

Chapter 1

Indonesia, Malaysia, and Australia 1979



10/2/1979 Between Seattle and Tokyo

I can't decide what day it is. We've only been out of Seattle an hour or so, and it's mid-afternoon on the 30th there. But the captain told us the time in Japan, so we could set our watches, and it's about 9:00 A.M. on the 31st there. I realized a little while ago that I am going from the 30th to the 31st without it ever being dark. It's like I'm losing a night. And I'm wondering if there will be an extra night on the way back. Surely there must be.

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979

So far the trip has gone well. Nothing like my trip to England when I had so many problems. The flights have (so far) been on time and I feel like I'm being passed from place to place by a giant machine.

There was no movie on the first flight, though it was long enough. So I read some of the materials they gave me about Indonesia. Did you know that it is the fifth largest country – by population – in the world? Also, I was wrong about their speaking Dutch. They do speak Indonesian and have mostly taken English in school. Java – the island where Jakarta is – is one of the most densely populated areas in the world.

On this flight there will be a movie, "The In-laws." How about that. I had to pay \$2.50 for the earphones to listen to it and that may be silly since I've already seen it, but what else am I going to do on the 9½ hour flight?

Incidentally, on this flight there are two kinds of background noise. One is the blowing of the air conditioning system, which is constant, and you learn to ignore it. The other is the crying and fussing of babies and small children. There are a lot of them here – mostly Japanese. Off to my left I see a nice brown teddy bear propped against a window for the amusement of a child who is out of my sight. And a few minutes ago, a toddler in a blue sleeper grabbed my arm as he went past me in the aisle with his mother.

11/1 Hong Kong

It is midnight here (noon Wednesday to you) and I just got to my hotel. I was able to sleep a couple of hours on the flight from Tokyo, but I'm looking forward to really sacking out now.

On the plane there were three guys together – it turned out they were Germans – who were really rowdy. One of them kept standing in the aisle and swinging at one of the others. He wasn't swinging hard, but he was drunk and noisy and the cabin attendants kept trying to calm him down.

My hotel here was booked by the airline as part of the flight. Coming off the plane we were met by a girl holding a sign with about a dozen names on it, including mine. Just as I picked my name out of the list, a loud voice behind me shouted "Deardorff!" It was the rowdy German who recognized it as a German name.

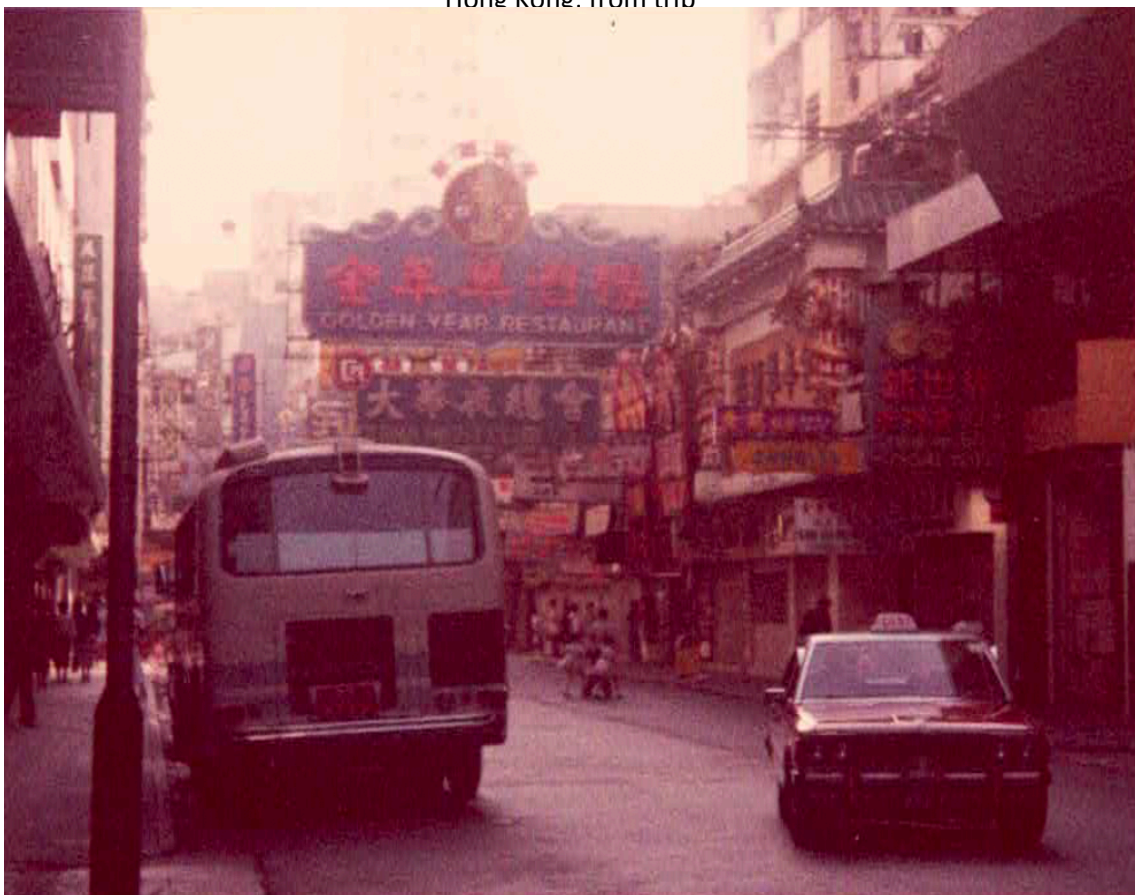
They brought us in a bus to the hotel. The bus was air conditioned, thank God, even at midnight. I can see this is going to be a hot place. This is a huge city, full of high-rise buildings and narrow streets, all on hills. It's an overgrown Chinatown, with signs in both Chinese and English. One quaint street of closely packed Chinese shops has a McDonalds on the corner.

The Miramar Hotel is right in the thick of things – I'm looking forward to walking around the neighborhood after breakfast. (What do Chinese eat for breakfast?) I don't leave for the airport until 1:00 P.M.

Travels of a Trade Economist



Hong Kong. from trip



Hong Kong, from trip

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979

The hotel is elegant. The doors are all padded in leather (imitation, I hope). My bathroom floor and walls are all real marble. The drapes over the window open and close electrically from an elaborate console next to the bed. I only know about that because right after I had gotten into the room (a bellboy had brought me, and I tipped him a quarter; he took it), another fellow knocked on my door and came in to turn down the bed and close the drapes.

On the planes I have been alternately reading a novel and reading background material for the seminar. I have to speak for 30 minutes Friday evening and I will feel a lot better when I have something written down to say. Even though the flights are boring, I feel like time is rushing past and Friday will be here before I know it. Crossing the dateline didn't help.

Now I'm in the airport waiting for my flight to Jakarta. After I checked in I chatted for a bit with a lady I had noticed on the bus from the hotel and who was waiting for her husband to check her in. She looked a lot like a woman we know, Harriet. Turns out this woman and her husband live in Jakarta, where he works for one of the oil companies. She loves it and talked on and on about the place and the people. The place is wonderful, once you get used to how dirty it is. She went on, saying that the people are all just plain stupid. They are very nice – they'll do anything to please – but they have no intelligence and can't learn a thing you try to teach them. They are very poor; all their belongings they can carry in their hands. But they are so content. She once tried to give a servant a bed, but she wouldn't take it. Didn't want possessions to bog her down. The children are so quiet and good – they are just a pleasure. They are so content; she never hears Indonesian babies cry. I suggested that this was probably a result of being undernourished and she was so surprised – she had never thought of that. I finally broke away to find a bar, but I may talk to her again on the flight. I am fascinated by people who live permanently away from America, especially in places as exotic as these.

I spent a couple of hours this morning walking through the streets of Hong Kong and shopping. I got a few things, including earrings for Bella and a necklace for Pat. The shopkeepers come out of their shops and practically grab you to get you to buy. One fellow saw me buying something in his brother's shop, followed me to the corner until I looked a little lost, and asked if he could help. I told him I needed a mother-of-pearl necklace, and he took me two blocks to *his* shop to sell me one. After I said I'd take it, he got nervous that I thought I was buying real pearls, and several times tried to explain it to me. It was funny.

It is hard to communicate the flavor of this city. It is not the teaming slum that I had pictured – perhaps that will be Jakarta. It is mostly fairly new, high-rise buildings with apartments above and shops below. But it is all rather dirty, and the people seem to go out of their way to create a sense of clutter. These beautiful high-rise apartments, if they have balconies, are filled with junk, plants and clothes hanging out to dry. They use poles, sticking straight out from the buildings, to hang their clothes on, in addition to clothes lines. It is very colorful, but it would take me a while to get used to the look of it.

11/2 Outside Jakarta

The flight to Jakarta from Hong Kong was uneventful. I was on Garuda, the Indonesian Airline. It was slightly less luxurious in some ways than Northwest, but it was still very nice. There was even a movie, called "Joe Panther," about a young American Indian in Florida who wrestles alligators and becomes deck hand on Brian Keith's sport-fishing boat. It had Ricardo Montalban as an old Indian, of all things. But it was not a bad G-rated story.

On arrival in Jakarta, I was met by the press attaché, Jim, and his wife, who took me to an Indian restaurant (not Joe Panther type Indian – the other kind) for dinner. Jim ordered for us. Tandoori Chicken for three, vegetable curry, rice, and naan. When the waiter brought the food, there was only one piece of chicken for each of us. Jim complained that there should be more chicken, so the waiter took away the rice and curry before we had any. We ate what we had while we waited for him to return, but he still hadn't come back after 20 minutes, and Jim finally had to call the manager. We finally got the rest of our food, and it was very good – though not better than the Raja Rani at home, just cheaper.

By the way, one of the things I learned from the lady in Hong Kong who looked like Harriet was that Indonesian coffee is awful. Not true; it's delicious. Maybe that is why they call this island Java.

One of the other things that Harriet-like told me is apparently true, and not for the reason I thought. Indonesian children are very quiet. The culture puts a great premium on good behavior. To assure that, babies and small children get little stimulation. Babies are tightly swaddled and carried until long after our children would be walking. Or at least this is what a guy at the embassy told me today.

My room at the Hyatt Aryuduta was not nearly as nice as my room in Hong Kong. But that's alright. It was nice enough and I was paying for this one myself. I slept well but for the second morning in a row, woke up precisely when my alarm clock said 7:00. I don't know why, since I had set it for 8:00 and it was only 6:00.

This morning I ate an Indonesian breakfast. There was a small orange juice that tasted like Tang, fried rice mixed with strips of fried scrambled egg, a large crispy wafer, a small piece of delicious chicken, and coffee. Pretty good.

After breakfast I was picked up by the fellow from the embassy who is organizing this conference and taken for briefings with several people there. We ate lunch at the embassy commissary, which was good but nothing to write home about. Then we were driven out here to where I am now, a resort on the side of a mountain, Ever Green. It consists of cottages, each of which has three to four bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a living room-dining-kitchen area. All the cottages are different, and the place is landscaped with tropical trees and plants. We met a cow in the yard of one cottage on the way up, and there is a rooster somewhere near mine that crows every few minutes.



My cottage, "Gunter," at Ever Green, from trip

This is all very exotic, and I wish you could be here to see it. Though everything is not perfect. When I got here, I thought I might take a shower, but there were no towels. Also, the electricity is turned off. A minute ago, the houseboy appeared, and I got him to get me a towel. He doesn't speak English, but I gather the electricity will be turned on before it gets dark. I hope so. I notice that he is boiling water now, so I suppose that he will make me tea.

Our first session is tonight after dinner. I will have to speak for 30 minutes. That I am now ready for, I hope. What I am not ready for is to meet some two dozen Indonesians with impossible names.

The session is over and my presentation, at least, went well. I was the third speaker and I had to alter what I was going to say as they spoke, but it came out fine. My comments in the discussion later in the evening were not as good. One time I lost track of what I was saying halfway through and had to just stop.

This place is exotic, but it sure has problems. The electricity finally came on but is apparently too weak to operate my shaver. I don't know what I'll do about that. Also, when I got back to my cottage just now, I found a huge bug – about two inches long and



Ever Green resort, from trip

shaped sort of like a beetle – on the table in the living room. As I watched, he suddenly skittered like a cockroach over the edge and down the tablecloth. I have now locked myself in my room. And, oh yes, this afternoon I had to fix the toilet before it would flush. I'd never seen a mechanism quite like it.

Speaking of toilets, the one in the building where we have the seminar is just a urinal – a trench in cement floor next to the wall. At the end of the trench there is a hole in the wall so that the pee can flow outside onto the ground. I'm glad my cottage is not downhill from there. I'm also glad I'm not a woman.

Also speaking of toilets, I learned that most of the toilet paper here is imported. The reason is that only Westerners use it. And the reason for that is that local people always wash themselves with water after a shit. I'll bet they think we're an uncouth lot. Also, they always use their left hands for this. So, the left hand *is* considered unclean and should not touch other people.

Never cross your legs in the presence of an Indonesian. The sole of the foot is also considered unclean, and it is impolite to point it at another person.

It is not impolite to smoke in the presence of smokers. Boy, would I like a cigarette. Of course, the ones they have here would probably kill me.



Children on path through Ever Green, from trip

11/4 (5:00 A.M.) Ever Green

I said before I was "outside Jakarta." That's misleading. We drove an hour and a half to get here, and we are nearer to the city of Bogor than Jakarta. We are in the mountains above Bogor, close to a famous and beautiful mountain pass called the Puncak. I saw a bit of Bogor yesterday, and if the weather is good, I will see the Puncak today.

The effect of jet lag seems to be that I wake up early. Yesterday I woke at 5:00, today at 4:30. I have yet to hear my alarm clock.

The conference went on all day yesterday until 5:00. The three of us visiting from the States then took a car down into Bogor to go to a Batik shop. One of us, Alan Wolfe, will be leaving early today and wanted to buy some before he left.

Riding in a car around here is an experience to give you nightmares. It is a narrow two-lane road with shops, street vendors and crowds of people along both sides

its whole length. The traffic is heavy and fast, with lots of passing. Our driver would pass frequently and without much room to do it. If he was passing a small vehicle – and there are lots of these, tiny cars and trucks – he would sail past in the middle of the road expecting it and the oncoming traffic to make room. To pass larger things, he would at least wait until there was a gap in the traffic large enough for him to pull out into.



With the two other speakers, from trip



More children in Ever Green, from trip

Apparently everyone here drives like this. One time I looked up and there were two buses filling the road coming toward us. Without concern our driver slowed to a stop, and in the nick of time the passing bus made it past the other and back into its lane. All of this, by the way, in a country where they drive on the left, which is already uncomfortable enough for me.

Just as I was getting used to this, on the way back we saw an accident. One of the tiny cars had been smashed by a bus, apparently while passing. The car was squashed, and I can't imagine the driver could have lived. We drove on.

In Bogor we were taken to a narrow shopping street where there were two Batik shops. I immediately found a shirt that I wanted but they wouldn't sell it to me. They insisted that it was too small for me and eventually they convinced me. It's too bad; I really liked that shirt. Maybe I'll find some I like in Jakarta.

The street was filled with cars, and the sidewalk was filled with people. This was about 6:30, by the way, and after dark. Besides the shops there were people selling things outside. Many had carts and were cooking food to sell. Others just had things spread out on the sidewalk.

11/5 Jakarta

It's late afternoon and I'm sitting in the bar having a beer and waiting for the car that will take me to dinner at the home of Charles Silver, who arranged my stay here. When I got

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979

back last night about 11:00, there was a message to call him. First I thought it was too late to call. Then I thought he might have a message from Pat. And the phone number included an extension, so I thought it was the embassy. So I called just in case he was working late or had left word with someone there. Instead, his wife answered, and I may have woken her up. Anyway, she invited me to dinner tonight. I apologized to her for calling so late, and again today to Charles when I saw him. He hastened to explain that he had a cold and was sleeping in a different room, which was why he didn't answer the phone.

The drive back from Ever Green yesterday was pleasant. We stopped by the road to sample some fruit. And we stopped again when two buses, one trying to pass, again blocked the road ahead of us. This time the passing bus never did make it around and came to a stop just inches from our bumper. And our own driver was obviously just as reluctant to stop. All of this upset one of the locals just as much as us. He is a Balinese and he raged about how little "discipline" there is on the roads of West Java.



Roadside fruit, from trip

Incidentally, this Balinese, whose name is Njormon (pronounced like Norman, oh boy!) wants to come to the States for a Ph.D. in economics. I promised to look for support for him in Michigan. He suggested he could be my assistant, but I said I don't have one. I liked him, and it would be neat to have a Balinese assistant. I think you might like him, though it is always hard for me to tell. He used to be married, but he divorced his wife when she wouldn't let him leave Bali.

He took Dick Kaufman and me to a good local restaurant for dinner last night. It was called Vic's Viking and had the biggest buffet I've ever seen. There was a whole table of Indonesian foods, plus a long counter with four kinds of soup and various foreign dishes. The decor was Formica, and the price was good – only about \$4 for all you could eat. At one point, a lot of noise and singing broke out in a back room. We asked Njormon what was happening, and he said it was a birthday. Sure enough, just then the singing changed to our own "Happy Birthday to You."

By the way, Njormon is younger than me, but he is around 50 years old. In the Balinese calendar, the year is only six months long.

11/7 Kuala Lumpur

I've moved on. On the face of it this is a much nicer place than Jakarta, but so far I'm not very happy here. Maybe I've been traveling too long. The food doesn't taste very good, the beer tastes good but is too expensive to drink, and I just feel kind of lonely and unwanted. I'll be glad to get home.

Monday night, as I said, I went to dinner at Charles Silver's. It was, I guess, a dinner party, but I was the only guest. His wife is from Singapore and his little girl, two years old, is cute as can be. But he is one of those who takes life and culture very seriously, and so the evening was not much fun. I wish I was the kind of person who can lighten up a situation like that – like my colleague George Johnson, perhaps – but I'm not.

Yesterday I was able to use the pool. It was sunny finally. The pool was 50 meters long and the water was perfect. I didn't stay out too long; they say you can burn in no time in the tropical sun. I'd like to get a tan to bring home, but it's so rainy here in Kuala Lumpur that I may not get a chance.

At the Jakarta airport my Indonesian guide, Mr. Hartono, took care of everything and led me easily through to the boarding lounge. I waited in a small bar they have there and ordered a beer. They said, "We only have large." When I asked how big that was, an American at a table behind me showed me his. Sure enough – it was the size of a bottle of wine. I didn't want anything that big and neither did he, though he bought it anyway, so we shared it.

As we talked, he went on and on about the "hassle" of being in Jakarta. Turned out that what he meant was that you must bribe people all the time to do things. I had never bribed anyone. I guess I may have been pampered during my visit by being a guest of the embassy.

On the flight we set our watches 1/2 hour ahead. It is now 12 1/2 hours earlier in Michigan than it is here. Weird. Also, we crossed the equator back to the Northern Hemisphere and the captain announced the winner of the crossing-the-equator contest. Apparently, the passengers who had been on the flight since it began in Perth, Australia, had made guesses as to what time we would cross. There were two winners actually, both of whom had guessed it exactly, and they each won a bottle of perfume.

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979



Kuala Lumpur from trip



Kuala Lumpur from trip

The reason Malaysia is much nicer than Indonesia is that it has a lot more money. The country exports rubber, tin, oil, and palm oil, among other things, and the prices for all of these are high. Also, there aren't nearly as many people here, so Kuala Lumpur is a small city with lots of fancy new building for hotels and businesses, reasonably nice homes for its people, and lots of room for green parks. But I find the people to be somewhat less friendly and certainly not as good looking as the Indonesians.

My driver is an Indian named Subra. He took me to an appointment at the embassy this morning, and afterwards drove me to some of the sights in the city. Once, trying to tell him what my plans were for lunch, I said "I may see Mr. Hess at 12:30." He answered with something I couldn't understand about "messy." I couldn't tell whether he thought "messy" was a place I wanted to see or that I was commenting on the city being messy. For 5 minutes we tried to straighten this out and were never able to.



"Cultural show" in Kuala Lumpur, from trip

11/9 Kuala Lumpur

I'm getting more comfortable with this place now. It's really very nice.

Wednesday night there was another dinner party. This one was fun. The cultural affairs officer, Dave Hess, held it in his home and there must have been about 20 people there. One was the Ambassador, whom I talked to for quite a while. He's a very relaxed and open guy, which surprised me a little.

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979

To handle a party of this size, Dave had hired the best Indian restaurant in town to cater the affair. The food was delicious.

Speaking of food, Ovaltine is big here. It is on every menu, along with coffee, tea, and hot chocolate, and I've seen Ovaltine trucks driving through the city.

Yesterday there were seminars and meetings all day. Then last night I went on a tour. The tour included the Chinese shopping street, dinner, and a "cultural show." The show was Malaysian dancing and was very colorful and beautiful.

When I signed up for the tour, I expected to be thrown in with a lot of other Americans on a big bus. Instead, there were just three of us who took the tour, and we, our guide, and our driver were all crammed into a tiny, smaller-than-Pinto sized car. The other two tourists were Terry Cunningham, a Cockney British, who lives in Papua New Guinea, and hasn't been back to London since 1961; and Mazen Breik, a Jordanian living in Saudi Arabia. Mazen was amazing. He may well have been the high point of my trip. I doubt that can describe him adequately here.



"Cultural show" in Kuala Lumpur,
from trip

He is tall, bearded, and very dashing looking. He is the most aggressively friendly and outgoing person I've ever met – totally self assured. He was dressed in a three-piece suit, the first I've seen in Asia and totally out of place in this climate. He started by getting names and addresses from all of us in the car and invited each of us to visit him in Arabia. "You will pay nothing while you are there – I will pay for everything." I asked how long I could stay, and he said three months – but there are a thousand other Arabs who would also each have me as a guest for three months, so I could stay a lifetime. Arabs love to have guests. Many will not eat a meal until they have a guest to share it with, and they will go out "fishing for guest." The hotels in Arabia are always empty because visitors are all staying in homes – except at the time of the Pilgrimage when there are too many.

The guide took us to the Chinese shopping street, and we had a half hour to walk through it together. It took us well over an hour, though, because Mazen kept stopping to buy things. He bought half a dozen pairs of boots and half a dozen pairs of children's shoes, because they were such good buys. And he wanted to buy some bras – but never finished the deal on these. He insisted on bargaining, and this took forever. Meanwhile Cunningham and I stood by shrugging our shoulders about this crazy Arab and wishing we could get on with the tour.

When we finally did, Mazen explained to us in the car that Arabs are rich and always have been – it's not just oil – because they are always looking out for things to buy and sell. These boots, which had cost him \$10, would cost \$250 in Arabia. He once brought a hundred live plants, filled his suitcases with dirt and packed them in there to take back home. Fortunately, customs did not ask him to open his suitcases. "Americans never remember what they pay for anything," so they can't deal and that's why all Americans are poor. If they get \$100, they spend \$110. If they get \$1,000, they spend \$1,050. "Americans have best money in the world, but they can't buy anything for it."

Everything costs so much in America. In Arabia you can live on next to nothing (as long as you don't need boots, I guess). We pay a lot for housing. In Arabia the land belongs to everyone – whoever uses it. You just set up a prefab house and move in.

Also, cars in Arabia are very cheap because the auto companies sell them at a discount over there. They are so cheap that the rich just give them away if they break down. Mazen has three cars, and he didn't pay for any of them. Other people gave them to him, and he just had to pay a few hundred to get them fixed.

The custom is that every Arab must give 10% of his income to the poor. Each year at a certain time you go out and look for a poor man and give him your money. I reminded him that Americans are all poor and held out my hand. He didn't give me anything.

When we got to the restaurant and sat at our table, there was at the next table a woman alone. She was in her forties. Obviously a tourist and quite dowdy looking. Mazen immediately approached her, invited her to join us (I don't think he gave her a choice), and soon had waiters scurrying around to combine our tables. Turned out she was from Australia, friendly and rather pathetic – and I'm sure that Mazen's attention to her made her day. How can anyone be so charming and at the same time so completely full of hot air?

11/14 Fiji

I've missed a few days. Australia has come and gone. I'm on my way home. It is 5:00 P.M. Wednesday here, so I should be home in a couple of hours. But it will soon be yesterday, and I'll have to start the day over.

My last night in Kuala Lumpur I was taken out to see the town by a young economist from the central bank – a Mr. Chung. He took me to a Chinese restaurant for dinner. We had some chicken that was very good: well seasoned and very juicy. Pat would have loved it, but she'd have loved even more the sparerib we had next. We each had just one, but it was huge. It had been deep fried in some sort of batter and was drenched in sweet-and-sour sauce. Really something!

We also went to a bar that had live music. The singer was an Indian, but he sang like Elvis. Very macho and sexy. Then when he talked between songs, he sounded like a typical Indian.

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979

The atmosphere at this place was completely American, and the people were dressed like Americans and acted like Americans. Then if you looked at their faces, they were all Chinese, Indian, or Malay. It gave me a very strange feeling.

On Saturday I did some shopping and walked a little in the city. Then I caught my flight for Australia. It was the first flight I'd had that was full, and it also had the most confusion at the airport before getting on. There was a mob around the check-in counter, and I stood in line for about half an hour. Then they had no record of my reservation – I hadn't reconfirmed – but they let me on anyway. Also, they wouldn't take my bag because I hadn't had it X-rayed. I did that and then stood in line again. Finally on the plane, there was a lot of fuss because there didn't seem to be enough seats, but fortunately that didn't involve me.

I sat next to a girl who was returning to Australia after two years in Europe. She comes from a 40,000-acre farm (that's small, she said!) in Queensland, and she was rather hefty looking.

She had intended to fly the preceding Tuesday, but her reservation had been lost and this, four days later, was the next available flight. She had been almost out of money, used it all on a place to stay there, and hadn't eaten for two days. Or so she said.

The movie on that flight was "The Main Event," with Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal. I've seldom seen such a bad show.

We flew all night. And it was a short night because the clock moved ahead four hours. By the time we got to Canberra I was tired, a little depressed, and just wanted to sleep. Fortunately, I had nothing else to do, so I did.

On Monday I gave a seminar at the University and met the economists there. These included Max Corden, whom I've always wanted to meet. He is everything I had expected: friendly, unassuming, low-key, and has a good sense of humor. He looks a lot like Gavin McLeod. He was very glad to hear that I do not work as hard as most American economists he has met. We really hit it off very well.

Monday night there was a dinner party with a dozen or so economists and several wives. I was drinking and talking without noticing the time. First thing I knew it was 1:30 A.M. I didn't feel too well the next morning for my "electronic dialogue" with economists in Melbourne, but I got through it okay. I had lunch with some journalists, drank a lot of wine, and felt like I was slurring my speech by the time of my



Max Corden, on right, from trip

Travels of a Trade Economist

afternoon seminar with government economists. The ICA fellow said I sounded okay, and that was my last performance of the trip.

Last night, Max and his wife Dorothy had me over for dinner and we went to a play. They had a Lhasa Apso, which I met when I came in. They were amazed when I recognized the breed. True to type, it barked and snapped at me the whole time I was there.

On the way to the show, we passed the Qantas Airlines building and I asked what I have wondered for years: why is there not a "u" in that word. Max didn't know, but Dorothy used to be a reference librarian and she explained it. Qantas is not a word; it is the initials for Queensland And Northern Territory Air Service, which is what it was called years ago when it started. Incidentally, Qantas is notoriously inefficient and is kept alive by the Australian government, which keeps out most other airlines that would like to fly there. As a result, it's often hard to get seats in and out of there.

The play we went to was a one-woman show called "Tonight Lola Blau." It is mostly Cabaret-style singing, reminiscent of the "Three-Penny Opera." I don't usually care for that, but I must admit this was good. It was about the Nazis and anti-Semitism. Yet many of the songs were hilarious. Then the last song was sung to the audience about how all we care about is enjoying ourselves and we don't pay attention to the serious message. We don't want to feel guilt. When she stopped, you didn't know whether to admit you enjoyed the show, or even whether to clap. And she never smiled during the curtain calls – she just stared at us accusingly. Very effective.

Well now I'm flying – and flying and flying. I'm heading for Honolulu now. This leg will take over six hours. There will be drinks, and dinner, and a movie with George Segal.

1. Indonesia-Malaysia-Australia 1979