



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

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Folder

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Sabbaticals, writings and notes, 1979-1980.

From An Old English Desk

Prayer books, of all things, have become significant issues on both sides of the Atlantic. We let loose of the familiar only under protest. The Roman Catholics have a traditionalist group which has protested the elimination of the Latin mass. When we experimented last year with The Gates of Prayer reaction was mixed and I remember someone saying: "It just doesn't feel like it's mine." To be sure, the book is unwieldy; but there are some moving moments and all those Elizabethan "ths" and "thous" are gone. But for some, absence only makes the heart grow fonder.

The Reform synagogues of England are engaged in a similar enterprise. A week ago I went to Rugby where a century ago Thomas Arnold, Matthew Arnold's father, established the distinction of one of England's premier public schools, to address the Assembly of Rabbis. I arrived early and found them hard at work on the final draft of their new High Holiday Prayer Book. Their siddur was published some years ago and includes a feature I have seen nowhere else. In the blank space which marks the end of each service they have inserted a line drawing of one of the historic synagogues of Europe. This is intended as a memorial to the loyalty and devotion of a world destroyed in our lifetime. Because of the Channel you sometimes forget that England is part of Europe and that her fate was of a piece with the Continent's even before the Common Market.

The Anglican Church has been plowing its liturgical field and has not enjoyed the harvest it expected. This morning the papers report a petition signed by six hundred of England's best and brightest which request the Synod of that Church to restore the Book of Common Prayer and the Authorized Version of the Bible in place of the new texts which are dismissed as "utilitarian disposables." Everyone from the Foreign Secretary to a series of notable Oxford dons who signed the submission spoke of the "memorability" and "power" of the familiar language. Whether they actually go to Church is not indicated; but church going seems to be fairly common here.

It is an old problem. Should a service be full of majesty or full of simple meanings; should worship be clothed with nobility or simplicity? I cannot pass on American squabbles, but I have enjoyed the letters and would share one with you, making the point

that King James' Bible was itself a revision. One writer resurrected the first line of Genesis in an old Yorkshire version: "First on, there was nobut God. He said, eh up, let's turn it bloody light on", which I guess says simply that every age can right with power. The problem is not revision, but the skill of the revisers.



FROM AN ENGLISH POINT

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10/12/79

From An Old English Desk

We have been away just shy of a week, but we are well settled in our cottage, The Appleloft, on the Yarnton Estate of the Oxford Center For Post Graduate Hebrew Studies. Indeed, we were at home within twelve hours of leaving Cleveland. I conducted a staff meeting in the familiar surroundings of my office on Wednesday - Sukkoth was on us with a rush - and Thursday we were exploring our new home under an unexpectedly clear English sky.

Sukkot was quite different than at home. Oxford has a small synagogue-center which serves the Jewish Society of the University as well as the town, and does so without any professional staff save a janitor. The congregation consisted of about thirty-five town folk, mostly in family groups, and four students. The Fall term, it is called Michaelmas, begins next week. There was a bit of friendly argument about who would chant the service and, finally, the short evening service was undertaken. Britain's famous talent for ceremony and display was definitely not on display that night; but the moment was warm and good-natured and there was a Sukkah and a Kiddush. The Sukkah was quite nicely decorated, but no one remembered whether a lulav and ethroe had been ordered or, if ordered, where they had been put. I was not even tempted to volunteer to get things organized and so proved to myself that I know I am on sabbatical leave.

So far, three other Fellows of the Center have arrived: Manfred Vogel who teaches Modern Jewish Thought at Northwestern University in Evanston; Allen Crown of the New South Wales University in Sidney, Australia, an expert on the Samaritans; and Moshe Harvan of Barnard College whose specialty is the Shrines of the Ancient Middle East - a varied but interesting group.

I held the first session of my seminar for students at The Leo Baeck Seminary in London on Tuesday. The class consists of about fifteen fourth and fifth year rabbinic students and on first acquaintance they seem an alert and interesting group.

Of course, it's not been all work or preparation for work. We have visited Blenheim Palace which is just up the road and wandered through the magnificent park, attended a good local production of King Lear, visited about and driven to Wells and Bath. As you can see, we are well and the trip is well started.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

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Daniel Jeremy Silver

Believe it or not today, October 25, is the first rainy day in two weeks. Happily, it coincides with hours set aside for my desk in the library. I have now met my seminar class three times, spoken to the two largest congregations in London, addressed the Annual Assembly of Reform Rabbis and visited with a Reader in Rabbinics at Cambridge University; and I am beginning to get a feel for the academic and synagogue aspects of British Jewry.

Though there are many similarities, there are significant differences. We look at undergraduate education as a time to broaden one's reach. Here a student comes to Oxford or Cambridge to read in a certain area, ^{when his} ~~whose~~ field is chemistry or classics, ~~he~~ concentrates entirely in that specialty. The type of course that I teach at Case-Western Reserve, ^{which} essentially seeks to introduce Jewish thought to those who want to broaden their knowledge but have no intention of specializing in the area, ~~are~~ not available here. The only students who draw on the university's offerings in an area such as Jewish Studies are those who hope to specialize in it, and the courses are tutorial, designed to give future specialists familiarity with the language tools (Hebrew-Aramaic) and the textual skills he will require. At Oxford you cannot do Jewish Studies directly. What you can do is read Hebrew. This term the offerings in Hebrew include various levels of the language, two courses in basic rabbinic texts, two in texts from the Greco-Roman diaspora and three in Modern Hebrew Literature. In addition, the Centre for Post Graduate Hebrew Studies, with which I am affiliated, offer ^{seminars} seminars in the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Problems of Jewish History and Literature, and Modern Jewish Thought. There is much to take, but so few can take.

The situation at Cambridge is much the same. In a university of ten thousand undergraduates only six or seven are reading Hebrew. The young man who is Reader in Rabbinics, Nicholas ^{de Lane} ~~de Lane~~, is a delightful person who is both rabbi and academic. He tries hard to be available to Jewish students and it is clear that many turn to him. There is a Jewish Society with meeting rooms, but since there is no permanent staff this group essentially recreates itself each term and it is generally too late to develop a program which would fill the gap for those who would like to work out their identity problems by knowing more.

de Lange
~~de Lange~~ arranged a tea with faculty and students and we had a pleasant chat about our respective interests; but the high point of the day for me was a visit to a display of materials from the Cairo genizah which was up in the University Library. Just before the turn of the century, Solomon Schechter, who later became head of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City, brought back from Cairo ~~hundreds~~ *thousands* of manuscripts, books and letters from the storeroom of the Ben Ezra Synagogue in Cairo. There was an old custom never to destroy pages in which the name of God appeared. This community went one further and used the storeroom as a general file. Cairo's dry climate did the rest, and Schechter was able to bring out essentially the entire library and records of a congregation community stretching back from his day to the ninth century. Incidentally, we have in our Temple Museum the top portion of a fourteenth-century Ketubah, a marriage contract, from this genizah collection. As you can imagine, scholars had feasted on this material. It is only recently that steps have been taken to adequately catalog and properly preserve it. We met Stefan Reif, who is in charge of this conservation project, and we were shown a display which included everything from a child's copy book in which the four-year old or five-year old made his first fumbling Hebrew letters to a hand-written note from my old friend, Moses Maimonides, telling a "persistent correspondent he simply ^{not} didn't have time to answer his many questions. Maimonides' handwriting, a quick scrawl, reflects his impatience and confirmed my long-held feeling that this prince of philosophers was anything but a patient and humble man.

I'll tell you more about English Jewry in my next letter.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

11/28/79

From The Rabbi's Desk

England's most famous Cricket Stadium is called The Lords. It is on a street names St. John's Woods. Just across the street from The Lords Cricket Ground is the major liberal synagogue of London where it is reported to have described the Liberal Jewish Synagogue as the house of worship where the Lord is across the street.

I went to the Liberal Synagogue last night, Wednesday, the fourteenth of November, to deliver the twenty-sixth annual Claude G. Montefiore Memorial Lecture. Montefiore was one of England's great learned amateurs. Along with another fine scholar of the day, Israel Abrahams, Montefiore inaugurated and edited the Jewish Quarterly Review, which has been for the better part of the last century a major avenue for communication between Jewish scholars particularly interested in helping non-Jews understand the fine spiritual reach of our tradition. Again, together with a fellow man of letters, Herbert Loewe, he edited a volume entitled A Rabbinic Anthology in which the various categories of theological thought are listed and appropriate statements from rabbinic literature are set out for everyone to read. These sayings, together with the explanations that Montefiore and Loewe provided, became staples of many a teacher's and preacher's library. Loewe had played a commanding intellectual role in English Jewry, in no small measure due to the fact that he could sponsor from his own funds literary and scholarly projects in which he was interested. Mr. Montefiore had been for over three decades President of the Liberal Synagogue where we were speaking. Indeed, the liberal movement in England reflected, and continues to reflect, many of his attitudes with a respect for learning. I witnessed this lecture series and others which had attracted distinguished scholars. There is great concern to help the larger community understand the Jewish way, and there is a certain diffidence about the whole question of peoplehood.

Like so many liberals who came into their maturity before the first World War, Claude Montefiore was adamantly opposed to Zionism which he looked on as a regressive movement which would turn Jews away from their individual responsibilities to England and

France and the United States and towards purely domestic concerns. He looked forward to the emergence of a brotherhood of good will, to his life to establishing the bonds of communication and understanding between peoples. He died in the 1930's before the full tragedy of that decade had broken upon the world.

Montefiore was a high-minded man of good character. I discovered in doing some research into his life that he had only one vanity - he delighted to read the haftarah of Jonah on Yom Kippur. This is one of the highest honors which the synagogue traditionally can give, and for all the years of his leadership at the Liberal Synagogue it is an honor that was reserved for him. This vanity vested that the book of Jonah might be an appropriate subject for me for the lecture and I spoke on that theme.

One of the unexpected features of the evening was the discovery that Montefiore had actually recorded his reading of Jonah, and the rabbi, John Rayner, played a bit of that recording before my speech.

It was a pleasant evening and I am getting used to English forms. One of these is that someone in the community is asked to make a vote of thanks once the question and answer period is completed. This worthy is selected ahead of time and the vote of thanks is often not only an appreciation of the speaker's efforts but that worthy's improvement on the speaker's thoughts. I have not made up my mind what I feel about this procedure except that I have discovered that it rather lengthens the evening since the person selected feels called upon to spend more than a brief moment or two carrying out the assigned task. Between us we managed to spend a pleasant hour and a half doing full justice to the forty-four verses which comprise the entirety of the book of Jonah.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

12/7/79

From The Rabbi's Desk

This has been the fortnight Anthony Blunt. Blunt has been a noted art-historian who, until his retirement, was director of the famous Courtauld Institute and had been for several decades the surveyor of the queen's pictures. He was also a Russian spy.

It all began at Cambridge University in the early 1930's. It was a time of depression and political disillusionment. A small group of upper-class undergraduates came together and formed a group known as The Apostles which was dedicated equally to literature politics and, apparently, homosexuality. The spiritual leader of the group was the novelist E. M. Forster. The politics of the group were Left. A number of the group moved from enthusiasm for the Communist system to actual activity and support of the Soviet Union. Included among these were Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean who, along with Blunt, infiltrated the English Intelligence system, and during the war and shortly thereafter passed on to the Soviet important information. Burgess and Maclean fled to Russia in 1951. Blunt has peacefully continued his career until this day. He was uncovered by information which became public as a result of America's Freedom of Information Act. The existence of other members of this spy group has long been bruited about. Following leads secured from American Intelligence materials, reporters here were able to pinpoint Blunt as one of these men. And, finally, two weeks ago Mrs. Thatcher, the Prime Minister, was asked directly about it in the House of Commons and revealed publicly Blunt's name.

The whole thing would be a tired story of thirty-year old spying were it not for the fact that the knowledge of Blunt's activities has been suspected since the early 1950's. He confessed to his activities in 1964 before a grant of immunity. Knowledge of his activities has, therefore, been public, at least in that old boys' network, which still has a great deal to say about the affairs of this island. Yet, nothing was done to strip him of his honors or to cord off his appointments. Indeed, he continued to enjoy the esteem of the ~~Royal~~ royal family, of his professorial colleagues and of the large artistic and upper-class community of which he was a part. Every country has its spies. A spy enters a risky profession and can expect a long jail sentence if he is caught. A number of British citizens who spied for the Soviet during the war were caught and have served,

or are serving, long terms in jail, but none of these were from the upper crust.

The intriguing feature of this whole episode is that the decision to bring in and interrogate Burgess and Maclean was made on a Thursday, that the weekend was allowed to intrude before they were actually to be brought in and quizzed. This gave these two men sufficient time to escape to Russia. There is a suspicion that the upper class protects its own even when the crime is espionage.

An interesting footnote in this whole sorry affair is that shortly after the second World War Blunt and another agent were given a mission by the palace to go to Germany to secure a cache of private letters and documents which had been exchanged between members of the royal family and their relatives in Germany. Queen Victoria's daughter had been wife of the Kaiser and family ties remained close. The family's concern seems not to have been archival, that is that important papers should be lost, but to secure the return of a file on the Duke of Windsor who had well-known pro-Nazi sympathies which it would have been embarrassing to have publicly displayed at that particular moment in history. Blunt was successful in his mission and it would seem that both his knighthood and his appointment as the surveyor of the queen's picture was somehow related to that success. Blunt remained surveyor of the queen's pictures after he had confessed under the grant of immunity; and the suspicion hangs over the palace that they did not act on their knowledge of Blunt's espionage activities out of long-time friendship. Though a democracy, and one in the throes of significant social change, England remains a class-ridden society.

I asked one of the fellows here at Yarnton why he had left England to teach in Australia. His answer was simple and direct. He had two strikes against him: he had received his degree at a red brick university, and he was a Jew. Given those two facts he could not expect to rise beyond a certain level in his profession.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

From the desk of—

RABBI DANIEL JEREMY SILVER

Steve, please check the spelling of the concentration camp; and check that THIS PEOPLE ISRAEL is the correct title.

DJS



From An Old English Desk

These last days I have wanted to grab hold of Time and hold it. The days are passing swiftly. It is the night of the second candle of Hanukkah. Before Hanukkah is over, we will have left England. It is hard to believe that this part of the sabbatical is behind us. My desire to hold time from moving on will suggest to you the happiness that we have had here. The English Fall this year has been as unexpectedly mild and sunny as has, I understand, Cleveland's weather. We have made good friends; I have made real progress on the book; and London and Oxford are two of the most civilized places on earth. One thing I have learned, or rather relearned, is that Jews are Jews the world over.

We attended, the other night, a reception at which the 1979 book awards were given by the National Book League of England, a lovely occasion, in one of the fine old guild halls, the Stationers, in Ludgate. The prize for non-fiction had gone to Nellie Wilson, an Australian-born woman, who had published a study of the late nineteenth-century French Jewish writer, Bernard-Lazare. Bernard-Lazare was of the generation of Emile Zola and the Dreyfus Trial. As a young man he moved in the radical circles of socialism and anarchism, but the anti-semitism behind the Dreyfus Trial shook him up and he began to wrestle with his Jewishness and Judaism, not conclusively, before his untimely death as a very young man. The committee had told us that they were particularly happy that Mrs. Wilson, a non-Jew, had concerned herself with this man and had introduced this fine volume which had been published by Cambridge University Press. As the master of ceremonies was making the presentation, he mentioned the fact of the author, a non-Jewess, having resurrected (hardly a Jewish term) this Jewish writer. From the audience one suddenly heard Mrs. Wilson cry out, "but I am Jewish." The hall broke out in laughter. Being an Englishman and competent on his feet, the presenter neatly covered his tracks. It remains true that no one else is as interested in our life and our civilization as we are.

I have mentioned in an earlier letter the Jewish Center in downtown Oxford. Last Friday night I spoke to a group of undergraduates after Friday services. There are two services: one, orthodox; the other, reform. Everyone joins together for a Shabbat meal and then the group gathers around, and whoever is invited to speak with them begins

the session. We spoke about the differences between American and English education and how these affect Jewish Studies. In England everybody reads a particular subject from the time they go up to the university. There are no distribution requirements and no electives. Indeed, at Oxford at least, there is very little that you are required to do except to meet weekly with your tutor and to prepare a weekly essay for him. It is a hefty assignment but a very different way of going about education. As a result, the university itself does not present material in what we would call Jewish Studies except to the very few undergraduates who are preparing themselves for a degree in Hebrew in the Oriental Studies Department, while in America we have any number of courses at most universities which most students who are interested take as electives and, therefore, have a chance to grapple with modern Jewish Thought or the History of Judaism at a post-religious school level. The young people who were there spoke of a desire for this kind of program, but it is simply not available within the English system.

In thinking a good bit about the comparison between the two educational programs, certainly by the time he has finished his undergraduate work, an Oxford student is far ahead of his American counterpart in competence in a particular field. He has not had the breadth of experiences and he would find it difficult to shift program and purpose. After the evening, one young man who is reading Hebrew asked if he could see me. Since this was the last week of term, we arranged to meet in London after my last class at the Leo Baeck. He wanted to know what he could about programs available to him in Jewish Studies in the United States. His problem? Uncertainty. No one in England had presented to him an overall view of the field and he did not know where he wanted to concentrate or whether he wanted to go into Jewish scholarship or into the rabbinate or into a combination of both. I suspect that there are many such young people in every area and that in our world, where so many changes must be made in life, the idea of having simply one spade with which to dig is a very limiting, even dangerous, one; but there is no doubt that the undergraduate, at the completion of his three or four years of study, has attained a fine level of competence in the work on which he has concentrated. And, of course, the nicest part of the evening was to meet the young people themselves. They are like students the

world over, full of ideas and full of interest; but, unlike American students, quite shy, and I am not referring simply to the shyness which nineteen or twenty-year olds often address towards adults. They are shy with each other. The English system is a very private one. Every student at this university has a private room.

One of the greatest advantages of this kind of program, that the Jewish Students Association runs, is that it gives enough time for meetings to take place and for the beginnings of new friendships to emerge. You can pick an American student among his English colleagues by the ease with which he mingles and moves from group to group. I must say that there is a certain charm to reticence. It must be very difficult for those young people who are so shy that their lives must pass surrounded by a heavy degree of loneliness.

Daniel Jeremy Silver



From The Rabbi's Desk

Leo Baeck was the outstanding rabbinic personality in Berlin between the first and the second World Wars. In addition to his congregational work, he was a scholar of note. His ESSENCE OF JUDAISM is one of the classic presentations and descriptions of our tradition. Baeck remained with his people during the Nazi madness and, by amazing good fortune, survived the war where he spent most of it interred at the concentration camp at Treshenstadt. To keep himself sane he wrote a wonderful history of Judaism while in the camp, titled THIS PEOPLE ISRAEL. He secreted little pieces of paper that he found here and there and wrote this history from memory. After the war he spent several years in England and then came to the Hebrew Union College where I was fortunate enough to have him as one of my teachers.

When a seminary was opened in London after the second World War it was dedicated to him. The Leo Baeck Seminary occupies a set of classrooms and offices which are next to and part of the school and office complex of the West London Synagogue. The seminary is a dozen years old and is dedicated to producing rabbis for England and the continent, that is, to the revival of European Judaism. Their graduates already serve throughout the United Kingdom, Amsterdam, Paris, Marseilles and Berlin. I have been teaching a course at the Leo Baeck on Tuesdays. I have about fifteen students for a seminar on the theme of Heroes and Hero Worship. The course is really an attempt to teach the material that I am trying to shape into a book. I am interested in the way in which our tradition used the figure of Moses. Jewish ethics requires that we pattern ourselves after God rather than after any human being; yet, the temptation has always been there to use this great figure as a pattern of virtue. I have always felt that you can tell a great deal about a culture from the heroes it projects. Moses is not a military man. His courage is not that of the battlefield. Despite the stiff-neckedness of his community he never is discouraged. He draws encouragement from his intimacy with God. We meet every Tuesday afternoon at two-fifteen in a lovely Board room. The walls are lined with books. There is a grand oval table soon strewn with our

books. At first the students were very diffident, tended to take notes and remain silent. There is something in the English educational system which makes them fearful of making a mistake, but gradually they loosened up and I have enjoyed being with them. They come from England, Germany, Holland and Canada. When they leave in a year or two they will be dispersed around the continent.

There are about twenty-five rabbinic students at the Leo Baeck. There seem to be about an equal number of men and women. Indeed, European liberal Jewry is ahead of ours in the number of women who are already active in the rabbinate.

The Leo Baeck is making a major contribution to the revitalization of European Jewry. There seems to be much more dynamism in the reform movement here than among the orthodox. Orthodoxy has a strong extreme right wing, but though they now claim the affiliation of perhaps eighty percent of England's congregational members, most of these relationships are nominal. Jews' College, the orthodox seminary, occupies a beautiful set of offices and classrooms just three blocks from the Leo Baeck in the heart of the West End. It has apparently run on hard times and it has been announced since we are here that it is going to sell this building and move to the school wing of a congregation in a more Jewish area of the city. English orthodoxy has not been able to attract young men into the rabbinate. It is my understanding that there are only three now involved in the rabbinic course at Jews' College. Despite their preference for tradition and ceremony, those Europeans who care are turning more and more to non-traditional answers to give meaning to their religious lives. Herein lies the opportunity of the Leo Baeck Seminary and of the students.

We take Conservative and Reform Judaism for granted; they are major elements in American life. This is not so here in England. Here the Liberal and the Reform movements represent a small proportion of affiliated Jews, and the chief rabbi is still the man who represents religious Jewry in the larger community. Unfortunately, English orthodoxy lacks vitality. A small number are involved in the Gateshead Yeshiva whose spirit is not unlike that with which we are familiar from Telshe, but the overwhelming majority of Anglo Jewry pay only a formal nod to their religious affiliation. You have the feeling

that if the society here were more open, the traditions and affiliations would soon fray and disappear. Being Jewish for many is form without substance. The Leo Baeck is devoted to bringing the substance, the wisdom, front and center; and from what I can observe it is doing a creditable job.

Daniel Jeremy Silver



January 22, 1980

From The Rabbi's Travels

How does a rabbi spend the Sabbath in Nepal? We looked up the Israeli ambassador and spent a lovely few hours lunching and talking with Shammai Laor and his charming wife, Nura. It is a strange feeling to sense that you could not find a minyan of Jews in this whole country or, for that matter, for a thousand miles in any direction.

Nepal is the Himalayas or, rather, a series of high valleys nestled in the Himalaya foothills. It is a Hindu kingdom which has the distinction of being the only country besides Israel where Saturday is the day of rest.

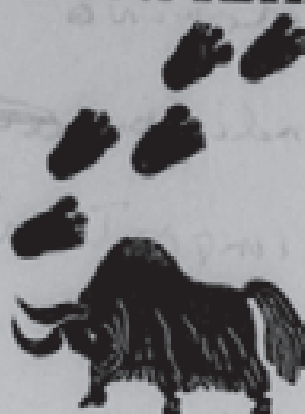
What is an Israeli diplomat doing in Nepal? Over the years there have been a number of development projects in which Israel has participated and good relationships have resulted. Nepal was the only Asian country publicly to approve the Camp David accords and one of the few states in this part of the world to maintain full diplomatic relations with Israel. Laor's mission here is primarily concerned with developing and maintaining the openness and understanding which now exists. His is a lonely task but an important one.

Tourism is only a decade or so old in this once locked up kingdom, and development has not yet submerged the old ways or brought their naturalness into question. The Hindu gods are still easily worshipped. Sacrifices of goats and chickens as well as of flowers are regularly made. There is a shrine on nearly every block and literally dozens of temples and pagodas in every town. Nepalese woodwork is particularly fine and there is much to please the eye.

I kept thinking as we walked and watched that the Caraanite world out of which the Biblical tradition emerged must have been in many ways a similar society: colorful, easily religious, idolatrous, full of myth and superstition. These people are obviously comfortable with their pieties and familiar with them; and you sense the wrench that must have been required to separate a nation from pantheism and animism. I have gained new respect for the spiritual vision and courage of our ancestors.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

YAK & YETI



nepal's newest
5 star luxury
hotel

YAK & YETI

kathmandu

FROM THE RABBI'S TRAVELS

HOW DOES A RABBI SPEND THE SABBATH IN NEPAL? WE LOOKED UP THE ISRAELI AMBASSADOR AND SPENT A LOUDLY FEW HOURS LUNCHING AND TALKING WITH SHAMMAI LAOR AND HIS CHARMING WIFE NUVA. IT IS A STRANGE FEELING TO SENSE THAT YOU COULD NOT FIND ~~ANY~~ A MINYAN OF JEWS IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY FOR THAT MATTER FOR A THOUSAND MILES IN ANY DIRECTION.

NEPAL IS THE HIMALAYS OR RATHER A SERIES OF HIGH VALLEYS NESTLED IN THE HIMALAYA FOOTHILLS. IT IS A HINDU KINGDOM WHICH HAS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE ONLY ~~ONE~~ COUNTRY BESIDES ISRAEL WHERE SATURDAY IS THE DAY OF REST.

WHAT IS AN ISRAELI DIPLOMAT DOING IN NEPAL? OVER THE YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN A NUMBER OF DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS IN WHICH ISRAEL HAS PARTICIPATED AND GOOD RELATIONSHIPS HAVE RESULTED. NEPAL WAS THE ONLY ASIAN COUNTRY PUBLICALLY TO APPROVE THE CAMP DAVID ACCORDS AND ONE OF THE FEW STATES IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD TO

maintain full diplomatic relations with Israel. Labor
mission have to primarily concerned with developing
and maintaining the peace and universal Trade
which now exist. It is a lovely task, but an important
one.

Townum is only a decade or so old in the case
locked up Kineban and development has not yet
submerged the old ways or brought them naturalness
into action. The Hindu gods are still easily worshipped.
Sacrifice of goats and chickens as well as of flowers
and ~~regularly~~ made, there is a shrine on every ^{road} ~~corner~~ in
block and literally dozens of temples and ~~shrines~~ in
every town. Nepal's work is particularly fine
and there is much to please the eye
I kept thinking as we walked and watched that
the landscape would be of which the Bible had mentioned
Entered must have been in many ways a similar
society; colorfully, easily religious, idolatrous, full of
myth and superstition. After people are obviously ~~not~~ ^{comfortable}
with their pieces and families with them, and you
sense the water that must have been received to
separate a nation from pathos and animism. I
have gained new respect for the spiritual vision
and courage of our ancestors.

January 7, 1980

From The Rabbi's Desk

It was the last night of Hanukkah and Erev Shabbat. Sundown comes early in Morocco and the service in Casablanca's main synagogue, Beth El, began at five-thirty. We arrived at dusk. The last light silhouetted a two-story, rectangular building plastered a light yellow, set in a small tiled courtyard of no particular distinction.

The synagogue is capacious. It can seat perhaps three to four hundred downstairs and another hundred in the women's balcony, which is at the back over the entrance door. There is a central Bimati about two-thirds of the way into the room, and a tall recessed ark in the east wall opposite the entrance door. That night the ark was hidden since it was fronted by a huppah of white pillars and pink tuille which had been erected for two weddings scheduled for the following Sunday. I wish I could say that the huppah was a thing of beauty. It was not. The lacquered pillars and rolls of cloth must have represented some local designer's idea of European elegance circa nineteen ten and was startlingly out of place in what was otherwise a rather bare room.

You enter the synagogue through a small vestibule: on the right wall a few donor plaques; on the left what looked like brass mail chutes but are, in fact, slots for donations to various charities. We were on time. The congregation was not, so there was a chance to talk with a friendly soul, a local merchant, the father of four children, the older two are already in Israel. "All our youth are leaving. There is no longer opportunity for them here. Businesses do not give them place and the war in the south has ruined the economy."

The service begins. There are perhaps seventy-five present, most of them seated in the rows which face each other between the bimah and the ark. A small man in a black fur hat mounts the bimah and begins the service, but worship is truly congregational. He begins and one after another in the congregation takes over the cantor's role from their place. I have never been at a synagogue where the spirit was more truly congregational than here.

The chant and the liturgy are Sephardic; the melodies more major in tone and

guttural than those with which we are familiar. No one races through the paragraphs. Each is savored. There is no sense of European hurry. They begin by chanting the complete text of Song of Songs, which is taken as an allegory of God's love for Israel and Israel's love for God and that sense of loving faith lies lightly on the air.

The building was completed in nineteen ~~four~~^{forty}-nine when this thousand-year old community began to put itself together again after the world war. The look is more European than North African. This is Casablanca, a new French city itself, less than a century old, and not one of the immemorial towns of the interior. In true Sephardic fashion, there is no eternal light, but several large glass memorial lights hung high on the front wall, and a small menorah had been lit in a niche on a side wall.

The service lasted an hour. Downstairs there was quiet and involvement, a few quiet signals to the congregant who was to continue with the chant, a quiet greeting to a late arrival. Upstairs Adele reported there was gossip and inattention. This is an Arab place and men and women still live in separate worlds.

The synagogue is well-known and publicly advertised as are synagogues in each of the towns we have visited. These are not marcos. Casablanca has Jewish schools at all levels and a dozen or more synagogues; but, as my host said as we wished each other shabbat shalom, "the future is elsewhere."

Daniel Jeremy Silver

IT WAS THE LAST NIGHT OF HANUKKAH AND EVERY SHABAT.
SUNDOWN COMES EARLY IN MOROCCO AND THE SERVICE IN CREASMENT
MAIN SYNAGOGUE, BETR ET, BEGAN AT FIVE-THIRTY. WE ARRIVED AT
DARK! THE LAST LIGHT SIGHTED AT TWO SEVEN DECIMAN BUILDING
SET IN A SMALL COURT AND OF NO PARTICULAR
DISTINCTION.

THE SYNAGOGUE IS CAPTIVOUS. IT CAN SOFT LEAVES THAT TO
FOUR HUNDRED DOWNSTAIRS AND ANOTHER KUDHON IN THE WOMEN'S BALCONY
WAS AT THE BACK OVER THE ENTIRE DOOR. THERE IS A CONTINUAL
BIMBET ABOUT THE BUILDING OF THE WAY INTO THE ROOM AND A TALL
ACCESSORARY IN THE EAST WALL OPPOSITE THE ENTRANCE DOOR.
THAT NIGHT THE DARK WAS HIDDEN SINCE IT WAS FAULTED BY A HUGEN
OF WHITE PILLARS AND PINK TULLIE WOULD HAVE BEEN EXPECTED FOR
TWO HUNDRED SEATED FOR THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY. I WAS NOT COULD
SAY THAT THE LIGHT WAS A THING OF BEAUTY. IT WAS NOT. THE
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YOU ENTER THE SYNAGOGUE THROUGH A SMALL UCCUBILE; ON
THE RIGHT WAS A FEW DOWN STAIRS; ON THE LEFT WHAT WOULD BE
THE LAST WITH A FEW DOWN STAIRS, SET ARE IN FACT SEVERAL DONATIONS TO VARIOUS
CHARITIES. WE WERE ON TIME. THE CONCENTRATION WAS NOT SO THERE
WAS A CLIMATE TO THEM WITH A FRIENDLY JOY, A LOCAL MOVEMENT
THE CENTER OF FOUR CHURCHES, THE DOOR TWO AND ALSO ALTOGETHER IN
ISRAEL. "ALL OUR YOUTH ARE LEAVING. THERE IS NO WORK OPPORTUNITY
FOR THEM HERE. BUSINESS DO NOT GIVE THEM AND NO WORK IS

No soul has ruled the economy."

The service begins. There are perhaps seventy-five patients most of them seated in the rows which fall back from between the hemic and the ark. A small man in a black fur hat mounts the bench, and begins the service, set in motion by the congregation. He begins and one after another in the congregation takes over the cantorial role from their place. I have never seen at a synagogue where the spirit was more truly concentrated than here.

The chant and the singing are Sephardic. The melodies more major in tone and guttural than those with which we are familiar. No one notices through the panoramic glass is enclosed. There is no sense of European hurry, they begin by chanting the complete text of SUNDAY SUNDAY which is taken as an allegory of God's love for Israel and Israel's love for God and that sense of loving faith lies lightly on the air.

The building was completed in November twenty nine when this Protestant Jewish community began to put itself together again after the world war. The look is ^{more European} ~~not European~~ than most. African, this is Casablanca, a new France ^{city} ~~and~~ ^{it} could be less than a century old, and not one of the monumental towers of the intention. In this Sephardic fashion there is no eternal light, but several large glass memorial lights ^{long} ~~low~~ high on the front wall and a small memorial had been lit in a niche on a side wall.

The service lasted an hour. Punctuated by no was quiet and envelopment, a few quiet words to the congregation

14

who are to continue with the land, a quiet gathering is a late arrival. Upstairs Adele reported Reno was gossip and inattention. This is an Arab place and men and women still live in separate worlds.

The synagogue is well known and publicly advertised as the synagogue in each of the towns we have visited, here and not ~~MANOAS~~ MANOAS, LASHLANA the Jewish skulls at all levels and a dozen or more synagogues; but as my host said as we walked each other Shabbat Shalom: "The ~~place~~ ^{future} is elsewhere".



From The Rabbi's Desk

Among the folk arts of Thailand, basketry stands out. Using bamboo and rattan, women weave delicate containers of every imaginable type. We have learned to stop and admire. One day we passed a vendor who had dozens of small open work containers of delicate design, each of which, we discovered, enclosed two small birds. It turned out that she was not selling song birds but was in the mitzvah business. The birds were tiny swallows and the whole purpose of the transaction was to allow the purchaser to gain merit by buying and freeing the birds.

Our Jewish tradition insisted that the reward of the good deed is the deed itself; but few doubted that a sizeable bank account of mitzvot would be a help at the Pearly Gates. Theravada Buddhism, Thailand's rather austere version of that wide-ranging faith, sets no great store on Paradise. The goal is to escape from anything that is associated with life in this world or the next; but gaining merit, doing a mitzvah, imposes one's chances of coming back in the next life in a holier state from which it may be easier to gain nirvana.

Buddhism is no more or less consistent in its practice than any other faith. The monks teach that the Buddha attacked all forms of magic, but every home here has a little Spirit House. It looks like a doll's house, oriental style, and sits on a raised pedestal in the garden. The Spirit House contains small clay figures and is believed to be the home of the spirits of that piece of land. Little offerings are left each day to these folk.

Transcending this animistic relic is a strong, spare religious philosophy which insists that peace can be found only when, and if, one frees himself of the attractions and involvements of the familiar world. We must not care for possessions or feelings. To do so is to be caught up in cares which can only bring disappointment. The giant cross-legged Buddha whose image dominates the meditation halls of every shrine symbolizes this fundamental and unchanging truth.

To Western eyes these Buddha statues are no more or less than idols. Many Buddhists here vigorously deny the charge. They do not pray to the Buddha, or so they say, but meditate on the teachings he offered and which his presence represents.

This is still a profoundly religious culture and a fascinating one to a Westerner because its spiritual goals in many ways are the opposite of our own. We preach commitment. The saffron-robed monks teach withdrawal. We emphasize the preciousness of the moment. They emphasize the need to be indifferent to time. We say sanctify and enjoy that which is permitted to you. They say that the ultimate goal is the monastery and the beggar's bowl.

Being here has been a broadening experience even though I didn't buy the merit of freeing the birds. Somehow, the whole process was a bit too mechanical.

Daniel Jeremy Silver



The Oriental

From THE RABBI'S DESK

Oriental Avenue, Bangkok 5, Thailand. Cable: ORIENHOTEL. Telex: TH 82997, 82168 Telephone: 234-8690-9, 234-8620-9

Among the folk arts of Thailand, basketry stands high. Using bamboo and rattan country folk weave delicate containers of every imaginable type. We have learned to stop and admire, and did so when we passed a woman vendor who had dozens of small open work containers of delicate design ^{of which} each, we discovered, enclosed two small birds.

It turned out that she was not selling song birds, but ^{was} in the mitzvah business. The birds were tiny swallows and the whole purpose of the transaction was to allow the purchaser to gain merit by buying and freeing the birds. ~~For this reason~~

Our translator insisted that the reward of the good deed is ~~the deed itself~~; but few doubted that earning merits would be a help at the early gates. Theravada Buddhism, Thailand's rather austere version of that wide ranging faith, sets no great store on paradise.

The Oriental

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LESS than idols. many Buddhists have vigorously deny the image. They do not pray to the Buddha, or so they say; but meditate on the teachings the first thought and word his presence omnipotent.

This is still a profoundly religious culture and fascinating to a westerner because its religious goals are in so many ways the opposite of ^{OWN} ours. We preach constant. The Tibetan monks teach withdrawal. We emphasize the productivity of the moment, they emphasize the need to be indifferent to time. History has never been a prized discipline in the East. We say sanctify and enjoy that which is permitted to you. They say that the ultimate goal is the monastery and the beggar's bowl. ~~Being here~~ ^{being here} has been a broadening experience and has made me appreciate again the openness of ~~our~~ ^{our} perspective which recognizes that both our teachings and other teachers represent aspects of God's instructions.

2/15/80

From The Rabbi's Desk

One element of Asian life which cannot be underestimated is the power of religious faith. The West was shocked by Iran and the Ayotollah Khoumeiri; we should not have been. Religion represents a people's certification of the value of their way of life and the vision of the future. When these are questioned or threatened the reaction can be a violent one.

Thailand is a Buddhist country. In every village there is a temple-monastery. Saffron-robed monks and novices can be seen everywhere. Thailand forbids the exportation of any Buddha image, although there are hundreds of thousands of these. It is not a question of preserving the nation's antiquities but a feeling that any representation of Buddha should be viewed with respect and not as a knick-knack. Much of the unwillingness of the Thai to absorb any of the Lao or Cambodian refugees is that they would bring alien religious forms into the nation.

Malaysia designates itself an Islamic state though only a bare majority of the Malays are Muslim. Incidentally, we have thought so much about the Arab Middle East that many of us are surprised that the three most populous Muslim states are in Asia: Indonesia, Malaysia and India.

In Malaysia the Muslim majority is doing all that it can to unsettle the economic position of the Chinese and Indians and to missionarize the Koranic tradition. Mohammed's birthday was celebrated with firecrackers, parades and the speeches of politicians, all underlying the promise of the Muslim future of the country. There was massive enthusiasm.

A day later the Indians of Malaysia, Hindus all, mostly Tamil, began their Festival of Thaipusan. I have never seen anything like it. It is a festival during which vows are repaid to the gods and guilt is expiated by painful acts of devotion. Men and women spent a week of spiritual preparation in their temples and then, on the holiday, carry spiked head gear on their shoulders or drive iron barbs through their lips or put meat hooks into their back and walk in procession for miles to the local shrine. The devotees are obviously high on faith and, perhaps, on some drugs. There are clearly

exhibitionists among them, but there are also simple folk who are being helped along by their families and gaining merit from this primitive rite of expiation. All along the way friends, dressed up in their best saris and clothes, greet them and assist. I have rarely seen a ritual which was so obviously painful and so welcome. I confess I could not watch for more than a few minutes, though the procession lasted for hours.

The architecture of their shrines reveals one of the most striking differences between Hinduism and Buddhism. Hindu shrines are temples and nothing more. They are places for worship. The Buddhist temples are schools as well as shrines. They are halls for meditation and areas for instruction. There are libraries. Every shrine has a school to which youngsters come for religious education in the form of a three to four-month novitiate. I thought of the comparison between the synagogue schools, the shuls, of medieval Europe and Europe's churches which had only the worship function.

When I talk about religion I have been troubled sometimes helping students understand that in its basic form religion is the way a society organizes and expresses its sense of redemption. Not all religions have understood the importance of teaching their congregants about ethics and providing them with a philosophic understanding about life. I'm glad ours has.

Daniel Jeremy Silver

1/31/80

More notes on trip:

Rabat, the present capital of Morocco, was the imperial city of the Almohedes, the big tower of the mosque and all that remains, was to be a signal of the extent of their triumph. It was a strange feeling to move up the North African coast towards Spain, to cross its cuta into Algeciras and move over to Malaga much as the Almohedes had done in the twelfth century. These Berber people were fierce warriors and compromise whose sense of crusade brought into the vibrancy of Jewish life in Muslim Spain. The fierceness of their life shows in the fortifications in the city and its subsequently.

Rabat as a port became a center of Barbary pirates. The gentleness of Granada commends it. The area where the Alhambra and Genarilife is one of great beauty. The Genarilife represent the summer gardens and the summer house of the Muslim rulers and later the Christian kings. The harbor with its beautiful tiled ruins channeled through the water is a triumph of Muslim art. The only spoiling element is the heavy castle in which Charles V built against the Muslim building pulling down parts of the in order to build his pile. The days were sunny. The sound of birds was in the air and it was truly remains of the Jewish community. We were in Granada during the festival of the three kings. Thousands of youngsters lined the main street for what is a relatively simple parade with rather disorganized school bands. The parade consists of farm tractors and simple floats which represent the three kings. It was all very small townish and very pleasant.

New Delhi seems to have both expanded and become more prosperous since we were last there.. There is a big new building, the streets seem cleaner, there are fewer beggars around the mosques and a general air of possibility. We visited the Red Fort, Hamula's tomb, and a large mobile mosque. It was an interesting contrast to compare the palaces of the Red Fort and the waterworks with those of the Alhambra. The Indian version is much more spread out and much less but obviously built in the same vision. Anyway, Hamula's tomb is a more successful version than its successor, the Taj Mahal.

January 31, 1980

On the first day in Nepal, arrived an hour late because of fog over Karthmandu. Airport small and lackadaisical. People had to end up going out to baggage cart to pick up own materials. We wandered into town and into the countryside. Within a mile of the hotel a large truck farming behind houses. The town itself is a warren of old streets surrounded by three and four story buildings, many with wonderful wooden windows and balconies. More about the city later.

In the evening we went to visit Shamai and Norah Laorah, the Israeli ambassador. Their compound is about a mile from the hotel and is both the embassy and their home. He is a sixty-year old Polish Jew who emigrated from ~~the~~ ^{Warsaw} ~~Lavov~~ ^{Ghetto}, Poland in the mid nineteen-thirties. He is intense and began to talk about having left his family behind and the guilt that overwhelmed him because he could not bring them out. The spirit of his father has remained with him, so much so that later in life he had to go through a *din tzduk* in order to begin to marry and to have a family of his own. He married in his late thirties. His wife is a pleasant, unpretentious woman. They have three children: Efraim who is a concert pianist now studying with Leisher in Baltimore; and a son who is in Israel; and Dorit, who is fifteen and with them in Nepal. We had some sense of the difficulty of living quite far apart from a Jewish community and in a far place. There are only nine grades in the American school and the girl will probably have to take correspondence work to continue her education. He was obviously immensely lonely and somehow our presence got him talking and telling things about the sense of his father watching over him, the pressures of his life, the awareness of when he was in Toledo that somehow he had once been there before, that is centuries ago, that his father had told him to start the son and music etc. It was an interesting experience, quite personal and quite moving.

Though the planes come in regularly in Karthmandu and in the shops you can see everything from Chinese canned goods to American jackets, the population is still quite old-world, red-clothed Tibetan monks mingling with mopeds and motorcycles, hundreds of children on the streets. Eighty percent of the population appears to be illiterate. You still see people, men and women, acting as beasts of burden. As we

walked the countryside we saw small groups of five or six, men and women, with bands bearing wood on their backs. The wood is lashed to them through a thick leather band which they carry on the top of their foreheads. Their bodies are bent and their hands hang low. It must use up every ounce of energy to bring the wood into the city.

The streets are a noisy warren of activity, different in the sense that on every block there are a number of shrines. Behind the streets there is usually a big open court, fronted on all four sides by narrow, tall buildings, three or four stories, the courtyard filled with Hindu and Buddhist statuary, mingling women taking lice out of their children's hair, doing the wash and just talking. There is no sense of danger here and I don't feel threatened as we do, let's say in private sections of Old Delhi.

The country is ruled by a king who still has arbitrary power and the parliament is responsible to him. Twenty odd years ago there were political parties, but the king's father was displeased with the election results and created the present system which arrogated power to his hands. It worked fairly well until about a year ago when on the day that Aliguto was killed in Pakistan a group of students went to the Pakistani Embassy here to present a petition of grievance. The police tried to disburse them and two of the students were killed. The result was a wave of strikes and demonstrations. It was something that no one had planned. The king apparently left the house incognito to find out exactly what was happening and decided that ^{certain} concessions had to be made. He promised the people a plebiscite to decide whether they should have a parliamentary form of government with ministerial responsibility or some modifications of the present system. In effect, however, he conceded that government should have the power and that which was independent of his person. ^{should be} universal suffrage. The ^{commissioned} to organize the plebiscite only a week or so ago, but already there is a sense of things having changed and the country will move, really, into more of an unsettled but more democratic pattern. There apparently has been a good bit of unrest in the last ten months and though the country is run as a monarchy, there are opposition newspapers which publish quite freely and apparently criticize quite openly.

I suspect we had a very different introduction to Nepal than most. We met a young man on the plane in Rome and again in New Delhi who works for Volvo. His name is Lenhart Sunderson. He is an evangelical Christian who may leave the business world to do something in UNESCO or WHO or something of this kind. He is an active Pentecostal Christian and we are going out with him to visit one of the medical missions which his group runs for Tibetan refugees.

It was interesting to be in New Delhi at the time of Mrs. Ghandi's victory. She won two-thirds of her party, Congress one, won two-thirds of the seats in the

Just three years after they had been thought of as a bunch of scoundrels. The Gan party, however, proved incapable of organizing itself around a central figure

the economy and the safety and security of their homes and streets deteriorated. There is a more pro-Russian policy and so international relationships will now return to the arbitrariness of Mrs. Ghandi's rule. Delhi gave us a sense of great change, many new buildings, government hotels, and a sense of prosperity which it had not before. There are fewer beggars at the main mosque in the old city and many fewer people pestering you to do one or another unnecessary service. In Delhi we visited the Red Fort, an interesting contrast to the Alhambra, more spread out, the water is not coursing through as it did at the Alhambra. There is a whole sense of space of things being tied together by water.

Humaym's tomb, the first great mobile mausoleum a lovely square building on top of its pile set in a perfectly square garden. You can see the dome from our window at the hotel. It's a primitive form of the Taj Mahal. In some ways I find it more successful and certainly much less used by the royal family and the colors give it a sense of warmth which the Taj particularly lacks.

1/31/80

Further notes on the trip:

We drove up to a hill village on the north side of town towards late afternoon. The village is about twelve thousand feet high and you look out across the dry river valley to a series of slightly higher foothills behind which lies the high peaks of the Himalayas. The sweep is about 120 degrees and you can see perhaps ten of the taller ranges which run around 23 or 24 thousand feet in height. The silence of the area and the majesty of the sun playing on the snow filled crags is a moving and humbling experience. One of the surprising things to me was the fact that the Hindu worship of the country remains rooted on soil, the rivers, the of lower India rather than the veneration of the mountains themselves. To a Westerner's eye they are reverentially compelling.

The country is more naturally Hindu than modern India. There are temples and shrines on every corner, major pagodas and temples in every part of the city. Kathmandu has a great mountain shrine to the west, the river shrine and cremation gat to the east, a dozen major temples of the town, literally hundreds, perhaps thousands of shrines. Everywhere you go you see people turning the prayer wheel, carrying a flower or two into a shrine, bowing as they enter a shrine door, touching the head of an idol, murmuring a prayer, or engaged in one of innumerable pujas which consist of a small procession led by instruments to the shrine, a very complicated ritual involving condiments, water and the reading of sanskrit prayers at the shrine itself for some particular purpose. You have a sense of what the shrine tradition in ancient Canaan and Israel must have been like. Temples are not places for organized worship on a regular basis. They are places for which people come to express their private needs and devotions. There is an easy informality, people watching, people praying, people performing their ritual acts. Of course, there is here an idolatrous overlay which had been absent in the Israelite shrines, but there are the sacrifices of chickens, goats, and even water buffalos, a complex and complicated ritual which satisfied the private calendars and needs of the individual as well as the national, rather communal, needs of this community. But beyond what we saw there are great processional days when the idols are brought out and carried through the city, of ritual dances etc.

Hinduism is animism and pantheism. It's close to the soil, close to the people and you can sense even in this joint version of tantric Buddhism and Hinduism the hold it has on people's hearts. Ritual here plays a great role than theology. I suspect that one of the problems missionaries have always had is that any number of outside ideas as long as the forms and color remains constant. There is also an overlay here of Tibetan Buddhism, both historic and more immediate in terms

of Tibetan refugees who came down after 1959. There are Tibetan villages all about

which survive largely in rug-making and other arts and you see the red-robed monks walking the streets. The so-called monkey shrine outside of Kathmandu has at its foot a lamaist monastery. We listened to the chant of the monks sitting cross-legged in the room reading their mantras, accompanying themselves with symbols, drums and horns. It's very hypnotic and compelling.



February 1, 1980

Notes on the trip: Result of the evening with Peter and Deborah Geitner, member of and Ford Foundation people.

There are two groups of refugees. In Thailand itself at about eight or nine refugee camps there are 160 to 180 thousand refugees who have been here for some time. These are mostly Vietnamese, Laotian and hill people. They are officially classified as refugees by Thailand and United Nations. It is the hope that they will be resettled in some other country and a number of resettlement projects are under way in the United States, France, even China. They are serviced by a number of non-governmental organizations, some doing a good job, others not. There's a great deal of confusion and a good bit of missionary concern mixed in with the humanitarian involvement.

There are another 160 to 180 thousand refugees, Cambodians, in camps along the Cambodian-Thai border. This group is under the direct responsibility of the Thai army. They are not classified as refugees, in part because there were a change in government in Cambodia they might return home. Beyond these, along the border but in Cambodia, there are another 600,000 to 800,000 who might at any time join the 180,000 already here. This is quite a number for a country like Thailand to even contemplate.

The events in Cambodia are horrendous. It was a country of about eight million people five years ago. It's a country of less than five million people today. If another million were to leave, the population would have been halved in a decade. The camps of the Cambodians are run by a combination of tribal leaders and quasi-military chieftains and there are all kinds of problems associated with this.

Most of the work with the 180,000 officially designated refugees has been carried on by non-Thai groups and Thailand has, in fact, had little say in the operation, therefore has felt little responsibility. Bangkok itself is a town of five million people whose population is doubling about every fourteen to twenty years. Effective birth control programs in the country, but the rate of exodus from the rural areas of the city has not been staunch. Bangkok is the only real city in Thailand, Chiangmai, next largest and has 100 to 125 thousand people.

There are seven grades of compulsory education. In Thailand about 70 percent

of the population is involved in this compulsory program. Beyond this there is secondary education and university education, but the economic cost to a family is high and only a certain section of the population can really take advantage of the educational system. We met the vice-rector of one university, a professor of electrical engineering from another, intelligent men who have been trained here and abroad, Cambridge, Paris, United States. The problem with the educational structure is, first of all, one of quality and then one of entrance in opportunity and equality.



February 4, 1980

Travel Notes on Morocco

The Jewish community in Morocco is variously estimated at about 20,000. They are scattered and have always been. There was a major exodus in the sixties and the seventies, but recently the king has made attempts to encourage Jews to stay and to return, and one of the standard lines here is that a number have come back from Israel since economic conditions are better. I've got to check up on those facts.

The services in Casablanca which I attended on erev shabbat the first day of our trip were quite moving. The Temple, called Beth El, is the largest of a number of synagogues in the town. It is a two stories high, rectangular. You enter through a small, undistinguished court into a vestibule which has a number of memorial plaques and charity box slots in the wall. The entrance to the azarah is on the right. The women's balcony is over the door itself. As you go through the door you come into a large, rectangular space. The reading desk is directly in front of you about a third of the way into the room and the Ark at the far end of the room. Behind the reading desk the chairs are rather comfortable arm chairs, facing the ark, and the reading desk forward, there are three rows of chairs which face each other and an open aisle between the reading desk and the ark itself. Whenever the hatzi kaddish is recited men come up this aisle and stand directly in front of the ark. Obviously, on the sabbath when the Torah is read it is along this open area the ark is processed.

The service itself is remarkably congregational. There is a reader but he is not dressed in any vestments. For the kabbalat shabbat service the sephardic ritual begins with the entire book of Song of Songs. One after another, a number of men in the congregation read or, rather, chant a chapter and apparently those who are competent to do so are well known and somebody simply nods to them when they come in. This sense of participation from one's seat continues throughout the service and gives to it a real sense of community and of fellowship. The other thing that is remarkably noticeable is that the of the services is completely traditional, in the sephardic mold, it has none of that racing quality which you sometimes associate with orthodoxy. Everyone stays together, nothing is elided, raced through, but everything is given its particular, full of value. Several of the interesting rituals include the fact that when the reader recites the Shamah he elongates the eched and as he does so kisses his hands to his lips, and when the congregation recites the kadosh, kadosh, kadosh they sort of bounce on their toes three times.

I attended a second service in Marakesh, this the minch-musat service in a much less pretentious synagogue in the mellah. The mellah in these towns is a walled area inhabited by Jews, always built, apparently, close to the royal palace. Jews existed here because they served the royal person and could be trusted to be outside the

tribal and heirarchical quarrels. You enter off a very narrow street into a largish courtyard, three sides of which are apparently private dwellings. The fourth back side is the synagogue, again a rectangular room, though this time you enter from the side. The ark is flush on the wall on your left. The reading desk is to the right of the door almost to the back of the room. Chairs ring the wall and two rows of chairs face each other down the center. There is a small woman's balcony above and behind the reader's desk. The men who conducted the service tended to be older and less well trained. There was an individual who read from the Torah, the chant here as in Casablanca was more strident and three beated than that with which we are familiar. Here the men went off on their own and there was a tendency for the individual to face this way and that so there was a less visual sense of community although the service itself was, as in Casablanca, conducted by people from their seats. I spoke to men in both places and they indicated to me that their young, as soon as they reach college age they're off for Europe or Israel. The man I talked with in Casablanca had a son and a daughter already in the technion and he will move with his family some time in the near future. Clearly, there is very little room for advancement of these people and they are looked upon as a separate group which they clearly feel. The mellah in Marakesh is the largest area and once had 20,000 or more Jews. Today it has less than 2,000 and I suspect some Jews live elsewhere in the city. I was told that a number of the jewelers in the market are Jews and that the young people tend to go and work as secretaries or hairdressers if they are girls or to enter into banks or shops if they are young men.

In Marakesh we also visited a crafts cooperative where trades and whatnot are made. They make a number of Hanukkah lights and seven branched menorrahs, but basically the material seems not unlike that which you see in a thousand shops in the market area. There is clearly a need to develop businesses.

One of the unexpected parts of our visit came as we drove up into the mountains, the Atlas mountains, beyond Marakesh. These mountains were once the heartland of the Buber tribes who as the almoheds and almorevides overran Morocco and Spain in the 12th and 13th centuries and their fierce and fanatic Muslim faith brought an end to the golden age of the Jews of Spain. Along the roadside we came unexpetedly across a low building which had above the door a blue sign with Hebrew letters indicating this was the grave of Rabbi Solomon Harkh. The building itself was three-sided. There seemed to be modest living quarters on two sides. On the third side of the room with the raised tomb stone in the center on which the dates of this particular sage were given, words of praise for his wisdom and saintliness. He seems to have been a local early twentieth century figure who was much venerated as a wise and holy man. There were a number of candles burning on top of the grave and behind the candles there was a chimney where obviously a perpetual fire was kept. At the far end of the room there was one

raised wide thronelike chair which had a number of odds and ends Hebrew books on it. The books included a grammar, an old grammar, an old copy of Genesis and there seemed to be no purpose in their being there. Morocco's Jews picked up from their Arab neighbors the veneration of saints and believed that visiting their shrines offered possibilities of healing. The shrine is not unlike that of any number of mausoleums of Muslim saints which you see dotting the countryside. You can see similar things in Tiberias in Israel.

Notes on Morocco itself:

Morocco obviously is going through an economic transformation seriously developing the tourist trade, industry and some water irrigation projects. A great deal is happening. On the other side of the coin is the number of people you see about. There is constant movement on all the roads. Population is the hallmark of the Third World and the recent technology may not be able to keep ahead of population explosion.

This country seems to want to remain open to the Atlantic world. It has explained its battles in the south as an attempt to keep out the arms and ideas of Libya and Algeria and the enforced socialization of the country. The king, for the moment, seems fairly popular but when you see the television antenna rising in hovels you begin to wonder if substantial development projects can keep ahead of people's expectations, but, of course, there is also the heavy cost of the war and merchants complain of the falloff from tourism and the war is costing three million dollars a day and that the country has to pay for it by slowing down all of its development projects. Certainly, in a big port like Casablanca where the sense of international trade and the balance of trade for the country there is a great deal of pessimism about the future of this economy and of its government and Jews are among those who feel the fact that the handwriting is on the wall. The social customs are still heavily Muslim. Many of the young women have dropped the veil, but most of the older women, village women, have not although Berber women never wore the veil. One has the sense that of Islam is still in full sway and co-exists with a great deal of question and tension with modernity. Whether an Iran-like situation could emerge here is unclear. Islam here is Sunni, not Shiite, but one never lives a long cultural world without great tension and I don't think that this country has begun to feel the effects of the which modernity inevitably brings with it.

February 7, 1980

Notes on Morocco:

Memo on a conversation with Mark Samoil, Director JDC, Casablanca. Moroccan community, 400,000, nation of 8 to 9 million circa 1950. 20,000, perhaps 19,000, nation of 18 to 20 million 1980. They were significant as well as historic element of the population. Unique feature worship of saints, saints defined as a charismatic religious figure around whose grave miracles have been known to occur. now
use purchase of rights to light candles to these saints as a fund-raising technique.

The community is in process of disintegration though there are good schools and old folks' homes, synagogues in all of the major cities once they were scattered throughout the country. There are about 100 wealthy families, no more than 20 professional folk, the rest simple merchants or poor. The population is not reproducing itself, birth rate is low and the percentage of the people who are aged increases every year. About 300 Moroccan Jews leave every year for Canada, France or the U.S., another 300 for Israel. This numerical disintegration is slow but the aging population is persistent. There are about twenty rabbis in the country, all of them aged, very important to the society because they act as judges to the Muslim courts or to the local Moroccan courts where Arabic language would be disastrous. Jewish life is socially and educationally completely turned in on itself and Jewish businesses must have a partner in order to survive and he acts as a buffer within the establishment^{to} endless regulations of the establishment and he takes none of the risk and half of the profits. The biggest schools in Casablanca are those of Alliance or Ohr Torah have about 1600 students apiece. The labovitcha has about 500 and the ORT school about 100. Those students who stay in the schools, and the schools are good, till their baccalaureate go on to other work, usually out of the country and do not return. He has been emphasizing the importance of youth group work, scouting youth centers and the like because there is no place for the youth to be on weekends, after school hours and the like. There is simply no social mingling between groups and there is always a danger of a kind of flash of anti-semitism, the Jewish community depends upon the good intentions of the king which are not doubted. His father was of the same nature,

at the same time the king's throne, like any king's throne, is never certain. There is always the danger of what some call the Iranian factor. He gives the institutions of Morocco about ten more years for the age factor and the diminution of population, relatively incapable of surviving. The traditions are orthodox, the rabbinate he calls ultra-orthodox. All the schooling after the age of 11 is segregated by sex. We noticed five or six kosher butcher shops as we wandered around the hotel area this afternoon and several kosher restaurants. The rabbinate has been posting stricter rules on kashrut and the community did not seem to object too strongly. Institutions are in place but they are weak and aging and what you see is the last gap, perhaps the most important of all, North African Jewish communities are all kind of oriental Jewish communities.

~~Sarah wants me to tell you to make sure that you receive from her the bill from the U of~~



feature is the wat which is a fenced in area which includes a bihara, or building to house the Buddha image, usually a bell tower or well, a meeting room for public discussions by the monks or meditation, and a bo tree. Often these wats include a cheti or stupa housing a relic of the Buddha or some other object which has a relationship to him. Often the wat is close to a school or part of the schoolyard. Most of the architecture is narrow, two stories high, and draws one's eye instinctively to the roof. The roof is made of simple tile, often ending in a spout which has a Buddha head on it. Saffron-robed monks are to be seen everywhere. It is frequent for parents of good families to send their children for two months more or less to a good teacher for training. They will live in the wat which is really a form of a monastery where the saffron-robed and be under number of basic monk rules though obviously not the routine for those who make a lifelong commitment. It is also not uncommon for men to choose to go to a particular teacher for a period of time, a month, wear the robe, meditate four times a day, eat only one meal a day, take the bikken bowl out for their food and have a relationship with the master which is both constructional and, in terms of their personal need, probably not unlike that between the hasid and his rebbe. Problems range from sexual indulgence to alcoholism to lack of success.

Buddhism in Thailand is predominantly theravada, it has a heavy philosophical element, tends to be generally skeptical of the many gods of Hinduism, although the Thai culture grew out of a Hindu base. The only image that you see in the shrine is a Buddha in various postures: taming the ocean, overcoming mara, the forces of evil etc. Usually there is a lightning bolt coming out of the Buddha's curly head which signifies the very special power associated with him. These images are everywhere. In one of the wats which we visited in Bangkok there were literally hundreds of four to five foot Buddha images, bronzes brought from outside the country in a long cloister which completely surrounded the shrine.

To the Thai Buddhism is both a faith and a master and a reality that a truth
time, that there is an idol in every shrine, often many of them, figures both

exists. Buddha uncovered the fullness of truth and though it is not given to any to approximate his full knowledge, those who lead the holy life, the monks, or rather the few monks who are now in their true wisdom and knowledge have turned to as guides who can lead you to the path which will lead to the conquering of the problems of overcoming desire, ignorance. Religion in Thailand is still very close to people's individual problems; whether it has a meaningful social compact, that is whether it deals with the problems of an emerging people, the rights of the poor etc. is not clear. Certainly the establishment, the royal family, and now the generals, have seen to it that the wats are rebuilt and properly venerated. One aspect of wats is their impermanence since it is easier and better to build a new one than to rebuild the old and archeology is coming into its own. Time has a different dimension in the East. People think in ions and recurring cycles and not as to the preciousness of the moment. Indeed, to value the moment as precious is a form of error. It's a kind of basic psychological approach which insists that knowledge itself can overcome the idiosyncracies of life combined with a an all-encompassing discipline which forces those who seek help to leave their routine wherein you dress and live in a different place, eat only one meal a day, renounce family and marriage and so on and live in an environment which says essentially, I am changing my way of life. I was at a mountain shrine near the Laotian border down river from Feng, came upon a mountaintop where the abbot was the single monk there. He was a generous and gracious host. What was interesting was on the walls of the meeting room there were a number of posters which had obviously been printed for shrines around the country which look like character guidance structures before and after, these to be given the United States military. There was one who saw the individual hang world alone and leave the world alone. Another the grave had attained a spiritual relationship related to the quality of one's life, related to violence and crime. I could see argument in scholarly whether or not Buddhism in this paragoča form is at all worshipping the idols. Certainly, we magic at the same time that there is an idol in every shrine, often many of them, figures both

those who meditate in front of the Buddha must make a great act of not to associate the idol with . In every Thai home of a religious nature there is a Spirit House, a little model house on a stand often filled with tiny little human-like figures where the spirits that own that plot of land live. They are sacrificed to with flowers or little bits of food every day as if the owner of the house were ^{staying} only temporarily occupying . In other words, at the very least animism and higher forms of Buddhist philosophy exist side by side. You sense an industrious people; though the levels of literacy are not those of the west there are book shops everywhere and many people are reading as you pass along the street, in the schoolyards and all the rural villages. A real attempt is being made to bring everything from education and medicine to the most backwards people, but it's a long step from the hill tribe and the novels of Bangkok to the university, and a costly one for though education at the technician is free one has to buy books and after the six or seven compulsory years of school all the spend his school time that you are not at work, helping your family out. These are again cheap by American standards but not by Thai standards and only a very small percentage, I suspect, of the poor make it to the university level.

Thailand is a country of farms, rice paddies, fields and shops. Eighty percent of the people on the farm and another twenty percent to be selling something. There are goods from all over the world and even though imports are taxed highly the Thai seem to be buying. Both Bangkok and Chang Mai are cities which are not that pleasing to the eye. There is a beauty spot here or there but there is a haze of pollution over both towns and they look like Detroit or Pontiac, Michigan, not like some fable-woven city of the East.

I went to services in Bangkok on the fifth floor of an office building. There is a small Jewish center which runs only on special occasions. Week in and week out this Jewish trading company, , are around a minyan for whatever Jewish piyars are in the area on staff. The company is run out of the United States by

sephardic Jews, I^{met a} Mr. Abrahams who comes originally from Afghanistan via New York and there are a number of young Israelis and sephardim who are obviously constantly passing here and there and everywhere. I get no other ramifications of this particular jewelry trade but after services they have a shabbas meal and I suspect do some business. The service is traditional. All of the men who are there are sephardi, traditionalists, and one had brought by special request a bottle of wine from the Labovitch rebbe which he carried with him throughout this trip. None of the beauty of the sephardic service as I saw it was evident, but it's interesting to see in this city of five million a minyan of Jews meeting in a back room.



China - Hong Kong

Travel notes:

an all night train ride from Lo Yang in a compartment, four berths, comfortable except that there is no partition to separate the berths from each other. We arrived at five o'clock in the morning. One of the men with a Mexican passport had a bit of trouble, you have to pass security to enter Peking, so we had to wait about thirty minutes in a cold, dark tunnel. Then to the Friendship Hotel, considerably out of town but not quite up to its evil reputation - bathrooms clean, rooms heated, food adequate.

In the morning drove out to the Temple of Heaven. It lies south of the city, in reality an avenue about eight football fields long from which rise three plazas crowned by two round temples and a circular altar called The Temple of Annual Prayer, the Temple of the God of the Universe, the Altar of Heaven. Here, at the winter solstice, the emperor put on a dark costume and in a relatively quite and solemn assembly made solemn sacrifice, took upon himself the sins of his people and tried to atone for his people to secure the blessings of a good harvest and security during the coming new year. The two temple buildings are round - one twelve-sided, the other nine - one three-story, the other, one. They are now empty of all but architectural decorations though there is a throne and two screens in the major temple. There is a fine stone balustrade carving around each of the circular rises, three rises in each of the three buildings.

From there we went to the Friendship Store so that people could buy warm clothes for the Wall. Adele and I each bought a rabbit hat and I got some gloves. We left the group and spent some more time in the store buying gifts. We then drove by ourselves to Nui Li Chang which is what remains of an art and antique area in the Chinese city outside the walls. It's a single winding lane. Some shops have been torn down, once a major center; today all the shops are part of a single antique complex owned by the State. We browsed along, buying a few things. Found a lovely, twelve-leaved album from the mid-nineteenth century, simple, minimalist kind of thing, which I am bringing home for gifts.

In the evening we went to the Chinese opera. The opera which we had seen in Xian was more formal and the story more traditional. In the story a young student

in the capital falls in love with a courtesan, spends his money on her. There is a real love, who can no longer see her, but she remains loyal; when the madame discovers that he is really the son of a high magistrate she allows the liaison to continue but she throws him out so that he will pass his examinations. His father has a struggle with him because of his disloyalty and it's a happy conclusion in which the courtesan marries the scholar who passed first in the national examinations and reunites him with his father. There was some of the traditional choreographed and acrobatic dance, but as a whole it had the sense of the story.

This story was more burlesque than libretto. It was the story of a soldier who had stolen some watermelons from a field and been beaten by the girl who ran the field. In the army he rises to the position of a feared general. The emperor orders him to marry and the girl who beat him up without realizing the earlier history. He's dressed in a fearsome black mask and Manchu warrior clothes. There's a great deal of by-play as they try to teach the girl lessons about becoming a woman of behavior. The court knows of her reputations as super woman. One general in a beautiful feather headdress tries to beat her in the forest and she undoes him. She brings with her her brother who is a tumbler and acrobat and she rides in the palace and defeats in hand-to-hand combat her husband-to-be. And then there's a kind of general tumble. The costumes are lovely. There is a great deal of broad humor and slapstick. As in Han the audience tended to be noisy and to leave before the end, but the costumes were gorgeous and the dance well choreographed.

On Tuesday we went off by ourselves and spent five hours in the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City. We took a cab to the main gate, walked down the center axis to the large public rooms and found ourselves at the end in a lovely imperial garden built in Ming times. It was a cold day and we used the garden's little souvenir shop to warm us. They served tea and offered artifacts copies for sale. Just beyond the garden there's a walk between the end of the private quarters and the outer wall. We turned right, walked half a mile or so to another walled section of the compound which contained a number of small private domestic size quarters which had been turned first into exhibition halls, jewelry, painting (fourteenth century down to Ching times).

The jewelry included four five-foot high granites of jade which were carved with mountain scenes with hundreds of little figures, a number of golden stupa reliquaries with images of Buddha or one of the gods of Mahayana Buddhism in the reliquary window. One of the rooms was particularly lovely. It was an area divided between a large foreroom and a room in the back. The walls and the partitions were made of latticed wood with the blue paper interspersed with small paintings and calligraphy on silk.

We went back to our warming booth and after a respite started out again turning to the left. We found ourselves in an area of the palace grounds with a number of ducal living quarters, alleyways at right angles, each compound square with a screen just beyond the door, a large public room after the forecourt, a private court, a backyard room, and then private quarters which we could not enter. Here there was a display of ceramics beginning with neolithic times, including some perfect specimens of Hann, Wei, Sui, Tang and Yuan Ming and Ching bowls of all sizes, plate 14 and 16 inches in diameter, the most beautiful dishes of size I had seen. There's also another set of domestic palaces displaying what they call folk arts which really means all the implements of the scribe's desk, the lacquer ware, straw, glass, ivory. In China only painting and sculpture and jewelry or ceramics were considered art forms.

As the day wore on the overcast gave way to sunshine and the golden tiles of the palace roofs which are imperial yellow began to glisten in the late winter sun. It was a truly beautiful experience. We walked to the Peiking Hotel which is three long blocks away, coming first to Tianan Square. We walked through the three lobbies of that building and took a cab to a costume store (arts and crafts) where Adele bought herself a blue Chinese dress and then back to the Friendship Hotel.

For dinner the group went to the Benhai Restaurant which is a series of private rooms in the old winter palace by the lake. You walk over a bridge and then skirt the lake which had been built by the Ching emperors. It's a beautiful walk. The moon and the stars reflected in the water. You could see both the new buildings and some of the old roofs of Old Peking. The meal was absolutely delicious. We sat at one large table with a lazy susan in the center and the meal, after the cold opening dishes, served

on a yellow-dragoned plate, included a quail and egg dish which was absolutely delicious, a dish of asparagus and abalone, another of duck, still another of vegetables of all kinds, topped off with soup and mandarin oranges.

You see a lot more soldiers in the streets of Peking than elsewhere. At night on almost every block that you pass there are two soldiers with red arm bands obviously patrolling. It's a city which lacks some of the now familiar sense of squalor, at least in the public thoroughfares. The big office building seems to be much better put together. So far we have avoided the dust which everyone has talked about.

On Wednesday, a cold day, we went to the Great wall but we were overdressed. The Wall is more impressive seen from a distance because with all its twists and turns over the tall hillside, you close up you do not get a sense of endless expanse, but the very fact of capping these hills is a remarkable feat.

The Ming tombs are scattered across a beautiful valley. You enter over a causeway and then down the spirit road whose carvings are not particularly fine. A long way beyond the valley lie the tombs of fifteen or so Ming emperors. We visited two, Ching Ling and Ding Ling. The buildings are replicas of the palaces with the final building a tall gate, topped with a gabled building which backs directly onto the funeral mound. The Ding Ling grave caves have been excavated. There still some marble thrones in place ^{and} above ground two exhibition halls contain the objects found in the grave. The silver dishes, tea servings, coffee pots, snuff boxes, plates, are particularly lovely, particularly when they are not all covered with endlessly repetitive designs that the Chinese seem not to be able to avoid.

After dinner we went to a magic and acrobatic show, the usual stuff.

I have become more and more convinced that the events of the century represent China's first attempt at nation creation. China was an empire, but allegiance was owed to one's immediate lord, whether it was a peasant, landowner, the magistrate and so on right up to the emperor.

Ties were personal, there was no sense of loyalty to the nation. This remained true right through the fall of the Manchus in 1911. Whether you talk about Sun Yat Sen or the Communists, what you're really talking about is the emergence of an entity called China to which psychologically disparate peoples, now numbering a billion, seem to feel that they owe some allegiance. This is a powerful change which quite transcends the dialectic materialism of Communist ideology, and if the West is any indication, once the sense of nation comes into being a new sense of purpose and power flows. It is after the creation of nation that Europe's power flowed into the great ages of discovery, imperialism, the industrial revolution etc. Quite unlike the economic objective of Marxism I believe that quite often it's the psychology of the people rather than the machines themselves which create new conditions.

On Thursday morning we went to the Peiking National Museum of History. It's arranged, as always, chronologically. The guide takes you through the exhibits which prove the contribution of the masses and the experience of primitive life to feudalism to modernity. Unfortunately, only the bottom floor was open so we went through exhibits up to the late Han Period. There are some magnificent Sung and Cho bronze pieces including a four-horned vase and one of the largest ewers that I have ever seen. Here again, a number of fine Han masonry tiles depicting domestic scenes. One of the problems of the museum is that it's hard for a Westerner to realize which are replicas and what are real. There are an amazing number of replicas.

After a bite at the Peking Hotel coffee shop we walked down the main business street and watched the goguisitive Chinese society at work. I became increasingly convinced that there is this similarity between the Chinese and the Jewish experience. Both had proud domestic cultures, rich and venerable, which could not compete with those of the West in the nineteenth century, particularly Western ideas, and the West's power-born of its scientific and industrial revolutions. The process of adjusting the scholarly tradition of both worlds to the West has been a difficult one. You cannot simply take the technical advantages without taking out many of the ideas of the West, particularly those which have to do with activity, individuality, aggressiveness, social

Darwinism. Chinese scholars like Yeng Fu at the turn of the century were not unlike the reform rabbis who tried to wed the old and the new because it was wedded in them. They were trained in one tradition and came alive within another. China, like the Jewish people, has its diehards but, for the most part, has adopted traditions of the West but they are here because of the sense of nation, however much more expressed within traditional terms. It's interesting that China has now taken over a Western social philosophy and turned it into its religion while Judaism still struggles to be part of the west, yet in its value structure seems to be somewhat distant from it.

The last day in Peking was spent wandering through a few rooms of the Imperial Palace which we had not seen and going up Coal Hill. From the top there's a good view of the moat, the Peiking Park, and of the low rooves of the old city with trees reaching above them. It was a long flight from the new airport which is considerably out of town to Canton which was overcast and remained so. We had a delicious meal in one of Canton's classic restaurants which is beautifully situated around a pool and rock garden; and then spent the day at a commune which was exactly what we expected it to be. The only discovery was that one is invalided his basic subsistence comes from the commune, but beyond that everything depends on his family. Ultimately, the family still remains the underpinning of Chinese society. The group visited a pottery factory during which time I walked down to a small river and watched old-fashioned junks propelled by oars and sails and sand barges propelled by poles and oars, and then to a Daoist Temple in Fushan, ornate, it looks much like a medieval Catholic church full of icons, images of all kinds and incense. The most interesting part of the day was the hour that we spent at the local university. Dr. Xian Shan Dung, a friend of Paul Yluisacked who got his doctorate in public administration at Harvard in the late 1940's and now teaches in the Philosophy Department, essentially public administration here. He's a man of sixty who was made a part of an agricultural cadre during the cultural revolution so he's one of the rejuvenated, a lovely man, sweet and kind. He spoke to us of the problems of China but had the feeling that the Cultural Revolution could not occur again. people who have learned the cost of this kind of activity, upgrading of the student

body, the complexity of the problem which faces China as they try to learn from the West, industrialize without having the problems of what he calls capitalism's emphasis on wants and competition, interested in dealing with management and financial personnel, technical personnel from the United States, recognizing that philosophically the systems are quite different. We asked the professor if he and his wife would have dinner with us. Unfortunately, she was not available and we hope to see her at some other trip. He asked us to contact Paul who was coming into Canton the day we arrived with a small group from the Harvard School of Education. He wanted to know what train he was taking into Canton. There are two. I called around in Hong Kong but could not find Paul. He, however, called Dr. Chia who gave him our address and we had a nice talk. Unfortunately, we were not able to make plans for dinner.

Hong Kong was a sense of relief, clean bathrooms, a chance to hose down, mail from home and, best of all, a chance to call Michael on his 21st birthday. By chance we had double pleasure since Sarah had gone up to Cambridge to be with him and we had a chance to talk with the two which, together with a nice letter from Jonathan, made us feel right at home. It was also good to hear that Mother was doing better. After a quiet time in the afternoon and a bit of desultory shopping we had dinner with Dr. James and Doris Watt. He is director of the Art Gallery at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, an Oxford University man, who comes from a traditional Chinese background and is obviously quite competent in the world of Chinese art history. His particular interest is in ceramics and jade, particularly in structural matters and manufacture. He is coordinating and putting together a jade exhibit for Asia House which will open in October. He is much more pessimistic on what is happening in China than those we met on the trip. He feels that there is simply not enough personnel to carry out the trained and expert work that needs to be done and there has been no real attempt to shift trained people into responsible jobs which still go to patronage and to the party. The old boy network still exerts a strong influence in China. He did admit that better quality students are coming from the university but he agreed with Dr. Shia's observation that four generations were hurt by the cultural revolution. Chinese museums lack people to do the ordinary care and handling of the objects. They are not

interested in the study of the objects in their historic and esthetic positions unless the piece fits neatly into a didactic history which the party member is responsible at that museum to put across. The only art museums in the true sense are the Palace Gallery in the Imperial Palace, and the Nanking Museum. Chinese are unwilling to take help and, as a result, have not been able to fix colors in many of the frescoes and vases and have not been able to preserve non-perishable things found in various digs. They do not report these failures. Books and other perishable materials were found in the Ming tombs. These disintegrated and their find was not even reported when the archeological material was published. Chinese soldiers are about to enter a Tang tomb which they do not believe has been robbed but still lack the expert knowledge required. We asked about the kind of free hand conservation that we saw, i.e. the repainting of the prince's tomb at Tang, and he said that simply is a result of there not being enough of trained archeologists, and that this is not simply a product of the Communist system or even the cultural revolution, but had been a fact of Chinese art life. Art specialists and conservators were traditionally assigned to dealers and used in their relationships to private collectors. When the private trade began to dry up at the end of the last century, these people simply ceased to be and they are not being reproduced. He spoke of China as undergoing an acquisitive binge and of the unwillingness of people in the various fields to share material. If he sends in material on exhibits in the West it is not shared but monopolized. One of the problems in China is that libraries are empty. They are not places where you can simply come and browse, you have to know what book you want and have to have permission to have that particular book. He is about to spend a year in Cambridge working with James Needham doing a chapter on ceramics for Needham's great history of Chinese civilization.

Security is close as you leave Hong Kong. The airport at Taipei, a vast, remarkably empty building, is 40 kilometers out of town. Taipei itself sits in a bowl, lush green hillsides around, but when there is a temperature inversion as there was

during our visit smog clogs the air. We came in through a dank, five o'clock drizzle and called Robert Parker who had been a member of Phil's firm who now has an office in Taipei where he has been here for our years. He's a man of about 45, very bright, head of the American Chamber of Commerce where he has taken a leading role in seeing that the administration does not go abandon Taiwan. He feels that our government has handled these relationships without the necessary subtleties. He took us to lunch on the second floor of the new Hyatt Regency Hotel and we had Honan food which was particularly delightful, including some fried rolls or bread, and a quail soup which was absolutely delicious.

I had called the Director of the Museum, Dr. Chiang fu-Tsung, who invited us to come to his office at three o'clock. When we left Parker we went to the museum where we were met by Richard Wang, the Director of Exhibits, and a young man named William Liu who was made available to us to take us around. Liu has studied a great deal, speaks fluent English and German, and was an excellent guide. Dr. Chiang is a gentleman of 82 who had been director of the National Library in Nanking before coming to Taiwan. His study is a large room surrounded by publications because the Palace Museum is also the Imperial Archives. Dr. Chiang speaks less than adequate English but he had with him Dr. Tseng who is one of the curators. We had a delightful talk about museums, Chinese painting, the Cleveland Museum etc. We spent the rest of the day enjoying the paintings on display.

We came back to the hotel and just walked down the alley next to the hotel where there were at least twenty restaurants and fell into a little Japanese country inn where we had delicious tempura and a fish soup which was really fine.

On Thursday we went out to the museum. We had been invited by Dr. Chiang to be guests of honor at a luncheon in the museum restaurant. In the morning we spent our time looking over the large display of bronzes ranging from Shang to Han and sat through a slide lecture which they had developed. It's an excellent collection. The lunch party consisted of about ten- They put on a quite lavish spread given the fact that it's simply a museum restaurant, and we met a number of the members of the staff.

After lunch we went back and went through the permanent porcelain collection and temporary enamel exhibit. We also met the acting curator of painting, Martha Su-pu. She volunteered to have a number of major pictures which were not on display available to us on Friday morning. A collection of this size impresses you with the range of Chinese painting and art, and makes you feel that the kind of simple generalizations which are usually made drive from a small base of information.

The city itself is full of traffic, smog; it comes alive at night when you have no sense of the drab surroundings and the stores stay open until nine o'clock or later. There are all kinds of hawkers and stalls, lovely fruit, and at that time late in the day it's fun to wander around. Parker told us that the economy of the island is healthy, that investment continues at a strong rate, and that it's been a remarkable community in terms of its ability to adjust to the changing economic scene. Taiwan maintains a favorable balance of trade even though it must import all of its oil.

On Friday we were allowed to see the ten scrolls, paintings, which we had selected. They were shown to us by the Associate Curator of Painting who is in fact in charge of the Painting Department. They included the oldest Chinese painting scroll in existence, a wonderful, eight-foot long scroll of a fishing scene called Early Winter On the River, and a number of scrolls by Sung and Yuan masters. It was wonderful to sit and talk about the scrolls, to be able to see them without glass and to talk about the brush strokes and the like. The infinite detail of these paintings is remarkable. Chinese painting is learned art much like playing the piano. You must master the strokes and the skills and the particular forms and then there is a certain freedom, but you stay largely within the musical score - the form is controlled by precedent. We took the lady curator, Martha Su-Pu and William Liu, the young man who had taken us around the museum, to lunch with an American girl from Pennsylvania who was studying literature here. It was a pleasant time. They talked about Taiwan's educational system which is European-oriented and examination-based and demands a high level of skill. I wandered around the town while Adele did some work and then we went out for Sabbath services to the Jewish Community Center of Taiwan. It's about thirty

minutes from downtown, a lovely building with a small synagogue, several classrooms, a lovely recreation room, reading room, all kinds of hi-fi equipment and a swimming pool. There are fifty-one families, half Israeli and half European. The group is active and the service was a delight. We met a number of lovely Israelis, former Israeli Major General Granot who acts here on behalf of the government and who drove us back to the hotel. There was somebody from Germany, a strange member of the CCAR named Einhorn whom I must do some research on, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Israel has a favorable balance of trade with the Republic of China although no formal relations. China tends to vote against Israel at the United Nations, partly because there are close ties to Saudi Arabia on whom she depends for oil and to whom she sent many specialists in various kinds of skills. The Jewish Center has been helped by the Australian Jewish community who send up educational specialists etc. to set up the curriculum for 16 religious school children. Israelis, of course, help them with the Hebrew and it seemed like a lovely little community.

There is also a service held weekly in the President's Hotel for traveling business folk. We grabbed a late dinner at a Japanese country restaurant and packed.

The next day we got up early and went to the Chiang Chai Shek Airport to fly to Osaka. The ticketing procedures and baggage check are incredible. It's a vast airport, everybody, however, crowded together in one small corner, and it took us an hour and thirty minutes to check in and go through various customs procedures. They didn't even really examine anything. We arrived in Osaka in a cold, gray rain storm and were met by one of the representatives of The Duskin Co. which Philip does business with. Saiko Masuda who was our contact person showed up a few minutes late but they graciously drove us into Kyoto. We have a nice room at the Miyako Hotel facing west and enjoying the setting sun.

On Sunday we had the day to ourselves and we walked out of the hotel to the left, following the curve of the eastern hills against which the Miyako is built. You pass immediately by a series of small temples and I took some pictures. Each of the

temples tend to have a cemetery behind it. The first temple, a small one, was called the Bukeoh, then the Ryonji, then the large Awata shrine, then the Sonshosin Temple, then the Shoren-in Temple. We stopped for lunch at a little inn, visited Yamanaki, a dealer with a lavish shop and then went to the Chion In Temple. It's a vast complex where we were fortunate to be able to watch a service in honor of the conclusion of the equinoxial holiday. There was a parade from the back of the temple led by several monks who were followed by a monk dressed in dark purple, and then an encased wheel chair carrying an old, old man who was the head abbot of the nearby Koda-Ji sanctuary. He wore a golden hat with curled sides about four inches across and a dark red, beautifully embroidered robe. They took him into the main temple where he was lifted into a position kneeling in front of the large Buddha. The monks sat on both sides before prayer stools. The purple monk sat with his back to the rail, turning over pages of various books. A large family sat in back of one aisle of the monks. They had apparently commissioned the service in memory of some ancestor. This is a day when the ancestors return from the earth to the spirit world. The service went on with gongs, clangs, clappers, liturgy. From the Chion-in Temple we went through Maruyama Park where we had tea, and then to the large Kodaji Temple which is built out of the side of a mountain with magnificent footings holding up the platform. It was a delightful day.

On Tuesday we went up to Mount Hiei. We saw the vast Enryaku Temple complexes, both the east and the west. There are some hundred more shrines of various kinds on the mountain. And then we went to the village of Ohara where we had lunch at a delightful inn and saw the Sanzen-in which has a magnificent garden in the rear and was also an imperial site, and then across the river valley to the Jakko-in which was a place of retirement for one of the empresses whose whole family was wiped out in a dynastic struggle. It's now a nunnery, a beautiful little jewel sitting in the mountains.

On Tuesday the company gave us a car and we drove to the Byodo-in or Phoenix Hall which is out in the country southeast of Kyoto. It's a beautiful sight along the

river. There's a fishing lodge of the Kamakura period and the Phoenix hall itself which was built by one of the shoguns and sits at the side of a central room reflecting pool. A towering Buddha sits and some fifty odd angels playing instruments in wood serve as wall plaques. There are two wings which are decorative but useless, and the whole sight is one of the national treasures. We then drove down to Horyo-ji which is the central shrine, or rather, the original center of Buddhism in Japan. It's a seventh century site, walled, with two clusters of buildings. The main or west side contains a famous pagoda and a dance pavilion as well as a large image hall. The eastern side contains a number of temples and the museum. There's a wonderful treasure house full of ninth and tenth century wooden images and materials found at the site. It's one of the oldest versions of temple architecture and although the buildings have been destroyed several times, they have been rebuilt according to early models.

The next day we visited the Golden Pavilion or, rather, its reconstruction. I was particularly interested in this building because I had been reading Yukio Mishima's novel which fictionalized reconstruction of the personality of the man who committed the arson. Though the building is recent the grounds are old. There's a lovely lake and a moss-based bamboo and pine forest. We walked down to the Ryoanji Temple, a Zen temple, where there is a famous Zen rock garden, raked sand and a few stones. The Hojo abbott's room is a large paneled area built around some lovely, tiny gardens. A pleasant part of the visit was a long walk up into the hills. We just simply climbed over one of the barriers where a number of emperors are buried, walked up a stone incline until we came to a vantage point from where there's a beautiful view out over the whole city. We walked on further, down to the Ninnaji, a large, rather unkempt temple compound with a five-story pagoda of the Kamakura period.

After lunch we went to the Daitoku-ji, the Zen center, with some thirty-two sub-temples, the newer ones have rock gardens. Unfortunately, the older buildings were all roped off and though we walked across and peered into the lattice, the wooden sculpture and other implements were hard to see. The old buildings consist of

a gate, a smallish pagoda, a sutra, a library in pagoda shape which is completely surrounded by water and several inter-connected halls.

On Friday we took a taxi to the silver pavilion, Ginakuji. The setting is beautiful but the buildings, as seem often to be the case here in Japan, were roped off so the art treasures were not visible. Japanese tourists seem to take a rather quick walk through a place, a few pictures to prove they have been there and to be satisfied with that. We then strolled down through the neighborhood. We visited a number of temples and after walking over to the Shinoyado and a few other temples we walked several miles into the center business district of the city. Along the way we came to a covered arcade where we purchased a little brass pot, an iron tea kettle for Adele, and a lovely triptik of an Osaka print for the house. We then walked over to the street of ceramics and enjoyed browsing, and so back to the hotel.

Saturday morning was cloudy and the day proceeded to be a fairly rainy one. I got up early and walked across to the Konchi-in Temple. It's a delightful little place, just across the street up a bit from the Miyako. There are still priest figures in the Sun Moon Gate and a tea house with a Chinese addition in the back. One of the temple buildings has a number of interesting wooden lohans. Adele and I then went down to the major castle, Nijo, a vast compound. The palace building dominates the front part of it and it's well worth seeing. The rooms interconnect. The audience halls are tall and well painted by various people from the Kano school. We went back to a Noh play at the local Noh theater. Outside it's a modern looking theater. Inside it has the covered stage and walkway, the actors and chorus are all in the appropriate traditional costume under appropriate traditional controls. We lasted an hour and a half. Then we went back to the hotel to change and went to a dealer, Mizutani whom Sherman had recommended. He's a lovely old man with a delightful daughter, Yoko, who in addition to translating for her father took us to her brother Shah which is in a private home, a very attractive place in the main alley which sells art and antiquities. We saw a lot, bought nothing and had a good time. We ate dinner in a lovely

little fish restaurant nearby and so to bed.

On Sunday we took a train to Nara. We saw the Deer Park, the temples and the town. Nara is a small town, about 250,000. Everything is in walking distance of the station. The deer are tame and the park is used as the playground. The temples include the Tokaikoju which is the largest wooden building in the world presumably, and has the largest bronze statue in the world, a Buddha. What's particularly impressive about the building though is the Samon or main gate which has two twenty-five to thirty-foot high wooden guardian gods in that tortured Kamakura style. They're wood and very effective. In the museum of the Korofuji shrine there are a number of fine sculptures, though they are not well displayed for viewing. On our return to Kyoto we visited the West Temple near the station which was being equipped with television sets and a modern canopy for the investiture of a new moshu which would take place on the first day of Passover, apparently correlated to the full moon. We had dinner with Tony and Ruth Banker. He's an architect. She is assistant professor of art at Haifa. They had been in Japan for three years, he working, she studying calligraphy and the relationship of modern art and Oriental art. They're a nice young couple and part of the group with whom we will have seder.

On Monday we took a train to Nara where we met Saiko and visited with the director of the Nara National Museum, a lovely gentleman who speaks fluent English, by the name of Bumbraku Karata. Mr. Karata greeted us in his office and then took us on a tour of the national treasures and important cultural objects in the museum. It was Monday and he opened the museum for us. He's a curator as well as director and he takes great delight in the practical considerations of wood sculpture, metal work as well as in the aesthetic values of the pieces. We learned a great deal and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We were his guests for lunch at a lovely inn by the river after which he had his driver take us to two of the loveliest temples in Nara. The first was called the Toshodaiji, a temple set up in the eighth century for one of the first Chinese Buddhist monks who came over and helped establish Buddhism in Japan.

His grave is there and there are several buildings from the eighth century including a palace room from Nara which was moved later to this site. It's an attractive sight, not overrun, and the buildings reflect both simplicity and grace. There is a treasure room with some fine wooden sculpture. The Yakushi Shrine has an old three-story pagoda which because of six roofs looks to be six stories high which also dates from the eighth or early ninth century, and three absolutely magnificent bronze statues from the same period. These are a seated Buddha, flanked on either side by Niko and Gako, the moonlight and the sunlight. They are graceful, in beautiful condition, and some of the finest bronze pieces we have ever seen.

On the way back to Kyoto we worked out details for the inland sea trip with Seiko and got ready for seder. We had seder on top of Mount Hiei which is one of the sacred mountains where for centuries there has been one of the largest Buddhist monastery establishments in all of Japan. The seder was just outside the park area in a little suburban center where an Israeli couple rent a home. He's studying Japanese Theater on a year's fellowship. There were about twenty of us, most young Israelis here for one reason or another, a Canadian girl doing pottery, and four small children. It was a warm, pleasant, chopstick seder. We sat cross-legged at a series of low tables that had been strung together. One of the interesting things about the seder was that since I had no song the Israelis had to carry along, and I found they knew the secular melodies but not the religious ones, so the seder had a different flavor than anything I've participated in before but a good time was had by all and there was, as always, overmuch food. A young attache at the Israel Embassy in Tokyo had brought down Israeli wine and Matzah. Some of the condiments were a little bit Zen. We had a chicken bone for the roast shank bone and chopped horseradish for the morror; nevertheless, it was fun and in good spirit.

Tuesday morning the rains ceased and we were picked up late in the morning by Seiko and a driver. He stopped at the Imperial Palace and picked up a ticket of admission to Katsura, and then we went to Tonjin Temple which features a large meeting room with a raised dias and a great round dragon forty feet in diameter painted on

the roof. The Katura gardens were lovely. They were not yet in bloom, it's been cold, but there are three tea houses arranged around a rather large pond filled with bridges etc. Afterwards we walked down Shimonzen Street and did a little shopping.

On Wednesday we were picked up at the hotel by a driver and Tom Hashimoto, and taken to the ferry at Kobe. The three of us then took a four-hour ferry ride down the inland sea to Takamatsu. The ferry is no unlike those which cross between Algeciras and Tangiers with car and persons. We were in a second-class cabin which was much more pleasant than the first and the only problem was the sound of a high school baseball tournament on television which was broadcast throughout the cabin the whole trip. The trip itself is not particularly interesting for the first half, but when you get towards the middle of the inland sea and the islands multiply, the fishing vessels, the normal flow of traffic and the scenery are interesting.

Takamatsu is a city of no particular charm whose main features are a fine park, Ritsurin, and the Shema Shrine. After one abortive attempt at a totally mediocre and unsatisfactory riyokan we went up to the riyokan at the Shema Shrine which though it's a tall, six-story, concrete building was nevertheless quite pleasant and the food which was served, a fish dinner, was quite spectacular. The shrine itself is of no particular significance though since this area was once an island it must have been quite lonely and had a special view. At six A.M. the first Japanese tour group gathered under our window.

On Thursday we finished our trip through the Ritsurin Park and then boarded a one-hour ferry back across to Honshu and the city of Karashike. The ferry is part of the Japanese National Railway Service and the linkage between ferry, train and bus, as all such linkages, is quite remarkable. Mass transportation moves with remarkable efficiency and speed. Karashike is a delightful town of about 380,000. The hotel we stayed at was more than comfortable and right in the center of the old city which is bounded by a river which has now been channeled and bordered with willow trees which were just coming into leaf. The main features of the town are a number of museums,

most of them given by a man named Ohara who was the director of the large spinning and textile company which dominated the town. There is a modern art museum, a museum of modern Japanese art, remarkable for its non-Japanese quality, an arts and crafts museum of high quality which featured excellent pottery, several modern wood block artists and bookmakers, textiles and the like, an archeological museum, a toy and doll museum, another museum and an area which is called Ivy Square which is a little bit like Ghiradelli Square in San Francisco. It has a gallery of Near Eastern art, a gallery of the artist who served as adviser to Ohaar during the first half of the century, a museum of Ohara textile mills products and history and a large area with shops, a hotel and restaurants. The day was beautiful and we wandered through the city whose buildings have a unique square tile with large white bindings to it, did a little shopping and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

On Friday we left Karashike briefly for Okayama where we visited the park dominated by the ruins of a black palace and sought futilely for one of Sherman's dealers who proved to have moved to Tokyo. Okayama is an industrial town and could well be avoided on a trip to the inland sea.

Saturday we took the bullet train to Himaji to see the white castle that was built by one of the Shoguns and then lived in by a succession of local lords. It's six stories high, wide-spreading. The eighteenth century buildings which were in the courtyard have burned down. It's a very imposing structure and quite a contrast, incidentally, to the towers of the so-called black castle which dominated the Okayama park. One of the particularly interesting things for us is that the artist who painted the screen in our living room was the second son of the lord of Himaji Castle. We returned to the station and then boarded the train to Kyoto. Much traffic, a lovely walk through the area around the Miyako where we visited the Nunenzi Shrine, a former palace building with large, screen-decorated rooms, and a simple Zen garden, and then dinner in a noodle shop which, incidentally, was opening for the first time and so to bed in a Japanese style room which Adele loves and I endure.

the end of the second day in the Hotel Nanning. We entered China by the train from Hong Kong to Guangzhou (Canton). It's a three hour ride to accomplish sixty-five miles. The train has lace curtains and seats that swing around so that you can sit facing the windows, forwards or backwards, a dining car, television sets front and rear, going full power showing a variety of programs, dances, Ray Mack's Amateur Hour and, as always in the Hong Kong area, luxury advertisements. The film clips change once you get across the border and it's mostly art and archeological and scenic view of China. It's a completely Red China train so the material is chosen by People's Republic.

Canton, dark, overcast, a gray city. We stayed in a hotel called White Dove, tall, built in '73, already beginning to fall apart, under-elevated, dining room at the top floor, food fair. We drove through the streets on the way from the station. You could see little but we saw the Cantonment area and we drove along the Pearl River which was full of ferry and other traffic. The hotel is strategically placed next to a friendship store. The Chinese begin and end any day's excursion at some shop, a strange concern for a socialist state, but there it is. The streets are full of trucks, busses, streetcars running on overhead trolleys and taxis and the ever present bike.

Before an early flight to Nanning we drove into town to see an ivory factory. Adele and I and several others decided to walk around the block and we looked in stores and walked through some of the back alleys where daily life goes on.

Nanning is south. We landed at an airport full of MIG fighter planes. The drive into town is quite beautiful. The countryside is sub-tropical, the ground is red clay. There are many quiet rustic scenes. The roads are bordered by eucalyptus and other shade trees and except for the incessant talk of the local guide who wanted us to know everything about the autonomous People's Republic of Kwangsi, quite pleasant. The hotel is on the banks of the river, a tributary of the Pearl River. It's quite adequate. ~~We eat on the eight floor.~~ You have a sense here of being in China in a way unlike Canting. It is closer to the agricultural park. The afternoon was spent visiting the city park built around a lake which has been filled and dredged in the

last ten years. The park features an herb garden, hundreds of plants of various medicinal herbs used by the Chinese and a display of bonsai plants. People were walking around with families out for an outing. The park itself is only seven or eight years old and already shows signs of lack of attention. The ideas are good but the execution leaves a great deal to be desired. The most beautiful part of the park is a lake and the clumps of bamboo which are all over the place. The inevitable Friendship Store and back to the hotel.

After dinner they took us to see a movie which was a kind of Chinese Laurel and Hardy about a missing football ticket but it was fun being in a Chinese theater. The most interesting part of the day in many ways was the walk that Adele and I took before dinner. There's an old section of town next to the hotel: low red houses with the tile roofs, unpaved streets, children playing, mothers washing their babies and preparing dinner, laundry hanging out on almost any place that it can. The children and older folk were friendly. They were interested in how we were dressed and watched us closely. We were seeing people in a way that you can't do in Canton. The basic feel that you have is one of drabness. There's not only the blue aunt syndrome, the uniforms, but the fact that there's almost no color on the buildings, in the door frames or even in the pottery people use. About the only color that you see is some undergarments hanging on the line and in the dress of the children, and when you see they are dressed with little sense for the appropriateness of various colors together. For a society which once produced beautiful pottery glazes and paintings, this society's lack of a color sense is arresting and I don't know if it's duplicated to this extent any place else in the world.

Nanning is a relatively new town in the sense of a sizeable place. It has 575,000 people and a growing industrial base. There is a constant movement on the roads, though the roads are wide and not really crowded, but there are people everywhere and no sense of privacy in the shops or the homes.

We haven't seen anything memorable yet, but there's a sense of being in China and facing a world that goes about its normal everyday business. My overwhelming sense

after this first day is that China is not exotic in the sense that we expect. It's a different world. It's totally different from our own, but human life is, after all, bound into routine, family work etc. The question that I am left with after seeing this bicycle economy and all that goes with it is what's going to happen in China once mass literacy is achieved if these folk will no longer be satisfied being the beasts of burden. On the train ride and in the city you see people rather than animals carrying the load, whether it be baggage being carried on poles from the railroad station or fertilizer or other foods being carried in fields or carted to and from the city. It is a country of manual labor and from what I've read the old divisions between manual work and mental work are still deeply entrenched in the society. What's going to happen when a sizeable proportion of the population is no longer satisfied to stay on the farm remains to be seen. I suspect that Mao sensed the problem and this concern certainly was one of his reasons for launching the Cultural Revolution.

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It's morning in Nanning, bright, sunny. We drove out to a cave about fifteen miles out of the city. The landscape is very much like in northern Thailand, the landscape for which Kweilein is famous. Adele and I did not go down into the cave but spent the morning walking into a farm village which is about a mile away. We have pictures of water buffalo, adults and children working and doing the things that are normally done on the farm. On the way out the guide, a Mr. Sun, a man who has made a great effort to master English and American culture read us the news he had taken down from the Voice of America. It had to do with the Olympics, with Iran, and one of the items was that the Israeli and Egyptian ambassadors had presented their credentials to Sadat and Begin respectively. Nanning is a fascinating place to hear this news while driving through a forest area in southern China. Impression: a lot of children in the village during school hours. Obviously, education had not really reached into this area.

On return to Nanning we enjoyed a truly magnificent banquet, twelve courses, three types of liquid, beer, wine and maltai which is like raw vodka. The tables were round. The centers revolved. There were a number of condiments on the table when we sat

down and a dish of shrimp, duck, eggs etc. arranged in a butterfly form. The meal included crispy duck, sweet and sour fish, French-fried shrimp, thousand year old eggs and seven treasure rice as the dessert. Not knowing the custom, we ate fast, they served us fast, and it was over too soon, but the cuisine was excellent, the service was beautiful.

The next morning in Nanning I got up and missing breakfast walked across to the river and down to the river bank where a number of elders were doing a Tai Chin exercise. One or two old ferry boats and cargo boats, really motorized junks, were operating. I saw one swimmer, several people doing exercises of other kinds by the river, and the city on bikes going to work. It was a dark day. Our visit that morning was to a renny factory which is a kind of natural fiber made of a sisal or hemp plant and turned into fabric. We had that usual meeting with the public relations director. Tea in a large room and then a tour of the plant, not overly interesting, divided into different sections, obviously labor intensive but with mechanized looms, spinners etc.

Lunch at the airport and then to Kuming, six thousand feet high, sunny, once the center of the Flying Tigers. Kuming's center streets are broad, tree-lined. The valley is obviously very fertile. You see yellow fields that look like mustard fields but are in fact ripe with some kind of oil-producing plant. We got to the hotel in time to leave our baggage and take a 2-1/2 hour bus trip through lovely countryside to a stone forest which is, I guess, like Bryce National Park. The ride was interesting. The villages are essentially those of nationality groups and you see much more of what you expect of old-fashioned Chinese countryside: gabled roofs, the tiles laid so that the roof line looks like a dragon, painted doorways etc. We had come at a time when the fruit blossoms were just bursting out, giving the whole countryside a rich and full look. There are lakes throughout the area and it was a pleasant drive up to the rather new hotel built at the Stone Forest. I walked through a nearby native village. We had dinner at the hotel, rather good, and then a local group from the village nearby who are Sarni people, they look to be related to the hill folk of the Tibetan Thailand area. The girls were dressed in white

with red bands on their head dress and a dark sash around their dress. The boys played stringed instruments, the music and dancing was folk at its usual and seemed to be enjoyed by all.

One of the most interesting features of the stone park is evidence of the need of the Chinese to label everything. There are large two or three letter titles a meter high everywhere and almost every point of view has been named and a name painted or chiseled in large letters. The first is of stone and is quite accessible. Just below the hotel there are several lakes with interesting rock formations which gives one who doesn't want to go into the park a sense of the site. Across the lake from the hotel is a Sarni village. It's relatively poor, mud brick, corn hanging high on trees, the people wear blue and black costumes such as one saw on hill people in Thailand, women washing their clothes in lakes, pigs and animals running loose. Inside a few of the homes there was a sense of order. I walked through the town at the dinner hour and saw the peasants bringing home the heavy burdens of straw, water, other produce from the fields and bamboo staves across their backs.

The drive down from the forest to the city featured an interesting battle of will. We had seen a number of interesting villages with fascinating roof lines and a number with pagodas and stupas and apparently monastery halls. The young guides clearly did not want us to stop and visit. We brought some pressure on Barbara Hickerson, the Lindblad guide, to stop at one of the major villages to do some photographing of architectural sites. She agreed but on the way down the guides halted the car everywhere but where we wanted to go. After a confrontation we prevailed but only with difficulty and only with the assurance that we would be in this town only twenty minutes or so and not go off the main street. It may have been due to the poverty of the area or to the broken down nature of its buildings or simply to the fact that this was an unscheduled stop. In China you do things the way they are planned. In any case, the town we stopped in was the county seat, a thronging market, and people were warm and welcoming and crowded around us as a strange novelty. In the middle of our short walk a middle-aged man pressed himself forward purposely and began to speak

to us in perfect English. He was one of the village schoolmasters and had learned English by himself and he was a delight. We exchanged greetings, pleasantries, and had a good feeling about it all.

Kuming has two parallel broad streets, bicycle traffic, tree-lined. The hotel is an old brick building with flowers on the steps as you come in, quite beautiful. The area around it is industrial and big blocks of flats, relatively uninteresting. The town has a delightful climate. We had dinner at the hotel, a banquet, featuring a Kuming hot pot which was absolutely delicious. At dinner a young couple, Penny and Steve, from Texas who are teaching English at the university joined us. She was a newly-wed and had just been in town three weeks and spoke of the simple apartment that was being prepared for them and of the inadequacy of most university housing. As always in China, plumbing and lighting conduits are open and put in after. They had two rooms with a balcony, one of the rooms being converted into a washroom. She spoke privately of the inadequate housing which some of the university people had to have. Steve had been here for a year living in the hotel. He enjoyed his work. They found the English language students are hard-working and he had added a course in World History to give them a broader understanding of the world about. Though prepared to deal in right and wrong answers rather than subtleties, but because some of the students are older and the experience of a cultural revolution and the school of hard knocks, he finds it possible to help them to think in terms of gradations. He felt that the cultural revolution made it impossible for this kind of permanent revolution psychology to reassert itself for the next decade or two. Too many people had been hurt and were now cynical. The cultural revolution had broken the sense of national unity and the bureaucracy is fighting to reintroduce adequate employment, patterns to people's lives, in order to reknit the sense of unity. Provincialism has ceased, he felt, to be a major problem in China. The students, he feels, are receptive to some of the ideas that he presents and talk about it in many ways after class. He feels he's the source of many rumors. They were surprised to hear, for instance, that ten thousand Chinese were turned back this year by British authorities in Hong Kong. They had been taught that jazz was a

bourgeois musical tradition and that classical music was for the mainstream of people. When he spoke of jazz as coming out of the blacks and classical music being essentially a construct for the upper classes, they were surprised. One woman committed to classical music was politically affronted. Penny talked about the temples where much damage was done to many objects during the cultural revolution.

I got up early on Saturday and walked alone to the main square where there is a big reviewing stand, pictures of Mao and Hua over a yellow painted grandstand. There were hundreds of people passing through on the way to work, biking through, and other hundreds doing the morning exercises, Tai Chin. There were also a few doing martial arts exercises with swords. It was quiet and the people who were involved in this were very much caught up in what they were doing. On the way back I noticed that many of the younger children going off to school were accompanied by single adults and often were carrying benches or a small chair. Almost all children also had a name tag or china pin pinned to their garments. I asked later about the stool or chair and found that there was not enough equipment in the schools and the youngest grades brought their own.

The group drove out to the western hills. As you drive along through a pine forest you come to the Dianchi Lake which spreads out to your left. We drove to the top of the road where the Lun Mun Temple exists. It's a Taoist shrine. The top two of the buildings have been carved into the living rock. Many of the sculptures were damaged during the cultural revolution. The building itself dates from Ching times but has been destroyed and remodeled several times since. There are 300 steps up from the road, a thousand steps from the lake to the road. What was interesting is that evergreen twigs and josticks were being offered and the temple was crowded. Leaving the temple we drove down to a large Buddhist building known as the Hua Tin Temple. It's beautifully situated, surrounded by a low wall into which picture windows have been cut. As you come in the gate the Temple itself opens on the left. There is an excellent warrior figure guarding the entrance and then you pass through several courts filled with blossoming fruit trees, camelia trees and hundreds of potted plants. The Temple is

thronged not only with visitors but with worshippers. Tiles on the roof are bedecked with animals and are quite colorful and the paintings on the exterior door and walls are interesting. The temple itself is deep, three large Buddhist figures, probably thirty feet high, in gild dominate the place. The walls in the back are filled with two-thirds size lohans in a variety of postures. Light was streaming in on the burning jos sticks and various kinds of memorial lights and was an effective place. At the far end of the compound there was a large hall which was filled with young members of a factory common who were engaged in a type of Temple Picnic and having a great good time. Between the two there was a tank and on one side a pagoda type temple which was being rebuilt. I found one of the tiles, or part of a tile, from that temple and we're bringing it back with us.

I got off the bus at the Department Store One Square and found myself in an English language book store. It was interesting to see what was on display, English texts largely printed in Hong Kong, a few literature books, Mark Twain's Life in Mississippi, Bronte's Jane Eyre and Alexander Duma's The Three Musketeers, and a good bit of Chinese literature books, classic and modern in translation. I walked back to the hotel. It took maybe a half hour. After a bite of lunch one of the men and I walked back to the river and along the bank in the northern direction to the next bridge, then back along the other side of the stone-banked river. There were steps down to the river bed on which men were busy washing. One of the most interesting features of the walk was the number of rather nice lattice and wood fret work we could see in the older buildings and the fact that we chanced upon a mosque. It was a two story, rectangular building, set back behind a block of flats. A red brocade in Arabic fell across the front. The doors were the tall, narrow doors of most Chinese temples. A kind group of people opened the doors for us and inside there was a mithrab, a preaching podium, a number of Korans and a curtained area to the left which was obviously for the women. One of the two buildings which were on the court was in disrepair but was apparently being put back together. The other seemed to have been turned into several dwellings. I understand there are about forth thousand Muslims and four or five mosques in Kuming.

In the afternoon we drove out to the Bamboo Temple where a road which runs west to the town takes you through a hillside dotted with graves. The temple was absolutely packed. It was a flower dedication day and people of all kinds and of all ages were thronging into the place not only to sightsee but to offer. Young men and women as well as elders had brought bunches of flowers and the three large urns in which joss sticks were put and where fires burned, these were being filled constantly by votive offerings. In both the side rooms were a large number of lohans on the walls and also several large images of Kanon, goddess of mercy. People were constantly kneeling and praying. It's not so clear why the temple is called the Bamboo Temple. I did discover a large strand of bamboo to the back of the main building.

This apparently was the first year when people felt they could easily and openly come and celebrate this kind of holiday in the shrine. I don't know how it is in the non-nationality areas of the country, but here, clearly,ⁱⁿ a significant segment of the population the old ways still hold certain power.

We drove back to Kuming and spent the afternoon looking in several art shops and the results will be seen when we get home. It used to be the Chinese custom to set graves by geomancy. There was a special man who located the spot for the graves according to the winds and the water. Because of the need for arable land and because of the philosophy of the present Communist government, most burials in the cities are now cremations, some kind of memorial meeting held in a factory or compound, but in other places, particularly in the villages, there are coffins and burials although most burials now are confined to a specific cemetery area. We saw such a village funeral procession several days ago. The coffin was held between poles and it seemed as though most of the village was accompanying it to the graveyard.

The sense in almost everything here is of an opening up within specific limits, opening up in conversations about certain elements of one's private life, a discussion of social problems, open talk about contrasting cultures. Nearly everywhere we've gone there has been somebody who knew English who came up to talk to us. In the Bamboo Temple there was an eighty-year old man who had graduated from Ohio State University

in 1925 in aeronautical engineering and come back to China a few years later. In the village when we came back from the Stone Forest there was a village schoolmaster who came up and introduced himself. Most of these English speaking people have had experience either outside the country or are self-taught, English is now taught in many of the schools and, of course, there is a proficiency required.

After dinner I watched part of a film in Chinese about Yunan Province. It was based around happy nationality people at the non-nationalities university and an inevitable number of folk dances. Interspersed was a large amount of black and white film from early anthropological expeditions showing the primitiveness of these people and emphasizing, as the script said, again and again how happy they are now, smiling faces, dancing music and no problems. There were also some lovely scenes of the few sights left in the area. What was interesting was the attempt to show how under the Chinese nationalists these groups had been absolutely peoples who were primitive and backwards but now they have been given the advantages of education, medicine and culture and are now very very happy. They are always singing and dancing and smiling at the camera. In point of fact, it's clear from our guide's reactions and others' that the nationality people are still treated as if they are second-rate despite the attempt by the government to institute what we could call affirmative action programs. There's a quaintness etc. in people's response to them. Yunan does have a nationalities university but that very fact suggests that they are separate but equal and that true equality is not necessarily the goal of equalitarian society. It must be very difficult in China to accept non-Han Chinese peoples given the sense of centrality and superiority Chinese culture has always had to all outside cultures.

In the morning we drove to the Golden Temple. It sits in woods to the east of the city. You step up through various gates. There is excellent carving on the stones along the base of the inner temple. Guides make much of the fact that it's all in copper and that the copper is original, but it's the stone carving which is the most attractive part of the temple itself, although much of it has been defaced or torn away or chiseled away. Again, we came early and soon after we arrived large numbers

of people began to come in. Joss sticks were being burned and it was clear that it was a live institution. From the temple we went to the Dragon Pool which is really another Buddhist temple which has been cleared except for one small side chapel of all images. The topmost large room is now a library filled with Marx, Engel and technical journals. There are many places to sit and eat. There's the inevitable tea room and art store. In one locked side room I noticed a few gilded images of a many-armed buddha behind some work tables where work was going on.

The final step was the botanical garden to see large camelia trees. I have learned that one can see too much camelia. At lunch Sam and Penny Thorpe joined us again. He was a little more forthcoming about his relationships with the university. He had been hired by China directly. Some foreign experts are hired by their own state for work in China. In America people are hired individually by China. All libraries are closed. Chinese textbooks and materials of this kind are on the list of things not to be seen by foreigners. There are things in the library of his school for which he would be criticized for picking up and looking at, mostly in the area of economics, politics and philosophy. He spoke of his need for books. The foreign language films which have come to Kunming include Agatha Christie's Death on the Nile, a flashy Mark Zoro, Hamlet, a French film on a defector from the K.G.B., Star Wars and Close Encounters of a Third Kind are being prepared for distribution. His students know more of English literature than American literature, again mostly in cut down versions. They tend to understand only a portion of the movies and a few of the illusions. They know nothing of modern literature beyond Hemingway. He would particularly like to introduce them to some of the Nobel laureates. The American authors whom they know are Hawthorne, Twain and the muckrakers like Upton Sinclair, Frank Norris etc.

After lunch Adele and I took a walk into the city which was a great deal of fun. We came across another of the four mosques of the town which had painted scenes of a Moroccan medina, underneath a typical Chinese temple arcade. There was a mithrob and the usual apparatus of a mosque inside. We found our way into the back alleys of the old town

and had the good fortune of meeting a gentleman^{MR. LIU} who invited us into his home which was once a modest gentry home. It had an open court, two floors, and some excellent woodwork, grilles, fretwork and so on. We then walked into the East Temple, an old Confucian temple compound, which remains in ruin. ~~Indeed, there is~~^{NIV} a factory occupying much of the space but the frame of the three-story pagoda and several large meeting halls are still visible. Tile is still on the roof. There were still some bells ~~on the pagodas~~, on the points of the pagoda's roof, ~~and~~^{It} was an interesting experience to walk through a deserted passage since we had spent the morning and the day before going through temples which made it clear that the past is not as buried as official propaganda would have us wish.

(side 2)

A crowd would be drawn immediately. On the walk we met a student of Steve's, a person who was a translator, but ~~only~~^{he claimed only fluency in} reading, which he translated from Russian, Japanese and English into Chinese. We purchased a Mao hat ~~from~~^{for} Michael and completed our purchase of the twelve ~~Yan~~^{PRINCE YI} prints. It was a good day to absent ourselves from the group because it turns out that their visit to a factory was something of a disaster. ~~An early dinner~~^{we took} and a rather unpleasant flight to ~~Chengdu~~^{Chengdu}. The plane, as every plane in China, ~~is~~^{was} completely filled. There are no empty seats. The Chinese passengers, and they were all Chinese except for our little group, are predominantly male and the pilots tend to come in pretty hot and heavy-handed. The stewardesses who are dressed in coat and pants a la cultural revolution had an old-fashioned Kelvinator electrical refrigerator as their basic piece of equipment. They brought around tea in a wash basin, ~~and~~^{otherwise} everything was delicately served.

On our first full day in Chengdu, we began the morning by driving out to ~~Tu Fu~~^{TU FU'S} cottage. Tu Fu ~~was~~^{was} a poet of the eighth century ~~who~~^{who} has now been turned into a defender of the peasants and one of the great pre-revolutionary figures of China. He ~~is~~^{was} a poet of first rank ~~and his material~~^{whose work} has been translated into English as well as in many other languages. ~~The~~^{the} cottage is a misnomer. It's a large enclosure ~~with~~^{you enter through} a series of gates ~~which you enter~~ and come upon a large wooden figure of the poet. There are several

rooms with lovely gabled roofs on both sides of a blossom-filled courtyard, filled with old copies of his works and in Chinese and various translations. In the major hall there are three figures: one of the poet, the other two of poets of the Sung Dynasty who were followers of his style. Water originally coursed through the park area and those responsible are digging out the channels to allow it to come through again. It is situated east of town and in what was once the pure countryside.

From there we went to the Chuko Liang or Vou Hou Shrine. Uu Hou, also called the Sleeping Dragon, was an ascetic who was consulted by one of the pretenders to rule after the Han dynasty. He proved a successful Machiavelli and figures centrally in the romances which deal with three kingdoms into which the dynasty broke up. The shrine is a large compound area which features a number of important stele from the Sung and Tang dynasties, left and right as you pass through the first gate. The second courtyard contains under a roof a number of twenty-foot, seated figures of the major war civil lords of the period which has been immortalized in the Romance of the Three Kingdoms. The back room includes figures of Lupei, the man whom Chuko Liang served and of the ascetic himself. There's a tumulus to the left which has not yet been dug out and is supposedly his grave, and a number of bamboo-lined walks which lead to various pavilions around water with lovely stone balustrades, capped with carved figures of animals.

Next to the park there is a large, former Confucian temple, which is now a public park with long, tree-lined walkways and the temple roofs feature a number of seated dogs in enamel and metal on the eaves. There is a well-stocked and incredibly expensive antique shop at the park and another one in the hotel itself.

After lunch we hired a private car and drove to the Provincial Museum which proved to be a find. It had a number of Shang bronzes and as fine a collection of Han tiles as either of us had ever seen. There were several tiles of chariots with very tall wheels, war chariots, battle scenes, scenes of court life and peasant life. In addition, the museum has a large display of Tang figurines found in the cave of one of the imperial princes, boxes which contained the imperial seal from the Tang dynasty,

beautiful celadon and lovely Ching and Ming pottery. We were particularly impressed, however, with the Han material which included a number of early animal figures, peasant-scenes, and one particularly regal horse which was about four feet high and quite impressive.

We then went to the tomb of Wang Chiang. Chiang was an emperor in this area at the end of the ninth and beginning of the tenth century. The tomb itself was discovered when people began to dig air raid shelters in fear of Japanese attack in the early 1940's. It was dug out in 1945. It consists of a large vaulted burial chamber where the crypt, which was of wood and over the ages was eaten away by moisture and water, sat on a large stone pedestal. The base was carried by a dozen warrior figures whose hands are underneath the stone as if they were carrying the catafalque. There's magnificent detail on these half figures. The freize around the base of the rectangular stone pedestal for the coffin contains full relief figures of 24 lady musicians, the full complement of a court orchestra during Tang times. Correction: 22 are musicians, 2 are dancers. Beyond this pedestal and at the base of the cave there is a large stone urn in which some kind of eternal light burned, and then an areaway which gives to the base of the tomb which features a three or four feet high seated figure of the emperor himself before which were the imperial seal, a box containing the eulogy spoken at his funeral cut into precious metal and a number of other materials in silver and copper which we understand are in the Peking Museum and hope to see. To the left and right of the crypt are rooms containing replicas of the material which is found in the tomb. It was an impressive visit.

After the tomb we drove into the city to a People's Park which was the home of the local Kuomintang war lord. It features a broken-down section of the original building and a lovely set of canals boarded in stone over which there are lovely curved bridges which remind one of Venice. Boats can be rented and though it was a fairly cold dark day there were a number of young couples and families with little children enjoying themselves on the canal. Interestingly, the public park had a small admission charge. There was another charge to rent boats. There are few free parks - or free anything - in China.

We then drove to look for some of the lovely straw work of the area. Adele bought a lovely rectangular purse ~~for the summer~~. The entire cost for the car, the extra guide and driver for the afternoon was 20 ^{yuan} ~~yuan~~ which is approximately sixteen dollars. A fine time was had by all.

Our second day in ^FChing Du, March 4, after a Chinese breakfast which was terrible, we drove out to the Dujiangyan irrigation system. It's a large water control project which was begun in 258 B.C. by Li Bing, governor of Shu. It was designed to keep the rather fertile valley in which ^FChing Du sits from overflowing. Unfortunately, we went out by way of the zoo which was a detour in order to see their collection of giant pandas. There were five, I believe, and they were giant pandas. The ride out took us about an hour and a half, very fertile countryside, every inch of which was irrigated. ~~The~~ Farm houses are separated from each other and hidden behind large clumps of bamboo which act as wind breaks. The roofs are thatched and the whole countryside has a very lovely look to it. The roads were crowded. It was market day in most of the villages. We saw a number of bicycles ^{with} ~~trussed~~ ^{up} in the back, people carrying their vegetables to market. The villages were thronged and it took probably an extra half hour to drive through the masses of people. Again, this sense of people on the move, endless numbers of people everywhere you look, is China. The introduction to the irrigation system is through Fulongkuan, ^{from P. 64} dragon temple. There was an inordinately long technical description of how the ~~Kemantan~~ ^{from P. 94} had allowed this ancient irrigation system to decay and how, after liberation, it had been extended to the viaducts and tunnels so that a vast area was affected. This was repeated three or four times, ^Tand the weather was ~~some-~~ ^{what} cold and no one really appreciated it. This temple is a square building which rises on the promintory where ~~the~~ two river systems ~~are~~ separated out, the natural river and the one which ^{and has been} is used as a diversionary canal. The most interesting part of this temple ^{was} ~~was~~ the animals ^{and} figures which adorn the roof. We walked perhaps a half a mile along the canals to the rather narrow suspension bridge which crosses over to the Tukung temple, or the Er Wang Miao Temple which is dedicated to the emperor and to his son who completed

the project. This is an absolutely magnificent structure which rises from the river bed to a platform about 200 feet higher and then through another series of temples to a road beyond. We passed through a number of gates which turn and turn and turn again until you come to a large center court of the temple. The building was originally Song, rebuilt during Ming, obviously rebuilt subsequently, but the original roof lines have been kept and an attempt has obviously been made to maintain the same kind of figures on the roof and the gables. The whole is attractive, it has the look of a Song painting, raised buildings, second floor rooms, tiled roofs, all of it symmetrical from almost every point of view.

Lunch in the little town which is a tourist center and then back to something called Riverview Park which has 150 different types of bamboo which are approximately 149 too many. In any case, we met there four students from Oakland University who were studying English and had a good time talking with them. They showed us their text which consisted of about ten short sections of reading from Robert Frost, Alex Haley's Roots, the story of the Curies and some rather complicated grammatical exercises based on the stories.

After that Adele and I went to the Exhibition Hall where on the fifth floor there is a large exhibition of folk wares and so home to change for our dinner. The dinner was a banquet served at ~~another hotel elsewhere in town~~ at East Wind Road Restaurant. It was an excellent meal. ~~Se chuan~~ food, at least in ~~Se chuan~~, at least this evening, is not that spicy. There was a particularly delicious fish dish. They started with the usual five or six cold dishes; and then there was smoked duck with plum sauce and scallions; and then there was a flowered ball with rose petals and all kinds of fruits; it was a very pleasant dinner. A Dr. Yu sat with us. She is a native-born Chinese, an American citizen, and she left after the Sino-Japanese war and ~~is a~~ clinical psychologist who used to teach at UCLA. Her daughter is married to a Norwegian sinologist and lives ~~in Norway~~ with their grandchild. I tried to talk to her about adolescence in China and the problems associated with it. She parried most of the questions, but said there were a number of ~~political~~ problems the adolescent-age youngsters face which were largely political, that is, that they

had their lives disrupted by the cultural revolution and were coming back now into the cities ^{where} ~~and~~ there wasn't enough employment for them. She said that in America one makes the sexual ^{commitment} ~~pacts~~ before one makes a commitment to another human being. In China the reverse takes place, ^{Then} ~~and~~ though marriage is delayed the young people do not set up ~~liasons~~ for the most part, that they make a commitment to another person and have a relationship which involves them and their family, but they delay physical relationship until marriage. She also made an interesting comparison between the 60's generation in China and the 60's generation in the United States. Both, in their own way, were thrown away by the society and in both cases the 70's have produced a new kind of ^{YOUNG PERSON} ~~generation~~. I asked her to define adolescence in Chinese terms and she began to talk to me about the different kinds of problems which show up in classical Chinese literature, and that these continue to today. When I asked her to define further, unfortunately, the conversation was aborted by questions from others and we never got back to it.

^{In THE MOUNTAIN} ^{XIAN} The trip to ~~Seyon~~ was delayed for an hour or so. The airport was cold and the loud speaker never stopped playing. ^{We landed} It ~~was~~ a small plane which flew above a heavy cloud layer until ^{we} ~~he~~ reached the Quing Ling ~~Quing-Ching~~ mountains. ^{which} Its peaks could just be seen above the clouds. ^{XIAN is} Almost immediately on the other side of the mountain is ~~Shenon~~. The town itself today is ^{A SPRAWLING} ~~widespread~~ and Chinese nondescript. Major portions of the wall ~~still~~ remain but only the towers of the east gate, and neither the moat nor the walls shape the modern town. We drove out ~~quickly~~ ^A to the An Po neolithic village. It's a large, now covered, dig of a seventh or sixth century B.C. small community. They have roofed over the major part of the community, exhibited some of the burial sites, and have two rooms of exhibits, the most interesting of which ~~are~~ some red clay pots with designs of fish and other animals stylized in a manner not unlike ^{It is not really} ~~that of what we were~~ ^{INDIAN CULTURES IN OUR} ~~familiar with~~ in the southwest ~~United States~~. It's an impressive display and the first on-the-site museum, we were told, in China.

^{CHINA} From there we drove to the Imperial Tomb of Chin Shi Huang, the man who united China for the first time and whose name is involved in the word itself. The major ~~tomb~~ ^{Tomb} ~~ulpus~~ has not been excavated but in 1974 a major ~~find was found~~ a vault about one mile

from the major tumulus was found and opened. It proved of subterranean earth and wood-work construction, rectangular in shape, and about the size of a football field. It contained an army of six-foot high warrior figures, some of which we were shown. There are now two other similar pits which have partially been uncovered but not open to the public. In pit I over 500 of these figures and six war chariots pulled by four horses are uncovered. It is estimated that it contains 6,000 figures of men and horses. What's impressive is that these pottery figures are not only sizeable but beautifully shaped. The moulding shows a great interest in detail and apparently an attempt was made to portray the styles of soldiers from all over China to symbolize that the Ching Dynasty united the major sections of China. At least four such types visible from headdress, battle dress and shoes are available. There are two museum rooms which display examples light up. One of the men in the museum is leading a horse which is riderless with saddle and stirrups, all the accoutrements are visible. In addition to the pottery figures a number of the weapons which they carried, including spears, cross bows, arrows etc., were recovered. The figures were original painted. Unfortunately, the paint is fragile and disintegrates into the atmosphere and the dig has been stopped as far as the unearthing of more of the figures until they learn how to preserve the colors on the figures yet to be unearthed. Much is known of this art in Japan, Europe and the U.S., but the Chinese must rediscover the art. There is obviously a work shop where the bits are put together. We happened to be there while one of the warrior figures was being hoisted which had been worked on in the work shop back into place. It's done by a simple system of muscle power and pulleys and it was exciting to watch this figure swinging overhead. The whole area of pit one is enclosed as if it were a large indoor stadium. It's an impressive and moving sight. We were told that pit two contains an army unit of cavalymen, war chariots, cross bow soldiers and infantry men, assembled in a square battle formation with nearly one thousand individual figures.

Pit three is smaller and has 68 guards and one war chariot and seems to represent the headquarters unit of the two battle formations of pit one and pit two. We were told that two kilns have been discovered on the site and the mass grave in which the slaves who built the final tomb were killed so that secrets would not be revealed.

~~uncovered~~. Apparently there is a fine color montage explanation of this in the recent Smithsonian Magazine ~~in~~ the November issue.) I want to look it up when we get home. There's a major study of the dig still in Chinese, but we are told it's being translated.

After dinner we went to a Chinese opera which might be called the resurrection of a classical Chinese scholar. It's the story of a young man who falls ^{into} to the allure of Peking when he comes ^{to study and take} for his examinations, ^{leaving his allure} particularly in the form of a courtesan, who like the courtesans of opera the world over turns out to have a heart of gold. She entices him, ~~he~~ spends his money on her. When he becomes impoverished the madame of the house tries to break up ^{what has become an official} this ~~obvious~~ romance and almost succeeds until ^{she} it is discovered that he is the son of a ~~very~~ powerful and rich Mandarin of high office. ^{high office name, the lady} They are allowed to come back together. ^{- for fact, but} He can't work on his examinations so distracted is he by love. She throws him out so he ^{will} really sits for his examination, ^{he does so and} which he passes with flying colors, ~~he~~ number one in the country. He comes back on stage with all the pomp and ceremony of the number one candidate and is reunited with his ^{who has immediate access to high office} bride and with ^{his} his father. The most impressive part of the opera was the rich costumery and the obvious attempt to display the mannerisms and etiquette of an earlier imperial time. ^{They were the} The kimono ^{sheep to} cover the face while ~~one~~ is sipping tea. Noblemen wear high shoes while commoners have only sandals. There's a way of handling the folds of one's robe ^{while} by sitting so that one looks like all the princes one has ever seen sitting at a Chinese painting. The audience is noisy, obviously enjoys the more bawdy humor, and begins to leave once it's clear how everything is going to work out. There was no applause though it was obvious there was an appreciative audience.

The next day we drove out to the Tang Dynasty tombs which lie in the hills north of the town. The tomb ~~is that of Ching-t'ang~~ ⁽¹⁾ is a joint tomb of the third emperor of the Tang Dynasty, a man named Kaotsung and his consort, Wu. ^{was not been} The tomb ~~is not open~~ and apparently there are plans for its excavation, but the long spiritway which leads from one height to the next is there and we walked along it. It features large stone figures of ^{ministers} ~~councillors~~ of state, riderless horses and their attendants and a couple of stels of ostrich-like birds. The carving is interesting but not of the finest order. The most

whole area dotted with Tombs of the dynasty

20

interesting part of the day was the visit into the tomb of one of the princes of that dynasty, Lihsien. You walk down a rather steep passageway the sides of which have paintings on the clay. These paintings have now been recolored and ^{AND} ~~they are~~ interesting, both in terms of the size of the figures which elongate as you get further and further down into the earth, and by the perspective. There is first a hunt scene, then a scene of people coming to pay tribute to a royal figure, and then the royal figure and guards. Increasingly, above these scenes, you see the spirits of the upper world, the tiger, the swirling clouds, the dragon. The figures ~~are~~, especially the smaller ones, look a little bit like Persian miniatures of the hunt. The figures wear classic Chinese court dress and many of the attendants ^{CARRY} ~~have~~ the little plaque on which they ^{WOODEN} ~~carry~~ ^{INSIDE} either their office name or the petition which they are going to place before the king. As you move along the corridor there are a series of niches which are fitted with small pottery figures of the kind with which we are familiar. There are two rooms inside the tomb, an antechamber which has a kind of beehive roof; ^{AND} ~~it~~ is decorated as if it were an open wooden room, ^{FACSCAPE} and there are figures of court scenes around it, courtiers and women usually placed in juxtaposition to a tree growing out of a piece of ground where there's a rock or two at the foot of the tree. The large tomb in the inner room is surrounded by pictures which have not yet been retouched and you see the round face of the women and a number of ^{TANG HEADS} ~~and a number of~~ courtiers. The tomb itself is of stone with a roof which looks like the roof of a building and the whole is done in rather bright colors. The ideal beauty was obviously that of a round face for the woman and a very tiny little pursed lip. There's a museum on the site which features a number of quite magnificent Tang horses, one about three feet and the others smaller but a beautiful glaze; and a number of horses which are caprized with armour or some kind of blanket all the way down to their knees. ^{SURE} ~~Sorces~~ had armour over their heads which is simulated here with guilt. A number of their two green glazed spirit figures sat in the outer room, and two demon-destroying figures, about four feet high, also in the green glaze. The horses are broad-bodied and some of them are very well ~~modelled~~. There is a model of what the site looked like in Tang times, surrounded by several walls, and a number of wood buildings and towers and it must have been quite a

modelled

AND GARDEN OF MONKS WHO PLANTING
NEW TREES

colorful sight. Today the land is arid, treeless, although we are told that it was once a royal hunting ground. The earth has been cut into for cultivation, and people live inside this loess much as we saw people living in mud caves in Morocco. The people themselves have a look of the steppes of Russia, Mongol, Turk or something of this kind. It's obviously an attempt at reforestation. The whole thing will some day be a major tourist site, but today it is rather caught between being an archeological preserve and the desire of a few tourists to go through.

On our return to the city we stopped at Big Wild Goose Pagoda. It features a garden, a few Euddhist images, ^{IT IS OF} no great artistic value, ^{IT} and was the center for the translation of Buddhist texts by monks who had traveled to India during early Tang times. The pagoda itself is of masonry. ^{CLAIM TO BE AN} Its ~~major accomplishment~~ ^{MAJOR ACCOMPLISHMENT} is not artistic but that it has remained relatively earthquake-proof.

Our last day in ^{XIAN} ~~Shian~~ was spent by going to the Drum Tower which is a large rectangular building, three stories, gabled roof, rebuilt a number of times, from which a good view is had of the ^{LOW} grayness and dustiness of ^{THE TOWN} ~~Shian~~. We then went to the ^{XIAN} ~~Shian~~ Provincial Museum and spent the rest of the morning there. The museum is an old Confucian Temple but all the side buildings have long since been destroyed and rebuilt. As you walk into the second courtyard there are six hexagonal buildings housing relics and offices, ^{AND TO THE LEFT AND} and the two major historical sections which take you up through Tang on the left and on the right. There are a number of figurines, Han and Tan, from the digs, some interesting three and five color pottery, a few gold Shang pieces, ^{AND CHU} ~~Shang~~ or Jo pieces, a hall in which stone figures from spiritways and the facades of tombs. There are some nice low relief Han tomb facades with chariots, women and so on. Buddhist pieces are for the most part inferior. The four remaining ^{STONE LANDING OF HOUSES} ~~concourses~~ from the emperor's tomb, the other two being in Philadelphia, are broken. They are large, probably ten by three, ten by five maybe, but they do not in my estimation justify all the accolade that they have been given.

The back of the temple has four meeting rooms which have been turned into this

forest of stele. The first room has perhaps fifty stone tablets in which are incized the complete Confucian classics. The last room has a number of interesting stele on which craftsmen have incized outlines of well-known silk screen paintings and three maps of rivers and county areas so that boundaries could be refined after floods. No painting in the museum beyond Tang. Apparently, the material is chosen with an eye to what will be most instructive to the masses and there's precious little painting on jewelry though we were told much is still in storage. All in all, this museum is a good though not exceptional place, certainly not in terms of Chang Du.

The train ride to Loyang was long, about eight hours. You go into your compartments which the beds are already made up though it would be a day trip. We pushed the top beds as far up as we could. There's a little table and we sat as comfortably as we could. Dinner was poor but the trip passed pleasantly and at least the coaches were fairly warm. Louyang was wet when we came in at 9:30 at night and remained wet the next morning. It's a long, narrow town, much smaller than Xian, much less visibly industrialized although there are major industries here. We drove out in the morning to the Lungmen tombs, the Buddhist caves, one of the three great centers of Buddhist cave art in China. It's an impressive sight on both sides of a river gorge. There are about ten or eleven major caves with figures ranging from an inch or two to forty feet tall, and thousands of carvings of various sizes, special niches in the rocks, other carvings in the main caves. The standard form is of two warrior figures, two incarnations of the Buddha, and the Buddha sitting in one or another of the poses. Usually, the Buddhas have mandallas, halos. Most of the heads have been chipped out, cut out, over the centuries. There are a number of asparas in the major caves and their heads, too, have been cut out. You can still see traces of paint in the major caves and a variety of different types of Buddha forms. Buddhism came into China in the fourth and fifth centuries, received royal approval, and during the warring states until Tang times was powerful. It was then that much of this material was cut.

After lunch we went to the White Horse Temple which is east of the town. It's a large Buddhist shrine, completely closed now to worship. The figures are, for the most part, uninteresting as is the architecture, except in the final hall there are

eighteen lohans, apparently made ^{by making a clay figure} in a way that you molded clay, covered it with lacquer, covered ^{then} the lacquer with jeso and painted the jeso and pulled ^{the} the clay out. The lohans are ^{Ming} lohans but they are beautifully painted ^{and}, the paint has held. We were told they were Hyan but they seem more ^{likely to be} like Ming origin. There are two magnificent warrior figures in which the carving is even more intricate, swirling garments, Mongol type of buckles and weapons and, really, quite effective. There was a pagoda nearby of alternating brick and so back for a walk through town, a rather nondescript banquet, and to bed.



WELCOME TO LINDBLAD'S ANCIENT CITIES OF CHINA TOUR — LT 7201

21 Feb 80
Thursday

SAN FRANCISCO - HONG KONG

Please plan to arrive at the PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS Departure Terminal, San Francisco International Airport no later than 12:00 PM. Departure will be at 2:30 PM on PAN AM FLIGHT #005 for Hong Kong. A Lindblad Representative will be there to meet you at the PAN AM counter.

Please be sure to register foreign cameras, binoculars, watches, etc. with the U.S. Customs to avoid having to pay duty upon return to the United States, this can be done in your home city.

22 Feb 80
Friday

HONG KONG

On arrival at Kai Tak Airport at 9:20 PM, you will be met by a representative of Lindblad Travel after you have cleared Customs and Immigration.

After disembarking, passengers proceed through Immigration. After clearing Immigration, you will arrive in the baggage arrival hall. There are two carousels in the baggage hall and on the right hand side of the hall, there are baggage carts. **NO REPRESENTATIVES ARE ALLOWED IN THIS AREA.** You have to take your own baggage and then pass through Customs. After clearing Customs, and prior to passing through sliding doors to another restricted area, porters are available. In this area, again, **NO REPRESENTATIVE IS PERMITTED.** The group will then be met by a Hong Kong Tourist Department representative. Passengers should leave their baggage altogether and take one of the available seats until all the group has assembled. **NO** tips should be given to porters. Once the entire group is together, the tour escort will get the correct baggage count and then proceed to exit on the **RIGHT HAND SIDE.** Outside will be the Lindblad representative and transportation for transfer to:

THE HONG KONG HILTON

A more detailed itinerary reflecting any last-minute changes for your stay in Hong Kong will be presented upon arrival.

23 Feb 80
Saturday

HONG KONG

Assemble in the lobby at approximately 9:00 AM for a morning excursion of Kowloon and Hong Kong. Luncheon at the Repulse Bay Hotel. Return to the Hilton Hotel mid-afternoon by the spectacular Peak Tram.

At 5:00 PM assemble in the lobby of the hotel for a walk to Queens Pier and board your private junk for a cocktail party on board. Return to the hotel at approximately 7:30 PM.



LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

MAILING INSTRUCTIONS
ALL CHINA TOURS

All airmail letters should be addressed as follows:

(Name of Passenger)
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Tour Ex. U.S.A. (date)
c/o LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
405 Far East Exchange Building
8 Wyndham Street Central
HONG KONG, B.C.C.
Phone: 5-263356
Cable: LINDWEST HONG KONG
Telex: 788-66151

24 Feb 80
Sunday

HONG KONG

Morning at leisure. In a designated conference room, you will be given an in-depth briefing on Ancient and Modern China by an experienced Sinologist. The briefings will take place between 2:00 PM and 4:00 PM. This will help you immensely to enjoy your tour in the People's Republic of China, and you are urged to ask questions during this session. It cannot be stressed enough how important it is to attend these informative talks. Between 4:00 PM and 6:00 PM there is leisure time. The briefing will resume at 6:00 PM for an additional hour. At 7:00 PM assemble in the lobby of the hotel. Depart by motorcoach to Woodland Heights for a welcome cocktail party and dinner at the Lindblad apartment. Our resident Sinologist will be available for more indepth information on the People's Republic of China. At 10:00 PM return to the Hilton Hotel.

25 Feb 80
Monday

HONG KONG - GUANGZHOU/Kwangchow/Canton (Broad Region)

Morning transfer to the Tai Kok Tsui Ferry Pier, Kowloon, for the two-hour Hovercraft trip up the Pearl River to Whampoa. A picnic luncheon will be provided prior to departure. Continue to Guangzhou.

PLEASE NOTE: VERY IMPORTANT. Each passenger is strictly limited to 20 kilos (44 lbs) on the Hovercraft between Hong Kong and Guangzhou. If this weight is exceeded, the overweight charge will be HK\$ 15.00 per 5 kilos (11 lbs). This charge must be paid on the spot by the individual tour member.

More commonly known in the West as Canton, Guangzhou is the capital of the Kwangtung province in south China. It was the first Chinese port to trade with foreign countries, and fittingly it has been for twenty years the site of a biannual fair. Here Mao Tse Tung founded the National Institute of the Peasant movement. Guangzhou attractions include Yuehsiu Park, the Cultural Park with sculpture and craft exhibits, Liuhua (Stream of Flowers) Park, and the Baiyun Mountain.

26 Feb 80
Tuesday

GUANGZHOU - NANNING (Tranquil South)

Depart Guangzhou in the morning by air to Nanning.

27 Feb 80
Wednesday

NANNING

The capital of Guangxi Autonomous Region, this southernmost of China's main cities is an ancient trading center, serving the routes to the south and southwest. Now boasting several important industries, the city's annual dragon boat regatta in early June stems from 2,000 years ago. The huge Yiling Stalactite Cave is located north of the city.

28 Feb 80
Thursday

NANNING - KUNMING

After an early lunch, fly to Kunming, known for its scenic beauty.

29 Feb 80
Friday
and
01 Mar 80
Saturday

KUNMING

The capital of Yunnan Province, Kunming is a relatively new city, having been founded in 1382. It is a major transportation center for southwest China and has attractive park, lake, and Buddhist monastery attractions, including the Taoist Temple of the Western Hills.

02 Mar 80
Sunday

KUNMING - CHENGDU (Capital City)

After a last morning of sightseeing in Kunming, board a flight to Chengdu, sometimes called "Little Peking".

03 Mar 80
Monday

CHENGDU

The capital of Sichuan Province and an important agricultural and industrial center in southwestern China, this city has a population of 3.7 million. It was the site of the Zhou Dynasty's Kingdom of Shu. The poet Tu Fu (712-770 A.D.) lived here and his cottage's site remains.

04 Mar 80
Tuesday

CHENGDU - XIAN (Western Peace)

An afternoon flight to Xi'an, one of China's most exciting archaeological centers.

05 Mar 80
Wednesday
and
06 Mar 80
Thursday

XIAN

Once the world's largest city, Xian served as the capital of 11 dynasties, and was an active trade link between China and Central Asia and Europe. Today it is one of the key western industrial centers.

Xian is the capital of Shaanxi Province, the western side of a triangle connection Beijing and Shanghai, with a population of two million.

The area was inhabited 8,000 years ago, was the first true capital of unified China in 212 B.C., being known then as Ch'ang An, and later became the capital of the Sui and Tang Dynasties, periods of the empire's greatest scope and cultural achievements.

Tourist highlights include the Ch'ia Shih-huang Ti Tomb, the Shaanxi Provincial Museum, two famous pagodas, hot springs, and the tombs of Qin and Tang emperors.

07 Mar 80
Friday

XIAN - LUOYANG/Loyang (North of the Lo River)

Morning train to Luoyang inhabited since the beginnings of Chinese history and capital of nine ancient dynasties. Sightseeing will include the archaeological museum and excavations.

08 Mar 80
Saturday

LUOYANG

This city of 700,000 was the capital of the Han and Chou Dynasties at the confluence of the Wei and Yellow Rivers. The city site is as old as China itself, and part of the Han walls still survive. Today it is an agricultural center, but its most famous tourist sights are the Lungmen Cave, its 45-foot statue of Buddha, and other carvings of bodhisattvas -- relics of sixth-century Buddhist influence in China.

09 Mar 80
Sunday

LUOYANG

Afternoon departure on the overnight train to Beijing.

10 Mar 80
Monday

BEIJING/Peking (Northern Capital)

Morning arrival and transfer to the hotel.

11 Mar 80
Tuesday
through
13 Mar 80
Thursday

BEIJING

Thirteenth-century Europe was incredulous at Marco Polo's descriptions of the size and magnificence of Beijing, which was at the time the home of Kublai Khan's court. Today it is the capital of the People's Republic of China. Much of the grandeur of past dynasties is still evident in the city's historical monuments and palaces. The second most famous structure in China is the Tien An Men (Gate of Heavenly Peace). The first is the Great Wall. In the Center of Tien An Men Square stand the monuments to the People's Heroes, and surrounding them are the Great Hall of the People, the Museum of Chinese Revolution. The splendid pavillions of Chung Shan Park lie behind the square, and not far beyond is the Forbidden City, former residence and audience halls of the imperial family. The summer Palace (Yiheyuan), seven miles northwest of Beijing, is actually a complex of palaces and pavillions set amid gardens and lakes. This is considered one of the best places to see the supreme constructions of glazed tile from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Both situated north of Beijing are the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs. Little else perhaps need be said about the Great Wall, for who among us has not read about this incredible structure? The ancestral temple of the Ming Tombs is considered as the embodiment of perfection in Ming dynastic architecture.

Arrangements will be made during your stay in China to attend cultural events as the ballet or opera and to see other forms of entertainment. A highlight of your tour is the opportunity to sample local cuisine in restaurants frequented by local people.

14 Mar 80
Friday

BEIJING - GUANGZHOU

Afternoon flight to Guangzhou, the marketplace for China's world trade.

15 Mar 80
Saturday

GUANGZHOU

Morning visit to the city and afternoon excursion to Foshan, a well known religious center from the 3rd to the 6th century. Known popularly as Canton, this city of three million, in Guangdong Province, is a focal point of Chinese foreign trade. Its semiannual Fair attracts thousands of overseas business people. It is over 3,000 years old and contains many historic and cultural attractions. The first Chinese port to trade with foreign countries, Guangzhou has played an important part in modern Chinese history as a hotbed for revolution: here Sun Yat-sen founded the Kuomintang, Mao Tsetung ran the Peasant Movement Institute, and 5,000 Canton commune workers staged their ill-fated uprising. Parks and buildings to be visited here testify to the city's historic and economic importance.

16 Mar 80
Sunday

GUANGZHOU - HONG KONG

Morning departure by train for Hong Kong. Arrive around noon and transfer to:

THE HONG KONG HILTON

Afternoon free for shopping. Assemble in the lobby of the Hong Kong Hilton approximately 6:45 PM for a walk to Jimmy's Kitchen Restaurant for cocktails and farewell dinner. A 10:00 PM return walk to the hotel.

17 Mar 80
Monday

HONG KONG - SAN FRANCISCO

Transfer to the airport in time to leave Hong Kong on Pan American flight #006 at 12:15 PM. Gaining a day crossing the International Dateline, you arrive in San Francisco the same day at 7:45 AM.

