

# XIX

1965 - 1970

## Around the World

On September 28, 1965 we left Canada on the first leg of a slow painting trip (one Year), around the world which would include more than thirty countries. Our fabulous air ticket costing about \$15,000 for both, caused so much excitement at the Toronto Airport as several ticket agents gathered around to look at our endless folded ticket in wonder. Our first stop would be Los Angeles to visit our daughter and family, with a stopover in Chicago. The excitement our ticket caused didn't hold the ticket agent back from making a huge charge for overweight. York being a fast thinker said, «Okay we will only book to Chicago,» relying on Americans being more lenient, and it worked. During that incredulous year we were only charged overweight once more by Ceylon to Madras, India.

Our daughter, Virginia and her anthropologist husband, Dr. Edmund Carpenter lived on the University of California campus at Northridge. It was an opportune moment to visit as Virginia had an exhibition of her paintings opening at the Mission Gallery in a few days. We were introduced to «Happenings» (other form of excitement) which were just coming into vogue during exhibition Openings. This one took the form of a few jazz musicians playing and Ted Carpenter projected a film on the white, outside wall of the gallery.

Virginia's exhibition looked well and she sold a few pieces. It was reviewed as the best exhibition of the month by Los Angeles' top critic.

York did collages during the few days there, then we were on our way to Honolulu where we had a special friend, Helen Burton. Helen was an American who had spent years in China, running the Camel-Bell Shop in Peking. She sold Chinese antiques and adapted some of the ancient jewellery to modern use. She had become quite famous through her shop and showed us her guest book (about six inches thick) with famous names from all over the world (example, Winston Churchill). She never married but raised seven Chinese daughters, rescued as babies and given a university education and some served in her fabulous shop. When the Communists came into power, she was put in prison but miraculously escaped having many influential friends and managed somehow to get many of her valuable antiques out of China.

It was heartbreaking being separated from her daughters, trying to hide their connection with her for their safety. She had to depend on friends to surreptitiously get news to her about them and was pretty sure the elder one left in charge of the Camel-Bell Shop had been put to death because of the connection. Her close friend, P.J. Chang, a university professor had been a great supporter over the years. He too had to escape to Hong Kong and leave his family, also relying on word-of-mouth about his family and Helen's daughters when trusted friends happened to pass through. Helen had written Chang about us and our plans to spend time in Hong Kong.

Helen had settled in Honolulu and we were astounded at the over-abundance of Chinese antiques that furnished her

home. She had a six month old small white Pekinese dog named «Zushi» (a Chinese Princess or Queen) with impeccable credentials. She was beautiful, intelligent and affectionate. On arrival we joined Helen for dinner which was served on a green jade dinner service, which she said she used only for special friends and never allowed the maids to wash them. While I was helping to dry the dishes after dinner, Helen said she was going to leave the jade dishes to me in her will. I was overcome, when my ever-loving husband piped up that he didn't even like them. Needless to say that was the end of that! We already had been given mementos at an earlier date, I, a thick twisted rope of coral beads with a gold serpent clasp, which had mysteriously disappeared when shipped from Paris with our household effects. York had been given an early wooden Chinese belt.

Helen had written her friends in Hong Kong introducing us by letter and gave us letters of introduction to a Mongolian Princess named Helen Wu and P.J. Chang. Our second and last evening in Honolulu Helen took us to her favourite restaurant. As we entered the musicians stopped playing and began Helen's theme song. She was a beautiful character and obviously much loved; she must have been about 85 at that time but looked years younger. When she finally died a few years later, we received word that she had left everything she had to the orphans there, her antiques to be sold to Museums. A lovely ending to her fabulous story and the loss of a dear friend.

We left at 2 p.m., October 7, Japan Air, for Tokyo and were informed to change our watches to 1 minutes (not misspelled) to 9 morning of October 6th—oops we gained a day crossing

the International Date Line. York was sitting beside me reading with an orchid tucked over his ear. We removed our leis when we boarded, they were a bit cumbersome especially in economy class.

The flight was made very comfortable with the constant attention of the Japanese Air hostesses with their steaming, scented, hot damp towels before and after meals and other perks. We went to the Hotel Takinawa, a little distant from the centre as prices were more reasonable and boarded a fast-moving train to the centre when needed. Restaurants displayed a coloured sculpture in their window of the type of food they served, very helpful when one cannot read the language. The first one we tried, the owner spoke English, rather rare it turned out and there were Canadian banners of various universities and colleges decorating her walls. We were intrigued and asked why. She explained that she was born in Canada and during the second world war people of Japanese descent lost their homes and were imprisoned. After the war her parents and their family went to Japan. However they now understood the reason for this unfortunate happening and her father was in Toronto at that very moment making arrangements for them to return to Canada. It's a small world! Of course we went there often and after seeing persimmons in the market, I asked for the Japanese name for them. She said, «Kaki,» which surprised me as it was the same word I had learned in Italy for persimmons. The following morning she presented us with two «Kaki.»

We took a tour of the Tokyo highlights in order to learn what to see and made friends with the tour guide, Sachi. She stood at the front of the bus explaining things as we passed

giving us much historical and present information. In finding our interest so great she offered to get tickets that were a little difficult to obtain such as permission to enter the Palace grounds and see the Emperor, Hirohito, on his way home for lunch. The Palace grounds were quite interesting, with five hundred workers taking care of the gardens and menial tasks. It turned out, most peasants still thought of Hirohito as «divine» and felt it a great honour to work for him, paying their own way to do so. The group would be replaced by others every three days. Hirohito passed in a large black Rolls-Royce on his way home for lunch from the morning session at the «Diet» (Parliament). He looked rather glum, not looking right or left. Of course since the war he had to announce that he was not divine, but peasants didn't know or didn't believe it.

Helen Burton had given us an introduction to a Mrs. E.C. Kubota, originally from Hawaii but now a powerful business woman in Tokyo who ran a precision instrument company. It had been so successful, her dentist husband had given up his profession and now worked for her, as did her son. She welcomed us warmly, taking us to lunch to a restaurant where foreigners would not be able to go without a Japanese escort. It was most interesting, she wanted to know as much about us as we did about her and her life. Another connection had been made by our Toronto architect friend, Gordon Adamson to a Tokyo architect who had visited Toronto, Masakatso and Eiko Hagi. They invited us to have dinner with them and also invited our travel guide friend, Sachi. Masakatso wore a Western business suit but Eiko dressed Japanese fashion and Sachi wore a short Western dress, we had only seen her in uniform previously. We had a great fun evening with them

and Eiko surprised us by saying she had seen York's work in Toronto, especially the O'Keefe Mural and went on to translate the Confucius Proverb, which represents Oriental literature in the mural. «Thought without learning is labour lost, learning without thought is disastrous.» We all laughed and parted good friends, but they appear in our lives again in Hong Kong.

Guy Carrington Smith was Canadian Ambassador to Japan and during lunch he told us many interesting things about Japan. We were to meet again in later years in New York. One learns a great deal about a country with contacts such as these. York sketched every spare moment, I remember sitting on the banks of a river while he sketched and he found the Ginza district very interesting and colourful. We took more tours suggested by Sachi. We corresponded with her for a few years and when heard from latterly she was running a Bar in Tokyo, never having made the trip to Canada she had planned. Many tours were outside Tokyo such as «Nara,» in a beautiful park with deer, quite tame, having been taught to bow to people; one finds oneself almost bowing in return. The shrine is very beautiful and one is given a wish on a slip of paper. If one doesn't like the wish, outside they tie it to a tree and the wish is supposed to go away. The trees were fluttering with many bits of paper.

We had a day's trip, by bus to Nikko from Tokyo. There are several Temples and Shrines there, in bright colours, red lacquer and gold leaf—enough gold leaf to cover six acres we were told. Lacquer lasts well, painted every 20 to 30 years and the amount of intricate carving is endless, no wonder it took centuries. Temples are of Buddhist origin which came from India and Shrines from Shintoism, more a Japanese cult than

religion. There's always a Torii Gate near a Shinto Shrine. The two religions have become mixed over the years and most Japanese have both.

We took the fast train from Tokyo to Miyanoshita and the hotel Fujiya in Hakone, in the mountains, for three days of sketching, near the volcano «Fuji»; part of this hotel was once the summer home of the Emperor. It was quite a long ride and few passengers in our car, just a Japanese family with two young children and we exchanged bows with them. When lunchtime came they took out their lunch from a picnic basket and surprised us by appearing at our seat all smiles handing us food and bowing. We said thank you in Japanese (we had learned a few words by this time) and bowed in return. It was such a friendly and kind gesture.

Body massages were offered at the hotel and York decided to try one. A small Japanese masseur arrived late evening, bowed and went to work silently for an hour during which York fell asleep. He was jarred back to consciousness when the little man suddenly stood up and said loudly, «Finish, pay me»!

The area was beautiful and York did many sketches. We then returned to Tokyo, this time sitting in the observation car with its glass surround, nothing in front made it thrilling at such a high speed. It was like a 3-d movie, just when you were about to crash into the mountainside it curved gently but at the last second.

The following morning we flew to Kyoto, staying at the Miyako Hotel where we were handed kimonos and paper slippers on entering. Kyoto had more old world charm than busy Tokyo. We sat and contemplated at the famous Zen

Garden—the raked sand symbolizes the sea, the waves, the stones possibly islands or continents, the Japanese have endless stories about it. We visited two Royal Palaces permission stamped by the Imperial Palace in Tokyo obtained by our friend Sachi for us. Shugakuin Palace has acres of beautiful gardens. The Temple of Sansusagendo with 1001 Kwanons (Goddesses of Mercy) were carved by 1000 different sculptors, therefore slight differences. The extra Goddess is a larger statue in another part of the building with 1000 hands. No one ever sees the statues in the back rows, only the cleaners. Three were missing, on loan to America. It was said that this building is the longest wooden structure in the world, 398 feet.

Nijo Castle was built by a Shogun in 1603, he had become more powerful than the Emperor, seizing power to rule Japan. He spied on the Emperor to protect his enforced power and was so afraid of being assassinated that he had squeaky floors installed around his private quarters, no one could approach quietly. The squeaks sounded like birds chirping and the floors were called nightingale floors.

Japanese friends in California, Professor Mamoru Iga and his wife Marye introduced us by letter to a famous Japanese painter (a relative) Kwan Hamada in Kyoto. It was interesting visiting the Hamada's beautiful Japanese home, shoes left at the door and given slippers. We sat on cushions on the floor in his studio looking at his oil paintings of flowers, beautifully executed, some tremendous, while sipping green tea and a young neighbour with sparse English interpreting. All was difficult, rounds of bowing, compliments and smiles. He had a large studio, what must have been an easel was flat on the floor about 12 feet long with an insert for sliding and a

contraption that moved crosswise, a low work table loaded with his paints that slid back and forth over the easel. We were frustrated there wasn't enough English to be able to understand its operation. His son, a young painter happened to open a sliding wall panel to get a book, this revealed a well-stocked library with art books from everywhere, including Seuphor's in Paris. This explained why their exhibitions of young contemporaries looked the same as anywhere else. We had the good fortune to see their annual national exhibition, a few interesting but mostly stereotypes of world-famous painters and sex symbols and nothingness; a great disappointment.

Kwan Hamada came to visit us with his son and the same young girl interpreter the following night at our hotel. Again it was difficult as the conversation was all about art, much too difficult for the young charming girl; we all sweated. Kwan was fascinating, so Japanese, out came a fan, all bows, smiles and compliments, but as calculating and shrewd as they come. After looking long and carefully at the reproduction of the O'Keefe Mural, he shook York's hand firmly and long. We had politely waited our turn, giving him the first hour on his painting and honours (honoured by the Emperor). The whole family were utterly sweet and charming.

The other Professor introduced by the Igas, Bunsho Jyugaku of Konan University just outside of Kyoto, spoke English and we invited him to dinner, to the restaurant chosen by him. He brought us a book of poetry by the English poet D.J. Enright, «The Year of the Monkey,» who had recently departed from the University. The limited edition (400) was made as a parting gift to Enright. The poems were on hand-

made paper and bound by Professor Jyugaku himself. It was a delightful and most interesting evening and he arranged for us to meet a Professor friend at Kyoto University (Head of the Art Department) who would introduce us to some artists. He also gave us an introduction to a colleague at Hong Kong University. It was very interesting seeing the work of the students at Kyoto University and they made full use of the meeting by pumping York for information about art.

The next day we went to see the Tutankhamen Treasures exhibition at the Museum, having missed it in Toronto. The catalogue was stunning, we picked one up at lunchtime but did not wish to line up in a two-block long slow-moving line but we did meet some young painters whose work was on display in another part of the Museum. At a more opportune moment we did see the Tutankhamen Treasures; it was beautifully presented and a great experience. We had three more days for the wonders of Kyoto and then flew to Taipei, Taiwan.

We stayed at the famous Grand Hotel, sparkingly bright red with dragons and Mandarin splendour. The National Palace Museum with its marvellous black and white paintings of Chinese script was the highlight for us but mostly Taipei wasn't interesting, the poverty, apathy, filth and unintelligent faces got me down. The Temple ornament is more detailed and gaudy than the Japanese. We had a ride in a pedicab, they're everywhere, but one feels safer in a taxi; a cart drawn by a man seems dangerous among the traffic.

Chiang-Kai-Shek's Palace and vast surrounding parkland were beautiful but surrounded by such poverty, one wonders! We went to a small fishing village, Tamuii where York sketched

and through sign language were directed to a restaurant (none had been in evidence). We were served very pink chicken rice but found it had added meat in the form of insects (planned of course). Here they eat everything.

At an outdoor «Hot Pot» supper, one holds slivers of meat with chopsticks in a vessel of boiling water, seconds or timed to individual taste, then fills their plate from the heavily laden buffet with vegetables and dozens of condiments. It was very good.

The next day was November 1, 1965 and we flew to Hong Kong where our friend, Graeme Wilson, now in charge of «Aviation» for the Far East, met us making it possible to walk through customs. We planned this Far East trip because Graeme had written to advise us of his new Post, saying the British Government had provided a five bedroom apartment, had sent all the furnishings and for us to come and help him get settled. He had lots of room for us including a studio for York. His two-floor apartment was on the 7th floor of a large apartment building on a high hill at Repulse Bay, overlooking the Repulse Bay Hotel and the distant sea. In the few months before our arrival, Graeme had only unpacked his living, dining room, bedroom furniture and ours, the rest was still in wraps. He was eating all his meals out, breakfast at a restaurant on the China Sea, dinners occasionally at the Repulse Bay Hotel and lunch in town near his office. He had a small British car, which we could use when he was covering his territory which was vast.

We found he was deep into translating the poetry of a Japanese poet, Hagiwara Sakutaro called the Rimbaud of Japan because of his feeling for the west. He had died in the thirties.

Graeme was friendly with Hagiwara's daughter in Tokyo and was recognized as the world authority on Hagiwara Sakutarō. With his frequent trips to Japan, he was able to check with the daughter and Hagiwara's friends as to exactly what Hagiwara had meant rather than rely on literal translation. We soon found our evenings involved with Graeme on the translations, fast becoming aficionados. This meant York was absorbing the essence of the poetry and he did a painting each morning related to the previous night's thoughts, just for himself, not knowing that one day they would illustrate the definitive book on Hagiwara Sakutarō by Graeme Wilson.

We were accustomed to mingling with the diplomatic world of many countries but still some things surprised us. A secretary must shred all the used carbon paper each day and place it in the vault. One mustn't say anything important while walking along the street without covering your mouth with your hand as it could be picked up from a window in a building ahead. Later when we travelled with Graeme, always on entering a hotel room he searched for listening devices, behind pictures, just outside windows and so forth. It began to feel like a James Bond story!

Hong Kong was an island of four million people, connected by a ten minute ferry with Kowloon on the mainland. Beyond Kowloon is a large area known as the New Territories which borders China, with Guards at the frontier. The above areas were leased to England for 99 years which ends in 1997. At present it is economically sound for China as a clearing house for products made in China which wouldn't find their way to certain countries banned Chinese goods. Hong Kong was booming with fast returns on investments but

is beginning to slow because of the uncertain future. Still it is said that one can receive a high return in seven years! There were huge developments of high-rise apartments along the mountainous coast. One sees all manner of fishing boats, small craft, large merchant and passenger ships, English and American Battleships, Aircraft Carriers and submarines right from their apartment windows. It is a great manufacturing centre and a duty-free port with goods from many countries.

P.J. Chang was in touch immediately, a delightful, scholarly man who worked in the Press Unit for the American Embassy. He said he felt he was doing the right thing as the United States and China had been good friends for a long time; he felt the current misunderstanding would pass. His job was to check all Chinese news and report anything of interest. He had to flee China when the Communists took over. He received news intermittently about his own and Helen's family. He mentioned one son who was a Doctor and was doing well. P.J. invited us to dinner in a restaurant and Helen's friend, the Mongolian Princess and Aunt of the Emperor Helen Wu would be there with her son-in-law as interpreter. On meeting the Princess (a small woman with a large horse face and a lovely smile dressed in black) hugged me warmly, a nice start. We were to have Peking Duck and were served boiled peanuts to begin. We handled them with chopsticks and were told later, it was a ruse to see if we could handle chopsticks, if not silver would have been served. Apparently we passed the test. Next a beautifully browned duck was brought to the table, first we were served bits of crisp skin, next slices of the meat with sauces, then vegetables; all separate courses. The meaty carcass had been taken away and finally a delicious soup was served

made from the carcass and containing strips of cabbage. It was a most interesting meeting and we invited them for dinner the following week.

The Princess's story as told to us by P.J. Chang was that she was allowed to leave China under Mao with only the clothes on her back. Somehow she was able to smuggle out her largest diamond and sold it on reaching Hong Kong. She bought the biggest house possible and started a boarding house to support herself. A very courageous act for someone raised in such luxury. She had been a close friend of Helen Burton and P.J. Chang in Peking.

A week later they came for dinner to our high perch on the hill at Repulse Bay. It turned out they had come by bus which stops at the foot of the steep hill and had walked up the hill. On learning this we were distressed as the one time we had walked up the steep grade we had found it almost too much and we were much younger. It hadn't crossed our minds that they would come by bus, and we had Graeme's car at our disposal. The Princess brought me a very personal present, two walnuts from the Royal Garden that she had manipulated in her hands over the years to keep her hands supple. They were shiny from the oil in her hands. She informed me that I was to do the same. I was deeply touched and they are a treasure which I shall always keep. I wondered what memento I could give her and decided to part with my most special treasure so far on this trip, a hand-made silk flower given to me by Eiko Hagi in Tokyo. It was very beautiful and the Princess was delighted.

Through P.J. Chang we met a famous Shanghai architect now living in Hong Kong, Gin Djih Su and his son Bill also an

architect. They were wonderful outgoing people and we had many good times with them. When the Hags were coming for our Western New Year's from Tokyo we decided to get this group together at our studio-home for dinner. It turned out they already knew each other and I discovered they were conversing in English and inquired as to why. They explained because it was the only language in which they could communicate. The Alphabets of Chinese and Japanese are the same having come from the same source but the people having been separated over centuries have gone in different directions and the verbal is not understood.

Gin Djih Su and son Bill invited the Hags and ourselves to spend New Year's Eve with them celebrating at a restaurant. There was a beautiful singer entertaining and York's antics had caught on with our Japanese and Chinese friends (usually quite formal). When York decided to go up on the platform to give the singer a kiss, he found the men at our table had lined up behind him, much to the amusement of the singer. Everyone had a lot of fun, I don't think they would likely forget this funny Canadian.

On arrival in Hong Kong we had made application to the China Travel Service for a visa to visit China but after two months had passed we made other plans. It seems they weren't much interested in artists but if it meant business for China, visas came through faster. About mid-February permission came through but we turned it down. We had learned in the meantime from friends with Embassies in Peking who said come and stay with us, life is very inexpensive here. Charles Taylor of the Globe and Mail, Toronto, on leaving his post in China had come directly to us for a visit before returning to

Canada. He told us that travel was limited to certain areas with guides anxious to take people through factories, there's little luxury in hotels, one is fortunate to have warm water and unlikely to find spring mattresses. The China Travel Agency asked for \$100 a day in advance for hotels and guides. Our friends said, «You don't need this, it would be almost impossible to spend that much money.» It seemed regimented and York would not be able to get where he wanted to paint. David Oancia (who was to replace Charles Taylor for the G&M) paid us a visit before entering China, bringing us up-to-date news from home.

In Hong Kong the accent is on making money, fast, so it's barren culturally. There is exhibition space in their new City Hall, but everything under the sun is apt to appear there, even exhibitions of commercial products. There are a couple of commercial Art Galleries but no local painters of any note in a contemporary direction. We did meet Stephen Cheung who has a studio and paints in the contemporary direction but is forced to run a biscuit factory by his wealthy father who owns the Garden Bread Company. He was sent to Chicago to study the latest equipment for making biscuits. He installed new biscuit-making machinery, endless in length from start to packaged product, one wrong calculation is disastrous. Stephen burned 60 tons of biscuits getting used to the machine and was still smarting from the embarrassment and dressing-down he got from his father. He's a good amateur painter, also makes sculptures from biscuit tins. He has a fabulous fine studio in a well-designed biscuit factory on a bay in the New Territory.

We were invited to a Canadian-Japanese architect's home

for dinner, Jim Kinoshita, brother of our well-known Toronto architect, Gene Kinoshita. Bill (Wolteh in Chinese) Su took us there because Jim was born and educated in Winnipeg, Lana, his wife was Hong Kong Chinese and both graduated from the University of Winnipeg, quite a surprise!

The Chinese calendar is different, each year is known in a special way, 1965 was the year of the «Snake» and 1966 the year of the «Horse» («Ma» in Chinese). The humidity is very high in Hong Kong and one usually keeps an electric light bulb burning in their clothes closets as well as having a «Dry Room.» Shoes and clothing can become mouldy overnight and must be put in the dry room which has an electric dryer. In York's studio a dehumidifier was kept going with pails of water to empty regularly.

The British Hong Kong Government paid priests to conduct a ceremony in a large building to get rid of ghosts, they burned incense and paid them to go with false currency (both paper and metal) and apparently they succeeded in tricking the ghosts to leave. Seems fantastic today but a friend explained, the Hong Kong Government is very practical, if such a performance is necessary to be able to use the building, why not?

There are whole communities living on boats all their lives such as at Aberdeen. It's fascinating watching them go about their daily chores, back and forth in small boats, washing, cleaning, cooking, visiting, stepping from one boat to another; tiny children playing unwatched and so adept at not falling in the water. Graeme had a sail boat which he kept at Hebe Haven on the China Sea. One day when sailing we encountered a large boat at a distance and we both waved, but as we came

closer they were no longer friendly so Graeme pulled away. He said there is a lot of smuggling going on and it could be dangerous to get too close.

We had interesting friends in the Tows, Pat, Hawaiian Chinese and Bob American Chinese. Pat was a dancer and did the Tai Chi Chuan for us, as our farewell present, a dramatic dance exercise, developed by a Buddhist Chinese monk 2000 years ago as a means of keeping monks healthy, who sat all day at their work. Embraces both exercise and expression with overtones of superstition, medical ideas and other Indian dance influences. There are 109 forms or movements, length of time depends on rate of movement. Pat took half an hour and was trembling at finish. One hour rate, slower version of same thing leaves her exhausted, her limbs feel like jelly. She does other dancing including «Shadow Boxing.» Pat asked York to play Santa Claus because he wouldn't be known to the small children. She supplied a complete costume, pillow for a big belly, bracelets and belt of jingle bells, white beard and all. There were about thirty tiny tots and one little boy said, «You're not the real Santa Claus because I saw him today at Lanes Department store. York said, «Oh yes I am, was someone else imitating me?» The little boy gave a quick pull of Santa's beard but fortunately it held. I was helping Santa with the presents and Pat explained I was Santa's wife. Another little boy piped up, «Santa doesn't have a wife.» Everyone had a lot of fun; the children were bright and well-behaved.

There were thousands of refugees there from mainland China for whom they are building low rental units to get them out of the deplorable condition in their shack-town slums. They even build shacks on top of buildings obtaining access by fire-

escapes, if chased away they return so one can see many squatters in thrown-up shacks on the roofs of big buildings, sometimes with chickens and animals. If installed a certain length of time, unknown to the owners, apparently they must be left alone.

The big celebration is the Chinese New Year (Hung hei fat choy - Happy New Year) January 21st. Their symbols for decoration are in the direction of trees, plants, red packets of money, special sweets and cakes. A branch or if affluent a complete peach tree is cut and put in a vase. Our neighbour had a complete tree, touching the ceiling, cost about \$500 Hong Kong dollars. Good luck for the family depends on the amount of blossom on New Year's day. They also display small Mandarin trees in pots, loaded with fruit and a fragrant type of Narcissus called «Crab's Claw,» because leaves are curled and resemble one. It's a time of visiting and one gives each caller a red packet of money, at least two items, never one. If one wishes to give \$1.00 an extra 10¢ piece is included. With the less affluent, two coins. Servants are given a bonus equal at least to a month's wages. New Year's Eve is celebrated with parties, noise from firecrackers is endless and people drop glass bottles from apartments to crash below.

We have three grandsons, one a baby, Ian, and we started a stamp collection for him adding to it on the trip. The eldest, John, a coin collection, adding some rare ones as we travelled. With Douglas, the middle one (about six) I decided to write a letter every day giving him information on each country we visited.

Sam Zacks kept news coming to us during the year in the Far and Middle East; a letter came early January, 1966 and

snippets from it says: Tel Aviv had a magnificent Picasso exhibition, Kahnweiler came to open it. Sam had acquired some Amlach idols and animals, a few Arp reliefs done a few years ago when he visited Israel, also some silver jewellery by Arp which Sam found in a little village. In Paris Sam found Arabian alabaster heads, Iberia sculpture and more Luristan and Amlach pieces.

Luc Peire and François Thepot took over our New York studio during our absence and a few quick notes to our daughter says: I don't think Luc Peire has connected with a Dealer in New York, sad, he has one in Washington which he had before coming. François had a show at Victoria College and Kay Graham reports that it was marvellous and the Thepots were beaming. The sculptor Oesterle says François has been a tremendous inspiration, encouraging and so on, but he has never met Etrog, too busy! The painter Jack Martin killed in car accident; Jean Horne slipped and pulled tendons in her leg, hospitalized a few days.

We left Hong Kong on Sunday, January 30, 1966. York shipped about 70 12x16 inch paintings and unnecessary clothing to Toronto. Graeme left before us and will meet us in Jesselton, Sabah (once North Borneo). We were travelling his territory for the next month so he will flit in and out of our lives until Bangkok, then we part unless he finds a reason to go to India, unlikely, not his territory. We left as planned, about a three hour flight. Our Air Hostess, Patsy Tan from Singapore, an old friend of Graeme's whom we saw often on her runs to Hong Kong was waiting for us on the plane and took us directly to first class, so we had marvellous service en route. They wear their native Malaysian costumes on duty, a

long dress made from batiks, the skirt wrapped around skin tight or they pile pleats up like the edge of a fan down centre front. We now have several Air Hostesses, all devoted to Graeme and now we were part of the family. We checked into the Hotel Jesselton and find Jesselton a sleepy small town stretching along the China Sea, vast expanses of water, islands dotted here and there and no horizon.

The temperature was 78-90° and everything is air conditioned. The people are so colourful, mad colour combinations, unbelievable faces and forms but gentle and friendly. We're told there is lots of piracy on the high seas. The Philipinos get American cigarettes here and smuggle them into the Philippines, paying off Police and Customs, but Pirates try to intercept them, take their cargoes, often killing them. The most recent story: The Police picked up two survivors in the water and six dead.

York is back to painting here, struggling to work out an idea how to use the marvellous colours in the batik clothing of women and shirts of men. There are scores of homes on stilts at the water's edge.

Graeme arrived having come from Manilla and we had an invitation to dinner at his friends' home, the British Deputy High Commissioner, Rex Hunt and his wife Mavis. They kept inviting us on several occasions and put a car and driver at our disposal. One night at dinner York said he would like to take a boat and go down the river, but Rex dismissed it immediately saying it's much too dangerous. He suggested he would get in touch with his colleague in Kuching who would put a jeep and driver at our disposal and take us into the jungle to visit a Land-Dyak village. This sounded like an even better

idea so York was placated. We could often hear the sounds of war in the distance from the part controlled by Indonesia.

Darkness comes fast here, it's a matter of minutes from daylight to total darkness with marvellous brief sunsets. We had many evening walks along the seashore watching sea-life at the water's edge. Graeme mentioned never to touch a stonefish, they're deadly. Graeme is off to Brunei tomorrow and we to Kuching, tonight we're being picked up for dinner at 8 p.m. The little Museum here is interesting in a primitive way. During the Falkland Islands' war with Argentina 1980-81, we were delighted to find that Rex Hunt, now Sir Rex, was the Governor of the Falkland Islands.

(Graffiti, New York: «The Meek don't want it!»)

