

KYOTO STATION HOTEL

KYOTO, JAPAN.

April, 6, 1931

Dear Mother -

Enclosed are two newspaper clippings which I forgot to mail from Tokyo - The reporters there have a habit of running up to foreigner and shooting all sorts of ridiculous questions at them, and when you see yourself in print later, you may regret having opened your mouth.

The other day I happened to mention the Cousins to Miss Hayes, who said that they had all had a merry time together when they were here a year and a half ago and L Adams Beck was here also. (She died last Jan 5th)

There have been three days of great quiet, with crowds of masquerades and dances, floats etc filling the streets and parks, very much like French Carnival in spirit. The cherry blossoms are out and there is one large tree, on which spot lights shine all the night, making it a center of pilgrimage for all the towns folk.

Yesterday I saw a No play given by a family who have been No actors for hundreds of years and the masks they use date back 200 or 300 years. It was a most tedious performance, with some brilliantly relieving spots - it was as bad to sit thru as a six hour sermon - if there are such. However, with some study of the drama, one might put oneself more into the mood of it. One feels that with all its perfection of technique that it has been crystallized for so long, so set in every tiny gesture, that the manner of presentation is more important than the idea involved. This is true of Japanese sculpture and to a certain extent of painting in the Oriental manner, where stereotype rules tend

to over delicate virtuousity.

April 7th in Kobe.

This morning I came on to Kobe, one hour from Kyoto! than richly cultivated fields and villages, all the fields as neat as the Japanese farms in the Puyallup valley, and grotesque pine covered mountains rising abruptly from these flat plains. Like islands in the paddy fields, there are Vermillion Lacquered shrines sheltering a few moss covered tomb stones and lanterns and hedged in by grotesque dwarf trees.

Everything has been arranged for sailing tonight for Miyajima winding thru the Islands of the Inland Sea (24 hours). It is now quite cold, and the brilliant sunshine of my first few days has not been continuous, in fact there has been heavy rain and damp mist much like that of Puget Sound. A Hollander whom I met in Tokyo is going on with me to Shanghai, and knowing all the ropes, there will be able to help me getting settled.

I hope that there will be mail from you waiting me there and that all goes well. I have mailed a book and a roll of prints to Stem which I wish to have kept for me until my return - since they would be a nuisance to carry about.

Much love at last and every even of it to the best of your service. Remaind set in