Getting off the coach, we ascended a path which went up to the house which contained the laboratory. This place used to be a farmhouse, but they bought it up because it had a spring on its land. We stood outside the house for a little while in the cold, wet air. After we were strictly told not to smoke inside, and those who had smoked before not to touch anything, we were led along a passage, upstairs and into a wood-panelled briefing room, where, once again, "Ave Maria" was sung. There we were told, through the dual interpreters of C. Mann and Richard, how they photograph the pattern of different waters. In this pattern they can see how much life there is in the water. At the moment they are looking into ways of putting life back into water. In groups, they showed us how they photograph the water in a particularly cold room downstairs.

I particularly enjoyed the competition between the two interpreters.

On boarding the coach, we went to a picnic place under lots of fir trees. I went further into the wood to pay a call on nature! Coming all the way back to the picnic place, I cleverly missed every one of the flying fir-cones. To my delectable delight, I was flabbergasted to see salami and cheese sandwiches on the picnic menu for a change. On the coach going to Basel, Herr Neu shouted at Jim for leaning his head against the window. Simon Austin shouted at me for waffling. Mark Collingwood shouted "Magruder", and Mr. Mann took over the radio volume controls to overrule the growing hysteria of a lot of Monty Python "catty women". I left the coach with a group of other people with the intention of visiting our Swiss families. Mark Collingwood and I jumped on the first tram we saw. Unfortunately, standing inside the carriage was a ticket inspector who hurriedly conducted us both to a ticket machine at the next stop. He even showed us how to put our money into the machine. He was very kind, and we were grateful to him for his thoughtful help.

On finding my family on holiday, I met up with some of the others in Basel at 'Atlantis' (a crummy place). I spent the afternoon looking around Basel. One time, I came across an English pub. I asked for a pint of bitter. The nearest thing they could give me to a bitter was a bitter lemon! Having met up with Dede, Nicola, Kathryn and Nicolas at the cafe overlooking the Barfusserplatz, we went by tram to visit the school where we stayed for a term. Luckily we met no ticket inspectors. Later on, we met Hugh who told us how his Swiss family had greeted him, and how they gave him a plate of salami sandwiches to eat as a nice treat.

We made our way to the Restaurant Post. Shortly afterwards the coach drew up. In the building, we had to wade through tables and smoke and glasses of beer to the end of the room where our tables were. At the noisy, brightly lit end was a little cafe band. We had soup to start with, followed by veal and chips. Towards the end of the meal Simon asked Thomas to request the band to play Auld Lang Syne. They played it! But they played it so slowly and quietly that we did not realize they were playing it until the last line. Looking back on that meal, I particularly remember Herr Neu laughing, Thomas doing Eurythmy to the beat, Jefferson drawing pictures on the waiter's pad, and me with a chip on my shoulder, and Richard opening his present. After the general speeches and votes of thanks, we went to the station and got on the train feeling spiritually high (i.e. in high spirits).

Mark Hardy

29th July	(Fifteenth Day)	Visit to "Forschungsinstitut für Strömungswissenschaft"
Institute for the science of currents		Herrischried, Black Forest

On our return from Italy, our stay in Switzerland was, in comparison, a very different experience. Compared with the hot excitement of Italy one could find the last days of our trip almost an anti-climax, if it hadn't been for our outings to such places as the