



Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series A: Events and Activities, 1946-1993, undated.

Reel
42

Box
13

Folder
632b

Sabbaticals, correspondence, 1979-1980.

January 2, 1980

Dear Doris and Bud,

It's hard to believe that our stay here is coming to its end. I guess that when you are enjoying something the time passes all too quickly. We have been very busy. I've gotten a good bit of work done. We've met a number of fascinating people. As you can imagine, this town attracts them in large numbers and I have a feel now of what English Jewry is really like.

Adele has talked with Ellen a number of times. She seems fine and on top of her work. Unfortunately, we have not been able to find a time when we could ^{get} together, but the conversations have been long and I know Adele is quite pleased with the maturity and sense of rootedness which Ellen manifests.

You should now be settled in surry San Diego. Our weather here has been overcast but not cold and there have not been those drenching rains and terrible fogs which England is so famous for. So on that score, as on every other, there is nothing to complain about.

We are going to have several Hanukkah parties, one for the fellows at Yarnnton; another for the staff of the Leo Baeck School in London; and ~~also~~ we are, in a sense, saying goodbye to a number of new friends, some of whom I hope to introduce to the congregation in the course of next year at various First Fridays.

Cleveland seems to have settled down after the election. I only wish that the situation in Iran could properly be brought to a close. The English papers sound like they must have sounded before Munich, but I do hope that Carter shows a strength which I have not found in him up to this point.

As you can imagine, we are looking forward to being with our kids over the holidays. We have not seen Sarah or Michael since Sep-

[Jan 2, 1980]

tember and we are eager to get our arms around them. Jonathan is fine. He is enjoying his work in Paris and his French is now fairly fluent. I think it was a good choice for him and once the school got organized, which was only in November, things began to move quite smoothly.

Keep well, happy Hanukkah.

All our love,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp



January 2, 1980

Dr. and Mrs. Ed Whitman
2711 Rochester Rd.
Cleveland, Ohio 44122

Dear Bubbles and Ed:

I was delighted to hear from everyone at The Temple how successful the Kitchen Shower was. I know that a great deal of effort went into it. Bubbles, these are not your kind of meetings, but I know that it could not have gone on without your good spirits and strong guidance. Many thanks.

It's hard to believe that our stay in England is almost over. We leave next Wednesday to meet the children in Morocco. We're going south in desperate search for the sun. Actually, the weather has not been too bad. There has been a bit of rain but it has been one of England's better falls.

I've gotten a lot of work done. Adele and I have been able to do a good bit of visiting and theater-going in London as well as touring of the countryside. I met the other day the President of the Women's Association of the West London Synagogue and, Bubbles, you have it easy. This gal not only runs the usual monthly programs, but a three-times-a-week program for Golden Agers. Then the other day, it's the place where the Leo Baeck School also has its library and classes, I found myself in the middle of what the English call jumble, which is simply a sale of old and unwanted garments. You wouldn't believe the mess. I smiled and said I've seen it before.

I hope everything is well with you. Adele joins in sending our love and our very best for a happy Hanukkah and a joyous and healthy new year. Please forgive this way of communication but you know what my handwriting is.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 2, 1980

Dear Alice and Norm,

It was good to hear from you and to know that you will soon be on your way to Florida. We are going south ourselves next week in search of the sun and our children. We meet them in Morocco. Sarah and Michael will fly over from the states and Jonathan will come down from Paris. If all goes well we'll have two weeks together and then they go back to work and we become gypsies.

I was sorry to hear that Charles will not be in Malaysia, but it's good to know that he is on his way home. I know that he's had a wonderful experience and I hope that he will be able to build on it for a career which gives him satisfaction.

I am getting good reports from our activities at The Temple. ~~Thinking of~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~sign~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~gate~~ ~~a~~ ~~great~~ ~~improvement~~. Lou Ward, the designer of the Cleveland Museum of Art, drew up the plans and they look quite good. Provided everything is to scale, it ought to be a fine addition and, besides that, a safety feature. Too many people brake sharply when they suddenly come upon our driveway.

I do hope that you have been able to get some things started with the Foundation Fund. The first few years are the toughest and the most important. We are clearly going to need plus money in our budget if we are only to keep the present level of services. I've been able to see an appreciable increase in costs just in the three months we've been here in England.

Thank you for sending me the article from Commentary by Julius Weirberg. He's not one of ours. He used to be the Educational Director at Suburban Temple and he now teaches history at Cleveland State. He's not a man who is of a particularly original turn of mind. The piece itself is really a rehash of conventional ideas without any real point of view. What is more interesting is why Commentary chose to publish it. Reform could use a good critical look, but this, unfortunately, is not it.

Norm, this country was not made for you. It's a beautiful country and London is one of the most civilized cities in the world, but inefficiency has been institutionalized as a fact of life. It takes two to three times as long to get anything accomplished than in the United States. My classic story is of the little post office in Oxford where I went with some stamped envelopes, simply to put them in the box. I was told that this post office did not accept letters.

(Jan 2, 1980)

The English have developed patience to a fine art and I suspect their passivity is one of the reasons that service is so limited.

Adele joins in sending our love and best wishes for a healthy and happy new year and a wonderful Hanukkah.

Sincerely, .

s

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp



Sent to Nephew

[Zeidman]

January 2, 1980

Dear Mother and Dad,

It's the Sunday before Hanukkah and it's hard to believe that we have only ten more days here in our little doll's house. We have been spending a good bit of time in London trying to do a lot of the things we suddenly realized we would not have all the time in the world to accomplish.

We had dinner with Claire and William Frankel last week. They had the photographer, Alfred Newman, and his wife. He was opening a show on eminent English folk at the National Portrait Gallery. He is a warm man of about sixty and it was a delight. We stayed the night and I gave my final lecture at the Leo Baeck the next day while Adele was involved with museum work. She has been meeting with people at the Commonwealth Institute and a few other institutions, and there seems to be real interest in the book and in her work.

We went over for tea last night to the home of Susan and Michael Gilbert. He is a bright young historian who has been assigned the task of completing the authorized biography of Winston Churchill which Randolph began. They are on volume seven or eight. He works at home in a beautiful house on the hillside overlooking all of Oxford, and seems remarkably put together. They are leaving for Israel in January where he will teach at the Hebrew University. He seems to be directing his life more and more to half a year there and half a year here in England.

When we came home, a young Israeli author, Gideon Telpaz, came to dinner. He is a forty-year old writer who is now trying to complete a doctoral program in Hebrew Literature. He is a very sensitive man and Adele has been reading a number of his stories which she finds quite good.

Today Albert Friedlander, a classmate of mine from the Hebrew Union College and the rabbi at Westminster Synagogue in London, is coming with his family for dinner. We have added two of the men who are here alone: Uri Tal, a delightful man who teaches at Tel Aviv University; and the family of Manfred and Susan Vogel, who teaches Modern Jewish Thought at Northwestern and who is a very intelligent and interesting person. He and Adele get along well and they have two boys who will add to the tumult and the pleasure of the two girls whom Friedlander is bringing along.

The week ahead is a busy one. Monday we are going with the Vogels to a little restaurant which we have heard about. On Tuesday I speak twice in London, and then we are going to an evening sponsored by the Jewish Chronicle. It is their equivalent of Jewish Book Month, and then we are going to take Claire and William Frankel out to dinner. We will stay over. Sherman Lee is coming in on Wednesday and we are going to have dinner. I don't know quite what brings him to London. On Thursday we are going out with a man named S. Montefiore. He is related to the Montefiore family whose name I think you will remember as I gave the lecture, and she is a friend of Ellen Kay who has been so nice to Sarah in Philadelphia. Friday we are going to the Copisarow's for a Hanukkah party. Diana Copisarow and Adele have become great friends. They are a lovely couple. We are trying to crowd in everything we can in the last few days.

We have changed our plans a bit on how to get to Morocco. We are going to leave here on Wednesday, December 19, and fly to Malaga to pick up a car and take it by ferry over to Morocco. We discovered that we could rent a car in Spain for about one-third of what it would cost us in Morocco and because of the cancellation of the Egyptian trip we have the time to take it down from Tangiers to Casablanca and bring it back again. Our stay in Morocco will remain as it is on the itinerary you have. We have decided to stay at the Sahara Agadir rather than the Marhaba. You have both addresses on the list. In all probability we will not spend Sunday, December 31, in Palais Jamais in Fez but will move on directly to Casablanca. They require that you attend their New

[Jan 2, 1980
Zedman, p. 2]

Year's Eve dinner and it is quite expensive. We will leave directly from Casablanca and will drive the car back up through Spain and spend two or three days driving around southern Spain, and then take the plane from Malaga to Madrid and from Madrid directly to New Delhi.

The weather continues to be pleasant. Occasionally it rains but there is no bitter cold and our doll's house is warm enough to please Adele.

Keep well, all our love and happy Hanukkah.

Dan

DJS:mp



January 3, 1980

Rabbi Samuel G. Broude
Temple Sinai
2808 Summit St.
Oakland, California 94609

Dear Sam:

I have been in England since Yom Kippur as part of a sabbatical. While here we became very friendly with a lovely family whose son, Richard M. Copisarow, is an undergraduate at Berkeley. His address is 2230 Haste St., Berkeley 94704, telephone 415-845-7935.

The Copisarows are a lovely old English family who are very much involved in their congregation, Hugo Gryn's, and in Jewish life generally. Richard's grandfather was a colleague of Chaim Weizman in the laboratories of Manchester.

Richard is a graduate of Eaton. We had dinner on the first night of Hanukkah with him and he is a lovely young man. I am writing in the hope that you can help make him welcome in California and help him meet young people of his age (19). He is extremely presentable, good looking and well spoken.

This has been a wonderful experience for us. I am at Yarnton, which is the Post Graduate Centre for Hebrew Studies at Oxford. I have been having a wonderful time getting back to the books and working to complete a book.

I will appreciate any help which you can render to Richard. Please give my love to Judy. May the new year be a healthy and joyous one for you and for yours. I look forward to seeing you in Pittsburgh. We get back to the states around the first of May and I will tell you all about the advantages of a sabbatical and of getting back into harness.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 3, 1980

Rabbi Joseph Asher
Congregation Emanu-El
Arguello Blvd. at Lake St.
San Francisco, Calif. 94118

Dear Joe:

I have been in England since Yom Kippur as part of a sabbatical. While here we became very friendly with a lovely family whose son, Richard M. Copisarow, is an undergraduate at Berkeley. His address is 2230 Haste St., Berkeley 94704, telephone 415-845-7935.

The Copisarows are a lovely old English family who are very much involved in their congregation, Hugo Gryn's, and in Jewish life generally. Richard's grandfather was a colleague of Chaim Weizman in the laboratories of Manchester.

Richard is a graduate of Eaton. We had dinner on the first night of Hanukkah with him and he is a lovely young man. I am writing in the hope that you can help make him welcome in California and help him meet young people of his age (19). He is extremely presentable, good looking and well spoken.

This has been a wonderful experience for us. I am at Yarnton, which is the Post Graduate Centre for Hebrew Studies at Oxford. I have been having a wonderful time getting back to the books and working to complete a book.

I will appreciate any help which you can render to Richard. Please give my love to Fae. May the new year be a healthy and joyous one for you and for yours. I look forward to seeing you in Pittsburgh. We get back to the states around the first of May and I will tell you all about the advantages of a sabbatical and of getting back into harness.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 3, 1980

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sebag-Monteficre
7B Vicarage Gate
London W8, England

Dear Harriet and Harold:

I can't tell you how much Adele and I enjoyed the Ibson play and our evening with you. The National Theatre is always a joy, the company is so competent, and you were such wonderful hosts. You made us feel instantly at home and welcome, and it is one of the pleasantest evenings we have spent here in London. We look forward to renewing our acquaintanceship the next time we are in London; even better, if we can get you beyond the east coast to Cleveland on one of your trips to the states.

I am sending under separate cover a copy of a book of mine which I hope you will find of interest. With all good wishes for a healthy and happy new year, I remain

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 4, 1980

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Adler
2112 Acacia Park Dr., #207
Cleveland, Ohio 44124

Dear Joan and Richard:

We have received your kind note and it is good to know that the Saturday tennis is at least staggering along. We leave Wednesday for Morocco and will leave this lovely manor at Oxford with fond memories. It has been a wonderful time for us. England has had an easy Fall and the situation here is one which is conducive to work and to meeting any number of interesting, agreeable people.

I was glad to read the clipping from the Plain Dealer which indicates that, at least on the financial level, Cleveland is putting its act back together. That is the first step, but the town has a long, long way to go and I only hope people become as concerned with its development and with its human problems as with its credit rating.

While we have been here England has gone through the Blunt affair, an art-historian of the upper classes unmasked as a spy; and we have watched with interest her reaction to the events in Iran. They testify to England's weakness. The major theme here is that it is too bad that it has happened, the Ayotollah should never have done what he did, but President Carter and the Americans must be careful not to upset the banking establishment on which England so increasingly depends. It is not a very high-minded position, but it is argued in England with the usual erudition and skill of the English.

We hope all is well with you and with your wonderful family. We are going to meet the children in Morocco on Saturday and, needless to say, we are eager to see them. Keep well. Have a healthy and happy new year and we look forward to being back home on the first of May. Adele joins in sending our love and best wishes from house to house.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 4, 1980

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Talbott
37070 Shaker Blvd.
Chagrin Falls, Ohio 44022

Dear Jo and Bud:

It was wonderful receiving your Christmas card. The family looks healthy and, obviously, the sun shone on your wedding, a good augury.

We have had a wonderful visit here. This is a fine, seventeenth-century manor house and our little doll's house snuggles up against it. There has been quiet for work, a fast train into London, an hour, which makes plays and friends available, and we have had a car which has allowed us ~~to visit~~ the Cotswolds and even further. I must say, Bud, I am impressed by the number of Talbott castles around, and so is Adele.

We leave this week for Morocco. Our children will meet us for the holidays. We will have two weeks together and then on to our trek. We miss the Clods but trust that everyone is well. We will have many a tale to tell on our return. Please forgive this way of communication, but my handwriting is illegible, and so I have decided to take advantage of the wonders of modern technology, courtesy of Lerner.

Adele joins in sending our love and best wishes for the holiday season and the new year. With all good wishes from house to house, I remain

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 4, 1980

Rev. and Mrs. Al Jeandheur
2648 E. Overlook
Cleveland, Ohio 44106

Dear Jean and Al:

Please forgive this way of communication, but my handwriting is illegible. I did want you to know a little about us and our trip. I also want to tell you that I heard good things about the Thanksgiving Service and that the attendance was up considerably. I am delighted.

We leave England this week. It has been a wonderful visit. Yarnton Manor is a delightful, seventeenth-century Tudor Manor House and we have a little doll's house nestled up to it. There are five other fellows here and they proved to be a pleasant and interesting group. The libraries of Oxford, of course, contain everything, although it is somewhat difficult to get books out of the Bodleian stacks. Believe it or not, Oxford is still pasting in its file cards in large scrap books much as they must have done three or four centuries ago.

I have gotten a good bit of work done. Adele and I were able to go up quite often to London and to drive through the Cotswolds and once even into the lake country. We had a very mild fall, preternaturally so, the English say, and we count our blessings. London has become expensive but its theater remains first-rate. There is a fascinating play at the National Theater now, called AMADEUS. It is the story of a composer, a contemporary of Mozart, who has the prestige and the office but recognizes Mozart's exceptional talent and is envious of it. At the same time, he despises Mozart's character, his buffoonery, his lack of discipline etc. The tension between competence and genius is a fascinating one and it was a good evening. There is also a play called WHOSE LIFE which, I understand, will play in New York. It is the story of a quadriplegic who has decided that he wants to die and the hospital and the doctor who decide that their task is to keep him alive. The play is a simple one, but it raises the issues forcibly and I think when it opens in New York you would enjoy seeing it.

I gather from articles that some of my people have sent over that Cleveland has settled down under its new mayor and that everyone seems relieved and they seem to be moving full steam ahead to solve the problem of the city's credit. I hope they solve the problems of welfare, race and the other human issues.

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One of the striking facts of life here is that this country is different. Because we share the language we tend to feel at home rather quickly, but the English ways are different from ours. The class system is still strong. There is an old boys' network and the queen's role is taken seriously. I guess the most pronounced difference is the importance of ideology. When you talk to someone they inform you as to where they are coming from, Marxism, high Church etc. I have been looking at lists of what undergraduates are reading. A sizeable number are still hard at classics in theology. The library here is called Pusey Hall, and it is an old-fashioned, high-ceilinged set of rooms which I have enjoyed thoroughly.

Adele joins me in the hope that the new year will be a good one and a healthy one for you and for yours. I look forward to seeing you when we return on May 1.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp



January 4, 1980

Rabbi Albert Friedlander
Leo Baeck College
33 Seymour Place
London W1H 5AP England

Dear Albert:

I am grateful for your letter of December 13. I hope that you will contribute the money that would be my pay to the library of the College. Time could not have been nicer and the books will be a permanent edition.

What I would appreciate receiving from you is an official letter thanking me for the contribution and indicating the amount and purpose for which it is to be used. I can deduct the sum from my income tax and gain a small advantage.

You were a wonderful host throughout and both Adele and I are deeply grateful. Remember, you were going to tell us exactly when you are going to be in the States and we look forward to having you and the girls at home. Give my love to Evelyn and have a happy and healthy new year. With all good wishes from house to house, I remain

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 4, 1980

Rabbi Herman E. Schaalman
Congregation Emanuel
5950 Sheridan Road
Chicago, Illinois 60660

Dear Herman:

While you have been slaving away with Conference business and the congregation, I have been enjoying the quiet of Yarnton. Yarnton is the Manor House which is the Center of Oxford's Post Graduate Program in Hebrew Studies. It is a wonderful place to be and I have been delighted to be one of its fellows for the Fall.

We are leaving Yarnton with the end of Hanukkah and we will be traveling for the next few months. Since I had not heard from you on the matter of Conference program and suggestions of the Task Force on Jewish Identity, I presumed that these had been passed over for now. In any case, there is nothing I can do about them until I arrive back in the states around the first of May.

Prompted by a communication, much delayed, from Herman Blumberg who was one of the people whom I wrote to to sound out their interest in the program, I continue to believe that our idea has merit and I hope that at some point the Conference will pick it up.

With all good wishes from house to house, I remain

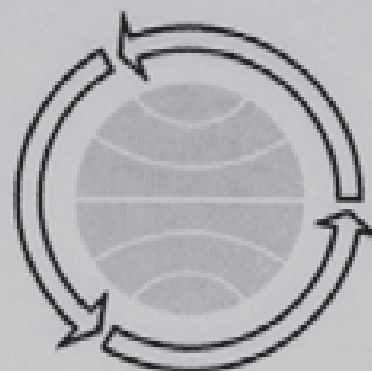
Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

LAND•SEA•AIR

at Halle's



YOUR COMPLETE
TRAVEL SERVICE

1228 EUCLID AVENUE
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44115
216 621-7910

January 9, 1980

Dr. Daniel J. Silver
Expenses and Payments, Trip 1979-80

Invoices

3456	Avis Car, England	200.00	
	Britrail passes	800.00	
	Deposit, Marhaba (refund on request)	150.00	1150.00
3539	Air (Sarah, Michael)	1006.00	
	Air (Dr./Mrs.)	4473.00	
	Deposit, Sahara Agadir	150.00	
	Deposit, La Mamounia	150.00	
	Deposit, Palais Jamais	150.00	
	Deposit, El Mansour	153.00	
	Deposit, Fosters Lakehouse	50.00	6132.00
3685	Visa charges	60.00	
3701	Deposit, Oriental	65.00	
005	Deposit, Miyako	65.00	
011	Deposit, Eliseo (refund on request)	150.00	340.00
Total invoices			7622.00

Payments

Sept. 20	4500.00 ✓
Sept. 28	1512.00 ✓
Oct. 3	1150.00
Dec. 12	979.00 ✓

Total payments	8141.00
Plus 3 United coupons at 40.00 each	120.00
	<u>8261.00</u>
	less 7622.00
Overpayment	639.00

Please note that as soon as we receive refunds from
Marhaba and Eliseo at \$150.00 each, we will refund Dr. Silver

Thank you

Barbara Kaplan

Barbara B. Kaplan

January 31, 1980

Mr. Bennet Yanowitz
Kahn, Kleiman, Yanowitz and Arnson
1300 Bond Court Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio 44114

Dear Bennet:

I want to thank you from the top of the world and from the bottom of my heart for spending a Sunday with The Temple. I am sure that it was a wonderful morning for the congregation and I hope that you enjoyed it as much, ~~all~~, ~~all~~ ~~surely~~ as they did.

How does a rabbi spend the Sabbath in Nepal? Well, Adele and I had lunch with the Israel Ambassador, Shammai Laor and his wife. We had a kiddush and spoke of Israel and the far places of Asia. There have been a number of development projects here in Nepal, and Nepal was the only Asian country to speak out positively at the United Nations about the Camp David accords. We felt very much at home, but it's quite strange being so far away from anything which approximates a Jewish community.

I trust that the National Israel Task Force is doing all that can be done in a difficult period and I know with your leadership they are in strong competent hands.

Again, many thanks. I will see you in May shortly after we return.

As ever,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

January 31, 1980

Dear Bobbie and Jim,

Your letter of January 4 caught up with us in Nepal and we were glad to be brought up-to-date on your family, its weddings, the Federation elections and a much deserved California vacation.

We are well and the trip so far has exceeded our expectations. Nepal is as strange and wonderful a place as we have ever been in. The valley towns are still largely medieval. They are full of pagodas and temples, mostly Hindu shrines, with an overlay of Buddhist and Tibetan traditions. There is the usual color of Eastern markets, but the architecture is particularly striking. These people are wonderful craftsmen in wood and the roofs and windows of the homes are beautifully carved and decorated. Hinduism is still openly and easily practiced here. It's pure idol worship, of course, but the familiarity with which a temple is treated, the practice of sacrifices, the intimate relationship between individuals and the shrines takes me back a bit to what life must have been like in early Biblical times

By contrast to the bustle, the color, and yes, the dirt of the cities, you can drive out into the countryside just a few miles and, from the vantage point of the foothills, look out eastward to the vast range of the Himalayas. We drove out this afternoon to a little vantage point called Kakani which is at an altitude of twelve thousand feet. You look out eastward across a dry river bed valley, and beyond the next set of foothills rise the twenty-three and twenty-four thousand foot peaks of the great Himalaya range from Anapurna on the west to Everest on the east. We stayed there watching the sun set upon this great natural spectacle. It's overwhelming, it's silent and humbling.

We've been here for a few days following a step-by-step trip, Madrid, Rome, New Delhi. The two weeks which we had with the kids in Morocco were wonderful. They are in good shape. Sarah has made a wonderful adjustment to Penn and Michael is enjoying the best of all college years, his junior year. Jonathan is full of Paris sophistication and the excitement of being abroad, so it was just a wonderful family time. There are about twenty thousand Jews left in Morocco out of a population which in 1950 numbered four hundred and fifty thousand. It's startling to remember, as I didn't, that Casablanca once had a Jewish community that was twice the size of Cleveland. Thirty years ago there were about nine million in Morocco of whom four hundred and fifty thousand were Jews, so the Jews represented quite a percentage of Morocco's population. No more. The JDC, ORT, the Alliance and other organizations are doing fine work maintaining schools, old age homes, youth activities and the like, but the young people are leaving as soon as they can and the population is diminishing slightly and aging. The JDC representative estimates that in another ten years the commu-

[Jan 31, 1980
p. 2]

nity will probably cease to be truly viable. But today it's a lively community with synagogue centers, hospitals, cultural activity and the like. However, the fate of the community depends not only upon numbers but upon the survival of the present king. Morocco has a war going on in the south with bedouin guerillas who are sponsored by Libya and Algeria, and this is bleeding the country economically at a time when it desperately needs to increase the already large sums being spent on modernization and industrialization.

I bought a beautiful silver memorial light in Marakesh for The Temple Museum. It's not unlike the one which hangs in my office, but older and more stately and with the inscription in Hebrew cut directly into the metal. I think you'll like it and it will make a fine addition to our collection.

Adele joins in sending our love and our congratulations on your election to the Union Board. Keep well and, again, many thanks for all that you are doing for mother.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp



January 31, 1980

Dear Mother,

I am writing on our last night in Nepal. The five days here exceeded our fondest expectations. Kathmandu sits in a long, rather narrow, valley at the foothills of the Himalayas. Almost every place that you turn gives you another view of those powerful white-capped peaks. You have a sense here of the austere power of nature.

The country itself is full of color, certainly the most picturesque place we have ever visited. There seem to be two basic stock: one Nepalese who seem to be a combination of Indian and Asian types; and the broad-cheeked Tibetans, most of whom came down here in 1959 after the Chinese invasion. Mandu is a town of about 350,000. It is still medieval in so many ways, though there are fine hotels and every comfort that a tourist could wish for. There are taxis and bicycle-driven rickshaws and almost every block, and certainly every corner, has a shrine as well as any number of small shops peddling the necessities of life and the things which a country sells to itself. The basic religion is a mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism and is still widely and easily practiced. There are pagodas and stupas and shrines and statues everywhere. There are no visible Hindu priests, though there are obviously priestly groups, but there are a lot of red-cloaked Tibetan monks in evidence.

The woodwork is particularly fine. Almost all of the buildings in the older part of the city have beautifully carved wooden windows and the wooden sides and roofs of the pagodas are particularly fine. We visited a riverside shrine where cremations take place and the ashes are strewn on the waters to be carried down to the point where the river joins the Ganges. Another shrine up in the hills has weekly sacrifices of goats and chickens and you have something of a sense of what it must have been like in Canaanite times. We passed and entered several Tibetan monasteries where rows of red-coated monks sit facing each other, chanting endlessly their sacred liturgies, accompanied by the sounds of drums, cymbals, horns and the conch shell which they blow to drive away the devils. The people are good-looking, particularly the children and your eyes never tire of feasting on the passing parade.

We have had excellent luck with the weather. The mornings here are cool. The sun quickly burns away the early morning fog and the days have been bright and clear. We drove up one evening into the mountains, crossed the foothill to a little town which is at twelve thousand feet from which you look across a dry river bed valley to the Himalaya peaks beyond. We stayed there for an hour and watched the sun setting and the colors changing from bright mid-day to the red tints of evening. It's a moving and unforgettable experience.

We were particularly fortunate to make the acquaintance here of the Israel Ambassador, Shammay Laor, and his lovely wife, Nura. They have been particularly kind to us. We have had lunch with them and they helped us see the sights of the town.

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He is full of life and good humor and she is a kind and considerate woman. They are good friends of Amalyn and Sadie Crown who were fellows with us at Yarnnton and put us on to the Laors because they knew him when he was with the Israelite Embassy in Australia. They have a son who is studying piano with Fleisher in Baltimore and you would find them both interesting and attractive. I hope we can entice them some day to come to Cleveland where you will have a chance to meet them.

We are both well, excited by all that we have seen and all that we have yet to see. I hope that your household is still of a piece and that you are in good health and taking good care of yourself. All our love from the land at the top of the world.



January 31, 1980

Dear Mother and Dad, Nancy and Philip,

I am dictating this tape on our last night in Nepal. Kathmandu and this country have exceeded our fondest expectations. It's not only its natural setting. Kathmandu is one of a number of towns in a valley which lies about six thousand feet at the foothills of the Himalayas. Almost every place you are if you turn to the north you can see the majestic peaks of that amazing range. We drove out one afternoon to a little lookout point about twelve thousand feet from which you can look across a dry river valley to the snow-capped peaks beyond. It's a humbling and awesome sight, but that is something I rather expected. What I did not expect was the warmth of a Nepal winter and the color of the countryside and of the people. Beyond a narrow band of fine hotels and other tourist comforts, Nepal is a small mountain kingdom which has not yet really begun to emerge from the Middle Ages. The basic religious pattern is a mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism and you cannot walk without passing a shrine, some statue of a god, a pagoda, a temple or a rather noisy procession of a few Nepalese on the way to a puja. Puja seems to be simply an offering to one or another of the infinite number of gods which abound. It usually consists of rice, flower petals, some kind of fragrant liquid and incantations of all kinds. Pujas are offered on any occasion and seemingly by anyone. The Nepalese come regularly and easily and comfortably to the shrines. As you walk along the street you see them reaching up and clanging one of the available bells, turning the prayer wheel of a shrine, or touching a god and taking a little bit of the red paste which may be about the god's figure and pressing it to their foreheads. Alongside the Nepalese native traditions there has been a recent influx of Tibetan Lamaism. The Tibetans came down as refugees from the Chinese invasion of 1959 and saffron-robed monks can be seen about the streets. On several of our visits to shrines we passed and entered Tibetan monasteries. Monks sit cross-legged, facing each other in the room, chanting their mantras, and accompanying their chants with drums cymbals, the blowing of a conch shell or drums. Believe me, any devils in the immediate vicinity will be scared away, but there is an eerie beauty to the music which both Adele and I found quite compelling.

Nepal is ruled by a king. There is a parliament but it is responsible to him. Last year, just after Ali Buto was killed in Pakistan, a number of Nepalese students approached the Pakistani Embassy to protest. The police here broke up the protest rather forcibly and several students were killed. This set in motion some latent national unrest which has caused the king to decree that a plebiscite should be held on governmental reform. He has already promised that a new parliament will be elected by universal suffrage; that it will elect the Prime Minister; and that governmental responsibility will be the order of the day. Precisely where the king will be left in all of this is not clear. He clearly has no idea of giving up all

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the reins of power and becoming an English monarch.

Today happened to be the one day every twelve years when the king drives to the nearby mountain top shrine, Swayambhu, where the local priest adore him as a living god. It's a twenty-four hour process of which we were able to see two parts. Last night, in the central square of Kathmandu, people from all of the valley towns brought in their sacred Buddhist images which range from litter-carried idols to large, buddha heads, three, four feet in height, and placed these along the wall of the palace compound. Thousands of Nepalese filed by, bringing offerings of flower, rice etc. to the various gods. Above the lineup of the gods, a choir, consisting of the strange oriental instruments and male voices, sang endlessly Buddhist hymns. There was a happy and comfortable feeling to it all. This morning the idols were processed to Swayambu. It's a little bit like Mardi Gras. Young men carried litters on which the idols rested and other young men walked underneath the larger heads, carrying them on their shoulders, with brocaded dresses falling about to their tennis shoes. Thousands of Nepalese followed in the procession or pressed towards it from all sides. As the procession approached the ceremonial gate leading to the grounds where the official apotheosis ceremony would take place, priests made magic marks on the ground, and beautifully dressed women in red saris offered a puja. The procession was met by a group of Nepalese soldiers led by a band playing, of all things, Scottish bagpipes. The procession passed through the gates. Long, thin metallic horns were sounded and it seemed as if a group of men were suddenly blazing forth with shofars from all sides. Adele and I were not invited to join the dignitaries at the official ceremony, but new friends of ours, the Israel Ambassador and his wife, Shammay and Nura Laor, were present. They described a scene in which the king left his limousine and paraded across a red carpet, preceded by a number of ladies who sprinkled water and rose petals and rice before him. A throne had been prepared on a raised dais, it is a truly magnificent piece of furniture, all golden. The back of it was an interlaced series of cobra bodies and the cobra head reached up and over the royal couple. There were then a series of religious rites, and then the oldest monk and female attendant there took off the shoes of the royal couple and a number of dignitaries came forward and kissed their feet and placed on their feet the little red daub which is a sign of holiness. Tens of thousands of Nepalese stood around the parade grounds or sat on the hillside. Drums were beaten, bugles blared, fit all of our preconceptions about Nepal, until someone told us that the young king was a thirty-four year old Harvard graduate. Adele and I have been wondering ever since what passed through his mind during this ceremony. We gave up after the first day trying to name the gods or even remember the long involved names of each shrine. This place is so full of temples and holy places that you begin to react to individual bits of information much as I do, at least, to the names of characters in Russian novels. It's the overall impression that makes the impact and I don't think that Adele and I have ever been in a place

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which was as powerful and strange and wonderful, all at the same time, as this one. The Laors were a lucky meeting. Sadie and Allen Crown, who were with us at Yarnnton, knew the Laors when he was with the Israel Embassy in Australia and they recommended him to us. They are delightful people. He is a man in his early sixties, full of life, a good story teller, and eager for Jewish companionship. You can imagine what it must be like to be a diplomat in a place like this where you can certainly go a thousand miles in any one direction without being able to scare up a minyan. She is a warm and gracious woman. Their youngest daughter of fifteen, Dorrit, is with them, a lovely young lady, and they have been more than kind to us. Their eldest son is studying piano with Leon Fleisher in Baltimore, and we hope some day to lure them to Cleveland when he draws them to the United States for a concert.

By now the kids are all back at their respective schools and I can't tell you how grateful we are that you have stayed so close to them. You're a wonderful family.

With all our love,

Adele and Daniel

DJS:mp



February 1, 1980

Dear Joan and Ray,

We are in Bangkok. It's hot, overcast, quite a change from the quiet of Nepal. Nepal exceeded our fondest expectations. Kathmandu sits on a high plain, about six thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by the foothills of the Himalayas over which tower the great peaks of the top of the world. We drove out one night to a little village at twelve thousand feet on the far side of the foothills from which you can see the sun setting across the whole range of the mountains from Anapurna on the west to Everest on the east. It's an awesome sight. This town is busy, bustling, full of energy and suffering from all the ugliness of any modern industrial city. Kathmandu is just coming awake. It's full of people, color, cows and smells and the romance of a medieval world. There are shrines, pagodas and temples and relics on every block. The great architectural symbol of Nepal is the pagoda, but the most beautiful work is in wood. The windows and the roofs of the town are hardwood with all of the shapes of Hindu mythology and many of the more familiar geometric designs. It's quite intricate and quite beautiful. There's a heavy Tibetan influence now in Nepal. After the Chinese invasion of 1959 a large number of Tibetans came down to Nepal. We visited two or three Tibetan monasteries. The monks sit across from each other in their red robes and chant their various incantations, accompanying themselves with drums, cymbals, horns and the conch shell. Any devil within miles of this sound would be scared away. People take their traditions easily and comfortably. You see them visiting their shrines at all times of the day, offering what they call puja, which is usually an offering of flowers and rice and some kind of fragrant liquid. In Kathmandu you have a sense that you're back in the sixteenth and seventeenth century. In Bangkok you're very much in the twentieth. The town itself was not established until the middle of the eighteenth century when it became a fourth capital of what was then Siam. The town is now spread over most of the intown clongs or canals, and it has in the process lost a good deal of its beauty. We have been here only a day and have not gone out to the countryside, though we have visited the royal palace and the Emerald Buddha Temple where we were fortunate enough to come upon a Buddhist service. The monks, in their saffron robes, chant from behind a screen, the pious sitting cross-legged in front of them, and repeat better known phrases of the liturgy. There's a hypnotic quality to the music and the people seem to be very much wrapped up in it.

In Nepal we were fortunate enough to arrive during a time when a once in twelve years ceremony was taking place in which the king is adored as a god. After dark on the day before people from all of the outlying villages bring in their Buddha idols or great Buddha heads. These are set up in the main square of the town and long lines pass before the various images, throwing rice and flowers and offering sums of

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money. The next day each of these idols is processed in a Mardi Gras spirit to a Buddhist shrine on a hill about a mile from the square, and there a great throne has been arranged for the king who comes to it on a red carpet. The oldest priest and priestess take off his shoes and then a number of dignitaries make appropriate obsequies. The throne is golden and the back of it is a series of intertwined cobra bodies with three or four cobra heads coming out of this lacing above the king. In the bright mountain sun it glistens and is quite magnificent. The whole scene is something out of the past and until you remember that this king graduated from Harvard fifteen years ago and you wonder what is passing through his mind.

We are well and delighted with our tour. There are so many experiences and we try each night to fix the most important of these in our minds. Ray, as your fiftieth birthday approaches, it will be tomorrow, we are thinking a great deal of you. We wish you health, joy, and discover that the fifties are a happy time and I know that with your spirit you'll always stay young. We hope that the script has been finished to your satisfaction and that Joanie's movie has finally taken off. Mother writes that you have been visiting her frequently and that these moments pick her up and give her a lift which carries her through the next weeks. She seems from her letters to be about the same. I certainly hope she is. Please give the girls our love and we send ours to you.

As ever,
Dan

DJS:mp

February 1, 1980

Dear Claire and Stan,

We arrived in Bangkok to find the package containing the map of Japan and several other pieces which will be of great use to us.

I can't tell you yet much about Bangkok, we have only been here a day, but I can tell you that it's a bustling, growing, modern metropolis with all of the sprawl and the urban ugliness that implies. We have not yet visited the places of beauty, but the overall impression is of the back side of any American city.

Nepal is quite another story. It's one of the most fascinating places we have ever been. It's a feeling that you have stepped back into the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Geographically, Kathmandu sits on a high plateau, about six thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by the foothills of the Himalayas beyond which you can see the tops of the great mountain range peaks. We drove out one night to a little town at twelve thousand feet on the far side of the foothills from which you could watch the sun setting on this whole range which runs for miles from Anapurna on the west to Everest on the east. We had expected cold weather but there's no snow and the evenings rarely go below the mid-thirties, the temperature climbing into the fifties by mid-day. It's quite delightful.

The towns themselves are full of color and bustle, the orient. There's a shrine or temple or pagoda or some relics on every block. Religion is very much a part of these people's lives. It's a mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism with a recent overlay of Tibetan Lamaism brought down after the 1959 Chinese invasion of that country. The native Nepalese traditions have no monasteries or monks, but the Tibetans, of course have, and there are red-robed monks to be seen in almost every city. We visited several shrines where there were monasteries. The monks sit in a room, cross-legged before a low table, facing each other, chanting their incantations, accompanying themselves with drums cymbals, horns and conch shells. Any devil within hearing range would, of course, be scared away.

The wood work in the Nepalese architecture is particularly attractive. They use hard wood and over the centuries have developed great skill, both in carving intricate window frames and temple and pagoda designs, and in decorating these with all the symbols of Hindu and Buddhist mythology. You can't turn a corner without coming upon a new sight, different buildings to admire, or some scene out of rather simple town or country life. It's a place we would both like to visit again.

Mother tells us that she's coming along and she's very grateful to you for your many kindnesses. I am delighted that the house is in good shape, I hope that Patty is fully enjoying her work at Hahn Loeser. It's a good firm with nice people.

Adele joins in sending our love.

Adele and Daniel

February 1, 1980

Dear Sarah and Michael,

I am dictating this tape on the morning of our third day in Bangkok. Bangkok is a great, sprawling city of five million which does not wear size or industrialization comfortably. Much of it looks like the back side of any American city.

When I was in the Far East in the early 1950's Bangkok numbered less than one million. Today fifteen percent of the Thai population lives here. It's the only real city in Thailand. The next biggest town is Chingmai and numbers less than 150 thousand. All of the movement from the farms to the city is directed towards Bangkok, and though there has been great growth and much employment and so on, there are miles and miles of slums into which these in-migrants pour all the time.

Bangkok is not a new city. It became the capital of this country only in the middle of the eighteenth century when the kings of Siam reunited the various tribes of the area. It sits some thirty miles inland from the Bay of Bengal and was once criss-crossed with canals, or klongs as they are called here, almost all of which have now been covered over and paved over for Bangkok's growing road system. The road system is wide and there are many, but traffic here is like rush hour Boston or Philadelphia.

Our hotel, which is one of the most luxurious we've been in, sits on the banks of the Chaophya River. It's a broad and busy river filled with water taxis, barges and the like. In the morning there are floating markets at various points. Tomorrow we intend to take a boat up river to one of the earlier capitals of this part of the world and to see some of the countryside which still uses the waterways for their major means of transportation.

When we came down from Nepal we called a friend of Barbara Newsom's and were invited over that night to a fascinating dinner by a couple who work for the Ford Foundation. There were a number of Ford Foundation people present and a number of interesting Thais, mostly people associated with the university, who are friends of theirs. The discussion tended to concentrate on the very complex refugee question. Apparently there are three different kinds of problems involved. The first has to do with refugees who have been in Thailand for some time and are officially designated as refugees by the United Nations. There are about 160 to 180 thousand of these. They live in about eight camps. They are supported by a number of governmental and non-governmental agencies. The hope is to repatriate them to third countries, the United States, Australia and France and others. These refugees are mostly Vietnamese, Laotians or tribe people. The work proceeds apace with them, but there's some competition between various non-governmental groups, particularly those with religious orientations, and the whole scene is rather frenetic.

The Cambodian refugees represent another problem. They are in camps, tempo-

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rary camps, along the border. There are apparently another 180 thousand of these in Thailand itself. They are not classified as refugees because it is assumed that were the situation to change politically in Kampuchea, they might return home, this is unlikely. These camps are fed by various agencies and there is some problem in terms of who has control of the camps and how many people are actually in them.

The third group are the defeated in Cambodia, some six to eight hundred thousand, who are just across the border. They are still in their own country so they are not technically refugees. They are desperately in need of food. Unfortunately, their camps tend to be run by para-military groups, many of whom want to take refugee designated food and resell it for their own profit. The National Red Cross is in the tenth day of a boycott of one of these camps because of this process, but it's unclear whether they can actually break this kind of control.

Thailand is scared about the possibility of this three quarter of a million people suddenly moving over to their soil if their military hopes are ended by the Vietnam-sponsored government. Of course, it's not clear that anybody in the world is prepared to accept Southeast Asian refugees in such numbers. One of the men there said that there were eight million people in Cambodia ten years ago. There are five million today and with the refugees in and out of Cambodia there are really only four left. It is now an absolutely devastated country.

To add to the problems there is a fourth group and these are the Chinese who had to flee Vietnam, the so-called boat people. These affect Thailand less than Malaysia and Indonesia, but a number have made their way into the Bay of Bengal and have been taken into small camps in southern Thailand. A number of these have been preyed upon by the pirates who traditionally operate in the area who have extorted money, brutalized the people etc. There is a kind of eerie sensation of living in a lovely hotel in a very sophisticated city full of energy and commerce, and realize the extent of the human misery which is really just at your doorstep, but unseen.

Mother and I continue to be well and to be enjoying our trip. I know she has brought you up-to-date on Nepal because she and I both fell in love with that lovely upland country and I am sure she has waxed poetic and rhapsodic about it in her letters. Sarah, tonight we are having dinner with a doctor friend of Bob Kaye. He was kind enough to invite us to the Thai type of dinner and I will report more about it to you in our next letter. Keep well, I hope that track is proceeding apace and all of your studies and, of course, that both of you are having a wonderful social life. We miss you. We loved being with you in Morocco and we look forward to May.

All our love,

Dad

DJS:mp

February 4, 1980

Mr. Herb Kamm
1 Bratenahl Place #404
Cleveland, Ohio 44108

Dear Herb:

I want to thank you for reviewing the year and I know that you helped everyone focus on the events of a troubled year and convulsed decade.

We spent New Year's in Rabat, Morocco. Morocco seems to perch on the edge of the Third World. The present ruling power wants desperately to remain open to the western world and there's a good deal of visible progress, but there's the omnipresent population explosion. We have had a wonderful and fascinating sabbatical. I got a good bit of work done in England. Oxford is a most civilized place. We are here in Morocco largely to be with the children and then begin the heavy traveling in a day or two. I hadn't realized when we planned the trip that we would be beginning the new decade by traveling through much of the Third World, but I am glad that is the way it will be and I am interested in my own feelings about it.

Adele asked me to have you tell Phyllis that she did extend Phyllis's greetings to Bill Reed, but that she could do so only through his secretary. He was in conference at the time, but the secretary assured her that the word would be passed through.

We join in sending to you, Phyllis and to your fine family our very best for a healthy and joyous new year. Thanks again for your stint in the pulpit.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

February 4, 1980

Mr. Stanley Horowitz
Jewish Community Federation
1750 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Dear Stanley:

The year has come and gone and we spent it in Morocco. I am writing to thank you for your contact that you helped me to make with Mr. Samoil who was most helpful. We changed our plans a bit because of a variety of minor circumstances, but he was a mine of information and, as a result, I was able to attend several services, visit a cooperative and learn something about the local Jewish community. In a country like Morocco you sense the shrinking of diaspora which has been such a significant element in Jewish history these past decades.

Perhaps the most unexpected Jewish element of this trip came on a day when we simply drove up into the Atlas mountains from Marakesh. Our purpose was simply to enjoy the scenery, but about twenty miles into the mountains we suddenly came across a roadside house with a Hebrew sign over the door indicating that this was the burial place of an early nineteenth century rabbi. I was able to talk my way in. There was a burial there of a man named Moses Hankh with memorial lights and a perpetual fire. Apparently, it was a place of pilgrimage for some of the Jewish communities of the small mountain villages. North African Jewry took over from Islam the reverence for saints and faith in the healing power of the shrine's saints.

I simply write to express to you my thanks and hope that you and Jill will have a wonderful and healthy new year. I'll see you on my return.

As ever,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

February 4, 1980

Dear Mother,

It's early on the first of January and I'm sitting on the balcony of the Rabat Hilton looking out across a residential area towards the low hills beyond. We've had beautiful weather throughout our trip but the skies today are overcast. There is sun in the distance and I hope it will burn off.

We had a quiet New Year's, dinner in the room. The kids went out and bought a bottle of champagne. None of us wanted the commercial hysteria of a big hotel. There would be no one else in the place whom we really knew. We had a good bit of good talk about the years past and the years ahead and this part of the trip with the kids has been just wonderful. Jonathan came in the day before Sarah and Michael and we had seen him, of course, and his work is now fallen into place. All the courses are in operation and he seems to be enjoying it thoroughly. Sarah came in joyous. She's in a wonderful state. The tensions of not knowing what the first semester will be like are over and Pennsylvania is becoming more and more the home for her and she seems to have blossomed in many ways. Michael is Michael, determined, indefatigable as he spent some time each day studying for the finals which still face him when he returns. They will be leaving on Thursday morning for Paris and then on the eighth Sarah will leave for Philadelphia and Michael to Boston.

We drove our first day from the airport to Agadir which takes about six hours, stopping in Marakesh for lunch. The Agadir hotel, the Sahara is a typical Miami Beach kind of tourist hotel filled with pale-skinned people from northern Europe who come in by the planeload. The beach itself is wide and long and quite magnificent and we took long walks up and down its course. Sarah and Michael caught up on sleep. Agadir itself is not that interesting a town, a relatively new town with little history associated with it though we did eat out and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Marakesh is an ancient capital, a sprawling city behind brick walls which seem to run for miles. Its population is about six hundred thousand. It has a sprawling market and a plaza before the market which is filled with snake charmers, storytellers, magicians, jugglers, con men and the like. It's all very active and colorful. I found in the market a lovely silver memorial light from one of the local synagogues which I purchased for the Temple Museum. I think you'll enjoy it. It's being shipped. The Mamounia is an extravagant hotel built in the 1920's, I believe you stayed there. And it's beautiful, adequate food and all the comforts. We went out two nights for dinner, both times to Moroccan restaurants which are tiled floor to ceiling, and have those lovely indented ceiling gables. In both places there were local dancers, jugglers and folk lore people. The food was good and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Moroccans eat with their hands and dinner begins with the pouring out of hot water into ^a brazier for you to wash your hands and then the first course, which is usually soup, then a salad

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is served and then we ordered a variety much as in a Chinese restaurant, then the cous-cous which is a local grain not unlike rice which is usually filled with some kind of chicken or lamb, and finally a great mound of oranges, tangerines and apples topped with some pastries, dry and nut filled, and mint tea. It's a great deal of food and we've taken to eating only one meal a day.

We didn't go on to Fez. The drive seemed to be a long one and the kids are more interested in relaxing than in sightseeing so we came down to Rabat and staying at the Rabat Hilton. It's a lovely hotel with a fine park-like setting.

I hope all is well with you. We received one letter which Marie had typed in Agadir, and I am glad that your arrangements at home seem to be working out. I hope your eyes have stabilized and glad that you found the services and the programs at the Temple well conceived.

Adele and everyone sends their love and our best wishes for a healthy and happy new year.

Love,

Dan

DJS:mp



February 7, 1980

Dear Bobbie and Jim,

First, a happy new year. We spent the new year quietly in Rabat, at the Hilton of all places. It is actually a beautiful hotel in park-like surroundings and one of the few places in Morocco where we were able to escape a terribly expensive, compulsory New Year's Eve public dinner. I could not imagine having fun at the cost they were quoting among a whole lot of people, none of whom we knew.

The trip to Morocco has more than met our expectations. The sun has greeted us throughout. We found the children in fine shape. Sarah is now confident of college and seems to be enjoying it. Michael, unfortunately, must go back to exams. The junior year, as you remember, is one of your best times and he has been a pleasure to be with. We have seen Jonathan several times during the year and we knew that he was in good shape and enjoying his work.

We met the children at the airport in Casablanca and drove down to Agadir which is about two hundred and fifty miles south and on the coast. It is developing into Morocco's Miami Beach with a series of large tourist hotels above a perfectly magnificent wide beach which flows along the whole of a four or five mile bay. The beach is excellent for walking, the hotel adequate and filled with tourists from northern Europe who come by the plane load. After four days at Agadir we drove to Marakesh, one of the old capital cities. It is a vast place of about six hundred thousand, surrounded by miles and miles of red mud brick medieval walls. There are the tombs of some of their sixteenth century kings, a tremendous market area, mosques, and from the market area a large plaza filled with all manner of public entertainment: storytellers, magicians, tumblers, tarot card readers, dispensers of aphrodisiacs etc. The noise, the bustle and the color is fascinating. We stayed at the Mamounia Hotel which is one of the grand hotels of the world. Churchill once stayed there and there are some paintings of his which were done in Marakesh. And then we came down to Rabat, the present capital, a coastal city, much more French and less crowded. The palace is here. The city was once the capital of the Almohedes, a rather fervent Berber dynasty which overran Muslim and Christian Spain in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and led to the extinction of the creative Jewish community of that world. Later, this town was the center of the Barbary

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pirates so it has quite a vibrant and fascinating history. Unfortunately, our visit with the children is coming to an end. We are driving up to Casablanca today and tomorrow will put them on the plane for Paris. We return the car in Spain and begin our trip East.

It is going to be harder to stay in verbal contact now that we move to the far places. I hope to call today and before we leave Rome and then to use the tape and letters insofar as possible until we get to the place where I can make contact. Marie will have our schedule and we will try and leave a trail of forwarding addresses in case we deviate from our itinerary.

Adele ~~in~~in sending our love to you and to yours.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp



February 11, 1980

Dear Mother,

I am writing from Ching Mai in northern Thailand. This is the second city of Thailand which numbers perhaps three quarters of a million people. It is located about five hundred miles north of Bangkok within a hundred miles of the Laotian Burmese northern border. The town is the central capital for a large rural area and for an area which controls the hills in which many mountain or hill people live.

We took a trip yesterday to the Mekoc River, a tributary of the Mekong, which flows through this entire area. It's just a few miles from the Laotian border. We hired a little boat, a skiff, really, which took us down the river to a very small rural village inhabited by one of the hill tribes. Then we climbed a thousand foot hill to a Buddhist shrine on top of the hill, complete with stupa, single monk and monkeys.

The hill people are slowly being settled. There are many reasons, medical, illiteracy, even the fact that many of them are engaged in the opium trade. They are people who until quite recently lived by a simple form of farming. You cut down the forest to burn it away and plant for a few years until the land became non-fertile and then you moved on. The land can no longer afford such a land use, therefore, the resettlement projects. The people are still caught up in animism though school is being brought to them. They have a very distinctive costume, usually of black cloth with brightly decorated patches not unlike the Navajo or some of our Indians. They are a tiny people, but apparently skillful at stitchery, mahutes, elephants, and even certain kinds of farming once the techniques are taught to them.

Ching Mai is not a resort city, it's not a particularly attractive one, but there are a number of interesting shops and open air markets, wats, the open air ubiquitous Buddhist temples, are everywhere. These temples somehow are really monasteries. There is a vihara or central hall with its Buddha image, an area for the monks to instruct novices or to meditate. Sometimes a stupa, a large pile of stone, bell-shaped in form, which holds a relic, a bell, a well, and a number of

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saffron-colored monks or novices. It's colorful and with the usual Eastern primatism most of these wats are close to schools where the yard is used for exercises, gymnastic drills and the like.

We have enjoyed Thailand. It's very different than Nepal, more sophisticated, a better educated community, it's more a part of the world. A particularly pleasant feature of our visit has been the fact that we had a chance to meet with some interesting people, particularly a number of men and women associated with the Ford Foundation here and throughout southeast Asia. I have a feel now for the refugee problem which is complex not only because Thailand cannot absorb the refugees or does not want to, but because the refugees are themselves of a whole variety of ethnic backgrounds and here for a whole variety of reasons, the refugees dating back to the Communist takeover in China and as recent as men and women across the border yesterday from Cambodia. America is now taking 186,000 refugees a year from this area which is eighty percent of all who are being resettled. As fast as they are removed others come and there are now between half a million and a million Cambodians up against the border. If things were to go against them in their own country could cross over in a matter of weeks.

We had a nice talk with the American Ambassador, a man named Morton Abramowitz, who told us that one of the great worries here is that the world's attention will be taken up by Afghanistan and Iran and that these refugee folk and their confreres, the sea people, will be forgotten and will become among the world slots that are left behind.

Our plans are to drive down from here tomorrow through the central area of Thailand where the great Thai kingdom of Sukkothai once flourished and to visit the Halocites, making our way in a two-day stretch back to Bangkok. I must say that I have a deeper understanding of this part of the world as well as some clear understanding of its history and art than I ever had before and I know that Adele feels the same.

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We hope that you are well and that your household arrangements are holding firm. We are glad to hear from you whenever Marie sends on your notes and think of home and you often.

All our love,



February 12, 1980

Dear Bobbie and Jim,

It's Monday, the 28th of January, and our last full day in Thailand. We've been here now for almost two weeks and it's been an interesting and informative experience.

Bangkok is a great, sprawling metropolis with about five million people. It has little charm and looks rather like the backside of any midwestern industrial city. What charm it has comes from those few older buildings and the temple-monasteries which survive. What Bangkok has is a river and a history as well as many talented and interesting people. One of the pleasantest days that we had involved a long boat trip up river to a seventeenth and eighteenth century capital of Thailand, or Siam as it was then called, a city called Ayutthaya. Bangkok was once a city of canals or klongs, not unlike Venice which fed off the main stream, but most of these have now been built over to provide the roads of a modern metropolis. The hallmarks of Bangkok are cars and thick exhaust fumes, so much so that there's almost a constant smog over the town.

We had the good fortune of meeting a number of interesting people, including the American Ambassador, a man named Morton Abramovitz, and most of the staff of the Ford Foundation here. The Director of the Ford Foundation in the area, a man named Peter Geitner, was kind enough to invite us to his house on an evening when he was entertaining a number of fascinating Thai people. These included architects, members of the university faculty and a number of people who were active in the whole refugee question. Thailand seems to be going through a period of fairly open government. Much of the sense of military dictatorship which existed here a dozen years ago has disappeared, but it's a country preoccupied by international and economic problems, the most significant of which, of course, is the question of the Indo-Chinese refugees. It's a difficult problem and involves a great deal of human suffering. There are about 180,000 officially designated refugees in Thailand who are quartered in about ten camps throughout the country. There are Laotians, Vietnamese and the boat people, but not the Cambodians. The United States has agreed to bring 168,000 of these people into the United States during the current year, and a massive airlift is now under way. This represents about eighty percent of the total number who are being resettled. One would think that this would resolve the problem, but thousands of refugees from these countries arrive here each week and the camps fill up as quickly as they are evacuated.

Beyond these official refugees there are another 180 to 200 thousand Cambodians, or as they are now called, Campchians, in camps along the eastern border of Thailand between Thailand and Campuchia. These are, for the most part, recent arrivals and more are coming every day. The paper announced this morning that 50,000 had arrived in the last six to eight weeks. The United Nations does not recognize these officially as refugees since, presumably, if the situation were to change in Campuchia many would/ought

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to go home. It is not clear what their fate will be, in part because they represent only the top of a wave of potential refugees who are just the other side of the border. Some say the number of people uprooted in Campuchia who are pressed up against the Thailand border may number up to one million men, women and children.

Thailand is the only country in southeast Asia which has shown any real sympathy towards these people, but even Thailand has indicated, that they cannot remain here permanently. We drove down the length of Thailand from the northern Laotian border to Bangkok over a two-day period and there's a great deal of empty land and place for resettlement, but these people are ethnically different from the Thai and these divisions mean a great deal in this part of the world. To the south of Thailand in Malaysia and Indonesia, in addition to ethnic differences, there are religious ones. The refugees are for the most part either ethnic Chinese or Buddhist, and Malaysia and Indonesia are aggressive Muslim countries. As recently as last summer the Malaysian Navy was towing refugee ships out to sea if they managed to put on shore and, much like the British in Palestine in 1946 and 47, blockading Malaysia from refugee disembarkation.

You have been reading about the massive relief efforts under way by various governments and non-governmental agencies. Apparently enough food is reaching the refugees at this point and much of the institutional elbowing and friction has been, for the moment, resolved. By chance I bumped into a small group of Jewish representatives, one from the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, one from the Joint Distribution Committee and a third from the American Jewish Committee, who were investigating the situation to see what can be done. The Union seems to be promoting a program for congregations to adopt one or more refugee families which is a pattern which many churches and parishes have followed in the United States. It's a program somewhat akin to the resettlement of Soviet Jews, although these people have no religious ties with our community and it might be a program that we could profitably invest for our congregation.

Adele and I have visited the ancient capitals of this country. We went north to a town called Ching Mai, It is the center of the northern most area of this country, and visited with a number of settlements of the hill people. These are semi-nomadic tribes people with names like Meo and Karen, many of whom have very distinctive dress, all of whom have lived in the mountains between Burma, Thailand, Laos and China for centuries. They are slowly being resettled rather permanently as agriculturalists, but until now they have flashed and burned their way across the mountains, and many of them have been very active in growing an opium crop. In the north we took a skiff down the Mekong River just a few miles south of the Laotian border and had a sense of being out in the Thai wilderness. There was planting on all sides of the river, a few faraway monasteries and temples which were rarely visited, and one had a sense of the land mass of this part of the world and many of the problems which American troops

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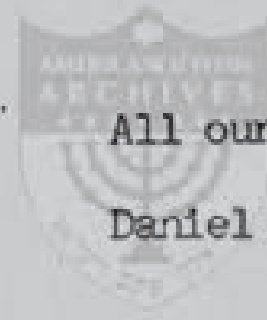
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faced through the whole Vietnam episode. Mekong is one of the many upper tributaries of the Mekong River and I became aware of how dominant this river system has been historically to this part of the world.

As you can imagine, we visited a number of museums and seen some quite beautiful bronze and stone statuary. The carving in this part of the world is much superior to the painting. The architecture of the Thai house, a wooden, usually teak, building, raised on stilts, quite open to the weather, yet protected from the monsoons, is one of the most graceful and distinctive features of this part of the world. It wouldn't do during a Cleveland winter but in a country where the temperature really never gets below the sixties it's a magnificent solution to the housing problem.

This afternoon I am meeting with the Director of a new Department of Religion at the oldest of Bangkok's universities. It's the first attempt in this part of the world to establish such a department and I'll be interested in hearing their plans, sharing with them whatever experience I can bring.

We are well. We move on to Malaysia tomorrow. We think of you often and hope that everything is well with you, the girls and Ira, needless to say with the congregation. Keep well.



All our love,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

February 12, 1980

Dear Sarah, Michael and Jonathan,

It's a beautiful Sunday in Bangkok, our second in this country. We have just come back from five days in the north country. We flew from here to a place called Ching Mai which is about sixty miles south of the Burma Laos border. It's supposed to be a beautiful hill station but, in fact, is just another Thai town. However, north of the town there are a number of hill tribes called Meo, Karen, etc. These tribes are, for the most part, still in a semi-nomadic stage though they are now being re-settled by the Thai government. Many of the hill people have taken a major role in the opium trade. This, plus their habit of slashing and burning down forest land, planting a crop or two and then moving on, leaving behind despoiled country are among the reasons that the government is working hard to settle them in more permanent sites. A number of the tribes wear very distinctive and colorful dress, and we went out one day to visit some of these people and to see what the Thai country up north looks like. We came across a Meo village where the people wear dark blue cloth with vests and pants decorated with brightly colored patches of various kinds. The women are busy stitching and doing household things; the men have fallen into that state of somnolence which occurs in many of these tribes once the responsibilities for war and the management of the tribe have been taken away from them. This particular village had just been settled several months before. There were a lot of squealing children and squealing pigs and very little sign of concern for the organization of fields or of their economy.

We drove further north, almost to the Laotian border. There is a river there called the Mekong which is one of the high tributaries of the great Mekong River system. We hired a skiff and went along the river, watching the farmers work, till we came to a Karen village. This village has been settled for a good bit of time. The fields are well cared for. The pervasive Buddhism of Thailand has not permeated to this place which is still caught up in some kind of animism, but you have a sense of a people proud of their work and one which has been able to make an adjustment from semi-nomadism to settled agriculture.

Southeast Asia is going through all the birth pangs of nationhood, much as Europe did a century or two ago. The lines that are drawn on the map simply do not correspond to cultural or ethnic realities. In the north, until this decade, tribalism rather than nationalism has been the order of the day. In south Thailand on the Malaysian border there are a largish number of Muslim Malays who would much prefer being in a Muslim State than in this Buddhist and Thai community. The eastern border is now overwhelmed by the refugee problem. As nations settled down refugees are endemic. There are Quomintang refugees dating back to the successful Communist takeover in China.

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There are Laotian and Vietnamese refugees who came over between ten and five years ago. Major resettlement efforts now under way are trying to deal with this group. America is taking 186,000 of these people a year, and the rest of the world perhaps another 20,000 which ought to settle the problem except that there are more Laotians and Vietnamese and boat people that arrive almost daily.

On the immediate border with Cambodia there are another 180,000 who have come over within the last year or so. These are the people who were thrown up by the events in Cambodia and represent either those who supported the now disgraced Patpol government or simply those who were persecuted by it. Just across the border in Cambodia there are another half million to three quarters of a million people uprooted from their land who depend upon welfare rations and who might spill over into Thailand if conditions were worsened in their own country. It is towards these people that the massive world-wide relief efforts have been undertaken. One of the unexpected by-products of the Russian involvement in Afghanistan has been the inability of the Vietnamese-sponsored government in Cambodia to prosecute its attacks on these groups with any vigor and, as a result, the danger of an immediate spillover of half million or more refugees into this country has, for the moment, seemingly been averted. Thailand does not want these refugees. It's allowed them to live in camps but the support comes almost entirely from international sources and there is no program afoot to resettle the people here, although as we drove down from the north country to Bangkok yesterday we saw vast areas which are obviously underpopulated. The same, incidentally, is true of Malaysia and Indonesia, the two other countries which have received large numbers of boat people. In each of these countries the drive is towards ethnocentricity, and no one wants the kind of cultural pluralism which established countries in the west seemingly have learned to adjust to.

Chingrai is a center for all kinds of folk arts and handicraft. We enjoyed walking through the bazars, there's a famous night market in the town, and we bought one or two small things for the house. There is a fine museum in the town and the inevitable largish number of Buddhist monastery shrines, but otherwise I must say that except for a very comfortable hotel the area has really little to recommend it. Although the weather has been dry it's almost constantly overcast.

We decided to drive down the 600 miles from Chingmai to Bangkok in order to see the country and particularly to see the first great capital of Thailand, a town called Sukhothai. Thais seemed originally to be a south China people who migrated across the mountains towards the end of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries and gradually gained power from the Cambodians who had general hegemony over this area before that. Sukhothai is a vast area which is being turned into a national park. Fortunately for archeologists and tourists, the town fell into disuse in the fifteenth century and so no city was built

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over the ruins. Thailand's major ancient cities were all built as islands, there's a great deal of water here, and Sukhothai was completely surrounded by three walls, each of which was separated from the other by wide moats. Within the walls were palaces, temples, public buildings and, of course, the inevitable homes. Since the basic building material here is wood, particularly hard wood like teak, all the private dwellings have disappeared and only the basic temple shrines and some of the palace buildings remain. You get a sense of the sweep of the place and there's also a fine museum which includes a number of quite beautiful Cambodian and Thai religious statues.

An interesting sidelight on this trip is that when we reached Sukhothai our driver suggested that we go to the local police station and have a policeman drive with us. Many of the shrines are still out in the fields at a distance of eight or ten miles from the center, and apparently there have been a number of attacks and robberies on tourists in the last years. Thailand is not yet a completely settled society. The papers daily bring information about attacks by pirates in the Gulf of Siam on the boat people. There are snippets of news about insurgency in the north; armed police with guns and machine guns are visible along the roads and in the cities. In Chiangmai we saw some open guns in the stores and there is obviously a good deal of fear of robbery and gun men. Homes are behind high walls, usually with barbed wire or bits of glass protruding from them, and the Thais with whom we've talked have spoken of the danger which threatens them from thugs. The police are looked upon as relatively corrupt and undependable as a source of security. Yet, from the kind of life we lead in the circle of the hotels and the shops and the sights, one would believe that this is a country not unlike any which one could visit in Europe. I have been startled by the repetitiveness of the religious architecture here. There are Buddhist shrines everywhere. Thai Buddhism is of the theravada persuasion. This is to say it is more sober, ascetic, than the Buddhism of Tibet or China. There is only one image in a shrine, usually a colossal figure of the Buddha sitting cross-legged and staring impassively at those who come into the hall. To western eyes the Buddha sitting there can only be seen as an idol, but many here in Thailand insist that they do not worship the image, but he stands there as a symbol of the truth which the Buddha perceived and which they revere and try and work into their lives, that worship consists more of meditation than of prayer. The truth is the transitory nature of life, we must not be caught up in the world of wanting and of appearances, that not only possessions but passions entangle us, that the truth can be found only in a life of withdrawal and meditation, only in that way can we accept an endless cycle of births and rebirths and endless entanglement in a life which cannot give us happiness.

In any case, the shrine itself, and there must be tens of thousands of these throughout Thailand, is a walled compound which features a vihara, a tall, rather narrow

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room, usually dominated by a giant Buddha figure and in which there is a space in which people can sit and meditate or pray. Next to the vihara will be an assembly or meeting room, simply a roofed-in open space, perhaps with a raised dias for the chief abbot. Here the saffron-robed monks will sit four times a day, reciting their liturgy and practicing meditation. The compound will usually also feature a bell tower and a stupa, a tall conical shaped pile, stone and masonry, which usually encloses either a relic of the Buddha or of one of his followers. Religion here is still largely male. You see around the shrines and in the streets the monks and the novices. Monasticism here is not the permanent institution it is in the west. People, that is men, come to a monastery when they feel the need of quiet, of taking their lives in hand, for a week or a month or three months, and wear the simple sandals and robe of the monk, beg for their single meal of the day, practice the regimen of the monastery and hopefully receive some kind of guidance or instruction from the senior monastics who are usually both permanent staff and full-time religiousists who have taken vows beyond those of the more temporary sort. Clearly, it's a system which is helpful and liked. Most families send their sons when they are in their early teens to a monastery for a period of time for indoctrination and practice, and find that throughout their lives the disciplines that they learned here are of value to them. This is still a profoundly religious culture, and the tensions which will inevitably exist between this culture and the rather missionary Islam which dominates southeast Asia will be one of the tensions with which this world will have to cope.

The truths about world politics which we often forget is that the most populous Muslim nations of the world are all in Asia: Indonesia first, then Malaysia, and finally India.

I know that mother has written to you about the details of our travels and the people we have met, so I've tried to concentrate on thieves. Well, this has been a wonderful, once-in-a-lifetime experience and we're storing up a series of impressions and ideas which will long be important to us.

We hope that you are well, that the year is progressing satisfactorily. Our love is with you.

Dad

DJS:mp

February 13, 1980

Dear Mother and Dad, Philip and Nancy,

This is our last day in Thailand. We've been here nearly two weeks and have a real sense of the country. Bangkok is a sprawling, rather ugly city of nearly five million. It resembles nothing so much as the industrial and commercial sides of a rather sprawling midwestern city. However, occasionally you come upon a shrine-monastery or a palace and the broad river runs down the center. This city was once a Venice, full of canals, or klongs, but these have been covered over to provide roads which now cross this metropolis and are overcrowded with an endless jumble of traffic whose exhausts fill the air with smog.

Nevertheless, it's an interesting city. The Thais are a small but good-looking people, energetic, and full of smiles. There's a fine museum, a number of interesting Buddhist shrines, and we've been fortunate to meet a group of fascinating people.

We've learned a good bit about the refugee situation and somewhat less about the politics of the area. The country is now enjoying a bit of relative political freedom and the major problems are the economy and the refugee in international situation. Bangkok is crowded with an endless number of people coming in from the countryside. This is really a one-city country. The next largest town is probably a tenth of the size of Bangkok, so that though there is a great deal of commercial activity here, employment can't keep up with immigration. But the real problem is that of the refugees, or rather, behind this problem is the problem of nationhood in Southeast Asia. The concept of a nation behind geographical boundaries is a legacy of colonial times and not natural to this part of the world; or rather, Southeast Asia is undergoing the stress and the strain of nationmaking, much as Europe did in the sixteenth and eighteenth century.

The Thais are a southern Chinese people who moved into this area perhaps fifteen hundred years ago. In southern Thailand there is a largish group of Malaysians, mostly Muslim, and to the north there are the hill people, tribes who are still in the slash and burn stage who have been in the habit of being semi-nomads across the mountainous areas of Burma, Thailand, Laos and Indochina. It's a restless mix at best and the presence here of a large refugee population has not helped matters.

There are about 180,000 officially designated refugees. These exist in a dozen

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camps fifteen miles or more from the eastern border and are mostly ticketed for resettlement. The United States is, as you know, receiving eighty percent. We have agreed to take in 168,000 during the course of this year. People are largely Laotian, Indochinese and Chinese. Though the problem is complicated by unsettled political situations in the far north, there is an insurgency problem; and by the dangers which beset the boat people as they arrive along the ports of the Bay of Bengal, there are still pirates in the area; the problem would ultimately be solvable if it weren't for the nearly 200,000 Cambodian refugees who have been coming over these last months. These people are not officially declared refugees by the United Nations since it's assumed that they might return home if the political situation changed in Cambodia, but they continue to arrive. It's said that 50,000 came in the last two months and pressed up against the Thai border, still in Cambodia, the estimates vary that there are between half a million and a million more. Thailand has opened her borders to a goodly number of these refugees with the provision that they are not to remain here. The United States and, to a lesser degree, Europe and China will be willing to accept more than are currently provided for remains to be seen. I guess it's a question of the economic situation back home, the rates of unemployment etc.

Below the Thai border in Malaysia the same problem exists, though the numbers are somewhat smaller and more of the refugees are boat people, the Malaysians have been far less willing to accept the refugees. There were many stories this last summer of the Malaysian Navy towing boats back out to sea and blockading the shores much like the British did in Palestine in 1947 and '48. And the same is, to a large degree, true of Indonesia. The problem is that not only are these people refugees, but an ethnic one and a religious one. In Thailand the Thais and the Cambodians share a Buddhist tradition, but there is a deep suspicion of the Chinese, and in Malaysia and Indonesia the governments are militantly Muslim and determined to reduce their Chinese and Indochinese populations. Though a great deal of effort is being exerted by various agencies in behalf of the refugees and a major resettlement effort is under way, it's clear that many of these people will suffer and continue to suffer for a considerable period of time.

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Suffering will only be compounded if the Russians and/or the Chinese and/or the Vietnam government gets further involved in military action.

One of the most interesting parts of our trip was our visit to Ching Mai which is the northernmost city of any size in Thailand. It's not a particularly beautiful town, none of the towns in Thailand are, but it's close to the hill country which runs along the Chinese-Laotian-Thai-Burmese border, and we drove north almost to that border passing through villages and areas which are largely settled by the various hill tribes. People wear colorful costumes and have lived in the area for centuries. We visited a Meo village where the clothing is largely a dark blue-black with patches of color. These people have been specialists in the opium trade for centuries and the government has now not only forbidden the trade but is desperately trying to settle these people and turn them into competent agriculturalists. The results of this program are unclear. What you see in the village are a lot of children running around, women busy with the chores of the house with stitchery which will be sold in the town to tourists, and the men lazing about, having lost their control of their tribe and of their lives. These people have a fine tradition of handcraft. They are particularly adept at weaving bamboo and rattan into baskets and other designs of grace and beauty. And a number of agencies have tried to teach them to make these items so that they will be sellable, but you can't live on the tourist trade and clearly there is a cultural problem here of major dimensions.

We drove down from Ching Mai to Bangkok in order to see the countryside and to visit the great first capital of the Thai people at a city called Soukhatai. It's a vast area which is being turned into a national park. The city was abandoned about the sixteenth century and whatever was in stone and, to a certain degree, brick has survived, which is to say the public buildings which in this part of the world means essentially a palace or two and the Buddhist temple-monasteries. One problem which faces archeologists and conservators in this part of the world is the tendency to keep these ancient places in use as shrines. Wherever there's a Buddha image you find somebody has made an offering or lit an incensed stick or draped the Buddha image in the saffron cloth of

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a monk. Often it's clear that the authorities cannot decide whether to turn a particular area into an active shrine or treat it as an historic monument. The concept of a monument is an interesting one because of the Buddhist emphasis on the permanence of all that is material and part of the physical world. Things are not built here to last unless they are reliquaries associated with the Buddha, and people seem more eager to establish a new monastery-temple than to refurbish or maintain that which is of the past. It almost seems as if the renewal of interest in their own history is a by-product of the colonial period rather than something which is indigenous and native to this population.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of these two weeks has involved the people which it has been our good fortune to meet. We had a number of names before we came and we were fortunate our first night to be invited to a party at the house of the Director of the Ford Foundation for Southeast Asia which included not only a number of people who are active in Foundation work but a number of faculty people from local universities, a fascinating architect and his wife, and a number of other Thais. We've been out to dinner with a number of these folk and found them to be uniformly interesting. Thais are a graceful and mannered people and more than willing to talk about their culture and their life, although, of course, we don't get involved in private things. Almost all of them have had prolonged education abroad, and one of the most striking elements of this society is the importance of that education in the transformation of the social order.

One of the paradoxes of life here is that you find the tourist looking for the handiwork of the hill people, and the hill people and the native Thai looking for and buying the products of the West.

I spent this afternoon with a Thai at the local university who is trying to establish a Department of Religion. What was striking in his conversation with me was his emphasis on the importance of a Western education to all those who really want to teach at the university. He demeaned the local graduate degrees and suggested that they involve simply a memorization and minimal kinds of achievement and were not at all to

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be compared with the work that is being done in the West. He suggested that if it were not for the new ideas brought back by people from France, England and the United States Thai education would not really develop as it should. Whether he is correct or not, I do not know, but certainly the upper class Thais send their children to Australia and New Zealand and English public schools or to the United States and then they are eager for their sons and, to a certain degree, their daughters to receive an American college education.

We are well, delighted with the trip as it has developed, and are grateful to you for your continued attention to Sarah and Michael. We talked with Sarah last night. She seemed in fine shape and particularly pleased with her first showing in an indoor track meet and rather more at peace with the university than she's been before. She spoke of her eagerness to be back with her friends and a number of new friends that she's constantly making. I think that the sense of accomplishment, now that the first term is over and she knows that she can do the work, has freed her to try a variety of new experiences and the university is seeming to her more and more to be an extension of her life and a place in which she is at home.

We send all our love and hope that this finds you in good health.

Love,

David

DJS:mp

February 13, 1980

Dear Joanne and Steve,

You know how bad my handwriting is, so please forgive this way of getting a letter to you.

Our trip so far, Morocco, Nepal and Thailand has exceeded our fondest expectations. Nepal is a beautiful country and one which allows you to step back into the Middle Ages. Every place you turn there are shrines, temples, pagodas, monks, drums being beaten, religious processions being organized and people going about life very much the way they must have centuries ago. The most unusual person we met in Nepal was the Israeli Ambassador. He's a delightful man named Shamai Laor. He and his wife, Nura, and their daughter comprise, with one security agent, the entire resident Israeli community and often the entire resident Jewish community. We spent a delightful Sabbath with them, including gefilte fish and the conversation in Hebrew, and so it had a feeling of being at home in the farthest place one can imagine from home.

One of the sensations you have in this part of the world is its emptiness of anything that is Jewish. There is one resident minyan here in Bangkok which is largely a weekly meeting of traveling sephardic jewelers. Bangkok is one of the gem centers of the world, a fact which I have consistently underplayed with Adele. There was a small Jewish community here during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as in most of the ports of Asia, largely consisting of Persian and Indian Jews who were active in the commercial trade of the time. Trade is increasingly being taken over by local nationals and the economic base for these small communities has disappeared so that by and large these families have moved out and moved on.

Israel maintains an embassy in Thailand and has made a major contribution through medical supplies and a doctors' team to the refugee problem. While we were here the sixth contingent of Israeli doctors and nurses arrived for work in one of the refugee centers. It's a good thing there is a fatalism in this part of the world because when you look at problems involving the redistribution of population and the refugee problem, there is clearly no neat and totally successful solution apparent. The United States' role in taking 168,000 refugees in the course of a year is a major contribution. The rest of the world is taking only another 20 or 25 thousand and the numbers of Cambodians pushing against the Thai border is estimated roughly at between half a million and a million. The countries of Southeast Asia have no desire to take these people, in part because they are ethnically and religiously foreign, particularly the Chinese group and the Buddhists who would represent an intrusion to Malaysia and Indonesia, aggressive Muslim states, which are trying to overcome and overwhelm their non-Muslim populations. Thailand itself has had traditional quarrels with its neighbors, and though it permits refugees on its soil, insists that this is only temporary.

Everything I hear from home indicates that things are running smoothly. We hope that you are well as well as the boys. Adele joins in sending our love.

Sincerely,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

February 13, 1980

Dear Ellyn and Stuart,

This is our last day in Bangkok and the trip is proceeding in a way that is beyond our fondest expectations. I am sure that you have kept abreast of what I have written for the Bulletin, and Jim has told you of other details about the trip. One or two Jewish asides which may be of interest.

I found that there is only one operating minyan in Bangkok. It's a rather odd affair, run by an Afghani by the name of Abrahams, by and for the Jews who sell jewelry in the United States and in Europe, on the fifth floor of an office building in a jewelry factor's place. They are Sephardi Jews and seem to all be related in a kind of Mafia outfit. The service lacks beauty but is done with intensity. It is clear that the Jewish bond is part of the loyalty principle which keeps these people together.

I also found in Bangkok a lonely Jew, Robert Marks, teaching Jewish Studies to no visible students at the local university. There is a Department of Religion here, or rather they are trying to get one started, and he was hired to teach History of Religion and History of Judaism. They hope to have students but have none at the moment. He is a young man just off a divorce for whom Thailand seemed to be a chance to put his life together, and he has found that it has been even more of a challenge than he expected. I am not quite sure how you would approach Jewish Studies in this kind of environment where there is absolutely no frame of reference, but perhaps if he continues to have no students he really won't face the problem.

The only other Jewish presence here is our American Ambassador, a man named Morton Abramowitz. He is a nice man who has been very active in the refugee problem, not only as our official representative, but his wife has done a great deal personally. She seems to have involved herself in the Jewish community in the sense of being at services at least on the holidays. The Ambassador failed to show up, according to the testimony of our Israel Ambassador in Nepal, a delightful man named Shamai Laor with whom we became particularly friendly.

One other Jewish note. Yesterday I bumped into your old friend, Steve Jacobs. Apparently he has made himself into a rabbi involved with Cambodian refugees and was over here on some kind of visit to the camps with the American Jewish Committee man and somebody from the Joint Distribution Committee. He tells me that his wife, Ginger, is very active in Los Angeles and obviously this kind of work gives him a sense of importance. He asked to be remembered to his brother who is a friend of yours and who is now a member of our congregation, so please deliver the message.

Adele joins in sending our love. We are well and are sure that The Temple is in good hands.

As always,

Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

February 14, 1980

Dear Al,

I am writing to you, and through you to the rest of our staff, from Thailand. We have been here for nearly two weeks and have grown increasingly fond of this country. Since we left Oxford it has been Morocco, a day or two in New Delhi, a week in Nepal and the time here. It's strange to be in this part of the world to recognize how different its perspectives and its attitudes are from those with which we are familiar.

Bangkok is a great sprawling city of nearly five million which is increasing by nearly a million people every five years. It's the only major city in Thailand and as people move from the country to opportunity they swell the city population. There is little innate grace to Bangkok although there are a number of lovely old temple buildings and palaces. The city was essentially a city on a large river and canals, but the canals have now been filled in and provide the overcrowded streets of the town. Thai are a graceful and good-looking people who make me feel sometimes like a giant because, like most Southeast Asians, they are quite short. They are always smiling and full of courtesy. We have had the good fortune of meeting a number of quite interesting Thai.

This country is eighty percent farm and agriculture. The major crop is rice and food is a major export. Of the people who live in the city, there are a number of industries, but most seem to be small shopkeepers and, of course, there is the rather extensive tourist trade. We spent a few days in the northern hill country. Here one moves away from the ethnic Thai and comes across semi-nomadic tribespeople with exotic names like Meo, Lao and Karen. These are people who have lived in the mountainous regions between China and Indochina and Burma for centuries. Some have settled into agricultural villages. Many are now for the first time being settled as the government attempts to move them from their semi-nomadic life where many were involved in the opium trade into a more manageable situation. The tribespeople are noted for rather colorful dress, usually blue or black with some kind of gaily colored embroidery. They are noted for their basketry and we saw some magnificent examples in the local shops.

We are well. Adele joins in sending our best and our thanks for all that you are doing to keep The Temple and The Temple family busy and happy during these months.

As always,
Ruthie Dean
Daniel Jeremy Silver

DJS:mp

From the desk of—

RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

2/19/80

Steve, you will have to take the box down to Potter and Mellen. I spoke with Blanche Varis and she said they can do the work. However, since the box is wooden and pretty well sealed I am not opening it here so you should be there when it is unpacked so you can see its condition. They tell me it should be ready in a week or two and you remember what Rabbi Silver said about setting the piece up and the Hebrew in the right direction etc.

I have spoken to Mr. Reich about this so he knows all about it and knows that you are taking it down.

Potter and Mellen, 10405 Carnegie, 231-5100
Blanche Varis.

Box is presently in DJ's office and Greg has a key.



*Taken to Potter
& Mellen 3/12/80*

LAND-SEA-AIR at HALLES

Complete Travel Service

1228 Euclid Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio 44115

Telephone (216) 621-7910

June 23, 1980

Dear Rabbi Ian,

Believe it or not, today we finally got the \$150.00 refund from the Marhaba Hotel, sorry it took so long.

We will apply it to Adele's invoice #13572 for \$154.00 r/t to Philadelphia on Feb. 14, 1980. (per instructions from Sid).

Thank you for your patience.

Sincerely,

Barbara

Barbara Kaplan

Balance due \$4.00

*(Rabbi see me
m)*

*ch 1422
6/26/80*

Yarnton Centre for Postgraduate Hebrew Studies

45 ST. GILES
OXFORD
OX1 3LP

Telephone OXFORD (0865) 511869

For the attention of all residents
on the Yarnton Manor Estate

The following regulations are designed to ensure the best interests of the Centre and Yarnton Manor Estate. In welcoming guests of the Centre to the Estate, the Governors ask that the regulations be respected by them and their families. The regulations may be modified or added to from time to time at the discretion of the Board of Governors.

The Steward and Housekeeper, Mr and Mrs J. C. Roberts, live at 36 Church Lane, telephone Kidlington 5194. They will gladly help residents and their families. The Steward is available between 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. on weekdays, with a break for lunch between 1 and 2 p. m. In cases of emergency he may of course be contacted outside these times.

No meals are provided. Each cottage had its own kitchen and there are two kitchens in the main house for the use of residents in single rooms.

It would help the office at 45 St. Giles' to plan in advance of your visit if you would let the Administrative Secretary know the number of family travelling with you, the age and sex of any children, your kitchen requirements, etc.

1. There is a reading room with current newspapers and periodicals on the ground floor of the Manor (on the right of the main entrance, next to the North House kitchen). Residents are charged £1 per month at present towards the cost of the newspapers. There is also a drinks cupboard in the newspaper room, and drinks should be signed for in the book provided.
2. All residents expecting to stay longer than a few weeks are asked to lodge a £100 deposit with the bookkeeper, Mrs I. Goodwin, at 45 St. Giles' as soon as possible after their arrival. The balance of this sum will be refunded at the end of your stay after all final bills have been met.
3. Residents other than those accommodated in single rooms are responsible for their own heating, lighting and telephone bills. Coin telephone boxes are situated in the main entrance hall and in the entrance to the Library.

4. Linen is provided.
 5. Some cleaning help is available on one morning each week. The present charge for cottage residents is £2 per week, and for residents in the Manor £1 per room per week.
 6. Residents are asked to supply their own cleaning materials and light bulbs for their apartments.
 7. Residents are asked to help maintain the amenities of the Estate and their own accommodation and to ensure that these are in good order. Any equipment accidentally lost or broken should be replaced. The Steward can advise about the availability of replacements.
 8. Residents who wish to hang pictures, etc. on walls should first consult the Steward.
 9. Pets are not permitted.
 10. The overall appearance to the visitor's eye should be borne in mind. It is the responsibility of residents to maintain the areas outside their cottage in a good state.
 11. In the interests of safety and security the Steward must be advised when apartments are being left unoccupied overnight.
 12. The Steward should be advised of any overnight guests that residents may have. In the event of fire or other emergency it is essential for him to be able to account for everyone on the Estate.
 13. Residents are requested to maintain all fire regulations and precautions. The Steward will be glad to give advice.
- N.B. THE FIRE MUSTER POINT FOR ALL RESIDENTS IN THE MANOR IS THE GARAGES TO THE SOUTH OF APPLE LOFT.
14. Only official guests of the Centre may be accommodated in the Manor House, unless permission has been granted by the Principal or in his absence his deputy.
 15. Under no circumstance may accommodation be lent or let to a resident's relatives or friends.
 16. Two folding beds are available from the Steward for anyone wishing to accommodate overnight guests in their own apartment.
 17. Residents wishing to show the Manor House to their guests should let the Steward know that there will be visitors in the area.
 18. The public rooms of the Manor House are out of bounds to children under 16 years, as are also the front and back gardens of the Manor House and Barn. A play area is provided in the orchard, but children are not permitted to climb trees or cause damage.

19. The speed limit for cars in the Manor grounds is 5 m.p.h.
20. Cars should be parked in the garages provided or in the car park. Residents are asked to discourage the parking of cars in front of the Manor.
21. Dustbin areas are the responsibility of the residents to whom they are assigned. The Steward will collect dustbins on Thursday mornings and leave them at the main gates for emptying.
22. Washing should only be hung to dry on the lines provided. Washing machines are not permitted in the Manor House or End Cottage. A laundrette has been provided in the old game larder for the use of residents. A charge will be made for sheets and towels given to the Steward for sending to a laundry.
23. The fruit and vegetables grown in the orchard and kitchen garden are reserved for use at the Centre's official functions. However, the Steward will advise residents if there is surplus produce.

The Governors of the Oxford Centre for Postgraduate Hebrew Studies hope that residents and their families will enjoy their stay on the Yarnton Manor Estate and that it will prove a pleasant and rewarding experience.

19.7.78

Notes

Fly Taipei to Osaka

Take boat on inland sea from Kobe. Get off boat at Okayama (Provincial Museum). Visit Korashki (old-fashioned town, Ohara Museum). Stay at Hotel Kurashki or International House Hotel.

To Kyoto, Old Myako Hotel (take seven days). Rantel, lovely hotel but way out.

Nara, visit outlying temples. Base for Oridge-Tashodaji, National Museum, Karata, Director, four or five days

One night Mt. Kayosan, great early Temple complex, cemetery. Stay overnight at monastery. Have Japanese take you up. Karata can arrange.

Ise by way of Muroji (most beautiful temple in Japan), stay in Ise, visit Ise shrine.

Nagoya (Museum-castle).

Tokyo, visit Koto private museum. Get information from Mr. Aber.

Visit Kamakura and Kita Kamakura.

One swing through Hakones and Atami (skip if museum not open).

Visit Nikko out of Tokyo.

Sendai (Pine Islands, Matsushima and Chumson-ji temple).

Peking, visit all four museums in palace.

Beifeng jing 11/72

Ancient Capitals of China

Day 1	Peking	settle into hotel afternoon: Wang-fu-ching stroll (5th Ave. of Peking) evening: briefing
Day 2	Peking	morning: History Museum afternoon: Liu-li-ch'ang (antiques and art) late aft.: entrain overnight to An-yang
Day 3	An-yang	morning: arrival in An-yang visit to Yin Xu Archaeological Station afternoon: Yin Xu and surrounding area late aft.: entrain for Zheng-zhou, arrival about 11:00 PM briefing aboard train
Day 4	Zheng-zhou	morning: Zheng-zhou City Museum Shang Palace site afternoon: Honan Provincial Museum Shang City Wall evening: briefing
Day 5	Luo-yang	morning: entrain for Luo-yang, arrival about AM afternoon: Old Town Wang Cheng Park (Han tombs) Bai-ma-si evening: briefing
Day 6	Luo-yang	morning: Town Museum Long-men Caves afternoon: Mang-shan Hills
Day 7	on train	morning: entrain to Sian--pass through loess country and Tunggwan, arrival late evening--briefing on train
Day 8	Sian	morning: Shensi Provincial Museum Bei-lin (Forest of Stelae) afternoon: Ban-po Neolithic site Li-shan and Hua-qing Hotsprings Qin-shi Huang-di Tombs evening: briefing
Day 9	Sian	morning to mid-aft.: Qian-ling Tombs (Wu-dse-tien/Yung-tai Princess) late aft.: City of Sian Little and Big Goose Pagoda (Tang) Bell Tower and Drum Tower (Qing)

Day 10 Sian Free day
evening: briefing

Day 11 Nanking
morning: embark by air to Nanking, arrival AM.
tour of Bridge (and boatride on Yangtze)
afternoon: Nanking Museum - Jiangsu Provincial Museum

Day 12 Nanking
morning: Eastern Hills: Xiao-ling (tomb of founder of Ming)
Sun Zhong-shan ling (Sun Yat-sen to)
afternoon: Lake Xuan Wu
Gu-lou (Drum Tower)

Day 13 Nanking
morning: Tai ping tian guo wu guan (Taiping Museum)
Yu hua tai Garden
Mo chou hu Lake
afternoon: Train to Shanghai--arrival 7:00 PM
evening: briefing

Day 14 Shanghai
morning: Shanghai Municipal Museum
Afternoon: Old City, Bund, drive around city

Day 15 Shanghai
morning: Lu Xun Museum
Friendship Store
afternoon: Free time
evening: briefing

Day 16 Hangzhou
morning: entrain for Hangzhou, arrival AM.
Wu-shan
afternoon: West Lake (boat cruise)
Gu-shan
Zhejiang Provincial Museum (?)
evening: briefing, stroll by lake, moon-viewing

Day 17 Hangzhou
morning: Ling-yin-si
Liu-he-ta
Long-jing Village
afternoon: embark by air for Peking, arrival PM.

Day 18 Peking
morning: Ming Tombs
afternoon: Great Wall
evening: briefing

Day 10
Sian

Suchou

Day 19	Peking	morning:	Tian-an men Square Gu gung (Forbidden City) Mao Mausoleum
		afternoon:	Temple of Heaven Bei-hai Park
		evening:	briefing
Day 20	Peking		Chou-k'ou-tien (Peking Man) all day or
		morning:	Temples--Yong-ho gung, Bai-ta-si, etc.
		afternoon:	I-ho yuan (Summer Palace)
Day 21	Peking		embarkation for home

11/3/80

CONSULATE GENERAL
OF THE ARAB REPUBLIC OF
EGYPT

1110 SECOND AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Tel. (212) 759-7120

VISA APPLICATION



Name: MR. MISS. MRS. ARLE Z. SILVER
(FIRST) (MIDDLE) (LAST)

Place and Date of Birth USA 2 16 82
(COUNTRY) (MONTH) (DAY) (YEAR)

Nationality USA

Passport No. K1387086

Date and Place of Issue WASHINGTON 3 16 79
CLEVELAND

Valid Till 3 15 84

Home Address 2841 WEYBRIDGE R.I.

CLEVELAND 44120 OHIO

Tel. No. 216-921-2842

Occupation ART MUSEUM EDUCATOR

Name of Firm or Company CLEVELAND MUSEUM

OF ART

Address 1150 EAST BLVD

CLEVELAND 44106 OHIO

Tel. No. 216-421-7340

Please See Other Side

FOR OFFICIAL USE

Visa No. _____

Remarks _____

Reason for travel to Egypt: (Tourist/Business/Other) TOURIST

Date of Departure from U.S.A. OCT 1 1979

Date of Arrival into Egypt JAN 4 1980

Duration of Stay 15 to 20 days

Number of entries desired one

Reference in Egypt TOUR

Address _____

Reference in U.S.A. Travel Plans International
Executive Plaza

Address 1301 W. 22nd Street
Oak Brook, Illinois 60521

Signature Arle Z. Silver

Date 5 16 79

1/3/80

CONSULATE GENERAL
OF THE ARAB REPUBLIC OF
EGYPT

1110 SECOND AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Tel. (212) 759-7120

VISA APPLICATION



Name: MRS. DANIEL JEREMY SILVER
(FIRST) (MIDDLE) (LAST)

Place and Date of Birth USA 3 26 28
(COUNTRY) (MONTH) (DAY) (YEAR)

Nationality USA

Passport No. K71198L

Date and Place of Issue 3-12-79 WASHINGTON
CLEVELAND

Valid Till 3-11-84

Home Address 2841 Weybridge Road
CLEVELAND 44120 OHIO

Tel. No. 831-3233 921-2842

Occupation Rabbi

Name of Firm or Company The Temple

Address 26000 Sharon Blvd
CLEVELAND 44106 OHIO

Tel. No. 831-3233

Reason for travel to Egypt: (Tourist/Business/Other) TOURIST

Date of Departure from U.S.A. OCT 1 1979

Date of Arrival into Egypt JAN 4 1980

Duration of Stay 15 to 20 days

Number of entries desired one

Reference in Egypt TOUR

Address _____

Reference in U.S.A. Travel Plans International

Executive Plaza

Address 1301 W. 22nd Street

Oak Brook, Illinois 60521

Signature Daniel Jeremy Silver

Date May 17 1979

Please See Other Side

FOR OFFICIAL USE

Visa No. _____

Remarks _____

1. All the children's stock is on deposit with Will S. Halle Co. (Bud Eisner or Jack Shapiro).
2. Adele Z. Silver and Daniel J. Silver stock on deposit with Paine Webber (Bob Gordon).
3. Money Market Accounts in the names of Daniel J. Silver, Adele Z. Silver, Jonathan M. Silver, Michael Louis Silver and Sarah Jean Silver at Paine Webber (Bob Gordon).
4. There is a cash management joint account for Daniel J. Silver and Adele Z. Silver at Merrill Lynch (Herman Davidson).
5. The wills of Adele Z. Silver and Daniel J. Silver are on deposit with Benesch Friedlander (Bernard Goodman).
- ✓ 6. Adele Silver's jewelry is in the bank box of Shaker Square branch of Cleveland Trust.
7. The flat silver will be in the vault of The Temple Museum.
8. The enclosed list indicates items in the vault of The Cleveland Museum of Art.
9. House deed and partnership documents are in bank box, Cleveland Trust, downtown or DJS desk at house.
10. All insurance records are in the second drawer of Daniel J. Silver's desk at the house at 2841 Weybridge. Roger Bercu is the agent on matters involving the house; John Garson for automobile insurance.

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART
CLEVELAND, OHIO

September 28, 1979

Received from Rabbi and Mrs. Daniel J. Silver

C.M.A.

the objects described below, offered to the Museum ~~xxx~~ for storage subject to the conditions printed on the back of this receipt.

For the Director,

Registrar

Temporary Receipt No. 16433/6

No.	DESCRIPTION OF OBJECTS	Value
/6.20	Jewelry, Africa, Ivory Coast, Baule Tribe - PENDANT (gold; in green jewelry box)	
/6.21	Monotype by William Merritt Chase, American, (1849- 1916) - PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN (framed and glazed)	

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

CLEVELAND, OHIO

August 25, 1979

Received from Mrs. Adele Z. Silver

C. M. A.

the objects described below, offered to the Museum ~~as a~~ for storage
printed on the back of this receipt.

subject to the conditions

For the Director,

Al Gutzberg
Registrar

Temporary Receipt No. 16433/6

No.	DESCRIPTION OF OBJECTS	Value
6.1	Japanese screen in large box	
6.2	Egyptian Stone Portrait carving (in lucite display box)	
6.3	Jaina Clay sculpture, seated figure (plus a base)	
6.4	Chinese porcelain bowl, yellow	
6.5	Roman Clay jug	
6.6	Nazca pot, with painted figures	
6.7	Japanese inro, lacquered	
6.8	French watercolor by Granet (fr. & gl.)	
6.9	Ink drawing by Ziem (fr. & gl.)	
/6.10-14	Japanese prints - (fr. & Gl., four framed similiarly; 5th with a pair framed together)	
6.15	Chinese hanging scroll, framed and glazed	
6.16	Hanging scroll, in scroll box	
6.17	Artists' proof print by Jacques Villon (fr. & gl.)	
6.18	Peruvian textile, fr. & gl.	
6.19	Chinese hanging scroll (in scroll box)	
<p>Objects 3 - 7 packed in cardboard box and they were not unpacked or examined. Objects 16 and 19, hanging scrolls, were not unrolled and examined.</p>		

E. Pearlstein

SEL / *mb*