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We arrived in Kuching, Sarawak and checked the British Information Officer. Rex Hunt had indeed contacted him and he had a driver and jeep ready to pick us up in the morning. He suggested we take candies and cigarettes to give the natives. The driver, an educated Sea-Dyak arrived early morning with an assistant. They were friendly and full of information. It was a long drive into the jungle to reach the Land-Dyak village; we parked the car but still had a long walk. We reached the village which was on stilts, so high up in the trees, we could see nothing but a tremendous stairway leading up. There were just chickens and pigs on the ground below. We climbed the stairs and saw a giant verandah, perhaps 20 feet wide, stretching as far as the eye could see and children playing their games while the parents sat on their doorsteps eating beetle nuts, mildly intoxicating, which stains their filed, pointed teeth and mouths red. As we appeared at eye-level, all heads turned. Our Sea-Dyak guide spoke trying to remember his earlier language, though somewhat different to the Land-Dyak language. He seemed to be making headway and asked if we might look into their homes. They agreed but remained sitting while we entered a large bare room with a huge, black fireplace for cooking. Their bed mats had been rolled and stored in a small room at the back along with other belongings. The walls at eye-level had many strange ornaments, bit of hair, fur, sticks or whatever. As I reached to touch one, our guide grabbed

my arm, saying «Don't touch that, it's a curse.» We carried on down the verandah, the homes side by side were much the same; we passed candies to the children and cigarettes to the adults, no one refused a cigarette putting it aside for some future moment often behind the ear. Ahead we saw young teenage bare-breasted girls running for cover, appearing later with cotton brassieres. Our guide said there had been missionaries here who taught them to cover up.

As we returned from the long stretch of verandah, I happened to look over the high railing and there, way below was a large, round, high building on the ground among the trees. On inquiry we were told it was the «Head House.» «Could we visit it?» Our guide, «No, no foreigner has ever been allowed in the Head House.» «Would you ask?» He asked and was told the key was lost. We waited, and waited, obviously not going away and in about half an hour while we talked, smiled and handed out goodies, the chief appeared with the key. We descended the narrow stairway ladder from the verandah in front of the Head House. We entered, there was a large fireplace with a huge iron cauldron hanging from a crossbar in which their victims had been cooked. After all these were a head-hunting tribe and our guide explained, «They haven't eaten anyone for fifteen years or so.» The walls were decorated with skulls from the past and other odd bones hung from the high ceiling.

We returned to the high verandah, saying our goodbyes as we proceeded to the great entrance steps down to the ground. As we walked our way back to the jeep we were caught in a heavy downpour. Our guides rushed to cut large leaves in the jungle which covered our heads and shoulders

like a cape. Back in Kuching we spent the following day there, among other things found the museum quite interesting, the Director, a friend of Graeme's, regaled us with stories about the collection.

The island of Borneo is now three independent Republics (1963), Sabah, Sarawak and Brunei. All three became part of the Federation of Malaysia. The rest of Borneo is Indonesian. We left Sarawak, stopped briefly in Brunei and then on to Singapore (Singapura means 'Lion') checking into the Orchard Hotel. Singapore has a long history as a British Colony, then joined the Federal States of Malaysia briefly, now independent. Indonesia has tremendous investments in Singapore, all frozen now, buildings and boats unused, deteriorating, in fact part of the harbour is filled with a few hundred sunken Indonesian ships (masts showing only) ordered sunken by Indonesia. Other areas have scores of expensive merchant vessels belonging to wealthy Chinese, lying idle. However Singapore is a large bustling city and port.

Our friend, the air hostess, Leng Leng Liau, found us and had us moved to the finest hotel, The Goodwood, at two thirds the price which was still expensive. She introduced us to her group of young friends who took care of our every need, providing cars, taking us sightseeing off the beaten track, a different restaurant for dinner each night even crossing the frontier to Jahore Baru. A nicer, more thoughtful group of young people would be difficult to find anywhere; all students from a university in Australia now home during vacation; three engineers and a medical Doctor from affluent homes and serious, hard working, questioning, wanting to know the «whys» of everything. One off-track sight was «Death Street,»

the existence of which embarrasses Singaporeans and efforts are being made to stamp out the practice. It is in China Town and it is believed to be bad luck if someone dies in a house or block of apartments. Poor souls about to die are sent to a room on this street (rented for the sole purpose of dying in it). There they wait alone for death. Another street in the area has businesses who make paper replicas of the belongings, such as a furnished house, your car and so on. Cars would be 3/4 size and might be a bright pink, all gay colours. Same with houses all sparkling with colour and decoration in a sugar-coated or tinselly way. These things are purchased depending on the wealth of the family to represent the prestige of the deceased and are burnt in a ceremony after death. Another venerable Chinese on this street rented sleeping space to down and outers for a few cents. One could see the open, framed cubicles soaring to the ceiling, people getting arranged for the night. This old patriarch was also carrying on a few years old feud against the Singapore Government for having given his son (then a prodigy musician) a scholarship to England after which the son didn't want to return home. The old man felt he had a just grievance and has continued to tell the world ever since.

One night we sat in a garden restaurant called «Batik» which featured their kind of «Kish-Kabeb,» another night sat at a table in a field along the seashore (with the roar of the sea) and ate piles of seafood, the kitchen being a canvas-topped, open area a few yards away, coffee at a swank place on the highest hill, and drove on and on into the night to far rural reaches of the island, one moment in a military area, housing thousands of British soldiers with armed guards, next in an

area of swanky residential estates bordering the sea, one of the boys had a wealthy grandmother there. I must say it was weird and scary at times in the blackness of the night, but always interesting with these young madmen. Then we arrived back in the city having driven all evening until 11:30 p.m. and had French pastries and coffee, while our big boys (turned men, still bachelors) although some 26 drank milk, especially Peter Chua, the Doctor, glass after glass.

The wearing attire is the ankle length sarong - batik - both sexes, skin tight and a blouse called, Cabaya, so their costume is the «Sarong Cabaya.» We sampled a new fruit, tastes like sharp strawberries, a little perfumed. We thought it was the custard apple but turned out to be «Sour Sop» so unromantic. Our friends wouldn't eat it saying it smelled so badly.

We took a harbour tour, many battleships in the area, went to a Malaysian village and were invited in the Chief's house, a real tourist set-up, polished up with congoleum on the floors, horrid bright colours, this in thatched houses on stilts in the water, completely a water existence. The «melong» a trap for fish, stakes in the water lead fish through a narrower and narrower part into a trap. The National Museum is very good but had hoped to meet Graeme's mad friend «Willetts» at the small University of Singapore Museum but it was closed it being holiday time. Willetts has written important books on Chinese antiques, one of the leading authorities.

Our next stop Djakarta, Indonesia about which we had heard only bad reports in Singapore, unstable government, take no valuables as officials at airport confiscate anything they wish including jewellery on one's person. We were advised to take plenty of American cigarettes to help ward off such

difficulties. One woman returned still shaken, apparently a guard had accidentally pointed a machine gun at her, within a 12 inch range at Djakarta Airport. We left with two small bags carrying the least possible. While waiting for the Japan Airlines plane for Djakarta, Airport personnel came to us twice to say we were in the wrong waiting room, but on looking at our tickets apologized. Finally we were three passengers on the flight. To add to the drama we arrived after dark, in the rain and were relieved when a Japan Air representative approached us, secured our luggage, stayed with us through customs and put us in a taxi for Hotel Indonesia, paying the fare and warned, «Do not leave the hotel tonight and go by taxi to the Airport for Bali in the morning.» We thanked him for the good service and asked, «Why?» He said it might be dangerous to get in the wrong taxi. We started off for the Hotel which will accept only American dollars (\$16 per day). We understood the exchange rate was 15 rupiahs to the dollar, the driver offered us 30 which we declined not knowing the situation. We passed out cigarettes and chocolates to the driver and his son knowing that he was disappointed in our not accepting his offer. We arrived at the Hotel and whispers of black market exchange came to us from all directions in the dark. Apparently this was the operation of the moment and we accepted a small amount at 25 offered by our porter under safer circumstances. We learned from others it was easy to obtain 41 to the dollar.

We arrived at the Airport well ahead of time only to find no one knew when any plane would leave or if they would leave! We chatted with the American Charge d'Affairs, Mr. Lydman, his wife and friend, an Italian countess; he was seeing them off for a few days holiday in Bali. They were concerned

whether they would be able to get back when planned. Out of four or five flights that had taken off ahead, two had returned with some sort of problem, unloaded their passengers, taking off again much later. It was a few hours before our plane took off. Certainly the Airlines were having their problems in Indonesia, there have been «Garuda» (Indonesian Airline) crashes recently, killing all aboard according to the Hong Kong paper. We were flying «Garuda,» a mythical bird, often shown with the God-of-Water riding on its back. The catering seemed to be in a mess also, we were served two buns, one half had a wet spot which we presumed was honey, the other had a paper-thin strip of what might have been a piece of fried egg, a raisin bun and two petit four size patisseries and almost unrecognizable coffee. We arrived at Denpasar, Bali which is primitive and we thought remote from Indonesia's internal problems! Everyone smiles, uses their one or two English words, mostly «Hello,» then they giggle. The Bali Hotel left a little to be desired, no hot water or soap, a large screened-box-like area for sleeping and the meals were ordinary. This is the best hotel available, a supposedly better one was taken over by the army. However Hotel Bali is spacious and clean, the cost for two days with meals about \$6.00 with black market exchange of 40 rupiahs for \$1. The only other guests were a couple from Chile, fortunately Spanish-speaking so we teemed up when travelling. We took an eight hour tour through the island; the people are colourful wearing their traditional costume, the Sarong Cabaya, made from their beautiful batiks. Many wear only the Sarong, bare from the waist up.

We saw a large man-made cave in the shape of a cross with their strange stone gods in niches. A mausoleum was

built to honour their most important king, from 901-910 A.D. Tombs of his four wives are on one side, the King, his three sons and his Ministers are on the other. The monuments are impressive and the area beautifully landscaped, reached by descending what seems like 200 steps. Families, their married sons and wives all live together in a compound with thatched huts. There is always a small area with box-like shapes on stilts and small palm fibre thatched roofs, some black, some grey; this area is for ancestor worship. One constantly sees small temples in the clearings with an occasional large and important one. These are always open if one wishes to enter to pray but one is only obliged to go twice a year for special celebrations. We saw a large volcano which had erupted four times this century, the last, three years ago and there are black lava beds for miles surrounding it in the valley. There are rich, rice paddies flooded with water on terraced slopes. A primitive plough is used in the mud, pulled by non-milk-giving cows. Children never drink milk, but for the most part the natives look well-fed and healthy.

We were fortunate in seeing a Fiesta, celebrated each year to commemorate the killing of the Monster; the street decorations were fantastic and the native dances by Balinese maidens most fascinating and beautiful. The control of their bodies is amazing, their fingers fluttering like leaves. The accompanying musicians (about 20) strike various gongs, it is a shrill sort of music. This performance in a park-like area, out of doors, on a raised stage. None of the tourist attractions were open as there weren't any tourists. A native school teacher caught up with us to practice his English telling us many things.

On leaving Djakarta we saw Customs confiscate a large

bird carving from a young Thai for no reason. Our Chilean friends had a letter to a Chilean woman married to a Chinese dentist in Djakarta. They had acquired considerable property in 19 years but most has been confiscated leaving only a small area where their house stands and they must pay a monthly rent to the Government. A limit has now been set on property owned by Chinese or foreigners.

On arrival in Singapore, a passenger descending the steps of the plane alongside, looked like an English-speaking person so I spoke saying we had been in Bali, finding it interesting but primitive. At the word «primitive» she became hysterical, hollering the word over and over as she rushed down the steps and threw herself on the ground, kissing the earth. She turned and apologized, explaining she had been working in Bali for the last two years and had fled to Djakarta a month ago which is the reason she's still alive. Apparently these gentle, primitive people with whom we had been associating in the hinterland and towns of Bali had recently cut the throats, murdering over one hundred thousand people, over all in Indonesia more than 250,000. We were told later that numbers like this did not appear in the world press. They told us if this wholesale murder of Chinese Communists had not happened Indonesia would now be under Chinese Communist rule! With China's population of 750 million, great numbers infiltrating other Asian countries, getting in key positions, hard working, acquiring property and money with little resistance as Malaysians and Cambodians are lazy, there is little hope of stopping the onslaught unless something extraordinary is done. There was a midnight curfew in Djakarta.

We arrived in Phnom Pehn, Cambodia by Air Cambodge

and waiting for Graeme to arrive any moment from Burma. Cambodia was French, possibly since the time of Napoleon, had gained its independence only to be taken over by Chinese Communists. All was finished there, the French, English, Americans and Canadians have left in thousands. There's no one here except the Cambodians, a few French waiting to be repatriated, Chinese Communists and us. The former owner of our hotel, «The Raja,» a M. Nadeau sold it in the last few days, still had a room there while figuring where to go. His family in France write begging him to return but this is home to him, he's been here for 20 years. He's a naturalist, used to big game hunting, elephants, tigers and so on; he wonders what he would do in France. He's been most helpful, putting his car, chauffeur and himself at our disposal. We had dinner together, then he drove us all over town, including a floating, fishing village about 11 p.m. The various fishermen opened up their catches to show us while we stepped over sleeping bodies on the wharves, their families. About 3:30 a.m. the street nearby would be loaded with trucks picking up the day's haul and taking it to the 25 fish markets in Phnom Penh. M. Nadeau took us to the Royal stables late at night to see the Royal elephants, including a rare white one. They were gigantic beasts, considered sacred, there's always a crowned elephant sitting alongside Prince Nordom, the King and his Queen. The grooms put the lights on for us and we fed them sugar cane, with great care as they didn't seem all that tame, even the groom was on constant guard. We went to the Palace next morning, the King, Queen, two Princes and three Princesses were in residence. The King is only a figurehead. We saw the Royal jewels and treasures, the various rooms of the Palace

except their private quarters. We heard native music from a pavilion and were told the Ballet School was performing for the Royals. We spent the rest of the morning in the Museum, everything opens at 7 a.m. in these hot countries and closes in the afternoons. M. Nadeau spoke only French.

The King thinks he and his country sways the world, lives among and on the prestige of the past when the Khmers were an important civilization. He believes Cambodia can be neutral, neither accepting aid from, nor granting privileges to the United States or China. The King is thought to be a little pro Chinese, hence all the foreign interests have pulled out and the economy is flat.

We flew to Siem Reap, which is about eight kilometres from the great ruins of the Khmer civilization «Anghor Wat,» 11th or 12th century. A tremendous moat, some 100-200 yards wide surrounds Anghor Wat. Parts are still filled with water which is the town reservoir. Buffalo cool off and play in it, people bathe and do their washing. One walks on a bridge, sculpture lined, for a mile or more to get to the first entrance. There's a gigantic Temple, the entrance up great steps is ornamented with stone statuary, lions, garudas (a mythical bird which carried Gods, probably Buddha) snakes, usually the hooded Cobra called «Naga» which protected Buddha, shielding him from all evils. The front of the Temple is perhaps 3/4 of a mile wide with the sandstone walls intricately carved, Gods, mythical animals, battle scenes and so on, fortunately covered by a wide roof supported by carved pillars and statuary. There are endless small rooms, some with altars, then emerge to an open square, across square, up more steps and through many repeats of first building. One can circle the

buildings at ground level inside the moat and great wall. There are high, carved towers connected with each Temple and the outstanding feature of «Bayou» is the tower with four huge Buddha heads, one on each side seeing in all directions, nicely worn and quite striking. There are great bridges over each moat with hundreds of figures pulling snakes like a tug-of-war on one half and hundreds of Demon Gods pulling on the other half. This seesawing with the snake is «churning the sea of milk» which in the Buddha religion is how the world was made.

Another Temple features elephants, surrounded by a great wall of elephants, carved in the round. There are many such Temples throughout Cambodia, same basic idea but differences in scale and design. Here one takes a motor-cycle-pousse (motorcycle with sidecar seat). We took a long trip by jeep on a very bad road to see two other distant Temples, «Bantai Srail» and «Bantai Samre.» The homes were unbelievably primitive along the way, one big room, thatched roofs and often on stilts, people sitting in doorways or shade, fields lying idle with last crop's stubble. Our great historian, and British diplomat, Graeme Wilson was with us which added immeasurably to our information, and of course York was doing quick sketches all the time, and Graeme photographs. These Temples were accidentally found before the turn of the century completely overgrown by the jungle. One sees the all-enveloping wrapping of the jungle at work, the Banyan tree for example simply wraps and continues to drop roots from branches forming new trees.

After five days we flew back to Phnom Pehn and on to Bangkok, Thailand where we stayed with the British Military

Attache, John Turner and wife Mary. On arrival their large, lovable one year old watch dog «Chuff» was in disgrace. A thief had just cut a hole in the screen door, snatched Mary's purse left on a living room chair near Chuff. Their first dog was killed on the street, the gardener buried it in the garden with great ritual holding a funeral service, erecting a wooden cross and tying his own black tie around it. After a few months the gardener's friend died, he retrieved his black tie from the cross and wore it to the funeral. The fact that it had been exposed to wind, rain and sun didn't matter.

The night watchman, a Gurka, is one of the toughest warriors in the world. They have traditionally fought for the British for centuries. Every British Embassy has some of these mad Gurkas living inside as a form of protection when necessary. The Bangkok Embassy is no exception but one is not conscious of it. There were Gurka Regiments fighting alongside the Brits in the last two wars. Here's a true story as told by a Canadian soldier who fought alongside some Gurkas. «One night a few Gurkas came across a house where five German soldiers were asleep. They decapitated four without making a sound and set the four heads around the 5th sleeping German.» The Turners had a dinner one night, some of the guests were the British Ambassador, Sir Anthony Rumbolt, a Thai, General Songadid and an American scientist, Mr. Holbrook among others. It was fascinating under the guise of a social dinner party, how hard these three were working to get information from each other while trying to appear casual. I was seated between Sir Anthony and General Songadid, at first they each had polite little conversations with me, then started excusing themselves talking across me, in a few minutes

forgot I was there in their excitement of pumping each other. Holbrook was naive by comparison using the old method of flattery.

The Turners kindly put their car and chauffeur, Anzeh, at our disposal and he and his little daughter, Toto, took us out in the country.

Bangkok is not much above sea level, hence klongs (canals) everywhere, used to be the streets but now are gradually being filled in, still a veritable Venice! Everyone has a garden pond, dig a few feet and it fills with water. They stock it with fish and there are frogs, toads, water lilies and lizards, one is called a «Toe Tay» which makes a loud sound like its name. The chorus of pond life every night just outside our window is as loud as a deep male voice right at your ear. That coupled with the Indian watchman, a Gurka, walking around, sometimes over gravel and should a cat yowl, he shouts «Hey» and it stops. Just before dawn breaks, about 7 a.m., I heard water running and supposed he was having a shower under the hose before going off duty! I believe he lives out, but the other six servants and their families all live in quarters attached to the back of the Turners' house.

Anzeh, the chauffeur, wanted to dress like the Colonel and does up to a point in kaki or white uniforms, but when he requested a General's badge for his military peaked cap, the Colonel had to refuse, not only outranking the Colonel but foreign military visitors might salute him.

The river tour was the most exciting part for York's painting. The chauffeur took us to the dock at dawn and the produce boats were already lined up along the dock with their fresh fruits and vegetables. The cooks and housemaids do their

day's shopping directly with the boat merchants. We continued to offshore islands but found the attractions mostly set up for tourists. Another evening we attended a real Thai wedding and signed the guest book along with the Thais during which there were some excellent dancers.

We were fascinated by the «Kite Fights» in the Park, male against female, taken seriously and marked on the daily score board, probably betting takes place? When a female kite brings down a male kite, there is great applause. The kites themselves are interesting works of art. The park is near the Palace and we saw the King pass by. John Turner seems to change uniforms two or three times a day, depending whether it's business, a reception and when the King would be present that would call for a certain uniform. Mary always had the next required uniform ready on the bed for John's quick change. Thai silk is world famous, perfected by the American, Thompson, who mysteriously disappeared. York bought some shirts and I a few dress lengths of silk while there.

Klongs follow both sides of the highway, this is the source of water for everything, irrigation, bathing, cooking, washing, transportation by boat, pushed by poles or an odd motor now. Houses, farms, small communities all border the klong. We saw water buffalo everywhere, lying in the klongs getting caked with mud. These domesticated buffalo are the work animals of the East, pulling the ploughs in the rice paddies. The East is so dependent on rice, that India with its famine have people who die rather than eat wheat which was sent by the U.S. at that time. Their minds will just not accept the fact that other grains will sustain life. One sees Bonzes (Buddhist monks) here in their bright orange robes, simply a long length

of silk wrapped around them which covers from neck to ankle. Certainly the river and klong life here is the most interesting, the city is ordinary except for many pretty-like sugar-frosted temples, the largest with strange towers sparkling with colour on white and some gold. Some are covered with broken dishes which came as ballast in ships from China long ago. The Palace with its many buildings has this Eastern sort of splendour.

York shipped another parcel of paintings from Bangkok and we left for Penang where our student friend Robert Heah met us, took us to visit his father, Dr. Heah, who graduated from the University of Hong Kong. We checked into the Lone Pine Hotel, the nicest place to stay on the island; then Robert took us on a tour following the perimeter, about 146 miles. He stopped to show us beautiful reservoir areas, fishing villages and temples. In one Temple there were grass snakes coiled around and lying on top of everything, stupefied with the constant burning of incense, moved sluggishly when touched. They also had a large Cobra in a corner. He took us to lunch where only Curry was served, the Indians there used their hands to pick up the rice, chicken, shrimps, prawns, etc. They're a handsome race, the men generally in fresh linen, long skirts that look like checkered tablecloths wrapped around and shirts with shirttails worn out over skirt, everything crisp and clean. The women in their saris, again fresh and beautifully draped, so flattering with their dusky complexions, long black hair and jewels set in the nose or forehead.

Robert invited us to his home that evening for dinner as it was his birthday and he was having friends in for a party. There was quite a group of nice young people, two pretty girls taught Kindergarten; Michael, who had driven with us during the

day, is studying law, came with his sister and brother; Robert's married sister and her husband and also his younger brother who will return with Robert to Melbourne University, Australia. Robert is in his last year, Economics. He is 23. The dinner was excellent, the usual rice and curried foods; only a pink sugar drink and dancing to records later, the Twist and others. We left during a relay game of taking an elastic band on a toothpick in your mouth from another and passing it on. Each time the music stopped, the person with the toothpick was penalized and after two penalties one paid a forfeit, such as sitting on a balloon. The older group played cards. Malays feel pork unclean and do not eat it.

The third day we were off to Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaysia, a good-sized city on the mainland. Henry Richardson of the Canadian High Commission met us and we were soon at our hotel but joined the Richardsons later for an excellent Chinese dinner. After, Henry and his wife Nancy took us to a big market, batiks, antiques and every imaginable thing, then on to a Club for drinks. The next day, Sunday they took us on a picnic into the hills, fortunately cooler. In the nearby jungle were tigers, leopards and snakes. Henry told us about pythons; if the snake can anchor its tail to a tree when it catches a human, it wraps itself so fast and hard, he's crushed in 20 seconds (nothing can save him). It then proceeds to eat him taking a long time to swallow and several days to digest, during which time the snake is sluggish and sleeps. The King Cobra's venom is deadly and fast. Henry delighted in telling these stories as we were sitting on the grass by the edge of the jungle; I wasn't exactly relaxed. Apparently a man had been caught that week.

There's modern architecture alongside a fantastic railway station with minarets that we thought was the Palace and a Temple close by, same architecture. There were Moslem Temples and Malay houses on stilts.

Years later in Toronto we were dinner guests of Floyd Chalmers who was entertaining the Rajah of Perlis, Malay Straits, Mr. Perenpuan. He told us there was a small group who took turns in ruling Malaysia, now it was his turn. When he heard about our trip there, he invited us to return and he would accompany us while York painted.

The third day we were on our way to Colombo, Ceylon, now Sri Lanka and stayed at the Gaulface Hotel. York was intrigued with some geometric roof patterns there, and was busy sketching them. We were amazed at the dexterity and grace of huge elephants performing in the park.

Four days later, March 8 we were off early for Madras, India. This was the second time an Airline charged us overweight and we were annoyed since our luggage was much lighter than when we left Toronto. The weather was getting hotter by the day, next month would be India's hottest but our Hotel was comfortable and formal. We were amused that the dining room waiters were in Tuxedos and bare feet. Madras food is notoriously hot and we could hardly eat it. The second day we were off to Mahabalipuram, a Seaport with 7th century sculpture, large, impressive, mostly animals in the round, already some inundated in the encroaching sea. Back to Madras and on to Bombay, comfortable hotel but shocked at the homeless lined up sleeping on the sidewalk each night outside the hotel.

After a couple of days we flew to Arangabad to see the

Ellora and Ajanta caves, spending a day at each this proved one of the great highlights of the whole trip. The Ellora caves are Temples deeply cut into the rock, some monolithic with great pillars and extend for 1-1/4 miles, dated 4th to 7th century. Ajanta Caves also deeply cut into the rock is more a College Monastery mostly covered with remnants of murals. The earliest date from 200 B.C. to the 7th century. Another, Elephanta, on the East side of Bombay Harbour has eight caves, so called though they are in fact chambers hewn by man from the hard trap rock and thought to be 8th century. We returned to Bombay for a couple of days then flew to Jaipur, which had quite an effect on York with its pink and white striped buildings looking as modern as today. The city is enclosed with a large crenellated wall. York made a few sketches.

The weather was impossibly hot and we looked forward to New Delhi as Graeme Wilson's friends, the McCartney (Mac) Samples, British Trade Commissioner, had invited us to stay with them in the British Compound, Chanakyapuri, a section set aside for Britain's high commission and the homes of their ministers. The Samples were delightful and we thrived with a few days of air conditioning and good food plus interesting company and nonsensical repartee. York was back in his element with Mac's sense of humour and wit. Mac also turned over his study to York for a studio. Elsie was charming with friendly good humour and in spite of her polio handicap, drove a car and often came bouncing step by step on her behind down the stairs instead of struggling with the railing.

The British Compound is a tremendous walled area which one enters through gates with posted guards. Inside are all the buildings housing the various sections, acres of landscaped

gardens, fountains, personnel, dormitories and five bungalows (large two-storied houses with servants quarters) each situated on an acre of beautiful gardens for the VIP's. We moved into a wing, twin-bedded and separate bathrooms, life immediately became most agreeable, a superb chef and servants for every need at the end of a bell. We were ready, in fact in need of this coddling, feeling clean again, intelligent conversation and York settled into a routine of painting every day.

New Delhi joins the old city and is a large rambling city, with many wide avenues, the centre a huge circle called «Connaught Place» with streets branching out like the spokes of a wheel. One is approached constantly for money, mostly by disfigureds, even while stopping for a traffic light. The black market in money is rampant, 8.50 rupees for \$1 (legal \$4.70) at that time. There are many beautiful crafts at reasonable prices, fine silks, hand-loomed materials including «bleeding Madras» cotton shirts as it is known because of its peculiar design and colours which look as if they had bled and continue to bleed in washing, very popular at the time. Semi-precious stones are plentiful, used in jewellery and inlays in marble table tops, etc. Indian brass, some inlaid, is well known. Indian silk is often used to frame pictures and framing is most reasonable. There are a number of good painters, some we met, Raza, Hosain, Kanna and Ram, well-known to Mac as he would get them restricted good painting materials; Indian quality was poor being a new industry.

It is early April, New Delhi is getting hotter by the day and will soon be unbearable. The monsoons come in the next two months with rains and humidity, crops will begin to grow at this time. One sees the ends of the last crops being harvested

in the old-fashioned way of oxen tramping it as they circle. Much of the wheat is short and small through lack of rain. The taxi drivers are generally turbaned and bearded men. Under the turbans their hair is long and wound into a knob. Often it's difficult to communicate as their command of English is poor or non-existent.

After a few days Mac arranged a car and driver (used by the High Commission) to take us on a five day trip to the Taj Mahal, Agra, Fort Agra, Fatehpur Sikri, Gwalior, Khajuraho, Varanasi (Benares) Khanjour and back to New Delhi.

The Taj Mahal at Agra is 127 miles from New Delhi. It was finished in 1653, a memorial of great beauty architecturally, built by an Emperor for his Queen as her final resting place. The most enchanting view is under full moon. There is an old and interesting Palace Fort of red stone three miles distant from the Taj Mahal. A large part still houses the army today but the part one visits is still so vast one rarely finishes seeing all the rooms. One huge domed room covered with mother-of-pearl must have been breathtaking while burning phosphorus, flickering and reflecting, while beautiful women bathed in the water-filled area below. Rich carvings, bas reliefs and sculpture adorn the building in abundance. At one point one peers in a tiny hole, the size of a dime and sees a perfect reflection of the Taj Mahal. We stayed overnight in Agra and drove to Fatepur Sikri the next day.

The magnificent ruins at Fatepur Sikri, a Mosque and Palace built by Akbar in 1569 as a thank-offering for the birth of a son. This was a favourite residence of Akbar during his reign and he lived in great splendour here. Then on to Gwalior where there is a second but lesser Taj, the Fort and Palace.

The temperature during this trip was 107F, we sat in pools of water in the car, getting out and standing to dry out from time to time. The dust was so bad and drying to our skin and noses that to get relief we vaselined inside our noses and exposed skin. Stray animals wander everywhere on the highway and in crowded traffic in cities. We would be standing watching something in a crowd and standing next (touching) would be a huge cow, bull or goat, paying no attention to us. The driver honked at animals the same as people and generally they moved slightly aside; they had no fear of a car coming straight at them that veered at the last moment, scarcely missing them, sometimes brushing their sides; they ambled on looking to neither side, finding what they could to eat, but none looked starving like many of the people. The highways were cluttered with oxen carts (2 oxen abreast) sometimes caravans taking their wares to market; bicycles, their riders had no understanding of rules of the road, going both directions to get out of the way. People just like animals, so stupid, deciding to cross the road just as we reached them or never looking, roads only wide enough for one car, to pass, one went on dusty shoulders, every foot of the way crowded, one can't imagine the strain because one has never seen the equal. 280 miles is a long strenuous day and we would be exhausted, having constantly put the brakes on (from the back seat) all day long. It's an experience to end all. There are also domesticated animals and herdsmen drive great flocks, cows, sheep, goats right down the centre of the narrow highway even though there are wide shoulders and open fields alongside. Miraculously we had only one accident during the five days; a herd of sheep was being driven off the road by their shepherd as our warning

horn had been beeping for some distance, unfortunately a confused lamb started to run one way then the other and we hit him. Our driver did not stop, we all hoped he was only dazed. It disturbed our driver also, he was quiet for an hour, then said, «Possibly it would be alright as the wheels had not run over it.» Our driver was very competent but fast, fast or slow it's unbelievable that was the only accident, it speaks well for Mr. Yack Malhotra. We reached Khajuraho late that afternoon. We were parched not having had a drink or food since breakfast as no eating place seemed clean enough and pop bottles were suspiciously filled to a lesser level. At the Government Guest House we were pleased to see small tins of fruit juice, pineapple and mango, piled in a display on the verandah but, in the sun. We asked for cold ones but the manager explained that was all he had and it had come from America; his refrigerator had broken down six months ago and the government hadn't sent anyone to repair it in spite of many requests. We drank it anyway, had a quick lunch, drinking many cups of tea then rushed off to see the ruins and the museum.

Khajuraho is famous for its erotic sculpture, it represents some of the most exquisite specimens of Hindi architecture and sculptures in medieval India. Now a village it was once the Capital of a powerful kingdom, its ruins cover eight square miles. The Chandellas built the magnificent Temples from the 9th to 13th centuries. Out of 85 Temples only 22 now survive, lost for centuries by jungle growth, discovered at the turn of the century. Worshippers of Vishnu (the God of Preservation), later, rulers were devotees of Siva and an odd Jain Temple still exists. Each Temple stands on a high solid masonry terrace,

some are as high as 101 feet. Almost every inch is covered with intricate carvings, bas relief, sculpture in the round, figures of various kinds, musicians playing different instruments, crocodiles, lovers in fond embrace, winged gods and goddesses, grotesque dwarfs and rampant gryphons, angels, monsters, gods driving chariots drawn by horses, hunting scenes, processions, dances by lovely damsels, fights between mad elephants. Vishnu is shown with eleven heads, central one his own, the rest his ten incarnations, steps flanked by lions, elephants, images such as Brahma; originally the lingam (phallic symbol) in one sanctum was of emeralds, a bull six feet high, elephant frieze, boar hunting, serpents, an eight-armed Jain goddess riding the sacred mythical bird «Garuda,» etc. One Temple is a place of worship today just as it was 1000 years ago, a colonial lingam eight feet four inches high and three feet eight inches in diameter is installed in the sanctum, people pour water on these lingams, possibly some sort of fertility rite.

There's an open-air Museum close by with hundreds of statues and pieces found in the ruins. There is so much in India from these ancient civilizations.

We left at 4 a.m. next morning and the old boy running the place got up to see us off. It appeared all the help slept on blankets on the floor entrance, including our driver who carried his bedroll. Just before getting in the car I was intrigued by something moving on the ground in the dim light thrown by the hotel verandah light. The driver took one look and brought his foot down fast saying those are dangerous scorpions and I had open sandals. Shortly after starting a baby tiger crossing the road appeared in the car lights. Starting early we hoped to

avoid the heat and crowded highways but the laden oxen taking wares to market were sometimes lines as long as 12, suddenly appearing in the black. As dawn came it was not uncommon to see a tree against the sky black with roosting vultures. One also saw kites and eagles but the most exciting was the beautiful green parrots by the hundreds and a few bright blue in their natural habitat. Occasionally a tree was filled with flying foxes (bat family) hanging by their long tails asleep during daylight. There were lots of wild monkeys along the roadside, in the fields, trees and on roofs, mostly the long-tailed type and occasionally a smaller type. Camels were common and an odd elephant.

In the days of the Maharajahs elephants were common but since they lost their power and wealth, their elephants have been placed in zoos. The great estates have been divided into farms for the many. The problem is insolvable with India's inheritance laws, all sons share equally so in short order pieces of land become too small to support a family. One quite often sees mongoose, most common in the hands of an entrepreneur who puts on instant shows; leading the mongoose around by a leash, which is incredible as it's like a large rat, 12-15 inches long. This attracts attention and the entrepreneur is ready with his box of snakes. They are mortal enemies; if you want to see a fight to the death and will pay for it, this is immediately staged and the mongoose always wins. There are the snake charmers who play a flute and the cobras or other snakes immediately come to life, having been drowsing in their covered box. If they are a little slow in rearing up and seeming to dance, he pokes them, generally the poison fangs have been extracted. Another instant show on the highway is by gypsies with a

couple of huge, brown bears. As they see a car approaching (the bears having been trained) stand on their hind legs and dance, an imposing sight as the bears are so tall. If the car doesn't stop, they drop immediately on all fours. One sees mad holy men, dressed only in a loincloth and smeared with ashes; when we passed one he hit our car with a stick. There is a nudist sect and occasionally one sees a brown-skinned nude male, smeared with ashes, on a city street. During a tire repair the driver stopped for lunch but the place was uninviting for us and we sat in the car under a tree. A seven-year old girl taking care of a tiny nude brown baby in a basket was there giving baby sister her bottle. She first marked the level of milk with her finger, drank half, walked across the road to a tap and filled it to the original level. One wonders how the baby will make out, she seemed listless. Clothes are washed wherever there is water, covered with clay, left soaking in a pile, then each piece is swung and slapped on a large flat stone several times which is supposed to force clay and dirt out of the fabric. There are large, commercial laundries using this system, taking their gigantic bundles to the river. The style of men's pantaloons is like a hanging diaper and with the whites being greyish, gives the appearance of being dressed in rags. Many of the peasants never seem to wash or comb their hair, they look a little wild and primitive.

Barbers set up shop right on the street and it's common to see a man sitting on an ordinary chair, covered with lather being shaved. In cities there are jams of rickshaws, both men and horse-drawn, solid for blocks, imagine a car trying to get through. In building a highway to a higher level, requiring tons of earth, this is done by a stream of coolies (men and women) carrying baskets on their heads filled with earth.

This system is also used to get building materials (bricks, etc.) to the area where needed. I've seen sewers dug in this way; human labour is so plentiful and cheap.