

Kyoto, Japan
April 2nd [1931]

Dear Mother,

It has been a week since I arrived in Kyoto, having come down by train direct from Tokyo, with a Hollander who promises to give me the "key" to Shanghai. Again I have been very fortunate in that Isamu Nozumi came here just two days before me and we have been going about all the while together. His father Uyon Nozumi is well known thruout Japan as an author and poet (he has also written many books of art criticism in English). Kyoto is the centre of pottery and porcelain manufacture, and as Isamu is here to learn the processes to apply to his sculpture we have been visiting many homes of potters and artist craftsmen - it is a grand way to see Japanese life, as one is always served tea and cakes and expected to squat for at least two hours over a charcoal brazier, before starting in on the formality of saying goodbye. The editor of the "Marionette" magazine also entertained us with an elaborate dinner, in the best Japanese style in one of the park pavilions - with Geisha entertainers and all the trimmings - and the young men here do believe in treating themselves to a life of luxury. Two Japanese sisters, who after having spent most of their lives in California, and now returned to Kyoto and going native rapidly, gave us a sakihi party, which is the only meal with meat I have had this week except for two Occidental dinners - since most Japanese meals consist largely of several kinds of fish usually ^{unspiced raw} ^{composé} and once with John Alden Carpenter, his wife and daughter, who are as charming people as one could hope to meet, and another dinner (without raw fish) with Lillian Miller, who does color wood block prints and is "managed" by Mrs Whitmore; she is spending the ~~whole~~ year here with a Miss Hayes, formerly secretary to L Adams Beck who recently died.

Here we stayed in an inn on the floor above in a room and followed all the

And of course, I couldn't avoid the old missionary ladies and some of them have been very helpful to me, in telling me how to find the art objects of importance.

Nozue and I made an overnight trip to Nara. the largest and most beautiful park in Japan in which are located many temples, the oldest in the country, also the finest (and most antique) sculpture and mural painting. There are herds of annoyingly tame deer, fat and mangy looking wandering about the park and town streets. The temples, I must admit are beginning to appear monotonous to me, and sculpture always looks best in photographs, and I shall not regret going on next week to Shanghai where there are no artistic sights to be studied, and where I may create my own art.

Kyoto, although a large city (pop. 200,000) is in an extremely beautiful natural setting of hills, lakes and rivers and which connecting with the parks in the city, seem to blend country and city in a most unexpected way. One is continually reminded that Japanese landscape is exactly as it is supposed to look and that the perfection of the art of arrangement is the passion of all the people.

This is a very poor letter, as it scarcely touches upon all that I have seen and heard and done, but there is so much more ahead that I cannot stop to tell of what has already happened. — I should have told you of my day in Nikko, before coming here, where are the most splendid and lavishly ornate temples in the country, among a hillside forest of pines as large as those of the great Northwest.

Much love,

Scho.

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