

Fall in Paris Journal

Today is October 31, Toussaint in France, All Souls eve in the US, or Halloween (hallowed eve.) School has been out for a week and tomorrow, Monday, is a national holiday.

Come to think of it, I should have gone shopping and laid in some goods.

I was practicing the cello and I heard whistles outside. I have learned to go to the window whenever I hear anything unusual out there.

There were people in bright yellow knit shirts skating around on the intersection holding traffic.



Before I knew it I saw a bunch of in-line skaters skate into view and continue. I looked back where they came from and saw hundreds of skaters coming from the direction of the train station.



The first night we were in Paris, we had dinner across the street at le bar à Huîtres. At 9 p.m. we saw probably 100 skaters come by at 9 p.m. right on Blvd. Montparnasse. At that hour of the day, there was hardly any traffic so there was no danger. The waiter was pretty blasé about it. He said on Friday nights at 9 p.m. the skaters come by on Blvd. Montparnasse.

Well, here it was about 6 p.m. on a Sunday afternoon and while the traffic was calm because it is also a holiday, there were cars on the road that had to be stopped. It must be rough to be a driver in Paris. There are all kinds of delays. In the mornings I watch the delivery trucks and the garbage trucks tie up rue Delambre for several minutes. The drivers wait.

As I watched and took photos, I noticed that some of them seem to have costumes on. I remembered that it is Halloween. The woman in front is wearing a big black cape.



In the next picture you can see a pink cape and some of the people were wearing wigs and other costumes. We are on the 7th floor so it's too far up for much detail. The checkerboard pattern is the bus/taxi lane.



I am still recovering and stayed inside all day. I used the time to write up a few postings for my Fall in Paris Journal. Then I had a thorough practice session on the cello.

Ernie refused to stay in even though he is not well, yet. He went to two concerts. At 4:30 pm there was an organ concert at the Notre Dame Cathedral. It is wonderful to hear the great organ in this vast space. Several hundred people were in the center portion of the cathedral to listen to the concert while around the periphery there was the usual throng of visitors, which added a slight amount of background noise but was not objectionable. The program is on our [concert list](#), also part of this journal.

Afterward Ernie walked over to St. Ephrem and heard a spectacular concert by the Solstice Trio: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Rachmaninov. An interesting twist was that the pianist was late so the violinist entertained us for about a half hour playing unaccompanied pieces by Bach.

Ernie then walked back to the apartment and met Olivia at Villa Borghese, just around the corner from our apartment. We ordered take-out – what they called a pizza but was more like a large crepe and roasted vegetables. We took these up to the apartment and had dinner.