Letters of Erickson to Gordon Webber . Eastern voyage - typescript in the possession of Professor Stuart Wilson. Professor of Gordon Webber & friend

First letter - Tokyo - May 1961 - 4 pp. (legal size)

Second letter - Tokyo - no date - 12 pp. (legal size) page 11 missing.

Missing letter?

Not numbered - Kyota cont'd - June 11, '61 - 17 pp. (letter size)
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Not numbered - Kyota cont'd - no date - 6 pp. (letter size)

Not numbered - En route to Macau - July 3, '61 - 9 pp. (letter size)

Not numbered - Bali - July 23, '61 - 8 pp. (page 8, twice)

Not numbered - Auberge du Temple Angkor Vat, Cambodia - July '61 - 9 pp.

Not numbered - Migajima, Japan - Aug. 23, '61 - 5 pp.

— typed by a third party most likely from hand-written notes by Erickson —

Letters of Ericksen to (Gordon Webber)
EASTERN VOYAGE. Typescript - ?

First letter - Tokyo - May 1961 - 4pp.
Letter No. 1
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2nd letter - Tokyo - No date - 12pp
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(1)

Tokyo

1st letter.

Kyoto -

Our plane was delayed five hours due to fog at Coal Bay and our having to retrace our steps several times from Anchorage. This meant twenty hours in the air - a longflight. Then of course I became completely confused with the time, forgetting that when I arrived it waw not Thursday morning as one would expect - but Friday - a whole day lost somewhere in the air. It also happened that the day of arrival was the day of the boy's Festival when they fly the paper carps from the rooftops; it meant a long holiday and everyone away in the country so I was unable to make contact at all. However, I managed to get into International House - which has been a great help since they have volunteered to make out my itinerary, arrange hotels and give addresses in Nara and Kyota where I go next.

First impressions are confusing, bewildering as a matter of fact. The ride from the airport, as in any other city, goes through the crowded industrial part of the city, with the difference here that the scene is crowded with moving objects - automobiles in all directions without much regard for the poorly defined traffic lanes and people crowding everywhere and moving in that peculiar Japanese gait which consists of falling forward and yet keeping upright by a pigeon-toed shuffle. One of the strongest first impressions is the incessant movement of the Japanese. They seem to have a tireless industry, never stopping and yet not seeming to move of their own volition but rather of being pushed from behind, being driven incessantly toward achievement. Everyone is on the move, whether at work or at leisure the characteristic is movement. It is what gives the city its extraordinary liveliness and accounts for the achievement of the Japanese. It seems that there is not enough time or enough manpower to achieve what is necessary so that even the young people who are busily engaged in school as students, are uniformed and ~~xxxx~~ working as waitresses and bar boys. Thirteen and fourteen seems to be a standard age for waitresses, although I find it impossible to tell the age of the Japanese. In fact another impression is that it is a country of children - mainly the young fill the streets of Tokio and those young men

who are not in school uniform are immaculately dressed in well fitted continental cut suits, but because of th eir smallness and the slightness of their build and possible the relative largeness of their heads to their frames, they give the impression of extreme youth. It seems strange at first to find so large a city, crammed with all the ingredients of a city - the restaurants, theatres, stores etc., occupied by so many small and energetic people.

This strangeness of proportion to our eyes is exhibited particularly in their physiques. Although there are certainly many good looking and occasionally exquisite examples that one encounters, they are on the whole, to our eyes, not a handsome race. There is an awkwardness in the proportion of their bodies - the large head and the short thick legs that seem to have come originally from malnutrition or overwork, and frequently the flatness of features in the face gives a peasantish even mongoloid appearance. The kimona to my mind doesn't help. On the tall slender frame it certainly has grace, but on the more usual figure, the effect of eliminating the definition between the shoulders and the head and emphasizing the length of the arms by the long sleeves is one of dumpiness. On first impressions in Tokio I prefer the western dress and certainly the most graceful and beautiful women are marvelously appointed in western style. In fact, things Japanese seem out of place in Tokio altogether. It has the scale, particularly on the ginza, of a large western city and the occasional temple or Japanese house or inn seems as out of place and as much a caricature of itself as they would in our cities. Against the brashness of the Westernized city - the Japanese buildings look drab and dull. It is hard when adjusted to the brightness and noisiness of Tokyo to be receptive to the sombre sobriety of the temples. The sunlight is especially unkind to their black moodiness, making one feel even more that it is an architecture designed for a grey climate - a culture that responds to an overcast sky.

I imagined that I felt the climate even at the Kabuki Theatre where, in spite of the marvellous breadth of the

stage, its brilliant staging and luxurious costumes, the air of anxiety and hopeless anticipation was pervasive. And to Western tastes the extreme prolongation of anticipation, as in the Tristan legend, is agonizing - and in a crowded overheated theatre,- cruel.

Even the Imperial Hotel is now out of place in Tokyo. Thank goodness the decision to take it down has been temporarily changed - but how much it must have belonged to the Japan of the 20's and how little today. It too is a dark building - immensely rich and extraordinarily sumptuous inside - the low ceilings - the dark retreats, the elaborate reliefs, though dated, have an unimaginable richness - but the violent junction with the jazzy new wing makes the old building look like a decrepid warehouse in the neighborhood of the hotel. The Nishi Ginza is an area that is one of the most fascinating in Tokyo- It is the tourist area but full of shops, restaurants and bars that are in scale with the narrow streets and the small people. The bars are often only an area of 10 ' square - the restaurants typically Japanese and tempera houses where one sits at a counter and is served delicious fried fish and vegetable - no larger. The street signs are simple and representative of the restrained smartness of modern Japanese taste - and amongst them are the many coffee houses - sometimes multi-storeyed and exotic affairs where one sips coffee amidst the trumpets of Handel, French Art songs or Cha Cha Cha. Music in fact pours from every door and almost every store in the ginza. The spectacular department stores blare Beethoven through ultra sonic hi fi systems into their central multistoried open wells hung with umbrella or baloons - filled with moving ramps of people welcomed into every escalator by a bowing escalator girl.

Yesterday I visited the Hiroumi Park in an unpleasant part of the city - one of the reiji gardens - it was an extremely handsome pond garden. The sense of great distance

achieved in the garden by the pruning of the large trees so that they are reduced to half their normal size or at least seem to be twice as big and old as they are. They have an arrangment of the foliage so that the sombre greyed tones of green remain in the background and the brighter greens are brought to the front. It is remarkable how the experience of great distance and even great height (as on an encarpment over the water when only about 4 ' high) is conveyed by reference to and reminiscence of the natural situation.

Here at International House there is another such garden- piled up vertically in a very narrow space (once of Mitsubishis) which seen from the gound taked on the element of distance and with its niche, the old clipped pines, the small but illusively majestic maples, the stone temple - an air of peace - but that as at Horonami. The structures of the city and its frenetic noises make it too, seem out of place. At this point the gardens seem rather wistful reminders of more elegant times - without reality at the moment. But Nara and Kyota should show them in their place.

International House and its gardens seem to be the centre of daily weddings - the men in morning coat - for which the Japanese seem to have a predilection and the women in kimonas - (The bride either in Japanese or western bridal dress.) There is much bowing, complimenting and exchanging of gifts and speech making. The garden is of course the centre of attention and one is constantly amazed - though one has heard it often before - the attention paid to the garden, or in the museums, the ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~pxxxxxxxx~~ studiousness of the children when examining the scrolls or the pottery.

I leave in three days for Ise, then Nara for a week and Kyota for a month. Hope to stay in a Japanese Inn.

(1)

Tokyo, 2nd letter.

Five days in Tokyo and first impressions are almost reversed. The impression of size and physique has worn off or is clouded by the memory of the great number of good looking people on the street. The city no longer seems the same as any other North American city, just curiously populated - but a different kind of commercial chaos altogether. The visual turmoil, brazen and loud, is there - but the signs, for instance are so often quite handsome - exhibiting the Japanese instinctive talent for pattern making - a thing peculiar - as with Sweden for instance * In the countries that never suffered the industrial revolution so drastically that they destroyed the village crafts. These crafts are the foundation of all the design that one sees - however clinically it has been distilled by machine production from its sources. The seeming prosperity of Tokyo is overwhelming. Every large department store seems to be a Frederick and Nelsons - and there are dozens of them. Well dressed young women whirl through the stores swinging marvellously wrapped packages. All the young men seem to wear spotless and starched white shirts, clipped continental suits and American hair-cuts. Strangely too soap and polish extends, through the tradition of the bath I suppose, to the bodies, for one is amazed how sweetly, in a sweaty climate, every one smells. Fresh smelling deodorants fill the air. The variety in the stores is unbelievable, for not only is there - in the double life they lead so well - the whole of western inspired production on display, but the East as well. White smocked attendants serve, not only sea weed and rice confections but, for instance in the bread department every kind of viennese, french or italian loaf or roll that you can imagine. A typical restaurant that is not a tempura or sukiyake house - usually has chinese, spanish, italian, german and American dishes on the menu - and in the most modest places served on piping hot beautiful ceramic plates in wooden boards in a manner that one usually finds only in expensive restaurants in America. It seems that the Japanese have caught on to American ideas and have carried them further

than could ever occur in America, approaching at times possibly the caricature, but with such enthusiasm!

Looking at the bright centre of Tokyo one wonders about the black roofed villages - the dark and morose collection of houses where no trace of this has entered. One wonders about the squat little woman who, tucking her kimona into the tops of her boots and donning a police jacket and belt, a white cap and whistle, steps out into the traffic with a flag to stop the cars for the school children to cross the street. She then steps back when the children have crossed and bows to the cars for having been so kind as to stop. One wonders about the school children. So numerous! So proud of their black uniforms and so well mannered entering the trains with their cameras and transistor radios (much larger and more expensive looking then our children have) and the resulting din of music and speech mixing "ruoku and roro" cha cha cha-Japanese songs, sumo wrestling, basubaru and classical music. This has happened, I have been told, in the last five years and is almost entirely dependant on the Japanese exports to the United States and Canada. If something should happen to these markets - this gaudy bright bubble would explode with much greater destruction than the atom bomb.

This attempt to outdo the west at its own game, whether conscious or not, is seen in the architecture as well. Reinforced concrete is admirably suited to their labour market and its skills and the unfinished surfaces complies with the Yamato taste for raw surfaces. ------ of the Japanese were students of Le Corbusier and have built one of his buildings here - The Museum of Western Man - a singularly unsuccessful building. It is interesting that this group have had the greatest influence rather than the equally large group of American School Architects. The Americans have had their influence too but the forms of American Architecture have been determined by technology- the forms of Le Corbusier - by the search for s[illegible]

form itself, to the sacrifice of technology. It is natural that this latter would eventually come in favor in Japan for in spite of their technological powers, they are a form concious nation. This is the danger as well, for Japanese form has developed within the strict bonds of tradition. The recent architects such as Maekawa have flaunted this and from there the step to mannerism is a small one. The new Concert Hall at N..... which I stumbled on, on the way to the National Museum, is the most spectacular recent building that I have seen anywhere. The traces of Le Corbusier are very strong but there is a flamboyant elegance in the forms which is breathtaking. It is overdone and at times quite vulgar - but the enthusiasm with which it is done causes you to be temperate with this and the frequent pulling of ideas from all sources - from the moats of medieval castles, shrine architecture, American illumination, as well as Corbusier. In type, it falls a little to the Disneyland side of Le Corbusier and yet is eloquent enough and suitable enough to a house of spectacle to be successful. It is entirely built of reinforced concrete, inside and out, unfinished or finished with mosaic of huge marble chips and floors of tile. The tile which until now, the Japanese have felt to be too good a material to walk on, though buff in color, has the richness of a tapestry because of the pattern created as the light shines across tile of differing texture. The raw concrete is unbelievably beautiful - the form lumber fitted so tightly that only the slightest striation appears - reminiscent of the wood at Ise. But I will attempt to deal with this and other modern buildings at a later date. I met the Architect Maekawa at the Nippon University while visiting Busj Kobagashi the architectural historian there. In physical appearance he has even a resemblance to Le Corbusier. The recent architects have"discovered " the medieval castle wall and the fact that its sloping base is earthquake proof - so that the most recent fashion is the over weighting of all members and

the sloping out of the column bases to give greater stability.

I have had several interesting evenings in Tokyo. One was with Jim Kozonagi and architect from Toronto and Ken Ayejorana who used to work for me. We went to the Furasato(?) - a restaurant which was formerly an ancient farmhouse. Huge blackened beams support the ceiling, soot reddened bamboo poles latched to support the heavy thatched roof - and the sushi fire pit with the kettle suspended from a heat reflecting canopy over the pit. Many tatami rooms in the attic and through the garden. There was strange food - cold mixtures of fish, pickles and sea weed and vegetables - too much sake - songs and dances. Later - much later, on a visit to the fish market as it opened in the early hours, I slipped and landed amongst the tuns and still smell of fish. The Andrews too, had me out to dinner. A westernized Japanese style house opposite the Governor of Tokio's house - with a quite spectacular garden within a small spave - a gushing waterfall dropping from under the branches of trees to a pond where quite a number of various fowl swam. Birds were his hobby - as evidenced by a third house of incubators and brooding houses partly concealed in the branches of the trees to where the pond disappeared. He had bred and introduced several species of birds to Japan, beginning them on his country estate which bordereda game preserve. Here there floated several species of duck and pheasant- quite undisturbed by the fact that we were viewing them not ten feet away from the verandah of the house. The movement of the birds gave the garden an added dimension

and was a curiosity in Tokyo since birds are not used in Japanese gardens. Some of the birds were gifts from the Imperial household. The two most spectacular birds were two large ones which I mistook for some exotic Chinese ducks but turned out to be Canada Geese!
The dinner was quite beyond belief - Japanese style in the Japanese dining room. There were seperate braziers topped by small iron griddles - and trays of many varoeties of meats - venison, pheasant, bear steak, chicken and chicken livers etc., and lotus root, green pepper and a substance like endive - each of which was dipped in a sauce of shoyu, vinegar etc., and fried seperately. This was apparently the dish used during the gaming season at the Imperial Palace and is known by only about one tenth percent of the Japanese. It was accompanied by a clear soup served in lacquer bowls, rice and pickles at the end of the meal and a strange dish consisting of a large cup of hot saki with a boiled blow fish tail in it.

By far the most interesting day was spent with an American painter, Bill Crowley? a friend of Tak Tanabes' and his Japanese girl friend Kako San. With them and a Japanese painter, Ambo-San we visited a mister Takeda - the son of an upper middle class Japanese who was so much a devotee of the craft origins of the Japanese culture and architecture that he had imported an authentic centuries old farmhouse from north Japan to his home. We arrived a out four in the afternoon - it was rather hot and steamy. We turned off the highway went down a lane and stopped before an unassuming gate of lashed bamboo. Then the magic began. There was a cool forest path through the gate, freshly sprayed with water so that leaves and stepping stones glistened. Although it

seemed much longer, the path continued not more than fifteen feet before it branched left and right at a composition of stones and a lantern - the right over a bridge and dry river bed to the tea house hidden in Maples- the left through a grove of bamboo each emerging starkly from the packed earth. Each part of the garden was a seperate passage - but a long enough passage - or seemingly so that the garden didn't seem in the least artificial or complicated. The house was hidden under the branches and only the entranceway emerged as one approached. At the entrance we removed our shoes and entered what had once been the kitchen and granary of the farmhouse. The floor, originally packed earth, was now planked in with blackened cypress boards. The heavy beams and the lashed bamboo were all black with smoke and age. The ceilings extended to the roof - unlike the usual Japanese house. Everywhere were marvellous bizen storage pots, chinese bronze drums and pottery of the Sung period, and of course, in each room a quite exquisite flower arrangement - fresh and natural and unlike the stiff arrangement one would expect. One flower/ arrangement was a small spray of Azalea amongst the uncurling stems of bracken - the other - unopened buds of white iris. From the original farm kitchen - now used as a western style sitting room - which apparently the Japanese guests enjoy best - we stepped up to the tatami floor of the living room - the fire pit to one side with its canopy from which hung a large kettle - and off this was the present dining room converted from one of the original bedrooms where we sat down for a sweet and tea. This was Takeda's mother's house - a woman of great charm and taste - obviously responsible for the flower arrangements. When seated the shoji were opened and another world of garden spread through maples and pines to a seemingly endless forest glade. As with so many houses, the sky was completely cut out and the concentration was on the ground lit by a filtered sky light. On the ground was a wild garden but each tiny

twig of bamboo or azalea carefully and inconspicuously pruned. A corner of the pool could be seen under the foliage and part of a stone bridge where, when wd visited this later, a vista suddenly opened up across to the roofs of neighboring houses. The tea ceremony was next. The path led by a huge stone cistern - a small rock tied with cord to show us the path we were not to take- the small basin with the bamboo ladle where we washed, first the left hand, then the right, rinsed the mouth and the handle of the ladle and entered the tea house. The host had disappeared earlier to prepare himself. Shoes were removed and we each in turn crawled through the small opening - inside the placing of ~~thm~~ five cushions indicated that we could relax after the tea - a more formal ceremony would have been without cushions at all. In the tokonoma a scroll showing a children's game of having tea - below a small chinese bronze drum in which was a single blossom of violet clematis - vivid against the yellow ochre of the walls. To the left of this the objects of the ceremony - the stone brazier and the water cauldron sitting on a beautiful polished lacquer board. Beside this the Bizen cold water container with the lacquer stop and the tea container. The sister served small sweet cakes to each of us and then the host entered bringing the two cups - a black and a white one. The ritual of making the tea - cleaning first the instruments with a strict and formal grace, dipping the tea to the bowl, the water from the cauldron, whisking it with a small bamboo whisk and placing it for the mother to pass to the first guest. She bows to the floor on offering it to you and you follow receiving it - place it in the flat of your hand - turn it twice, observing the bowl, and down the hot bitter brew. Then you examine the cup and return it. In this case the tea cup to Kaizan? one of the great masters of the ceremony - and the spoon for dipping the tea came from the same period - so that by some inference each of the instruments of the ceremony was connected in some way. After the lengthy process

the parts were brought in for us to examine and question.

From here we retired to the son's house for scotch and beer - around a long table - chinese food since his wife was at that time taking lessons in chinese food - all served in quite splendid bowls. After dinner a series of scrolls by some great Zen poet, were brought out - each beautifully matted and each presenting a greater problem of translation until the last - done in his final years, which was apparently meaningless.

The last few days have been occupied in getting down from Tokyo to the Ise peninsula and the ------- shrine at Ise. There are two parts, the Naiku and the Geku of the Ise Jingu Shrines - the outer and inner shrine. The Naiku houses the sacred mirror of Amo Terazu w mikami and is situated on a hillside beside a crystal clear stream - and a magnificent forest of cryptomeria. maples and pines. The buildings themselves are of unfinished hinohi a cypress and have been replaced every twenty years for over a thousand years in exact replica of the original building. Although, because of the continual newness of the buildings, one cannot get a sense of age - still the idea of reincarnation and eternal youth is admirably represented by the custom - and the empty site beside the new building is a stirring demonstration of life and death. Certainly the gigantic moss covered stones of the base convey the age of the site and supposedly nowhere in Japan is the Yamato Spirit conveyed so eloquently as in these beautifully proportioned, severely restrained and superbly crafted buildings. Not a hairline shows between the satin finished boards of the enclosure - how it is done in wood is a mystery. The mystery is contained in the craftsmanship and also in the arrangement of the buildings, for one cannot enter - see the inner shrine itself. Four fences surround it

and one can only penetrate the first fence to the first gate. Even the opening of the first gate is covered in a white silk panoply which occasionally blows up to reveal the closed opening of the second gate. Only the gilt ridge ornaments of the kondo can be seen over the tops of the fences. It is not in any sense a monumental architecture - the Kondo itself is merely the thatched roof house of the archaic period rendered with exquisite care and simplicity. The size of the wood members are monumental to the Japanese - but there is no attempt as with the Parthenon for instance (of similar origin) to render the building in greater size, splendour and more permanent materials. And herein, I suspect, lies the mystery of Japanese taste, for Ise is spposedly, the one truly Japanese building.

There is much to say abput Ise but several other things have happened since, that help in the quest of the quintessence of things Japanese. I remember someone in Tokyo who had lived in Japan for thirty years saying that the only thing that was strange and misunderstood about Japan was that we treated them as strange and misunderstood - that there was nothing strange about them. Yet I am sitting tonight in the Shoin of a small but three hundred year old temple, the Kijo - in. When I arrived, after an impossible bus ride over non existent roads from Nara - and after the dust and grime and decrepitude of both Kyota and Nara - to get out of the bus and walk along a country path - the wheat high and full headed - the women coming in from planting the new rice in their strongly patterned navy and white trousers and kerchiefs, to be met on the path by Mrs. Jiko-in and her child and brought to the gate of the property - to follow a carefully patterned stone path with low bamboo fences so that the forest seemed to be the thing planted and not the path - to the Daimon - the great gate - a simplified and reduced version of a two storied gate - and from there the branching path

across the white gravel in the temple compound - to enter before a marvellous Sumi painting in the hall - to step up to the shoin and enter past the screens where three art students from Tokio were sitting and sketching where all the shoji had been thrown back to reveal a very simple but superb garden whose horizon was the distant city of Nara and the hills behind - and to not find something strange and difficult to understand ? The garden is simply white sand and clipped hedges - with two beautiful and carefully formed pine trees in the foreground and a forest of old pine to the side, a hedge in the foreground cutting across the middle ground (where a long reservoir appears only when you stand up) to bring the distand view in dramatic contrast. There are two tea rooms attached to the house - it seems more a house than a temple and a hondo or shrine where sits a 14th century Buddha about three feet high and a statue of the founder of the Jiko-in. What is dramatic in the view is that as with the stage of the Kabuki, which must be about ninety feet across and twenty feet high, so the view is framed by the spacing of the posts - an opening about six feet high and twenty feet wide - a seemingly immense span for a beam only about fourteen inches deep. It holds the whole spread of the distance- the fringe of pines to either side - the long horizontal of the hedge - the long horizontal of sand and of the verandah interrupted only by a beautifully shaped small pine clipped so you see ebery branch and every needle which sits behind the few sprigs of an azalea reflected in a stone water basin. (note that what is marvellous in Japanese pruning is that everything is given space to breath - space enters through, under and around the plant in the same way that it does in a drawing or painting of classical composure - e.g. Piero della Francesco - the element of grace).

one was aware of the weight of the cart and its coming, an imperfection was built in. Needless to say that although the costumes of the nobles were splendid - those of the ladies of the court were breathtaking. Their chalk white faces and black hair hanging to the ground - magnificent silks in long trains trailing after them or folded behind while riding horses. Here the beauty of the kimona could be seen and certainly when the women in the street wear a coat over the kimona, which gives a slight bend to back - there are traces of the grace of the Momozama Court.

A stroll through Nara last night and a view of the five storied pagoda - an unbelievable structure but more of that when I come to it. Also hope to get over the feeling of depression - or rather medaeval darkness that the Japanese villages with unpainted wood, gives me. It may be part of the secret of Japan that in spite of Tpkyo's brilliance, the Medeaval age is still very much alive with its headquarters as before, in the farmhouse. The villages are consistently roofed in black tile, or the tile with a combination of heavy thatch often over the main rooms of the house. The lower structure is the thin boards, plaster, paper etc., and often in a poor state of repair, giving the villages a shacktown papearance if poor, because nothing is done to the wood. The plaster is the natural earth with very little, if any, lime or cement added. The earth from Kyota is an ochre color considered the finest, but some of the other varieties going into it of browns and green greys are quite beautiful. The binding material is chopped rice husks which gives a pleasing texture on the surface. Lime plaster is reserved for the temples and palaces as is the red lead paint and lacquer. In the Nara area there is little disruption of the towns with newer building and housing - but the newer developments are depressing when in evidence. One of the innovations is an aluminum roof to replace the thatch - certainly more efficient and longer lasting - made in the same shape as the thatch, and painted black - as is done with any new material - except of course, salable goods and signs which are as bright as anywhere.

From the Monastery I have moved into an amazing little hotel in Nara - a very cheap one used by the students - now full of students from Seigo University. Too much singing and chatter so I am moving to a better hotel tomorrow.

 June 11th 1961

Continued -

More difficult than ever to catch up. Have just returned from Takarazuka and a visit to Kojo Sahamoto, the Bishop that brought the Tessai paintings to Vancouver last year. They sent an interpreter to Kyota to pick me up on Friday morning and we arrived at Takarazuka at noon - a little late for lunch - the Bishop met us and after formalities, led us into the part of the Temple where we were to stay. He looked remarkably spry for 89 years of age - white wisps of eyebrows, a high mound of bald head, remarkable kind and lively eyes - only a stoop of the shoulders betraying a submission to age, as was the habit. He had spent the entird morning from early hours, performing the ritual prayers and offerings of the Shingon sect and was in his Bishop 's robes when he greeted us. The table sat in a spacious room with wide tokonoma hung with a painting and two character scrolls of Tessai. Aside from these, a lacquer table, with a HAN bronze on it was the only furnishing in the room. Gold papered fusima in black lacquer frames with large bronze and gold ~~frames~~ pulls with the fire image of the Shingon and was perhaps the only colour in the room which looked across the dark wood of the engawa into a heavily planted garden where the red azaleas were showing the last of their flowers. Two priests in white robes with black

haken (shirts), waited on us constantly throughout lunch- never allowing the sake cup to be empty, bringing an endless series of dishes - the seh..... , then small ayu with tail and fins dipped in salt, fried, and presented wriggling up a flat dish whose surface is waved as a stream, delicious large prawns glazed in a jelly with raisins and shredded cucumbers again recalling their natural habitat - fish in shoyu with sprigs of fresh red ginger - a marvellous soup tasting of the earth - made with mushrooms and served from a teapot to a tiny cup holding a slice of lemon - altogether about ten courses - finishing with a bowl of rice and pickles to be followed later with fresh fruit.

During lunch the Bishop told us of his recent trip to Russia. How it contrasted with the hospitality of the Binnings in Vancouver. Apparently he arrived the day before May Day, hoping to open his Tessai show, but was kept waiting for ten days in a hotel room. He was invited to meet Kruschev and make a public appearance with him on May Day - which he said he would accept only if he could make a speech as well. He had been impressed by his stay in Vancouver. That a country "so young and with so few people" could reach such a standard of culture." I realized afterwards that what he meant was that we seemed to take more time to enjoy things than in New York

which had impressed him immensely, but worried him because even his brilliant robes on the New Yprk sidewalks failed to draw more than a hurried glance from passers by. I tried to explain that such civilization and quiet that he encountered in the Bimmings house, was rare in Vancouver. That most people lived exposed to their neighbors and changed houses on an average of every five years.

After lunch we toured the temple, examining all of it in detail - questioning about allmthe appointments of the altars - the food offering dishes, the incense burners, the drums, bells, the brass pendant canopies - the three altars where every day the Bishop prayed advancing by stages to the innermost sanctuary. Mr Ishi, my interpreter, who belongs to the (Shin?) sect, a sect who believes that the fate of man is in the Buddha and therefore nothing much can be done about it, explained that the Shingon was the most esoteric of the sects, relying entirely on ritual and prayer, with fire as the symbol of purity and important subject of worship. Behind the Kondo, or"golden hall/" was a wall with all manner of offering hanging from it. For the most part these were the paper cranes (?), thousands of them, strung in garlands, representing the devotion of a fb llower and hence his gratitude for a need of divine intervention. With these were all manner of curious eteryday appliances- light bulbs - air conditioner covers. bottles, implements,

window panes, etc, which were exhibited by tradition to show the eggs of some harmless insect, which had been laid there - promising good fortune if exhibited. Then a shelter with pot bellied dolls - the God of good fortune piled up inside - these bought from the temple each year as insurance from calamity, were broken and returned to this shed at the end of the year. Further down another shed with thousands of ~~fire tongs~~ pairs of fire tongs, evidence of gratitude for a favor granted. Then the statues of Buddha or some santified priest with colored cloth bibs, sometimes many layers thick, acknowledging a favor granted. The path up past a primitive shrine in the rock, to a waterfall - it's santtity indicated by a rope of straw with straw and white cloth tassels was bordered both sides with paper tied to the branches of trees, to the ballustrade- There it seems were bad fortunes - which, when bought at the temple office, are then discarded near some good working Kami, and only the good fortunes taken home.

It was amusing to see in a large exhibition case at the bottom of the valley, where the priests living quarters were, amongst the souvenir sellers, the restaurants and the huge statue of Kwannon, a painting by Bert Binning and photographs of the Binnings and Bishop Sahamoto displayed along with his superb calligraphy. Hereon the word for Peace was written in flat strong brush strokes like a battle cry.

Our fu ton were brought into the beautiful room which

opened at either end through the shoji onto a garden. The gold quilts were almost weightless. One awoke in the morning with the soft light diffusing through the shoji (though the rooms typically seem rather airless) and shuffle in the slippers used on the black boards of the corridors, to the bathroom where we changed to wooden clogs. Though the bathroom was spotless and newly tiled, and wash basins were provided with tooth brushes, shaving mugs, razord, toilet water etc. - to merely rinse ones hands, instead of the usual stone basin and bamboo dipper sitting in the garden off the engawa, a basin of water hung from a tree, with a container of fresh flowers and a towel suspended among the branches - all accessible from the window. After tea on the porch, breakfast was taken in the main room, the Tessai's changed and a tour of the living quarters. A new wing, or rather gallery connected the guest quarters with the Bishop's rooms - a small tea-room displaying the ten accessories made and used by Tessai. Here we sat for some time discussing the differences between the Japanese approach to building and our own - best studied in the tea-room. The interlocking space, or spiral (the yin-yan figure) so prominent in Wright's way of planning - the extraordinary subtlety of color,- the extremely subtle balancing of structural members, windows (never the same size or shape on different walls) and surfaces that can seem precious but exquisite when carried off. The connecting gallery did not connect

directly, for instance, but descended in a ramp at an angle to the tea house and rose again to the Bishop's rooms - the windows along it varied and the opening sash were beautifully detailed large sliding glass doors with frames of about 1½" x 1" in size. The Bishop's rooms were on a corner of the priest's quarters and surrounded by engawm on two sides with glass doors of curving wood members and inner shoji, were littered with calligraphy and the huge brushes he used as well as the inks and ink~~s~~ trays - the scarlet cushions and books - an atmosphere of a well used study but laid across the floor without giving the impression of mess. I had brought some chocolates from B. C. and a silk Furosike as gifts - which I was embarrassed to offer they had been wrapped in such extreme haste - but modest as it was they accepted most graciously with much bowing to the floor and when I left after lunch I was given two scrolls and a huge book " Japanese Art Treasures." They also hired a car to send me the thirty kilometres ba ck to Kyota. This of course was all in manner of gratitude to the Binnings for their hospitality to him.

The six days previous to this I had been staying at Daisen-in, in Daitokuji, probably one of the most be autiful gardens, though very small, in Japan. I had an introduction from the Chusan at Ji ko-in and thus was the only guest of the temple.

Daitokuji is the most complex of temples- similar

thd wooden porches of the temple building - the stones of the garden starkly placed in the white sand - strangely animated at night. The Hojo was the main building of the temple, not large, divided into six rooms, the centre of which held the altar, the Buddha and the patron "saint" of the temple Kozalui. On all four sides the Hojo was surrounded by a sand garden and connected to the other apartments of the temple - each in separate buildings - by galleries - the so-called "Shinsenden" style of building. The most famous garden was about 10' wide and 30' long - along the side of the Hojo an arrangement of rocks symbolizing the passage of life - white sand stream - from birth - a stone waterfall - through the vicissitudes - the rocks and rapids along the way - and the perplexities, a stone dam where the stream is held up (and here a bridge and window over to look down) - the solution and experience gained - a stone treasure ship - to the final purification in the ocean of nothingness - a great expanse of sand to the front of the Jojo with no rocks (thus some of the temptations and difficulties of life) only a single tree in the far corner which was the tree under which shakamusi Buddha died - thus symbolized the purity of the garden. The tree blossoms with white flowers briefly in June, and happened to do so on my birthday, which was considered most auspicious by the priest of the temple. At the back of the Hojo was another simple garden with only a few rocks - a small Kyranji - and my rooms opened onto this and looked across to the Hojo.

During the day when all the shoji were opened and some removed - I looked through the Hojo across the tatami and the rooms framed in white fusuma with black ink paintings on them - to the far garden the sacred tree. How easily and effectively the spaces were changed by the arrangements of the shoji and the fusuma - from extreme intimacy with the immediate garden to the expansiveness as one glimpsed parts of the ~~K~~ furthest garden - but never of course, the whole thing at any one time from any one point. The Japanese never reveal much at a time - certainly never a complete view - one never sees more than a little and the vision of the whole can only be an accumulation of ones remembered experiences.

I had hoped to do nothing while at Daisenin but look at the garden, make notes, write letters and sketch. But I had volunteered to help the young priest with his English guide to the temple and also had commitments to visit other places so that time slipped away too quickly and I felt that small as it was I hardly saw the place. The young priest was a man of unusual force of character - unusual in my experience of the Japanese who seem rather negative in character. He showed his amusement, anger or keen interest immediately in his face, in contrast to the pleasnat but black expression of most Japanese. I eat with the family which consisted of the father, the priest of the ~~K~~ temple, his wife, and old gardener, the daughter, and the young priest, the adopted son, whose name meant "the back-door-into-the-religious-garden". The meals were vegetarian except for the occasional eggs and the long cold arm of an octopus which I managed to down. In fact the Okusan was pleased with me because I eat anything - but then the tastes were new and though sometimes the appearance was offensive such as the speciality of the temple which was a black, soft little pellet looking

much like rat droppings that tasted however shilni - bitter, sour and salty and was quite good on the cold sliced cucumber that with rice, terminated every meal. And I began too, to really enjoy the hot bean and soup that was almost like a beef broth, the mainstay of every breakfast - and the various simple but quite delicious ways that vegetables could be prepared. We eat always in the raised tatam, the covered floor of the kitchen. Before breakfast the sound of the wooden drums being beaten, of bells and the singing chant of prayers would emenate from the Hojo. I never witnessed this except one morning when to Bishop Ogata's temple, a great propogadist in America for Zen, and watched the prayers and meditation and question period after. Supper was always preceded by the bath - in this case a large pottery cistern with the fire built right underneath. There was nothing very elegant about this bath. It occured rather haphazardly at the end of one of the porches- but then the priest is not supposed to enjoy anything - bath nor food. I remembered the first time I took the bath being thoroughly perplexed because it was too hot to enter and I knew how the Japanese scorned the foreigners timidity. I was determined to enter no matter how hot it was, and by degrees immersed myself finding that once immersed it was even more pleasant than the usual very hot bath because the sensation was one of cold rather than heat. The body it seemed set up an insulating layer over your skin that as long as you did not move protected you from the sensation of heat. The difficulty was in getting in or out and the sensation of being par-boiled when out. The old gardener entered to have his bath just as I was finishing - felt the water and

immediately turned on the cold tap asking me how I could stand water as hot as that. "This was just right" I said, "usually I find the Japanese baths not quite hot enough".

Near Daisen-in are many temples of course. Many with extremely fine gardens. In the next temple to mine and American architectural student was staying - a temple with the dark dignity of the country house - the blackened heavy framing of the ceiling exposed above, the mud stoke stoves with tile counters, huge pottery or metal urns and wood ovens of the kitchens - a simple stove and moss garden - one of the oldest in Japan and a most excellent tea house, I think by Kolori Enshu - but one of the most interesting small ones (6' x 9')best demonstrating in the chigni dana and the latticed windows the dynamic arrangement of unequal surfaces and planes at which the Japanese seem to excel. The dark plaster and grey paper on the lower walls (originally to protect the soft plaster) which with the very dim light throwing patterns on the paper windows (1,2,5, arrangements of lattices) and refracting the light into pinks or greens - all to suggest sabi or melancholy (equivalent I am told to the feeling of the last light of the evening sky) and wabi - extreme simplicity (by complex means) the white paper door with round headed frame in contrast to the darkness, represents purity and the total, tranquility - these are the four qualities of spirit to be entertained or induced in the tea ceremony. The Kohrgn is a small temple a little removed from the rest at Daitchuji but to me one of the most beautiful sets of rooms and gardens in Kyoto - excepting only Katsura. It is quite breath-taking in its simplicity and quite exquisite art - for the fusuma are throughout blackish paintings on

on white paper by Enshu, and the most effective and the most complete I have seen. The garden is merely a series of hedges representing the sea - and few trees - now grown too large representing distant islands- and at one time the view beyond - the second ... and garden a transition between the first and third but off it one of the most beautiful rooms in Japan - the Bosen - representing a ship with fragments of a ships railing - the gravel outside the room the sea, the stones and trees, those of the nearby shore. Inside the room - the combination of proportion, light colour achieved by white fusuma in black and lacquer frames and bleach board ceiling, spaciousness achieved by the paintings on the fusuma representing the islands, mountains and sea birds seen through mist - gives a sense of limitless space and luminousness infrequent in Japanese buildings. The final garden of moss and stones is the most superb - it is a kind of image of the great East Lake of China - but whatever determined the inner discipline the disposition of moss clipped and ageless and rock gives a sense of quiet expansiveness which seems to be the cardinal virtue of things Japanese.

But back to tea as well as gardens. - san I may have mentioned, I went to Shugakuin - the Imperial tea gardens of which there are three separate gardens in the rice fields close to the mountainside in North Kyoto. The countryside as with all the outskirts of Kyoto to the north, west and east, are extremely beautiful. The young rice is being replanted now since it is the beginning of the rainy season, although the best weather I have had in Japan: and the

walk between the gardens is bordered by dwarf pines so that glimpses of the people planting the fields is obtained as you go by. The most stunning of the three gardens - and certainly the most stunning of all the large gardens in Kyoto is the upper one - which does little more than trim the edges of the natural lake and prune the natural trees to a proper size - but the position of the tea house buried in the azaleas of the hillside,- the boat house, the great poles which support the trees from the water and a surpassingly elegant bridge - surely there is no bridge anywhere in the world to equal the grace of this. The donor was shamed into committing suicide since it was too illustrious a gift to be given by a commoner. As with so many of the Japanese things the sabi washes over it all. It was pouring rain that day Shugakuin we trudged through the village with heavy thatched roof houses - of rich forms remeniscent of Ise, ruins, rice fields, and through bamboo forests to Manshu-in - a small temple on the side of the hill. Here too - the black floors, black walls and black beamed ceilings of the entrance way, but many fine details in the building - including the junction between and in the garden - including a sloping hedge hardly visible but perceptable enough to give the raked sand river the sense of going downhill. A most exquisite though oddly proportioned tea house at one end of the Showin-x plastic blackened with squid ink - white paper and eight windows in walls and ceiling. The guest of honour sitting next to the tokonoma was shown off by the black wall and spotlighted in a way by the arrangement of windows which by refraction of light and shadows in the

paper showed a softly diffusing pattern.

Urasenke, Omotesenke, and then enough of tea. These are both schools of tea started by the descendents of Sen No Rikkiji the great master of the 18th Century. Masenke is a collection oftea rooms where the classes are held, each looking onto its own garden and following although to an expanded module the tea room pattern . The school is prospering to such extent with the post-war revival of the art that they have built a huge two-story addition to their plant which is surprisingly quite beautifully done. The quiet of the rooms is maintained and the subtlety of tone and colour of which the Japanese seem to be masters. The only odd note is a western style room of low black lacquered benches and tables where both wabi and sabi are missing, but a brave adaption to changing times. Omoto Senke was different however - since the tea rooms were detached and arranged through a garden of sparsly pruned plants glowing irridescent moss. Against this the dark wood, the yellow ochre of the walls, and the dark stones created the effect of a ~~meticulously~~ meticulously arranged wilderness. Entirely different in character is the Sumiya Shimabara , a part of Kyoto that retains much of the beauty of the old streets. It is a tea room but more for saki, geishas and samisen and shows the danger of the Japanese for variation when not controlled by strict feelings of wabi and shilni . Actually the rooms are simple enough but blackened by the smoke of 350 years.- have a heaviness that might be fine by candle light - but oddly depressing in the day. The entrance court with red plaster walls, old walls of stones and tree trunks green with moss, is extremely picturesque.

The immense high-beamed kitchen, impressive - but the most elegant room is inlaid with fragments of mother-of-pearl in the rather loose way of the Japanese, thank God, rather than the tight inter-lacing of the Chinese. A similar house in feeling and about the same age giving rather a good picture of medieval Japan is the Nijo Jinjyn, an old inn founded by Daingo. When he realized that he had no safe place to stay in Kyoto on his visits to the Court. So the inn is riddles with secret pasages and hiding places, hidden stairs etc., and quite amusing to see. One realizes however, in these vulgarized versions how much invention and variation in design - whereas the slightest modification amongst the tastemakers was made with extreme control, greeted with astonishment and hailed throughout the country as unique.

As I probably have mentioned before, that whereas Chinese ideas intrigued me at first in Japan, now they seem only curious. This applies particularly to the roofs, which in Japan were originally thatch or shingle. The temples introduced tile - first green as in China and then the black natural clay of the smoke ovens. These became eventually cheaper than thatch or shingles, and more important, fire-proof, so that all roofs are ordered to be in tile. Somehow although this provides a pleasant texture to the street - except in very large buildings, the subtlety of curvature, that is the achievement of the Japanese in the roofs, is not possible - or rather is not effective with the coarse texture of the tile. What the origin of the lifting corners of the roof is - I do not know - but it is surprising to see how closely it corresponds to the lift at the end

of a pine branch, and how closely it harmonizes with the forest because of this. Again the Japanese seem to attenuate it to the curve of growth. Kyomizadera on its ledge on a hillside is an especially good example of the vitality of this curve - the concentration on simple line stronly stated is well shown in this roof. From here they range from the superb octagonal roof of Koryuji which also contains the most beautiful statue in Japan - To Kinhakiji, to the bridge of Shujshuin, to Katsura, to the extreme of the dramatic and evocative roof of the Hiunkaku which had been part of the Joraku palace of Hidegoshi. The roof attains a maximum dramatic effect - and I am sure a profound influence on Wright, for there are glimmerings of his cantilever here. This leaves two things to come - one a garden, and the other a garden and a palace. Ryoanji and Katsura. Ryoanji, though impressive, has received I think exagerated publicity because of uniqueness. Katsura is far beyond all expectations and is misread, misrepresented in practically every coverage of it - so I shall do it again and contribute to the damage that publicity has brought to Japanese architecture, for all photographs lie to a degree unique I think to Japanese architecture. Its scale is so different from what you expect, and the arrangement so different from the photograph, that only misrepresentation is possible, aand that goes for the theories as well. Ryoanji is disappointing because it is so small. The sense of vast space indicated in photographs is not there - or not at least until you sit down and study it for some time. What is extraordinary is the balance of the composition and the relationship established between the groups of rocks -

it is a complex thing depending on number, texture, colour, kind of rock, kind of grouping, shape, line etc. in this respect it is a marvelous lesson in arrangement. That it also employs elements of foreshortening, so that from the front (and this is the only place to see it from) it does seem to expand indefinitely and merge with the sky at the back, which is what the wall becomes. What it means, I do not know, because it is intricately tied up with the complexity of Zen.

This letter must be continued again for I am rushing for the plane in Hong Kong.

KATSURA - This, of course, climaxed all previous experiences and nothing - no description, photograph, film, can convey anything of its effect. It is the most complete work of Art in Japan, and, I think in the whole repository of Architecture, one of the greatest compositions. More than any other building in Japan it demonstrates the sense of refinement, of restraint, of severity, of melancholy, of simplicity that Japanese taste can achieve. In this sense it is the end of apogee of a tradition and cannot be surpassed. That is why I advise young Japanese Architects to forget about Katsura. Like the Golden Pavilion it can be an albatross to the development of a new tradition.

Katsura is not a single building and cannot be seen as such. It is a complex, almost more of a story than a building since it really is an adventure through a landscape, - that consists of several buildings - tea-houses, pavilions and palace - set in a garden. Here the fusion between building and garden is a unity unsurpassed elsewhere. The buildings without the garden would be nothing - the garden without the buildings - nothing. Together they achieve the most poetic statement ever to be made, I think, in the environment of man. To realize that it was, after all, merely the setting for ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the life of an individual and his court - makes one wonder that such refinement could be possible within the awkward, human frame. To imagine it alive with people dressed in the extraordinary

beautiful costumes of that age enacting the rituals of manner, of poetry and tea - is to imagine a life of such art and artifice as to be almost completely abstracted from reality. I have been three times to Katsura - the first on the usual tour - the others on saturday afternoons - alone - which required special permission. I hope to go several times again on my return in September, for each time it reveals a little more of itself - a little of its mystery is unveiled bit by bit in an all too Japanese way. It's difficult when you fall in love with a building. A human can respond and the adventure can develop or deteriorate - but a buildings cold face to your infatuation!

To the casual visitor on the usual tour - what is there? A lovely garden, rather picturesque with its arching bridges, its lanterns and pebbled beaches, and a few rustic shelters with roofs of thatch, crooked posts and discolored plaster - and the palace? - a series of small rooms of ordinary tatami - rather drab fusuma and an unfinished wood structure with none of the embellishments of the most poorly endowed temple. Any temple or other palace in Kyoto - any other house of this size, is far richer in detail. And why is it so haunting? I don't know. Certainly the poverty is pretentious - the elimination of every embellishment is so carefully planned so that nothing can distract you from its essence. And the essence is the most illusive in the world. It is not in the building itself, but

somewhere between the building and the garden and defies definition.

The right way to enter the palace is through the small entrance court, but I prefer to come upon it last from across the lake after walking through the garden and seeing it first from the Shohintei. This way you progress down the hedged alley from the entrance gate- glimpse the lake first at the end of an allee between hedges behind a small pine on a round of hill which was the landing for the boating parties, rise over the boat canal on an arched bridge and enter between soft hills of brilliant moss and sago palms, the place where guests waited to be called to the Shokestei. You approach the rustic shelter across scattered stones and reach a straight stone path - of one end of which is the water basin for the ritual purification of hands and mouth before the tea - and at the other a low stone lantern buried amongst ferns. The luxurient hills of moss, the paths and rocks, the sheltering maples and luxurient palms give one a great sense of coolness and quiet. When the wooden gong sounded from the Shohistei, the tea guests moved along the path and came out suddenly from the glade onto the edge of the lake where a pebbled beach extended like a long barren reach into the sea where a storm battered lighthouse was represented by a solitary lantern amongst the pebbles. Only then do you glimpse the tea-house across the water - but you must walk along the beach and into the forest again before coming out onto a rocky promontory from which a great stone slab is flung across to rocks that shore

up the Shohistei. The Shokestei is to me the masterpiece of tea-houses. It has a heavy thatched roof supported almost flimsily on crooked and rusticated posts - but the gentle airiness of the space contained there is exalting. The loose grace of its composition begins at the outer edge - involves the rocks that retain the grass embankment for they use part of the composition of the posts and the porches - the rocks continue in under the roof and their arrangement is reflected in the arrangement of the garden viewing tea porch, which seems to be the centre of the illusive spiralling pattern, a kind of burgeoning of space, walls and rocks that expands finally to the far reaches of the garden and the palace itself. How to explain, too, the feeling of two-dimensionality - that the arrangement of surfaces is planned to be seen as flat composition - like a painting - from a single point of view - yet is successful from every point of view as you move along the path. The plaster of shokestei is the warm yellow Kyoto earth and the walls are stained dark to achieve an ingenious effect of discolouring due to age with undertones of blue. One would enter first through the small opening of the tea room - certainly the most perfect of all - into the subdued light of a tiny room where the white occurring only in the paper of a door, is intensely pure. At the completion of the ritual a fusuma would be slid back to open into the main room of the tea house, which opening on all sides to the lake seems to be suspended over the water. Here suddenly the blue is picked up in a bold chequered pattern that somehow is held in perfect control by the strong blacks of the posts of the Tokonoma. From the tatami

a wooden porch extends out under the space of the roof - the lowness of the interior making the height of the porch roof a liberation to the outside - and from here half hidden across the lake is a sombre facade of the palace. Although in the shokistai the colours are so carefully subdued that you are hardly aware of them - your memory when you leave it is one of a highly coloured experience. Leaving you look suddenly into a vast pond surrounded by huge cryptomeria - one leaning heavily over the water supported by wooden crutches, giving a feeling of suddenly magnified scale. This pond continues under bridges into wilder reaches of the garden, but the path proceeds up a hillside of moss under the cryptomerias which because of its steepness, although it could not be more than about 20 feet high, gives the impression of a mountain escarpment - and at the top of this in its own seclusion is another rest house - a simple platform, a roof, and a wall, of exquisite design. From this down the hill to an arching bridge which lifts you up to a suddenly close view of the whole palace. Against the memory of soft golds and cool blues of the shokintei - the black browns and brilliant whites of the palace have the effect of severity, bitterness, of a sombre nobility that is very moving. There is no concession to sensuous tastes except in the single matter of grace. The palace sits lightly, stepping into the background in a series of receding pavilions of differing floor heights ~~xxxxxx~~ subtly suggesting the illusion of distance - the roofs ~~xxx~~ light and gently curved. Somehow this feminine grace combined with the starkness and austerity of its black and white planes, gives it a strange intensity. Even the garden is kept away from it so as not to soften the effect - it hovers rather in a sea of brilliant green moss, broken only by the pattern of

stones approaching or passing it by. In the rain its reserve, quietness and strength is even more intense. It is not designed for the sun to throw it in relief and to bring other values of light to the simple statement of black brown and white. There is also a strange quality of scale to add to its disturbing nature. Of the three blocks of suites, the farthest two seem to be a full story above the ground with a passage where one could walk under the porch. But actually they are only about 5 feet off the ground, making it seem more intimate, rather retiring and self-effacing, and yet at the same time, having the impressiveness of being a full story up. This is a most skillful resolution of the feeling of reserve and humility - and nobility at the same time. The interior, as the exterior in black ~~ix~~ and white - a faint yellow in the fusuma of the old shoin (first suite) is the only colour. The middle and new shoins have the white fusuma with black ink paintings, which gives the interior a feeling of ~~xxxxxy~~ misty extensiveness, even though the rooms are very small. A discreet use of black lacquer, and finely worked door pulls are the only concession to noble tastes. Here the grace and elegance is in the arrangement of space. The path you take in moving through the house, unfolding of room after room, each one a little off-set from the other so that the line of movement is the sweeping one that seems to have no beginning and no destination.

en route to Macau -

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Arrived in soggy heat of Hong Kong - quite spectacular setting of the city on either side of the sea - white tents - twenty story buildings climbing up the slopes of very steep hills, now luxurient green with blue red shoulders. Looks best from a distance - close up a rather character-less city except for chinese quarters which are overcrowded, deteriorating masonry buildings - 4 or five storeys tall and narrow, deep balconies, brightly painted - filled with laundry, flowers and rather ragged people. Such a contrast with Japan which in retrospect seems so well kept and the people clean and healthy. However along with the filth are the variety of smells and the luxurience of color missing in Japan. The sea front is filled with junks - so similar in form to the galleons of 16th century England or Spain. The small ones have only a rudimentary shelter - the middle ones with bat-winged sails - the large with the masts and rigging of the galleons. So many junks are the permanent home of the Chinese. One area of several square blocks on the other side of the island is a stinking suburb of junks which have never been to sea but are lodged permanently on the tidal flats - and in spite of the clean tall blocks of buildings against the hills are are hill flanks scaly with lean to's of refugees. What startled me at first was the extreme steepness of the hills. From the terraces of the homes perched on the top of the mountains, you don't look down to the city but almost vertically into the tops of the buildings. Such a house is that of the

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Dickson Teachis, friends of the Boultbees who took me to the ..... club for a swim and around the island afterwards. The club has a setting rather like Oak Bay, Victoria - but less populated and a very British club indeed! The real beauty of the island is on the opposite side of the city - Repulse Bay and Deep Water Bay - they are rather like the resorts of the Riveira - both in foliage and land figuration - but for the many islands rising steeply out of the sea, the elegant curve of red tiled roofs, the very British atmosphere of the hotels, and of course the Junks. Repulse Bay is even graced by a folly - an English Castle - but built by a Chinese billionaire. After a long drought the first storm broke as we rounded the island into Aberdeen - a rather shabby town but interesting for its floating restaurants, gaudily painted pavilions floating in the harbor. From the Teches house we looked down on the storm, tops of buildings appearing through clouds, flashes of sunlight illuminating others in the harbour.

That evening I drove to the house of an architect, John Howarth, on the other side of the mountains from Kowloon. His house stood in isolation overlooking a long valley, spotted by houses of villagers down below. A very charming house of stone following in roof form the black pitch painted tile roofs and white painted dragon - a black ground, of village traditional style - white washed granite walls - very different in style from

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the Japanese. As we arrived another storm broke - cutting off the power and looking down at the valley illuminated by lightening - the rain pouring off the eaves - only dim candlelight in the house itself, was very reminiscent of Somerset Maugham. Howarth has one of the largest practices in Hong Kong and oddly enough must have been one of my colleagues @ 136 during the war, though I don't remember having met him.

MACAU - A complete fusion of the color and the vitality of the Latin countries and the rich essence of the East. A most enchanting little town of pink, blue and yellow and white washed buildings - decaying and mouldering under tropical rains and sun. It is set on three or four hills cropping out of a flat peninsula of the mainland. The language and the people are Portuguese, negroes from Mozambique, Indians, Chinese and the very successful mixture of Eurasions. But how exciting to be back in a place where the architecture of the street and the town have importance. The excitement of a place where the populace lives on the street- and the street, though filthy sometimes, has the appearance of a place that is lived in and enjoyed. How different from the indifferent complex of Hong Kong. And it is Japan turned inside out. The inside of the building is dirty, but outside - the streets and squares and horizons that they form !

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enroute to Macau -

Enroute to Bangkok - 35,000 feet up - 2 hour and twenty minute flight, gaining two hours in time. leave Hong Kong at 10.30 arrive Bangkok at 10.50. You figure it out.

MACAU - The sun-drenched streets - the sparkling surface of plaster walls - the smell of age in mouldering plaster and worn stones. What would have happened if Japan had built in stone, not wood! What a specualtion. Nothing could be further removed in spirit than Kyoto and Macau. This is exuberant, frivolous, , outrageous sometimes in rash and undisciplined love of color and line for their own sake. But in spite of excess the town takes shape - it's anatomy is inviting - it calls you to explore it - whereas Hong Kong is simply a rather messy collection of buildings in a superb setting, Macau is an alive and alluring beige. Each of its hills is topped by some accessible and inviting structure - the Bishop's residence, or one with a flamboyant flight of stairs that Italy and Portugal excel in - embracing the summit/ around the base of house and church of recent origin.. The old lighthouse on another hill - sealed off now by the whitewashed walls of an army encampment, the old fort rising impotently on another hill - the place where the Jesuits retreated to resist the invasion of pirates - now is the rather pleasant garden and residence (a yellow, white and red and black pastry) of the offices of the Portuguese garrison. Beyond the narrow

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Enroute to Macau -

harbour lined with magnificent junks are the communes of the Communist village on the other side. There, we are told, is the nursery where all the children are kept up until six weeks old. When they are sent to school, parents can visit them every three months. The parents themselves can see one another only once a fortnight. Every ..... about 200 refugees wade across the river or swim the straights past the patrol boats, which can be seen continuously riding the harbor. In Hong Kong they say they let only the old and useless refugees through - but here apparently, all ages come through and are housed in camps that are rather desperate - even the children work at making fire-crackers. Macau, as Hong Kong, is the only source for obtaining American dollars and British sterling, so although both are virtually defenceless, they are immensely valuable to the mainland. There are Communist stores in Macau and Communist run schools and free Communist hospitals whose doctors were mostly trained in the states. One hundred thousand of the three hundred thousand are Communists, but in name only, because holding two passports has advantages. The Chinese have a famous nose for that. At the other side of Macau are the millionaires - particularly the owner of the Casino, for Macau is the Monte Carlo of the East. His houses, five in all - one for each wife - were not far from my hotel, La Bella Vista, a rambling empty echo of more prosperous

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Enroute to Macau -

days long past, but wonderful to open high shutters on all sides of the room and hear the sea winds blow through instead of the chilling air of air conditioned rooms. The Casino is a ten storeyed hotel with practically every floor a gambling house - fan-tan etc - where the population of Macau sits most of the day and usually ends up at the pawn shop across the street. The women are the greatest gamblers - being the keepers of the household money - they sit around in their black glazed pyjamas trying to increase the family income - often sit twenty four hours at a stretch. Through the streets of Macau at night you hear the chips and the beans of the gambling den rolling on the floors above, and in nearly every dimly lit store off the street the mah jong tables are out. The superstition of the people is intense - even to stopping a speculator from adding an 18th storey to a new block of flats. It is best seen in the temples - where a split block of wood is tossed three times before the altar and according to the way it turns up, the wish or prayer will be answered - so gambling is deeply rooted. A box of numbered sticks at the altar is shaken until one stick falls out and this taken to the fortune teller for a prediction. Apparently they won't even make a purchase without the predictions of luck or ill luck from these simple means.

How different the altar fittings from the Japanese. Here it is the handsome forms of pewter - the candle-sticks, flower holders and incense holders - and brilliantly colored paper flowers, mexican colored and hangings over the niche of the statues. Thereis no sense of solemnity, as occasionally with the Japanese altars. Here you feel it is rather another gambling den. But the use of masonry in the buildings changes the whole character - there is a sense of permanence and of age and of surface, As in Masonry architecture - the light penetrates into small courtyards which are indifferently planted - mostly masonry with a huge jar of lotus planted - iron or terra cotta incense burners - handsome teak chairs, desks and lanterns in the lecture hall - and the roofs resplendent with glazed tiles - dragons along the ridges - leis at the portals, etc., even the gateway in the one rather solemn temple in Macau had exquisite proportions - tall black narrow doors - stone posts that couldn't successfully be substituted in wood - and elegant roof saved by the delicate flourishes on the ridge. The arrangement of temples is almost as in Japan - the gate - the Buddha room - the room of the Goddess of Purity, where young brides come to pray that they will be No. 1 wife and thus, unchallenged boss of the household, and then the room of the specific deity of the temple - in this case the Goddess of Mercy.

The Portuguese element is seen everywhere -

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extravagantly in the color of the buildings - sympathetically in the beautiful streets - the avenue of Banyan trees and the varieties of cobbles and the avenue along the sea wall and the formal parks and squares, the Catholic schools and the churches and of course the food. My hotel which smells musty and nicely old, was just above the sea. Below was the school and ~~xxxxx~~ along the sea walk, the Pausada - a fine old restaurant on a terrace overlooking the esplanade - with delicious baked fish and chicken in wine and olives - all the rich foods we had been missing for so long.
Macau at night was entrancing - wandering through the narrow streets of the Chinese quarter - crowded with stalls or little shrines selling fancy drinks, the old women swinging along with great loads on poles over their shoulders - people often completely concealed in what they were carrying. The noise of a passing dragon parade, for it was the feast of Kwannon. Costumed jugglers followed by crowds of children, a passing funeral - everywhere noise and gaiety - a street people. I followed the dragon dancers into some tiny alleyways - no light except from oil lamps, and suddenly in the space between the houses the dragon dancer leaping about to the beat of drums and symbols. Dancing over a chair and into the edge of a basin of wine (?) which is consumed and spat over the watching neighborhood - the change in the pace of ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~.

dancing increasing as one perspiring youth after another succumbs and is replaced under the dragon's head - finally to be completely concealed in the voice and acrid smoke of the fire-crackers. It was following such a celebration that I came out finally to the end of a barrio and the base of a long flight of steps to St. Paola. This beautiful stone facade stands near the top of the city in complete isolation like the backdrop to a rennaissance play. The body of the church had burned long ago - but what a monumental termination to a Chinese street.

All for now - arriving in Bangkok.

Auberge du Temple, July/61
Angkor Wat. Cambodia.

Dear Mother and Dad -

Almost three weeks now since I have had news - difficulty of forwarding mail - and I wonder very much how things are. This time has been very busy for me and I am afraid I have made no records of this - one of the most interesting fortnights of the summer. This then, will be a very brief review of the past week at Angkor.

Although I was warned to the contrary, the weather has been perfect. It is the rainy season and apt to be hot and muggy but for the most part the days have been sunny with a cool breeze. One needs of course to keep the fans going in the rooms and bed covers are out of the question at night - but altogether the weather has been very pleasant and much less enervating than Japan. One can rely on a storm every afternoon but these are rather exciting and freshen the air. Angkor is a couple of hours flight from Bangkok and deep in the Cambodian jungle. Siem Reap, the nearest village is rather nicely set on a stream and is not much more than a market square - a few restaurants and hotels and the working quarters of the Conservation d'Angkor.

The Auberge where I am staying is right across the moat from Angkor Wat - and being french run - has excellent food. The week here has been a very pleasant one - mornings spent walking through the jungles, or seeking the more remote temples by means of bicycle cart, the standard means of transportation. Afternoons spent looking at the nearer Temples or Angkor itself, or swimming in the great West Baraj - an immense lake built over 1000 years ago as part of the complex irrigation system of the area - or perhaps riding by elephant to the only hill in the area crownded by the Temple of Prom Bakeny to view the lowering sun across the rice fields, the lake and the vast plain of jungle reaching to modest hills in the distance (the haunts of the wild elephants, the panthers and the tigers) from which only the occasional stone tower shows the position of a once extensive and complex city. Too little is known to reconstruct the city as is possible with Rome, but the most impressive aspect of it is the vast scale

and precise organization of its plan, and next, the imagination of its builders. It is impossible to get any idea of the appearance of the city because the jungle crowds in and destroys any vistas that might once have been important and except for the Temple and the terraces, all the other buildings which were built of wood have long disappeared leaving no trace, except an occasional depiction in a bas-relief. In a week it is only possible to visit the major buildings, and then, only superficially. It is ~~my~~ impossible to study with any thoroughness the vast extent of bas reliefs which encompass Angkor, the Bajon and the splendid terraces that surveyed the main square of Angkor Thom. There is so much that one leaves with only a very muddled and confused impression of the whole. Although there are many buildings more exquisite and more imaginative than Angkor, it is by far the most impressive in concept and also the best preserved. Its preservation is due partly to the fact that although other monuments were abandoned with the disintegration of the Khmer civilization in the early 15th century - Angkor was only deserted for about 100 years, because in its grounds were small monasteries which maintained the temple and kept out the jungle. Even now it is used as a place of worship - the various Buddhas and Vishnus in the various sanctuaries of the temple are always arraigned with fresh incense or adorned with flowers or the peculiar arrangement of ginger and flags - and the oil lamp at the uppermost sanctuary burns every night. Apparently many rituals and ceremonies still take place in the temple, in the manner in which they occurred when Angkor was built in the middle of the 12th Century. Everywhere in the present villages, which are extremely primitive, you see the faces of the Angkor reliefs but not a trace of the craftsmanship in the crude stilt houses with rush walls, of the villages. You see the villagers cultivating their fields with pointed sticks - without the use of a plow - and there seems little evidence

of the use of tools, except for the graceful carts hauled by the water buffalo, and these are identical to those on the walls of Angkor. The civilization of Angkor was short lived and astonishing in the speed of its development. Although the Khmer civilization had established itself in other capitals previously - Angkor was inhabited only in the beginning of the 10th Century - and Angkor wat was built only 100 years later. Angkor Wat was never equalled in size , but the last great period of building was less than 50 years after the Angkor Wat, after which time the civilization - impoverished by the extravagance of building and enervated by a new school of Buddhism (Himagnia) which extolled purity and self denial - steadily declined. So the extent and beauty of the culture is that much more wonderful.

In many ways and perhaps for the same reasons, the buildings resemble those of Yucatan. The pyramid with various modifications, became the standard form of building, along with the horizantal form of temple, more monastic in purpose. As in Mexico they were made of several stories with a towering chapel on top for the deity. Pre Kup, Ta Keo, Baphuon, Phnom Baidhenj are all examples of this - where the base, as in Mexico, is magnificently moulded with elaborate profiles and adorned with splendid patterns taken from plant forms. The patterns often resemble the Greco-Roman motifs of Acanthus scrolls, vine leafs - and in some cases are equally vigorously carved. They are accompanied by the charming figures of devotas, heavenly dancers and guardians of the temple - so that in spite of the powerful effect of the tiers of platforms, the decoration gives them an elegance and prettiness that of course doesn't exixt in the Mayan ruins. In spite of the sweep of Angkor and the luxurious extravagance of the towers - they have an accompanying charm. Bantray Srei is a small temple, a difficult jeep ride from Angkor of about 18 miles. It is li-

box, both in its small size and exquisite carving. How impressive to emerge from a jungle of great trees and chattering monkeys to this small clearing and radiant little temple. Or Banting Samie on the way back - so very different in its series of concentric walls and elaborate portals - or the labyrinths of Preah Khan and Bantery Kalei or the superb little temple of Weale Pean - sitting on a lotus in the central basin of five in which horses play and serpents writhe in much the same manner as the most imaginative of baroque fountains. Or the haunting ruins of Ta Prohm - another labyrinthe but left as found gripped in the sepent-like roots of Banyan trees -green with moss and lichen - the eye or the mouth of a Buddha appearing from the cage of growth - the silence and the sounds of a victorious forest jubilant with birds. Then the strange and almost maniacal mass of the Bayon - the culminating work of the last and most intrigueing of the Khmer kings, Jaynvarnam vll. It is poeticaally beautiful, disturbing - mad. From its stone towers, barely emerging from the grey stone are some 200 faces, each higher than a man - that look in all directions - the corners of the lips curved in a slight smile, the eyes turned inward. It was according to Groslier, the head of the conservation here, an attempt to create a Buddhist miracle where the Buddha appeared to his disciples circling around them in a thousand images of himself. Jaynvarnam attempted to recreate the miracle in a gigantic pieve of sculpture so that as you circled the temple on the outside or inside, the heads of the benevolent Bodhiveston facing in four directions and catching the light in different ways would give the illusion of encircling you. So also on the (four plus one) gates of the city of Angkor Thom - the four faces - probably the most beautiful of all Khmer heads peer down the alleys that extend out into the jungle. Jaynvarnam was a devout Buddhist so the story goes (slthough Goslier says he was not Buddhist at all) who refused his rightful claim to the throne twice in order to avoid

bloodshed with his rival - and after a life of retreat succeeded to the throne in his late fifties with an army that vanquished the Chams and as if catching up with lost time, became one of the most despotic rulers with such a vast building programme in the twenty years of his reign that the Khmer's never recovered again. Groslier believes that J VII is the Leper King, of which only rumour persists, and that in his efforts to overcome his affliction he embraced every faith and experimented with every kind of building to achieve redemption. It is also known that because the Chams pulled down the old temples and destroyed the old King, he would have to introduce some new Gods. A great deal of musserology went into the planning of the temples - 3 - 5 - 7 and 9 being important numbers - 5 the most important since this was as far as the Khmers could count as ten is the limit of their system. Also calendar orientation as East West orientation of the buildings, diaxial symmetry, the expansion of a composition by means of harmonic proportions, and quite subtle optical means to increase the effect of a building as practiced by the Greeks. All these methods were employed, indicating a people of great sophistication in their crafts.

Angkor Wat itself has the most splendid setting of all - although all temples were surrounded by wide moats - and pools and basins abounded throughout the city, the Moat of Angkor is almost 600 feet wide and about a mile in length each way. Most of the moats of the city such as that of Angkor Thom have been converted to rice paddies, but that of Angkor is one of shallow water where at any time of the day you can see the water Buffaloes wallowing - the women bathing or washing their clothes or the men fishing with throw nets. Even at night you see the torches of the fishermen spotted along the edges of the vast moat as they fish for frogs. Thus Angkor appears to float rather as an island in a vast sea (this too corresponds to their cosmology, for the pyramid represented the male principle and the water the female).

The forest fringes the moat and originally the banks of the island were steps - (a continuation of the pyramid form so that the whole thing must have appeared to be emerging from the sea). A wall surrounded the temple with a fine portal to the east and west fronting a handsome raised causeway flanked by balustrades of Naya or nine headed cobra - the God of Rain. The west gate extends in an open collonade overlooking the moat. Through the rather narrow but well proportioned opening one ~~xx~~ enters a vast open space, crossed by a stone causeway, flanked by pools and the two libraries of the temple. The Naga railings of the causeway turn at five intervals and far up letting stairs down into the fields. This gives a wonderful sense of rythm to the quarter mile approach to the temple itself. The temple builds up in a ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ composition of barrel roofs (which suggest wood construction) and the towers, 5 at the uppermost pyramid joined by galleries - 4 at the lower pyramid and joined again by galleries and forming an enclosed court around the base of the steep pyramid. This, it appears was filled with water so that the upper pyramid again appeared to float. Below this the lowest court was bisected by tall galleries, of classical proportions that looked down on deep pools, and from these galleries one emerged onto the porch of the temple which extended out and then stepped down onto the long entrance causeway. From the porch the temple itself is enclosed in a wall with a collonade opening on all directions to the fields around the temple - this is a double collonade about 200 or 220 yards long on the blind walls of which are the continuous band of bas reliefs of Angkor. When you consider that these finely cut and intricately composed reliefs about 12 foot in height extends for about half a mile in perimeter you can get some idea of the enormity of the project. These illustrate the Hindu epic of the Mahabarata and it was as far as the worshippers to the temple approached.

The French Director of the Angkor conservation, an exceptionally brilliant and interesting man, he name, Groslier, whose book on Angkor is the best and most beautifully produced - plans within the next six years, before the French have to hand over the excavations to the Cambodians, to rebuild a main part of the temple on firm dry foundations, which will hinder the rotting of the sandstone, the present affliction of all the buildings - an immense undertaking !.

We had a most fascinating discussion on Angkor which eventually drifted around to Japan, which he dismissed as inconsequential, and the architecture as not architecture at all but merely a highly refined craft! I think there is some truth in this and bears thought. He was also very intrigued by my tree theory and corroborated the man and nature idea.

Just returned from exploring Angkor Wat by night. Decision made at dinner between a young german lad, a british foreign service type returning from Malaya, and myself. We started to stroll along the "Royal Way" the long stone causeway across the wide moat. In the darkness we could see only the bare outline of the seven headed Naja snake as it ran on either side of the causeway lifting its fan-shaped emblem at each change of the roadway - and the occasional lantern of the night fisherman - out chiefly for the frogs. Coming along the road this evening the incredible evening sound of the tree crickets rising to loud siren-like hum of high voltage current and dropping as soon as you passed, as if they were screaming " don't go further." As we crossed the causeway the bullfrogs had taken over in such a loud and coordinated sound that I thought at first that itnwas the generator plant for the hotel. The hulking form of the first gate and terrace rose steadily at the end of the causeway, and through it in the far distance we could see a single light from the sanctuary itself. As we entered the gate and felt our way cautiously across the uneven floor there was the rustling and whistling and squealing of bats in the vaults= high overhead. Then into the compound the sound changed suddenly to an orchestral drone of frogs mixed with the whispering of the crickets. The night was all sound and the echo of sound as we crossed the second and longest causeway to the mass of Angkor outlined on black against the dark sky. Shadows occasionally rushed past us - were they monkeys? dogs, or children? - as we approached the temple, dodging the puddles of the recent rain and well aware also that cobras might be taking advantage of sun wa rmed stones. The reverberation of sound increased, echoing off the tower walls before us. Once again we plunged into a darkened gateway to the squeaking and beating of wings and thud of small bodies in the vaults, and entered a tall gallery magically lit from the candles of three monks crouched over incense in a side gallery who disappeared as we approached leaving only echoing flashes of candle-

light, fafing in the vaults, and a tiny light high up in one of the Buddhas to the other side. Here, from the deep pools on either side and echoing through the galleries on all sides was the deep croak of bull frogs and the higher chorus of frogs sounding more like flocks of passing birds. Again we plunged up steep stairs, this time with the aid of ~~a~~ the german lad's lighter. Three hissing bats came out suddenly into the upper court where the temple loomed percipitously above us - its great serrated towers reverberant with the almost bell like chorus of high voiced night birds. The most ethereal vibrant sound to accompany majestic architecture. We~~/~~stood as the chorus swelled and suddenly for no reason ceased before climbing the long percipitous flight to the upper terraces. As we climbed the sounds became thinner and higher, until the last gallery to the last courts the sounds were only excited whispers. In front of us the last gallery led to the group of Buddhas where the single candle burned that we had seen almost a kilomether away. Above it rose the highest tower - dark, rich, forbidding - and below we could barely distinguish the shapes of galleries and terraces through which we had come. Returning we had the same sequence of sound, from high whispers to bell-like chorus to thin squealing of bats to deep throated basses against high violins, to the excited silence of the bats again, to great sonorous orchestras of frogs in the huge enclosure- to the silent rush of wings again - to the dispersed mixture of sounds over the great moat.

Had an introduction to a Hugh Gibb who is here for the B.B.C making a film on Angkor - a most entertaining person - perhaps you have seen some of his films on Japan which were shown over CBC at one time. I went with his crew down to Rolleie almost twenty kilometres south of Angkor and the earlier city site before Angkor dating from the beginning of the 10th Century. Their buildings were in brick (except for the Balsony) and decorated in carved plaster, much of which still remains surprisingly enough- Appa~~r~~ently the juice from the sugar palm was mixed with the lime and sand to give it its strength. Rolleie itself was in ruin but was interesting for the monastery built through its towers

and as at Balony - painted with crude but charming primitive frescoes. Curiously the monastic buildings were all of reinforced concrete - but looked like wood because none of the columns were straight - and the paintings of Bahmy? included amongst the Buddhas in the clouds - aeroplanes, and amidst the story of Buddha on one wall was a depiction of an aerial bomber fight on a small panel - understandable since they were done 20 years a go and the conflict of war must have seemed as significant as any of the events in Buddhas life.

I leave this morning for Djakarta and Bali returning in a weeks time to Hong Kong and thence to Tokio. I tried to join the Wallace party into China but have had no luck so far. Also now I don't think I have enough money to do so.

I hope by now you have received my letters.

Bali, July 23rd. 1961

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Like every other place that one visits - Bali is not what one expects and unlik e others is far beyond anticipations. It is unique among cultures, perhaps because its myths are as vital today as ever and are celebrated with a high degree of art that penetrates to all levels of people and through every performance in their lives. One has the impression in fact, that everything is a celebration, performed with ritual accompanied by an offering. Style sharpens the edge of everything making the whole of the island existence as complete and refined a culture as must exist any where today. As yet the materialism and skepticism of the 20th century have not touched the island so that the celebrations, the rituals, the dances have the intensity and the importance that they had when the people were first driven from Java in the 15th century by the invading forces of Islam. In many primitive cultures ritual dances still retain their invocative potency, but I don't imagine that anywhere are they as elaborate nor representative of such a high civilization as Bali. So one has a unique glimpse into what the great civilizations such as India and China of the 15th and 16th centuries must have been like before their decline - except that Bali, being a small and isolated island couldn perhaps have evolved a more finished, though perhaps less brilliant, a culture than existed even there. But I think that one's impression of beauty comes not from any single thing, such as the topography of the island or the physical grace of the people - both of which are exceptional - but from the total interdependence of every aspect of the culture. For example in the rice harvest - the marvellous patterns of the rice paddies, cut out of the steepest hill - (so that topographical beauty is not entirely that of nature but as much of the human use of nature) - the nursery for the young rice, carefully protected behind woven bamboo corralls - the newly planted rice in flooded paddies like terraced lakes on the hillsides - the growing rice, tall and vivid green, with bright green snakes gliding through the upper stalks - the mature rice, golden and being cut by the members of the village, moving in a column across the paddie under broad straw hats - tieing the rice in neat bundles that are then carried like huge Edwardian hats by the women back to the village. Bamboo staffs planted in the fields holding white pennants, a wind rotating noise makers to scare off the birds

and throughout the fields are small thatched shelters for the harvesters to retire from the sun and rudimentary temples with two or three shrines to the trimurti of Hindoo Gods - and always fresh offerings and food colorfully arranged on a palm leaf and heavily scented flowers. The rice fields, so carefully patterned, so complete in all the arrangements for growing, harvesting, resting and worshipping - are like the most civilized places on earth. At the end of the day - the return in procession - the women erect and graceful with their headdresses of freshly harvested rice - the men with the sheaves carried across poles or beating the three pronged hoes in rythum. Into the village where every house is a carefully walled compound in which the various rooms of the household are seperate pavilions on raised platforms dominated by the barrel shaped roof of the granary pavilion and set off by the many small pavilions or shrines of exquisite proportions for the family and village gods. Often as one passes the open doorway to the courts one can see the women tyreshing the rice or pounding it into flour - the long pestles flying up in the air and down in alternating rythum. ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ Outside each doorway is a long fibre decorated bamboo pole commemorating a birth, a birthday or a village festival- often two poles at either side of the doorway commemorates a marriage - along with a tiny model of a house in palm fibre with a long lad der up to it. And outside the doors in the evening are the offerings. The most be-utiful sight in the evening or late afternoon is the procession of women through the fields or lanes of the village carrying offerings to the temples. There are carefully arranged compositions of food and flowers, piled on silver or lacquer bowls, often to the height of three feet and carried on their heads, to be blessed in the Temple and returned later to the household to be consumed. The Temple, as the house, is a walled courtyard, containing many pavilions, shrines and altars, but the walls are of fine red brick or stone with intricate carvings around the gates and at the corners. The outer wall to the first court is entered through a gate that is uniquely Balinese - a most impressive architectural device - a gate without a lintel. Two

heavily carved tall pillars stand at either side of the entrance - approached by a steep flight of steps, they are like a pair of flamboyant wings lifted against the sky. Across the first court, which often contains..... another gate approached by ~~xx~~ steep stais but this time with a lintel and a pair of carved wooden doors which are opan only during the festival of the Temple. One normally enters through a small gate to the right of this, into the Temple courtyard. To the left as one enters are the wooden pavilions where the offerings are prepared or where the priests sit. On the right are other pavilions - often one which contains the elaborate masked figures for the Barong dances - and the Javain shrines with pagodad roofs of black thatch - ~~xxpx~~ 11 tier high for Brahma, three for Vishna, 7 for Shiva, 5 for other Gods, 3 for local dieties etc.. Outside of these are tall bannered poles - white for Shiva, black for Vishna and stripes of white and black for Brahma - and pairs of silk parosols with embroidered fringes. As we l as the elaborately carved stone altar for the Sun God, the high throne of the forecaster, the altar for offerings and many small ~~xhingixtxshrinns~~ single roofed shrines. The whole has the effect of great decorativeness, y et pleasing scale, beautiful proportions - delicacy and grace in the parosols and banners and when the women enter in single file with their tall headdresses of offerings and proceed through the ritual of prayer, the tossing of flowers and the receiving of the holy water from the priest - it is an exceedingly beautiful ceremony. Each village, no matter how small, has a public space near its centre opening into the main road. This too, as with the house and the Temple is a series of open pavilions well off the ground - a two or three storied pagoda, which is the bell tower, hung with elongated wooden gongs and serves also for judgments, and two more pavilions. One for assembly of discussion of the family heads and one for the cock fight and smaller ones to serve for temporarily store goods - or part of the market complex, or for visitors to rest or stay while in the village. The remarkable thing is the impression of order, of completeness, of care and careful craftsmanship that characterizes all of these complexes Nowhere, and this is perhaps the now precarious virtue of Bali, is the open wound of the 20th Century in evidence . None of the ugly baked enamel colors of advertising are

there to disfigure the harmony of the soft earth tones of the village, with the quiet tones of the batik and the occasional brilliance of jewelry, flowers, fruit or the dyed rice cakes of the offerings. Another daily ritual of great beauty to the westerner is the daily bath. Betw een four and five o'clock every evening there is a procession of the men and women of the village to the pools, rivers or springs of the neighborhood. Bali's soft soil is deeply eroded by streams shadowed by lush ferns, and often one can hear the singing and laughter and splashing emerging from within the hidden recesses of an impossibly precipitous gorge. More often you come upon whole parties of bathers - women and girls in one area and men and boys in another. As your car rounds a corner, and unless you stop and show a camera, there is no effort to conceal their nudity. Once a party of us - three men - stopped at the only beach we had seen in a long days journey, only to find an older man and a young husband and wife already bathing. It seemed only reasonable and courtesy to them to, as modestly as possible, for they are shy and modest- to plunge into the sea in the nude ourselves, much to the enjoyment of the others.

But the ritual that is beautiful beyond belief, is the dance, and this is the highest art of Bali. The dance is of course, Hindu in origin, and like that of Thailand, Cambodia and Java, consists of posturing and gestures that describe incidents from the ~~high~~ Hindu epics or have to do with the sowing and harvesting of rice etc. My impressions, having only seen a little, is that it is not as rigid in movement and more spirited than the others - for the dancers are never absolutely still - although there are long passages when no change of gesture is obvious. The eyes are moving, or the fingers slightly vibrating as from delicate but intense nervous energy. The movement of the hand is almost the whole dance and in their movement they almost become disembodied like pairs of insects or small mating birds of extraordinary grace and swiftness. The music is the most thrilling thing of all. I m can truthfully say that I have seldom heard such beautiful music - from strong almost brutal sounds to the most delicate sounds imagineable, full of the sounds of the forest almost entirely with per cussion instruments, drums, gongs, bells and Xylophones. The music, as the dancing ranges from strong definition

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to almost impereceptible movement.

Tonight after arriving back to the hotel from a full days drive, by car again, back to the village of Bora for the Ketchak or Monkey Dance. We arrived through village lanes, passed a small group of people sitting around two giant paper figures, the Barong Legong dance of giants - and musicians carrying their heavy instruments on poles to neighboring villages - music and dance seems to be in the air at night in Bali. The monkey dance was in progress in a raised pavilion in the village centre. About 100 men sat in concentric circles around a tall and rather flamboyant iron candelabra burning cupts of coccanut oil. The dance consisted of swaying and shaking their hands, falling back or raising up to create the moods of the serpent, the warriors, the jungle tensions ..... the Ramagana. The sounds they made ranged from jungle noises, whispers, shouts, yells, rythmns to full throated shriek, without moving from their positions - they created the tension of battle - the sounds of the forest and the background for the languid dancing of the consort or the lithe dancing of the Prince. Theatre in its most moving form. Later that evening a legong dance at the hotel. A most brilliany gmelon of great sensuousness and richness of sound and young girls of exquisite grace, hands vibrating like excited night insects against the slow movement of arms and body. The sudden quick movement of eye or head or flick of the finger, an extraordinary effect in the silence ~~afterwards~~ - lik e apprehensive animals - quick as deer - but with the grace possible only to the human when alive in body as animals.

The third most typical dance is the Barong and we saw this one morning outside the Temple of the village (?) The Barong is a beast of ferocious mien and long mane played by two men under ornate masks and represents the good spirit. The dance relates an incident from the Hindu epic, the Malabarata - and is full of witches and demons, humans and monkeys. Basically tells of the triumph of good over evil. The dancers all emerge from the doors of the Temple and dance down the steps to the ground below. It ends in the destruction of the evil forces by the Barong and the triumph of the monkey represented by the men of the village in mock battle. Upon the triumph of the Barong there is rather a frightening incident when the men of the village, supposedly in a trance, rush out from the Temple and attempt to plunge the long daggers or Kus's

into their chests but under the influence of the good spirit, draw no blood. They stagger, twirl, fall to the ground - blood pouring from the mouth of one - as the dust engulfs them and the priest and the women of the village toss flowers and holy water into the melee and the Barong reaches an unprecedented shrillness.

Most of my four odd days in Bali were spent in driving to various parts of the island. Although we arrived at 2 o'clock in the morning, I was up early to drive through the villages to Aked in the morning. Mar is the centre of the woodcarving and Abud of the painting. Both of which is a misdirection of talent. Who could seriously develop easel painting in a culture whose architecture has almost no walls and yet they sell as framed pintings. This is of course typical of the destruction wrought by the tourist trade and the woodcarvings are similar. Exquisite elaboration of detail - meticulous refinement of line are the innate accomplishments of the Balinese, but from this sculpture suffers in plasticity and painting in content. Both are highly decorative and better placed as an -------- to architecture, wall or ceiling paintings, tapestries, carved doors and prints etc. In the afternoon I drove with an Indian who exclaimed how much more exotic Bali was than India - to a small village in the midst of a temple festival- Besides the market aligning the approach to the temple, most of the people were under the great roof sheltering the cock- fight. The cocks are equipped with 3" razor sharp lances taped to one leg - therefore the fight is bloody and brief. Bets are high and there is a great deal of commotion before the fight starts - when underway, there is complete concentration. Time is kept by water running from a cocoanut and noted by a gong. The cocks fly at one another, feathers scattering - if there is a dispute at the end of the time, both cocks are placed under a cage until one is defeated. The lance seems to make the fight a matter of chance, but at the moment there is one champion who has defeated over a hundred other cocks. One sees the villagers constantly comparing birds, squatting in the compound - and everywhere along the roadways are baskets with the birds in them, placed next to the road so that they will become accustomed to traffic and people. That afternoon

Bali, July 23rd. 1961

we went as far as the sacred forest - a forest of tall straight trees - the only one of its kind in Bali, and completely inhabited by Monkeys who followed us grabbing at our hands to see if we had peanuts. After supper at the Sagara Beach Hotel, I went to a small village where the young children were ~~preparing~~ performing a Jaguar dance - but we had to wait so long for it to start that we only stayed for part of it - downed a glass of Bhrum - a fermented rice drink, and started back. On the way the driver spotted a Sagja dance in the forest. This was a popular dance where a fancilly dressed woman - obviously a courtesan - comes down from the Temple to seduce the male company. Anyone touched by her has to dance with her. She ties a scarf around him and he must stamp and gesture as she does - never touching but still capable of much sport - until in defeat he unties the scarf and allows some other man to be beguiled in turn. The second day was entirely spent in the company of a rather agitated american and a Swiss - driving along the coast to some old 18th century Spas of different Rajas. They were both extravagant and also reflected the awful victorian of monarchs everywhere at that time and since. The third day was a breathtaking drive - up first to an old monastery and royal buriel ground cut into rocks at the bottom of a steep terraced chasm hung with waterfalls and ferns. Here and at another spring nearby, people bathed under the falls or the lions head spigots of the basins - then through marvellous country climbing nearly 6000 ' to the rim of an immense crater containing a lake inside and another volcano about three thousand feet in height. It was very cold and clouds swept around us giving only glimpses of the crater. The people in contrast to the reat of Bali looked poor, ragged and the homes as dismal as a coalmining ..... set in the black lava. On the descent we stopped at Bangli, one of the most impressive of the Temples because of its setting beneath steep hills, and its long flights of steps flanked by lions, extending through many gates. That night I stopped at Arbud - a small rather precious hotel - the owner, the brother of the Sjikorda .... Agung or minor Raja of the area. The rooms were ranged around a courtyard - (it had been a house) in which a raised pavilion - well made and beautifully carved was the dining room and the waiters leave their shoes at the bottom of the steps to serve you and the food, entirely Balinese was quite delicious. In the courtyard was another little pavilion where we could sit and

Bali, July 23rd. 1961

write letters, and where I started this one, and the raised open livingn room of the Djohorda. In the courtyard was a huge cage of birds who made their daily devotions at dawn - but not the usual caged bird that each household hauls to the top of a pole in the daytime and lowers at night. That evening I took a long walk through the moon-shadowed streets, across a bridge with a torrent far below and the tiered roofs of a temple in the gorge - past the village temples, much more impressive in the moonlight - the sounds of a gamelen coming closer. I turned up a side street near the hotel and found them rehearsing a Legong dance. The littke girls were exquisitely graceful with their insect hands fluttering in torchlight and the marvellous final cadences of the Legong loud and vigorous. Part of the charm of Uhbad is that, like nearly all the island but Despassar, there is no electricity. The last day I walked through the most beautiful part of the land - the rice fields around Abud - coming upon forests of monkeys, small temples hidden in the thick growth of the gorges - the people harvesting the rice and making comic when I tried to photograph them. A short visit to a Spanish American called Blanco, married to a very beautiful and famous Balinese dancer - but far too sophisticated. He lives on a hill-top (as no Balinese would do) and has gone native in a most comfortable way. In the evening tax a visit to the Palace of the Agunj across from my hotel and had an amusing conversation about the effects of Americanization on his people. A suit of western clothes is what they cherish most of all" he said "then after that the paraphernalia that has no end - the chewing gum, the transistor radio, the motor cycle"- and soon Bali will be ripped apart by the iconoclastic ~~growth~~ youth seeking the thrills of the to them, unknown - and then there will be nowhere else on this earth for us to find the peace of the unknown. Will continue this letter to Gordon, although it is the least interesting part of it. I haven't really time to write anyone a decent letter - only to record as much as I can, however sloppily, for future reference. Belive me - it is a chore. The hottest weather I experienced was in Japan before I left and now again that I am back. No luck on China - There seems to be something drastically wrong - all tours were cancelled no one is allowed in.

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MIgajima, Japan, Aug. 23rd/61

This will probably be the last, or next to the last letter on Japnn since there is not much time left and that will be occupied in Kyota and Tokio, picking up loose strings and seeing some of the modern work. I have been doingn quite a bit of travelling since my return to Japan which, in this weather, is not comfortable and not condusive to letter writing. The dampness is enervating and uncomfortable and by the end of the day I am ready for nothing more exciting than bed. I got your letter regarding Dal Grauer - which was a great shock. I will try to write Sherry and Shirley and I must write Mrs. Griffith and B.C. Binning. By coincidence I started talking to a stranger in the bath tonight and he turned out to be the Bishop's secretary and the person who translated Bert's letter tonthe Bishop about me - so there was gleeful handshaking and bowing in the bath upon recognition and he brought his wife and child up to my room later for terribly respectful conversation. I have had only one letter since my return from the continent - whatever you have written awaits me in Kyota where I spent only a couple of days before going on. I am surprised that there is nothing from the Massey medals yet. It must have been misplaced if you haven't received it by now. It could be at Geoff's or at Gordon's and could be in an a R.A.I.C. envelope, a National Gallery or Massey medals. But the closing date is, I think Sept. 4th and the decisions were to be out by July 4th. I hope the $350.00 paid to Albert was for part time work over several months and not a monthly wage. He was only supposed to work for me steadily for one month after I left - the month of May. If you want anything special in Japan you had better let me know immediately - if it's expensive I will have to be sent the money - for as usual I will just have enough to make the plane - but let me know what anyone wants.

From Tokio I went up to Nikko - but it was during the typhoon that brought torrential rains to the Neigata area losing many lives - so Nikko, which needs sunlight, I think, to compliment its garish colors, looked a trifle too promiscuous in the rain. However it is a beautiful forest, and it was cool after Tokyo. Nikko is the mausoleum of the Tohugawn Iegasu, the warlors who founded the shogunate which was to rule Japan for about 250 years. It demonstrates well the power and the tastes for display of power of the Tohugawns. They inherited the tastes and

skills of the late Momozama period, which was luxurious and richly colored with gold leaf, the dominant color, but held from being flamboyant by the delicacy of line and sensitivity of detail. Nikko carries the momozama splendour to a point of frenetic intensity - and lacking the former's sensitivity, becomes flamboyant - and although it might be considiered vulgar as against earlier styles, it nowhere approaches vulgarity in the European sense of harshness and loudness. It would be overwhlmingly splendid if it were not confined to such a small area - but all the various colors and variety of patterns that the Japanese can usually bring together so skillfully are here too much to take in at once. If the quiet gravel courts were wider and if the background of huge cedars could be more extensive, the brilliant slashes of color would, as the kimona does to the Japanese house, have exhilarating vitality - which one so often misses in Japan. Examined seperately, the buildings are unbelievably beautiful - if rarity of materials, perfection of finish, and sensitivity of proportions can alone be criterions of beauty. The main shrine is all of black lacquer - floors, posts, columns, everything embossed with gold or with gold fittings. This sits in a gravel court surrounded by an elaborately fretted multicolored and strange gate of natural wood and white chalk finish - and this in a court surrounded by galleries of x red lacquer. You must imagine the luxury of walking on floors of red or black lacquer and touching walls of lacquer or gold leaf. Within the second court are small pavilions - of red or black lacquer - for the dance or for the festival palanquins, etc., and this court is entered through the Yorneimon - probably the most celebrated gate in Japan and certainly the most explosively decorated. This main part stands on a stone platform against the mountainside, about 10' above another platform containing belfry, drumtown and library (recently burnt) and this 20' above another platform containing stables, well and treasure houses and this too, approached by a steep flight of steps. High above all this, approached by some 200 steps is the tomb of Iegasu ..... deified as the "East Illuminating Incarnation of Bodhisathn."

On the second day of my visit some friends arrived from

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Tokyo and all of us proceeded that evening to a dance festival put on by a local power company around a pool of fountains and floating pavilions all lit by neon and flood-lights. About five hundred people danced in concentric rings to drums sounded from a tower in the pool's centre. Everyone, including ourselves, were in special yukata -we wore tangen or short coats as well because of the cold and carried the oiled paper umbrellas provided by the hotel. Before we left it was raining heavily which only spurred the dancers on, their yukatas clinging wetly to their bodies and mud spattering their legs.

From Nikko I went to Nagano and Gifu (which I described in a letter to Gordon) and back to Kyota suffocating in the summer heat but enchanting in the evenings with people in summer kimonas celebrating on decks over the Kamo river - the strings of gper lanterns reflected on the river below - and mixed sounds of singing, of samisen or of Koto and laughter coming across to the opposite shore. On the night of the Daibon, I went with friends to the opening of the new Kyota International Hotel. It was amusing to see the Maiko and the Geisha in magnificent costumes and ugly white makeup, in such numbers, and the food was very good and the tables lavishly decorated with flowers and dripping carvings of ice. Our party were mostly Americans and Dutch soaking up Martinis. As people began retiring to the roof for the bon-fires - they took the food, carefully wrapped for them, and the flowers from the centre table. I had briefly talked to a young Japanese at a table where I had been trying out the jellied Tye and went on to another table to take a few flowers for my hosts. A few minutes after I had banteringll bowed my few flowers into my hostess' hands, the young Japanese came up with a huge bunch of flowers, bowed the flowers onto me with a "present shimasu" (I make) . Later I saw him leaving with three rare and well chosen flowers - and saw my indiscriminately chosen bunch as the Japanese idea of western tastes.

From Kyota I spent three days in Koyosan - a mountain of temples north of Asaka. These resembled very much the Temples of Daitshuji and Myoshinji in Kyota, with some fine gardens - one in particular - one of the best hillside gardens I have seen, and some interesting abruptly modern ones. The most haunting part of the complex is the graveyard at the end of the town, one of the most illustrious in Japan,

where many of the poets and great leaders such as Basho and Hidegoshi have their tombs. The tombs line an avenue that runs from the first bridge about a mile to the mausoleum where Kobo Daishi, the great exponent of Shingon Buddhism supposedly awaits his second coming. The tombs are moss covered stone stupas ranging from a few feet to some 30' in height - scattered amongst huge cedars and the combination of these old trees dwarfing the moss covered stones - the rays of sunlight entering from very high and the irregular stone road climbing to the mausoleum creates the atmosphere one anticipates but seldom finds in Japan.

When I needed guides my technique has been to find them in the village bar the night before. I had so many volunteers in Kozosan, I had difficulty keeping them seperated- mostly students or teachers anxious to speak some english. I had reserved a room in a Temple (which are all hotels in Kozosan) earlier, but didn't until the next day realize that there were two temples with almost the same name, Sainaiji and Saizenji, which sounds alike to a foreighner. However I had instructed the taxi to take me to Saidaiji which was the name the travel bureau gave me. But it wasn't until the following day when we were viewing one of the more modern gardens from a very pleasant corner room that hung out over the garden and the priest that brought in cakes and tea mentioned that this room had been held in spite of many requests for a foreigner who never arrived, that I realized my mistake.

My present excursion has been to Himiji, the castle of which is probably one of the most beautiful buildings in Japan, for western tastes and by accident of site rather than plan - although now the main part is being repaired under scaffolding, so its effect can only be imagined. However, the town itself is rather squalid, coupled with the fact that my hotel was in the heart of the red light district and not very pleasant. In Okagama there was a marvellous park which had been laid out by an 18th century Daimyo and kept in immaculate condition. A tea house and a large shinden style building that were newly built in the traditional style, were the best examples I have seen of such building in Japan. Across the inland sea to Takmatsu where there is one of the best of the modern buildings - a city hall by Kenjo

Tange and from there by train to Matsuyama through some of the most beautiful countryside in my experience of Japan. At Matsuyama, there is another but smaller castle built in an isolated bluff in the heart of the city. It was a pleasant town backing up against very green mountains. My Inn was in a delightful little Spa in these hills where again one could enjoy the evening stroll in yukata and soak in the hot mineral baths.

From there across the Seto nai kai again to Hiroshima and Miznjima. Miznjima seems to be the most beautiful of all the very lovely islands of the inland sea. It is a holy island with untouched forest and the Itsukushima Shrine in a bay across from the mainland. I have been here a couple of days - enjoying the beaches - the glorious pine and cedar forests and of course, the Shrine. Altogether it is on e of the most attractive places in Japan in spite of the souvenir shops and hotels that accompany every shrine. My Inn is an old one on a rushing stream with trees full of crickets and birds and gigantic butterflies. The food is delicious - since it comes directly from the sea to the plate. Many kinds of fish and of course clams, crab, huge prawns and the fruit now consists of white and pink peaches - unblemished as all fruit is because it is wrapped in paper on the trees - and as large as our largest apples, apples and pears of quite different flavor than ours - and a special fruit, half apple and half pear that is as juicy as a watermelon, figs and marvellous grapes. The island with its very steep sides, richness of vegetation, crystalline sea and yellow serrated cliffs is very much of the South Pacific in appearance.

The Shrine, at night at high tide, or the early morning is beautiful because of its setting. The whole complex of buildings seem to sit on a series of lagoons whenn the tide is in because it is on stilts on the offshore and the high tide all but isolates it from the shore. It is particularly effective at ebb tide when the still water reflects the red posts, whiten walls and the superb black roofs of thatch that are like gigantic birds spreading their wings to alight. As in most shrines, the building itself is undistinguished but for the roofs and built on shore would be of no special account. The sea gives it its special magic and the great Teni out in the bay, by the fact that it becomes the hub for all the surrounding mountains, attains a special significance.

********** To be continued --