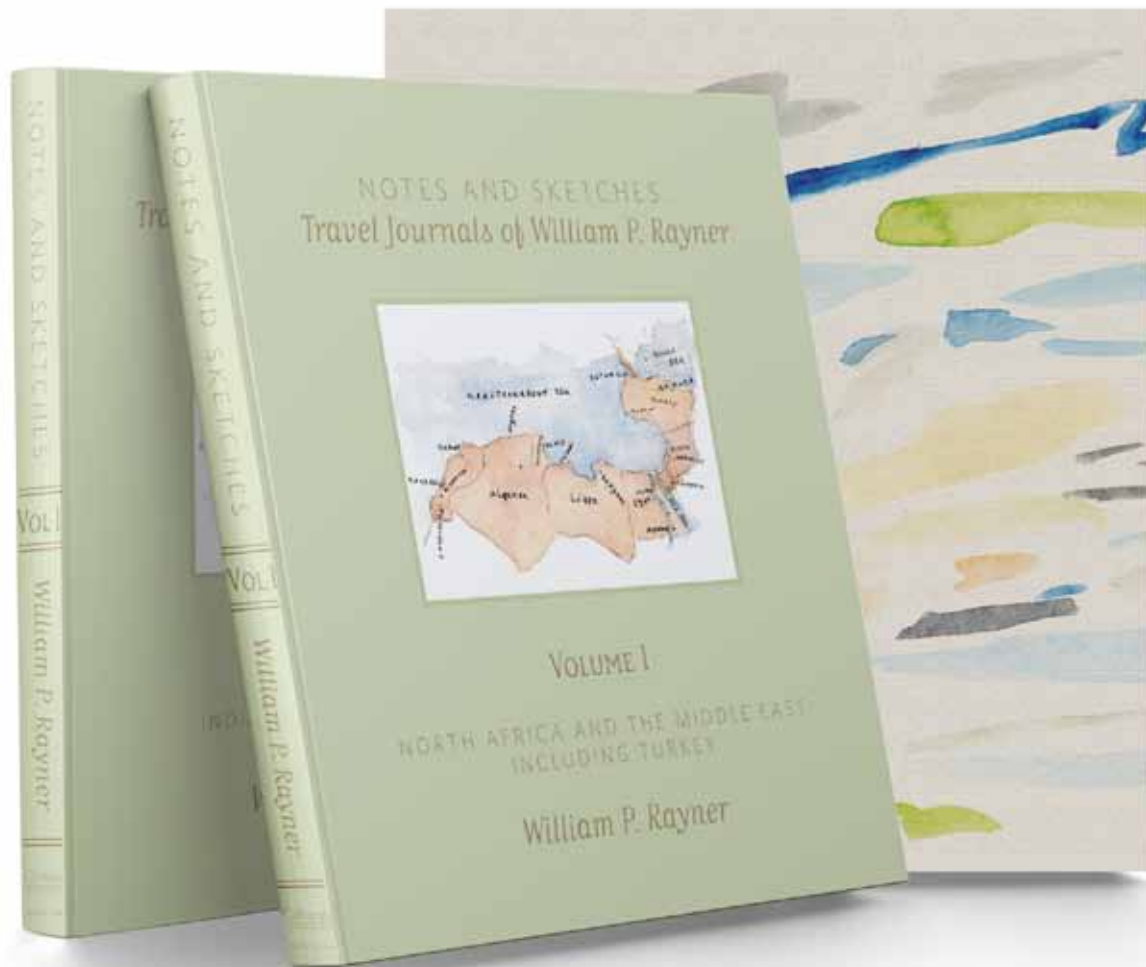


NOTES AND SKETCHES:
Travel Journals of William P. Rayner

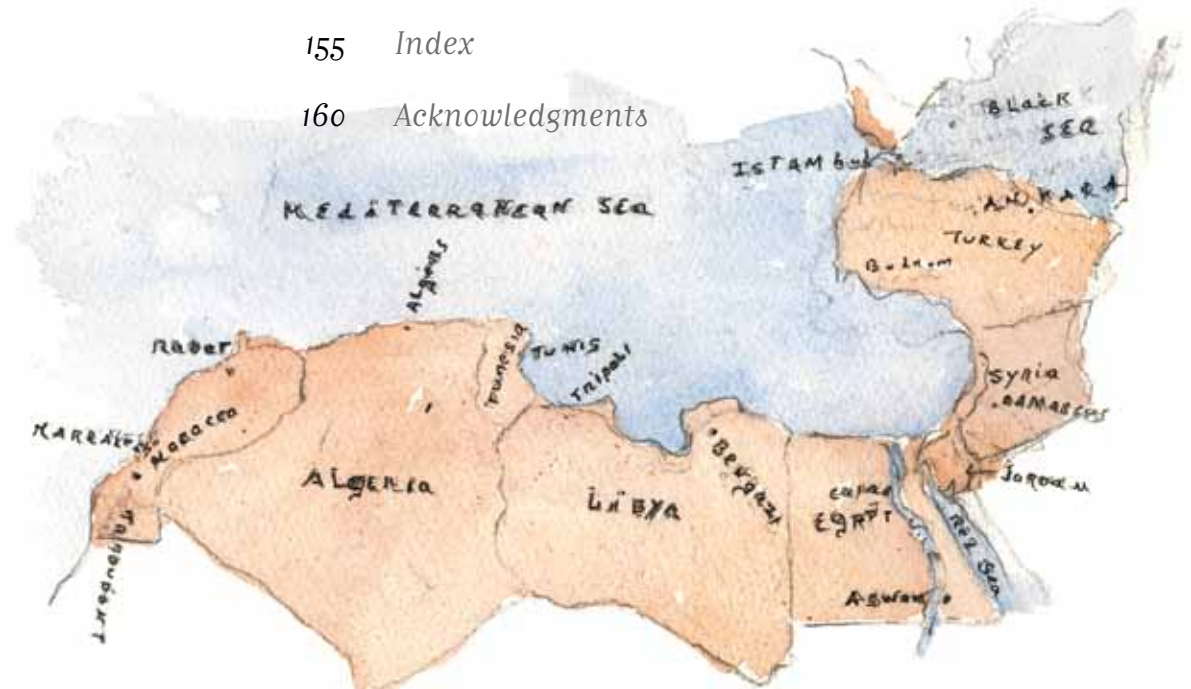


A SLIPCASSED TWO VOLUME SET



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MOROCCO

The first time I visited Morocco—Marrakech to be exact—was in the late sixties when the town still resembled a desert enclave. The sand lapped right up to the walls of the ramparts, and with the exception of a few outside buildings, all the life of Marrakech was contained within those walls. I stayed at the old Mamounia, which had not been redecorated since the war, and it was marvelous. The rooms were small but comfortable and the lighting so dim that it would not attract a moth. Stash and Lee Radziwill took us to an exotic restaurant, Mason Arab, which was run by two old women in the native quarter. The food was marvelous.

Right outside the front door of the Mamounia were horse and carriages awaiting shoppers who wished to venture into the souk for caftans, rugs, and any of a thousand other articles. For the more adventurous there were bicycles. That is when I fell in love with North Africa.

March 1985—Thanks to Mary McFadden, who seemed to enjoy some kind of special re-

lationship with King Hassan II, a number of us were invited to Morocco to celebrate the 24th anniversary of his reign. We depart aboard Air Morocco on Saturday, March 25, and the king has willed that we proceed directly to Marrakech rather than going to Casablanca, which would be the normal routing. Kings can do that sort of thing, especially if you are descended from Mohammed. The king obviously did not will that the luggage get off at Marrakech, however, for it went on to Casablanca.

That evening we attend a very stiff dinner at a desert house owned by Marie-Hélène de Rothschild. The house in the dark looks like something out of *1001 Nights* (with white robed guards in djellabas) and in the daytime looks, to my American tastes, a little overcooked. Halfway through dinner the king's 80-year-old chief of staff arrives and voices his disapproval of our drinking wine. The situation is relieved though when he sits down next to Mary and falls madly in love with her.



Tonight we are going to a ~~Son~~
~~Son~~ Son a Lebanese. Mikhael.
 Steven Harvey, ~~John~~ ^{Joan} Vanderbelt's
 brother, is coming for dinner. He
 is an archaeologist with a
 dig near Shereh pedras to be
 a great success. The ladies love
 him - He is very cheerful
 and knowledgeable about his work

February 5th Thurs day - Sailed
 up the Nile from 5 AM until
 8 PM. A totally lovely
 relaxing day. The AFANDINA
 is a lovely barge. It looks like
 has sails like a felucca, but no
 engine. It is propelled in back
 by a little tug. The Nile is
 as flat as a mill pond both shores
 being lined with palms, small
 farms (even smaller chili beans)
 and sugar fields. Large
 cruise boats pass by from
 time to time. A week





SYRIA

We manage to leave Paris for Syria on time despite the rail, bus, and subway strikes. Some four hours after takeoff, we land in Damascus, the oldest continually-inhabited city on the planet. True to all dictatorships, the first thing we see is a mug shot of Bashar al-Assad who, after studying to be an eye doctor in London, returned home to take up the family business. While everything seemed orderly here, we were later to learn that order resulted from recent harsh examples of misconduct. At breakfast one morning in Aleppo, I looked out the

window of the hotel dining room, and saw six men who had been hung for their infractions.

One morning we visit the Damascus museum, which contains some of the most beautiful mosaics and Bronze Age jewelry I have ever seen. Nearby is the huge local mosque where Saladin is buried, as well as the head of John the Baptist. Hundreds of children are playing in the courtyard of the mosque, while inside, thousands of men are praying.

The next day we take off for Palmyra, stopping by the Bagdad Cafe on the way.

Friday is market day in Bodrum, a colorful affair where not only vegetables, fish, poultry, fruit, spices, but also clothes, hardware, fabric, and almost anything else you might want is on sale. The hawking of wares reminds one of The Arabian Nights.



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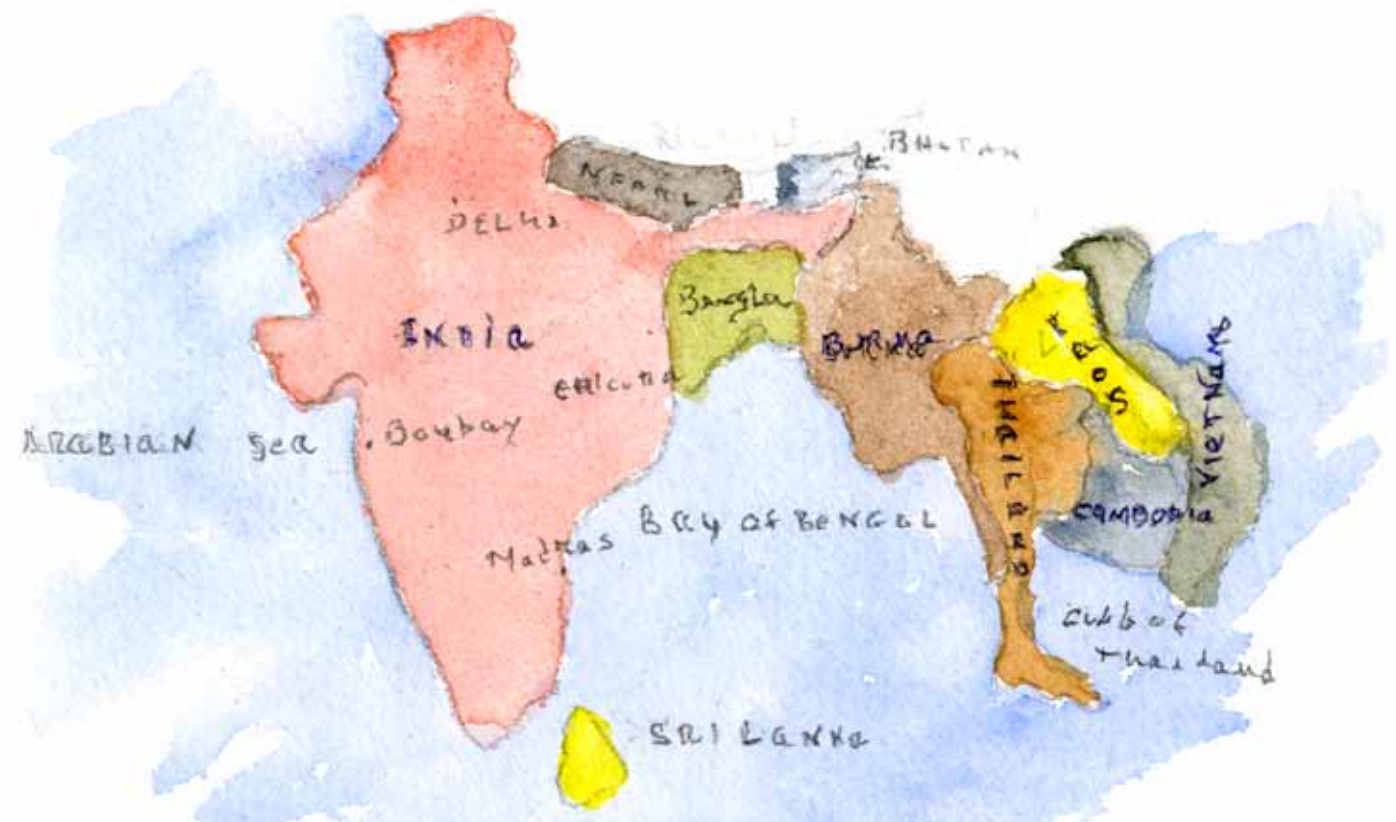
INDIA AND SOUTHEAST ASIA

William P. Rayner



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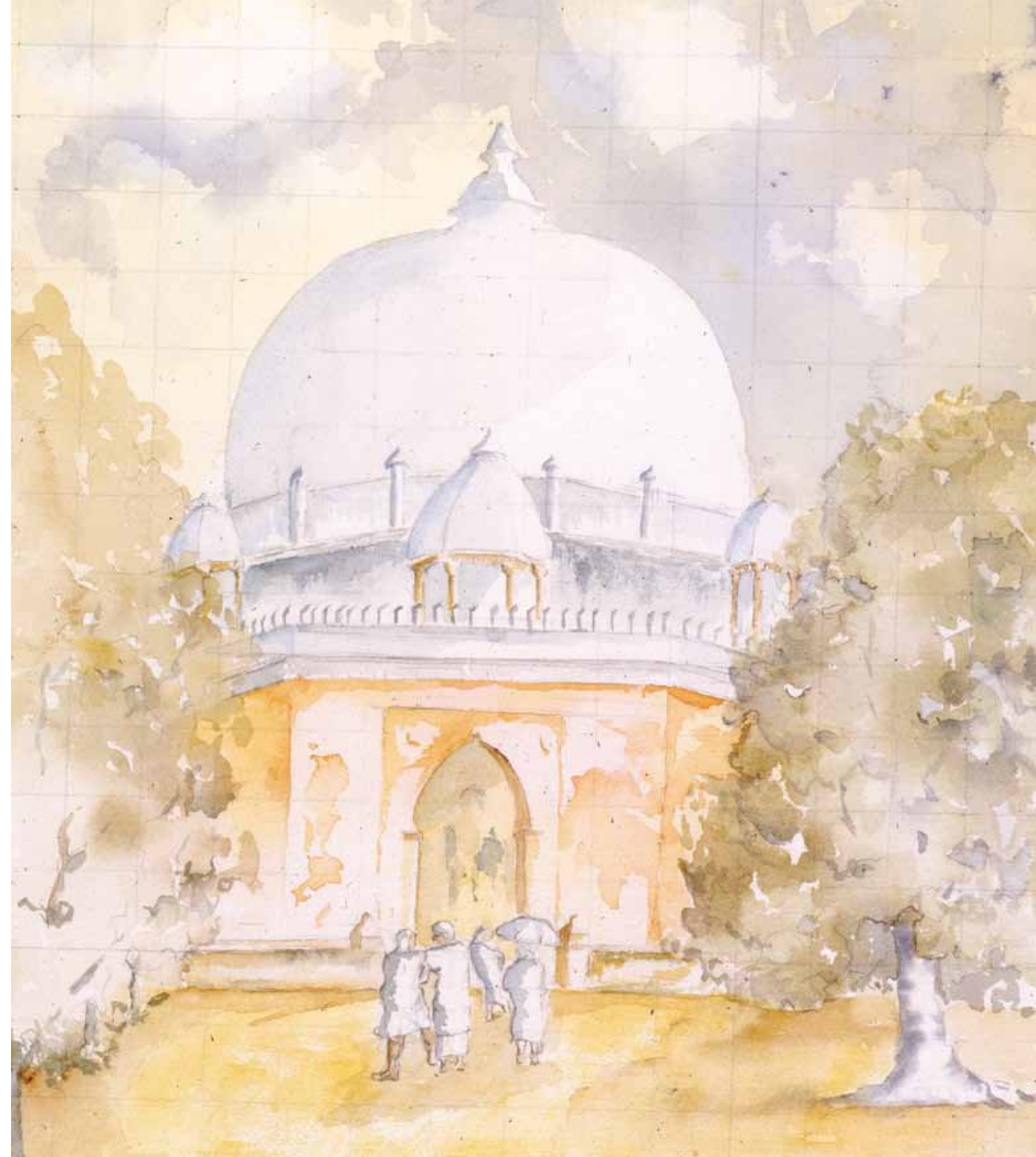
QUTUB MINAR (DELHI) 2/3/89

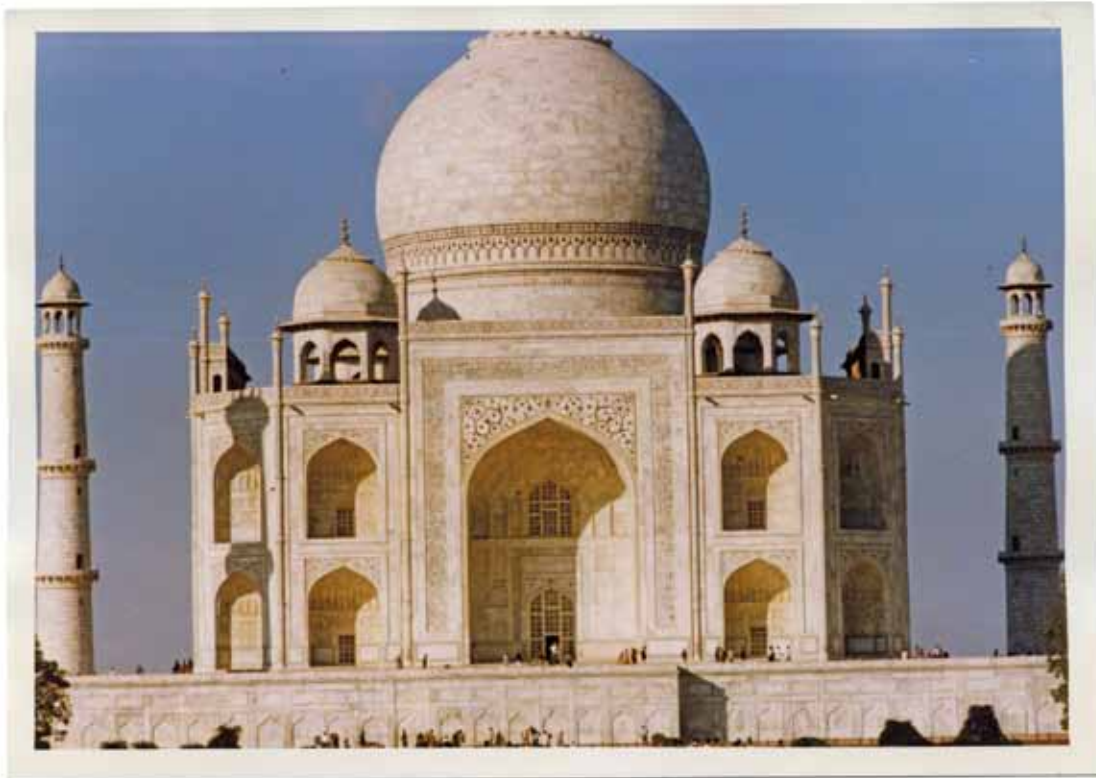
New Delhi

Humayun's tomb is the one I visit every time I go to India, since it's a perfect place to sit and paint. Now it has been cleaned up with grass mowed, flowers planted, and trees pruned, but when I first visited there years ago it was a scruffy place where cows came to graze, and the homeless to sleep. During the partition of India it was a Muslim refugee camp.

The complex was commissioned by the widow of Humayun in 1562, as a burial place and garden. The tomb was modeled on that of Humayun's ancestor, Timur in Samarkand, and was the first in India to be influenced by Persian architecture, which reached its peak in the next century with the Taj Mahal.

The Quab Minar, once a Hindu and then a Muslim holy place, is a 238-foot, 98 per cent pure iron tower that has remained here for some 800 years miraculously without rusting.

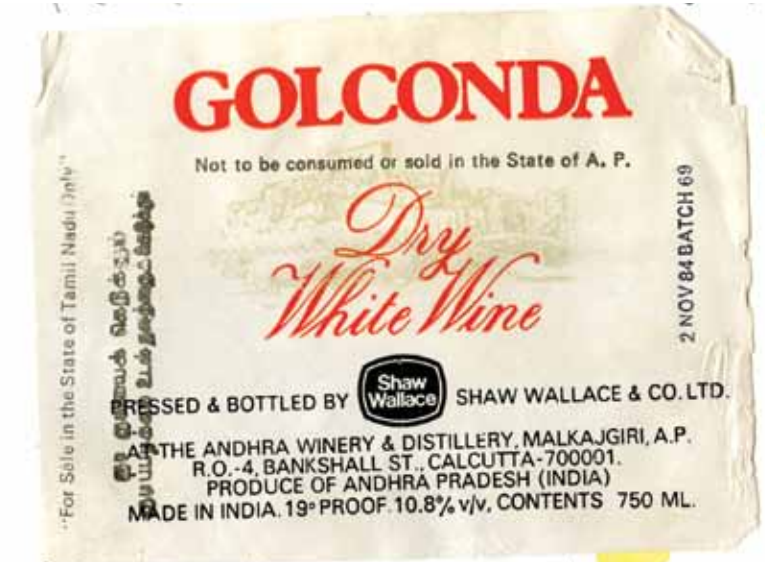




During the revolt of 1857 British soldiers defaced the Taj by chiseling out precious stones and lapis lazuli from the face of the building. Later Lord Curzon began an enormous reclamation project and restored the Taj to its original glory.



Silver Sands which no longer exists was a second rate beach-cum-bungalow resort with a romantic setting, lovely beach, pretty girls, awful food and mosquitoes. It was near Madras so we hot-tailed it back there.

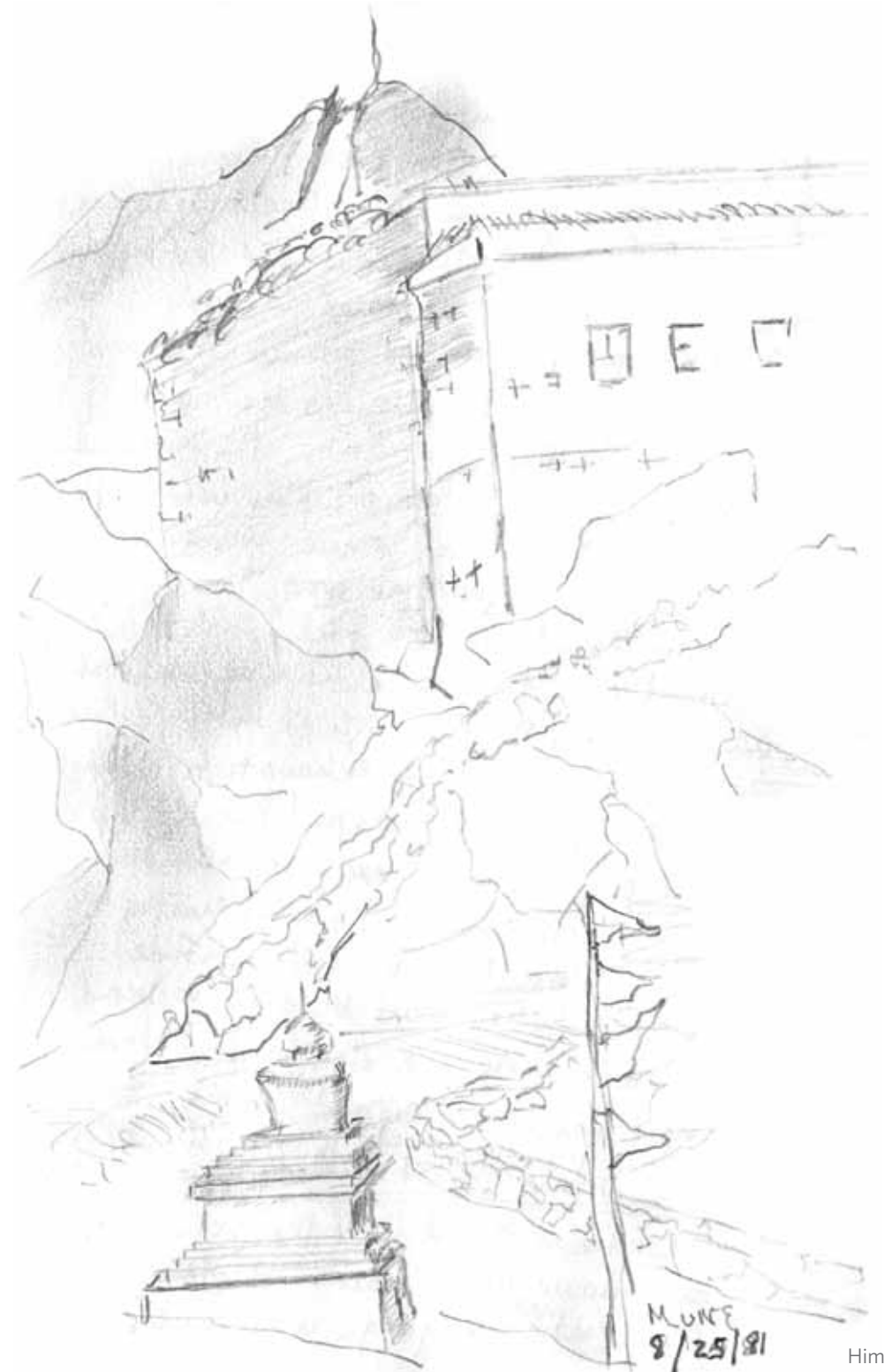


For Indian wine not bad -
the colder the better

we try to no avail to get rid of as the odor in the taxi is not only over the lining but we are all crushed together for no reason. Freddy is furious to no avail. No line at the Chinese Restaurant.



Roses Abound in this part
of the World.



MUNCE
8/25/81



Angkor Thom

The principal entrance to the jungle temples is through an immense archway known as Angkor Thom whose causeway is lined on the left by large sculptures of divinities, and on the right, by demons each carrying protective snakes or nagas. Like so much of what remains here, it was built by Jayavarman VII, the 12th century Buddhist ruler who is a contender for history's most ambitious builder, along with the Sun King and Frederick the Great.





More Likely Encounter



Filled with witty observations and drenched in dry humor, *Notes and Sketches: Travel Journals of William P. Rayner* is a collection of musings, paintings, menus, wine labels, ticket stubs, and other memorabilia exploring over three decades of travel. Culled from 25 of author William P. Rayner's personal notebooks, these tales follow a young Rayner as he drinks and dines through remote places. Rayner recounts his wily escape from an overbearing bodyguard nicknamed The Bear, early morning paint sessions of local ruins by the light of dawn, negotiations with Libyan hotel managers over illegally smuggled scotch, and cockpit adventures with a young pilot learning how to blind land—all while making notes and sketches in his diaries. In this increasingly digital age, this two-volume set in luxurious slipcases—one book of Rayner's adventures in Africa, the other in India—is a tactile collector's piece that evokes the fun and nostalgia of adventure.

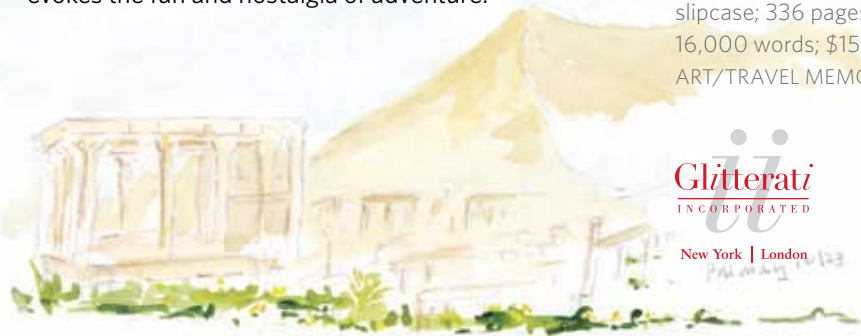
"My attention was drawn to some goats on the runway—a perfect subject to sketch... Until the incoming plane buzzed them off."

— William P. Rayner

William P. Rayner attended Connecticut's Taft school and the University of Virginia before joining the workforce at Condé Nast Publications. There, Rayner served as editorial business manager and wrote articles for *Vogue*, *House and Garden*, and *Vanity Fair*, as well as for other international publications. He traveled extensively for both professional and personal reasons, perfecting his watercolor painting while on his many trips. His work has been heavily exhibited, including appearances in the summer show at the Royal Academy. Rayner continues to travel and paint.

Specifications:

Two hardcover, cloth-bound 7.75" x 8.75" books in a cloth slipcase; 336 pages; 500 4/c artworks and photographs; 16,000 words; \$150.00; ISBN: 978-0-9881745-7-3; ART/TRAVEL MEMOIR; September publication



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