

Around the world in 40 days

John T. Baldwin
Department of Mathematics, Statistics and Computer Science
University of Illinois at Chicago

January 7, 2004

July 11:

Set alarm for 6:15; woke at 5:45. Dominicks photo not open so couldn't buy film or panoramic camera.

Delta breakfast: eggs, biscuit, decent sausage. lunch excellent turkey sandwich and pasta salad. black and green olives.

Forgot Michigan wine for Art and Jean. But did bring Minnesota Salami and Wisconsin Brie.

Circular fields in eastern Colorado - seat mate said the irrigating machines rotated - not just sprinklers.

Spent most of both flights reading the Pillay-Hart paper. Haven't had the nerve to try using the computer on the plane yet. The Delta magazine said you had to ask permission.

Flights late leaving both ORD and SLC.

Attendants at both O'Hare and Calgary assured me it was safe to send the computer through the x-ray. So far, so good. They had the sensors extremely sensitive in Calgary. I took the U.S. change out of one pocket. Canadian change in the other tripped the machine. Then it picked up a penny in my suit coat.

Book store in Calgary airport up to German standards. Weather beautiful here. But I didn't see much of the mountains on the way in because we were flying above the cumulous.

beer in Calgary airport \$3.70 (I passed); grapefruit juice 1.34. I asked a souvenir shop if they had postage stamps. No, directed me to post office so I bought two cards. Post office closed so no stamps.

I forgot the malaria medicine last night and this morning. Took it as I got on the flight at SLC. Have a slight sore throat now. Probably just the altitude. above written in Calgary.

6:35 AM July 12 Kelowna: Swindells 230 Royal St.

On the trip in one of the passengers asked stewardess to identify a river below - Duh, the Fraser - pilots didn't know either. My seatmate and I agreed on the Columbia. Then it turned out he really knew. He flies helicopters across the area. He'd been taking geologists to look for diamonds - no luck so far.

arrived Kelowna on time; Art and Jean were a little late picking me up because they had been watching son Jason play trumpet at festival in park. We drove through miles of new subdivisions. Kelowna has apparently tripled in population since the early 70's.

Art is teaching a range of high school courses.

As a real estate salesman, Jean has a good idea of prices all over town. Start in the high 100's up to 550K for beach home and then there are the large houses.

Bought wine at one of the many wineries that now dot the valley.

Dinner at Earl's on the roof - across from the concert stage. Somewhat mild and basilless Thai chicken salad.

Nice concert of various jazz-like compositions most written by band members. Two high teachers. The electric violin was played by the lead violin of the Okanagan symphony. Band of electric violin and electric viola? (slightly larger but still held in his hand), sax, trumpet, drums and two synthesizers.

Crowd of several hundred - Art and Jean knew many but really just the standard small town percentage. Knew Christine's friends. Jean chided one for not writing Christine who is in a summer school at UBC. This group has gone all through school in a French immersion program which wouldn't exist if not for continuing parental pressure.

Picked cherries from incredibly rich tree as night fell. Then in the dark Art was spreading some left over gravel to fill a low spot in the shoulder of the road. Jean 'pit-lamped' some zuchinni.

Discussion with Jean about the surprising intelligence of some fundamentalists. Independent church is the dominant political force in the valley. Abortion a continuing issue but almost impossible here. Technically legal but the hospital board - packed by pro-life activists - essentially prevents them. Since all health care is governmental the government is even more directly involved. Former premier wanted to not pay but feds forced him to.

Added in proof: Two days in Vancouver; lectured one afternoon. Dinner with the Lachlan's at an Indian restaurant. Sunday evening dinner with Hamid and Kitty at Alistair's. Dug out the computer to prove to Hamid that New York and Rome are on the same latitude.

July 14 4:25 Vancouver airport

taxi driver: Indian from Punjab; many years in Canada as roofer and now taxi driver. He goes to India next month to bring back his family. Regrets spending on travel in his youth. HOuses were 38-40K now 400K(sic).

Took me through New West after asking if I wanted other (shorter by inference route -but he was already in left turn lane and there was very little traffic by the route taken. trip took 1/2 hour.

We passed a rather nice Church of Christ in a grove along the highway. He objected that the church should have well-groomed lawns - 'to cool the hearts of the worshipers'.

'Nice girls in Delhi. \$20 for whole night.' I didn't react so he asked if my family was traveling with me?

Several mentions of the beauty of Singapore -beautiful wide streets.

Working backward: Drove in Sunday morning over the Kelowna-Merritt cutoff and the Kochahela connector. \$10 toll on the latter if you take the stretch to lower mainland. Beautiful but Jean kept complaining that there only a few nice places. Saw several deer.

Ralph and Peg look about the same. Friendly complaints about their red-neck American friends - they winter in Mexico with a number of US.

The communist party in BC split after the Russian collapse. A fight over how to divide the treasury. Life-long comrades now don't speak to each other.

Houses are huge. Alistair has large kitchen living room and separate dining room + study down stairs 4 bedrooms up. Must be 3000 sq ft. Others in nbhd. the same. worth maybe 300K.

Recent Vancouver ordinance restrains the percentage of lot that can be covered by house.

SFU campus still growing. Ambitious building campaign underway.

July 17 4:15 SLC shortlayover on /calg/LA flight 2 days in Calgary. Jean Springer picked me up. Left luggage at hotel then she took me downtown) to a coffe shop and we talked awhile. She is head of Math at Mount Royal - a J.C.

Woodrow showed up Wed. morning- had lunch with him and Mike Stone -head of dept. They are now threatened with sizeable cutbacks but recent raises have been good by Illinois standards - only a few per cent below inflation - news flash. current Canadian inflation rate 1.1

We had dinner Wednesday evening at Bob's. Asparagus and scallops, steak, a kind of rossli - French version- name transaltes as [potato mattress. Bob's mother taught for 2x years in rural Alberta. exciting story of fleeing a bush fire. (Bob's father had died the week before my arrival.)

haircut this morning. The barber was young woman from east Africa - possibly of Indian extraction. She said American fear of Japan was natural - they aren't from all over like we are.

July 18-21: LA.

Added in proof: Sharon insists I should record my impressions of L.A. The Universal Studio tour was something of a bust. A few good rides - the earthquake capped by a subway car coming off the track in the other direction was exciting. But there really wasn't much of a studio tour and the lines were long. The Cecil B. DeMille studio and museum were much better. Had two nice evenings with Eliot and Shel. Eliot is the one hold out on the trip for

old fashioned unrestrained liberalism. (his anarchic strain continues). We saw Son of Zorro at the Paramount Ranch - now a Federal monument- and Batman Returns at Mann's (formerly Graumann's Chinese). Mel Torme and Peggy Lee at the Hollywood Bowl. After a day in this cosmopolitan city of Asians, Blacks, Mexicans, etc., etc. it was suddenly back to white America in the 50's. Torme did a nice psuedo rap on why he couldn't rap.

left LA on 21st at 2:30. arrived 5:17 JULY 22 Narita.

July 23 6:00 am Yokohama: Eureka! We run the machine on Japanese current. Sharon bought a set of 4 plugs that are suppose to fit anywhere but they all output to a two pronged plug and the computer has a three prong input. I couldn't find a converter in Calgary but we found one in Woodland Hills - a by-product of the search for Elliot.

Isao Takeda 633-10 Kamoi-Cho Midori-Ku Yokohama-Shi

family: Isao, Kazuko (Itai's sister), Naoko, Ayako (daughters)

July 24 5:45 Kyoto: Woke up early again. We spent yesterday touring Kyoto after a 2.5 hour ride from Yokohama on the Shinkansen (new train) new but 25 years old - averaged 140 miles per hour. Almost the entire trip (indeed from Narita) the train or bus line has been through industrial regions.

We are staying in the apartment of one of Itai's friends.

Itai's niece Nauko posed the following from her English cram course. What is wrong with this sentence, "To his dismay, the artist's picture was hung upside-down, to his embarrassment no one noticed." Answer: replace "was hung" by "was hanging". Itai explains that these exams are a filter not a pump.

It isn't that different - it is just that there is more of everything. The house and apartment I have seen are small by U.S. standards but not minuscule. The apartment has three normal size rooms. The house had three or four. But the house was worth a million dollars and had no lot to speak of. It was near the edge of Yokohama. In a brief walk from the house we passed a commercial truck garden - 1/2 acre; eggplant and tomatoes the another one with squash. Both squash and tomatoes tied very high. But the climate is very hot and wet to support intensive farming. Vegetable and meat prices are extremely high. One large melon \$20.00.

Women's lib. A female English teacher joined us for the day - afterwards I learned to practice her English. Ostensibly, she was a guide but she was not very familiar with Kyoto. She had two guidebooks including one to restaurants and found several very good restaurants but she hadn't been there before. Although she was extremely self-assured in Japanese, she was rather shy about her English. She had excellent diction but not enough practice. She sat in the front seat to direct the taxi driver and engaged in enthusiastic debate with Tanaka and Itai.

high school English teaching load: 16 45 minute classes per week; no administrative duties except homeroom.

On the plane, I had sat next to two high school teachers - one of Japanese and one of mathematics. They were equally confident and out-going but with

better English. Of course, they had just spent a week in LA and SF.

The fan in this apartment is extremely quiet and randomly varies speed and direction to imitate natural wind.

Tanaka correctly guessed the temperature yesterday afternoon at 31 C; this was after it cooled off and I had guessed 25. It is very humid everywhere here.

We have seen several very striking buildings - modern - that I haven't been quick enough to photograph. Saw both tea plants - low bushes and rice paddies along the train track.

food: Itai's sister made us a huge dinner on arrival: sausages, tempura, several kinds of salads.

breakfast was "Denver eggs" plus bread for me and rice for Itai. The bread was very good. -reminiscent of Lou Mitchells. butter on the table but confusion ensued when I asked for a knife to spread it on my toast.

lunch: a tofu restaurant - I can't distinguish the dishes but tasty. We had dinner in two parts: sushi of a special Kyoto style - more heavily vinegared that I am familiar with. no alcohol. Then a place with Sake, sashimi (ahi), an eggplant speciality, clams, and ube - a large ravioli (2 served 3 people) made of bean curd and containing an egg and shrimp mixture. Very good but too much. (first meal 7000Y, second 9600 for 3 people)

We saw a number of temples and shrines. They are most impressive and well kept-up (one of them less so) oases of parkland. The buildings are wood. The zen rock garden was very intriguing.

July 25, 6:30am Kyoto:

The entry yesterday must have been an hour earlier than I thought.

We walked many blocks through two story buildings with small apartments. The buildings are close together- all streets are narrow. Breakfast at a coffee house Itai remembered from long ago. I had a corn muffin; perhaps 4in in diameter and an inch thick with large kernels of corn on it. 90Y for muffin; 320Y for cup of coffee.

Walked up to shrine; the park is very wild. A group of high school girls ran past us paused then passed us again. It was heavy exercise and they didn't look too happy about the exercise.

Lunch at a pork restaurant (2050Y). American pictures of 'cute pigs' line the walls. Itai thinks they are Yorkshires which have replaced the old breed of Japanese pig. Very tasty tonkatsu.

train to Osaka then visited the old palace - 1550 and again 1610 then rebuilt in 1931. Two high school girls interviewed me on my impressions of Japan. They asked me to taste; a minuscule fish, seaweed, a hot plum, rice cracker (tasted of peanuts), the gelatin that Ikeda brought us. I liked the hot plum the best to the surprise of the girls. They are supposed to interview 4 foreigners to practice their English. Their pronunciation was fine. We noticed they had picked another man with a Japanese friend as the next interview.

baseball: Kintetsu Buffalos against Mariners. Close well played game. Second baseman dropped one ball he might have caught down the right for line for

a 2 base hit by Max one of the Mariners geisan. But number 4 (who played 4) redeemed himself with two fine infield plays. The position numbers are listed in batting order with player's name written below. Final score 3-2 buffaloes lost. The fans came late and left early - small crowd in a small stadium. I'd guess 12,000 out of 25,000 -maybe smaller- no upper deck.

added in proof: Geisan = foreigner

We bought sushi in the train station (850Y) and beer from a vendor going in (300Y 500 for a larger can inside). As we entered the stadium a girl poured our outside beer in a paper cup and told us to take the other cans out with us. Most people seemed to oblige. Much food on sale inside including soup - not ridiculous prices.

1 1/2 hours by three trains back to apartment. This was the nearest stadium.

The city is extremely quiet both at night and during the day. The loudest sound now is the crows. I hear a car start. There are rows of cars in front of the apartments but only about 60 cars for 96 apartments. There seems to be little traffic during the day. The trains were busy even at 10:00 PM with people of all ages but not really jammed. In 3 or 4 minutes I haven't heard another car.

July 25, 6:25AM Yokahama

We are back at Itai's sisters.

Nara: oldest wooden structure - Buddhist temple at Huryoshi. 'How old is a wooden structure?' It only lasts if constantly repaired. This one dates to the 7th century.

Itai lost his ticket and the guide gave him another. The temple was a 12 minute ride out of Nara; we rode back in then lunch at an eel restaurant. Eel soup, eel steak, eel livers. A small glass of white wine was included but with the heat we drank beer.

Afterwards, another shrine with 100's of deer. The deer are practically tame. Then a great Buddha. Made of bronze cast pieces are patched together.

Stopped at a shop and bought Itai's sister some pickle for a gift. (Added in proof: I'm not sure what was pickled but it was about 2 X 4 X 10 inches). We had a taste. A little bitter and salty. We bought some tea from a machine but the proprietor offered us to sit at the tables she had. The next shop in this very touristy area sold high quality knives. Itai noticed that they were just set out in a way one would not dare to display hundreds of knives in US.

We met Tanaka in Kyoto and took Shinkansen back to Yokahama. Nauko and her father met us at the station. After a shower another feast. Sashimi, tenkatsu, sea urchin. 'make your own sushi'. squares of sea weed paper are presented. You place rice on the paper; dip fish in soy and horseradish then put it on top of the rice and eat your sandwich.

Several discussions on English and Japanese etymology and on the subtlety of Japanese manners. This reminds me of Itai in the morning being unsure whether it was too early to put out the garbage. He explained that everyone was watching and if you lived there you would be corrected and embarrassed if you made a mistake.

Monday July 27 Tsukuba:

Itai's sister and brother-in-law took us around Yokohama yesterday. They insisted on paying for everything and Itai insisted this was the custom. Itai's mother came over to meet me.

World's largest ferris wheel along side a Japanese clipper ship.

The science museum had many exhibits illustrating scientific principles. The first we saw was in many ways the most intriguing. You are presented with a tank of water with two cylinders extending out at an angle half way up the tank. Why doesn't water spill out through these cylinders?

Electric City: 5 or 6 blocks of electronics stores. We found games but not utilities. Itai finally found the high-vision TV and was a little disappointed. It makes the resolution on a very large (6' by 6') as good as on a normal screen but no better.

We spent about two hours on interurbans from Yokohama to Tokyo and Tokyo to Tsukuba. They were full with some standees but not really crowded. However, this was 5:00 Sunday afternoon.

Coming out of Tokyo, I finally saw row after row of really small apartments.

Pictures are from festival as we entered Tsukuba. The cart was pulled by perhaps 100 children on two ropes. To turn a corner six men manhandled the beam under the cart.

Dinner at a Korean restaurant with very hot kim-chee. The meat was somewhat better than the place in Chicago- the fire much hotter.

It will be another hot and humid day. This room is equipped like the fabled room in Calgary. Tea, kimono, 3 pairs of slippers, TV radio but very little space for clothes - just one shelf- no bureau. Also provided toothpaste and disposable razor, shampoo.

July 30 6:15AM Tsukuba

Yesterday was the excursion to Mt. Tsukuba. We took a cable car to the top and then walked another mile or so an overview. There were several shrines. I claimed the haze was partly caused by pollution; Itai and Tsuboi insisted it was natural. Several panorama photographs may or may not come out. The vegetation is reminiscent of the Sierras - complete to a very near relative of the sequoia; we saw a 700 year old tree.

Cable car was 930y return.

Then a public bath. As at the tennis courts the night before I ended up buying a towel. This one is just a hand towel and came with a toothbrush and small tube of toothpaste (as I get each day in the guest house).

At the Riyokan we had a tremendous banquet. eel, eggplant, lobster, a sukiyaki-like dish with shrimp and beef; many more things some of which even Itai couldn't identify. Infinite amounts of beer; some local wine. After we thought it was over, the waitress brought out soup and rice.

Two of the students were confused by a misleading hint for Problem I.3.13 in my book. I spent about two hours leading them through a solution. Then we went to a coffeehouse: Cactus. These are master's students. Tsuboi's seminar

has three students; one reads my book (Handa), one Shelah's (Wakai) and Ikeda speaks on various papers and his own work. In a senior seminar they read Koppelberg's book. Wakai is a second year master's student; Handa a first year student.

Apparently, my ticket to Singapore is correct but this required several calls back and forth to Tokyo. The rail tickets to Kuala Lumpur were waiting for me here.

Sunday August 2; Kuala Lumpur: 8:45 I am sitting outside the tourist information center in a very pretty park; many palms and carefully landscaped. Three men are cleaning and gardening. But I had great trouble finding a place to sit for this. There are no benches. I am on one of a collection of 2 X 2 cubes made of tile that ring a circular garden and are covered by an arbor. From the litter that was picked up apparently people were sitting out here eating last night but there are no backs on the 'chairs,.

I just had breakfast at a little place next to what I expect to be my hotel. roti rippur (if I remember right) - a kind of pancake with egg smeared over it then fried and served curry. M\$1.50.

I arrived on the train about 2 hours ago. The taxi driver wanted M\$10 to take me to the hotel so I walked. I think I was right the map the tourist bureau hands out says the meter is .30 per 1.6 km and I doubt the distance was more than 3km.

The hotel at present has no space but as people check out I expect to get a room. I will go back after this and see.

Yesterday I flew from Narita to Singapore arriving about 5:00 Singapore time - so a seven hour flight but almost due south- moved only one time zone. Singapore was just as hot and humid as Japan and the rail station more so.

contrast: The airport (Changi) is super modern and quick. The train station is the end of the line - 2 tracks - 45 minutes to get through Malaysian customs. No lockers. I left my bags behind the desk of the railway station hotel for several hours while I walked around.

The food mall with many small cheap places served by a common seating area dominates. Unfortunately before finding out just how omnipresent these are I ate dinner at a regular Hokkien restaurant that was mentioned in my guidebook (\$S14.00) There was a kind of barbecued meat and a noodle and seafood dish. The second was very similar to Cantonese. Earlier I had satay and some drink served in a coconut at one of the malls. (\$.60 for the satay \$2.00 for the drink - I think it was only \$1 if you didn't get the coconut but he gae it to me so I had to pay.)

exchange US1 = S1.57 =M2.41

Singapore is extremely clean with considerable effort to maintain places for people to meet as the slums are cleared. Much of the housing has a government subsidy - but to own. Approximately 20% contributed by worker and 20% by employer goes in fund for old age pension - but you can borrow against this for a house in which you live. 1 to a customer but free market if you want to buy a

bigger one. This information from a European who helped me with the busses (I think Dutch -actually could have been South African). You must have exact change for the bus and to pay for the toilets (actually maybe you don't for the latter and I was making trouble for myself). I spent considerable time trying to get change. This European who was directing paid my way on the first bus so I ended up giving him \$2.00 for the \$1.00 he had paid. Neither of us had any more \$1's. Everyone in Singapore and most in Kuala Lumpur seem to speak English.

Quick review of last days in Japan:

Thursday night we saw a flower arrangement by Tsuoboi's wife. After 5 more year's study she will be able to teach flower arranging. There was a display of work by three schools in a downtown department store. Pillay and I claimed to see that the different flower arranging schools had different styles. The Japanese claimed they couldn't tell the difference.

There was a play area right in the store.

Then dinner at a Sri Lanka restaurant.

Friday night we ate a Japanese Steak House - selling U.S. steak at a reasonable price - meals were 1500Y then to a pub. We ended up at the pub with lots of food several bottles of liquor and a bill of \$1500Y than Anand and I split (6 people).

Saturday morning Tsuoboi brought Handa's construction of a strongly ω -saturated model. It was right; I had thought Handa was misunderstanding by transfer argument (any str hom model implies one in all cardinals) but he had noticed that the construction can be made in any cardinal. Then Ikeda took Itai and I to the airport.

density: Tsukuba is a 'new city' and is built for cars as an American suburb. On the train from the airport south to Osaka we see mostly a density like near Frankfurt. In the car between Tsukuba and Narita we finally passes areas as lightly populated as New Jersey. Nevertheless the houses are reasonable percentage of American size.

12:50 Templer Park about 20 km outside of KL. This was advertised as a preserved bit of jungle and I was expecting a small walk with names of trees etc. It actually is a major park for the town. A mountain stream cascades 400 or 500 feet down the hill. At every pool there are 2 to 5 from 5 to 15 year olds. A couple of girls saw my computer and asked a few questions.

I bought lunch at the entrance to the park from one of a string of vendors. These vendors - like the ones outside the ballpark in Japan show that really small business is more alive here than in the U.S. There are entrepreneurial possibilities with 0 capital. Lunch on a coconut leaf - rice, cuttlefish, pineapple, cucumber in a curry. Washed down with lychee juice in the generic cardboard container. All this for M\$2.20 then M\$1 more for an ear of corn.

The forest is largely deciduous. The trees are very tall and there is heavy ground cover but not really worse than many natural U.S. forests - so maybe jungles aren't quite what they are cracked up to be. Some palms around but

not many hanging vines.

The crowd is a mixture of Malays, Indians, and Chinese in dress from traditional (all covered but the face Moslems) to Western. None of the girls have bathing suits. They bathe in dresses or tee-shirts and pants - some shorts not many. Time to save power.

I dropped the computer this morning (well I thought I caught it) and now there is a vertical line on the screen. This also approaches maximum operating temperature although it must be below 90 up here.

KL 6:00 - The girl at Templer Park said, 'Isn't it lonely traveling by yourself.' One evidence of her insight is the number of times I'm writing today. I'm now in the park that has been made of the grounds that were originally intended as the prime ministers house. They are behind the national museum, have a deer park, lake memorial to the second prime minister etc.

loose translation of comment by Tun Abdul Razak, "Our enemies are the three C's, Communism, Communalism, and and the greatest of these is communalism. (I can't remember the third one just now but it wasn't either capitalism or colonialism.) It was corruption

On leaving Templer Park I had something like a huge apple that was almost tasteless except they drown it in tamarind which makes a nice taste. I thought I was buying some sort of lemonade in this park and got instead a piece of quite sour fruit. So I'm very thirsty. There is water around and sweet drinks but no beer - Islamic country. I walked through a market that was much like Jerusalem but even bigger or at least not stretched out - mostly fruit and vegetables.

Among the oddities of the excellent National Museum - marriage customs. The bride and groom are prepared an elaborate bed and a room in the brides parent's house. They are to sleep in it in the first and third nights of the marriage. Only on the third night is the marriage to be consummated and someone checks a white cloth placed in the bed.

The park has mouse deer - about 8 inches high - but too much in the shadow to get a picture. I have not been able to find any postcards.

This park has ordinary western picnic tables. Without craning too much I can see four. At one a couple is talking - the woman is hooded. At a second a couple is talking but are somewhat closer together; the third is vacant. There are a number of people in all styles of dress in sight. Very bright colors.

August 3 10:0 5 KL

I am now in a forest preserve park in the heart of KL. In contrast to the immacuately groomed Lake Gardens this is left quite wild. Directly across the street is the convent of the Infant Jesus. I just passed the St. John Institution which appears to be an Anglian church, school and perhaps orphanage.

(Added in Proof: The previous night I had eaten at Lake Gardens - a very pretty park on the edge of the city. I arrived in a huge traffic jam; the taxi let me out. Then I walked a mile accross the park to find a collection of 4 restaurants that share a building around part of the lake - the ads said it was

a floating restaurant but I wasn't convinced. In any case I had a nice buffet of Malaysian food.)

One quickly learns that Jalan is Malaysian for street. I kept seeing signs for Jalan Sehalah. I decided I had to see such an important place so I followed one of them. The next sign read motosicko sehalah.

August 4: 10:15 Singapore

I had to stop writing yesterday because I was running out of battery. My next trick was to get trapped in the girls school. I thought an alley ran around behind the school. When I discovered it deadended at the staff housing, I backtracked and found the gate had been locked behind me. Carefully avoiding the upper floors where the girls lived, I walked past several classes- no man in sight and no one volunteers any information. Finally, I asked directions of a cafeteria worker and found my way out.

Took my luggage to left luggage at the train station after a minor argument with cabby. He asked M\$5, I said meter. He went slightly out of his way - to avoid a jam. I said I wouldn't pay over M\$3. When I arrived the bill was M\$2.20 + \$M1 because I had stupidly allowed him to put the luggage in the trunk.

Went over the wonderful butterfly park and bought many souvenirs. Sat around bored for a few hours then a nice Indian dinner. Huge insects on display - walking sticks over 1 foot long; a cicada about 3 inches long; gigantic beetles.

Arrived in Singapore a little late then 30 minutes through customs. I walked over to the subway and took it to the stop I thought closest to the University then took a cab (\$\$7.90) Turned out later I had the wrong subway stop. Driver took me to the science building as I asked. Then I had to lug the stuff back uphill to the visitors lodge. I arrived literally dripping sweat. But a nice shower in a beautiful 2 - room apartment with refrigerator and coffee/tea. But no shampoo.

August 5: 6:45 Singapore: Lunch with a quite active logic group including one expat who had worked on free groups. Then the talk, an hour catching up on e-mail. Feng Qi and I talked for an hour about the possibilities of extending the nonisomorphism result to cardinalities below the continuum. He observed that nonisomorphism is absolute on countable models (by Shoenfeld absoluteness) and then either there is a counterexample of power \aleph_1 or every forcing adding reals provides a counterexample. So actually there is a counterexample of power \aleph_1 ; we just don't know if this forcing is the one that provides it. (Qi straightened me out. This is only a consistency proof; he shows consistency the other way from Martin's axiom.)

Qi Feng matqfeng@nuscc.nus.sg

Chong and I walked through India town and then dinner at a marvelous sea food restaurant right on the sea. We had shrimp with garlic and tomatoes, black pepper crab and some delicate bean sprouts. Afterwards, I asked what we were seeing on the other side of the bay. There isn't another side of the bay. It was just some of the ships sitting in the busiest harbor in the world.

August 6: Delhi 11:25 PM Welcome to india. After all the scare about Indian taxi drivers, I prepaid at the airport and was driven 23km to the hotel for about \$9.00. NO problems but it was a little disconcerting when one man led me outside, past a row of taxis to a group of young men. He gave one of them the receipt for my fare and then two of them led me off into a parking lot filled with very old cars. Neither offered to carry my by now heavy bags. But we got in an old Austin and steamed into town with no request for further payment. Reservations were fine; while I was checking in one bellboy carried one bag up; then another showed me where to book the tour and carried the other bag. So I tipped two of them 30 rupees - turned out it should have been 6. Which world am I really living in? The one where I earned the money or the one where they will spend it?

exchange - approximately 28rps per \$.

The hotel is classic. State of the art - 40 years ago - 100? The room smells musty; I just missed a silverfish (twice American size of course). But the bathroom appears to be marble and is fully equipped, shampoo, toothbrush etc. And there is a fruitbowl and soft drinks in the fridge. The TV has a British news channel, MTV, the Olympics and a couple of Indian channels with poor reception. The bench for suitcases is broken. Not nearly as nice or big as the visitor's lodge at Singapore U. for 2 1/2 times the price. But then University housing is subsidized. Beer was 85 rps for room service so I went to the bar - 97 rps. Of course there was a rather good woman singing 'Making Woopee'. A young man who may have been a guest accompanied her part of the time. She was Indian, he European.

reprise on Singapore: Spent most of yesterday at Sentosa Island; marvelous place accessible by ferry, cable car, and shortly bridge. Has several historical exhibits, great aquarium, somewhat less good (and much cheaper) coralarium, orchid garden (disappointing), beach - I swam.

The people at Singapore were really nice. They insisted on buying me three meals - two by Chong who may have an expense account and by Qi who doesn't. I had a gift for Chong but not Qi. Perhaps he will come to Chicago. He's quite impressive. Appears to show the non-iso problem is independent for uncountable cardinals less than the continuum. Added in proof: of course this was trivial to Saharon.

7:12 PM back in the hotel: There may be just two worlds now but this is not the world of Japan, the U.S., Singapore or even Malaysia. The problem with taxi drivers is just as in Malaysia but the prices are even more ridiculous. I ended up paying a guy 200 rps bargained plus a 50 rupee tip for driving me around all morning and guiding me to his buddies to purchase things. This is probably about twice what it should cost (e.g. if I had ordered through the hotel). But it's only 10 bucks. Later a trishaw driver asked 100 rps for a trip (the meter is always broken). I walked away and paid another guy 20. Since after some discussion a later ride of four times the length was also 20, I clearly overpaid for the ride to the National museum. On the other hand it was \$.80

for a 1 mile ride that I paid.

Old Delhi was not such a surprise - like the Old City but bigger with more people sitting on the ground, more sleeping on the sidewalks (though not as one thinks of Calcutta), but only quantitative differences. The shock is that New Delhi - downtown seems to be more of the same. Almost no really modern hotels or buildings. Just block after block of three story building with smallshops and then a covered walkway. There are 10 story apartment buildings allaround but they look Soviet.

Back to the early morning. It was too early for the businesses to open. Or even the tourist attractions so I saw the red fort but couldn't get in. But I did have a superb tour of a mosque. I saw a number of relics so I gave them 50 rupees. Then the guy had the nerve to ask for 150 for himself. Usual game - if he'd asked for 50 I probably have given it; as it was I gave him 10 (and essentially he admitted he real price was 20). This was for 10-15 minutes of leading me around the mosque. It is a beautiful structure from afar but somewhat run down and no really nice interior decoration - except a copy of the Kuran written by Mohammed's son-in-law, a hair of the beard of the prophet (supposedly one of three remaining) and a rock with a footprint in it - supposedly Mohammed's.

Then to a Hindu shrine of some sort - Raj Ghat. It seems to be an eternal fire but neither the guide nor the guidebook could elucidate further.

Finally on the third try we found the stores open. I got a long and interesting explanation of the manufacture of silk rugs. I was almost tempted. Then I bought several painted silk pictures - a batik Buddha for Itai, and some other silk and a silver earrings. I gave \$150. Think it over I probably could have gotten it for \$120.

As we went then to the goldsmiths. I said I wanted to spend about \$50 and could I get a gold ring or earrings. He said no; look at silver. I looked at silver and didn't like it. I saw some gold earrings I liked and asked how much \$95. We settled on\$60 - supposedly 22 carat gold.

So without being as devastating as I feared it was all a bit depressing. So I came back in midafternoon and finished the novel 'Marriage Machine' by Gillian Freeman that I'd picked up for M\$1 in KL. It's on another culture shock- English war bride.

Then I swam and managed to lose the locker key. They opened up the locker and I tipped 10 rps. I don't know whether this was way too much or way to little. It looks much like rain and I don't feel like another trip downtown - even though I saw my cabdriver again and I'm sure he'd like a repeat of the morning. One of the restaurant's in the hotel is written up in the guide so I'm headed there when it opens at 8:00 PM.

The tv has 5 channels - 3 in English; 2 in Indian. The English channels seem to have few original programs - Newhart just came on.

6:12 AM in my room: Dinner at the Frontier: The room is stone - to represent a fort. A huge mural of Indian soldiers spans one wall. In memory of the Raj I ordered gin and tonic. I declined the large and was glad. The menu described

Pattar P**** as tender slices of mountain lamb delicately spiced and cooked on a hot stone. It was superb. Accompanied with lentil curry, Indian bread, excellent rice pudding and some very good coffee (which however even I decided to add milk and sugar). All this came to 368 rps with tax (less than \$16).

The staff was in period costume but so were many of the customers. The few women all wore saris - including one blond who looked faintly ridiculous.

A strolling guitar player came to the next table. The first song was unrecognizable; the second seemed to be classical spanish guitar. And then I thought - this is the other end of the Arab empire. Almost in answer to my thought the next song was one of those you hear in the mideastern bazaar.

It was actually the coolest it's been for days as showers threatened in the evening and the weather cooled off to the low 80's. (I guess)

The hotel is situated in a neighborhood of broad avenues, huge homes and embassies. Nevertheless there are a few poor on the street and 25 taxis cluster in the lot next door.

Several people were building a wall near the hotel. The woman carried a load of 20 bricks on her head; the man was mixing a red mortar of this same red clay.

Off to breakfast and then the tour of the Taj Majal.

Delhi 6:45 8-9-92:

Yesterday was quite an adventure. This time the poverty of India was devastating but I spent the day in the company of 4 Aussies and a girl about Katie's age - born in Bombay, moved to Sweden at 11 months and spent one year in U.S. on exchange. So I was insulated.

Low point: The bus tire went flat outside Akbar's tomb. While waiting we got pictures of Cobras, python, mongoose. Then someone paid to have the mongoose fight the cobra. I didn't actually see it. Just wandered back to see the mongoose chewing on the stump of the cobra's neck. Then they argued about whether enough had been paid for the cobra (200rps vrs 500).

8:41 Indira Ghandi International Airport:

Now I hurry up and wait. I've gotten through all the security - for some reason the machine flagged my suitcase and it had to be checked by hand. Now I'm past anyplace where they sell food and have \$4 or \$5 worth of rupees left. I also buzzed the machine with the earrings in my pocket. It was accompanied by a few rupees which is probably illegal but the guard just smiled -if you want to burn money his expression said.

Big fight to check out. Somehow Radisson only credited the Ashok with two days stay so they wanted me to pay the difference and get it back from Florian. I insisted it was their problem and eventually they caved.

taxi fares again. Remember I bought the safe prepaid fare on arrival- 225 rps. I came back on the meter - 84 rps. He asked for 120 and I gave him a 100.

Aussie campaign song: 'We all sat in the back of the bus on the day we went to Agra.' By accident or design the back seat was 4 Aussies and me. Two engineers consulting on hydrology for the UN and a couple coming back from a

European holiday. So I got a good exposure to Australian football, Australian jokes and generally had a good time.

modes of transport seen: trishaw, auto-trishaw, car, bus, lorry, bullock cart, camel, donkey, bicycle. The cows are truly everywhere. We saw many half built buildings. And acre after acre of shacks - made of thatch or brick or sheet metal and wood. Men were bathing by the side of the road. For awhile we thought it a good game to see if you could find a place where you couldn't see anyone out of a side window. But in fact, it got fairly wild after awhile. A stretch where there seemed no cash crop. Some farming but not very impressive. A few scattered industries that looked prosperous and modern but generally pretty poor.

I took a picture of a boy with a cobra through the window once I had figured out how to pay him - i.e. how to open the windows. There were peddlers and beggars whenever we stopped. The ones at the Taj were particularly good although I passed on the Kama Sutra postcards - No telling what the Saudi's would do with religious pornography.

The Taj itself was magnificent. The front is slightly wider so the rear minarets will not be obscured. Built around 1600, it really outshines the European monuments of that day. Although I thought the Milan Cathedral came close when I was on the roof.

The two engineers had had Delhi belly so they were super cautious and I let them scare me a bit. So far so good but we don't really know for another half day.

The tour took us back to state store and a spiel on how to avoid fakes. But in fact their prices seemed pretty reasonable. I ordered an embroidered Taj for mom and a silk/cotton tablecloth for us. We'll see if they arrive. The postage was half the cost of the items.

There were two young girls of Indian descent who had come back to visit. One was from Virginia and with her grandfather who was a nice guy. She was 17. He told me the Raj Ghat was a war memorial. The other was a little older and traveling alone. She is going to meet the Aussies at the Sheraton today. They decided they couldn't take the Ashok anymore.

August 9: Dubai 4:13PM

The only other European in the waiting room had his computer out so I had to make it a myth. Most of the men in the room have red headdress and white robes; the rest (it seems) are entirely in white. Only a few in western dress. This is an airport as modern as Changi. A picture of the Dubai harbor proclaims that the wealth of Dubai is based on trading, not oil. This is certainly a well run operation. As I entered the hall, someone spotted my confusion and directed me to the transfer desk. There, they took my passport and ticket and said to pick them up at 3. Since there was confusion about whether I was traveling economy or first class he said I should check at 2. At 2 I was told the economy fare had cleared; come back at 3:30. As I was going back to the desk at 3:15, a man met me in the hall and said he was going to check my visa. Sit down and all would be well. After another 10 minutes all was fixed. Of course it is all

population density. Life here is relaxed and quiet because there are less people on the peninsula than on your average Delhi street.

The duty-free shop is the biggest and shiniest I've ever seen. They even sell cars. The book shop also had the biggest selection of English books I've seen since Calgary. All the stores in south east Asia and India had massive numbers of self-help and management books and very strange novels. Bargain books in Singapore had 100's of titles and I think I recognized only 3 authors. Judith Michael, Judy Collins etc. have been big everywhere else including here.

The one bug here was that since the transfer people had my passport I couldn't change money. I bought my lunch with U.S. money. From upstairs and as I came in from above there was a nice view of a modern city with many large houses. I hope on Tuesday, I'll be able to actually get out in to the town and see some of it.

I bought postcards - even though I had some change the girl wanted to sell me 7 for a US \$1 so I bought them. Wrote a couple and then discovered the post office was closed. I suppose I'll mail them Tuesday.

August 11, 1992 6:14 PM on the beach in Dubai:

I had a busy couple of days with Marouf, Ida and the three cute kids in Riyadh. Marouf and I talked a little bit of mathematics - about his fuzzy universal algebra. The three of us talked about the war, life in Saudia Arabia - a big prison. The town is super modern. While the royal family lives very well, there is so much oil money that trickle down really works and everyone seems to be living comfortably. The difficulty is the motowahim. Women are required to wear the veil, basically cannot work outside the home and certainly cannot drive. The motowahim are moral enforcers. They hover around women who are not veiled screaming 'cover up'. They will only talk seriously with the husband but they may force him to sign an agreement to make his wife behave in public. Ida was accosted by one of them last night. She had on the abiya but didn't have the veil over her face. Moreover, she was charged with having outrageously short skirts - perhaps 5 inches from the gound and sleeves which only reached half-way from the elbow to the wrist. Nevertheless, she says she has adjusted (and I came at a time of special activity by the motowahim.)

Ida advanced the theory that Bush had lured Saddam into attacking Kuwait to establish U.S. hegemony in the gulf. She agreed that this scenario looked more plausible after the easy victory than it would have in August 90. - that Bush would have been taking a big gamble. I saw several places where scuds landed. Hussein is certainly regarded as a villain (by Ida and Marouf); yet some of the actions to disarm him now are seen as pushing Hussein unacceptably hard.

There was a scare right after the war that the contracts of Palestinians would not be renewed. But after two weeks, this policy was apparently reversed. We don't know why. Princess Haisa Faisal Fahad al-Saud is a student in Marouf's class. She and her husband are currently in L.A. she lives in a palace behind that of the king. One of her brothers was the assasin of Faisal.

(Added in proof: The Princess had officially invited me to the Kingdom.)

The three of us had the same conversation Jean and I had the first night out. How do you provide public morality without lapsing into fundamentalism. This of course is the extreme case (well Iran may be worse but I don't know that it could be considered viable.) Japan has the same kinds of controls as Itai pointed out but they are administered by individuals. Singapore seemed to have the best compromise. But the censorship rules resemble the U.S. in the 30's. And there are big government campaigns for cleanliness and politeness. Of course, in India, nothing works. The newspapers were constantly filled with this slaughter here, this riot here etc.

Riyadh is laid out for automobiles and seems deserted. It reminded me most of Calgary. The palaces are huge but large houses predominate. Marouf has at least two thirds of the space of Alistair. But curiously (from an American view) it is laid out with a dining room study, a living room, a family room and all three kids in the same bedroom.

There is a fog here at sunset that makes me suspect I was criticizing the Japanese unfairly about the pollution. The temperature is 37C and I suppose the relative humidity is near 100

Dubai reminds me of West Jerusalem. The buildings are the same style and the businesses. There are however few women on the street. But I have seen a western woman without veil and indeed an Indian with bare face is coming along the quay right now. There is an ice rink in the mall adjoining the Hyatt Regency. The theater is showing *The Devastators* and *Hardbodies II*. The line was all young men. I thought I'd find a fish restaurant along the beach. But so far no luck. I think I'll look for ads in the Hyatt. It turns out you are supposed to arrange a visa in advance through the airline (despite no mention of this when I called the consulate in D.C.). On the other hand maybe, their advice was good. A very friendly (American or British?) young woman from Singapore Air took care of everything for me; visa, luggage check, money changing etc.

Fare in from the airport was quoted in writing on a board at 30 dirhams. There was no meter but when I arrived the driver cheerfully gave me back 20 from a 50. On the other hand that's \$10 for 15 minute ride so he shouldn't complain. The wind is blowing a little more now and things are cooling down a bit. It will soon be too dark to type and I'm getting hungry anyhow. I'm on the seawall. Just below are three steps each 5 feet wide and then a boulder beach. There are people, mostly young men sitting every 15 or 20 feet on the sea wall. Most are in western dress. As opposed to Riyadh where 90% traditional dress - even on the plane to here. But once we were in the airport they stopped enforcing the veils.

11:46 Airport Dubai: In the midst of this heat I will for the first time all trip resort to my blue jacket: to sleep in on a bench in the airconditioned airport. It is still three hours till flight time in what may be the only truly 24 hour airport. There are 16 departures and at least 16 arrivals in the next 4 hours here. And everything is open! I just picked up the bag I'd checked. porter begged for a larger tip and I gave in (I'd originally given .5 dirham so ended up at 1.5) 3.6

dirham/\$. It's as busy if not more than in midafternoon when I arrived from Riyadh.

I ate dinner on a dhow. I chose which pieces of fish or meat I wanted to eat and then they barbecued them. Only one of the three kinds of fish was really fresh. There was one very good dessert and plenty of Arab salad but it cost me 110 dir. On the other hand, I was running out of dirhams and they took \$5 with the same exchange I'd gotten at the bank. The maitre'd came over and talked for awhile. Then I made the mistake of saying that this was back to civilization after India. He rather coldly said the only problem with India was too many people. Then I realized he was Indian. He said about half the population here was Indian and I remarked on my Indian friends etc. and restored friendly relations. So he talked me into a cup Arab coffee - it turned out to be included in the meal but I had to pay for the water.

This is the most American place I've been - if nothing else they drive on the right side of the road, unlike Japan, Singapore, Malaysia, India, and Saudia Arabia. Someone just came up to me who didn't speak English. A first since I arrived here.

August 20 Cairo:

I see I didn't make any notes is Israel. Well, I'd seen it all before and little has changed except that Jerusalem is bigger. There seemed a bit less tension with the Palestians than on the last trip. The banks ripped you off more than ever on the exchange and I spent most of my time on mathematics and some strolling around the city. But I was less attracted to the old city than usual since I've spent the last 4 weeks in bazaars.

The security people leaving Lod asked me many questions about the entire trip but then didn't search the luggage. Most unpleasant experience: the El Al woman who checked for Air Sinai told me I didn't have a seat because I hadn't reconfirmed - of course the phone number for Air Sinai - is not with the rest of the airlines in the travel guides. After making me cool my heels for 10 minutes she gave me one of the 20 empty seats on the flight.

In contrast, the Cairo airport worked very smoothly both coming and going - although the line for passport control is unaccountably slow. The incoming worked most smoothly for the Egyptian economy. Each passenger is met by a 'representative' of the ministry of tourism who is very helpful in getting you through passport arranging visa etc. Doesn't ask for baksheesh. But succeeded in selling me a hotel room, dinner cruise and driver for the day at about 50% too much. On the other hand the guide Jamal and especially the driver Abdullah were very nice. I forgot to take their picture. They of course also very subtly steered me away from free attractions (or ones I had theoretically paid admission to in my tour price) and to shops. At the third shop I finally relented and bought some reasonable amount of perfume essence at I suppose twice market. On the other hand, the hour camel ride was easily worth the 30 pounds + 5 to the driver that I paid.

Cairo, may be larger than Delhi but it is much more modern. Let me

count the ways. No trishaws, only a few animals. Masses of modern apartment buildings 4-10 stories high. A few extremely modern hotels. My hotel which cost only \$39 if you go directly to them was much nicer than the Ashok although fewer amenities and the toilet leaked. But they served breakfast at 5AM, it's near the airport etc. Caesar's Palace - Cairo.

August 20: 1:53 Baden Schweiz

This is a beautiful smallish (5-10K?) town in the low alps. I walked around and found a marvelous Catholic church. First built in 9th century, the inside is white stucco with an amazing number of pictures. I took a picture of the steeple. This is the most peaceful I've felt for sometime. It's hard to analyze. There are fewer people but I'm sitting at a cafe near the train station and there are 10 people eating here. The meal was wonderful. Rossli with bacon and cheese baked over it and 'ein mittel bier'. It's a good thing I turned down the grosschen; this is 500ml.

I found this place because on the ride from the airport into Zurich, I fell into conversation with my seatmate. A native of Zurich, he is a professor of comparative literature and spent 6 years in Urbana. So I asked him where on the Zurich-Basel run I should stop for lunch and he gave excellent advice.

It is still hot; must be high 80's and humid. I think more uncomfortable than yesterday in Cairo but maybe you expect it in the desert and not with all the trees around.

I forgot to check with Mechachim on one peculiarity in the old city. One shop was selling 'safran' at 3 lirot / gram; This seemed way too cheap for saffron and besides the spice was orange instead of yellow and didn't taste like saffron to me.

I bought Martin a bottle of Egyptian brandy. At one point, it disappeared in the Zurich airport and I thought I'd come all this way to finally be ripped off. But I went back to where I'd cancelled the round trip to Basel by air and reconfirmed the trip home and they had it. Zurich of course worked as did Swissair.

added in proof: Martin's brandy was truly doomed; I left it on the train when I woke up just as we pulled into Freiburg.

Zurich Aug 22, 12:33

So on the last day the first real problems. Despite my carefully reconfirming of Thursday and cancelling the two seats I didn't want to Basel and return, I am somehow listed as a standby passenger. My luggage was checked. I am assured that I will have a seat. But in the meantime, I have to stand at ready to get the boarding pass instead of touring the airport.

To top it off, Martin AND I were playing last night and at the moment most of diary has been erased. I hope that I can recover it. But trying to do it in my present agitated state is a recipe for disaster. The Swiss of course insisted on x-raying my film.

Added in proof: The delay in giving me a seat was to determine who got bumped up to business class. I did.

After several frantic e-mail conversations with Martin; I managed to to use Norton utilities to recover both this file and the notes I'd written for Saharon on the finitary structure paper.