CONTENTS

1 Hedda Morrison’s Jehol—a Photographic Journey
   *Hedda Morrison, images and text*
   —translated from the German by Herta Imhof, with
   introductory essays by Claire Roberts and Geremie R. Barmé

129 Bridging the Gap: Attempts at Constructing a “New” Historical–Cultural
   Identity in the People’s Republic of China
   *Axel Schneider*

145 Making Meiji Muslims: the Travelogue of ‘Ali Ahmad al-Jarjawi
   *Michael F. Laffan*

171 Vengeful Gods and Shrewd Men: Responses to the Loss of Sovereignty
   on Cheju Island
   *Michael J. Pettid*
Cover calligraphy  Yan Zhenqing 颜真卿, Tang calligrapher and statesman

Cover illustration  Photo no.5 from Hedda Morrison’s ‘Jehol album 1’, Hedda Morrison Collection, Harvard-Yenching Library, Harvard University (© President and Fellows of Harvard College, Bequest of Hedda Hammer Morrison)
Hedda Morrison’s Jehol

**Claire Roberts**

Every morning Japanese trucks leave Kou Yen Tou for Jehol. At the end of July I go with them. ... I travel with several Chinese. We sit among sacks of flour and wooden planks on a truck that is, by German standards, rattlingly dangerous. Summer sun, green and gold fields, tall gauliang [sorghum], fallow black soil, fresh air, heavy, angry clouds of the rainy season.

This is a translation of some of the opening lines of German text accompanying photographs of a road leading from Andingmen 安定門 in Beiping 北平, and tall sorghum plants silhouetted against a cloudy, sunburst sky. The photographs form part of an album recording a journey to Jehol 熱河 during the summer of 1934. There is a slightly abstract relationship between image and text in the album. Neither is descriptive of the other in a didactic sense. Rather, the photographs and prose create a poetic narrative that is both personal and informative. There is a keen awareness of the form and colour of the landscape and its correspondence with emotion. One senses too the particular time in which the journey took place—a period of the encroaching Japanese occupation of North China—and that the traveller was a foreigner.

The traveller was Hedda Morrison (née Hammer), born in Stuttgart,
Document for entry into China in the passport of Hedda Hammer, issued by the Chinese Embassy in Berlin on 21 July 1933, allowing entry up to December of that year (reproduced courtesy of the Powerhouse Museum, Sydney)

Hedda Morrison lived in Peking from 1933 to 1946. During that time she took a large number of photographs of that city and places further afield which form an extraordinary archive.

While working at Hartung's Photo Shop (1 September 1933 – 30 June 1938) Morrison took advantage of holidays to travel to more distant places. Her first trip, over the Christmas period in 1933, was to the Yungang Buddhist caves near Datong. With her limited Chinese she managed to persuade the Chinese army unit occupying the caves to stay in a nearby temple. There she slept on a communal kang, or heated platform bed, and was free to visit and photograph the caves as she pleased.

Morrison's second trip, six months later, was to Jehol. She recalls: "The truck people obligingly picked me up at the Wagons-Lits Hotel where I occupied a small attic room. This, like many of her journeys, was recorded as photographic narrative. The photographs were later pasted onto individual cards with accompanying handwritten text and encased to form a loose-leaf album. Hedda Morrison created some twenty-nine albums documenting particular places and events.

6 Ibid., pp.24-5.
7 Hedda Morrison made another trip to Jehol one year later. According to Morrison's catalogue of negatives (see *East Asian History* 4 (Dec. 1992): 115-18) it would appear that she took the photographs S 2230-2336 during one trip and L 1019-1204, using a larger format camera, during a later trip. In the album reproduced here she includes some photographs from the later trip. I would like to thank Judy Greene at Harvard University for her assistance in clarifying this information.
8 The albums were entitled by Hedda Morrison as follows: Jehol album 1-2; Lost Tribe; Handicrafts album 2; Handicrafts album 3, parts 1-2; Summer Palace, Jade Fountain, hills, temples albums 1-3; Funerals, weddings, Miaofeng Mountain albums 1-2; Forbidden City, temples, walls, Ming Album albums 1-2; Untitled; Yun-kang; Wei Hai Wei; Temple of Heaven album 1;
activities. Some, such as the Jehol album, read as considered pictorial diaries, perhaps compiled with the intention of future publication. Others appear to have functioned as a convenient way of grouping and packaging photographs to show to prospective clients. Customers sometimes purchased entire albums or would make a selection of images which Morrison would have made up into a special silk-covered album at a stationary shop inside Qianmen 前門. The Jehol album, which is reproduced here for the first time in its entirety and with an English translation by Herta Imhof, has been

Figure 2

The identification pages of Hedda Hammer's passport issued in Stuttgart on 20 August 1932 (reproduced courtesy of the Powerhouse Museum, Sydney)

became a volunteer at the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney, working for seven years in the Department of Asian Decorative Arts and Design until her premature death in 1997. She worked on the large collection of Hedda Morrison exhibition prints and personal memorabilia that was bequeathed to the museum in 1992. In 1993 the Powerhouse Museum mounted the exhibition "In Her View: The Photographs of Hedda Morrison in China and Sarawak 1933-67." Five of Hedda Morrison's albums were borrowed from the Harvard-Yenching Library, the collection of Nan-hai; Tai miao; Shantung; Pai-yun kuan; Pao-ting Fu. They are all in the collection of the Harvard-Yenching Library, Harvard University.


10 Herta Imhof, née Rozenzweig (1936–97), was born in Vienna and together with her family fled Nazi-occupied Europe and found refuge in Shanghai in 1939. Herta was three years old when she arrived in Shanghai. The family lived in the Designated Area for Stateless Refugees in Hongkew (Hongkou 洪口) where Herta attended the Kadoorie School. At the age of ten Herta and her family came to Australia as refugees. Later in life, after raising a family and working as a pharmacist, Herta

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It was during the course of the exhibition loan period that the translation by Herta Imhof published here was made. Translations were also made of the German text of the ‘Lost Tribe’ and ‘Handicraft’ albums and have been lodged with the Harvard-Yenching Library.

11 Inside the album there are 121 numbered sheets headed “Summer vacation 1934” in German and containing drafts of the album text, plus a number of loose pages, also of German text, entitled “Jehol,” including an historical introduction to Jehol and a listing of 62 images. The latter text appears to have been prepared for a slide presentation. Correspondence with Raymond Lum, 17 October 2001.

Figure 3
A typical card (here reduced in size from the original 22 x 28.5 cm) from Morrison’s loose-leaf Jehol album: leaf 7, (for translation, see p.22 below)
In a recent study of Jehol, Philippe Forêt has observed that much of the information in English about the city and its surrounds comes from research undertaken by European and Japanese scholars during the 1930s. Among the books Forêt mentions is *Jehol, City of Emperors* by the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin, published in London in 1932. This book was the result of a ten-day trip undertaken by Hedin and his entourage in 1930 with an armed escort provided by the Governor of Jehol. It would appear that Hedda Morrison was familiar with and had read Hedin’s book prior to her own journey. Like Hedin, she stayed at the Belgian Catholic Mission, though by the time she visited Jehol it had become part of Manchoukuo (滿洲國) and the expanding Japanese empire. Throughout Morrison’s narrative there is frequent mention of Japanese soldiers, though only a few photographs document their presence. Whilst these photographs are few in number they have a strong impact and act as powerful visual disruptions. On the way to Miyun 密雲 the Japanese truck they are travelling in gets bogged. Morrison documents her fellow passengers, an interesting array of well-dressed local and foreign travellers, standing in the mud alongside their stricken vehicle with Japanese soldiers in attendance. And in the following photograph she captures a Japanese soldier standing over her with great dramatic effect, his face stern and expressionless (photos 5 and 6). Elsewhere Morrison records that on the first night in Miyun she slept in a “Japanese bus station,” and observes (though does not photograph) slogans painted on rocks at the customs and passport checkpoint in Gubeikou 古北口 extolling the friendship of Japan and the new state (Manchoukuo). On the way to the Xumi Fushou 須弥福壽 Temple they pass a “brickworks established by the Japanese,” a subject which also forms part of the photographic narrative (photo 53). And in the city of Jehol Morrison comments on the “many truck-loads of Japanese soldiers” and the green and red neon signs of Japanese hotels and entertainment places (but instead photographs a more picturesque Chinese shop-sign—photo 22).

Embedded within the Jehol album is an inscription written by Sven Hedin on a card beside a photograph of a lone conifer in a broad valley dated 18 November 1935: “This picture is simply masterfully executed and I particularly like it. However, all the others are equally good and it is hard to decide which is best. Miss Hedda Hammer is a great artist” (photo 41).

Hedin, like many foreign travellers in Peking visited Hartung’s Photo Shop. Morrison has commented: “Jehol has been described by the famous explorer Sven Hedin in a book published in 1932. He came on his last expedition to Asia while I was still working at Hartungs, the photographic studio. After the expedition’s return to Peking, Mr Lu, the Hartungs cine photographer, and I accompanied it on an outing to the Ming Tombs. It was a hilarious occasion. Hedin needed some footage of the Ming Tombs which, in their then
Figure 5

Photograph by Gosta Montell of the Xin Gong, in Sven Hedin, Jehol, City of Emperors, facing p.89. An extended caption in the ‘List of Illustrations’ at the front of the book reads: “Hsin-kung. On the right, the temple with an elephant’s head and a bell; on the left and in the centre, the galleries; on the roof-terrace, one of the small kiosks; in the background, the pagoda with an elephant’s head and a bell”

deforested state, looked very much as if they were in Central Asia. The outing involved the setting-up of a real explorer’s tent while Mr Lu photographed Hedin with one of the cumbersome 35-mm cine cameras in use at that time. In the catalogue of Hedda Morrison’s negatives there is reference to three images of Sven Hedin taken while filming at the Ming tombs.

Hedin’s book includes a colourful narrative of the journey from Peking to Jehol and is illustrated with sixty-two photographs taken by the expedition’s ethnographer, Dr Gosta Montell. It is interesting to compare photographs of similar places taken by Montell for Sven Hedin’s expedition and those by Hedda Morrison. The Montell photographs, which are rather more formal and descriptive, were part of a larger project to create two replicas of buildings for the Chicago International Exhibition and the Rijksmuseum in Stockholm. In Figure 5 Montell has photographed the interior courtyard at Dahong Tai showing the west façade of Miaogao Zhuangyan Dian with sea-elephants and dragons ornamenting the roof, and a pagoda in the background. By comparison, Hedda Morrison makes the sea-elephant the primary focus of her comparable photograph and it thrusts into the centre of the composition, obscuring the dragon roof-ornament and distant pagoda (see photo 60). The composition is tight and there is a sense of drama, fantasy, even whimsy. Morrison’s modernist training, personality and style are distinctly manifest. She comments: “The colour of gold has darkened over the years; today it is almost greenish black. Dragons gambol around the roof-knob while sea-elephants dive off the four corners thrusting their trunks with calm but bold assurance towards the clouds.”

In other photographs Morrison plays with dramatic light-effects. She makes use of low horizon-lines, and takes many photographs of trees and buildings silhouetted against the sky at dusk. She is sensitive to the strange shapes of the cypress trees

15 Morrison, Travels, p.25.
16 S 8372–8374 (see catalogue details in n.7 above).
17 Text from loose pages accompanying the Jehol album, relating to leaf numbers 39, 40 and 41, was translated by Ilia Fang.
contorted by nature which she contrasts with the built environment—regular and geometric lines of Tibetan-inspired architecture and the gentle curves of Chinese-style upward-sweeping roofs which lead the eye up into the sky. By eliminating unnecessary detail Hedda Morrison’s photographs are invested with a freshness and clarity of vision. The result, aided at times by considered cropping, is a series of beautifully-composed dramatic images, the potency of which is heightened by a very personal narrative text. Morrison uses the emotive language of a young woman enthralled and sometimes challenged by what she is seeing and experiencing for the first time. She delights in the beauty of the temple complexes and enthuses about the “most magnificent symmetry and the deepest gold colour [of the Xin Gong which] enchant our beauty-seeking eyes.” Morrison confesses: “I take far more photographs than I can actually use ... It is impossible to attempt to capture a surfeit of beauty.” But at the same time she is deeply troubled by the ruinous state of once-beautiful structures, and laments, “I could not comprehend why the destruction of beauty is permitted.”

A Rollei camera was Hedda Morrison’s most trusted companion throughout her travels in China and it was the primary medium through which she engaged her subjects. We are fortunate that so many years after her journey to Jehol we are able to travel with her and see these carefully-composed views just as she did, through the viewfinder of her camera.

Hedda Morrison’s archive of some 10,000 negatives, 6,000 photographic prints and 29 albums, including the Jehol album reproduced here, were bequeathed to the Harvard-Yenching Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA, after her death in 1991. The Harvard-Yenching Library has recently completed a two-year project to catalogue and digitise some 4,800 photographs contained in Hedda Morrison’s albums to enable researchers to access this extraordinary body of material over the internet. The photographic prints in Hedda Morrison’s albums were all printed and cropped by Morrison. Those photographic prints that were missing from the albums have been reprinted from the archive of negatives and identified as later reprints. The images are accessed through the Visual Information Access (VIA) database, a public-access resource that can be searched by keywords, and appear on the computer screen as thumbnail and full-screen images. Photographs from the Hedda Morrison Collection viewed on the internet are not of publication quality. High-resolution images have been stored in a centralized digital repository service and can be made

**Figure 6**

Visa for Jehol issued to Hedda Hammer (reproduced courtesy of the Powerhouse Museum, Sydney)


19 Fonêt, Mapping Chengde, p.140.

20 To access the Harvard-Yenching Library Hedda Morrison Collection website:
1. http://hcl.harvard.edu
2. click on ‘Online catalogs’
3. click on ‘Via: Visual Information Access’
4. click on ‘Search via’
5. search for ‘Hedda Morrison’
6. click on box ‘Restrict search to records that have digital images’, then click ‘Go’.

In chronicling the history of Jehol Forêt has stated: “We should note that all the Chengde scholars until very recently, and certainly all the emperors, cosmogoners, geographers, geomancers, landscape painters, priests and urban planners of the Qing empire, were male. Their materials on the cultural landscape of Jehol have not acknowledged women’s considerable work in the genesis of the frontier environment. Cultural prejudices, therefore, can be seen at work in the obliteration of women from Qing depictions of the environment.”

It is significant that Hedda Morrison’s Jehol album and accompanying text is now accessible to the public and that her images are available for research or publication upon written request. The project, funded by Harvard’s Library Digital Initiative provides long-awaited access to this important archive of photographs taken by Hedda Morrison in China during the period 1933–46.

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Illustration to a poem entitled “Golden Lotuses Reflect the Sun” (Jinlian Yingri 金蓮映日) in the Qing collection of imperial poems devoted to the thirty-six scenes of the mountain villa published in the 51st year of the Kangxi reign (1712), reproduced as Bishu Shanzhuang Tuyong 避暑山莊圖咏 (Poetic Paeans to Images of the Imperial Summer Retreat) (Shijiazhuang: Hebei Meishu Chubanshe, 1984), vol.2
Illustration to a poem celebrating the scene “The Clouds Remain as the Waters Flow” (Shuiliu Yunzai 水流雲在) from Bishu Shanzhuang Tuyong, vol. 2 (see also Figure 3, p. 12)
A Note on the Imperial Mountain Villa at Chengde

Geremie R. Barme

Early in his reign the Qing emperor Kangxi, who ruled from 1662 to 1723, like a number of his successors, showed a desire to govern from more commodious and open surrounds than those afforded by the magnificent but constricting imperial palace in Beijing. The Manchu-Qing rulers had come from the vast lands outside the Great Wall and even after the move to the former Ming capital, they maintained the habits of their forebears, who enjoyed hunting and living closer to the wilds, while also valuing the clan and political brotherhood that they fostered. While passionate about these pleasures, Kangxi was also quick to acquire the finer comforts of the Han imperial lifestyle. He was anxious to prove himself worthy of the task of ruling an empire (and expanding it through the might of the sword and the guile of diplomacy), all the while wary not to fall into the decadent ways of indulgence and softness that had led to the agonised decline and eventual fall of the Ming emperors before him.

As Jonathan Spence wrote of Kangxi's love for the wilds in his reconstruction of the ruler's life:

[When one is beyond the Great Wall the air and soil refresh the spirit... As one moves further north the views open up, one's eyes travel hundreds of miles; instead of feeling hemmed in, there is a sense of freedom.1

My work on the Yuanming Yuan, undertaken in recent years with the collaboration of the New York-based photographer Lois Conner, has led me to modern Chengde a number of times, and a small selection of Conner's photographs made in late 2000 illustrates this essay. See Conner, China: the photographs of Lois Conner (New York: Callaway, 2000); and Barme, "Yuan Ming Yuan: a photographer in the Garden of Perfect Brightness," catalogue essay for an exhibition at the Sherman Galleries, Paddington, Sydney, 4–27 October 2001. I would like to thank Alex Mills for his scanning of Lois Conner's photographs for reproduction here.  

Figure 2

A view from the parking lot outside the Temple of Universal Joy (Pule Si 普樂寺) after a light fall of snow. Looking west toward the Imperial Mountain Villa and north toward the other Eight Outer Temples (Wai Bamiao 外八庙). To the west the porcelain pagoda of the Temple for Eternal Protection (Yongyou Si 永佑寺) is just visible, while the mini-Potala of Xumi Fushou zhi Miao 須彌福壽之廟 can be made out in the foothills to the north-west. A veritable wall of new apartment blocks can be seen in the foreground (photograph courtesy of Lois Conner, November 2000) [orig. 41.4 x 16.73 cm]

Figure 3

A willow on the bank of the Clear Lake (Cheng Hu 澄湖) situated near an austere pavilion called The Clouds Remain as the Waters Flow (Shuiliu Yunzai 水流雲在). The tree bears a small metal tag that states laconically ‘Ancient tree no. 0034’ (photograph courtesy of Lois Conner, November 2000) [orig. 41.49 x 16.87 cm]
Kangxi balanced both his interests as huntsman-monarch and as Son of Heaven from his garden-palace in Jehol 热河, the Chengde 承德 Summer Mountain Villa (Bishu Shanzhuang 避暑山庄), a huge walled hunting ground containing a delicate series of gardens and administrative buildings, as well as from the Garden of Joyful Spring (Changchun Yuan 楚春園). The latter was a large country dwelling dotted with lakes, man-made hillocks, artificial stone mazes and pavilions in the style of traditional southern Chinese gardens, situated to the north-west of the walled city of Beijing and just south of the future Yuanming Yuan圆明園, or Garden of Perfect Brightness.\(^2\)

From the time of Kangxi the court would effectively move to Chengde for the late-summer and autumn months of each year. The ostensible reason for this annual ritual was the hunt, one of the mainstays of Manchu identity. The creation and protection of hunting preserves was a notable feature of early and mid-Qing rule, and they were used for diversion as well as a means for maintaining the éprit de corps of the Bannermen (a military ruling caste that included Manchus, Mongols and Han, as well as others). A large, coordinated imperial hunting expedition that might last many days was also a way to practice military manoeuvres, training that was to make a contribution to the campaigns that saw the territory of the Qing empire expand during the eighteenth century. The prey that suffered the attentions of these hunts included tigers, bears, leopards, wolves and deer, not to mention such minor game as hares. But beyond these overt aims, Chengde as a built imperial environment also became one of the symbolic centres of the empire, a place where the imperial project found a more

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\(^2\) On the Changchun Yuan, see Carroll Brown Malone, *History of the Peking summer palaces under the Ch'ing dynasty* (New York: Paragon Book Reprint Corporation, 1966), pp.21–43. Kangxi also had hunting grounds at the Nan Yuan Nam园 south of Beijing and Tang Quan 湯泉.

\(^3\) Some of these details are taken from my Morrison Lecture on the Yuanming Yuan, published as "The Garden of Perfect Brightness, a life in ruins," *East Asian History* 11 (June 1996): 111–58; and see also Young-Tsu Wong, *A paradise lost: the imperial garden Yuanming Yuan* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 2000).
nuanced and complex expression, both in the intricate villa that grew up within the walled precinct of the Mountain Villa, as well as beyond it in the encircling temples that were constructed in the foothills to the north and east of the court’s demense (see Figure 2).

In political and cultural terms, therefore, the summer retreat incorporated a complex of imperial ambitions, or what Philippe Forêt in his noteworthy study of the “landscape enterprise” at Chengde calls a hidden “story of the brutal conquest of Central Asia and a subtle plot to seduce the Tibetan church.” During the rule of both the Kangxi and Qianlong 乾隆 (r.1736–95) emperors, imperial energy and prodigious largesse were expended on the transformation of the hilly terrain at Chengde into a magnificent microcosm of the expanding Qing empire itself. Indeed,

Inspiration and codification of the created landscape of the Qing summer residence were drawn from the aesthetic rules governing southern China pleasure gardens, from Chinese attitudes toward nature, from the canons of Lamaist temple architecture, from the censorship of Confucianism, and, most important, from the need for the daily policing of a multietnic empire as large as a continent.5

The “territory of metaphors” that resulted offered Hedda Morrison a complex and beguiling terrain when she undertook her photographic expedition to the Japanese-occupied territory in 1934.
Figure 6

The Western Warming Chamber (Xi Nuange 西暖閣), connected to the throne room of the pavilion Zhanbo Zhishuang 蘭波至爽. This is the bed chamber in the imperial apartments where both the Jiaqing and Xianfeng emperors are said to have died. At the writing desk Xianfeng is believed to have signed two 'humiliating treaties' (sanquan ruguo tiaoyue 三款議約) with foreign powers, one that ceded Qing territories to the Russian empire and the second conceding extraterritorial rights to England and France that had been wrestled from the court following its defeat during the Second Opium War.

An external covered corridor from Zhanbo Zhishuang leads to the Western Chamber (Xi Suo 西所) where the Yi Imperial Concubine (Yi houfei 懿后妃, later Yi taibou 懿太后), later known as Cixi 慈禧 or the Western Dowager (Xi taihou 西太后), had her living quarters. It was here that she is said to have plotted and executed the Xinyou Coup 辛酉事變 of 1861 which ousted the Grand Council appointees of the Xianfeng emperor (photograph courtesy of Lois Conner, November 2000) [orig. 40.27 x 16.9 cm]

Formerly, the ministers who had to attend the court in Chengde had their own villas and private gardens in and around the county seat just outside the imperial compound. Nothing remains of these as the area was effectively abandoned by the court following the death of the Jiaqing 嘉慶 emperor (r.1796–1820) in the villa in 1820. His inauspicious demise there discouraged his successor, Daoguang 道光 (r.1821–50), a man who lacked the martial aspect of his heroic ancestors, from ever spending time there. Daoguang’s son, the Xianfeng 咸豐 emperor (r.1851–61) was the last ruler to take up residence in Chengde, albeit grudgingly. Ironically, after years of neglect, the Imperial Mountain Villa was used by Xianfeng and his court as a refuge from the Anglo–French army that occupied Beijing and destroyed the main imperial pleasance, the Yuanming Yuan, in 1860. It was here, too, that Xianfeng signed away imperial territories and rights with a series of humiliating
Bas-relief on a marble stele inscribed with eight poems composed by Qianlong on what was known as the ‘green carpet’ 綠毯, a vast lawn just south of the Field of Ten Thousand Trees, where dignitaries were once fêted, and near the Imperial Melon Patch (Yugua Yuan 御瓜園). The heads of the images were most probably damaged in the mid-1960s at the height of the Cultural Revolution (photograph courtesy of Lois Conner, November 2000) [orig. 41.72 x 16.7 mm]

treaties, and where his main concubine took the first steps towards her remarkable political ascendency.

Today Chengde is an unsightly and polluted semi-industrial city, although the tourist trade from Beijing, especially during the hot summer months, also figures prominently in the city’s economy. The forests on the surrounding hills, once rigorously protected by imperial fiat, have, for nearly two centuries, been much depleted by local farmers, with a concomitant loss of bio-diversity (see Figures 2 and 5). The deprivations of civil unrest, warlord rapacity and cultural vandalism from the late Qing, have reduced much of the once grand imperial vision to a ramshakle remnant (see Fig.7), and it is this landscape of decay and evisceration that is illustrated in many of Morrison’s photographs, and her diary entries.
Hedda Morrison’s Jehol: Summer Holidays 1934

Hedda Morrison
—translated by Herta Imhof

1. Kou Yen Tou is a small butung [lane] in the south-east part of the town.
And the Anding men is the north-east gate of Peking.
Every morning Japanese trucks leave Kou Yen Tou for Jehol.
At the end of July I go with them.

* Some of the photographs reproduced here are their original sizes, though many have had to be reduced to fit into the journal’s format; a few have been enlarged. None have been cropped or digitally enhanced. Details of their original sizes may be obtained from the Harvard-Yenching Library Hedda Morrison Collection website (see above, p.8, n.20). Selected whole leaves have been included, notwithstanding the duplication of the images, to convey something of the flavour of the original album. These have necessarily been reduced in size from the original 22 x 28.5 cm.
Sommerferien 1934.

Tou Yen Tor ist eine kleine Hütte in den südöstlichen Teilen der Stadt.
Und das Anfangsmem ist das Nord-Osttor von Peking.
Von Tou Yen Tor aus fuhr der Zug an die Bahnhäuser jeden Morgen nach Schulbeginn.
Erste Stunde fahre ich mit.
3. I travel with several Chinese. We sit among sacks of flour and wooden planks on a truck that is, by German standards, rattling dangerously.

   Summer sun, green and gold fields, tall gauliang [sorghum], fallow black soil, fresh air, heavy, angry clouds of the rainy season.

2. The long, long Hatamen Ta-Chieh [boulevard] up towards the north, then another little section of Anding Men Ta-Chieh and out of the city gate.

   Peking lies to our rear and much flat land is in front of us.

   Very far in the mist appear to be mountains.
4. When the Manchu empire flourished the road was in good condition. When summer became too hot in Peking the rulers travelled along it to Jehol. There were rest houses available. Today it is no longer a road but a broad path through fields and completely neglected.

5. And now that it is the rainy season it is completely sodden and partly flooded. We often get stuck. Very slowly and in a relaxed manner chauffeur and passengers help to push and pull the vehicle out of the mud. In the evening we reach Mū Yūn and not Jehol. Instead of 200 km we have covered 50 km.
6. At last light we cross Chao River by ferry and drive beside the walls and through the gates. In Mü Yün the Japanese have a bus station. It is clean and I sleep on a Chinese ‘camp’ [kang]. This is a clay bed approximately 1 meter wide, stone hard and covered with a bast mat.

7. We’ll be moving on in the morning. It is sunny and we’re all in good spirits. After a half-hour drive we have to stop at a collapsed bridge. We turn back and at Mü Yün we are promised by eighty coolies that “the bridge will be mended by tomorrow.”

Mü Yün is close to the mountains and as a former Magistrates’ town is walled. There are several very neglected temples. Very close to the town the Liaoho and Chaoho [Rivers] merge.
Beim letzten Licht seh' ich setzen wir
über den Fluss, mit der Fahre
über zu fahren den Mannen entlang
über die Tore hin. In Mei Ying
haben wir sogar eine Oranierstation.
So ist es sommer, ich schlafe auf klein-
sischem Camp. Das ist eine im jahr
im lichte aus Eiben gemachte stein-
heste Liegestüt mit einer Pfützene
lüher
8. I take a few photos, it is possible to climb the city walls at many spots. Up on one corner is a small watchtower with good views of the mountains, the river that runs around the town on several sides or the town roofs.

We'll set off again in the morning.

9. As none of the eighty coolies has begun to mend the bridge, we seek a place to drive through the water. The landscape is becoming more mountainous.
10. The plain lies behind us.

11. Around midday we reach Kubbekko and thus the Great Wall, that is the Manchukuo–China border.

Passport control, customs, lots of soldiers, many walls and hot noonday sun. There are slogans painted on the rocks extolling the friendship of Japan with the new state.

We drive on after a two-hour stay.
12. From now on the path is either within the riverbed or we are crossing it constantly. I am often in doubt whether the car can manage the white water and constant rock-hopping. We are completely enthralled by this.

13. The path becomes steeper and steeper. We are approaching Kuan Yen Ling pass. At the foot of the steepest section there is a temple hewn from the cliff. The chauffeur lights up [a cigarette] and then our car labours up the mountain.
14. Night is already beginning to fall. From the top of the pass we can see blue mountains on every horizon. The speed of our descent is almost a little uncanny. We have another puncture which we repair by kerosene lamp. Hopefully it is the final one for the day.

15. It is quite marvellous to enter a strange town at night. Changde [Chengde] town stretches lengthwise. We drive in—the main street is brightly illuminated. Green, red neon signs of Japanese hotels and entertainment places; vendors are shouting; lots of life; many pailous [ceremonial arches] span the road. Everything appears a little secretive, after all I can only recognise things very close to me which are lit.

We stop, friends greet one another, rickshaws vie for passengers, it is very noisy and busy in the narrow street.
Hedda Morrison's Jehol

16. I sit in a rickshaw, my Chinese is understood and ten minutes later we stop at the Mission.

It is approximately 10 p.m. We knock and after a while an elderly Chinese man opens the big, heavy gate.

Yes, the Father is away but had indicated that any arriving guests be permitted to stay.

That is very good. I am given a room, apparently the Father's library, and lovely hot water which I had missed during the travelling days.

17. A Chinese nun and a small girl come to fetch me for a meal. They each take one of my arms and lead me across several pitch-black courtyards. And then there is deliciously scented, marvellously tasting, Chinese food.

Tomorrow we plan to visit the temples.
18. I unpack everything and get camera and films ready. I look out of the window. There are a multitude of stars in the sky. Almost as many as in Germany. It is less hot and humid than Peking, we are further north and in the mountains. At first light I get up, go out into the garden and attempt to get my bearings.

The Mission is built in Chinese style. There is a garden at its centre surrounded in all four of heaven’s directions by houses.

19. At the back are small outbuildings: animal pens, kitchens and then the ubiquitous wall. One of the houses functions as a church, one for the Father and one apparently for guests. However, I am uncertain where the town, the summer residence and the temples are situated.
I walk behind my house where there is a terrace. Several steps lead up to it and there is an unimpeded view over our wall. Chengdeh lies beneath us. There is a slight morning mist and the first rays of the sun are rising above the eastern mountains.
21. I wonder from which direction we entered the town yesterday evening. I cannot find the road.

From somewhere behind me I can hear several voices singing. In spite of the fast rhythm it sounds like a Mass. As soon as it ends a nun and child approach. After a meal we set off to the temples.

Yesterday we drove through the length of the town. Today we traverse its breadth. Last evening Chengdeh did not appear to be a very Chinese town . . . .

22. . . . because of the red and green neon signs and the many Japanese walking about.

However, on this early morning we are in a completely Chinese town. Everywhere in front of the houses are food stalls and there is much cooking and baking. The lard noodles smell delicious. It is just like early morning in Peking. The traders' calls sound familiar.
Nach einer Weile kommen wir auf einen größeren Platz. Vor einem Tor stehen japanische Posten. Ich frage die kleine Damen was denn ist, verstehe aber nicht etwas von Sōtōten. Das Tor war nicht alles, mein die Mauer ist so gut und fest gebaut, dass man auch schon im ersten Jahr gebaut zu sein. Soweit man sehen kann, geht sie. Die überlege ich finde es muss die Mauer der Sommers ver; denn selbst sein, wir haben über eine Brücke...
23. After a while we reach a fairly large area. Japanese sentries stand before a gate. I ask the little nun what is going on inside but only understand something about soldiers. That cannot be all, because the wall is very well built and seems to be quite old. It extends as far as one can see. I decide it must be the wall of the Summer Residence. We drive across a bridge ......

24. ...... then the road heads north—to our west is a high wall and to the east the Joho river and all around in the distance there are mountains. On the other side of the river yellow temple roofs can be seen between dark trees. A little higher up the mountain a round blue roof [Pule Si] is surrounded by cedars. It appears to be the second Temple of Heaven. Above that on the crest ......
25. ...... stands a single, lonely, tall cone of rock [Sledgehammer Peak]. Our road is comparatively good. We meet many trucks full of Japanese soldiers. Behind the wall to our left, cedars and a pagoda are visible.

After a half-hour drive the wall climbs the mountain and turns west at the summit.
The north-running road has broken through a low wall and the Valley of the Lions is before me.

And the temples are before us—different temple complexes are spaced up the mountain.

I am overcome; it has been a long time since I have seen anything as lovely.
27. The temples sit there so free and proud. Radiance and joy seem to flow from this piece of landscape.

In the past a stream apparently flowed through the Valley of the Lions. Today the white marble bridges span yellow sand. Above are the temples, sea-green roofs, dark golden roofs, reddish walls, dark green cedars that appear black because of distance, and mountains covered in grass to the summits.
28. Distant mountain peaks eventually disappear into the blue skies or the white summer clouds.

Down below in the Valley of the Lions we travel beside the temples as far as the last one, the Five Hundred Buddha temple.
Vie leichte Berghöhen, und die sich schlängelnd im blauen Himmel oder weißer Sphäre zogen und wehten.

Unten im Zinnenfach fanden wir an den Tempeln Schlangen bis zum letzten von 500 Buddha Tempel. 28
29. The main temple is a fairly large low-roofed hall wherein five hundred mostly gilded Buddhas and Lohans are seated. Many of their faces are frightfully distorted. A very grotesque team of holy ones. The temple is much more beautiful than a similar one in the Western Hills near Peking. Seated outside the hall are Tibetan monks, smoking pipes, drinking tea and playing a kind of dominoes game. We join them for tea. They tell us the temple was built by the Emperor Chien-lung.

30. We retreat towards the entrance, flanked on either side by Gods of War to guard the temple. Perhaps they attempted this in the past. At present they have lost heads and partly also their rumps. The material to which the paint was attached has also partly crumbled in the remaining areas. I was never quite sure how these gods were actually put together. Now I am able to examine the method. The inner core of the God was a wooden structure ….
...... covered by clay delineating the contours. This clay body was then coated with a mixture of clay and plant fibre which was then painted.

By rickshaw we travel back to the Valley of the Lions and the gate of the lamasery Potala.
HEDDA MORRISON'S JEHOL

Die Tempelanlage Poto la ist veder schön und um einen Mauerumfass zu sein. Von Süden aus bewegen wir in die Anlage und kommen zu einem kleinen weißen Bau, der steht auf einer kleinen Terrasse, die von sehrem Marmorplatten bedeckt ist. Darin sind grundbegräbnisse des Tempelklosters in 4 Stockwerken in der Veste gehauen.

Wir gehen weiter...
The Potala temple complex is right-angled and surrounded by a wall. We enter from the south and reach a small cube-shaped structure perched on a small terrace surrounded by marble balustrades.

Inside the building foundation texts about the temple cloister have been carved into the walls in four languages.

We move on.
33. Mighty stone elephants on the roof flank a reddish triumphal arch (containing shrines) and we are enchanted. Small, narrow eyes merrily look down on us.

34. The next building, the ceremonial arch, is guarded by two lions. The arch is clad in green and yellow glazed tiles. Most beautiful, multi-shaped animals. We stride through ...
35. ...... the ceremonial archway and now it is uphill. Guest houses and monks' dwellings, mostly bearing stupas on the roof, climb upwards. These are Tibetan forms—resembling small pagodas ......

36. ...... and mostly relic sites. In between are cedars; ancient everlasting trees, each of unique shape driven upwards by a different spirit. Everything lies in ruin, everything is decayed beauty, everything in the grip of eternity.
Es sind weit Reihen schmale
deine Bins hin auf.
Ganz selten stehen Leben bäume
walte, einige Bäume, jede hat
seine eigene Form jeder treibt
sein andres sein in die Höhe.
Es mit aller Ruine, alles
in tätige Schönheit, alles Masse
hösser Vollenfung.
37. Slowly we walk up through the grove where the reddish houses mingle with the cedars in complete harmony until the main building of the temple reaches for the sky in front of us.

Inside this building, high up and closely surrounded by walls, is said to be the most holy of places, the temple where the emperor carried out his devotions.

38. We climb up many high steep steps to a platform which is the roof to part of this fortress-like building. The roof is flat and covered with large stone slabs.
From this height we have an extensive clear view to the south. Beneath us the bizarre dark cedars and the guest houses with pagodas on their roofs, that don’t even seem like guest houses because of their shapes which are unfamiliar to us.
Then the valley with its yellow sand and white bridges. Behind is the steep slope of the mountain range along whose summit runs the northern wall of the Summer Palace. To the west are mountains, and to the east, the mountains are a little further away. The solitary rock outcrop is in the distance and the temple roof's nearby.
Dann das Tönen tal mit dem gelben Santos in den wischen Bäumen, dahinter der steilabfall des Bergzugs, auf dessen flugteil der Vordner im des Sommers licht violett. Im Westen sind Berg- einige. Im Osten sind sie ein wenig unterwegs, der ein sanfter Talsberg grün, in der Ferne Tempel Fächer in der Nähe.
Von diesem Tal geht so viel Stimmigkeit, so viel Glückliches Leben aus, dass ich diese Tatsache gern haut in bewusst emphatischer Weise: mit einem Besonderen, wovon, fehlt drängt sich ein auf. Die Erde der Umgebung nicht mehr im Mitten der Welt zu sein sondern nur ein Träumer: die kleine einsame Taume ruft zum weitesten Feld. Y

1859
[marginal comment:]

“This picture is simply masterfully executed and I particularly like it. However, all the others are equally good and it’s hard to decide which is the best. Miss Hedda Hammer is a great artist.

Sven Hedin
Peking 18/11/1935”

41. There is so much joyous life and tenderness emanating from this valley that I am clearly and consciously experiencing these facts. And another new feeling is aroused in me. I have the impression of being right at the end of the earth and not at its centre. Blissful China [lit. ‘the small Chinese bliss’] beckons me to travel onwards.
42. I turn around and look up the walls. They are light pink. Blind and real windows alternate. In the centre are five niches above each other, green and yellow glazed tiles, a Buddha seated in every one. All along the top runs a frieze with niches containing sitting Buddhas.
44. By now we are in the innermost courtyard containing the holy temple [Xumi Fushou] with the golden double roof from which angular spirits attempt to leap.

The courtyard is narrow, square and the walls of the main building are almost as tall as the apex of the temple roof.

The sun is shining on the gold-coloured roof. Its rays never penetrate to several parts of the courtyard.
45. We enter the temple. In the past the interior surely looked quite different. At present only those large gods and sacrificial vessels too heavy to cart away remain.

Most beautiful are the simple dark red columns that help to support the roof, and the gold coffered ceiling.
Inside, thanks to the secluded elevation and isolation from the world, live the last of the Tibetan monks, ragged and impoverished. We sit down with them and drink tea, which is always prepared in a large smoke-blackened pot. It smells good and is very refreshing. We eat our own Chinese sandwiches because it is noon and we are very hungry.

46. This whole temple complex (sanctity being imparted by the furthest loftiest section of the temple) demonstrates symbolic meaning.

We re-enter the forecourt. Brittle, half-broken steps lead up to the completely flat roof. On the north side are two watch towers three to four metres wide and a low hut.

47. Inside, thanks to the secluded elevation and isolation from the world, live the last of the Tibetan monks, ragged and impoverished. We sit down with them and drink tea, which is always prepared in a large smoke-blackened pot. It smells good and is very refreshing. We eat our own Chinese sandwiches because it is noon and we are very hungry.
Eine ganze Treppe ansteigen, die in ihrem Fernsehen, in der Flucht, Teil
von Tempel, das Heiligtum liegt, zeigt uns diesen, wie symbolische
Bedeutung.
Eine Jcone in den Vorhof zurück
würde, halb
zebren ten Treppe
fehlt es wohl, nach
sein auf, auf
Das ganz flache Dach, es führt zaman
vielleicht 3-4 m breit an, auf
wird seitliche stehen 2 Cylinder, den
eines wichtigen Hütten.
There is much decay around, but it is possible to recognise the former beauty.

The whole complex [of buildings] is so grandiose that one has the impression of a culture captured at its peak.
49. It is really so. The Temple and the Summer Residence are expressions of the Manchu Empire's greatest achievements. The rulers themselves were great imperial people. The empire was at its largest and most peaceful around 1664-1774.

50. A national group, the Dzungars, long deracinated by force of arms, were again seized by a primeval urge and returned to their homeland after much wandering and unspeakable sacrifice. Chien-lung calls this event one of the three happy events of 1770 to 1771 in the Potala monastery's foundation document.
Es ist auch wirklich so, da's sein der Tempel in der Sonne versunken durch die höchste Blüte des Mont-
siur Kais erreicht aus.
Die Herrscher selbst waren grosse, kaiser-
liche Menschen. Das Reich hatte seinen
großten Nuntung erreicht in Frieden bew-
selhte um die Jahre 1664 - 1774.
52. The two others are joyful family festivals. The real reason the Manchu emperors transferred their summer residence to Jehol are not mentioned in their documents.

The reasons were political: they wanted to exercise more control over the Mongolians.

53. Slowly, we descend the many steps. There is a thunderstorm threatening, but we nevertheless proceed to Hsin-kung, the next Temple monastery.

We travel ten minutes by rickshaw to Hsin-kung passing one of the brickworks established by the Japanese.
On the memorial plaque of the emperor and in the remaining historical documents we discover that Hsin-kung was established in memory of the emperor's [Qianlong's] seventieth birthday and particularly because the Taschi lama came all the way from the Taschi Lum bo monastery ...
nicht gescheut hat zuphemmen in 1 den
Kaiser zu gratulieren.
Der Kaiser tut alles, den gott in
empfangen. Seine Kinder schenkt er den
Leuten ein Stück Wegs mit reichen ge-
schenken und gegebe.
Nach dem Kaiserlichen Brief denkungen ist der
Leute nicht so ganz von selbst zum Partig
geboren
im Gott selbst tibt der Kaiser religiöse
Wünche mit seinem Jart ab 55
55. ... to the west of Lhasa to congratulate the emperor.

The emperor received his guest respectfully. He sent his children to meet the Lama bearing valuable gifts.

According to European records, however, the Lama did not arrive quite so happily nor of his own volition.

In Jehol the emperor performed religious rites with his guest.

56. At one stage there was talk about the English embassy which visited the Taschi lama. The latter made complimentary remarks about the Europeans, and the emperor therefore found the rumours he had heard confirmed.

After his days in Jehol the Panchen travelled to Peking, lived like the Dalai Lama of one hundred years ago, who came to Peking after many pleas from Emperor Shun-Chi to the Yellow Temple.
57. The Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa with many gifts. The Taschi Lama returned to his homeland in a golden coffin. His friendliness to the English cost him his life. It was a political masterstroke of Chien-lung. On the one hand, he utilised the appearance of being a powerful spiritual leader to demonstrate to his subjects the might, extent and prosperity of his realm.

58. ....... On the other hand he allowed this spiritual gentleman to die slowly from smallpox just because of his friendly relations with foreigners. ——

Hsin-kung is surrounded by a wall like the Potala with a large entrance gate to the south and small ones to the east and west. Yet here the temple is the holiest place, not the last, loftiest spot that we reach, (but) the temple itself and the structure that protects it stand ......
HEDDA MORRISON'S JEHOL

...
59. ..... massively in the depths. Through a side gate we enter the guardian structure. The inner courtyard in which the temple is situated is also narrow and tight, yet the temple is high, higher than its surrounding structure and has many storeys.
60. Sadly I have seen so much during these days that I have quite forgotten what was inside the temple.

However, I still remember how I stood in the temple courtyard and saw the sea-elephants shoot into the air high above me.

How impatient I was to get to them and see them as closely as possible.
From the courtyard we are unable to get to the top. We retreat and climb up half-broken stairs alongside the building which are built into the hill. Once on top we can get onto the flat roof of the main building over a bridge.

In the distance the Potala greets us.
62. And now we are able to wander around the double roof of the temple.

Most magnificent symmetry and the deepest gold colour enchant our beauty-seeking eyes.

A small stupa decorates the top, four dragons with lions tails appear to leap up at it. And the second set of four dragons with lions tails leap downwards from the four corners of the upper roof.

63. The dragons are airy and bizarre in shape. Agile, restless creatures.
64. And from the four corners of the lower roof, sea-elephants attempt to break loose. With their large ears and raised trunks the elephants rear into space, calmly and broadly. Large, heavy scales form the spine of the creatures as well as the ridge of the roof.
65. Many years ago when I looked up at the Ulm Cathedral for the first time I joyfully experienced endless space lying between the tip of the spire and the clouds.

66. In Arles between the ruins of the stadium and the clouds I experienced the same infinity. And here between the elephants and the distant, distant clouds it is also present.
67. I was so happy. The elephants are sailing towards the clouds with such regal calm and assurance.

68. I take far more photographs than I can actually use. Always with the feeling that it is impossible to attempt to capture a surfeit of beauty.
Ich musste viel mehr Aufnahmen als ich eigentlich versaut holen.

Diese mit dem Gefühl man kann ziemlich wenig Schönheit versehen einen fangen.

68
Little bells hang from the animals’ necks. They make a thin, unresonant clang-less sound.

Completely unresonant, constant and unforgettable.
70. We return. The Potala greets us yet again.

71. We visit the small green, quite charming pagoda. It is the highest, last building of the convent.
Und dann sehen wir wieder die gelb-
stenen Treppe hin-
unter in den Rich-
tum. Denn daewen
tReiten sind stärker
geworden, und es fällt
die ersten Regentröpf-
chen.
Und wir spüren es,
was um die Nase.
Nicht Kalte, aber
schneiden der Wind,
harter Regen in Staub
künstler wir. Man hat das Ge-
fühl allein, endlos allein auf der
Welt zu sein. Man übernimmt jeden
von den anderen.
In Ruhe in der Mission ist Sicher-
heit in kleinen Dingen, a-
räumen, essen, fotografisches Geräte
machen. 22
72. And then we quickly run down the broken steps to the rickshaws because the lightning and thunder has increased and the first rain drops are falling.

And we get a taste of Mongolia. We are engulfed in wind that is not cold but cutting, and rain and dust.

One has the sensation of being alone, utterly alone in the world.

Thunderstorms separate people from one another. Back home in the Mission there is security and small holiday tasks: washing, eating and tidying up photographic equipment.

73. Meanwhile the storms have abated. The sun appears briefly. I go into Chengdeh and am very relaxed and cheerful among the Chinese who all know me by now. I am inspired by the unusual colours and shapes.
74. The sun is pale next morning. Many curtains of cloud are about, wanting to occlude it.

It is the rainy season. This time I go alone to the fourth temple in the west–east line.

Ta Fo sse lies more towards the Northeast and somewhat to the side of the Valley of the Lions. Ta Fo sse means Big Goddess [Temple]. It was given this name by the people, although its true name is Pu ming sse, meaning Temple of Complete and Utter Joy.

75. It was founded because of a great and joyful occasion in 1775—the coming together of many individual tribes. Each of these temple precincts in Jehol is surrounded by a wall. This is partly explained by the Chinese building-style of hiding houses and cities behind walls and partly as protection from robbers. Yet at Ta Fo sse the sacredness of the temple, unenclosed by another protective structure
Ein auffälliger Unterschied ist die Sonne klar. Viele Schleier wollen sind da, und wollen sie zu sehen.

Es ist Regenzeit.


Ta Fosse liegt mehr nach Norden und etwas abseits vom östlichen Tal. Ta Fosse heißt grosse Göttin. Diesen Namen hat Volker ihm gegeben. Der eigentliche Name ist Pu ming Shu. Das heisst Tempel der allmächtigen göttlichen Forderung.
76. .... is hidden from the eyes of the ordinary people.

It is a lofty, multi-storeyed building, square and resting on a low marble terrace.
Das Heiligtum wirkt den Augen der gewöhnlichen Menschheit verborgen.
Der Tempel liegt präzise vor dem Haupteingang, und ist ein lieblicher, helles, stöckiger Bau, der wie ein wechselseitiger Vertrag auf mehr als einer Terrasse ruht.
Each of the five storeys is somewhat smaller than the one below it, and marked by an individual roof. At the tip of the highest roof is a gold finial. Other than that there is a lot of reddish brown colour about.
Ta fusse die grosse, grosse Götter steht drinnen. Mit ihrer Gestalt fühlt sie die ganzen Stock wärme. In ihren Seiten hat sie kleine, aber immer noch macht grosse Götter, ihre obersten Arme, sie hat viele goldene Arme in Hände, die sie wie Flügel um hüllen, weichen bis zur Tafetten tönnig pen stecke. "De Tempels 78"
Ta Fo sse, the great, great goddess, stands inside. Her figure reaches the top storey. Beside her are smaller but still quite large gods; her upper arms—she has many golden arms and hands enveloping her like wings—reach up to the coffered ceiling of the temple.
80. We look at her base—almost twenty-four metres down. There at her feet, but far smaller, a monk is lighting incense.

79. The ceiling colours are green, red and gold. The goddess is gilded, with a gold crown containing a small seated goddess. On her forehead is the third eye. Her expression is unusual, almost appearing obstinate.
Viele Treppe sind wir im Himmel bis zum obersten Berg auf der Hütte des Gerechts, der Gott ist, hinaufgeklettert.

Jahr unwichtig, hielten wir nach einer Weile wieder hin.

in Ter. 81
81. We have climbed many stairs in semi-darkness to the highest passage at the level of the goddess's face.

A while later we climb down again very carefully.
82. It is raining outside. Nevertheless I climb the hill behind the temple among the shrines and guesthouses with stupas on the roof.

83. Right at the top is a small grove of cedars on a knoll.
Draussen regnet es.
Trotzdem fehlt ich noch
den Berglein hinter
dem Tempel heim auf
zwischen Federschälf
jagt häuslich mit
Stupas auf dem Deck

82
84. Each has a unique shape. Each is solitary and dark.

85. White rain-clouds together with grey rain-clouds drag slowly, heavily across the sky.
86. Damp resin-scented air.

87. After a while I part unwillingly from the small hill with its trees and ......
88. ...... again it starts to rain more heavily.

89. I peep into a small hall. It seems empty and is fairly dark. It is raining more, I fossick a little inside the hall, my eyes become accustomed to the dark.
Ich seh eine Mole in eine kleine Halle hinein. Sie schien leer zu sein, mit einem leich dunklen Regen stärker, ich stiefe ein wenig in der Halle herein, die Augen gewöhnten sich an die Dunkelheit. 89
And then I realise that the walls are painted all over, with hunting scenes, scenes of religious life and pictures of saints. We are amazed particularly by the power and beauty of the colours.
91. I am most drawn to white dancing skeletons on a dark background; close by them are heads and hunting animals, mainly green, pinky red, some blue and white.

Long-forgotten words from a friend come to me ......
92. ...... “Even joy won’t protect you from the dance of death.”
93. The area in front of the temple is not as peaceful as the other temples in the Valley of the Lions. Many people, soldiers, traders, beggars, artisans.

94. The Japanese are building barracks in front of the gates—I could not understand whether they would be used for soldiers or as a hotel. Furthermore, temples are being restored—craftsmen are working among the gods with hammers and hatchets.
95. There are some unusual faces among the population.

96. In a gate niche sits a human being of indeterminate gender, rummaging and clad in rags.
97. A half-blind, tubercular man is offering foodstuffs.

98. A man is sitting on a stone, unaware, with a face similar to that of an [American] Indian.
99. Sunken in a different, distant world he does not notice me photograph him.

100. An ancient woman looks more like an animal than a human being ......
Eine altes, alte sich
nach mehr noch einen
Tierwesen als nach einem
Menschen kirt aus
Im Regen geht es vielerel Menschen zu einem wartenden, kleinen Haus der chinesischen Norm. Sie ohne Tracht in eine Pfeife vorschwingen auf dem Kampf liegen als ich herein komme. 102
We arrive in the rain at the cosy, small house of a Chinese nun, who is lying down sucking a pipe. She is not dressed in her robes.

... and it is almost impossible to photograph her because she is constantly bent over.
103. The weather is bad the next day. No rain but a dead, grey sky. Someone takes me across the Jeho and I walk up to the small Temple of Heaven whose name is really P'u-lo sse—Temple of All Encompassing Joy. I christened it Temple of Heaven because it has the same shape as the one in Peking.

104. On the round roof there is not only grass growing but whole trees. In the interior, linings hang in shreds from the ceiling. There are also bits of lining among the rank weeds in the yard. The ends of the stupas are broken. The roofs of the neighbouring buildings could cave in at any time as the grass and trees are forcing the roof tiles apart.
105. Although I have seen the history of many countries solely in the form of ruins, none have ever upset me as much as these. I am not sure of the reason, but I suspect it is because these structures are in the process of becoming ruins, while, with the others, the process has been completed. On top of that there as the dead grey sky.
106. I am often unhappy when having to see or experience any negative things and constantly endeavour to overcome these feelings and find another interpretation. On the return trip from the small Temple of Heaven [Pule Si] there was nothing; it was deathly sad and cold. I went home, lay down, and could not comprehend why the destruction of beauty is permitted.

107. The next day was the last day of my holiday in Jehol. I take the Rolleiflex and go over everything once more
108. In the cedar grove in the Potala.
We go to the monks' house at the highest point of the Temple.

109. I drink herb tea with them and take several photos.
Die Sonne steht als weisser, flammender Kern in den Wolken.
110. The sun appears from behind the clouds as a matt white circle.

111. Then I wander slowly back to the sea-elephants that are jumping off the roof edge in quiet, bold symmetry. I am not unhappy because I have to leave but somehow have withdrawn into myself.
112. I turn back to look at the Potala's roofs, at the small pagoda and at the road with the wall of the Summer residence to the west and the Joho river to the east. The trip to Jehol has been a temple journey. The summer residence was closed because ……

113. …… of the Japanese troops within. The achievement of the Chinese builders is to accentuate nature with their buildings. The building fulfils nature by crowning it.
In the evening the sky becomes somewhat clearer. Above the mountains in the west a patch of cloudless sky is visible, and above it heavy, striped cloudbands redden.

Shortly thereafter everything is dead and night has come.
Very early in the morning our truck returns to Peking. This time the majority of fellow passengers are Japanese. The road runs along the west side of the summer palace and up to the pass. Again there is a clear view into the Valley of the Lions. Perhaps I shall never again wander around these temples.
Wir erreichen die Passhöhe, fahren
die andere Seite hinunter, wir
ist noch in andere Berge ein-
gehoben. Weg von uns, weit
wirk nur.

Gegen Mittag erreichen wir Flüchtlings-
Wir haben einen. Am Ende des Tages
Kann den Pass Tempel der Rasse
aus den Männern wächst aus ihnen.
116. We reach the top of the pass, drive down the other side, and now Jehol is enclosed in other mountains far away behind us.

Around noon we reach Kubbekko. We stop for a while and can look at the pass temple that emerges from the walls.
117. This small town really has a border atmosphere, not because of the Japanese soldiers or passport control; there is a large wall climbing the mountains wherever we look up. The temple is partly built into the rock and is surrounded by thick walls. There doesn’t appear to be much inside it. On the roofs live fantastic examples of stone masonry, with great vitality and colourful ......
animals, humans and little houses climb around the edges.

We drive on; the sun either shines or hides itself behind clouds.

Hours later we arrive at the bridge that collapsed eight days ago.

It is not fixed yet. .......
in dem taut schön heimisch anmuten-
ren mit man übernachten wär. Ich
schläfe sehr gut mit einer Japanerin
in der neuen geborenen willkühren
auf meinem Camp.
Um 6 Uhr früh fahren wir bei feinen
Strom, endlich, alles immer hin bei
Reiben, ab.
Er weckt sich ein. Bei der gewundenen

Regen setzt mir über den fluss.
Trotz schnell bei ihren schreckhaft der
29 Steu
aus heben Weihnachts in so falsch ich
stehend in unserem wasser in schneiter
zum fahrt weiter. 117

2332
oft leichten wir stecken. Über die
Bibliothek münde es zur Fossa. Bis Loch
über die Kirche, von da war es im Schatten.
Sie hatten ebene rechte ungerichte
und haltende Pannen.
Der Chanzern un seine Prühe ist be-

richtet. Der
Sie dir fürde an allen meinen Rand-
flecken u an meiner kleinen Wisskys-
tasche.
Benahm deine nicht mehr w wie die
bei t bei die ein gleich müssigen
Regen vergangene ist. So hatt ich
Träum in fünf es war wie sehr ich

120 2233
119. ...... we spend the night at Mü Yin which seems almost like home. I
sleep very well together with a Japanese woman and her new-born twins.

At 6 am we depart in very light, delicate drizzle. The rain sets in. It pours
down as we cross the river.

In spite of our snow chains the vehicle skids.

As there is no roof I travel on in our dirty wet
transport, standing up.

120. We constantly get bogged. We have to cross the bridges
on foot. We’re wading in muck more than ankle-deep. There
are countless rather dirty and delaying stops.

The chauffeur is to be admired because of his calm. I am pleased with all
my wind-cheaters and my small bottle of whisky.

I can hardly remember how the time passed in this steady rain. We
moved on in a semi-dream.
ich bin fündig wie die Straße eine
Biegun nach r und Ferne des
Anruf v um prüff r.
Schön war diese Paine u war in der
Sutter den ein Taiser in den Stein
hauen lieb.

u Wundersam für mich in meiner Schön-
heit ist der Strom des Volksflusses
un feinen Sirenet des Feiertum freudvoll

23.34
I am pleased when the road curves and the Anding men [gate] greets us from afar. The journey was beautiful and the words an emperor had carved into stone ring true:

"The bank of the Joho River is astonishing in its beauty, and the area at the border embarkment appears to have been blessed by spirits."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Chinese</th>
<th>Pinyin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anding men</td>
<td>安定門</td>
<td>Andingmen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chao ho</td>
<td>朝河</td>
<td>Chao ho</td>
</tr>
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<td>Chao hel</td>
<td>朝河</td>
<td>Chao hel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chengde</td>
<td>承德</td>
<td>Chengdel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chien-lung</td>
<td>乾隆</td>
<td>Qianlong (Emperor)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dalai Lama</td>
<td>達賴喇嘛</td>
<td>Dalai Lama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dzungars</td>
<td>准噶爾人</td>
<td>Dzungaer ren</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five Hundred Buddha temple</td>
<td>羅漢堂</td>
<td>Lohan Tang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gauhang</td>
<td>高粱</td>
<td>gauhang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatamen Ta-Chieh</td>
<td>哈達門大街</td>
<td>Hatamen Dajie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hsin-kung</td>
<td>新宮</td>
<td>Xin Gong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hutung</td>
<td>衙衙</td>
<td>hutung</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jehol (Rehe)</td>
<td>熱河</td>
<td>Jehol (Rehe)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kang</td>
<td>坑</td>
<td>Kang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kou Yen Tou</td>
<td>勾檐頭【條】</td>
<td>Gouyan Tou (Tiao)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kuan Yen Ling</td>
<td>關爺嶺</td>
<td>Guanye Ling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kubbekko</td>
<td>京北口</td>
<td>Gubeikou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liao ho</td>
<td>遼河</td>
<td>Liao ho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manchukuo</td>
<td>滿洲國</td>
<td>Manzhouguo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mi Yun</td>
<td>密云</td>
<td>Miyun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pailou</td>
<td>牌樓</td>
<td>pailou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panchen (Taschi) Lama</td>
<td>班禪喇嘛</td>
<td>Panchen (Taschi) Lama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pu ming sse</td>
<td>普明寺</td>
<td>Puming Si</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P’u-lo sse</td>
<td>普樂寺</td>
<td>Pule Si</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shun-chih</td>
<td>順治</td>
<td>Shunzhi (Emperor)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sledgehammer Peak</td>
<td>磐錘峰</td>
<td>Sledgehammer Peak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ta Fo Sse</td>
<td>大佛寺</td>
<td>Dafo Si</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley of the Lions</td>
<td>獅子溝</td>
<td>Valley of the Lions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xumi Fushou</td>
<td>須彌福壽</td>
<td>Xumi Fushou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow Temple</td>
<td>黃寺</td>
<td>Huang Si</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Illustration to the poem "Morning Light on the Western Range" (Xiling Chenxia 西嶺晨霞), Bishu Shanzhuang Tuyong, vol. 1*