

# XXII

We're off to Cairo tonight, late flight 10:50 p.m., arriving at 1:50 a.m.; stayed at the Continental Savoy Hotel. York was dehydrated and feeling poorly from a long bout of dysentery, fortunately we had friends there, the Australian Ambassador, John Lavery (old Paris friend) who had just arrived two weeks ago himself. He immediately sent his Doctor to check on York. The Doctor pronounced dehydration and a skin allergy, he was to stay in bed 4-5 days, take vitamins, eat only toast, Yoghurt, Chicken in its broth and drink tea. John's wife, Rita, was still in Australia settling the children in boarding schools. John was still waiting to present his credentials to Nasser. We had dinner on the terrace of John's sumptuous residence, but after York's rallying greeting, he really wasn't with it and I realized how ill he was. After his few days in bed he quickly improved and one of John's ministers, Russell Wilson invited us to dinner. The following evening we went to see a performance of «Son et Lumière» (Sound and Light) at the Pyramids which are not far out of Cairo though in the desert. We had seen many «Son et Lumière» by this time, first in France (where it was invented), The Forum in Rome and the Parthenon in Athens. I don't think they had reached America by 1966. We went to the Egyptian Museum, one of the many specialized ones here, it is overwhelming, the amount of stuff they have, so much monumental sculpture from Temples. It all needs more space

to be appreciated, yet the museum is enormous, we could not cover it in an afternoon. The sculpture is mostly in pink, grey or black granite and sandstone, brought from the Aswan area, as this is the only granite in Egypt.

We went to the Pyramids and made the mistake of entering Cheops' Pyramid, the largest. One travels a long narrow, steep tunnel, bent double to the centre top jammed between hundreds, one is trapped, the air is foul and no relief to breathe in the tomb but at least one can stand up before backing down same frightening tunnel against an increasing stream of people, as we were early. It's not worth it when you arrive, just foul air with the smell of urine and only the outer, empty cover of the sarcophagus is there. The Pyramids are impressive though, the Great Sphinx at Giza is magnificently large, unfortunately the nose is damaged. It was surrounded by a protective fence for repairs but York was given special permission to enter inside to sketch. It was interesting seeing it so close.

We flew to Luxor to the Valley of the Kings and Queens on the west side of the Nile, it is marvellous related to tomb paintings and Temple sculptures, some 2000 years B.C. We did not go to Aswan or the Temple—moving project further south, partly because of the exhausting heat and partly because we're a little behind schedule because of York's illness. He is just beginning to feel well again and has just finished a small painting related to the painting in the tomb of Seti, the most outstanding tomb of all. There is an avenue of long rows of sculpture, about 1500 B.C. at Karnak, uncovered the end of the last century. We were told by an Egyptian Army Officer that Egypt is subsidizing the travel of Germans, (about L100 Egyptian pounds, about \$300) per person. They spend 15 days

in Egypt including all expenses for \$200, perhaps because Germany expertly moved a threatened Temple in the about to be flooded area to a new site as a gift to Egypt. One sees Germans everywhere, they always get the best for the least because they are willing to put forth that extra effort. Nasser is doing great wonders for Egypt and is very popular. He comes from a middle class family, educated here and in England, father a minor official but he has long studied what the Egyptians want and what is best for Egypt, truly a finger on the pulse of the nation, furthermore he is the first Egyptian to rule Egypt since a date B.C. until 1952 when Farouk was ousted. Farouk was the end of a Turkish Dynasty started in 1805 by Mohammed Ali. Nasser is a real dictator, but a good one and of course no one but a Dictator could bring Egypt along so fast into this century. There is such pride and eagerness in Egyptian accomplishment, everyone is conscious of it. Apparently anyone has access to Nasser, can talk with him and mention any criticism he may have. Nasser will take the trouble to explain his reason for doing whatever, certainly the Egyptian leaves with a better understanding whether he agrees or not. Over the intervening centuries Egypt was ruled by Romans, Assyrians, Hittites, Greeks, Turks, even Napoleon for three years. Giant projects were underway, one unequalled anywhere, the 400 million Aswan Dam. When the U.S. and the World Bank turned Nasser down for this project, he looked elsewhere, found Russia would supply the money and engineers on terms agreeable to him. Today the Dam is well underway (1966) and no Russians remain; it is in the hands of trained Egyptians, with some foreign experts, namely American. Russia had been hopeful of wooing Egypt in the

beginning but Nasser repeatedly made it clear that Egypt's course was neutral, hence a certain loss of interest on Russia's part. This Dam will be invaluable in storing vast amounts of water for use in converting useless desert land to much needed agricultural land.

The Kings are always represented with a long, narrow, false beard, tied on. At times this is strange especially on such boyish faces as Tutankhamen who died at age 20. Even Queen Hatchepaut had herself portrayed as a king with a beard. I don't know about Cleopatra (although she was a Macedonian Greek) as we did not go to Alexandra where her tomb is. All the Kings were considered Gods and sometimes represented in the form of another God, such as Horus who had the head of a hawk. Enormous sculptures of Kings often include their Queens in a small form (knee-high) by their sides showing they love them but they are not allowed to be shown as high or higher than themselves, neither do they put them under their feet; often sisters are married to brothers. In their reliefs apart from ceremonies, there will be a long line of guards with white faces indicating they guard the tomb by day, then a long line of black faces indicating night guards. Some of these bas reliefs and sculptures still show traces of paint and one sees carved stone walls in their original colours inside Tombs and Temples. The colours are mostly red, white, blue and yellow. The ceiling in Tombs often represent the night sky, dark blue, occasionally medium blue with crosses for stars sometimes in dark red.

The complete contents of the Tomb of Tutankhamen were still there, enough for a small well-stocked museum. There are at least four rooms and an entrance and it was completely filled, discovered by the English archaeologist, Carter only in

1928. It was well-hidden under another Tomb and no one thought of such a ruse. The ancient Kings believed in astrology and it was foretold that robbers would search for their tombs; they were so obsessed with this idea that the greatest care was taken to hide them, even tales of workers being killed. They chose this distant, uninhabited lonely site with hot desert temperatures, across the Nile from Luxor, at the foot of the mountains. Luxor was Thebes, sometimes the capital, sometimes Cairo then called Memphis, in Cleopatra's time it was Alexandria.

The tomb of Seti, 4000 B.C. is the most magnificent today, rich with wall paintings, no plaster on the stone, but a thick emulsion like gesso (method unknown today). The sealed tomb had the entrance stone replaced in the face of the rock leaving no outward trace. On entering one walked down a long corridor (all carved out of the rock), the walls covered with paintings, showing Kings, Gods, etc. partaking in certain ceremonies, areas of abstract symbols, even some of his slaves in case he needed them in the next life in which the Egyptians strongly believed, hence all the things buried with them, so as to be ready, even boats to cross to the other side. The large wooden boat from Seti's tomb was not in the Egyptian Museum. After the long corridor, gradually descending stone steps to a large room (then a fake tomb to fool the robbers, complete with sarcophagus, etc.), this looked like the end of the tomb with a carefully sealed wall with a wall painting. However the archaeologists tested the wall, found the loose stone and entered another chamber filled with the large boat which must have been assembled inside. There were other rooms and finally the Tomb with the real sarcophagus, the

mummy has been removed with other articles to the Egyptian Museum. But robbers had gained access at the bottom of the tomb from the bottom of the deep, false tomb. It is thought to have been robbed as many things were in the burial area, then knowledge of its existence lost for centuries.

A King's tomb is started from his first day as King in order to be ready and have time to make it as grand as possible. Often a King died young, hence a less impressive tomb. Tutankhamen's mummy is still in the sarcophagus in the tomb as it was found in poor condition. Robbers had not discovered the tomb and it was well stocked, although articles found in chests did not always tie up with the inventory on the lid and sometimes seemed in disarray, some articles mentioned have never been found. It must have happened at the time, possibly an inspector sealing the tomb. Most of the mummies have been taken to the Egyptian Museum, one pays extra for this part, but we did not have time. Friends tell us it is most interesting as the faces were not covered and one has an idea of the features of these Pharaohs, they were a more elegant, intelligent race with white skins. Who were they?

There were mummified animals, possibly their pets, cats, dogs, monkeys, etc. Apart from many other tombs in the Valley of the Kings, all had more or less interest in paintings, sculptures, ingenuity, etc. There was a great Temple built by Queen Hatchepsut, it soars upward, terrace after terrace, ending against the stone face of a mountain, again sculptured bas relief walls of giant proportions, painted, plus huge sculptures in the round of people, Gods and animals. The ancient toilet was still there from 1000 years or more B.C., an oblong hole in the marble floor with foot-shape places for the

feet. One sees this ancient type occasionally throughout Asia and Europe. Hatchepsut generally had herself portrayed as a King or God, one painting at least still exists in this Temple of her as a Queen (woman) which was missed by her jealous brother who had defaced every sculpture and painting of her as King, he succeeded her to the throne.

One crosses the deep (over 100 metres), wide Nile from Luxor by boat to the west side, then by car to reach the Valley of the Kings. It's exhausting in hot weather and it's always hot, and one may climb 100 steps to exit from a tomb. From the middle of April on Luxor, Aswan and the south become impossible because of the heat. Near Luxor a place was related to Mary and Joseph's flight to Egypt.

There are two important Temples in Luxor right in the town and at Karnak, a 20 minute ride by horse and carriage. Karnak is tremendous with great gates, pillars, carved needles, sculptures, etc. still standing or restored to position.

The Citadel containing the Palace and Mosque in Cairo of Mohammed Alli (1805), the Turk and ancestor of Farouk is most impressive, on a high hill, the Mosque is still in use. There is a spare altar given by Farouk, one sees gifts given by him in many places. There are many beautiful, enormous copper filigree chandeliers which contain hundreds of candles in the Mosques. The acres of floors covered with hundreds of rugs are generally donated by pilgrims. There is always a fountain or many faucets for the faithful to wash their hands, feet, eyes, ears, nose and mouth before entering the Mosque, shoes left outside, three times a day to pray, always facing Mecca. The Mosque has vaulted niches indicating the exact direction. They must pray at sunrise, noon and sunset, one hears the call to

prayer, made with long horns, called Ramadan Horns and can be heard for miles, as well as the Priests chanting for blocks around from the minarets. People carry their prayer rugs; if the Mosque is full they put them on the ground or sidewalk, sometimes there are lines for blocks.

The Islamic Museum is most interesting with good examples in carved and inlaid religious furniture, lamps, chandeliers, pottery, arms, tableaux, books, ancient Korans, plaques, etc. We visited the Opera House one evening and were invited to enter and stay as long as we wished listening to the Cairo Symphony. The next evening would be a French play without words, and the closing for the summer as the building was not air-conditioned, but would be next summer.

We had struck up a friendship in Egypt with an Hungarian Doctor, Alexander Sos and his wife Susan from New York. Sos was not his Hungarian name as it was unpronounceable and he had adopted the simple name of SOS. Our next stop was to be Petra, the ancient city carved out of the rock in Trans-Jordan, to reach it was a strenuous journey and Dr. Sos felt York should not attempt it until he was stronger. We decided to fly to Beirut in Lebanon with the Soses instead.

Lebanon has a beautiful climate and the people are so nice, good-looking, intelligent and honest faces, also a change to fresh green landscape and cleanliness. The Museum is well-presented but not so interesting in material. The unusual things were burials in large ceramic jars having a piece broken out of the side to insert the corpse, then replaced, and a group, possibly 30 of white, marble sarcophagi the shape of the body with portrait heads (almost in the round), Roman style, mostly men, women were represented with hair covering their ears,

found at Sidon in Lebanon, site of an old Roman ruin. The corpse was put directly into these.

There were beautiful, elegant shops in Beirut, the Capital, and over 300 hotels, many overlooking the Mediterranean like ours, large, modern buildings, steep hills which make the build-up of houses more interesting for painting. The Phoenician ancestors of the Lebanese are generally credited with the creation of a 22 letter alphabet, being the forerunner of all modern alphabets. There is a sarcophagus from the 11th century, B.C. of King Ahiiram of Byblos (from Bible) a contemporary of Ramses II with inscriptions proving this point. We saw an interesting exhibition of copies of the Ravenna mosaics at the Sursuck Museum. We hired a car and driver with the Soses to go to Damascus in Syria which turned out to be expensive and of little interest. Cost of car and driver, entry visa to Syria, hire of another car and driver guide had to pay a re-entry visa into Lebanon. The large old Mosque in Damascus had so little original mosaic left, just scraps underneath arches and was in the midst of restoration (an earthquake helped dislodge much) doing great walls copying original mosaics but too bright at moment, replacing the great areas of stone in the inner courtyard, etc. There are over 800 room-sized rugs in this Mosque.

A story goes that St. Ananias (not then a saint) was told by God to go along the road that was straight to a certain house, this he did and found St. Paul (not yet a saint) blinded by his enemies and he restored Paul's eyesight. An ancient, primitive church remains on the site of Ananias' house today. Paul was captured by the Romans, put in a prison cell at one of the eight gates of the city overnight; he escaped by being lowered in a

blanket outside the city walls. We were shown the window from which he was lowered.

Another trip was to Baalbek, one of the largest and most impressive Roman ruins for which Baalbek is famous; the scale of the stones and pillars is the largest I have seen. The destruction of the huge Temple, one of the grandest architectural achievements of all time was caused by a series of earthquakes in 1759.

Our one year trip ticket around the world had open flights, the pace was set when York felt he had finished sketching and was ready for the next phase. When we were not staying with friends, we arranged for a hotel on arrival at the Airport. It worked out well.

From Lebanon we flew to Aman, Jordan, an hour by taxi from Jerusalem, because airfield repairs were taking place in Jerusalem. We passed the Dead Sea and stopped as York wanted the experience of swimming there since it is so heavy with salt that one cannot sink, or scarcely swim for that matter. We then carried on past the ruins of Jericho and stayed at the American Colony Hotel, the main building had been a palace, now an historic site, other buildings had been added under the ownership of Mrs. Vester, now 90ish and friend of our Canadian archaeologist, Douglas Tushingham. She immediately enquired about him. She was just recovering from the shock of the death of her youngest son, Jock who used an old shotgun while visiting her to get rid of a noisy cat, it backfired and killed him.

Jerusalem is built on hills, at that time a divided city like Berlin, but most of the important Biblical places are on the Jordan side. The ancient wall of the city is the dividing line

and troops are stationed on both sides with a small area of no-man's land in between. We walked in the Garden of Gethsemene, where Jesus walked, the same ancient olive trees (3000-4000 years old) are there. Nearby is the Church of the Crusaders, 12th century. We followed the 11 Stations of the Cross, area where Jesus was betrayed, exact same stones where he stood while being judged by Pontius Pilate; his places of rest including his three falls while carrying the Cross; where he was nailed to it; sepulchre, etc. There are four religious sects in the Church (divided, each to his own part) which covers the site of the sepulchre. The commercialism of the whole thing is sad. We saw the Wailing Wall.

The start of an excavation of Jericho, a narrow strip through a mound. We went to Bethlehem and saw the manger, actual spot where the Christ Child was shown to the three Wise Men, saw the spot where Jesus is mentioned at age 12. A very grand and beautiful Mosque stands (Mosque of the Dome) with a huge area of the natural stone inside, showing where Abraham tried to sacrifice Isaac, etc. However Arab Jerusalem is a beautiful city from a painting standpoint, having been built on a hill.

There is quite a good Museum and a small new section (1966) with the Dead Sea Scrolls, their collection is poor, most are in small pieces put together and under glass. One hears a story about a Shepherd having discovered some in a cave and since they were written on goat skin, he took them to a shoemaker in town to have shoes made. The shoemaker sensed that they were unusual and took them to the Museum who in turn got in touch with someone else who paid a considerable sum for them, taking them elsewhere then further searching

turned up more. They had been put in earthenware jars and hung in the caves for safety and preservation. Somehow, Jerusalem, Jordan ended up with a lesser part of the find, possibly because others could pay more. Among parts of the scripture fragments are deeds, treatises, etc. The collection in this Museum is well-presented and documented. Of course more information is known today. York was very busy sketching here. We phoned Ayala Zacks in Tel Aviv as she was there preparing for the opening of their Museum at Hazor, she urged us to come and arranged a small hotel for us near her house and on the Sea.

To leave Arab Jerusalem one crosses on foot at the Mandelbaum Gate. There is a wide section of no-man's land, the Porter takes your baggage half way and sets it down and returns, then a Porter comes from the Israeli side to pick it up while we walk through. It's a strange feeling believing guns from both sides are trained on you, all alone in this wide, empty space. We were in the embarrassing position of having no Jordanian money left to pay the first Porter, our taxi having cost more than we expected, so we promised to send something back. He looked a bit pained and questioned «You won't forget?» It turned out this was quite possible during our pleasant welcome by the Israelis, but there was no one to take it back, the porters had never met, so I walked back, paid the porter and returned. We asked to have our passports stamped on a piece of paper with the lame excuse that our passports were nearly filled, but they laughed and said, «What is the real reason?» They knew very well if we had an Israeli stamp in our passports we could not return to another Arab country, such was the hatred.

We were now in New Jerusalem, it was more progressive, modern and cleaner. The Museum was impressive, a large, white, round building and is considered one of the finest anywhere. The Chagall windows (which we had seen in Paris) were now installed in the Chapel connected with the Hadassah Hospital. There is much grumbling about them being there that they should be in a more important place, this is a distance out of town. Hadassah did have the idea to commission Chagall and raised the money to pay for them!

We were exhausted and had colds so we took a taxi to Tel Aviv. Ayala gave us a day or two to rest then started taking us on trips each day. The Zacks' little used Tel Aviv house is fabulous, large, elegant, very high ceilings with the main living-room designed around an enormous, early, beautiful Lurcat Tapestry, his first, which they had rescued from moths as it had been folded and left in a basement. They had it carefully repaired and there is no evidence of damage now. They have a fine collection of modern paintings and sculptures there. Louis Rodgers was the current Canadian Ambassador, he and his wife June were old friends from the Paris days and immediately invited us to dinner, saying to bring Ayala as they hadn't met as yet. It was a lovely evening of reminiscences and the Rodgers were enjoying Israel. They informed us their colleagues, the Thomas Wainman-Woods, Ambassador to Cyprus, other Paris friends had been enquiring as to where we were as we were to be their guests in Nicosia, Cyprus.

The next morning Ayala took us to Hazor to the Kibutz where their Museum they were giving to Israel was almost ready for the official opening in a few days, May 22nd, by André Malraux and Sam would arrive for the occasion. We

were impressed by the unusual architecture of this small Museum, with a second building as a restaurant. The lower and top parts were glass, with a circular band of concrete in the middle which supported the second floor, the whole, being supported by four stout squared columns. It is built on a Kibutz at the excavation site where the artifacts were dug up and paid for by Baron Rothchild of England; the thinking being to have small museums right at the various sites. The collection was beautifully presented, large stone pieces outside and on the first floor, smaller pieces on the second floor, many placed in sand just as they were found, others in nicely designed cases. Mr. Horsey, the Director, was an amateur archaeologist, now professional, took us through the Kibutz. The homes were small, simple structures; one starts in a dormitory; as one is married and progresses (re work status, etc.) one moves into small quarters, such as a room and kitchen. Mr. Horsey now had one of the top living quarters, a small cottage with a bed-living room, walls lined with bookshelves, a kitchen, possibly a bathroom and a small flower garden. There is no allowance for storage or children, the children live in a dormitory, all together, spend their days under supervision and school, visiting their parents from 4-8 p.m., later as they get older. No one owns their clothes, they all go to the Kibutz laundry, then one picks up clothing from the stockroom according to size, all wear the same style. There are central quarters for the use of all, so one does not need storage space, it's a great communal effort. The Zacks and Rothchild bequest will make this a more important Kibutz and no doubt will bring in revenue from tourists.

On the way to Hazor we had morning coffee in a little

café on the Sea of Galilee, beautiful and full of history. Later we lunched at Abu Christie on the Mediterranean. We visited Haifa, a beautiful, hilly city and Ayala's sister, Rachel Graetz had a lovely home on the top of Mount Carmel but spends little time there but hopes one day to persuade her husband, Heinz Graetz to spend 6 months there each year; impossible now as Heinz died the same year as Sam Zacks, 1970. Heinz was the author of an important book on Van Gogh. He is a European and is currently finishing a film (1966).

We met some Israeli painters and sculptors through Ayala, Zaritsky (one of the best) spends time in Paris but speaks only Russian. Rubin Rubin (the most popular painter) had a current exhibition at the Museum in Jerusalem during our visit. Our friend Constant, sculptor, who lived in Paris happened to be there at the time. He told us he had been offered a house and studio in Israel if he would spend time there each year and has accepted the offer. Our old friend Marcel Janco (one of the Dada Group along with Arp, Seuphor, Schwitters, etc.) called us and we visited the Artists' Village, Ein Hook, which he started and has been almost everyone's teacher including Canadian sculptor, Sorel Etrog. The Jancos have a house there overlooking a beautiful valley, but use it only on weekends. He is still Mayor of Ein Hook, try as he may to shed this responsibility in order to just paint. He has a studio in Tel Aviv to get away from students and people, they would take all his time and he has already given a major part of his life and money to get the Artists' Village under way and keep it going in the right direction. The Dada movement was again coming to life and was just beginning to be shown in Paris at the Museum of Modern Art, 1967. There is more «Art» in their

supposed «Non Art» than many things we see today. When Marcel visited Paris in 1963 he was just beginning to try to find more time for his own painting after his long years of dedication to students. He was then painting more and was much in need of warm encouragement given by York. He's a lovely guy in the way Rico Lebrun was. He embraced York and felt close to him. He died around the time that York did (1984). The Marcel Janco Museum has been opened since and an excellent book exists on his work.

An amusing incident happened when we were at Ayala's house for dinner one night in Tel Aviv. Ayala's mother headed the family with Ayala and Sam, Ayala's brother Arie Ben Tovim, wife Stephanie and us. In honour of their mother the men all wore the Yamolka (little cap) at the table and York was given one also. Ayala took one look at him and burst out laughing, saying: «My God you look more Jewish than the others!»

Calls were coming again from the Wainman-Woods in Cyprus. When were we coming, they had arranged certain things for us. We left the next day for Cyprus and were met by Tom and Shelagh Wainman-Wood in their chauffeured car with the Canadian ensign, at the Airport. What a wonderful reunion and on arrival at the official residence, Shelagh presented me with two cartons of Canadian Export cigarettes, saying you must be dying for a Canadian cigarette! She had forgotten that I scarcely smoked and York had given it up many years before. I diddled along smoking two or three cigarettes an evening and had just arrived at the decision to give it up when the current package was finished. Shelagh was so overjoyed to be able to make what she thought was a most

welcome gift, I didn't have the heart to tell her and took the cartons to my room. I didn't sleep much that night and decided to stick to my earlier decision, plus taking a cue from York when he had faced a much more difficult decision «to quit for life.» I returned the cartons in the morning.

Our visit was a happy and busy few days with Shelagh and Tom; with United Nations Canadian Peace Troops stationed there to keep things under control between the Greeks and Turks, we were able to pass to both sides with the diplomatic car flying the Canadian Flag. Tom kindly put the car and driver at York's disposal taking him to sketching spots during the day and returning to pick him up at appointed times. One evening the Wainman-Woods had a dinner and dance for the Canadian Peace Corps Officers. Another evening entertaining the Diplomats from various countries and an error in invitations caused a somewhat sleepless night for our hosts. Someone had made a mistake and invited the Israeli and Arab Ambassadors the same evening. One arrived and when the second came, fortunately Shelagh overheard the name and rushed to the door, saying, «I must inform you the Israeli Ambassador is here, there's been an error in the guest list,» at which point the Arab Ambassador turned on his heel and left. After the party we were concerned about the next move, however Shelagh came down in the morning saying, «I know what to do, we'll send him a large Canadian cheese.» It worked, the Ambassador was delighted.

We did much sightseeing which gave York an opportunity to go back to sketch. There are a lot of Roman ruins on Cyprus apart from its interesting history and scenery. With Canada being neutral Tom and Shelagh had many friends on both sides

and we seemed to go to one side for Cocktails and dinner on the other almost every night. One night on returning late Tom suggested we stop in for a nightcap at the hotel near the Post Office where we sat on the well-lit verandah facing the garden and, blackness. There was a small orchestra playing and a large rug hung from the ceiling on the edge of the verandah between the orchestra and the garden which seemed rather strange. I asked, «Why?» Tom explained that just over there, in the blackness, was a Turkish section and the bobbing head of the conductor on the well-lit verandah would be too much of a temptation for some trigger-happy person. That same night we heard quite an explosion from our beds which seemed distant. In the morning Tom informed us that the Post Office had been blown up. One day when returning from Kyrenia we were surprised to see the soldiers lined up along the roadside with their small canons pointed to the distant hillside and asked why. They explained the Turks had been caught preparing for an attack and they were just waiting to make sure orders to dismantle were carried out.

We bid our friends in Cyprus goodbye on May 27 and headed for Athens and after renewing our acquaintance with the museums, the Parthenon, Constitution Square where we discovered some interesting murals in the surrounding buildings, we decided to get away from the summer heat and headed for Piraeus to catch the first boat to Santorini, sailed at 1 p.m. and arrived at 5:30 a.m. the next morning. We faced a sheer facade of rock with a town (all white buildings) perched on top, in the sky, a formidable sight. It turned out that one zigzags across the sheer mountain by donkey, they are forced to keep going at a good pace, relentlessly to the top. This being

the donkeys or small horses' lot on the beautiful Isle of Santorini, plus overloading, their working life is approximately two years, they die not being able to sustain the strain longer. I don't know what happens to the boys or men driving their strings of donkeys, walking alongside but a K.L.M. Pilot said he felt the boys and the donkeys hearts at the top and both were pounding unnaturally. Santorini is beautiful from below or above, the white buildings extend down the hillside with the same sort of meandering streets, the buildings attach one to the other looking down and our Hotel (The Atlantis) is right at the top. One sees all sorts of shapes, roofs, some tunnel-shaped among the squares, oblongs, etc., high-walled gardens cemented or paved, leaving various shapes open for plants and trees.

We had a good-sized balcony overlooking other islands, including a red-hot volcano five minutes from our shore by motor boat. As so often happens one can cook food or light a cigarette by scooping a little sand away. This group of islands in the Aegean is called the «Cyclades.» If we look out windows on the opposite side, one can see the Sea of Crete and Crete itself on a clear day which is normal weather. This is the fishing area, two days ago our genial host came in with six langoustes, he says they're larger than lobster, which he caught by line offering a small fish as bait. It was served for lunch and was very good, usually I'm not fond of Greek cooking, bread heavy, vegetables and meat overcooked and I don't like the taste of the olive oil used extensively in cooking. Our relief is a picnic lunch each day, ham in a tin from France, Dutch cheese, fresh tomatoes, Yoghurt and beer. Incidentally French is the language of Santorini, Alliance Française had been active there.

Santorini has a good white wine but the red a little sweet, a 28 year old brandy, rather strange. Life is simple and pleasant, York felt he could paint there a long time, exploring ideas re the «whites.» There is a rugged drive up gravel roads to the «Old City,» Greek, 300 B.C. The Venetians were here about 1300, said to be the most interesting thing on the island! Our host arranged a price for a car and driver to take us to see a view from a higher part of the «Old City» an hour's drive. He stopped sooner and we got out to see the reason, nothing, and then asked to be taken to the «Old City» and to our surprise after a hard, dusty drive we ended back at our hotel. We couldn't communicate and looked for our host who was nowhere to be found so we let the driver go, obviously there had been some sort of misunderstanding! In the final reckoning he wanted more money than the arranged price and said that we had indicated that we didn't want to go to the «Old City,» of course we don't know in what manner. You can't win them all, but often we found things tricky in Greece, especially with taxis and restaurants. This island is so enchanting though primitive in some ways but it was a nice experience and we were well rested, the only night life was noisy and unattractive.

York did a couple of small paintings daily and a few drawings. Sunday we took a four hour walk to the coastal town of «Ia,» not very different but more ruins left after the earthquake in 1956. Our town «Thira» has mostly been rebuilt and our hotel was not damaged, used as a hospital at the time, actually this island has a fantastic record of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. Water is a great problem and must be brought from the distant island of Poros, our hotel manager won't drink water outside his own hotel, also about the only safe place to eat with a high enough standard of food handling. The large, walk-in

refrigerator and kitchens are orderly and clean. One night the manager showed us a 26 pound bass he had caught. We had an excellent fish course every dinner, cucumber and tomato salad, a meat course, fresh fruit, cherries, strawberries, etc. Santorini was named by the Venetians for Saint Irene, the old name «Thira» is used officially. One makes contact in French, or Italian with some of the elderly.